

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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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

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News of the Week.

THE official telegraph has not yet reported the fall of Sebastopol. In fact, the siege has turned out a much more tough affair than we—home-keeping and sanguine speculators—had imagined. Our accounts come down to the 25th; at that date the fire had been going on for seven days. Should the place have been taken in ten or twelve days, the result will be extraordinary in the annals of war; should it hold out longer, the fact will not be out of the usual course. Lord Raglan, we are told, had quietly determined to spare his army—an army not easily recruited—and to take the place by sap and cannon. The French attack, it would appear, had not been so successful as the British. The obstacles raised by the Russians to the west would require much time and labour to overcome. With regard to the reports from Russia, that the allies had lost four redoubts and eleven guns, we simply disbelieve them. Most soldiers fight well behind entrenchments; whether the alleged Russian attack took place near Inkerman or Balaklava, the result must have been achieved, if at all, by fighting, not manœuvring; and we leave our readers to judge whether the men who failed before Silistria are likely to succeed against the soldiers either of England or France. This disbelief does not extend to the assertion—that there was some affair.

What Omar Pasha may be doing in the Principalities we know not; but notwithstanding the report of the movements of Sadyk Pasha on the Sereth, and Iskender Bey in the Dobrukscha, we cannot imagine for one moment that Omar Pasha contemplates any extensive operations in Bessarabia. That he should resolve to have complete control of the Danube is not wonderful, but that the Turks can retake Ismail, or overrun the adjacent country, we do not believe.

The Baltic Fleet is on its way home. Sir Charles Napier has been the unobserved of all observers at Hamburg.

Whether Austria and Russia will have recourse to the bloody arbitrament of arms is one question; that both are preparing, is another. In the kingdom of Poland, Russia has gathered 200,000 men facing the Austrian frontier. Austria has embattled along her frontier, from Cracow to the Danube, 200,000 men, and 25,000 in the Principalities. Both sides show great activity; and Galicia, as a field of war, should not be overlooked.

Meanwhile the Czar, in his *Court Journal* of St. Petersburg, is appealing to Russian public opinion—more, to European public opinion, for he represents the war as a war against democracy and avarice, England being the centre of revolutionary and plutocratic movements, and he seems to regard himself, in a double aspect, as chief of conservatism, and as champion of man against

money—a political comprehensiveness which would puzzle even Mr. Disraeli. Criticising the contributions of a Czar is serious work; but may we not say that the *Romanoff Court Journal* talks nonsense? Potentates should keep away from pens,—as Louis Napoleon has also recently ascertained.

Though the political world stops whirling to watch Sebastopol—though the guns, playing in this great siege, have stilled the air—yet some little attention is being paid to the fracas between Mr. Soulé and the French Government. Mr. Soulé, returning from London to Madrid, wished, as usual, to go *via* France, but was refused permission to pass beyond Calais: and his cause having been taken up by other representatives in Europe of his Government, the demand made on the French Government is for an apology. The charge against Mr. Soulé is, that he is coalesced with revolutionists, Spanish and French: this he denies: and unless the Emperor has the courage to get out of his perplexity by candour, the "difficulty" may be exasperated into one of a serious international character—affecting, directly, current history.

Three Ministers, "to three several counties born," have been dilating upon the "topics of the day." At the City of London meeting in aid of the Patriotic Fund, Lord John Russell appeared not less as member than as minister to get the people to subscribe for the widows and orphans of Queen Victoria's soldiers. Thus it appears that the live soldiers—efficient instruments for work—are paid for out of Queen Victoria's Ministers' public means, but the dead soldiers (represented by their families), who are useless, fall back upon public charity. In such a position, it of course became Lord John's duty to utter nothing but the most obvious and universally received common sense, and it is impossible for any man to execute commonplaces more abjectly than the Lord President. The well-written letters from the Crimea of the private soldiers have had a most surprising effect. Nobody knew that our army was so civilized. These letters haunt Lord John Russell, and oblige him to tell everybody whom he meets—and his public meetings are numerous—how much education has been getting on in the army.

Mr. Bernal Osborne, the Secretary to the Admiralty, has also been talking of education—cultivating an Irish Athenæum at Clonmel. Mr. Osborne's speech was excellent: but what is he doing at Clonmel, when a Baltic fleet is coming home—and coming home, it may be, despite Napier, to do something?

Lord Palmerston is the great shining light on the subject of education, on which he dilates cheerfully to the Labourers' Encouragement Society, at Romsey. The society is one which gives men premiums of 2*l.*, or more, for working thirty years under the same employer, whatever wages that employer may give: and it is to people thus benighted on commercial principles that Lord

Palmerston has lectured this week. He puts the whole *rationale* of it in an extremely small compass. The whole duty of man, he says to the labourer, is to avoid the tobacco-shop and the beer-shop, and educate his children. The oddity is, that Lord Palmerston presumed all his hearers to need this advice, so he carries this wonderful counsel exactly to the men who do not want it, in order that they may tell it to the men that do. Over a glass of good ale he tells them to avoid the beer-shop, and they will probably chew his advice about tobacco over their pipes; but he supplies them with a new principle to start from in teaching their children. All babies, he says, are born good. This frightful heresy at once receives an indignant protest, through an orthodox contemporary from "One who believes in the Bible," and "the father of twelve children." We leave Lord Palmerston to settle his quarrel with his opponent "who believes in the Bible," and we can imagine the amusement of the gay Viscount contending with one who begins the combat by hampering himself so much. The father of twelve children accounts for Lord Palmerston's doctrine by presuming that Lord Palmerston has never had any children himself. Such is the evidence with which men venture into public controversies. But Lord Palmerston sets the example of audacious levity—by starting, in an after-dinner chat, such theories as this and the subordinate axiom—that there must always be encouragement to labourers' societies, because the mass of men will always be very poor—as strange a doctrine for a Reformer as the other is for a Christian. Who but a Viscount could thus chirpingly dispose of the question of Baptismal Regeneration?

The state of trade still calls for attention, and is such as to justify some apprehensions for the winter; although it must settle the extravagance created by the Liverpool suspensions. The real nature of these disasters is now understood. The fast trading; the excessive individual speculation without capital to support it; the rash presumption of certain returns in the shortest possible space of time, are proved not only by the facts, but by the examination of the accounts. The impropriety of these transactions is established to the commercial mind by the fact of non-success. The large deficiency in Mr. Oliver's estate is worth a year of sermons. England and America are not going to break down because a few rash merchants break down. Nevertheless they are working short time in some parts of the cotton districts, exports are diminished by 2,000,000*l.* to China, and the forced consignments are more than a deficiency. The temporary depreciation in the provision trade of America speaks ill for our consignments in that direction. War is extending; taxes may be increased, and all these things happen just as prudent folks, drawing in their purses for winter, lend an impulse to that depression of trade which they themselves deplore.

A NATIONAL PARTY.

THE *Sheffield Free Press*, with reference to the question of a National Party, speaks with great satisfaction of the proceedings of a National League which has been commenced at Sheffield, and which has issued four resolutions.

The four resolutions contain two main topics: they are a protest against Secret Diplomacy, and for Local Self-Government. On the latter subject, we have no need just now to write; but a few words will not be amiss, on the practical question, how the Americans of the United States manage their diplomacy.

We believe the following is a correct summary of their principles and practice:—

1. The "Senate," or Upper House of Parliament, is with them the "Treaty-making Power." The President of the Republic cannot ratify a Treaty, until it has been discussed and approved in the Senate, of which he is the mere organ towards a Foreign power. The discussion is (in theory) secret, unless the Senate itself decides that it shall be public; which always happens in matters of general interest. Indeed, in nearly all cases, the debate leaks out; in consequence of which there is a growing sentiment in favour of full and formal publicity.

2. All the despatches sent or received by the Secretary of State, (who performs the duties of our Foreign Secretary,) are filed in the Foreign Office; in theory, immediately; in practice, within a fortnight. They are here accessible by right to every Senator, and by usage to every Ex-Senator, and to all the actual members of the Lower House of Congress (i.e. Parliament). Moreover, any citizen, on applying to the Secretary to see any special documents, ordinarily obtains permission.

3. The President publishes despatches whenever he pleases; and generally, he publishes, while a matter is pending, precisely those which are most important, and which our Foreign Secretary always refuses, on the pretence that publication will be hurtful to the public interests! It may be remembered that this was done a few years back by the President, during the dispute with England concerning the fisheries. Even if the President recommend secrecy, it still remains the right of the Senate to judge whether his reasons are sound.

4. If an Executive of a free state, desire the support of the nation, he must put the nation in early possession of facts. The pretence that it hurts the public service is disproved by American experience. Their diplomacy is far more effective than ours, nor is the word of their ambassador or the rights of their citizens ever trifled with as ours.

THE WAR.

THE state of the intelligence from the Seat of War is perplexing to the mind, military and non-military. In fact, for want of definite news, nobody can understand what is or what is not going on. Something may, however, be said, and the probabilities marshalled before the reader, with the warning that they are only probabilities.

First comes the exact intelligence. The Trent, an English steamer from Balaklava, brings news to Varna up to the 25th. According to that the siege had proceeded most satisfactorily. The British Engineers had carried their approaches to within 300 yards of the works in defence of the place. The French had not been so fortunate; their batteries were too weak—and the result, we are told, was that they had been much damaged by the Russian fire. On the other hand, we are told that the French had carried the cemetery—a position in advance of their lines.

Less certain, but apparently very good intelligence, relates how that on the 17th the fleet took part in the general bombardment, that thirty-three cannon were dismounted on Fort Constantine, and a bastion knocked to pieces; that the fort was silenced; but that the Allies suffered severely, the Agamemnon, the Ville de Paris, and the Retribution, especially. The story is corroborated by the Russians themselves.

The net result, therefore, would appear to be that the "right" or British attack upon Sebastopol had been closely pressed; the "left" or French attack rather repulsed; the forts at the entrance of the great inlet very much damaged; two Russian men-of-war destroyed—substantial successes in seven days.

On the other hand we are told by the Russians, that General Liprandi, recently arrived at Sebastopol with reinforcements, had taken "four redoubts and eleven guns" from the English. Another story is, that the guns were spiked in the French batteries by a successful sortie. Then it is said that the Allies have lost 500 cavalry in an encounter; and that Lord Dunkellin, the son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, has been taken prisoner.

Now the right of the British was posted on strong ground, near the Tchornaya, and not defended by redoubts. But in the rear, redoubts had been thrown up to command the Balaklava road, and manned by French and Turks. It is extremely im-

probable that these were taken. The story is, therefore, incredible.

It is remarkable that the admirals who organised and executed the Sinope massacre, Nachimoff and Kornilef, have both been wounded, the latter fatally, perhaps ditto the former. The force of the attack of the Allies may be guessed from the statement, of course only a form of expression, but covering a substantial truth, that the corpses of the besieged infected the air! Altogether the siege had progressed well. Lord Raglan had determined not to waste life in a storm, if he could avoid it; but to compel a surrender by bombardment.

THE REV. MR. WHISTON.

WHEN a man in this country commences a contest with corrupt corporations and secret societies, he is likely to have a long, and probably an unsuccessful struggle. His courage must be high, and his nerve strong. The fact that he has right on his side will not always avail him. Parsons are pugnacious enough, but unfortunately their warlike propensities too often vent themselves in a wrong direction: polemical divinity, parochial passions, or squabbles with neighbouring parsondom. Not so Mr. Whiston: he discovered a great abuse: he remonstrated respectfully: he was snubbed: and, had he been meek or timid, would have been bullied. But they had mistaken their man, and the man had not mistaken his cause, or the temper of the public. He fought his battle courageously, has benefited his cause, exposed his opponents, set an example which others will follow, and raised himself high in the opinion of all good men. That depositions should wait on him, and testimonials presented in handsome and available forms, everyone must rejoice, except those who are interested in keeping down reforms in Church and State, and keeping the broom out of dark and dusty corners. For all such men, in the language of Lord Brougham in his earlier and stronger days, "stink and sting against the hand that would brush their rottenness away."

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. R. WHISTON.

THE valuable testimonials purchased with the surplus fund remaining from the subscription raised in this country and in Van Diemen's Land to indemnify the Rev. Robert Whiston for the costs to which he had been put in resisting the prosecution instituted against him by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester were presented to Mr. Whiston, at his residence, adjoining the Cathedral Grammar School, on Friday afternoon last. The articles consisted of a large epergne, a massive salver, a teakettle, and inkstand, all of silver, wrought in the best style of workmanship. The total amount of the subscriptions collected was 2,245*l.* 5*s.*, of which 162*l.* had been sent from Hobart-town, 653*l.* 6*s.* from Manchester and other towns in Lancashire, 162*l.* 15*s.* from Derby, 250*l.* obtained in Kent, and the remainder in the metropolis and other parts of the country.

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF FREEHOLD LAND VOTERS.

MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM.

ON Monday last a meeting was held in the public rooms, Moor-street, Birmingham, to take into consideration the decisions of the revising barristers upon the question of the value of Freehold Land Allotments, under the statute of Henry VI., upon which the greatest discrepancies exist in the judgments recently delivered, the effect of which decisions has been the disfranchisement of between 1000 and 2000 freeholders, many of whom had been on the register for years previously. The Chair was occupied by Mr. Scholesfield, Esq., M.P., and resolutions denunciatory of the recent decisions, and recommending immediate measures to be adopted for their renewal, and for obtaining a clear definition of the law, were moved and seconded by the Mayor of Birmingham, George Thompson, and George E. Dennes, Esqrs. (who attended as a deputation from the Westminster Freehold Land Society). Councillors James Taylor, junr., Hale, Howell, Mr. T. A. Langford, Mr. Browett (of Coventry), Mr. Allen (who was professionally engaged to defend the votes of the Birmingham Society at North Warwickshire), and Mr. Hawkes. Mr. Dennes has undertaken to draw a short bill, adapted to meet the case; and Mr. Scholesfield pledged the support of himself and colleague in endeavouring to carry it through Parliament.

A conference will, in all probability, be shortly held in London upon this important question.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE EAST.

IN the course of last week and during this reinforcements will have been sent out to the army in the East amounting to 4000 men. These are to make up for the casualties of the campaign, and are calculated to bring up our effective contingent of the army to the original number sent out—namely, 30,000 infantry, with the usual accompanying force of cavalry and artillery, and commissariat, &c. Indeed, to render the army still more effective than usual, large additions have been made to the medical and commissariat, and also the artillery, which even in the field, without including the siege guns and the guns landed from the ships, is of more than ordinary efficiency and power. Two regiments of the line, the 57th and 46th, have by this time joined, to make up Sir G. Cathcart's Division to its proper strength in the field.

No new regiments will be sent out. It is found impossible to complete a necessary number of regiments at home up to the war complement in less than three months from this time; and it is hoped that before spring the whole of the line regiments may be brought up to the increased number voted in the last session—namely, 1400 men for each battalion—1000 to be ready for foreign service, and the dépôt to consist of 400. The regiments lately arrived from Canada to form a large and lasting addition to our available force, are all in fine health and efficiency; but they muster no more than 500 or 600 men each, and they must be recruited during the winter to the new war complement, when they will be ready in the spring, if required, to supply the place, or to increase the numbers of our Eastern army. In the meantime the Government is engaged in promoting the efficiency of the army in every possible way.

The bounty for each soldier enlisting has been raised 2*l.*, the bounty for the cavalry being now 6*l.*, instead of 4*l.*, and that for the infantry 7*l.* 15*s.* The standard height throughout the whole service all round is reduced by an inch.

Very large and ample supplies of winter clothing have been forwarded to the army in the Crimea, and an amusing as well as instructive library of new books and newspapers has been despatched to the hospital at Scutari.

ODD PROCEEDINGS.

IN Dublin they have formed "a society of Protestants anxious to co-operate for the purpose of opposing and frustrating the insidious efforts of Mormonism" in that city, to be called "the Dublin Anti-Mormon Society."

At Exeter the Bishop and the Mayor have been contending for precedence; the Mayor being victorious according to the *Western Times*.

Zion Chapel, Southampton, was, last Sunday, the theatre of a very odd proceeding. A preacher, strange to the town, officiating for the minister who is sick, disported himself thus:—Suddenly, in the midst of the service, he addressed the congregation, and said: "Dear friends, I think it my duty to tell you there are rogues and pickpockets in this chapel, but the police are aware of it, and will take them into custody at the close of this service." He further recommended all the people present to take care of their pockets, as he would not be accountable for what should be lost. All this while he kept his eyes fixed on a person in the gallery, who is a most respectable inhabitant of Southampton, and who at length asked him if he meant him, to which the reply was a vehement shout, "I say rogues and thieves." In reply to a further question from the same person, as to who and what he was, as he should like to know his name, the stranger told him "that the wrath of God and damnation would rest upon him as long as he lived." It was found that they had got an insane pastor!

Some time ago, a fisherman named Thomas Dunn, of Movagissey, Cornwall, was cited in the Exeter Consistorial Court, for "brawling" in the parish churchyard, whilst attending his grandmother's funeral. The offence consisted in his not taking off his hat when required to do so by Mr. Summersford, the curate. The weather was cold, and Dunn, who is a dissenter, had been ill; besides, he said, the Bible did not require it. The curate stated in the articles of complaint, that Dunn "looked defiantly and impudently at him," but this is denied by those present at the funeral. The case was finally adjudicated upon by the Rev. Chancellor Martin, on Friday, at Exeter, who said that the defendant's conduct, if free from premeditated disrespect, and not actually a breach of the law, was certainly on the very verge of it, and the defendant only "narrowly escaped" the penalties. On the other hand it was much to be regretted that the Rev. J. Allen, the promovent of the suit, had not tried a quiet and Christian remonstrance, instead of legal proceedings. The sentence was that the articles were not proved, and that the defendant was dismissed.

LORD PALMERSTON AT ROMSEY.

THE annual meeting of the Romsey "District Labourers' Encouragement Association" was held at Romsey, Hampshire, on Tuesday. Lord Palmerston was the hero of the day, and gave away prizes to a great number of labourers. He then made unto them the following speech:—

"I have very great pleasure in being president of this useful institution, and it has afforded me infinite gratification to see so many of the labourers here having, by their good conduct in every possible way, earned the rewards which have now been bestowed upon them. It is unnecessary, in addressing those who have distinguished themselves as you have by your good conduct, to say anything touching that course of conduct which is calculated to secure personal comfort and respectability, and to call down upon man the approbation of his neighbours. But, nevertheless, it is always well that people should bear in mind general principles, though in addressing you, whom Providence has placed in the labouring classes, it may not be out of place to remind you that the distribution of wealth and poverty—the arrangement by which there are comparatively few rich and comparatively many poor, is the condition of the world in which we live, and that no human institution can alter this arrangement—can make all the poor rich. It might be possible to make all the rich poor, but the condition of comparative poverty is a condition which, by the arrangement of this world which we inhabit, must inevitably be the lot of a great portion of the human race; but, although it has been the pleasure of our Maker in a world which is a world of trial and transition, and not the ultimate destiny of mankind—though it has been the pleasure of our Maker thus to subject a great portion of the human race to trials and privations to enable them to qualify themselves for that future state which awaits them, yet Providence has not been niggardly in those qualities which are calculated to secure to man that happiness which awaits those who well conduct themselves here, for all the good qualities of human nature—all the qualities of mind—all the qualities of intellect, all the qualities of heart—everything that tends to dignify human nature, and to enable men to distinguish themselves in the condition in which they have been placed—these qualities have been sown broadcast over the human race, and are as abundantly dispersed among the humblest as they are among the highest classes of mankind. You will find that all children are born good. It is bad education or bad associations in early life that corrupt the minds of men. It is true that there are now and then exceptions to general rules; there are men who are born with clubbed feet, there are men who are born blind, there are men who are born with personal defects; and so also now and then it will be found that children are born with defective dispositions; but these are rare exceptions; and be persuaded of this, that the mind and heart of man are naturally good, and that it depends upon training and education whether that goodness, which is implanted at birth, shall continue and improve, or whether by neglect, or bad education, or bad associations, it shall be corrupted and spoiled. Now, therefore, the first thing you would naturally infer from this is, that it is the duty of all parents to see that their children are well and properly educated—that they are early instructed, not merely in what is called book learning, in reading and writing, and things of that kind, but that they are instructed in the precepts of right and wrong, that they are taught the principles of their religion, and their duties towards God and man. Now the way in which that can be done is by the father and mother building up their course upon that which is the foundation of all goodness in social life—I mean a happy home. Now no home can be a happy one if the husband is not a kind and affectionate one to his wife and a good father to his children. (*Cheers.*) For that purpose he must avoid two great rocks upon which many men in the humbler classes of life make shipwreck—I mean the tobacco-shop, and the beer-shop, and public-house. The tobacco-shop ruins his health, disorders his stomach, and leads to all kinds of disease. Well, if he were a man living in a desert island, dependent upon himself alone, it would be his own look out. He might then ruin himself, if he pleased, and just as he pleased; but the labouring classes must remember that their health and strength is the wealth of their family, and if they ruin their health and strength by intemperance of any kind, they are not merely injuring themselves, but doing irreparable damage to those who are dependent upon them. So much for that great use of tobacco, in which some men unfortunately, to their detriment, indulge. But the beer-shop and the public-house go much further in their bad consequences, because the habits there contracted not only lead to the degradation of the individual and the impoverishment of his family, but lead also to offences and crimes which in their result tend to place a man in the condition of a felon and a convict. No man who indulges in drink can fail to feel degraded when he recovers from his intoxication; and that degradation—that sense of degradation—leads him again to drown his care in renewed intoxication; and from step to step he falls to the lowest possible condition in which a man can be. Don't imagine when I am saying these things I am not perfectly aware they affect not those I have the pleasure of addressing. No man would have come here to-day to receive

the rewards of good conduct who had not been perfectly free from these things. You are entitled by your good conduct, and the position in which you have placed yourselves, to give good advice to your neighbours, who have not been so fortunate as you have been, not so alive as you have been to your duties to yourselves, your family, and your country. It is gratifying to see so many men who have, in the various pursuits of agricultural industry, entitled themselves to these rewards; but there is one circumstance connected with the list of prizemen which is peculiarly gratifying to me to think of. I mean that among you there are a certain number who have lived so long in the employment of particular masters that you have shown that not only those who have so lived must be most deserving men, and therefore have done honour to the class to which they belong, but the fact of their having lived so long with particular masters does equal honour to those masters with whom those labourers have so long remained." He here selected eight instances from the list of prizes, and continued:—"These eight servants have, on an average, lived thirty-three years with their respective employers—a fact which does the highest honour both to the employer and the employed—which speaks volumes in favour of the farmers who have engaged them, and the men by whom they have been served. I trust that next year we shall have even a larger assembly of prizemen than on the present occasion; that the example of these prizemen who go forth to the world with the honourable marks of the approbation of the committee of this institution will serve as an inducement to others to imitate their example—that the good conduct of the labourers will more and more entitle them to the respect and consideration of the farmers who employ them, and thus the two classes who so mutually and necessarily depend on each other will find their relations more and more cemented by mutual consideration and respect—a degree of things most important and beneficial to the interest of the nation at large. He proposed 'Success and Prosperity to the Labourers of Hampshire.'"

At the dinner in the evening he made a characteristic speech in responding to "Her Majesty's Ministers."

"I can assure you that your worthy mayor has not, in any degree whatever, overrated the desire which animates her Majesty's Government to promote to the utmost of their faculties that system of progressive improvement in every branch of our social system which it must be the object of every enlightened statesman to follow out, and which it is so greatly for the interests of the country should be fully developed. In that respect, however, I can hardly take credit to her Majesty's present Government for any zeal or success greater than have attended the efforts of successive Governments for now more than a quarter of a century; for it is a remarkable and most gratifying circumstance in the condition of the country, that whereas in previous times the labours, and the time, and the attention of statesmen and Parliament were chiefly occupied in convulsive struggles for the retention on the one hand, or the obtaining on the other, of political power, for the last quarter of a century, and somewhat more, the attention of the Government of the day has been directed to internal, social, and legislative improvements; and Parliament having seconded their efforts, the greatest possible progress has been made in everything that concerns the welfare and happiness of the nation. The result has been that although we have within no distant time had to contend with great privations, from famine in one place, from scarcity in another, and are now involved in a war which requires every effort the nation can make, the greatest loyalty and contentment reign throughout the length and breadth of the land—that we hear no more of conspiracies and insurrections, but that the nation seems animated by one common feeling, that Government is carried on for the benefit of the whole, and not for the partial interests of individuals and classes, and that those who are charged with its administration devote the best faculties of their nature, and the most zealous attention, to do all that is possible to increase the comforts of the people, and secure the prosperity of the nation. (*Applause.*) The present Government, however, has certainly upon its hands a work of greater responsibility, a work of deeper importance, a work of larger—I trust not insurmountable—difficulty than has devolved upon any administration since the closing of the last war. On this occasion there has been no difference between the Executive Government and the country, except this, that the Government clung to the hopes of peace long after the country had made up its mind that war was inevitable—(*cheers*)—but in that respect I think the country will not find fault with the Government, because it was clearly the duty of those who were charged with the fortunes and destinies of a great nation to postpone to the latest period the dreadful alternative of war. The country and the Government have both come to the conviction that it was necessary to draw the sword for the purpose of maintaining principles of the utmost importance to the welfare of mankind—for the purpose of not only supporting the weak against the strong, and protecting the commercial and political interests of an ally, but for supporting the sacred principles of international right, which, if violated in one case by a powerful Government against a weaker neighbour, would be drawn into a precedent, and lead to a flood of injustice which, sooner or later, would have come to our own

doors. (*Long continued cheering.*) There never was in the history of the world a more honourable spectacle than that which has been exhibited by the British nation. We have embarked in a war and are fighting, side by side, in honourable ambition, with a power that in former periods we were only wont to meet hostilely in the field. (*Cheers.*) We trust that that new companionship, cemented by the blood shed in action, and confirmed by those laurels which will be intertwined in victory, will long endure; and that the two great nations which are at the summit of civilization, not only in Europe, but of the world—two nations most worthy of the esteem of each other—will, as the result of the resolution of the Government and the country to engage in this contest, be for ever bound together in terms of friendship and affection. (*Tremendous cheering.*) Anticipating that whatever may be the difficulties and dangers of the conflict—whether it may be long or whether it may be short, the result can be one, that is, that the arms of England and France reared in combat for the cause of justice and truth, for the cause of liberty and of national independence, not seeking conquests for selfish objects, but for those of the most noble and generous character—I cannot but feel confident that the result, come when it may, will be such as will gloriously crown the efforts which the nation has made, and will place the honour of this country—will place the character, dignity, and well-being of this country—upon a surer and firmer basis even than that on which they have hitherto stood—(*great applause*)—and when the people will look back upon the sacrifices they have made, they will feel that the result has fully justified the means that were used, and they will feel that they have been rewarded by ample success for all the exertions which the Government has called upon them to make."

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

DETAILS of the loss of the Arctic steamer have arrived from time to time. More have been saved than was at first anticipated; and no doubt more would have been saved had not the officers and crew, and the male passengers, preferred their own safety to that of the women and children. Out of upwards of 400 only 88 have been accounted for. Captain Luce, the commander, was saved, and he thus reports the loss to Mr. E. K. Collins, the chief proprietor of the "Collins line," to which the Arctic belonged:—

"Dear Sir,—It has become my most painful duty to inform you of the loss of the steam-ship Arctic, under my command, with many valuable lives, I fear among whom must be included your own wife, daughter, and son, with whom I took a last leave the moment the ship was going down, without myself expecting to see the light of another day to give you an account of the heart-rending scene. The Arctic sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 11 a.m., with 233 passengers and about 150 in the crew. Nothing of especial note occurred during the passage until Wednesday, 27th, when at noon we were on the banks, in lat. 45.45, and lon. 50.00 W., steering west per compass.

"The weather had been foggy during the day, and generally a distance of half to three-quarters of a mile could be seen, but at intervals of a few minutes a very dense fog followed by sufficiently clear weather to see one or two miles. At noon I left the deck for the purpose of working out the position of the ship. In fifteen minutes I heard a cry of 'hard a-starboard' from the officer of the deck. I rushed on deck, and had just got out when I felt a crash forward. At the same moment I saw a steamer under the starboard bow, and the next moment she struck against our guards and passed astern of us. The bows of the strange vessel seemed to be literally cut or crushed off for about ten feet, and seeing that she must inevitably sink in a few minutes, and taking a hasty glance of our own ship, and believing we were comparatively uninjured, my first impulse was to endeavour to save the lives of those on board the sinking vessel.

"The boats were cleared, and the first officer and six men left with one boat, when it was found our ship was leaking fearfully. The engines were set to work, bilge injections put on, steam pumps and the four deck pumps worked by the passengers and crew, and the ship headed for land, which I judged to be about fifty miles distant. Being compelled to leave my boat with the first officer and crew to take care of themselves, several ineffectual attempts were made to check the leak by getting sails over the bow, and, finding the leak gaining on us very fast, notwithstanding all our powerful means of keeping her free, I resolved to get the boats ready, and as many ladies and children placed in them as possible; but no sooner had the attempt been made than the firemen and others rushed into them in spite of all opposition.

"Seeing this state of things I ordered the boats to be veered astern by ropes, to be kept in readiness until order could be somewhat restored, when to my dismay I saw them cut the rope in the boat, and soon disappear astern in the fog. Another boat was broken down by persons rushing into her while hanging at the davits, and many were precipitated into the sea and drowned. This occurred while I had been engaged in getting the starboard guard-boat ready, and placed the second officer in charge of her, when the same fearful scene as

with the first boat was being enacted, men leaping from the top of the rail down twenty feet, crushing and nailing those who were in the boat. I then gave orders to the second officer to let go and row after the ship, keeping under or near the stern to be ready to take on board women and children as soon as the fires were out and the engines stopped. My attention was then directed to the other quarter-boat, which I found broken down, but hanging by one tackle. A rush was made for her also, and some dozen or fifteen got in and cut the tackle, and were soon out of sight.

"In the meantime I found that not a seaman or carpenter was left on board, and we were without any tools to assist in building a raft, as our only hope; and the only officer left was Mr. Doran, the third officer, who aided me with the assistance of the passengers, who deserve great praise for their coolness and energy in doing all in their power up to the very last moment before the ship sunk from under us. The chief engineer, with a part of his assistants, had taken our smallest deck boat, and before the ship went down pulled away with about 15 persons.

"We had succeeded in getting the fore and main yard, maintopsail, and two topgallant yards overboard, and such other small spars and materials as we could collect, when I was fully convinced that the ship must go down in a very short time, and not a moment was to be lost in getting the spars lashed together to form a raft. To do this it became necessary to get the life-boat, 'our only remaining boat,' into the water.

"This being accomplished, I gave Mr. Doran charge of the boat, taking care to keep the oars on board, to prevent them from leaving the ship, hoping still to get the most of the women and children in this boat at last. They had made considerable progress in securing the spars together, when an alarm was given that the ship was sinking, and the boat shoved off without oars or anything to help themselves with, and when the ship sunk the boat had got clear, probably the eighth of a mile to leeward. In an instant, about a quarter to five p.m., the ship went down, carrying every soul on board with her.

"I soon found myself on the surface, after a brief struggling with my own helpless child in my arms, when I again found myself impelled downwards to a great depth, and before I reached the surface a second time had nearly perished and lost the hold of my child. As I struggled to the surface of the water a most awful and heart-rending scene presented itself to my view; over two hundred men, women, and children struggling together amidst pieces of wreck of every kind, calling on each other for help, and imploring God Almighty to help them. Such an appalling scene may God preserve me from witnessing again. I was in the act of trying to save my child, when a portion of the paddle-box came rushing up edgewise, just grazing my head, and falling its whole weight on the head of my darling child. In another moment I beheld him lying lifeless in the water. I succeeded in getting him on the top of the paddle-box, in company with eleven others. One, however, soon left for another piece of the wreck, finding it could not support him.

"Others remained till they were one by one released by death. We stood in water at a temperature of 45 deg. up to our knees, and frequently the sea broke entirely over us. We soon seemed to separate from our friends on other parts of the wreck, and passed the dreary night, each one of us expecting every hour would be our last. At last the wished-for morning came, dreary and cold, with a dense fog; not a living soul to be seen but our own party, seven now being left. In the course of the morning we saw some water casks and other things belonging to our ship, but nothing that we could get could afford us any relief.

"Our raft was steadily settling, as it absorbed more and more water. About noon, Mr. S. M. Woodruff, of New York, was relieved by death. All the others now began to suffer very severely for the want of water, except Mr. George F. Allen, and myself. In that respect we were very much favoured, although we had not a drop on the raft. The day continued foggy, except just at noon, 'as near as we could judge.' We had a clear horizon for about half an hour, and nothing could be seen but water and sky.

"Night came on thick and dreary, with our minds made up that neither of us would live to see the light of another day, and very soon three more of our suffering party were relieved by death, leaving Mr. Allen a young German, and myself. Feeling myself getting exhausted, I now sat down for the first time, about eight o'clock in the evening, on a trunk which providentially had been found on the wreck. In this way I slept a little through the night, and became somewhat refreshed. About an hour before daylight, now Friday, the 29th, we saw a vessel's light near to us, and we all three of us exerted ourselves to the utmost of our strength in hailing, until we became quite exhausted. In about a quarter of an hour the light disappeared to the east of us.

"Soon after daylight a barque hove in sight, to the N.W. of us, the fog now having lighted a little, steering apparently for us, but in a short time she seemed to have changed her course, and again we were doomed to disappointment. Yet I feel in hopes that some of our fellow-sufferers may have been seen and rescued by them. Shortly after we had given up all hopes of being rescued by the barque a ship was discovered to the east of us, steering directly for us.

"We now watched her with the most intense anxiety as she approached us, with the wind varying, causing her to change her course several points. About noon they fortunately discovered a man on the raft near them, and succeeded in saving him by the second mate jumping over the side and making a rope fast round him, by which he was got on board safely. This man proved to be a Frenchman, who was a passenger on board the steamer with which we came in collision. He immediately informed the captain that others were on pieces of the wreck, and by going aloft he saw us and three others.

"We were the first to which the boat was sent, and safely taken on board about three o'clock p.m. The next was Mr. James Smith, of Mississippi, second-class passenger. The others saved were five of our firemen. The ship proved to be the Cambria, of and from Glasgow, bound to Montreal, Captain John Russell, who commanded the barque Jessie Stevens, and was rescued at sea by Captain Nye, of the Pacific.

"Of Captain Russell it would be scarcely possible to say enough in his praise for the kind treatment we every one of us have received from him during the time we have been on board his ship. His own comforts he has given up in every respect for our relief. The Rev. Mr. Walker and lady, and Mr. Sutherland, who were passengers on board the Cambria, have been unceasing in their endeavours to promote our comfort. To them, and to all on board, we shall ever owe a debt of gratitude for their unbounded kindness to us while on board the Cambria.

"From the Frenchman who was first picked up we learned that the steamer with which we came into collision was the iron screw-steamer Vesta, from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, bound and belonging to Granville, France. As near as I could learn, the Vesta was steering E.S.E., crossing our course two points, with all sail set; wind W. by S.

"Her anchor stock of iron, about seven by four inches square, was driven through the bows of the Arctic, about eighteen inches above the water line, and an immense hole had been made, most likely at the same instant, by the fluke of the anchor two feet below the water line, raking fore and aft the plank, and finally breaking the shank, leaving the stock remaining in and through the side of the Arctic; and it is not unlikely that, as so much of her bows had been crushed in, some of the heavy longitudinal pieces of iron running through the ship may have been driven through our sides, causing the loss of our ship, and, I fear, hundreds of most valuable lives.

"Saturday morning, seven o'clock, 14th.—We have safely arrived at Quebec, and I am left without a penny in the world to help myself with, or anything but sincere gratitude to repay those from whom I have received such unbounded kindness since I have been so providentially thrown among them, and with whom I am now about to separate to go to my home of sorrow.

"I learnt from the doctor at quarantine last evening that the Vesta had reached St. John's with some persons from the Arctic, but could not learn the particulars. As soon as I can get on shore I shall make arrangements to leave for New York with the least possible delay, and to take the steamer for Montreal this afternoon.—I am, dear Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JAMES C. LUCE."

MR. PETO AND THE KING OF DENMARK.

It appears that at the recent opening of the new line of railway in Denmark, constructed by English engineers, with English capital, the King conferred a high honour on Mr. Peto, the principal contractor.

Just previous to this latter event, however, an occurrence took place probably most interesting to the English reader. The King, accompanied by his premier, Count Moeke, to whom a ceremonious presentation of the local authorities of Toning had just been made, descended into the saloon of the *Cygnus*, and having summoned Mr. Peto, invested that gentleman with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Dannebrog—one of the highest distinctions in the power of Danish royalty to bestow, equal in titular rank and social status with the Garter in England, the order dating nearly a century anterior to that institution, namely, 1219, having been revived in 1693, and reconstituted in 1808. It was one, and the most ancient, of the seventeen orders of foreign knighthood worn by the Duke of Wellington; and, like our own order of the Bath, is applicable to either military or civil services. The investiture was not an impromptu, but a premeditated act on the part of the King, bringing with him the Chancellor of the Order (who was assisted by the Minister of the Interior) for the express purpose; and in handing over the decoration, his Majesty requested Mr. Peto's acceptance of it, not merely as a memorial of approval from the sovereign in whose reign a great Danish work was executed by a great British capitalist and contractor, but as a souvenir of the King's personal esteem and regard for an estimable, liberal-minded, and accomplished English private gentleman. The recipient's acknowledgments of this remarkable favour were probably embodied in his speech afterwards.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE IN TIPPERARY.

A SCHOOL of Art and Design, in connexion with the Clonmel Mechanics' Institutes, has been opened in Tipperary—"Cedant arma." The disturbed county is invaded by the peaceful arts, and the Secretary to the Admiralty leaves his warlike preparations to deliver an inaugural address. There was a large gathering, and Mr. Osborne was "rapturously" received. He spoke at length, commencing thus:—

"Though the pressure of official duties only permits me to pay a short visit to this country, I feel my time could scarcely be more profitably employed than in seconding useful undertakings for the benefit of Ireland. Indeed, to have one's name associated with any work which has for its object the elevation and refinement of our fellow-creatures, must ever be a subject of just pride to a public man; but permit me to say that in the observations I am about to offer on the 'School of Art,' I speak not in my capacity as a member of the Legislature, but as a country gentleman and neighbour, keenly alive to the fact that every impetus given to industry in your town must have a salutary effect on the surrounding districts, and that I feel as the townspeople of Clonmel are educated and thriving, the tenantry of the adjoining estates will share in the beneficial results. It is, therefore, in my idea, not only the duty but the interest of every landed proprietor to promote, by all means in his power, institutions like the present, since experience has shown that in proportion as the abilities and manufacturing energies of the town are developed, so will the material comfort of the rural population, as well as the value of the neighbouring land be alike increased. For these reasons I saw with pleasure the first commencement of your Mechanics' Institute, and beheld its completion with an additional source of gratification: that you acted on the doctrines of self-reliance, so constantly and necessarily preached, and raised this commodious structure from your own resources. I now hail this second undertaking of connecting a 'School of Art' with the Institute as a proof that the mechanics of Clonmel are up and stirring, determined not to be left behind in the march of improvement and instructed industry! In 1785 the Dublin schools were first placed on a parliamentary foundation, an annual grant was made to the society, and so important were the schools considered, that it was one of the provisions of the Act of Union that this annual grant should be continued by the Imperial Parliament for twenty years after the union. What was the result? Need he mention the galaxy of Irish talent which those schools produced? Need he mention the names of Sir Martin Archer Shee, Jones, Barry, Behnes, Panormo, Sir Richard Morrison, Martin Cregan, Petrie, Hogan, McDonnell, and MacLise. The necessity of encouraging art had only been of late years recognised as a matter of public policy. A central school of design was instituted in 1837 at Somerset-house. Students who might distinguish themselves were allowed 50% per annum to prosecute their studies at the central school, and were eligible to appointments as masters and professors. That was a great incentive to youth. All classes were interested in the success of schools of art; no distinction was to be made between education for what was termed high art and that for practical purposes of manufacture: they were inseparable."

Advertising to the subject of the war, Mr. Osborne concluded as follows:—

"I cannot refrain from reminding you that, the arts have always reached their highest perfection where freedom was best developed. Is it not, then, a great tribute to the soundness of those institutions under which we live, that, whilst our fleets and armies, in conjunction with our gallant Allies, are engaged in a sanguinary struggle, not for conquest, but in defence of the liberties of the world, we are thus able to promote domestic improvements, and during a time of war are engaged in an endeavour to graft a new scion on the olive branch of peaceful industry? Such a meeting as this, assembled for such a purpose, would be impossible in a despotic state. The arts are only compatible with free institutions. When the liberties of Greece fell, her artists became meretricious in design, and spiritless in execution. Under the ruins of the Western Empire learning and art found a common grave. Roscoe, on the authority of Pétarch, states that in the fifteenth century, such had been the desolation caused by barbarian conquerors in Italy on works of art during the middle ages, even Imperial Rome could only boast of six statues, remains of her former splendour. God grant that such desolation may not be enacted in our time. But think you if the northern despot were to succeed, we should fare better than Rome of old?—The Allies are engaged in no common struggle—it is a war between civilisation and barbarism—between Freedom and Despotism—where the Cossack treads Art withers—where the Czar conquers, Freedom dies. Such would be the fate of Europe, were Russia to succeed in her designs. Do I tremble for the result? No; I have confidence in our cause. As the light which burned in the ancient promontory of the Chersonese has been relit by English and Irish hands, so may we yet be the means of bearing the light of science, civilisation, and art to regions now slumbering in barbaric ignorance and slavish serfdom, and future ages may found Mechanics' Institutes and Schools of Art in the inclement regions of the Russian despot."

MR. URQUHART AT NEWCASTLE.

THE city of Newcastle-on-Tyne has scarcely recovered from the effects of a great fire and explosion, than Mr. Urquhart appears making great efforts to set the "river," at least, alight again, and then to blow up all England. There was a public meeting to which Mr. Urquhart delivered himself:—

"He commenced by observing that in the few momentous words which the chairman had addressed to them, there was one expression which startled him; he said, 'the next war in which England was engaged.' Now he doubted whether England would live to be engaged in another war. He feared that England had entered upon a war which might see out the best of them assembled, —a war which, from a small beginning at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, had spread like a thunder-cloud westward, till it overshadowed the plains of Europe, and upon this devoted land would fall the bolts of its fury. The word had gone forth—and he feared much the war would see England rased from the rank of independent states. He wished he could speak of a future war for England. He had long been of opinion, and had expressed fourteen years ago in this very town, that the next war would be a mortal one for England; and he had pointed out that those resources, which we had dissipated in peace, would only lead to a false expenditure of our resources in war. These words he had repeated again in 1838, with reference to that maddest of all acts, by which it was pretended that we were making war with Russia, when we marched into Affghanistan. We make war with Russia! It wanted for that, *heads not armies*. You might as well attempt to strike a necromancer. We had the limbs—Russians had the brains."

The war was not meant seriously. The invasion of the Crimea had been delayed till the autumn, and—

"Furthermore, the expedition from Varna to Sebastopol across the Black Sea was fixed for the week of the equinoctial gales; and, when it was too soon, what did Admiral Dundas do but delay the passage for three days—so nicely was the thing developed: and the whole plan acquired additional significance from the circumstance of a British minister—the son of a Russian woman—having gone to Brussels to meet the Russian General Count Woronzow when the expedition to the Crimea took place, as Count Pahlen had previously visited London and conferred with several of the Cabinet Ministers when the expedition to Sebastopol was announced,—all showing that the expedition to the Crimea was an insidious Russian trap."

WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE.

THE Reverend F. D. Maurice delivered an inaugural lecture at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, on the opening of the college which it is proposed to establish for working men in Red Lion-square, and which commenced its operations this week. Both the large hall and galleries were filled with an attentive auditory, of which a large proportion were working men, who manifested great interest during the delivery of the lecture.

After glancing at the objects aimed at in the studies pursued at the two universities, he referred to those contemplated in the formation of the new college, one of which was to offer the means of education to all, and in such a way as to bring forth equally the whole man. By many persons it had not been deemed possible to imbue the working man with a taste for history or the fine arts, but the college had been formed with a full consideration of this objection. There was, he believed, no class of Englishmen who ever pursued knowledge for its own sake; and though he admired the patient industry of the German, he could not pretend to imitate him. The study of political questions was more or less a necessity for the working man, as being intimately connected with his interests; and might be justified by the example of our universities, in which the politics of the day occupied so large a share of attention. With respect to the working man, it was too much taken for granted that his work was a thing entirely separate from his education; and while there was a desire to throw open the universities to all classes, it seemed to be thought necessary to leave the labourer as he was, and that the only way in which he was to be taught was in the way of lectures. These were well, but experience proved how rarely the working man made use of their advantages. There was no shame to him in this, since there was in truth no relation between his pursuits in the day and what he was invited to study in the evening. After illustrating this point at some length, the lecturer detailed the motives and circumstances connected with the formation of the college, arising in the first instance from the sympathy felt by himself and others on account of the sufferings of the working classes, caused by their strife and competition with each other, each acting as if he was seeking to deprive his fellow of the fruits of his labour. Workshops were established on associative principles, but they were chiefly prized for the sake of the discipline they afforded; and are long their promoters connected education with them, and Bible and miscellaneous classes. But it was felt that this would not meet

the wants of the working classes, and that an institution was needed for mental and moral cultivation. It was in Sheffield that a model had been founded of what they deemed necessary—a college which served not only for the wants of its population, but supplied an example for others. The trades and guilds of the middle ages were colleges—they were bodies of fellow-workmen; and he thought there was a special appropriateness in the phrase for their own use, which would meet with the cordial approval of the working-classes. The adoption of the term, therefore, was deliberate and advised, and the institution was one, he believed, fitted to unite the feelings of Englishmen in the work of education. They did not wish their students and pupils to feel that they were merely acquiring certain branches of knowledge, but that they were scholars, and a fraternity of scholars, at all times, as much when they were in the shop as when they were with their teachers in the college. Another point to be settled had been how to husband best the little time the working-man had to spare. Loose sets of lectures were to be avoided, and it was thought most desirable that they should be lessons rather than lectures, and that half the time occupied by each should be filled up by questions adapted to bring out the facts already in the mind of the working-man. A third consideration was the choice of subjects; and these had been arranged so that each might take what was best suited to him. No one was pledged to take any particular class of study, nor was there any dictation on this point; yet, while the student would be able to take his choice of the subjects which most interested him, the object would be to keep up a connexion between them, so that the different lessons might illustrate each other. He briefly described the various subjects included in the course, and the objects that will be kept in view in their treatment. On one evening of the week there would be lessons on politics, including questions that refer to laws, political economy, and home and foreign policy. On another, language would form the subject of study, and so of other evenings, in which the other topics mentioned in the series will be lectured upon and discussed. After enumerating the various gentlemen who proposed to take part in the educational teachings of the college, and dwelling forcibly on the many "auguries" of future usefulness and success, he concluded with an eloquent appeal on behalf of the college, grounded on its strong and legitimate claims to public support.

THE LATE MR. GEACH, M.P.

THE representation of Coventry is vacant by the death of Mr. Charles Geach, a very able man. He died of "a mortification of the leg," of a character which puzzled the surgeons.

Mr. Geach began life as a clerk in the Birmingham branch of the Bank of England, on the small salary of 150*l.* per annum. From that situation he was selected as the managing director of the Birmingham and Midland Joint Stock Bank, which he conducted with great ability and credit. Mr. Geach was a few years since the co-partner in the patent for the railway axle-tree, a lucrative monopoly, which, though the patent has expired, has continued a large source of wealth to the two proprietors. Mr. Geach was a director of the Crystal Palace Company, of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and of the Shrewsbury and Birmingham railways, and he was a large contractor for working power. He was also the principal and active partner in one of the most extensive manufactures of machinery in Staffordshire. His habits of business and personal industry were uncommon, and his extensive commercial operations were all conducted with singular regularity and prudence. On the last general election his return and that of Mr. Ellice, for Coventry, were unopposed. His death will be deplored by his constituents of every grade of politics, and his seat will not be easily supplied. He was elected by the more Radical section of the electors, but his course in Parliament was independent and temperate, to their general satisfaction.

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF SOLDIERS' WIVES AND WIDOWS.

(From the Association's Circular.)

THREE thousand five hundred mothers, and seven thousand children, are at this moment under the vigilant care of the association; one of these mothers with *ten* children, ten of them with six children, upwards of twenty with four children, upwards of fifty with three children, hundreds with one or two children.

More than two hundred women have been provided with situations or set up in business.

More than one hundred children, most of them orphans, have been provided for entirely.

Already, the cholera and the loss of the Europa have made twenty-five widows, and forty-one orphans; how many more may not the continuance of the war add to our number! Donations, according to a fixed scale, have been granted to some widows; for others, annuities have been purchased. Upwards of 80,000*l.* has been received, of which 65,000*l.* has been placed in Government securities, in the hope of establishing a permanent fund. Double the amount will scarcely meet the cases of widowhood that a protracted war must bring upon us.

PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

THE position of parties in the United States is, at the present moment, very singular. New combinations are taking place; new designations are taking the place of old party names; but party objects seem to be much the same, viz., annexation and a status in European politics. The state of things in New York is thus sketched by a correspondent of the *Times*:—

"The aspect of New York politics is more confused than ever. The Know-nothing Convention last week terminated a stormy session by nominating an independent ticket, made up from men of all parties, and have thereby destroyed their own power. Great efforts were made to induce them to select their candidates from the other tickets, in which case they would have held the balance of power. As it is, they will draw strength from the others, but not enough to elect their own men. The *Tribune*, the Whig, or rather Fusion organ, says of the convention:—

"On the whole, we like the shape things are taking. We are going to have 'a chunk of a fight' after all, but the right ticket will come out ahead."

"The Silver Grays and the many of the Anti-Maine-Law Whigs who do not vote for Seymour will probably go with them."

"The work of 'fusing' the Whig party of the North in an anti-slavery party is going on with more or less success. In Vermont and Maine it has already been done, and the joint candidates put into office. In Michigan the Whigs have surrendered without terms, and adopted the Freesoil ticket. In Massachusetts they hold out in a separate organisation, but adopt the 'Northern' principles entire. In New York they do the same, meeting with the opposition which I have informed you of in previous letters. Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana vote to-day. In the two former States the Whigs will probably make large gains, as they have succeeded in 'fusing' with the Freesoilers. In Pennsylvania the same elements of Maine Liquor Law, Know-nothingism, and, above all, open and gross corruption, enter into the elements of the contest, and will influence the result. As the America leaves from Boston, it is probable that she will carry further news."

"On the issue in these great northern States (Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York) will depend the fate of the new Northern party. If they can carry those States beyond the possibility of losing, and can then agree upon a candidate for the Presidency, they will go into the next election with a strength that nothing can resist. The Administration seemed in the removal of Judge Branson last year to give up all hope of carrying New York, and to have concentrated its strength on Pennsylvania and Ohio. It may be set down as certain that, except in a very extraordinary case, whichever party can carry these two States, will win the day. If there were many candidates in the field, with strength divided in various States, such might not be the result; but with a division on two leading candidates it could hardly fail to be the case."

"The California elections show an overthrow of the Administration, and an election of independent Democrats. I judge, from my private letters, that the election was one of unusual excitement. The polls were guarded by armed men, and even loaded cannon were planted in the streets of San Francisco. The result is said to be favourable to good order and honest administration, and probably we shall hear no more of failure to meet interest from this prosperous State. The Know-nothings made their effective and secret organisation felt in San Francisco as they have in the Atlantic cities."

There is a strong British naval force at Greytown. What is meant by the following:—

"The Administration have despatched Commander Hollins and the Princeton to Greytown, and the Independence is to follow, if she has not already sailed. Workmen have been employed night and day in getting her ready for sea."

Annexation is on the move. It is said by a New York paper that

"A treaty has actually been made with the Dominican Government, by which the latter cedes to the United States the port of Samana, on the bay of that name, with a strip of land. How large this strip is we are not informed, but that is a matter of little consequence. The main thing is that our slavery-extending filibuster Government is to have a foothold on that island. A beginning will thus be made, and the sequel of the drama can be pressed to its consummation with all practicable rapidity."

"The ostensible purpose for which we are to acquire Samana is doubtless for a naval station."

Again a correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—

"We have satisfactory confirmation from the Sandwich Islands of the negotiation of the treaty for their annexation to the United States. The proposal of annexation came originally from the islands. General Pierce received it with favour, and a special messenger was despatched with the reply to the American commissioner. When the matter was laid before the council of state it was approved by every member except Prince Alexander, the heir-apparent, and Paki, a high chief. The stipulations of the treaty of annexation were definitively arranged. The treaty itself was duly signed, and is now in the hands of the American President, awaiting the

meeting of Congress, for the ratification of the Senate. It is premature to speak of the consequences which will attend the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States."

A correspondent of the *Times*, usually well informed, but of course liable to error, makes an estimate of the next Congress, and of "Young America" in Europe:—

"My predictions concerning the effect of the Nebraska Bill upon Northern politics have been more than fulfilled. Of 70 members thus far elected from the free States only 10 are friends of the Administration, and of these 10, five are opposed to the Nebraska Bill. Pennsylvania, which sent to the present Congress 16 Democrats to 9 Whigs, has just elected 20 Opposition members to 5 Administration. From Ohio, the Democrats have in this Congress 12 members out of 21; in the next they will have none. Wherever the 'fusion' between Whigs and Free-soilers has taken place, they have carried their candidates by immense majorities. The Administration have only succeeded in Northern States or districts where no such union has been made. Enough is known of the next Congress to form some idea of its probable complexion; 86 members are elected, 67 of whom are of the Opposition. Of the 148 to be elected, 74 are to be chosen from slave States and 74 from free. The members from the slave States will be principally Democrats, and probably all supporters of the Nebraska Bill. It is not improbable that every member from the free States will be in the Opposition. The anti-slavery element in the Lower House will be proportionately greater than it has ever been since the adoption of the Constitution; but the strong pro-slavery constitution of the Senate will prevent any Legislation on the subject. Thus American politics continue to move steadily and rapidly towards sectionalism. But the Northern party is weak from its very strength, and also from the great diversity of interests which it represents, and a reaction may be looked for, speedy in proportion to the magnitude of the Northern party."

"The reconstruction of the Democratic party on 'Young America' principles appears to have been begun in Europe, if the statements of the correspondence of the morning papers in regard to the diplomatic congress at Baden are to be relied upon. The Central American question and the bombardment of Greytown not having succeeded in diverting the attention of the North from the Nebraska Bill, there would seem to be a purpose on the part of some of the politicians to again agitate the broader issue of interference in European affairs. I think that the United States are prepared to stand by the doctrine of no European interference with the affairs of this continent. The *Tribune* (the organ of the Northern party) says of the new move:—

"The programme of the conference, as stated by our correspondent, comprises the Spanish question, the Central American question, and the Gibson question; but, above all, the question of an increasing insolence of tone toward America on the part of the European Governments. The last point is especially dwelt on as most prominent, and its vague character evidently suits the great Buncombe purposes of the occasion. On that all the humbug of Soule, all the vacuity of Mason, and all the solemn inanity of Buchanan can have full swing, with some chance of finding a response in the bosoms of all the fools on this side of the ocean."

"The *Herald* ridicules the 'Convention':—

"We have our own notions, however, of the objects of this extraordinary congress. We don't think it has much to do with the Russian war. There are differences of opinion among them on that subject. Belmont is said to be thoroughly Russian on the war question, while Robert Dale Owen is, no doubt, just as decidedly for the allies. No; this American diplomatic congress in Switzerland is called for the purpose of comparing notes, or rather coats, in connexion with the official circulars of Secretary Marcy on the Court costume of our Ministers abroad. Every one of our Ambassadors in Europe has construed these instructions for himself, and hence no two of them are on State occasions dressed alike."

CANADA.

The new Canadian Ministry and the new Canadian Governor are both getting under way. The Quebec correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing on the 14th October, says:—

"We have not yet received an account of the precise numbers by which Mr. Spence's election was determined, but it is known that he had a larger majority over his opponent than at the preceding election. Thus have five members of the new Administration been returned triumphantly (four by acclamation), every effort of party power and artifice having been resorted to by the disappointed combined factions to defeat these gentlemen at the hustings. The Legislative Assembly are now seriously at work on the business of the country. The new Ministry are fulfilling all their pledges, although encountered, as a matter of course, by the usual obstructions of a Parliamentary Opposition—an Opposition agreed, if upon no other aim or principle, upon the one main point of impeding the march of the Government. The effect of this course upon the country will be only to bring greater support to the Administration."

"Sir Edmund Head, our new governor that is to be, is at present journeying in the United States, and is expected in Quebec shortly; but it is not supposed that he will immediately assume the government. Lord Elgin is imbued with the chivalry of his order, and disdains to abandon to a successor a state not perfectly settled within itself. After the recent movements of parties, an agitation naturally remains upon the surface that must obviously demand a brief interval of time before it subsides to a calm."

OUR CIVILISATION.

ANN WALLS, the wife of a private in the Eighth Hussars, now in the Crimea, left Exeter, on Sunday, for Salcombe. To save expense, although far advanced in a delicate condition, she determined to walk. She had with her 2*l.*, the whole of her capital in life. Near Powderham, two men and three women, came upon her. It was dark. They dogged her to a lonely place, and then began to seize and search her. The beasts took her money, and not content with that, they stripped her naked, and were leaving her, when her cries for some garment induced one of the women to give her back a shift! The night was very cold; the poor wretch was half dead with fear; she could not move; and lay on the banks of an estuary of the Exe, until some fishermen attracted by her cries, came to her relief. She was taken care of, and is recovering; but, when questioned on the subject, is seized with fits. Constables are on the track of the miscreants.

Daniel Jones, or "Dan the Jockey," an amateur torturer, living at Llanddarog, Carmarthen, went home drunk, beat, kicked, and placed his wife on the fire! She died; and uncertain whether he had killed her, the infuriated ruffian dropped live coals on her face!

Mr. Wakley recently held an inquest on the body of a woman killed by beatings of her husband. In summing up, he ventured a solution of the question as to the proper punishment for the wife-beaters:—

"Nothing," he said, "would justify a man in maltreating a woman in such a way. He would not admit any kind of provocation, no matter how great, as an excuse for such conduct, for a man could easily get out of their way, and adopt other means to deal with them, if they became ungovernable. Such being the case, then, he would have every man—brute, he should say—who behaved in this abominable way to women, soundly flogged at the cart's tail by the common hangman through the public streets. He was always against flogging as a punishment, but desperate cases required desperate remedies to deal with them, and he feared as an efficient check to the horrible brutalities inflicted upon poor helpless women—and those too, generally, of the most industrious and inoffensive character, as the newspapers made them daily acquainted with—there was no other remedy that seemed to be left. The thing was becoming a national disgrace, and affecting the character of the whole country in its social aspect. A few days ago he held an inquest in the Coldbath-fields House of Correction, and he was informed that in one prison only, within a mile of where they then sat, no fewer than one hundred men were under confinement for beating their wives and their women."

A fellow named John Guest, has been committed by the Marylebone magistrate for a criminal assault upon Margaret Daley. The young woman was cleaning a house. Guest was a painter, and employed in cleaning the windows. Unawares he came upon the girl and pulled her backwards. She vainly struggled and screamed. There was only a child in the house. He dragged her into another room and threw water over her as she was fainting. Her cries attracted a crowd; and a constable, finding the door locked, climbed down into the area, and so entered the house. He found Guest kissing his victim; but learning the true state of the case, he took him into custody.

Mr. Joseph Drew, a solicitor of forty years' practice, has been convicted at the Bath Quarter Sessions, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for defrauding the Sun Fire Office of 8*l.* 19*s.* He was an agent of the office, and made an improper charge. He admitted his guilt, pleaded poverty, and prayed for mercy. But the directors were inexorable.

Eliza Ashworth, thirty-one, described as well educated, was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions for having stolen a china dish, value 1*s.*, the property of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. She was further indicted for having stolen a ring and a brooch, value 5*l.*, the property of Michael Bruce, in his dwelling house. She pleaded "Guilty" to the latter charge. Sentence, three months' imprisonment with hard labour. She was the wife of Mr. Disraeli's coachman.

"NORTON STREET," MARYLEBONE.

On Saturday a deputation consisting of Dr. Rushford and Mr. Ferrara, residents of Norton-street, attended before the board to complain of the immoral and disgraceful condition of not only the street in which they resided, but the whole of the immediate neighbourhood abutting on Fitzroy-square. Mr. Ferrara explained, that from time to time he had made complaints of the "dens"

in Norton-street, both to the parochial authorities and the police, without procuring any redress, and the consequence was, that the infamous traffic had now got to such a pitch, that some steps, and those determined ones, should be at once taken to suppress the nuisance. In fact, the affair was becoming daily worse and worse, and the neighbourhood was becoming thinned of the respectable inhabitants, who left their houses, in which they had resided for years, unable to stand it any longer. His street, he might clearly say, was nothing more than a street of loose women and vagabonds. (*Sensation.*) The neighbourhood was always in a continued uproar, and it was a common occurrence to hear cries of "Murder!" and see females rushing about half naked, and with their heads cut open. He in fact could not well describe the scenes that took place, and for the sake of morality, decency, and the welfare of the parish, he did hope the authorities would endeavour, to the best of their power, to clear the neighbourhood of those houses which he complained of, and which were becoming more numerous every day.

Mr. Sodon: How many houses of this sort are there, do you think, in your street?

Mr. Ferrara: Fifty or sixty, if not more.

Dr. Rushford said in Norton-street there existed a French and English clique, and there was a regular traffic carried on between the two houses. No respectable person was supposed to live in Norton-street, and, therefore, any respectable person on a visit to a friend in that street, was immediately put down as a bad character if he asked his way to Norton-street. One of his patients would not allow his wife to meet him (Dr. Rushford) at his residence a short time ago, as he said she would be put down as a prostitute if she were seen near the street.

Mr. Ferrara further observed that not only would it be necessary to clear the street of the dens it contained, but the name of the street, in consequence of its notoriety, would have to be changed before a respectable person could be got to live in the houses. With respect to the complaint he had made on various occasions, he should state that the police had positively declined interfering, as it was not in their power; and when the parish solicitor, Mr. Randall, sent one of the parish officials to give notice of indictment to the owners of one of the dens in question, the official went inside himself, remained there two hours, and then came out drunk. (*Expressions of surprise and disgust.*) With respect to the indecent sights that were frequently seen, he had on one occasion observed from twenty to thirty of the female inmates of those houses dancing half naked in the street to a band of music, and it was a common occurrence for those wretched creatures to appear in a semi-naked condition at the windows. In conclusion Mr. Ferrara remarked that noblemen and men of rank were constant visitors at the houses.

Mr. Hickman said that he resided in the neighbourhood complained of, and the picture was not at all overdrawn by the deputation.

After a short discussion, Mr. Sodon moved, and Mr. Jacob Bell seconded, that the attention of the parish solicitor should be drawn to the brothels, and that steps should be taken for their suppression. The motion was carried unanimously, and Mr. Greenwell, the Vestry Clerk, was instructed to inform Mr. Randall that he should carry out the wishes of the Vestry without delay.

CATHOLICS IN MUNICIPALITIES.

The northern towns are generally thought to be the strongholds of Liberalism, but it seems that in one at least of them political freedom stumbles against religious belief. The *Preston Guardian*, dealing with the question of the elections to principal offices in the town, says:—

"It will scarcely be believed by persons residing at a distance that the entrance to our corporation domain, like Eden of old, is protected by a flaming sword—the sword of true Protestantism. Let a Catholic attempt the approach, and that sword is unsheathed with a vengeance. 'Have you got a candidate for such a ward?' we heard one person ask another this week; 'there is Mr. ——— would be just the man for you.' 'But don't you know,' was the reply, 'that he is a Catholic?' If we were to put him forward, there would be a regular 'No Popery' cry raised, and he would be beaten out of the field.' If we had not seen this more than once, and that not very long ago, we certainly could not have believed it. Catholics pay all the taxes same as others, join in defending their country, are peaceable and loyal, and quite as obedient to the laws as Protestants, and yet, because they are conscientious enough to follow their own convictions in religion—a matter betwixt God and their own conscience—such has been the persecution in this borough that we cannot say there is a single Catholic amongst the forty-eight members of the Council, although, to speak under the mark, there are 20,000 inhabitants of Preston connected with that body, and among them gentlemen of wealth, talent, and aptitude for business."

We shall have a Jewish Lord Mayor in London next year; why not Roman Catholic councillors at Preston?

THE DANISH STRUGGLE.

The struggle in Denmark for Constitutional rights and responsible Government goes on without cessation. The king, urged on by the defeated and irritated Ministers, enraged at the impeachment hanging over them, dissolved the Parliament on the 21st. The admirable correspondence of the *Morning Chronicle* keeps us fully informed. Writing on the 23rd, the writer says:—

"Taken aback by the vigorous measures of the Danish Parliament, while the Premier himself publicly admitted in the House that the address 'was very moderate,' the Ministers held a Cabinet council on Wednesday, and most of them were inclined to throw up the game and resign at once. But the actual *spiritus rector* of the administration, the German Minister of Holstein, Count Reventlow Criminil, was furious. He would listen to no opposition, would give way in nothing. The War Minister (Hansen) supported him. I am told that this party advocated vigorous measures—the immediate suspension of the liberty of the press, the forbidding of all public meetings, and the proclamation of Copenhagen in a state of martial law. This was resisted by the more peaceful party, Oersted and Tillisch, while Sporneck (the Danish vicar of Bray) was, as usual, betwixt and between. At last they halved their differences, and agreed to the immediate dissolution of the Commons' House, thus making three dissolutions by this Ministry in the space of twenty months—an unheard-of abuse of the constitution, an entire illegality. Instead of retiring after repeated votes of want of confidence, they cling to their posts, and make king and people, and law and Parliament their victims. This is, of course, sheer despotism. It will be ended by the Parliament not having passed any budget for the next year. If the taxes are collected by force, it will be a court-military revolution; the people will rise and resist.

"Having determined on the illegal dissolution, the Ministry have executed the same in the most violent manner possible. At noon on Saturday the Ministers, with the exception of those for the duchies, appeared in the Lower House, and Oersted read the royal proclamation, which disbands the Chamber. It was not entirely unexpected, but it came much earlier than was judged likely. It was received most calmly, the Speaker archly remarking that the Premier's name was down as debater on a bill then on its course through the House, and that the dissolution would of course deprive them of the pleasure of hearing him. Not a tongue breathed the name of the king, who is the passive instrument in this immense Russian conspiracy; but the Rev. Dr. Lindberg loudly exclaimed, 'Hurrah for the unchanged constitution of the Danish kingdom,' which was responded to by the most enthusiastic plaudits, which must have been heard by the Ministers, although they decamped with the most unseemly rapidity. Lively cheers were then given for the Speaker of the House, Mr. Attorney Rotwitt, who has filled his office with great tact, and talent, and calmness. The crowded galleries continued the display by deafening vivats for the Danish Parliament, and loud cries of 'Down with the Ministry.' The curtain thus went down on another act of the Russian-Prussian whole-state blow at the rights and liberties of the Danish nation.

"According to the Danish ground-law, whenever the one Chamber is dissolved, the other adjourns its sittings till a new session of Parliament. The Lower House being dissolved, the Speaker of the Lands-thing prorogued the sittings of that Chamber on the 23rd. One of the members (Wessely) then exclaimed, 'The constitution of the Danish kingdom for ever!' which was loudly responded to in nine cheers. The galleries then gave 'The Danish Parliament for ever!' also in nine vivats, and the sitting was over."

The people mean to resist; how far remains to be seen.

THE SYDENHAM FETE.

The Crystal Palace Company resolved to set apart one day's receipts for the Patriotic Fund. To attract a large concourse, they obtained the services of thirteen military bands, including that of the French cavalry regiment, known as "Les Guides"—very showy fellows in scarlet, and amber, and green, 56 in number, and acting in France as the Emperor's private band. Saturday was the appointed day of celebration. It was perfectly successful. Nearly 40,000 people crushed their way into the grounds of the palace by train, and many arrived by processions best known to themselves. The bands were stationed in divers parts of the fabric, and they maintained an unintermitted flood of music all the morning. The "Guides" played "God save the Queen," the Guards performed "Partant pour la Syrie." In the afternoon all the bands played in concert on the lower terrace, and the multitudes gathered like bees on the upper terraces and the galleries of the palace. Then they returned and played again. The "Guides," decidedly popular, were gratified by an encore.

Sir Joseph Paxton, in a moment of indiscreet enthusiasm, quickly put down by the daily press, actually proposed a subscription in aid of the French wounded, because the "Guides" played at the palace fete!

THE CZAR'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION.

THE St. Petersburg *Court Journal*, of the 29th, publishes an article worthy of notice, as it contains a sort of programme of Russia's policy, and announces without circumlocution the objects which Russia seeks to attain by the present war. At first it states that the demands made by the Western Powers, of the Porte, in regard to placing the rights of its subjects upon the same level, go twice as far as was intended to be demanded by Russia, especially through Prince Menschikoff's mission. The journal cautiously avoids touching upon the fact that Russia's supreme object was to confirm these rights through her own protectorate. "If," says the *Court Journal*, "it was the conviction of the Western Powers that it was essential to carry out their object, they should have said, on the Prince being sent to Constantinople: 'You ask too little. You only demand the half in the entire equality.' Had this been done, the unhappy conflict might have been avoided, and the 'faithless publication of the blue book' rendered superfluous. The noble and decided language addressed by the Emperor in regard to Turkey does not reflect upon him (adds the *Court Journal*) the slightest spot as monarch, Christian, or ally, because the existence of the Ottoman rule is an anomaly, a thing deprived of vitality. England was in her heart convinced of the rights and justice of the Emperor, but concealed her own grasping intentions in order to convert them at the proper moment to her own special advantage. Did not England fear the power and unbending character of the Emperor, the world would never have witnessed a union between France and England (the terrible sore in the eyes of Russia, and its coadjutor, Prussia). England looked about for an ally which, after the object was attained, might be more easily thrown overboard than Russia. Russia's mission is certainly great. She is called upon to set limits to the materialism of England. France holds a secondary position. She is a mere bubbling political whirlpool; not a durable and generally destructive inundation. We must fight England, because she alone, and not France, is the focus and support of all revolutionary principles. It is not Russia, but England, who, imbued to the core with 'mercantilism,' treads under foot humanity and the rights of men. It is Russia's mission to protect Europe from the torrents of the West. As formerly the stream flowed from East to West—now the reverse is the case. No matter how the causes for the war may be regarded, that between Russia and Turkey is founded on religious grounds. Through the policy of the Western Powers the war has, however, assumed the character of a struggle between Conservatism and Communist revolution. Only one path is open to the Emperor—that of right and honour. He will adhere to his word not to make conquests, but at the same time it is his mission to restore Russian 'preponderance' on the Bosphorus, because that is absolutely requisite for the development (!) of Russia, and the re-establishment of order. It is Russia's holy duty to establish and consolidate the dominion of Christianity on the Bosphorus. Finally, the Emperor, as the strong rock and defender of Europe, has to fulfil the lofty mission of consolidating European Conservatism. To attain this object Russia must carry on an obstinate war, which will break down England's avarice, and unconditionally terminate Turkish misrule."

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

Vienna, October 25.

SOME months ago it was rumoured in Vienna that a Bavarian army would occupy the Austro-Italian provinces, and lately the same report circulated in circles which are generally well informed. It is said that, in order to avoid a rupture with Austria, the second-rate States will consent to march a powerful body of federal troops into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which measure would enable the Austrian Government to move the whole of the Italian army to the northern frontiers of the empire. The forces under Marshal Radetzky consist of some 120,000 men, with 150 guns, and if this army was placed in Bohemia and Moravia, Austria could entirely dispense with the assistance of Prussia. No guarantee can be given for the correctness of the intelligence, but it is said that one part of M. Von der Pfordten's mission at Berlin was to make an arrangement with Prussia for assisting Austria in the way above-mentioned. General Hess either considers the danger of an attack on Galicia imminent, or he is of opinion that prevention is better than cure, for it was yesterday resolved at the Council of War that the "remainder" of the army should be placed on a war footing. The garrison of Vienna, which may be about 10,000 strong, has received orders to be prepared to march at 48 hours' notice.

A Vienna correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* has given the following interesting information relative to the Austrian army:—69,800 men, with 144 guns, are posted in the German provinces (in Austria), under the command of General Count Wimpffen. The army under Marshal Radetzky, in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, and on the right bank of the Po, consists of 117,000 men, with 160 guns. The "mobile" army in Galicia,

the Bukovina, and the Danubian Principalities, with the reserves in Hungary and Transylvania, is composed of 30 Infantry regiments, 10 battalions of Chasseurs, 16 regiments of heavy and 18 of light cavalry, 12 battalions of Border troops, 24 dépôt battalions, and 25 field and 18 reserve batteries. The total is 225,800 men, with 200 field and 144 reserve guns. The troops are thus distributed:—In the Danubian Principalities 24,000 men (this is much below the mark), in Hungary and Transylvania 58,000 men, in Galicia and the Bukovina 80,000 and in the district of Cracow 63,000 men. The forces under Ban Jellachich and General Mamula consist of 25,400 troops of the line and 70,000 Borderers, with 72 guns. In the Federal fortresses in Germany are 12,800 men, with 24 guns. According to this calculation, the military force of Austria is composed of 522,200 men, with 664 guns, and this is probably below rather than above the mark. We are told that the Emperor of Russia is a great actor. Before his sons, Michael and Nicholas, left for Bessarabia, he gave them his solemn blessing, in the presence of the 30,000 men forming the reserve of the Imperial Guard. After the ceremony was over, the Emperor knelt down: his sons imitated his example, and at the word of command the 30,000 guardsmen did the same. The Hereditary Grand-Duke Alexander was daily expected at Warsaw to inspect the Guard Corps, whose commander he is. The Grand-Duke Constantine is the only Russian Prince who remains at his father's side. All the troops which were in the north of the empire are on their way to the south, and the Russian army between the Austrian frontier in Volhynia and Sebastopol in the Crimea will amount to about 400,000 men.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 18th ult., in the *Press* of Vienna, says:—

"Count Nesselrode had yesterday a long confidential conversation with the Czar at Gatchin, and shortly after a courier was despatched to the Russian ambassador at Berlin, with instructions as to his conduct in the attempts made to bring about a better understanding between Prussia and Austria. The Russian Cabinet in this note by no means seems inclined to make concessions, declaring that it desires to follow in every circumstance the policy which it has hitherto followed in the Eastern affair; if even Sebastopol were to fall, and the Crimea to be lost, Russia will not yield the slightest portion of the rights which are ensured to her by treaties in the East. Russia, the note declares, is the most powerful state in the East, and will remain so in spite of every check: she has not yet brought forward her principal forces, and the Western Powers have no cause of triumph. The Russian ambassador at Berlin is to read this despatch to M. de Manteuffel, but without leaving him a copy. It is said that the Czar has himself strengthened some passages of the despatch drawn up by M. de Nesselrode, which did not appear to him energetic enough. The troops of the station of the White Sea arrived here this day; they are to remain here a week, and will then take their departure for the south."

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

DR. RAE, writing to the *Times* on Monday, says that "two overland expeditions have been decided upon—the one in boats, to go down the Mackenzie River in search of Captain Collinson, about the safety of whom there is now some anxiety; the other, in canoes, down Back's Fish River, to make further inquiry into the fate of Sir J. Franklin's people, and to endeavour to obtain some more relics; and, should any of the remains of the dead be found, to place them decently under ground. About noon on Friday it was arranged by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and Captain Shepherd, Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, that these expeditions should be left wholly in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the same evening the Deputy-Governor had posted letters to Sir George Simpson, territorial Governor, containing full details as to the objects and mode of carrying into effect these expeditions."

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE cholera has now nearly departed from London. But it rages here and there in the provinces; notably at Worcester and Merthyr Tydvil.

In London, the Registrar-General says that "the cholera epidemic is for this season quickly passing away, and that the total mortality has nearly resumed its former position. In the week that ended on Saturday the number of deaths registered from all causes was 1228. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1844-53 the average number of deaths was 952, and with a correction for increase of population, 1047. The excess of last week is 181. The deaths from cholera, which were 163 in the preceding week, have fallen to 66; those from diarrhoea are 46."

In a supplement to the quarterly return is the following statement:—

"The following is a complete return of the number of deaths from cholera and from diarrhoea in England and Wales, for the months of July, August, and September.

The deaths in the districts that have suffered most are separately returned; and the deaths from cholera and from diarrhoea in the weeks of September are also distinguished. The returns have been made from their register books by the registrars, under instructions from the Registrar-General. The deaths by cholera in the three months were 15,587, by diarrhoea 11,135; or 26,722 by the two forms of disease. The epidemic has exhibited less intensity than it did in 1849; and although diarrhoea has been apparently as prevalent, or at least as fatal, the deaths by cholera have been less by 28,234 than the deaths by the same disease in the three summer months of that year. The mortality from cholera and diarrhoea is less by one-half than it was in 1849. The districts in what was called the London Cholera Field have suffered most severely; and there it is known that though some sanitary improvements have been projected, they have only in a few instances been carried out. Liverpool has been attacked by the epidemic, but the deaths by cholera in that town and its suburbs (the districts of Liverpool and West Derby) have hitherto been 953; whereas the deaths by cholera in the corresponding period of 1849 were 4545. Liverpool has a health officer; and certain sanitary measures have been carried into effect. The authorities of the town deserve credit for their successful efforts in the improvement of the health of Liverpool. Deaths by the epidemic, cholera, have, during the three months, occurred in every county except Herefordshire, Rutlandshire, and Westmoreland; but many districts have escaped hitherto, and a few, such as Merthyr Tydvil, have suffered, or are still suffering, severely. The diarrhoea, which is so fatal in Birmingham, Manchester, and other districts, where few deaths are referred to cholera, requires investigation; it is undoubtedly, in the majority of instances, a modification of choleraic disease."

LABOUR MOVEMENT IN OCTOBER.

(From the People's Monthly Register.)

On the 15th of October a meeting of factory workers was called at the Golden Lion Inn, in Todmorden. The object was the delegation from various localities to ascertain how the Ten Hours' Factory Bill was observed.

Several meetings have taken place at the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, to render assistance to the operative house-painters of Dublin, to carry out their proposed Self-Employment Establishment. Several of the trade societies have contributed to the fund, either by loan or gift.

On October 10, about one hundred of the self-acting winders, engaged in a cotton spinning establishment at Manchester, turned out, on account of the master having deducted 2s. from one of the workmen for spoilage, such being, in the opinion of the workmen, an infraction of their agreement between themselves and their employers.

The carpenters and joiners of London held an adjourned meeting of delegates at the Boar's Head, Long Acre, to receive statements from the delegates as to how the proposition for the amalgamation of their branches or lodges was received. Lodges of five hundred members gave in their adhesion—others had then to consider of the proposition.

The committee of the metropolitan trades have reported their proceedings relative to their doings in opposing the Friendly Societies Bill. Our space does not permit us to register the document.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

MEETINGS continue to be held in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland in behalf of the Patriotic Fund, and the collection of money goes on vigorously and heartily. The nation has not been moved to an unselfish exhibition of noble feelings for many years. Throughout the country the speeches are of the same character: heart and soul in the war believed to be just on all sides, and overflowing with sympathy for the army.

One speech has attracted some attention, both for the things said, and on account of the position of the speaker and the character of the meeting. It was at the county gathering, under Mr. Herbert, Lord Lieutenant of Kerry, attended by Catholic and Protestant, that Dr. Moriarty, the coadjutor of the Roman Catholic Bishop, spoke as follows:—

"We are threatened with the loss of our peace and civilisation, as well as the destruction of our liberty, by the iron despotism of the ruler of the Russians. Our soldiers have gone forth to meet the peril; they have gone forth prepared to die to secure for us the blessings of peace, education, and civilisation. We must give honour to the brave. We must give honour to those men bearing lordly names who, laying aside their jewelled coronets and the splendours of their princely homes, have gone to lead our battalions. We must give honour to those young gentlemen—many of them the children of our own town and county—who, giving up the pleasures and enjoyments of youth, have gone forth to meet death by pestilence in the plains of Varna, under the leaden hail which showers from the heights of Alma, or in a still more momentous battle-field, attacking that formidable fortress in which the Russian despot has deemed himself secure. We must give honour, too, and more than honour, to the poor private—the man

without whom the battle could not be won—the man who has left behind him what is dearest to man—left both the wife of his heart's affection and the little children that tottered round his knee—we must give him something more than honour—we must give him reward. I am sure that, while there beats a noble feeling in the breast of an Irishman, the woman or child who bears the name of a soldier who has fallen before Sebastopol will not be forgotten by us." (Loud and continued cheers.)

The other speakers were Sir William Godfrey, Mr. James O'Connell (brother of the late "Liberator"), the Rev. Dr. Rowan (Protestant clergyman), &c. A subscription list having been opened, in less than twenty minutes a sum exceeding 300*l.* was realised.

At Edinburgh 600*l.* was obtained unsolicited; and in England subscriptions come in on a similar scale.

The City meeting, including as it does the moneyed world of the metropolis, surpasses the rest. They assembled in the Mansion House, on Thursday, Lord Mayor Sidney in the chair; Lord John Russell, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Hubbard, Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Dillon, and other great city men, did the oratory. It was a very business-like meeting; no words were wasted, and 16,000*l.* were subscribed.

A public meeting, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, ratified, on Wednesday, the resolves of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to send additional chaplains to the East. As the army is composed of Church of England men, Catholics and Presbyterians, the Government cannot send out officially additional chaplains, but they will allow 100*l.* a year to every chaplain sent by the Society.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

It is intended to construct forthwith a permanent camp at Aldershot, near to the site of the Chobham Camp of last year, and also to erect some important artillery defences to Portsmouth and the adjacent coast. The camp at Aldershot will comprise barracks, magazines, and other buildings necessary for the accommodation of 10,000 men. This will include two regiments of cavalry, detachments of horse and foot artillery, and infantry. The works are to be proceeded with with all despatch, and it is reported that 10,000*l.* will be spent upon this camp by March next.

This week the Board of Ordnance have advertised for tenders for the erection of a battery, with magazine, shell and fuze room, and master-gunner's store, near Southsea Castle, one of the defences of the entrance of Portsmouth harbour. This, we believe, will be an earthen battery, mounting five or six heavy guns. A similar battery is to be erected on the opposite side of the harbour's mouth at Fort Monckton. At Freshwater Gate, outside the Needles, in the Isle of Wight, a powerful battery is to be erected: this will mount 15 or 16 guns of the heaviest calibre, whilst the Sussex coast is further to be strengthened by the construction of a strong battery at Shoreham, near Brighton. The new and very heavy battery at Sconce Point, inside the Needles, in the Isle of Wight, is now on the point of completion.

WHO GAVE THE "TIMID COUNSELS."

In a letter to Madame St. Arnaud, consoling her for the death of her husband, the Emperor Napoleon described the Marshal as having undertaken the expedition to the Crimea, "malgré de timides avis"—in spite of timid counsels. This raised great speculation as to the parties guilty of giving timid counsels. The *Times* speculated that it could not have been Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, Admiral Bruat, or Admiral Lyons; and hinted pretty plainly that the said advice was given in the French war councils.

The controversy grew hot. The *Globe* explained that the Emperor could have meant no reflexion on anybody, but used the phrase only to indicate the superior bravery of the dead Marshal as some consolation to his widow. The *Moniteur* confirmed this view, and declared in so many words that the Emperor only alluded to natural differences of opinion; and intended simply to raise the character of the Marshal by the contrast. The *Times*' correspondent of Tuesday throws some further light upon the subject:

"The *Moniteur* contains the paragraph explaining the expression *timides avis*. Whether this paragraph has been occasioned by explanations between the allied Governments or not, it is at all events manifest that in using the expressions referred to no slur was intended to be cast on the English army or fleet. That the words were ill chosen, to say the least, is admitted, and the impression they produced, when the Emperor's letter to Madame St. Arnaud was made public, was far from agreeable; indeed, more than one resignation was anticipated in consequence. They were, however, soon forgotten in the more absorbing intelligence which the public is still daily expecting. I do not think, however, that the explanation now given is entirely satisfactory, as it was not necessary to cast a slur on others in order that Marshal St. Arnaud's military reputation should be

exalted. Moreover, it does not necessarily follow that because a difference of views is found among members of a council of war it arises from fear. The council is called to aid with its advice the General-in-Chief, though he is not obliged to follow it; but when opinions are asked before a decision is come to, it would be unjust to attribute to an unworthy motive the expressions of such opinions. Be this as it may, it is certain that after the landing in the Crimea was decided, stories were current of serious dissensions among the superior officers. 'The two Princes,' we were told, were opposed to that most important operation, and Prince Napoleon was in particular spoken of, not only as disapproving, but as generally hostile, and in a very marked manner, to the plans of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army. It was known that Prince Napoleon lost no occasion of criticising in public, and in a severe manner, those plans, and particularly the landing in the Crimea; and this criticism became so annoying, that the Marshal was said to have demanded the recall of the Prince. The Prince was not the only person who censured the conduct of Marshal St. Arnaud; and it was stated positively at the time, that the greater part of the generals anticipated that the result of the undertaking would be unfortunate. Whether justly or not, it was also believed that the two admirals were equally opposed to the attack on Sebastopol, and suggested some other and less difficult point on the coast; and, further, that it was owing principally, if not entirely, to the great exertions of Admirals Lyons and Bruat, who supported the plans of Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, that the attack took place. All this was said and repeated over and over, and without serious contradiction. It is true that the majority in the council who were thus opposed to the Commander-in-Chief had no reason to believe that the landing would be unopposed by Prince Menschikoff; and it may be a curious speculation as to what the result would have been if a corps of the Russian army had met the allies on the beach. It is, indeed, surmised that the obnoxious expression in the letter to the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud was only intended for Prince Napoleon—an indirect reprimand, in fact, for his systematic opposition to his superior officer, and the concluding words of the apologetic paragraph show there was no intention of applying them to the English. It is even now said that Prince Napoleon, notwithstanding the success of the operations up to the present, and though his own conduct on the field was gallant, continues discontented; that he is tired of campaigning; and that, in all probability, he would have long since returned to France, but for the resistance of his father."

The following announcement in the *Moniteur* is understood as a sort of satisfaction for the expression in the letter to Madame St. Arnaud:—

"The Emperor, wishing to recompense the gallant conduct of Prince Napoleon at the battle of the Alma, has authorised his Imperial Highness to wear the military medal."

The military medal was instituted by the Emperor as a recompense to privates and sub-officers, but it has been given to a few general officers as a special mark of approbation. It is not generally given to the intermediate ranks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

According to the *Northern Whig*, the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, which the death of the Marquis of Ormonde has left at the disposal of the Crown, has been offered to the Marquis of Londonderry and declined. The reasons which induced his lordship to refuse the "distinguished honour" are not mentioned.

A correspondent of the *Carnarvon Herald*, speculates on the effect which the Anglo-French Alliance will have not upon the destiny of Europe; no, he only thinks of the English language. "Every lover of literature and every entymologist" is called upon to "consider" the question; not in alarm, by any means, for the correspondent looks forward to the enriching of the language by the incorporation of French terms.

Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the amount of stores of winter clothing sent out to the army, when we state that upwards of 70,000 pairs of worsted socks, 90,000 woollen jerseys, 50,000 pairs of flannel drawers, and 80,000 pairs of gloves, have been sent to the army under Lord Raglan, and still further supplies of the same articles will be sent. Arrangements have also been made to send out 25,000 great coats, which will be an addition to the great coats already possessed by each man; and the army clothiers, with a zeal for the welfare of the public service, which does them great credit, have, at the request of the Government, completed 80,000 additional suits of winter clothing, which will all leave this country before the middle of the month.

On Monday a presentation of colours from the ladies of Somerset was made by Lady Paulet, on the Hoe, to the First Somerset Regiment of Militia, now quartered in the Citadel, Plymouth, and commanded by Viscount Hinton, her ladyship's son.

A new election will have to be made at Bedford in the room of Mr. Henry Stuart, one of its members, who died suddenly last week. He was the son of Sophia, granddaughter of the famous William Penn.

Serjeant O'Brien has been elected Member for Lime-riek, in the room of the late Mr. Potter. He was unopposed.

Father Matthew O'Keefe, an Irish political priest, has been forbidden by his bishop to take any part whatever in political affairs. He had written a letter to Serjeant Shee on tenant right. Mr. Lucas, M.P., in a public meeting at Kilkenny, mourned this interference of the bishop; he declared, however, that he would submit, but talked of appealing to the Pope.

An official communication has been received by the Registrar of Queen's College, Belfast, to the effect that students of the Queen's Colleges who have taken the degree of A.B. at the Queen's University in Ireland will be admitted as candidates for orders in the Church of England and Ireland, after an attendance of one year at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, which is under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There are three candidates for the vacancy in the representative Peerage for Ireland. Lord Doneraile, Lord Portarlington, and Lord Talbot de Malahide.

The spirit of the bard of Avon, it appears, has lately been revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," in the prosecution of his old profession of play-wright. We extract the startling intelligence from an article in the *Alta California* on spiritual manifestations, in the course of which we are informed that a regular five act tragedy, consisting of some 4000 lines, has recently been written, under spirit impulse, by the hand of Mr. Isaac C. Pray. It purports to emanate from the spirit of Shakspeare!

An anchor was picked up and brought in by the boatmen of Broadstairs last week, supposed to have been under water upwards of 200 years. It had the appearance of a mass of petrified iron, being entirely covered with flints of all sizes.—*Dover Chronicle*.

The band of the French Cavalry Regiment—"Les Guides"—have been considerably petted since its arrival. On Saturday it played at Sydenham; on Sunday at Windsor Castle; on Tuesday at the French Ambassador's; and on Thursday at Exeter Hall.

There was a fatal accident on the North-Western Railway, at Tring, on Saturday. An engine on a siding waiting for the passing of the express train got partly on the rails, and could not be extricated. The express driver pulled up as well as he could, but not sufficiently to stop the train. The stoker of the express, alarmed at the possible consequences of a collision, either jumped off or was thrown off and killed. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and appended thereto an opinion "that the jury desire to express their opinion that death was caused in this case, and may be caused in other cases, by a practice of moving engines up and down sidings in order to pump water from the tender into the engine boiler, such engines, unless very carefully driven, being liable to foul the main line."

Amongst the certificated nurses who have just left this country under the charge of Miss Nightingale, to attend upon the sick and wounded in the British Hospital at Scutari, is Miss Erskine, the eldest daughter of the Dowager Lady Erskine, of Pwll-y-crochan, North Wales. Her knowledge of the Welsh language will render her aid valuable amongst the wounded Welsh.

Letters from Vienna of the 17th state that the cholera has declared itself there. One of its first victims was the young Princess Josephine Lichtenstein, niece of the reigning prince of that name.

The visit of Lord Canning to Paris, relative to the arrangement of a more equitable system of postage between France and England, has, it is said, succeeded to a certain extent. The postage of a single letter is henceforward, report says, to be 6d. (12 sous) either way, in place of 10d. paid at present in England, and 16 sous in France.

Mr. Trollope, son of the celebrated female novelist of that name, and who for so many years was connected with the post-office department in this city, has been appointed surveyor of Belfast post-office district. The gentleman who previously filled this important post has been pensioned at the salary of 500*l.* a year.—*Cork Constitution*.

The Red Lodge, Park-row, Bristol, has been purchased by Lady Byron, the widow of the deceased poet, and by her munificently placed at the disposal of Miss Carpenter for the purpose of the reformatory schools established by that excellent lady.—*Gloucester Journal*.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*:—"Lord Dartmouth begs to express his acknowledgments of the courteous sense of fair play exhibited by the writer of the enclosed—"A hare having been unwittingly killed in Putshull-park, and afterwards carried away, half a sovereign is enclosed herein for the Earl of Dartmouth to dispose of as he thinks fit,"—and to give his assurance that the half-sovereign shall be properly applied."

The Princess of Wurtemberg, the sister of Prince Adam Czartoryski, who died recently, had obtained a well-merited reputation in Polish literature. In concert with her mother she published a book, which became exceedingly popular in Poland, namely, the "Pielgrzym w Dobromilu, or the Pilgrim of Dobromil," a work in which the history of Poland is narrated to children in a most easy and most attractive form. Notwithstanding the diminution of her income, she was still rich enough to found in Galicia and to endow largely a convent of Sisters of Charity. Her will is written by her own hand, and in it she bequeaths to her beloved brother, Prince Adam Czartoryski, the property in Podolia to which she is entitled.

It is now stated that the efforts of the Cornwall people to establish a Government School of Mining, at Truro, are likely to be successful.

Cardinal Wiseman is to attend the great Council at Rome.

Twenty-four Sisters of Charity have just taken their departure in the Lycargue, from Marseilles, for Alexandria.

A dinner to Captain McClure was given on Monday at Hastings, by the inhabitants, among whom the gallant captain has for some years taken up his residence.

The first communications by the electric telegraph between Madrid, Pampeluna, and St. Sebastian, were conveyed on the 23rd ult. In a few days this line is to be connected with that of Irun and Bayonne: so that we shall have direct telegraphic news from Madrid.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "The Leader."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Horatio."—We never answer such questions: and among other reasons, because we cannot.

W. J.—Thanks for your hint.

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.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

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.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

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

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE UNITED STATES.

His Majesty of France appears to be experiencing the bad influence of sudden and supreme success: he is committing blunders. The English, who were getting into a notion of his infallibility, have, of late, been rather shocked by his anti-distillation decree, by his loose letter to the widow St. Arnaud, and by his restless, petty, prosecutions of the unhappy press—the press of all countries—for he allows none but the courteous to cross his frontier. The impression he was thus producing was not rendering the nation very eager for his proposed visit to Windsor; and, if only for that reason, his weaknesses were greatly to be regretted. But not satisfied with outraging English public opinion, he has included the whole Anglo-Saxon race in his contemptuous indifference, and, by refusing to M. Soulé permission to pass through France, he deliberately dared to affront the United States.

Even the English will think that this was a great folly: and it is gratifying to hear that Lord Clarendon had the courage and common sense at once to intimate, what could only be received as, a practical condemnation of the proceeding. Lord Clarendon, we understand, unawed by the fearful necessity of conciliating our great ally, expressed his total want of sympathy with the conduct of the French Government, and said that whatever the matter might lead to as between the Government of Louis Napoleon and the Government of the United States, England could not possibly

take any part in the controversy. But the folly of this refusal was paralleled by a further folly in attempting to suppress all mention of the matter in France. The newspapers got their quiet caution, and were silent on the subject. What was the result? All Paris was alive with gossip on the matter: M. Soulé had concocted a revolution with Ledru Rollin, and was travelling from London to Paris as the accredited agent of the refugees. The United States had authorised M. Soulé to accept this commission. There was going to be a war with the United States.

At this moment we do not know how the matter is to result. There is no doubt that Mr. Soulé found, on his return to London, that Mr. Buchanan was eager to make the cause his own; that Mr. Mason, the American Minister in Paris, who was at once communicated with by telegraph, viewed the affront in the same light in which Mr. Buchanan regarded it; and that a demand for the rescinding of the order to the police was at once made of the Government of France by these three gentlemen, who, fresh from the Ostend Conference, at which the resolutions were, it is believed, unanimous, may fairly be considered as the European Cabinet of the Government of Washington.

Whatever the answer to that demand, it was at least becoming the dignity of the Imperial Government that the response should be prompt. But, up to this moment, we believe—that is for a whole week—no answer whatever has been returned. This certainly suggests that the conduct of Mr. Soulé has not exposed him to very grave accusations: for we may infer that if the justifications of the refusal were ample, the delay would have been slight in referring Mr. Mason to the indiscretions or the crimes—and both are whispered—of his colleague. No doubt, Louis Napoleon's position became a grave one by the unexpectedly bold demeanour of Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason is reputed to have said, in effect:—"We Americans do not understand the peculiarities of Europe. You have offered us an affront: apologise for it; open France to my friend, a representative of my nation, or—I leave Paris—my Government shall cease to have relations with you." Louis Napoleon is perfectly aware that there is still something of the republican element in France, and foresaw, we may assume, that it would scarcely be judicious to invite the hostility of the republican States. In fact, we have every reason to believe that Mr. Soulé, a peculiarly cautious man, has committed no indiscretion whatever; that the Emperor allowed himself to be misled by stupid libels; and that he was tempted into the blunder by a purely personal inclination—in which, for obvious reasons, the family of the Emperor sympathises—to believe anything wrong of Mr. Soulé. However, Louis Napoleon is not one of the men who confess to errors; and we can fully understand the tortures of the week's suspense, while we are still doubtful of the ultimate shape which his resolution may take.

Public opinion in the United States in reference to Louis Napoleon is precisely where English public opinion was in reference to the same personage about eighteen months ago. He is condemned as a military despot: and he is distrusted because it is fully believed that his individual feelings are not favourable to the great republic. The relations between the two Governments have not been friendly: the "Dillon affair" indicates bad blood: and it is not surprising that Messrs. Soulé, Buchanan, and Mason, acting at once in the full security that they were sure of being backed by their Government and their country, should have received the insult to the one, of the propriety of whose line of conduct they were assured, as a deliberate affront to the United States. There

was a challenge; and it was accepted: but does the subsequent demeanour of the challenger suggest confidence in the issue? Louis Napoleon is a man of genius; with a great fleet; with a grand notion of a servile war in the United States; and doubtless, with Spain and Mrs. Stowe for his allies, might do a great deal. Yet, if England would not be his ally in the West, in return for his alliance with England in the East, then he knows, as well as most men, that the States could bring the Napoleonic system about his ears in less than six months.

It would not answer his purpose to bring the States into Europe; so that, on the whole, it is not likely Mr. Mason will be driven from his pleasant hotel in Paris. Yet his Majesty, even if he now beg pardon, may only postpone what is inevitable. Of course he does not know—none but those who took part in the proceedings can know—what was the issue of the conference at Ostend. But he guesses, like the rest. For our own part, we cannot believe that three American gentlemen would meet at Ostend to talk of mere States' domestic business. They must have had in view European politics, and the relations of the United States to Europe in certain contingencies of the war; and we infer, from all we see and hear, that the United States Government ranks itself among the "neutrals," and is as prepared as Austria, or Prussia, or Denmark, or Sweden, to assume a positive attitude—when necessary. May the necessity, for the United States, soon arise!

THE NEWSPAPER STAMP RETURNS—WHAT THEY PROVE.

OUR interest in the last analytical return of the number of stamps issued to London newspapers is scarcely personal. These successive returns have, indeed, indicated our increasing commercial success—a success to be the better comprehended by reference to the circumstances that we are but four years old, and that we started with the deliberate intention to be on the unfashionable and the unconventional side. But the absolute and conspicuous success of the *Leader* is not to be tested by stamp returns. We have undergone the ordeal of all Reformers; we are beginning already to realise the Reform. In that ordeal misrepresentation was the severest trial. Exposed to the coarse criticism of the ignorant, and the venomous indignation of the interested, we have had to submit to being caricatured in "Advertisers' Hand-books" as "Socialist," and reprobated by contemporaries as "Anti-Christian"—being so libelled merely because, facing all the facts of our era, we steadily refused, as journalists, to ignore the existence of classes and persons who believe neither in Society nor in Religion. Our success is in having largely induced the Legislature and Literature to face such facts:—our influence, we may say without vanity, we trace wherever printing-presses are providing modern thought to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The general indications of these stamp returns interest everybody. Two facts stand out prominently: among the daily papers, there is only one journal with a circulation beyond the clubs, news-rooms, and public-houses; and among the weekly papers, the large circulations (with one exception, that of an illustrated paper) are possessed by the journals selling at 3d. per copy. What do these facts prove?

As regards the daily morning press, there is proof that, as there is only one successful, there must be an enormous amount of capital, enterprise, and time thrown away on the other five. The other five attempt to explain away the disparity by malignantly hinting that the

Times succeeds because it is so dishonest—that the *Times* is a quack, while the *Morning Chronicle* is the real, respectable thing—and that the public likes quackery. Now that is neither philosophic nor true. The public does not take to anything that is bad, where it can get a better, at the same price, as in this case; and it is not true that the *Times* is more dishonest than the other morning papers, for though the *Times* is absurdly inconsistent, and consequently is without vital influence, yet is it not a fact that each of the other morning papers serves consistently shifting parties, Peelite, Whig, and Tory—literary service of a party being, notoriously, very dirty, as well as very dishonest, work? Certainly it must be conceded to the five, that the sixth does not succeed, because it is the best. The *Morning Chronicle* has better news and is perhaps better written—as a matter of literature—than any other morning journal, yet it does not sell 1000 copies a day. The *Daily News* has as good, and more varied, news than the *Times*, and is carefully written, yet the *Daily News* is apparently not so successful as it should be. The competition between the *Times* and its contemporaries has been going on since the reduction of the stamp from 4d. to 1d., twenty years ago; and quarterly the *Times* has improved its position. What, then, is the cause? It is very plain. When the stamp was 4d. there were many morning papers, and their sales were nearly equal: their sales were to taverns, and not to the nation. Since morning papers have become 5d. in price they came within reach of a certain large class, merchants, and the trading community generally, to whom a morning paper became a necessity of business. But they were not numerous, and not rich enough to take more than the one; and the *Times* having, by great enterprise, got the start, at the outset of the competition, and having maintained itself in a state of thorough efficiency, has kept the lead. The competition with it is now mere madness. We, therefore, suggest to the managers of the other daily papers that they should agitate for the removal of the stamp—a reform which, making them all cheaper, if not cheap, would enlarge their market. The public will observe that even the *Times*, appealing to all Europe, and publishing in a capital of 2,500,000, does not sell 60,000 copies daily: a clear indication that, nationally, the nation knows nothing of a daily press.

As respects the weekly press, the public will not fail to see that the total figures represent only a sale of about a million copies every Saturday to all England! We are far from overlooking the circumstance that these returns do not deal with the provincial press, which, as represented in the large towns, is here and there more intellectual and more efficient than the mass of the weekly London press. But it remains a fact that the London weekly press does appeal to the whole country, that certainly one-half of its sale is in the country, and, whether we look to the influence nationally or in the metropolis, can we contend that England is a nation of political readers? The sale of the first-class papers is very small; and for this sufficing reason, that so long as they are subjected to the penny stamp they must charge a high price in order to enable them to employ first-class contributors.

How can we listen to "educational speeches" from our public men while a stamp is put upon the press, to restrain reading—the only real education—among the people?"

THE WORKING MAN AND HIS TEACHERS.

THERE are several competitors for the office of teaching the working classes; but while

we cordially and emphatically admit that each one will do good within the reach of his own hands, we repeat our firm conviction that emigration, colonisation, and improvement in the commercial value of labour, will beat all the teachers. The question with these philanthropists,—and we say it in no disparagement of them,—is one of taking down education, instruction, and knowledge to the level of the working classes; but we believe that the light which can be carried to the bottom of a mine is not worth having. To enjoy the full sunlight of life the miner must come to the upper level of the earth with which he is endowed as his birthright.

The specific plans for improving education are many. We have a Working Men's College, established by the Christian Socialists in Red Lion-square, imitating in name, and to a certain extent in purpose and plan, the People's College at Sheffield; we have the President of the Council, as Minister of Education, opening the Athenæum for the working classes at Bristol; we have Cardinal Wiseman diffusing the lectures which he delivered at St. Martin's Hall in August last; we have the unions of mechanics' institutions, clubs amongst the working classes under various names for the same purpose, and lecturers innumerable, from lords to those members of the working class who have themselves become the teachers of their fellows. All who frame these plans endeavour to overcome certain difficulties which meet them at the very threshold of their undertaking. Mechanics' institutions are established; but unless they be kept up by extraneous contributions from patrons, or become subscription-rooms of the middle classes, they often fail, because the working man cannot find the time to attend, or the money, in sufficient numbers, for a sound and firm self-support. Projects have been thrown out for permitting the working classes to study at the ancient universities; but, as Mr. Maurice asked on Monday night, what effect can such plans have, except to take some very few working men from their own class, and transfer them to the professional class? In lieu, he proposes the new college, specially constructed to adapt itself to working men.

Its classes will be held in the evening, its professors will lecture in such manner as to guide the studies in classes, and to mingle exposition with conversational explanations. In other words, Mr. Maurice anticipates that the working class will have very little time, indeed, for collegiate studies; but trusting greatly to the mere spirit of study at times not devoted to such pursuits, anxious to give a new bent for working men while engaged at their labour, he endeavours to make the most of that rag of time at the end of day, and to make a few hours a week do the work of real studentship. With what effect? Be the professors the best in the world, knowledge, we affirm, of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, drawing, music, geography, history, constitutional law, and theology, cannot be conveyed in passing hours at the flag end of day when half the time is given to questions and answers between the professor and student.

Lord John Russell would set no official bounds upon the studies of working-men; would not tell them that such studies are "above them," but he trusts to a perfect exchange of opinion for the correction of wrong opinions by better. But how can the working classes have opinions without knowledge, and they might as well endeavour to acquire a knowledge of nature through the window of the workshop, as through the fragmentary hours which the Working Men's College will give. No; such institutions are,

as we stand at present, invaluable; but it is because they do that which Mr. Maurice under- rates: they bring together many, to afford the opportunity of study for the comparatively few who can accomplish the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Cardinal Wiseman seems to us to come nearer to the truth. His Eminence has sent us a copy of his lectures, in order to prove that he did not, as several papers represented, recommend a licensed *colportage* or pedlar system, with a stamped literature specially authorised for the poor, as in France: he commends that French plan for having weeded and improved the literature of the poor; but for England he recommends something different—an active, not a repressive movement, to produce an instructive and attractive literature for the poor, such as may compete with the bad literature, and counteract it; and he specially holds up the healthier works of fiction like *Robinson Crusoe*; or popular poems, like the *Song of the Shirt* in England, or the *Song of the Rhine* in Germany, as examples of a good and powerful moral effect. He rather recommends special efforts to circulate "good" books among the poor, by giving prizes in that form, and he desiderates a parliamentary enquiry into the literature at the service of the poor; but he is not for compulsory or repressive measures. The Cardinal is not less liberal than the Christian Socialist Principal of the Working Mens' College, nor than the Lord President of the Privy Council who relies on opinion to correct opinion, but he goes further in distinctly recognising the discipline of reading not didactic.

But undidactic literature must spring out of the *natural* tendencies of the people: it can scarcely be made for them. Defoe was charmed with Alexander Selkirk's adventure, and amplified it in *Robinson Crusoe*—he did not seek to invent a moral tale on self-reliance; and no moral tale would be equally read. The *Arabian Nights* is so full of moral illustrations, that it might almost train a mind to the discipline of life; but the illustrations arise out of the *action*; as every true training of a people, in mind, body, or heart, rises best out of the natural action of either or all of those three things. But what exercise is possible in the workshop, with brow bent over the work? None. What "short time" can be effectually and sufficiently enforced? None. To leave men leisure to exercise their faculties, which is better than school learning, they must have power and independence to choose the limit of their own hours. To that end they must not be so cheap. Whatever makes labour more valuable turns the windlass that raises labour from the mine to the full light, the free air, the broad earth to which man was born; and when once he is there, he can talk profitably and independently with Reverend Principal, Cardinal Legate, or Lord President.

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.

"Food for powder," exclaimed a by-stander as a party of recruits passed him in the streets. A recruiting sergeant of Carbiniers was stalking along in the midst of a party of some twenty men or more, perfect contrasts with himself; slouching louts with rounded shoulders, rolling gait, stupid countenance; country bumpkins who would take a day before they could bring their minds round to answer a question, would bump upon a horse like a half-strapped saddle-bag, and would, in short, be incompetent to use the compact well-grown limbs with which nature had endowed them. A few weeks will pass, and every one of those men will sit his horse so as to pass

muster, will stand like a man, answer a question smartly, and will be prepared to figure in uniform as one of "the gentlemen" of the Carbiniers,—the admiration of the surrounding fair, and the terror, perhaps, of the opposing Russian. Put those twenty men to an adult school, and the keenest of pedagogues could not pull up one in the score to a decent show of intellectual promptitude. Put the whole through military drill, and scarcely one perhaps will be sent back to the awkward squad. If one in the score becomes food for powder, which is possible, the other nineteen will be put into a condition to serve their country, to enter into the soldierly feelings of their profession, to behave with spirit on the field of battle, probably with magnanimity in the moment of triumph, and in short to be *men* with a real sense of life, its enjoyment and its duties.

This growing of men, however, at a rapid rate presents a population question of a peculiar kind. If Ministers are determined not to hold an autumnal or a winter session, it follows that they will have the heavier account to lay before Parliament at the usual period of meeting. There is no present prospect that the war will be brought even to a provisional conclusion; the end of the beginning is not in sight. Prussia temporises, not apparently as a preliminary to pacification, but as a new treachery to prolong as much as possible the profitable period before actual hostilities. The Crimea looks like a mouthful that will take some time in the mastication. The enormous consignments of the French on hospital account—sufficient for 200,000 cases; their consignment of wooden shoes for 200,000 men, and all their other preparations, indicate the calculation of a long endurance for the war. It is reckoned that 100,000 men will be in the Crimea before all is finished; yet we are far from having reached that number yet. The reinforcements going out from this country are counted at 4000, which will make the effective number 30,000 infantry, besides the usual complement of cavalry, artillery, commissariat, &c. The French reinforcements are on a larger scale, but there is evidently some difficulty in mustering the numbers. In the meanwhile, there is the great camp near Boulogne—a store of men so considerable as to provoke the question, why drafts are not made from that body? The answer is evident: the Emperor Napoleon feels that he must be prepared, should a supply of men be wanted in the North to protect the interests of France. We believe that steps are going on in France to increase the effective forces at home without exciting too much remark.

The same process is going on with us. It is stated in a semi-official paper that within the next three months the whole of the Line regiments will be brought up to the increased number authorised last session—namely, 1000 men for each battalion on foreign service, with 400 in dépôt. To that end, the bounty for each soldier has been raised to 6*l.* for the cavalry, and 7*l.* 15*s.* for the infantry—a rise of 2*l.*; while the standard of height has been reduced by an inch all round. It was expected that some considerable drafts will be made from the militia; but should any great numbers be required for foreign service, the militia itself will have to be extended; and already the recruiting-officer, both for the Line and for the militia, is entering into competition with the emigration agent and the farmer. The inroads made upon our population and upon our forces by the war during the year now concluding have been but nibbling, in comparison with the demands which are likely to be made in the ensuing year.

Do we say this in disparagement of the war? On the contrary; we still hold to our opinion that if the English people knows what it is about, it will procure from the war that which will be worth all the trouble and expense. But then the English people *must know what it is about*. The peace had lasted too long. All classes had almost forgotten the value of men as men. Cattle were treated better. Labour was the cheapest thing in the country. Unless a man were annexed to property, he did but represent so many shillings a week, a flea-bite in the expenditure of the capitalist; and he had no "rights." The war has shaken us out of this nightmare mistake; and great capitalists, as well as Legislature, now know the man for the man's worth. The recruiting-sergeant can tell Parliament and the manufacturer that the bounty for the man ranges from 6*l.* to 7*l.* 15*s.*; his quotation has risen in the market. Her Majesty's Ministers will want the assent of Parliament to increase estimates; but if the army is to be a more expensive one than it has yet been, surely the English people have a right to obtain concessions in return. Why should the ranks of officers be only open to those who can pay large sums for the purchase of commissions? Are there no poor gentlemen—are there no honourable men born amongst the trading classes—no working men of high courage and faculty—who have as fair a right to serve their country as the sons of the rich or the noble? Of course there are; and the exclusion is an injury to the country as well as to the individual. Why should militia officers be exclusively persons endowed with a property qualification, and connected with the land? Is the militia a private force for the defence of private property; or is it not professedly an embodiment of Englishmen, as such, for the defence of their country and families? If Englishmen concede new powers to Government for increasing the army and navy, and the militia,—if they give up new sums of money for such purposes,—we say that they are more astonishing fools than we ever took the Anglo-Saxons to be, unless they demand that the army and the militia be no longer the monopolies of the moneyed and favoured classes.

We warn the English people that there will be something worse than the mere loss of an opportunity if they let this occasion pass. The standing army is in itself the fit instrument of an arbitrary Government; we have tolerated it too long already; but if its exclusive characteristic is to be maintained while its numbers are increased, we are forging our own fetters. If, on the other hand, we obtain an opening of the commissions to all classes, we so far diminish the anti-national character of the army, and reconnect it with the people; and if we also place the militia on a more national footing, we provide for the safety of the country, and save the proportioned increase to the standing army.

A new camp is to be formed at Aldershot, near Chobham, to do the work of drilling the soldiers to camp life, and of familiarising the public with the sight of her Majesty's servants in livery. No objection; only we say, that while the English people tolerates an exclusive army of paid privates and privileged officers, it is creating an idol for its own enslavement. We should have other camps to balance that—camps formed of the really *national* force, the Militia; and Aldershot itself should be a perpetual memorandum to the public that a non-national army has to be converted into a national force, in order that it may be as formidable as possible to our enemies abroad, as safe as possible to our liberties at home.

CHINA MADE USEFUL.

WHILE America and England are both suffering from contraction of trade, the wretchedest barbarians are permitted to impose new restrictions upon commerce. "A storm in a teapot" is a proverbial expression for a trifling disturbance; yet the teapot has become so decidedly a British institution, and is so essential to the best and most intelligible parts of our constitution, that an actual storm within that domestic lake is really a formidable visitation. While tea continues at a high rate, notwithstanding our own reduction of duty, our exports to China from the Manchester districts alone have fallen off to the extent of more than a million sterling; and all because one miserable set of criminal triflers are playing in puerile cup-and-saucer fashion at rebellion against "the Great Panjandrum himself," who plays at Celestial Emperor in Pekin. Commodore Perry has, after a fashion, opened Japan to the trade of the world; but China remains closed to it.

The Central Flowery people refuse to treat us as friends; and why should we persist in punctiliously putting them on "the footing of a friendly nation?" What do we know of them, when they decline to be introduced to us? Why not take them at their word? The Imperialists tell us that the rebels are outlaws, scum of society, pitiful vagabonds. Let us believe the Imperialists. The rebels tell us that the Imperialists are the creatures of an alien Court, an expiring faction, and anti-national, anti-social horde. Let us believe the patriots. Here all China tells us that the Chinese have no accredited or effective Government. Let us believe all China's account of itself.

Nevertheless we know, on better than Chinese authority, that there are hundreds of millions of people, inhabiting a vast empire in part fertile, and able to supply our wants as we supply theirs. Their officials will not treat with us, but mock us with pitiful evasions of treaties. If we approach to trade, the myrmidons of one faction or other approach to attack. Arming for the most peaceful of purposes, we have a right to repel aggression by force. Probably if we were to do so, we might settle the civil war by introducing a middle term; and if Imperialists and Patriots cannot recognise any dominant right or power in each other, they might at least recognise power in the Anglo-Saxon. For we desire no exclusive English conquest. America has been before us on that ground, and we only invite her to concur in the present view. Nothing is so much wanted in China as good government, where there is now no government at all: who can supply good government so well as the Anglo-Saxon?

Here then is a valuable import for China—good government, in American and English ships. It is a commodity that would be appropriately imported in war-ships. What scruple is there to bar us in entering the Yang-tse-Kiang? The Anglo-Saxon rule, at the worst, would be an improvement upon the rule of Tartar King or Chinese Mandarin. Peace and commerce might at least be secured better than they are now. Outlets would be found for the commerce of New Orleans and New York, Liverpool and Manchester, and the Chinese would be put in the way to better themselves. Indeed no community would benefit so much as that of China, if England and America were to conquer her, colonize her, and annex her to the civilised world forthwith. A plan of colonies, or the principle of combining military and commercial settlement could easily be arranged. Here, then, is an enterprise better than any paltry squabble about Greytown—namely, the conquest, partition, and annexation of China, between the two greatest commercial nations of the world.

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

BABEL.

(From a various Correspondence.)

— ON each recurring 5th of November the Protestants of the Anglican Church meet together in the house of our common Father, to stigmatise their Catholic brethren as "cruel and bloodthirsty enemies." They presume to speak of "the hellish malice of Popish conspirators," and pray to be delivered from their "enemies that delight in blood," in the same breath that solicits the blessings of "brotherly kindness and charity, concord and unity." This bequest of undying hatred and contempt has been religiously handed down, for two centuries and a half, by the wisdom and piety of our ancestors, in commemoration of the mad plot of half a dozen crack-brained bigots, whom we are pleased to consider as the accredited representatives of the entire Church of Rome. But even if it were true—and the very hypothesis is an insult and a calumny—that the Catholics of that age generally approved of the enterprise of Catesby, Fawkes, and their miserable associates, there is neither reason nor justice in imputing the same atrocious feelings to the Catholics of the present day. But it is most certain that the conspirators were not countenanced in their nefarious design by their fellow-religionists, nor did their just punishment excite any commiseration. And yet we persist in teaching our children to keep up the remembrance of ancient animosities, and afford them a strange illustration of the injunction to love our enemies, and to pray for those who despitefully use and ill-treat us. It is urged, indeed, that children do not view the matter in a serious light, and that they look upon the whole affair as an excuse for a holiday, and an occasion set apart for fun and frolic. Surely, it is rather a questionable proof of good taste and feeling, for the sake of a silly and barbarous amusement, thus to insult so many thousands of our friends, relatives, and countrymen. By all means let the labouring classes have days of recreation, but let them be applied as bonds of good fellowship and harmony, and not as means of maintaining ignorance and bigotry. Besides, it is not altogether prudent to accustom the mob to the idea that a fire is a moral purifier; for some day, perchance, they may prefer a reality to an effigy—as pious and learned men, Protestants as well as Catholics, were wont to do in the good old times of Smithfield. If it be deemed inexpedient altogether to deprive children and "the million" of their vested rights in fireworks, at least let the constituted authorities of each place take the matter into their own hands, and give a public pyrotechnical exhibition by subscription among the inhabitants and neighbours. This might possibly awaken some ideas of the beautiful in the minds of the spectators, and would certainly be preferable to the vulgar nuisance of squibs and crackers.

— What on earth will the Sabbatarians say about the Queen listening to the Guides playing profane but pleasing opera strains in her palace-gardens on Sunday last? How earnestly and with what nasal moanings will reverends of the "Davies" stamp deplore such wickedness in high places, and prophesy disasters to the kingdom, after such a display of contemptuous carelessness for Exeter Hall spoutings. Most assuredly the moral courage of the Queen is worthy of high praise, and it is to be hoped that after this—, &c.

— The Railway King is, so say the "City articles," at last in the Bankruptcy Court—his express train has landed him in Basinghall-street, which, by-the-by, is close to Capel-court. We ought to moralise on the event; but then, there has been so much moralising on George Hudson, that profundity on the subject is a bore. Will he, as M.P., imitate his namesake Larpent (the only precedent I can recall), and resign his seat?

— So much for the Railway King. But what do you say to a railway chivalry? Mr. Peto has been honoured by the King of Denmark, by being received into the highest order (of course an unpronounceable Saint) of Danish chivalry. That is an event: a railway contractor sharing the honours of noblesse. Our Queen might follow suit—think of Dargan or Brassey being Knights of the Garter. Were knights selected from the most knightly, would not Peto be preferred to Louis Napoleon by the Windsor Chapter? Peto is a Knight of Chivalry: he makes millions, as an amusement; but his employment is to spend these millions in what is called charity—in succour to the

widow and the orphan—in endowing schools—in short, in attempting to realise our civilisation. As a railway contractor, as in Denmark, he "annexes" whole nations—after all, the greatest of conquerors.

— Napier's Baltic campaign has not been so prosperous. He will be home in a week or two; how shall we receive him? Shall the unaccustomed bell of St. Paul's toll? When he set out he said he was going to St. Petersburg or —. Shall we now suggest to him to go to —?

— Who gave the timid counsels at Varna? The Emperor politely and politely explains the sneer away. But what do non-imperial people say? That "the two Princes" were meant. One of the two is Cambridge, who was the most obstinate of the two, for he not only would not go to the Crimea, but when he was forced to go to the Crimea, he did his best to prevent the Highlanders going up the heights of Alma. Why not a court-martial? Because he is a Prince of the Blood—which means a Prince opposed to blood.

— † Poor Walter Savage Landor! He has taken wrathfully the *Leader's* good-natured rebuke of his assassinator projects; and, in reply, he insinuates of the *Leader* what the Indian Nabob said, when asked, on his return to his native country, whether he would like to go and see the House of Commons—"What! is that going on still?"—"What!" says Landor, "is the *Leader* (the kind reader is requested to "take" the poetical license) not gone to the knacker's yet?" He has a wonderful equestrian performance, worthy of the Bounding Brother of the Apennines, on that horse—his *Leader*. Observe how he writes:—

"The *Leader*, from inanition, has fallen down in his harness, and, when I would have cut the traces, has given me a kick on the instep and rolled over toward you. Without this accident I should have thought he had been long ago at the knacker's. Let us hope he may recover yet, and be able to masticate his Riga oats."

These are wonderful antics for one horse; to such a horse there is only one can be compared—Orlando's dead steed, or Mr. Landor's live Pegasus. By-the-by, what is the reason that animal is allowed to trot and kick so often, in that decorous *manège*—the *Daily News*? What a trinity of heroes for a commercial journal: as a statesman, the Lord Sumner; as a poet, the Savage Landor; and, as chief contributor, the Miss Martineau! Which is the old lady?

— "Society" is talking of the Sickles v. Peabody correspondence. Mr. Peabody was wrong in being more English than the Englishmen in *mal-à-propos* loyalty at an American celebration; and Mr. Sickles had no choice but to protest against the indignity to his country, by refusing to rise when "the Queen" was proposed before the toast of "the President." The best judge of Mr. Sickles's conduct would be the Queen herself, and she would probably acquit him of any intentional disrespect. The idea is absurd: the offence was to Mr. Peabody.

— The "Guides" are to be at the Crystal Palace again on Saturday (to-day). Mad are those who go; the business was a thoroughly stupid and unpleasant one last Saturday. In the first place, you could not hear the Guides; and in the next place, which is worse, you could get nothing to eat, except Horne, who is old. As to the Crystal Palace itself, going to it is about as wise—which only indicates an Eastern genius—as going into a big bottle—on such Saturdays, an empty one.

— What will Louis Napoleon think of the enlightened British audience who, on Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, roared for the "Marseillaise?" How delicate an intimation of the cordiality and sympathy of the alliance! Why not have at once demanded "the Pig!" Paxton was in the humour to refuse nothing. He says that Louis Napoleon's Guides have "gone down" better than poor Sam Phillips's. But, admitting the grandeur of these "Guides" days, what becomes of the educational pretensions of the Crystal Palace—which, at best, is now but rivalling Jullien?

— Why don't the Missionaries stay at home? See, in the current arbitration case, what comes of sending out a healthy Christian pastor to a Berbee fold:—despairing of the old generation of savages he naturally arranges to commence with a new generation, made to his purpose. After all, if propagation of the faith is the business in hand, why quarrel with the most effectual method?

— Observe what has become of the Forty Shilling Freehold Movement. Mr. Cobden pledged his statesmanship that in a few years these Forty Shilling Freehold Societies would revolutionise the county elections. Not a county has yet been won by these people's votes from the landocracy—not even in Warwickshire, which is a Forty Shilling Freeholder warren—pierced with the small nuisances; and the news of the week is that, in Warwickshire, the revising barrister has struck 2000 of those voters off the register!

— Wyld has published an excellent map of the siege of Sebastopol—giving a sort of sketch report of how matters stood at the latest dates.

† See *Daily News* of Tuesday.

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*.

ALWAYS among the most interesting of periodicals to us is the *North British Review*. It is young as compared with the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*; but it is fresh, energetic, often original, and, while to the full as careful, tasteful and polished as the older Reviews, it is generally deeper in its thinking, and strikes in with greater effect upon the problems and tendencies of the time. Neither the *Edinburgh* nor the *Quarterly*, for example, could have produced an article precisely like that which appears in the present number of the *North British*, under the title of "The Insoluble Problem." In its character it reminds us of some of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's philosophical articles in the *Edinburgh* in its old days, now reprinted among his "Discussions." It is—what we rarely now see—a really profound philosophical paper, written in an orthodox religious spirit. The text of the article is Mr. CALDEWOOD's "Philosophy of the Infinite," a metaphysical work, recently published in Edinburgh. In this work the writer discusses the theories of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON and M. COUSIN as to the possibility of man's knowledge of the infinite. These theories, as metaphysical readers know, are, to some extent, antagonistic. Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON holds that the Finite can have absolutely no knowledge of the Infinite, and, consequently, that the natural religious sentiment in man is nothing more, rationally speaking, than an eternal pressure against an ever-resisting Negative—a very different thing, however, from Secularism or Atheism, inasmuch as the Infinite, known only as a Negative, may, even so, act tremendously on the thought. M. COUSIN, on the other hand, holds that man has a certain positive knowledge of Deity, sure so far as it goes. Mr. CALDEWOOD controverts Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's notion, and inclines to M. COUSIN's. The Reviewer plants himself in the midst of these various opinions, and discusses the whole question in an independent manner, and with the strength of a master in metaphysics. His conclusion is indicated in the following sentences:—

Is not the true opinion a mean between these extremes? Does it not recognise our knowledge of the facts—finite beings and the Transcendent Being—which occasion the difficulty on the one hand; and on the other the impossibility of any solution of their relation by human understanding? This would account for contradiction emerging, whenever a solution is irrationally attempted, and teach the need for withdrawing our faculty of comparison and reasoning from a region for which it is unfitted. Are we wrong when we suppose that M. Cousin, who speaks of the "incomprehensibility" of God, and grants that we are unable "absolutely to comprehend God," wishes his theory to be interpreted in harmony with the principle that the Great Problem is fundamentally insoluble; and that when Sir W. Hamilton indulges his matchless logical ingenuity in eliciting the contradictions which follow an illegitimate application of reasoning to the Infinite and Eternal, his demonstration does not touch the pillars on which the Facts themselves rest—mysteriously irreconcilable and yet known to be real? On this intermediate hypothesis, while we have what may be called a metaphysical knowledge of material and finite beings,—which may be converted into science by reasoning and induction; we have a metaphysical knowledge of the Transcendent Being,—as not an object of logical definition and scientific reasoning at all. We believe, and therefore know, that the Infinite One exists; but whenever He is logically recognised as a term in thought or argument, either the object, like the argument, becomes finite, or else runs into innumerable contradictions.

Reason thus presents two corresponding faculties or organs for the apprehension of real beings:—INTUITION and EXPERIENCE, governed by the logical and associative laws; and FAITH, to whose object, as transcendent, the laws of scientific thought cannot be applied. The problem of metaphysics, regarded as the science of knowledge in its relation to Being, may be put thus:—Given Experience and Faith, lodged in a mind governed by the laws of association and logic,—to account for actual human knowledge. In short, the Atheist's universe, and the Pantheist's universe, are both metaphysically impossible. The former excludes transcendent, and the latter absorbs finite existence. The dualism implied in creation and providence is logically inconceivable, because beyond the range of human thought; but it is originated and maintained in belief by an unaccountable necessity of reason. Now, we may believe what we cannot scientifically rationalise. Thus the balance falls on the side of the former of the alternatives to which we are confined by logic; and we escape from the mental oscillation, to which we were hopelessly abandoned, by a theory which declines to recognise in knowledge whatever cannot be logically conceived and reasoned about.

The position the *Leader* has taken in regard to such discussions as the above is known to our readers; but we have pleasure in referring to such articles as these in an orthodox Review, as indicating what strength of intellect and noble serenity of feeling are still at work on these problems. It is with this theology—a very different theology from that of PALER with his "Watch" and its "Watchmaker," and from that of the Bridgewater treatises with their "argument from design"—that sceptics have now to grapple. Metaphysics of this kind, as the reviewer himself hints, have been hitherto rather English than Scotch—the Scotch with all their metaphysical reputation, having concerned themselves chiefly with that "less abstract part of metaphysics" which consists of an investigation of the origin, limits, and certainty of our knowledge of the material world; while, in comparison even with Englishmen, and much more with Germans, they have neglected that "higher metaphysic which contemplates the foundation and nature of theological knowledge." This would give a deeper meaning than has usually been allowed to GEORGE THE THIRD's saying, "None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas"—as if his Majesty did not object to the higher or English species of the same commodity. For the sake of those of our readers, however, who may object to the commodity in all its kinds, we may mention that the paper in question in the *North British* occupies only about thirty pages, and that in the same number there are seven other articles on

very various subjects—including a rich and delightful article on the study of natural history, entitled "The Wonders of the Shore," full of the poetry of science; a comprehensive article reviewing recent speculations on "Mental Physiology, Electro-Biology, &c.;" and an excellent political article, in which a readjustment of the map of Europe, involving a setting-up of Poland, Italy, and Hungary, as independent nationalities, is advocated as the only final solution of the present European question.

From a "notice" prefixed to this number of the *Prospective Review*, we learn that one of its editors, the REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, has withdrawn from the management on account of ill health, leaving the care of the *Review* to the REV. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, the REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, the REV. JOHN HAMILTON THOM, and MR. WILLIAM C. ROSCOE; also, that in future the *Review* is to be published by MR. THEOBALD, of Paternoster-row; and, finally, that "a scheme is now under consideration for enlarging the scope of the *Review*, and giving it all the variety and interest of a first-class *Quarterly*." The scheme is to involve no change in the relations of the *Review* towards contemporary speculation: it is still to be an organ of Rationalistic Christianity. "We confess ourselves," say the editors, "to be interwoven with Historic Christendom by every fibre of conviction and sympathy; but, as we cannot break from its roots, so neither would we stop its development." In the present number there are six articles, all of a theological tenor, of which the longest, and, perhaps, the most interesting, is a careful and thoughtful paper on BISHOP BUTLER, the author of the "Analogy."

Brownson's Quarterly Review is an American Catholic periodical of some note, published in New York, and reprinted for British circulation by a Catholic publisher in London. The editor, MR. BROWNSON, we believe, was formerly a Unitarian minister, but is now a champion of Catholicism in America. There is little in the present number worth noticing except an article on the "Know-Nothings." The following passage characterises the "Know-Nothings" from the point of view of the American Catholics, and states the relation in which American Catholicism seeks to stand towards this new and powerful movement:—

Our readers have no need to be informed that there is a secret anti-Catholic organisation throughout the Union, bearing some resemblance to the Orange lodges of Ireland, of persons who very appropriately call themselves Know-Nothings. The party that is represented by this organisation is substantially the late anti-Catholic Native American party, and is led on, avowedly or unavowedly, under the direction of foreign anarchists, and apostate priests and monks, by men of desperate fortunes, fanatics, bigots, and demagogues, some of home and some of foreign production. The party reduced to its own elements would have little or no importance, but, affecting to be national, it is, in the actual state of the country and of national, religious, and political passions and prejudices, somewhat formidable, and demands the grave consideration of every true American, and especially of every Catholic citizen. The Know-Nothing party, taken in a general rather than in a special sense, rely for their success on two powerful sentiments;—the sentiment of American nationality alarmed by the extraordinary influx of foreigners, and the anti-Catholic sentiment, or hatred of the Catholic Church, shared to a greater or less extent by the majority of our countrymen, and which, by the anti-Catholic declamations of Protestant England, Exeter Hall, and apostate priests and monks, and by the extension and consolidation of the church, and the freer, bolder, and more independent tone of Catholics, in the United States, has been quickened just now into more than its wonted activity. The strength of the party consists in the appeals it is able to make to these sentiments, especially to that of American nationality, for with the American people this world carries it over the other, and politics over religion. From neither of these two sentiments should we, as Catholics, have much to apprehend, if they were not combined and acting in concert. Our obvious policy is, then, to do all we lawfully can to keep them separate in the public mind, and prevent them from combining. This can be done, humanly speaking, only by satisfying the sounder portion of our non-Catholic countrymen,—as every Catholic knows to be true,—that there is no incompatibility between Catholicity and the honest sentiment of American nationality, and that whatever of foreignism attaches for the moment to Catholics in this country attaches to them in their quality of foreigners, and not in their quality of Catholics. This is certain, for the sentiment of nationality is as strong in the bosom of the American Catholic as in the bosom of the American Protestant. Nothing seems to us more important at this crisis in relation to the Know-Nothing movement, than for us clearly to distinguish the sentiment of nationality from the anti-Catholic sentiment, and to be on our guard against offering it any gratuitous offence, and by our indiscretion enlisting on the side of that movement the large class of respectable non-Catholics who love their country more than they hate Popery.

The American Catholics seem, indeed, to be in a very awkward predicament as regards this "Know-Nothing" movement. If they side with it, and take up the notion of excluding foreigners in future from American citizenship, they check the increase of their own numbers by the influx of Catholics from Ireland and other countries, and so arrest their own growth as a political element in the Republic; if they oppose it, they throw the Republic open to foreign Liberals, socialists, and all kinds of anti-Catholic immigrants from Europe. *Brownson's Review* seems fairly nonplussed by this dilemma. It has got into a scrape by advocating, in a previous number, the doctrine of "Native Americanism;" and it tries to get out of this scrape in the present by protestation, explanation, and mystification. Evidently what the reviewer would like would be to solve the difficulty by letting in good Irish Catholics, and keeping out all other foreigners; but, as this cannot be, he hints that it might be worth while in the foreign Catholics to exercise self-denial, and forego the right of naturalisation, in order to keep out enemies of the Church. Altogether, "Know-Nothingism" seems to be a formidable phenomenon for American Catholicism.

In the *North American Review*—published in Boston, and taking a first rank among American periodicals—there is an article of a more general character on Catholicism, from the opposite point of view. The writer, taking the celebrated De Maistre for his text, comments on the present

aspects of Catholicism throughout the world, and points out as a curious fact, that everywhere Catholicism is now settling into complete ultramontaniam—all modified forms of Catholic belief giving way before this its most pronounced type. He says:—

Catholicism has gained strength since the first French Revolution. The French clergy, as a body, thoroughly interpenetrated with the fear of any assertion of freedom, are no longer the defenders of the liberties of the Gallican Church against the encroachments of the Holy See. To be a Catholic is now to be wholly submissive to the Pope. One mind actuates, in this respect, the whole clerical establishment. And it is true of the Romish Church all over the world, that it encounters less resistance than ever before, whether secret, among the clergy, or open, among professedly Catholic rulers. It is a strict unity in the United States and in England, in the South American and Mexican States. Austria has become thoroughly submissive, and Spain has recently, by a concordat, re-established perfect freedom of concurrent action between the episcopate and the Pope. All opposition to a centralising influence seems completely overcome at present.

In the same Review there is a light and somewhat dashing paper on Young, the poet, in which Mr. Gilfillan, Young's latest editor, is severely handled. There is also *à propos* of Young and Mr. Gilfillan, a foot-note attack on Mr. Stanyan Bigg, Mr. Alexander Smith, Mr. Bailey, and the "Firmilian" group of poets.

Blackwood is decidedly heavy this month, despite another brisk article on the "Census" and its revelations. The political article accuses Ministers of pusillanimity in the early conduct of the war; advocates decided dealing with Prussia; predicts tremendous trials of our natural prowess yet coming; threatens woe to "the minister, who from credulity or previous leanings, or absolute inherent weakness and incapacity, fails at such a time;" and demands a meeting of Parliament "immediately."

Fraser is more lively and varied than *Blackwood*. There is a political article, of a plain and not very deep kind, on "Russian defeats and their effect on Europe," at the close of which the writer takes civilian critics of the war to task for their strictures on Lord Raglan and his military associates, and maintains that Lord Raglan is a man to be thoroughly trusted. There is also an onslaught on poor Lieutenant Royer, for his book on Russia; there is a biographic sketch of the chemist Dalton; there is another curious paper on "Italian Patois Books;" and there is an interesting account of a visit to Messrs. Truman and Hanbury's brewery, under the title of "London Stout," containing a good many facts respecting the brewing business. Among other facts, the writer states that this firm saves 2000*l.* a year, by having adopted an apparatus for consuming their own smoke.

The way this is accomplished is very simple. An endless-jointed and rather open blanket-chain, the width of the furnace, is made to revolve over two rollers placed at either end of the fire. This chain consequently forms the base or platform upon which the coal rests. One end of this revolving platform extends a couple of feet or so beyond the furnace door, and on this portion a quantity of screened or dust coal is always kept. When a fresh supply of fuel is required, the engineer has only to turn a handle, the chain works on a couple of feet, and whilst the coal is insinuated under the clinkers at one end, the refuse is worked out of the furnace at the other. In order to test the power of this invention to consume the smoke, we were taken up to the roof of the brewery, which commands a view of the fourteen tall chimneys belonging to it. Not a particle of opaque vapour could be seen emerging from any one of them; in fact, they looked as idle as the "silly buckets on the deck," in the *Ancient Mariner*. These smokeless shafts, however, were a fine prospect, and as we gazed upon them, the atmosphere in the future, like a dissolving process in the views at the Polytechnic, became exquisitely clear, the newly-built columns came out sharp against the sky, the clouds of soot from St. Paul's dropped down like a black veil, and all the city, in our mind's eye, stood before us at midday, as clear, bright, and crisp as Paris appears from the Arc de Triomphe. Sooner or later this vision must be a reality; the great factories within the limits of the city must consume their own smoke according to law; and now that Dr. Arnott has applied the same apparatus to the domestic hearth, we may reasonably hope to see every grate consume its own smoke.

The *Dublin University Magazine* contains much good matter, but nothing especially novel requiring notice. *Tait*, amongst its articles, has one on the "Pension List," in which it finds fault with some items in the present distribution of the pension-fund, and, in particular, instances DE QUINCEY as a man who ought, by this time, to have had a pension. *Bentley*, as usual, is very full in the department of light, sketchy narrative. The *National Miscellany* is well-printed; and that seems to be about its chief merit. The month, of course, brings with it a new part of Mr. KNIGHT'S *National Cyclopædia*, and one of the *Art Journal*.

The *Daily News*, while heartily approving, in the main, of the scheme of the "Working-Men's College," objects to the name "College," as applied to the institution; objects also to the notion of conferring degrees on the students, as at the Universities; and, above all, objects to the regulation that the students shall wear academic gowns. We think our contemporary decidedly wrong in the greater part of these objections. The very significance of the present project—that which distinguishes it from all previous institutions for the evening-education of working men, such as reading-rooms, courses of lectures, and the like—is its formally collegiate character. The notion is really to furnish working men with the elements of the same instruction, with the same forms and accompaniments, as has hitherto been reserved for the aristocracy. Deprive the present project of its name—call it a school, a course of lectures, or a mechanics' institution—and there is nothing in it that has not been before. True, it will be long before the College can rival the Colleges of the rich in the nature and severity of its studies; but the aim ought to be to make this possible, and to show that in all our cities an apparatus may exist which shall bring what is best in a university training within reach of our artisans. Those who laugh at such a project as chimerical, who say, "How can working men be

expected, after a laborious day, to go through a course of college study?" simply show their ignorance of what is now common among our working men. Already there are many students among working-men, and the design is to organise these natural efforts and lead the thoughtful and persevering among our operatives into higher walks of knowledge and speculation than random reading and extempore politics can be expected to open up for them. The Parisian operative is, in many cases, a highly educated man; and had John Knox had his own way in Scotland, three centuries ago, he would have set up district-colleges as well as parish-schools, and secured that every Scottish blacksmith and shoemaker should have a college-education. There is nothing impracticable in the scheme. Already there are English operatives who read *Newton's Principia*, and are deep in the sciences. Their number may be increased; and the proper way to increase it is not by adopting means for making working-men cease to be working-men, forego their natural politics, and abandon the sentiments of their class; but by raising the intellectual standard of the class itself. The politics of a highly educated order of working-men will not be less formidable and anti-aristocratic than the present politics of our working-men, but will be guided by a higher and more commanding logic. By all means, then, let the new college keep up every academic form that has yet a significance in it. With the *Daily News*, indeed, we do doubt the good sense of making the students wear gowns. That custom is falling out of use in our established colleges, and never was general; and its liability to ridicule in the present case does away the good of any slight significance it may have. Mr. MAURICE, in a letter to the *Daily News*, says, the proposal to wear gowns was strongly opposed in the council of the college itself. It is a pity the opponents were not in the majority.

Those who are curious to know where MADAME GEORGE SAND got that wonderful prose style of hers which all so much admire, may feel an interest in the fact, that in the recent chapters of her Autobiography in *La Presse*, she has published a series of letters written by her father, when a very young man, in the years 1798 and 1799—which letters have so much of her own ease and glowing grace of expression in them, that one cannot help feeling that her literary faculty is but the development of an hereditary gift.

It is unnecessary for us to call attention to the article in last week's *Athenæum*, which, "putting this and that together," was to explain the mystery of the obvious puffing of certain journals, particularly the *Critic* and the *Law Times*, in a book entitled "*Handbook for Advertisers*," published by Mr. EFFINGHAM WILSON, but without printer's or author's name. The article has already made a sensation, and done a service to the cause of upright dealing in literature. We would point, however, to something more than an acute and well-timed exposure of an ugly practice—it is a generous vindication by one established journal of the common rights of all journals. At a time when there is too much of that mean policy among our journals which leads them to ignore each other's existence, and studiously to avoid recognising each other's efforts, it is refreshing to see a powerful journal like the *Athenæum* breaking through so paltry a rule, and acting on the principle that there may be fraternity and mutual respect in the midst of commercial rivalry and intellectual difference.

The appearance of *Punch's Pocket-book*, the *Comic Zadkiel*, and other merry publications of the kind, forewarns us that the time of Christmas and the Almanacs is approaching. As yet there is no great promise of Christmas books, Mr. THACKERAY'S being the only one regarding which there is any expectation. Messrs. PARKER and SON announce a *Quarterly Journal of Pure and Applied Mathematics*, to be edited by Mr. J. J. SYLVESTER and other men of high note in mathematical research; the first number to appear on the 31st of March, 1855. The same publishers announce two volumes of Essays to appear early in 1855—the one to be entitled *Oxford Essays*, and to consist of literary and scientific papers by members of the University of Oxford; the other to be entitled *Cambridge Essays*, and to consist of similar papers by members of the sister-University. If the volumes succeed, they will be continued annually. The public will be interested in seeing the two streams of thought thus jetted upon the nation from the two great seats of learning, and in comparing that which comes from the older institution with its logic and its learning, with that which comes from the younger, famous for its poets and its men of science. The non-admission into the volumes, also, of any thought not either pure (Oxford or pure Cambridge will give the public an opportunity of judging whether the intellectual virtue has gone out of these institutions into society at large. The long-announced volume of *Curiosities of London*, by the well-known and veteran Mr. JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., is now ready for publication by subscription. The author has been collecting materials for twenty-five years; and the work is expected to be one rich in interest. From the French papers we gather a most interesting announcement: a new volume of Poems, by VICTOR HUGO, is about to appear in *Paris*—the noble exile resumes his singing robes of happier years, we may presume. From the same sources we learn that the vacant seat in the Academy is contested by MM. JULES JANIN, PONSARD, EMILE AUGIER, and PHILARETE CHABLES, but is likely to be conferred on a far less popular candidate than any of these—M. le Vicomte de FALLoux. Commenting on this, M. LOUIS JOURDAN, in the *Siccle*, says:—"M. le Vicomte de FALLoux has the immense advantage over his modest competitors of being a 'grand seigneur,' an ex-minister, and a friend of MM. GUIZOT and SALVANDY. He has another superiority: he has not fatigued the echoes of literary glory with his name, and will enter the Institute with no heavier baggage than a little volume of 280 pages, entitled *Louis XVI*. I am told, indeed, that M. de FALLoux has also written the life of some Pope or other. The clerical party has long arms at present; they reach even to beneath the dome of the Institute." Another distinguished journalist, our friend EUGENE FLETTAN, in the

Siècle, says:—"All our books of any repute at present have been written by Democracy. Yesterday it was REYNAUD, to-day it is QUINET, to-morrow it will be MICHELET, another day some one else. What would you have? We are reduced to the glory of thought: and we endeavour to do honour to our condition." The French press is beginning to speak out a little.

HENRI HEINE.

Of far deeper interest than Madame SAND's Autobiography—woman of genius and of European fame as she is—is a little autobiographic fragment of another notability in the literary world—the German poet HEINE. This extraordinary fragment appeared the other day, in French, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of *Les Aveux d'un Poète*, in anticipation of its publication in German, as a preface to the first volume of a collection of HEINE's miscellaneous writings, on the point of being issued by a Hamburg firm. The fragment seems to have escaped notice in this country, notwithstanding its appearance in the first of French periodicals; but it is worth much more than a passing remark. It has been known for some time that a singular mental transformation has come over this most remarkable of the poets of Young Germany, now in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and living, the poor bed-ridden victim of a painful form of disease, in Paris. Rumours of his conversion from the utter Hegelian scepticism which he had formerly professed, and in the spirit of which he had worked both as a poet and as a politician, have long been going about—some saying he had become a Protestant Evangelical of the Berlin school, and others that he had joined the Romish communion. The present fragment clears up, or at least throws light upon, the facts of the case. It is a most curious paper—full of brilliant and eccentric thought on various subjects; and exhibiting a strange mixture of the speculative, the humorous, the sarcastic, and the poetical. It is not unlike some of DE QUINCEY's papers, but far more biting and fervid in its spirit. It is specially with reference to his work *De l'Allemagne*, published some years ago, and in which he expounded the nature of the newest German philosophy to the French, in a manner most original and striking, that he makes his present revelations. He tells what led to the preparation of that work, and how it dissipated the ideas till then entertained in France of the German philosophy.

"As regards the German philosophy, I divulged without reserve the secret of the school which, enveloped in scholastic formulas, was then only known to the highest of the initiated. My revelations excited in France the greatest astonishment, and I remember that some eminent thinkers of this country told me frankly they had always regarded the German philosophy as a mystic confusion, in which the Divinity was concealed at the back as in a sanctuary of clouds. They added, that the German philosophers had always appeared to them to be visionaries in a state of ecstasy, breathing nothing but piety and the fear of God. It is not my fault if it was otherwise, and if the German philosophy is just the contrary of what people have been in the habit of calling, up to the present, piety and the fear of God. The most logical of these terrible sons of philosophy, our modern Porphyry, who bears really the name of *Fireflood* (Feuerbach), proclaims, with his friends, the most radical atheism as the last word of our metaphysics. With the frenzy of Bacchantes, these impious fanatics have torn off the blue veil from the German heaven, crying: 'Look! all the Divinities have fled, and on high there resides no longer aught but an old woman with iron hands and a desolate heart—Necessity.'"

Of this philosophy M. HEINE was once a votary, as far as it was in the nature of a poet to be. As a young man in Germany he had known HEGEL himself—had "seen him," as he says, "sitting in his woeful way, like a hen, on his terrible eggs, and heard his clucking." He thus sketches the philosopher from memory:—

"Hegel's conversation was never anything but a species of monologue; he seemed always to be speaking to himself, and I was often struck with the sepulchral sound of his wooden voice, as well as with the rough vulgarity of his images, of which many remain daguerreotyped in my memory. One evening at his house, taking coffee after dinner, I found myself by his side in a window recess, and youth as I was of twenty years, I looked with ecstasy at the star-lit heaven, and called the stars the abode of the blessed. The master then muttered to himself: 'The stars, hum! hum! the stars are but a scab shining on the sky's face.' 'In God's name,' I cried, 'is there then no place of happiness up above for the reward of virtue after death?' Hegel, regarding me fixedly with his wan eyes, said to me in a dry tone: 'So then you look in the end for something extra, above your fare, for having taken care of your worthy mother when she was ill, and for not having poisoned your brother.' He then turned away, alarmed at what he had said, but appeared re-assured when he saw that his words had been heard only by Henry B——."

When HEINE came to Paris in 1831 he was an exulting sceptic, carrying a personal adaptation of Hegelianism about with him, if the essential doctrine had not pierced his poetical heart.

"I never was a great metaphysician, and I had accepted without examination the synthesis of the Hegelian philosophy, the consequences of which tickled my vanity. I was young and proud, and my pride was not a little flattered with the idea that I was a god. I had never cared to believe that God had become man; I taxed this sublime doctrine with superstition; but I latterly took Hegel's word for it when I heard him affirm that Man is God. Such an idea pleased me, I took it seriously, and I acted my part of God as honourably as possible. I was myself the living and moral law; I was infallible."

And so he led his brilliant, wild life, the literary fruits of which are before the world. His first shock was on finding that his philosophy was no longer the exclusive possession of men of culture and genius like himself, but was getting down among the "masses." On these "masses" and his own sentimental relations to them he has a curious passage. He avows that though theoretically an ardent friend of the people, yet in fact he had always had a horror of everything done by their agency, and a dislike to personal contact with them. So long as he and his friends had "blasphemed among themselves at their little philosophical suppers," he was contented; but when "the same themes began to be discussed in the low symposiums," when "atheism began to smell of tallow, and *schuaps*, and tobacco," he was startled. This leads him to say something of the working-classes in Germany. The passage is striking:—

"The German workmen form the centre of an army of proletaires well indoctrinated if not disciplined. These German workmen almost all profess atheism, and, to tell the truth, they cannot avoid thus dispensing with all the religious ideas of the past without contradicting their principle and becoming powerless. These cohorts of

destruction, these terrible sappers, whose axe threatens every edifice of the old society, are much superior to the Chartists of England and the levellers and equalitarians of other lands. The English Chartists are pushed on by hunger, not by an idea. . . . The chiefs, more or less occult, of the German Communists, are great logicians, of whom the ablest have come of Hegel's school; and they are, without doubt, the best heads, the most energetic characters in Germany. These teachers of revolution and their disciples, remorselessly bent on carrying out their principles, are the only men in Germany who have life, and it is to them, I believe, that the future belongs. All other parties and their representatives are corpse-dead, and buried under the vault of St. Paul's Church at Frankfort."

It was the French Revolution of February 1848, however, that worked the real change in HEINE:—

"The events of those foolish days of February, in which one saw human wisdom at a discount, and the elect of idiocy carried in triumph, were so extraordinary, so fabulous, that they turned things and ideas upside down. Had I been a man of sense, my intelligence would have given way; but, fool as I was, the contrary occurred, and, strangely enough, it was precisely at a moment of general lunacy that I returned to reason."

Poverty and paralysis were the more immediate agents of his disenchantment. Poverty, apparently, did a good deal, but paralysis did more. Here is a touch of HEINE's irony—almost ghastly on such a subject:—

"Besides my financial deficiencies, I have not been in the enjoyment of brilliant health; I am even affected with an indisposition, slight, it is true, according to what my physicians say, but which has now kept me more than five years in bed. In such a position it is a great comfort to me to have some one in heaven to whom I can address my groans and lamentations during the night, after my wife has gone to sleep."

In this strange, mocking way, HEINE announces his recantation of scepticism, Hegelianism, and atheism, and his conversion—to what? This is the question; and he answers it in a roundabout and characteristic way. First, he tells us of his great and sudden comfort in reading the Bible, out of which he derived as much, though not precisely the same in kind, as Uncle Tom did. This leads him into a dissertation on the religion and institutions of Judaism, in the course of which he breaks out into a singularly eloquent descendant on the character of Moses—the greatest of human beings; as he thinks—mixed, in an odd manner, with sneers at the present King of Prussia. Then, resuming the autobiographic thread, he announces that, on the whole, his conversion has neither been to Roman Catholicism, nor to Prussian Evangelical Protestantism, but, if we may so express it, to a kind of Biblical Deism, formed by himself for his own uses. The rumour of his having become a Catholic arose, he says, from the fact of his having consented to be married in a Catholic church to a Catholic lady. In connexion with this there is introduced a strange discussion—in part serious, in part ironical—of the merits of Roman Catholicism, wound up by an ideal vision of HEINE himself as Pope; which, he says, he might have been, had he studied for the Church. Not having done so, however, he remains only a Poet.

"But I will not for all that abandon myself to a hypocritical humility, and depreciate this fine name of Poet. It is a good deal to be a Poet, especially when one is a great lyric poet in Germany, among that people which in two things—philosophy and lyric poetry—has surpassed all other nations. I shall not, with false modesty, deny my glory. None of my colleagues gained the poetic laurel at so early an age as I did, and if my compatriot, Wolfgang Goethe, was pleased to think that the Chinese, with a trembling hand, painted Werther and Charlotte on glass, I can, on my side, oppose to this Chinese reputation one still more fabulous—a reputation in Japan."

HEINE's poems, it seems, have been translated into Japanese—the first European book so honoured. The following concluding passages of the *Aveux* are strangely touching and bitter, and show that, whatever religion M. HEINE may have embraced, his style of speech is still rather out of keeping with the usual forms of the pious:—

"What serves it me that people drink to my health at feasts from gold cups and with the most exquisite wines, if, during these ovations, far away and isolated from all the pleasures of the world, I can only wet my lips with thin barley-water? What serves it me that all the roses of Shiraz bloom and glow for me, radiant with tenderness? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles away from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the sad solitude of my sick chamber, the only perfumes are those of hot napkins. Alas! God's mockery has fallen on me. The great author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, has chosen to let it be keenly felt by the little terrestrial author, calling himself the German Aristophanes, how truly his most refined sarcasms are after all but pitiful pin-prickings, compared with the lightning strokes which His divine humour can launch against poor mortals. Yes, the bitter flood of railery which the great Master turns against me is terrible, and his epigrams make me wince cruelly. . . . All humbly I venture to observe, in the first place, that the atrocious pleasantry which he is perpetrating against me is being carried too far; it has now lasted more than six years, and is beginning to grow awkward. I would also, in all humility, remark that this pleasantry is not new, and that the great Aristophanes has employed it on many other occasions, so that he is committing a plagiarism on himself. The *Chronicle of Limburg* relates that in the year 1480, people played and sang, over the whole of Germany, songs more sweet and charming than had ever been known before in the German lands, and that young and old, especially the women, were so deliriously fond of them that they were to be heard singing them from morning till night. Only, those songs, adds the *Chronicle*, had been composed by a young clerk, afflicted with leprosy, and living separated from all the world, in a desert place. . . . Sometimes, in my sombre visions of the night, I think I see before me the poor leprous clerk of the *Chronicle of Limburg*, my brother in Apollo, his suffering eyes regarding me from under his grey hood, with a fixed and strange look."

Unhappy HEINE! It was he, we think, who, when he was asked what was his reason for joining in the attacks and depreciations to which Goethe was subjected during the rise of the literary school of Young Germany, answered that his reason was "envy—sheer envy." He has always been a strange mocking man, and this last change which he records and avows seems, after all, to have left him much as he was. We have laid it before our readers as a psychological curiosity of the day, without comment, and can only refer them to the forthcoming collected issue of HEINE's works (which is to appear simultaneously, in French and German, in Paris and in Hamburg) for the full history of his life. The edition is to be interspersed with Essays from the new point of view, corrective of the "utter falsehood" of much of the previous writings, and among these is to be a series of Essays on the social and intellectual life of France under Louis-Philippe.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

The Angel in the House. The Betrothal.

John W. Parker.

THIS is the first part of a very elaborate poem on the grand old subjects of Love, Woman, and Marriage. We give the anonymous (but, we suspect, not unknown) writer the honour of an article all to himself, for two reasons, which we venture to call excellent ones: firstly, because he is clearly a man of fine thought and feeling; secondly, because his book is evidently the fruit of much meditation, and is conscientiously elaborated with all due care and study. It is, indeed, encouraging to find a man in these days actually writing a poem with care and study. Most writers produce them as children produce soap-bubbles—which may of course be pretty, as we do not deny. No man would go to a party without attending somewhat carefully to his dress, yet how many exhibit their minds to the public almost in a state of nudity?

Love, in the pages of this poet, is treated mainly under its religious and spiritual aspect. Woman is worshipped as the elevator. Marriage is a symbol of the highest. We have tenderness and passion; but the fire is always altar-fire. The poet gives us his "Song of Solomon," and glorifies his Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley; but—as in the "Song of Solomon" in the English Bible—there is a constant reference to "Christ's love for the Church." It is observed by a writer, whom we fear our author will consider an impertinent intruder here—we mean Thomas Moore—that "Ovid makes love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster." We might say of the "Angel in the House," that its author makes love like a parson—not a sleek, comfortable parson of the Paley school—but a romantic, pietistic parson, much given to Coleridge, high church, and Gothic architecture. Those who derive their notions of love-poetry from the ancients—or, among the moderns, from the songs of our lyrists, including Burns—will be awed and puzzled by the "Angel in the House." For instance, take the following passage, part of a description of a ball, at which the poet and his betrothed are present:—

Ah, love to speak was impotent,
Till music did a tongue confer,
And I ne'er knew what music meant,
Until I danced to it with her.
Too proud of the sustaining power
Of my, till then, unblemish'd joy,
My passion, for reproof, that hour
Tasted mortality's alloy,
And bore me down an eddying gulf:
I wish'd the world might run to wreck,
So I but once might fling myself
About her beautiful white neck.
I ask'd her, would she waltz, a dance
We hated; and I saw the rays
Withdrawn, which did till then enhance
Her fairness with its thanks for praise.
She'd dance the next quadrille, then? "Yes."
"No," had not fall'n with half the force.
She was fulfil'd with gentleness,
And I with measureless remorse.

This will illustrate what we mean: a reader guilty of admiring the lovely Epithalamium of Catullus, on Julia and Manlius's wedding, has nothing for it but to hold his breath here and feel rebuked; an admirer of a well-known ballad of Suckling's on a similar occasion, would be apt to indulge in profane laughter.

Having indicated the leading spirit of the book, let us glance at its literary qualities. The following seems to us a singularly charming little bit of description:—

I woke at three; for I was bid
To breakfast with the Dean at nine,
And take his girls to church. I slid
My curtain, found the season fine,
And could not rest, so rose. The air
Was dark and sharp; the roosted birds
Cheep'd, "Here am I, Sweet; are you there?"
On Avon's misty flats the herds
Expected, comfortless, the day,
Which slowly fired the clouds above;
The cock scream'd, somewhere far away;
In sleep the matrimonial dove
Was brooding: no wind waked the wood,
Nor moved the midnight marish damps,
Nor thrill'd the poplar; quiet stood
The chestnut with its thousand lamps;
The moon shone yet, but weak and drear,
And seem'd to watch, with bated breath,
The landscape, all made sharp and clear
By stillness, as a face by death.

We extend the same praise to a passage, wherein the effect produced by the society of women is the subject of a beautiful illustration:—

Whenever I come where women are,
How sad soe'er I was before,
Though like a ship frost-bound and far
Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,
With stiffn'd cordage, sails decay'd,
And crew that care for calm and shock
Alike, too dull to be dismay'd;
Though spirited like that speedless bark,
My cold affections like the crew,
My present drear, my future dark,
The past too happy to be true;
Yet if I come where women are,
How sad soe'er I was before,
Then is my sadness banish'd far,
And I am like that ship no more;
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,
Burst by the sudden polar Spring,
And all thank God with their warmed wits,

And kiss each other and dance and sing,
And hoist fresh sails that make the breeze
Blow them along the liquid sea,
From the homeless North where life did freeze,
Into the haven where they would be.

Yet, we must add, that we wish that the writer had condescended oftener to be musical. We like, as Horace did, that poems should be "sweet" as well as wise, or good in substance. Our poet is sometimes crabbed, and even quaint. Here is a stanza from his "Sentences"—a department where he varies the narrative by little occasional *dicta* on the subject of the book:

Fatal in force yet gentle in will,
Her power makes, not defeats, but pacts;
For, like the kindly loadstone still
She's drawn herself by what she attracts.

This is as like Donne as it can stare; a fact not without significance, for there is a kind of antique ecclesiastic colour over the whole volume, strangely mingled with a latent liking for mere natural description, which is equalled by few, and is quite of the most modern kind.

HABITS AND MEN.

Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of Both. By Dr. Doran.

DR. DORAN is succeeding to the place in literature of John Disraeli. His quaint, felicitous "Curiosities" are becoming precious, as anecdote-books, the present one being carefully adapted to maintain the agreeable reputation obtained by the *Table Traits*—this last collection of stories evidently coming from the same "commonplace-book" of anti-commonplaces. Dr. Doran is less scholarly than Dr. Disraeli, but he is more the wit and man of the world, and, for general readers, the pouring out of his learning is all the more pleasant: Bayle might shake his head, but Dr. Doran writes for Bentley.

We give specimens of this last volume—merely premising, what is our highest praise, that the whole volume is just as quotable.

LADY-LIKE MANNERS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Walpole is quite right in designating the gaiety of the women as an awkward jollity. Rough enjoyment was a fashion at this time with the fair. Mrs. Sherwood, in her pleasant Autobiography, adverts to this subject in speaking of her mother's early days, when undignified amusements were not declined by ladies of any age. One of these she describes as consisting of the following sort of violent fun. A large strong tablecloth was spread on the upper steps of the staircase, and upon this cloth the ladies inclined to the frolic seated themselves in rows upon the steps. Then the gentlemen, or the *men*, took hold of the lower end of the cloth, attempting to pull it down stairs; the ladies resisted this with all their might, and the greater the number of these delicate creatures the longer the struggle was protracted. The contest, however, invariably ended by the cloth and the ladies being pulled down to the bottom of the stairs, when everything was found bruised, except modesty. "High Life below Stairs" could hardly have been too rampant in its exposition, if it really reflected what was going on above. We can hardly realise the matter. We hardly do so in merely fancying we see good Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Gambier, Baptist Noel, and Dr. McNeil engaged in settling Miss Martineau, Catherine Sinclair, the "Authoress of Amy Herbert," and Mrs. Fry on a tablecloth upon the stairs, and hauling them down in a heap to the bottom. It would be highly indecorous; but, I am almost ashamed to say, I should like to see it.

In 1748 George II. happened to see that gallant French equestrian, the Duchess of Bedford, on horseback, in a riding-habit of blue turned up with white. At that time there was a discussion on foot, touching a general uniform for the navy; the appearance of the Duchess settled the question. George II. was so delighted with her Grace's appearance, that he commanded the adoption of those colours; and that accounts perhaps for the fact, that sailors on a spree are ever given to getting upon horseback, where they do not at all look like the Duchess whose colours they wear.

Taste was undoubtedly terribly perverted in this century. Some ladies took their footmen with them into their box at the play; others married actors, and their noble fathers declared they would have more willingly pardoned their daughters had they married lacqueys rather than players. A daughter of the Earl of Abingdon married Gallini the ballet-master, of whom George III. made a "Sir John;" and Lady Harriet Wentworth did actually commit the madness of marrying her footman—a madness that had much method in it. This lady, the daughter of Lord Rockingham, transacted this matter in the most business-like way imaginable. She settled a hundred a year for life on her husband, but directed her whole fortune besides to pass to her children, should she have any; otherwise, to her own family. She moreover "provided for a separation, and ensured the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part." She gave away all her fine clothes, and surrendered her titles: "linen and gowns," she said, "were properest for a footman's wife; and she went to her husband's family in Ireland as plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon."

It is characteristic of the manners of this period, that Lady Harriet Wentworth, in marrying her footman, was not considered as having so terribly *dérogé* as Lady Susan Fox, Lord Ilchester's daughter, who in the same year, 1764, married O'Brien the actor, a man well to do, and who owned a villa at Dunstable. The actor had contrived something of the spirit of farce in carrying out his plot. He succeeded so well in imitating the handwriting of Lady Susan's dearest friend, Lady Sarah Bunbury, that Lord Ilchester delivered the letters to his daughter with his own hand, and without suspicion. The couple used to meet at Miss Read's the artist; that is, Catherine Read, who painted whole beves of our grandmothers, and whose portraits of young Queen Charlotte and of that dreadful woman Mrs. Macauley (represented as a Roman matron weeping over the lost liberties of her country) were the delight of both connoisseurs and amateurs.

The meetings of the lovers became known to the lady's proud sire, and terrible was the scene which ensued between the "père noble" and the "ingénue." The latter, however, promised to break off all intercourse, provided she were permitted to take one last farewell. She waited a day or two till she was of age; and then, "instead of being under lock and key in the country, walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn; sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney-chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable."

This marriage was, as I have said, thought worse of than if the bridegroom had been a lacquy. The latter appear to have been in singular esteem, dead or living. Thus we read that the Duchess of Douglas, in 1765, having lost a favourite footman rather suddenly in Paris, she had him embalmed, and went to England, with the body of "Jeames" tied on in front of her chaise. "A droll way of being chief mourner," says Walpole, who adds some droll things upon the English whom he encountered in

journeying through France. When half a mile from Amiens, he met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-green and silver, a smart hat and feather, and two *suivantes*. "My reason told me," says the lively Horace, "it was the archbishop's concubine; but luckily my heart whispered that it was Lady Mary Coke. I jumped out of my chaise, fell on my knees, and said my first Ave Maria, gratia plena!"

The esteem of the ladies for their liveried servitors does not appear to have been in all cases reciprocal, if we may believe a circumstance which took place at Leicester House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, in 1743, when one of his Royal Highness's coachmen, who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he left his son three hundred pounds upon condition that he never married a maid of honour!

There was laxity both of manners and dress as time went on; and as we were an ill-dressed, so were we an ill-washed people. In the latter half of the last century we were distinguished as the only people in Europe who sat down to dinner without "dressing" or washing of hands. Indeed, we were for a long time "not at all particular."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WARDROBE, AND TOILETTE.

When the Princess Elizabeth lost her mother, her wardrobe, which was none of the most brilliant before, became of very mean condition. Lady Bryan wrote to Cromwell that "she hath neither gown nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor forsmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails (night-dresses), nor body stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggins" (the last two signifying day-caps, and night-caps), and the whole list showing that the little lady was as ill-provided for as any villein's daughter in the land. No wonder that she was at an early period smartly touched by rheumatism. When she came to the court of Edward VI. she was remarkable for the simplicity of her dress; it was religiously grave, as prescribed by the polemical "Journaux des Modes," edited by Calvinistic divines. Dr. Aylmer, in his "Harbour for Faithful Subjects," says:—"The King, her father, left her rich clothes and jewels; and I know it to be true, that in seven years after his death she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will; and that there never came gold or stone upon her head till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness; and then she sobored it that all might see that her body carried what her heart disliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time, made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example than all that ever Paul or Peter wrote touching the matter."

The needle was the solace of Elizabeth in her captivity in the Tower and at Woodstock, and the instrument of her pastime in the days of her greatness. Taylor, a very properly named poet to have sung the praise of the needle, says of her in his poem:—

"When this great Queen whose memory shall not
By any turn of time be overcast,—
For when the world and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last,—
When she a maid had many troubles past,
From gaol to gaol by Marie's angry spleen,
And Woodstock and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all was England's peerless Queen;
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still, a captive or else crown'd,
A needlewoman royal and renown'd."

She grew in love with costly suits when she became independent of church and grave churchmen; and the officers of her wardrobe were continually recording in their journals that there were "lost from her Majesty's back" gold enamelled acorns, buttons, aylets or eylets, with which her dresses were sprinkled; or rubies from her hat, or diamonds, pearls, and tassels of gold; but always from the royal back, whence they were cut by the over-loyal, as the Russian princess the other day stole the great jewel from the Moscow "Virgin," out of piety and a taste for gems. She kissed the figure and carried away the precious stone in her mouth. When the Scottish Queen, Mary of Lorraine, came to visit Edward VI., she deluged the court with new French fashions; "so that all the ladies went with their hair frowed, curled, and double-curved, except the Princess Elizabeth, who altered nothing," says Aylmer, "but kept her old maiden shamefacedness." In later days Elizabeth had other ways; and we read with astonishment of her never-to-be-forgotten eighty wigs, with her "weeds (costume) of every civilised country," and her appearing in a fresh one every day. After all, it is questionable if she was a better "dresser" than the fair Gabrielle, of whom the chivalrous Unton writes to Elizabeth that she was "very silly, very unbecomingly dressed, and grossly painted." But this was a courtier speaking of one woman to another, and his testimony is to be taken with reserve. Elizabeth was in another respect more like Marie Antoinette, for she had a dairy at Barn-Elmes, where she played the milkmaid, as the poor Queen of France used at Trianon.

If we may trust La Mothe Fénelon, Leicester was as much the Queen's "maid" as her Master of the Horse. The French Ambassador says, that the public was displeased with the familiar offices he rendered at her toilet. He was in her bed-chamber ere she arose; and there, according to the reports of men who denounced his privileges merely because they were not their own, he would hand to her a garment which did not become the hands of a Master of the Horse, and would dare to "kiss her Majesty when he was not even invited thereto," but when, as he very well knew, "he was right welcome." For Elizabeth took all she could get, even "nightcaps," which were among the presents sent to propitiate her by the Queen of Scots. She took with both hands; and gave, as she herself truly said, only with the little finger. She ever graciously received new-year's gifts that enriched her wardrobe; and was especially wroth with the Bishop of London for preaching too strictly against vanity of attire. When she saw Harrington in a frieze jerkin, she declared that the cut liked her well, and she would have one like it for her own wear; but she spat on Sir Matthew Arundel's fringed suit, with the remark: "The fool's wit is gone to rags. Heaven spare me from such gibing!" A queen of later days would not think of assuming the fashion of Lord Palmerston's palatol, nor spoil the uniform of a bran-new deputy-Lieutenant, as Elizabeth did Sir Matthew Arundel's embroidery. I believe our Gracious Sovereign never went further in this direction than to laugh good-humouredly at the Duke of Wellington's hair when he had had it newly cropped, as was his wont, into the appearance of short bristles on a scrubbing-brush.

If it be true that Leicester helped her at her toilet, he was the only happy individual who enjoyed the privilege. At least, in her maturer years, she had a horror of being seen *en déshabille*. Essex once came upon her unexpectedly in the hands of her tiring-maids, and hardly escaped with his ears. Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury's son, also once beheld her in her night-gear, as she stood at a window to look out at a May morning. The *Virgo, magis quam tempestiva*, hurried away with such blushes as she could call up at forty-five. Twenty years before she would have shown less haste

and more discretion; at forty-five, in her "night-stuff" at sunrise—no Gyges would have thanked Candaules for letting his eye rest on so questionable a vision.

Even in her mid-day glories, she was no attractive sight as she grew in years. See her going to prayers, when her threescore years had thrice as many nobles to honour them, and she walking amid all, wrinkled, small-eyed, with teeth that made her smile hideous, and with not only false hair, but that hair red. Hurtzner, who saw her on one of these occasions, says:—"Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry, and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. . . . She was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans: and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; the ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white."

The older she grew, the more splendidly she bedizened herself—as decaying matter puts on variety of colour. "She imagined," says Bacon, "that the people, who are much influenced by externals, would be diverted by the glitter of her jewels, from noticing the decay of her personal attractions." The people were not such simpletons, and they saw plainly enough that she was dying, in spite of the majesty of her exquisitely braided periwig.

Here follows something very different about

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Except for a few days, Queen Victoria has not resided at Anne's favourite Kensington since her accession. In her early days, the then little princess, clad so simply that it is wonderful the middle classes did not avail themselves of the example, and dress their darlings less tawdrily,—might be seen of a bright morning in the enclosure in front of the palace, her mother at her side. On one of these occasions I remember seeing a footman, after due instruction given, bringing out to the lively daughter of the Duke of Kent a doll most splendidly attired,—sufficiently so to pass for the *εἰδωλον* of an heiress, and captivate whole legions of male *poupées*, all gold without, and sawdust within. The brilliant effigy, however, had no other effect upon the little princess but to put her in a passion. She stamped her little foot, and shook her lustrous curls, and evidently the Liveried Mercury had unwittingly disobeyed her bidding. He disappeared for a minute or two, but returned, bearing with him a very *torso* of a doll. A marine-store dealer would not have hung up such an image, even to denote that he dealt in stolen goods, and "no questions asked." But the unhappily deformed image was the loadstone of the youthful affections of the princess. She seized it with frantic delight, skipped with it over the grass, gambolled with it, laughed over it, and finally, in the very exuberance of joy, thrust it so suddenly up to the face of a short old lady, who was contemplating the scene from the low iron fence, that the stranger started back, and knew not well what to make of it; thereupon the maternal Mentor advanced, and something like an apology appeared to be offered, but this was done with such a shower of saucy "curtsies"—so droll, so rapid, so audacious, and so full of hearty, innocent, uncontrollable fun,—that duchess, princess, old lady, and the few spectators of the scene, broke into as much laughter as *bienséance* would permit; and some of them, no doubt, "exclaimed mentally," as well-bred people do in novels, that there was a royal English girl, who had most unquestionably a heart and a will of her own,—and may God bless both!

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TOILETTE.

And what a cruel ceremony was the dressing of that same Queen? When Marie Antoinette, in the days of her cumbersome greatness, stood of a morning in the centre of her bedchamber, awaiting, after her bath, her first article of dress, it was presented to her, or rather it was passed over her royal shoulders by the "dames d'honneur." Perhaps, at the very moment, a prince of the blood entered the room (for French Queens both dressed and dined in public), the right of putting on the primal garment of her Majesty immediately devolved upon her; but it could not be yielded to her by the "dame d'honneur;" the latter, arresting the *chemise de la Reine* as it was passing down the royal back, adroitly whipped it off, and presenting it to the "première dame," that noble lady transferred it to the princess of the blood. Madame Campan had once to give it up to the Duchess of Orléans, who, solemnly taking the same, was on the point of throwing it over the Queen's head, when a scratching (it was contrary to etiquette to knock) was heard at the door of the room. Thereupon entered the Countess de Provence, and she being nearer to the throne than the lady of Orléans, the latter made over her office to the new-comer. In the meantime the Queen stood like Venus as to covering, but shaking with cold, for it was mid-winter, and muttering "what an odious nuisance!" The Countess de Provence entered on the mission which had fallen to her; and this she did so awkwardly, that she entirely demolished a head-dress which had taken three hours to build. The Queen beheld the devastation, and got warm by laughing outright.

A very hideous story explains the origin of a beautiful colour:—

Fashion has been often "set" by very serious causes. Some two hundred and fifty years ago, the prevailing colour in all dresses was that shade of brown called the "couleur Isabelle," and this was its origin. A short time after the siege of Ostend commenced in 1601, Isabella Eugenia, Gouvernante of the Netherlands, incensed at the obstinate bravery of the defenders, is said to have made a vow that she would not change her chemise till the town surrendered. It was a marvellously inconvenient vow, for the siege, according to the precise historians thereof, lasted three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours; and her highness's garment had wonderfully changed its colour before twelve months of the time had expired. The ladies and gentlemen of the court resolved to keep their mistress in countenance, and after a struggle between their loyalty and their cleanliness, they hit upon the compromising expedient of wearing dresses of the presumed colour finally attained by the garment which clung to the Imperial Archduchess by force of religious obstinacy—and something else.

IRVING AND SPIRITUAL REVIVAL.

Edward Irving: an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks
Author of "A History of the Half-Century," &c. William Freeman.

No really earnest man—whatever be his individual opinions, however bigoted he be to them—but reverences from his heart the earnest belief of another man, differ it never so widely from his own; and even those who have succeeded most thoroughly in stifling their humanity beneath cold and faithless conventionalities, pay to a genuine emotion the tribute of involuntary interest, though they may disguise, under the titles of intellectual curiosity, or psychological inquiry, the better nature which echoes within them at the approach of an earnest faith. Hence the interest which is felt by all thoughtful minds in the personal history of reformers, or martyrs for their faith's sake. These titles are too often synonymous;—to a certain degree they must ever be so, for the very sensitiveness of spirit which fits a man to enter on the arduous mission of a reformer, by causing him to feel most acutely the evils he has to combat, renders him also keenly alive to the long tissue of disappointments, to the

misconstructions and the injustice, the coldness and the calumny, which are his inevitable portion on the path he has chosen.

The history of Edward Irving, of one of the most eloquent and earnest men who ever, in the Church's history, while loving her devoutly, mourned over her lethargy, and sought to infuse into her cold and outworn formulas the spirit of the living present, will ever be interesting on these grounds; but is especially so while many yet live who can, from personal recollection, verify the portrait drawn in these pages by one who, though an ardent admirer, is not a follower of Mr. Irving. We place it here as a fit preface to any considerations on this Biography.

He was impatient of creeds, and yet would not altogether dispense with them. His intellect was at once too strong to permit a form of words to fetter it, and too justly distrustful of its strength to refuse such guidance. He would say "I believe," but would not, therefore, cease to think. The formula which he subscribed was as the green sod from which the lark takes its joyful, viewless flight—not as the hole of a rotten tree or ivied wall, from which the owl hoots its terror at the light. He rested his faith and devotion upon facts that may be expressed in words, but could no more limit them thereto than he could keep his eyes upon the ground that sustained his feet. His was a religion of the heart—and such a religion has "evidences" as well as beliefs, of which creeds can make no mention. It is its own authority and its own interpreter: it will assert reasons not set down in books, and discern meanings that escape the torturings of commentators. Hence it was that Irving was perpetually at war with a generation that was nothing if not logical—out of joint with churches that had been shaken out of the sleep of formalism only to be put into the fetters of literalism—could find no rest in that jarring chaos, "the religious world," where nothing is perfect because everything is content to be alone. He had affinities and sympathies with all—and, therefore, was by all, in turns, attracted and repelled. In all forms of polity, in all sets of doctrine, he recognised a part of himself; and when he claimed it, was forthwith repudiated by some undiscerning brother—as the cygnet, drawn by its own image to the stream, affrights its foster brother fowl. In quick succession, if not all at once, Presbyterian and Prelatist, ultra-Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Tory, "he seemed, not one, but all mankind's epitome." The glorious eclecticism of his intellect, delighting equally in mathematics and poetry, in action and in meditation—the breadth of his scholastic training and literary recreations—the keenness of his social sympathies and of his love of nature—the intensity of his consciousness, that exaggerated the importance of his every undertaking, and magnified the defects of his every performance—the proud humility that made him pray rather to be taken from the service of God on earth, than be too much loved by those he served—the profound piety which felt a Providence in every incident—the lofty ideas of duty which gave a Spartan rigour to his virtue—the tenderness which gushed out over women and children, beauty, helplessness, and sorrow—all these coloured his religion till it seemed a fantastic and even lunatic thing to the men who had each some one or two of his qualities, but only one or two.

With the peculiar tenets of Irving we have little to do; it is rather by the character of his religion, its earnestness and wide toleration, its rigid standard of self-judgment and Catholic charity towards the errors of others, its recognition of the Spirit and rejection of the Formula, that our sympathies are awakened. Born in the district of Annan, which the name of Carlyle has rendered classic ground, educated at Edinburgh, and subsequently self-educated (the second and the more important education), while holding the rectorship of an academy in the little town of Kirkcaldy, there is no outward trace in his early life of the determining influence which gave his energies their peculiar bent. Powers of mind such as his would meet with little intellectual companionship—alone he studied, alone he doubted and decided. Till he was thirty years of age, no career had opened to him, no congregation had recognised his power and usefulness. But these lonely years had not been wasted; he had lived alone with the great departed, the giant intellects of former days had been his companions, and had informed him with their spirit; and now the time was ripe, and his inward consciousness bade him go forth upon his work. The Mission to the Heathen, which has always been so tempting a field to the men of Irving's stamp, the energetic and self-devoted, lay open to him, and he had nearly resolved to embrace it, when an appeal from Dr. Chalmers altered his views, and decided his future destiny. He became the Doctor's assistant at Glasgow, and from thence succeeded to the ministry of the Caledonian Church in London, where he stepped at once into a position of the most unbounded notoriety, of popularity as a preacher almost unequalled, and of social and intellectual rank enough to dazzle the eyes and bewilder the judgment of a man less pure of heart, and earnest of purpose, less sincere in his personal humility, and less conscious of the dignity of his mission—for a mission indeed he felt it. It is impossible to read the extracts from his published "Orations" (from which the author of the present work has made very judicious selections) without feeling that Irving, without having crossed the seas to find a congregation, was ever "preaching to the Heathen." Hear how he spoke to them. We take one extract from a sermon on the duties of all classes:

Merchants, traders, and money people—the possessors of capital for the employ of what they call the "operative classes"—are next informed that the wealth which they have accumulated by the labour of hundreds or thousands, from all obligation to whom the employer "considers himself to be free when he has paid them on Saturday night," doth bear obligations analogous to those of hereditary wealth. A joint-stock company, it is said, with a graphic truthfulness soon to be demonstrated by the experience of devastation, is "a rope of sand, a rock to wreck on, a quicksand to engulf goods in." The avarice induced by prosperous commerce is declared to be the root of all social evil. "Competency satisfies no man. Every man must have a fortune, must distinguish himself, must make himself a family. The merchant must dwell beside the lord, and the tradesman must have his villa beside the squire. It is a race for gain, a scramble for gold; and, as you cannot serve God and Mammon, it is the forsaking of God, . . . the worshipping the basest spirit which fell from heaven. The manufacturer is bound to look with care and concern upon the people who labour for him, and upon their children. He is bound to guard them against extravagance in good times, and then they shall be provided against want in bad times. It is his part to look after the comfort of their habitations (not the cleanliness of his factory alone), the instruction of their children, and the spiritual health of them all. Oh, what a man, what a noble man, the manufacturer might be! the owner, not of fields of the earth, nor of trees of the wood, but the master of ingenious men, of hundreds of most ingenious men, who would all render him their love if he would ask it. Such manufacturers were David Dale and others, whose names I do not mention, as being of your own time. It were very easy for any manufacturer, in whom the fear of God dwelleth, to earn to himself a crown of glory both in this world and in the world to come, and to be almost adored by the people. But how hath it become? In good

times, beating up for workmen by beat of drum, and advertising them to come from distant parts, and immediately in *bad* times, paying them off to starve, if the parish will not maintain them. In good times, allowing them to drink, to live in concubinage, to profane the Sabbath, to blaspheme the Lord, to educate their children in infidelity, and club together for all manner of political disaffection—then, in bad times, turning them over to their unreclaimed wills, ferocious passions, revenge, and violent acts; to be repressed only by the sword. That is the way of it. It begins in the adoration of gold—and it ends in the mediation of steel. Gold, the god—the sword, the mediator. That is the religion of Mammon—a hell on earth, the consummation. Oh, it is a system such as the world hath never yet seen; and it crieth toward heaven for vengeance. It has been Mammon's sowing time for half a century; his harvest is ripe, and his jubilee is at hand. Woe, woe, woe, when he putteth in the sickle! For your money-lenders and capitalists (who are the lords of this new creation of political economy) are bringing things to the crisis of old Rome, when the people, who bore the burdens of the state in peace and war, were wont to retire to the Aventine Hill, or to dissolve the community altogether; when the commonwealth went on plunging through peace and war, under the government of tribunes of the people, until it ended in the triumvirates, who proscribed and slaughtered the best blood of Rome. They are hasting and longing to work out of our ancient Christian system of the state the fine web of moral principle, all suspended from the fear of God and the obedience of Christ. They are hasting and longing to work out all obligation of man to man; all sense of reciprocal duty; all the dignity, and grace, and obligation of office; all the grace, and goodness, and glory of life; and to reduce everything to the increase of money, the accumulation of wealth; which, from the Commons' House of St. Stephen's, in the West, to the Exchange, in the East, is the great subject of conversation, the great cause of despatches and expresses from nation to nation, the sinews of power, the great end of combination, and, I may say, the answer to the first question in our Catechism, 'What is man's chief end?'—'Man's chief end is to glorify Mammon, and to enjoy him while he can.'

Of course the very excess of Irving's popularity stimulated the vehemence of critics and opponents. The *Times* went into unqualified opposition, abusing alike style, taste, and doctrine, and denying the orator, whom all London was crowding to hear, the smallest claim even to intellect or originality! *John Bull*, and some few other papers, followed in the *Times'* wake; but the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal of no small reputation, upheld him, and the *Examiner*,—conducted by Leigh Hunt, the liberal and the truth-loving,—warmly defended the possessor of kindred qualities.

We trace with interest this origin and rise of Irving's fame, as a very graphic record of one of those spiritual "revivals," which form from time to time such striking episodes in the history of the Church. They tell, more eloquently than the attacks of any adversary could do, the story of her decadence, under the benumbing influences of formula and conventionalism. Her only chance of retaining her disciples, lies in their indifference; if they were once stimulated to search and to inquire, they would recognise the barrenness of her teachings, and what Irving forcibly calls "the unsanctioning coldness of her priesthood," and seek elsewhere for the comfort she can no longer afford them, understanding not their wants and exigencies. From time to time men are so stimulated, do so search and inquire, and seek for comfort, which, having found (and be that faith what it may, having found it, it is a reality to them, and as such, a thing of power, and worthy of our reverence), they seek to awaken other men, and lead them to the same source of consolation. Very notable are all such instances, and to be rejoiced over by thoughtful minds. For any sincere and vital belief is better for man than lethargy and indifferentism, will bring forth fruit, elicit truth of some sort, and, if it do no other good, tend to wean men from what Mr. Newman has so nobly termed "the only true Atheism," the worship of Self.

Limited in our space, we have necessarily regarded the book from the point of view which appeared to us most useful and interesting; but had we room, we would gladly make many extracts from a biography so curious. On the doctrines of Irving, on which the sect bearing his name (which they now repudiate) have founded their Church, we would not touch; but there is many a lesson of humility and patient endurance in the story of his conduct when evil days fell upon him, and he became a sufferer for his faith's sake. For the general reader, the account of the singular, and, as that Church holds them, supernatural manifestations, known usually as the Unknown Tongues, will, doubtless, possess an interest. Mr. Wilks has discharged his office well, and we recommend his little volume to all.

A BATCH OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

- Poetical Works of Edmund Waller.* Edited by Robert Bell. Parker and Son.
Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Collected by James Heywood, M.P., and Thomas Wright, M.A. Bohn.
The Steam-Engine, its History and Mechanism. By Robert Scott Burn. Ingram and Co.
The Watling-Places of England. By Edwin Lee. Third Edition. Churchill.
A Visit to the Seat of War in the North. Translated from the German, by Lascelles Wrayall. Chapman and Hall.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

- Party Leaders; Sketches of Distinguished American Statesmen.* By J. G. Baldwin. Trübner and Co.
Na Motu; or, Reef-Rovings in the South Seas. By Edward T. Perkins. Trübner and Co.

IMMEASURABLY inferior to Oldham, as a man, and below him also in merit, as a poet, Waller has, nevertheless, descended to posterity as a famous Englishman. He was the first careful maker of smooth verses, and the most amorous fine gentleman of his time, in a poetical way; and he is, in consequence, still far too celebrated a man to require any such introduction to the reader at our hands, as we very gladly accorded a few weeks ago to his less successful predecessor. In reference to the last new volume of Mr. Robert Bell's *Annotated Edition of the Poets*, we have only, therefore, to report that the Editor's labours continue to be most carefully, conscientiously, and intelligently conducted. The text of Waller is excellently illustrated by notes, the poems are clearly and sensibly arranged, and the prefatory life of the Poet is especially noteworthy for an industrious collection of biographical facts, and for a thoroughly pleasant and readable manner of imparting them to others.

Members of the general public who may meet with the *Cambridge Uni-*

versity Transactions will most likely turn away in despair from the two thick volumes full of old papers, collected by Mr. Heywood and Mr. Wright. The book appeals, in truth, only to antiquaries and to writers in want of curious information on the subject of the Puritan Controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As a work for future historians to refer to, the greatest value attaches to this collection of old documents. They show the nature of the various plans adopted at Cambridge for the purpose of checking the rising power of Puritanism; they comprise a very curious Diary by a certain Doctor Worthington, who was expelled, in 1660, from the Mastership of his College; and they furnish throughout some interesting and remarkable illustrations of modes of life, rules of discipline, and manners and customs generally, in the University of Cambridge, during the last half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. Readers, for the most part—especially at the present time—may not care to inform themselves on such “old-world” subjects as these; but scholars and writers may, perhaps, thank us for informing them of the publication of a book which is full of excellent historical materials, clearly and carefully arranged.

Of Popular Literature we have three specimens. Mr. Burn's *History of the Steam Engine* treats an interesting subject in an admirably intelligible manner, and is illustrated by some excellent diagrams. This, at any rate, is a book for the general reader; and it deserves a wide circulation. Mr. Edwin Lee's account of the curative resources of the various Watering-places of England, carries its recommendation on the title-page—it has reached a third edition. Mr. Lascelles Wraxall's (translated) *Visit to the Seat of War* forms the new volume of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's “Reading for Travellers.” This little book is written with a motive which is not very likely just now to dispose the public to make a fair estimate of its intrinsic merits. Mr. Wraxall's object is to defend Sir Charles Napier's inactivity, by informing everybody who ventures to object to it “of the many formidable obstacles, both natural and artificial, which an advancing foe will have to overcome in the Baltic and the adjoining seas.” Unfortunately for the success of this doubtless meritorious design, the news of the battle of the Alma was published before Mr. Wraxall's book, and the people of England have in consequence ceased to believe in “formidable obstacles” altogether. As civilians, we will not venture on an opinion; but we may confess to having nourished a superstition hitherto, that “gallant commanders,” by land as well as by sea, prove their gallantry either by not believing in “formidable obstacles,” or by making nothing of them. Mr. Wraxall is himself of opinion that “gallant Charley” has exercised a sound judgment in deferring his attack on the Russian strongholds; but he does not wish to influence the opinions of others unduly. He is willing to “leave readers to decide”—so are we.

A series of really life-like sketches of the great statesmen of America would make a delightful book. Mr. Baldwin has attempted in *Party Leaders* to produce such a work, and has not succeeded very brilliantly in our opinion. We should not have objected to his somewhat inflated and pompous style of writing, if he had only made his biographical subjects a little interesting to his readers. He has, however, not achieved this very necessary condition of success in any instance. He informs us, copiously and seriously enough, about the political motives and public acts of Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and other famous Americans; but of the men themselves, in their merely human aspect, we never get so much as a glimpse. Mr. Baldwin seems to be possessed by the fatal and foolish idea, that domestic scenes and minute personal particulars are beneath the notice of a professed historian. He despises anecdotes, for example, heartily. In his sketch of Jefferson (at page 101), he actually laments that certain “loose memoranda” of dinner-table arguments and conversational imprudences committed in their social moments by celebrated statesmen of America should ever have seen the light! It is exactly the absence of such “loose memoranda” as these that makes Mr. Baldwin's book such dull and unsatisfactory reading as it is. When we have found out that Jefferson was unknown to his nation in virtue of his public achievements, the next thing we directly want to know is, what sort of a man Jefferson was himself. What were his favourite amusements? What did he look like? Was he a good-natured, easy fellow among his family and his friends? or was he easily “riled,” and only approachable at particular times and seasons? What were his favourite habits—the bad especially? Did he chew or whittle? Did he go out sledging in the winter? Was he anything of a shot? Was he fond of women and wine? Was he a little wild in his youth, or given to music and dancing, or bitten with a rage for dandyism? All these questions, and dozens more, we ask ourselves about Jefferson, because we want to realise Jefferson; but Mr. Baldwin declines to answer us. He thinks our curiosity is trivial, and that we do not know how to respect the dignity of historical biography. Very likely we do not—and possibly it is on this very account, that we read over and over again what Mr. James Boswell has to tell us about Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds, and that we never intend to read another word of what Mr. J. G. Baldwin has to tell us about Jefferson, Jackson, and Clay.

What does *Na Motu* mean? In Tahitian dialect, “The Islands.” And what sort of a book is it? A very readable, entertaining narrative of adventures in the South Pacific. Mr. Perkins (the adventurer) has a quick observation of his own, and a sharp eye for character. His account of life on board a whale-ship is full of good touches of nature, comprehensible, and interesting to the veriest landsman. And when the author gets ashore at the Hawaiian, or at the Society Islands, his good gifts as a clear-sighted, straightforward writer do not fail him. He always tells his story in the same manly, sailor-like way, and never overpowers us with excessive information about the strange semi-civilised people among whom his lot was cast. We have read his volume with interest and profit; and we may add, as a final recommendation, that it is illustrated with some nicely lithographed views of remarkable places in the Pacific Islands.

So much for the books that we have had time to read. Among the books that we have (at present) only time to acknowledge as having been received, are:—Doctor Dickson's *Destructive Art of Healing*, and *Fallacies of the Faculty* (People's Edition)—Mr. Macpherson's *Essay on English Education*—Mr. Hayward's *Essays on Chesterfield and Selwyn* (reprinted from the

Edinburgh Review)—and Mr. Sebastian Delamer's *Treatise on the Rearing and Keeping of Pigeons and Rabbits*.

MISCELLANEOUS REPRINTS.

Caleb Stukeley (Nathaniel Cooke), the *opus magnum* of Dr. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, has been collected from the pages of Blackwood into one closely printed volume. There is no lack of a certain power, and of good writing in the story. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, *Caleb Stukeley* “repays perusal”—with a headache.

Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS being recommended a change of air and scene, passed the autumn of last year in Canada and the United States. (*Things as they are in America*. Chambers, 1854.) He improved his time with characteristic assiduity, setting down his observations for the use of the *Edinburgh Journal*, in which they have duly appeared. Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS is not a sentimental or humorous traveller, but shrewd, practical, business-like, and accurate. He speaks most highly of the present and prospective condition of our British American colonists, and all his remarks on the institutions of the United States are dictated by the most friendly and generous spirit of appreciation and sympathy. The book is full of useful facts and intelligent comments, and, in spite of its facts, is easy reading.

In the way of romance, we have to mention the reprint of *The Old English Gentleman*, by John Mills (Ward and Lock), a tale of country life, genial and hearty. *The Fortunes of Colonel Forlogh O'Brien* (Routledge), an Irish tale of 1686-91, full of action and adventure. *Nick of the Woods* (Ward and Lock), an American prairie story, giving an anti-Fenimore Cooper picture of Indian life.

Mr. Routledge furnishes a *Home-book of Household Economy* “containing useful directions for the proper labours of the kitchen, the house, the pantry, and the dairy, and specially recommended to young married ladies, unskilled in household affairs”—a considerable majority.

The last of the publications we have briefly to acknowledge this week is an appallingly funny one, entitled *William Hogarth's Own Joe Miller*. (Ward and Lock.) From a hasty glance at the contents, we apprehend there is a terrible congestion of fun in the title and cover of this book. It may be our fault, or our misfortune, but to read a page of *Joe Miller* or any of his tribe, would be the most ghastly penance we could be made to endure.

THREE NOVELS.

Ethel; or, The Double Error. By Marian James. Groombridge and Sons.
Idaline. A Story of the Egyptian Bondage. By Mrs. J. B. Webb. Bentley.
The Virginia Comedians; or, Old Days in the Old Dominion. Edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq. Trübner and Co.

For some years past a revolution in the matter of heroines has been in progress among the lady novelists. The timid, melting, gentle creature, always blushing, bursting into tears, or sinking on her lover's breast; the dear, generous, yielding, helpless, romantic girl whom we loved and longed to embrace, whenever we met with her in the older novels—especially those of the Mrs. Radcliffe-school—has been shamefully abandoned by the literary women of our time. In her stead has been set up an atrocious, hard-hearted, strong-minded, bullying, boastful girl, whose mission in life is to treat the men as uncivilly and contemptuously as possible, whenever she comes in contact with them. The new heroine has the old “swan-like neck,” to be sure, but she is always curving it disdainfully. When she walks away from a man she “rustles her skirts proudly”—when she hands a man a cup of tea, her “lip curls slightly”—when she lets a man pay her some attention, she never for an instant forgets that her main object in life is to “preserve her maidenly dignity”—and when she gets an offer of marriage made to her, she treats the poor amorous wretch of a suitor, in nine cases out of ten, as if she had received the grossest personal insult from him. The lady-novelists of the present time—with one or two admirable exceptions—seem to think that women in general are much too gratefully sensible of the kindness of men, and not half ready enough to presume upon the privileges of their sex. Such unkind, unembracable, unendurable automatons in petticoats as the ladies have set agoing in their novels for the last five or six years are a downright libel on womankind. Male readers abominate them, female readers repudiate them. We ourselves have watched young ladies carefully, and have never seen their lips curl, even when a man they did not care about asked them to dance. We never saw them hand cups of tea scornfully. We never heard them retire “rustling their skirts”—otherwise than benignantly. And whenever we have asked them in what terms they would reject an unfavoured suitor, we have always found them resolved beforehand to perform that disagreeable duty in the civillest, kindest, and most forbearing way. Long may the genuine young ladies live to charm the men as ladies should! and soon, very soon, may the false automaton libels on them, which prance through the pages of most women's novels in our time, die off and disappear altogether.

It is, in our estimation, the main excellence of the novel placed at the head of the present list, that the heroine is not the repulsive bully in petticoats against whom we have just been writing with all our might and main. “*Ethel*,” in some respects, acts in a manner to disappoint us. She refuses to marry the man she loves, and sacrifices herself to advance his prospects by marrying the rich rival, who can help him, but whom she does not love. She is silent and undemonstrative, when a candid word or a kind action would have saved great misunderstanding and incalculable misery. But in spite of these faults she is a lovable girl. She secures our sympathies in many passages of the book; and when she suffers for her errors, she wins our pity in a gentle, natural, feminine way. We cannot say much for her lover, he is a disagreeable and thoroughly conventional character. Indeed, the only merit of the story—apart from the merit to which we have already alluded—consists in the evidently warm and genuine feeling with which it is written. This quality on the part of the authoress, lured us into reading her book through from beginning to end, and encouraged us to make all friendly allowance for her literary defects. In the same spirit we now take

our farewell of "Ethel"—only recommending the writer, when she makes her next effort, not to tell a too uniformly mournful story, and not to forget that—in Literature as in Painting—the study of Nature is the first great requisite for the attainment of all excellence in Art.

Mrs. Webb has tried a bold experiment. She has laid the scene of her story in Egypt, and has chosen for its period the time of the Jewish deliverance from bondage. Sacredly squeamish people, who shrink at the notion of Scriptural characters and events being introduced in uninspired writings, need not be afraid of opening Mrs. Webb's volume. She treats her subject in a spirit of perfect reverence, and avoids even the shadow of a dangerous Biblical allusion with great tact and delicacy. The literary fault of the story is want of dramatic power—a defect on which we have no desire to bear hardly, as we believe it to be natural and irremediable. The story-telling faculty is, as we think, one of the "born faculties;" and Mrs. Webb does not possess it. On the other hand, she has thorough acquaintance with all the necessary antiquarian parts of her subject. Manners and customs in Ancient Egypt are cleverly and interestingly interwoven with the story; and we can with perfect honesty recommend *Idaline* as a book from which much may be learnt, easily and pleasantly, by all readers who cannot be induced to apply themselves in their leisure hours to professedly instructive books.

Our third novel is from America, and is an attempt to depict scenes and personages in Virginia ten years before the Revolution. We have found the book, with great pretension of design and prodigious elaboration of execution, one of the most tedious to read that we have encountered for many a long day past. The pursuit and persecution of a virtuous actress by a heartless fine gentleman—scenes of moral indignation on the one side, and of vicious assiduity on the other, repeated again and again with hardly any variation, form the main interest of the first volume—beyond which we have failed altogether to proceed. The quantity of trivial dialogue in the story, minutely cut up into single sentences and single words, distributed over page after page, producing no recognisable development of character, and adding nothing, or next to nothing, to the progress of the story, fairly wearied us out by the time we had got half through the book. The second volume may be the best, and we gladly give the author "the benefit of the doubt." Judging by the first, *Virginia Comedians* has not given us a very exalted idea of what Young America is capable of doing in the way of historical fiction.

Before closing the present notice, we may be permitted to acknowledge the receipt of three reprinted novels which require no special recommendation from us. They are, Mr. James's *Russell*, and Mr. Cooper's *Oak Openings* and *Deerslayer*. These books have passed through the ordeal of criticism, and when we have announced them we have done enough.

Portfolio.

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

UNBURNED.

IV.

CONCLUSION*.

SIMPLE and uniform as the honey of the honeymoon may be in its nature, yet so tyrannical are circumstances, that perhaps there is no day in men's lives more various in its sensations than the wedding day; and few could have plunged into its most unmitigated severities with more despondency than Mr. Dutton. He had, by a wonderful exercise of patient art, persuaded his Amy that under all circumstances a plain wedding, an unobtrusive, a confidential wedding, would be the most appropriate; he had accomplished the church service without observation, evaded a parental breakfast, and got back to his own quiet house with triumphant quietude. Exhausted by weeks of manœuvring, he had at last reached the haven, and was just beginning to dread a long day of Amy's modest fondness, when a blessed interruption came—blessed as an interruption, until the servant announced the awful visitation of "Mr. Jarrett."

In his perturbation of mind, Dutton had brought away with him that experimental five-pound note, and had ever since been turning over in his mind the best mode of restoring it, until, at last, he had resolved, when all should be safe, to return it through Amy to Smith. Of four weeks no small fraction had been passed in proving to his own mind the historical fact that he was not a thief; and now one of Jarrett's coarse and ill-timed intrusions blew to the winds his whole scheme for getting rid of that infected note.

"Do not go, Mr. Dutton," cried Jarrett, in a tone of unexpected kindness; "my visit is to both of you. I thought I would not call too soon, Mrs. Dutton, although I was anxious to make the communication to you which I am commissioned."

Amy bowed, wondering what the man could call too soon. She had learned to hate Mr. Jarrett for his ingratitude to Dutton.

"I would not intrude on bliss, you know, during the month; but as soon after, Mrs. Dutton, as possible. Mr. Smith has felt, Mrs. Dutton, that his conduct, and especially in regard to a young lady, a very amiable young lady, who is now residing under my roof, must have been open to some misconstruction; he has wished, ma'am, that, however circumstances may have altered, you should not, at all events, do him, he said,—and let me add yourself too, Mrs. Dutton,—an injustice; and he has selected myself, as an old friend, to be the medium of a friendly communication. And although Mr. Dutton has no curiosity in this matter" ["Is that affectation," thought Dutton, "or was I really unobserved?"] "it will be quite proper that he should be present. I shall not detain you long, sir." And Jarrett proceeded to tell the story of his new partner's "fair Italian."

It had always been John Smith's habit to take long country walks. In a quiet town life, with limited means, with no tastes that led him into "fast" society, it was almost his only resource for tasting something of the energy

of existence. Love itself had failed him, for Amy's prudence and mamma had prevented their marrying early; her prudence and mamma had imposed suitable restraints on their courtship; and as time drifted on towards promotion in business and settlement in life, Amy acquired the placid sedateness of married condition. She was unconscious of the stormy life which visited John like dreams in a winter's evening—stormy gusts of thought which he hardly regarded as belonging to real life, and which were best harmonised and soothed by his long walks alone, where misconception, expressions unanswered, or thoughts halting short of his own, could not shock him; but where the broad naked moon or the sweeping wind gave him stark glaring truth for truth, and vehemence for vehemence, while his well-tried muscles won repose.

One night he was returning towards town from Dorking, and crossing by the foot-path which cut off an angle on the road between Leatherhead and Ashted. As he neared the brow of the rising ground, an unwonted figure caught his sight. Seated on a low stone was a woman; when he came near he saw from the gentle motion of her shoulders that she was weeping; and as the sound of his step caught her ear, she turned towards him a face beautiful, pale, bathed in tears, and too desolate to alter with alarm at being surprised in that desolate place. He had fancied, and now felt sure, that just before he came up a man's figure had left the spot, and at first he supposed it some lover's quarrel. The lady let her face fall into her hands again, and as if unconscious of his presence, or supposing him gone by, gave way to the quiet, even sobbing which he had interrupted. He had often seen tears before, but never so pitiful a desolation as that; and he would not go. Some time he waited, in expectation that the lady's grief would abate,—in vain, and then, in as gentle and respectful a manner as he could, he asked her if he could be of any use to her in her trouble. And her cold, pale look told him that he was but half understood; and he repeated his question. He had to wait some time for an answer, and then, by degrees only, he wrung from her that she had just been left, she hoped for ever, by the only person she knew in the whole country. As her grief subsided, the weariness and the cold brought on a faint weakness, and she leaned for a time, unconscious, against John's shoulder. Something glistening on her hand slipped down upon her finger, and John found that it was a ring. It must always have been too loose for her, but now the cold had made it more so. He took it off for safe keeping. Even when she recovered consciousness, she was still bewildered and feeble. Of course he would not leave her; of course he took her to shelter, which he found at a small inn near; and ultimately he learned her whole story.

Mr. and Mrs. Dutton breathed aloud when Jarrett came to this part of the tale. Amy looked a remark that if people wandered about at nights, instead of stopping quietly at home, they would naturally fall in with strange women on desolate downs, and get involved in trouble.

"That," said Jarrett, interrupting himself, "is now nearly a year ago, and it is but lately that even Mr. Smith has learned all the particulars." The lady might well feel desolate. She had been left by the only person she knew, and it was her desolation that to be left by him, whom she had trusted, was a release. To say so, is to anticipate; but how much at the beginning of every story presses for utterance. Events happen in succession, but the feelings that they create crowd upon the consciousness at once. The lady was the daughter of an English gentleman living apart from his family, why, he never explained, and his daughter never knew. It was surmised that his family had treated him unjustly, and that he had retreated into a misanthropical solitude at Florence. Stanhope was evidently not his real name, and some circumstances indicated that he was of high family. Such men, evading family quarrels, commissions *de lunatico*, genealogical investigations, and other harsh trials, are not solitary on the Continent. His daughter was placed for education in a convent; and if she was brought up in the hereditary faith of old English families who are not renegade converts to the heresy of Luther, the conversation of her father corrected every trace of bigotry; and the religion of love which found its home in the young bosom of Speranza, was fit to pillow itself on her gentle heart beside the love for her father. His sudden death left her at nineteen to the guardianship of a good old ecclesiastic whom the father had chosen as her best protector against confiscation of her modest property to a degenerate church; and under the wise and truly liberal care of this accomplished gentleman, she remained in the convent, occasionally brought forth to extend well selected friendships among the English; for England, said the good Abbate, was to be her home.

But fair Florence has not been unvisited by the demon of the Low Church, and even Speranza could not escape. She was seen by a young man, of Irish extraction, whose friends had destined him to a cardinalship at least. For his own part he preferred a shorter cut to distinction—and he only wavered between the stage, which tickled his ambition enormously for its opportunities of personal display, and an English mission as a convert to Protestantism—almost equally tempting. A few titled patrons, a little "assistance" with money, and many vague promises induced him to give up to England what was destined for the stage. An Irishman with dark glossy curling hair, faultless features, a sad Italian eye, a slight brogue, and a faint Italian accent, he had the field of Protestantism, mission and society before him. The spiritual Deucalion only wanted a Pyrrha, and Speranza exactly suited him. He was young but not artless; she was both; and in a short time she was convinced that he adored her, that she was to be a victim to the all-devouring Church—a doomed nun—no nun is ever seen in Florence now that is not hideous—a pensioned pauper; while love, freedom, and a purer religion awaited her in England. Thaddeus was "assisted" by virtuous evangelical friends, and Speranza eloped. Never did young womanhood run a more rapid career of enlightenment than in that voyage to England. Not that he seduced her—he was not bad nor bold enough for that. He did not intend to risk his game in that way. He only indulged his passion enough to win her affection, and to draw her modestly into his arms—which he did. And she remembered it afterwards. But the voyage to England, and their first dwelling there, sufficed to teach her what he was, what threatened her. She discovered—it was so thickly, grossly palpable, that love itself could not

* See *Leader*, Nos. 234, 235, 240.

veil it—his blind selfishness. He was a hypocrite, and the elocutionary cant of the drilled Romanist gratted on the evangelical, could not disguise the worldly purpose under the veil of sanctity: his love knew him for a humbug. Shallow, wearied with the tedium of his own arts, he needed relaxation; too vapid to find it in love, he sought it in a more palpable form: he drank—quietly, pathologically—but the more revoltingly. And she, his true love, discovered from his incontinent transparent thinking, that she was a convenience, a merchandise, a stage property. Oh! the lessons of those weary two months. She learned to pierce the meaning of the hypocrite that she had taken to her heart, hideously transparent; she learned to shudder in the provident manœuvring arms that encircled her; she loathed herself for the formal caresses that it had once been her pride to receive, and delayed her recoil from them out of very shame to recognise them. Any other girl would have sunk—have seen her fate, and yielded to it, prostituted for life to a religious speculation. She burst from it. Unexplaining, shaming to give her reasons, repulsing caresses, spurning threats, she refused to fulfil her promise in marrying him; she preferred to be deserted. And so, bewildering himself with the stimulants he took to fortify his resolve, deliberating whether he should put her wholly in his power, Thadeus, the poor counterfeiter of all that is great in man, love, faith, and genius, lost his own intention in a fit of tearful, mortified scolding, and spitefully taking her at her word, abandoned her in the strange solitude to which he had brought her.

And there she sat where John found her, absolutely alone in the world; a perfect woman, conscious of her womanhood, deserted though never won; pining for support, though learning her own strength and self-reliance in spurning her sole support. When he saw her next morning, he would have returned her ring; but she refused it. It was one of little value; a plain gold band, curiously knotted, with a black shield, and on that a silver cross. It had been given to her as a sign of her faith by the good Abbate Quirini, and she had paltered too much with faiths to wear it. John might not be of her first faith, but he belonged to Quirini's, she said; for that was the faith in things good, and a power to know things bad. John did not feel so conscious of that power, but he kept the ring while she wished; and ultimately the gift was ratified by the good Quirini. Thus John took the ring without leave, and it was given him by a person he never saw. His first care was to find her a lodging; and her fear of meeting Thadeus again induced him to remove her to another quarter. Richmond was chosen; then, as she dreaded to meet her abandoner, she went to Hendon, to Barnet, and finally to that cottage out of the beaten path at Cheam. Much of course was learned by both in that time: John learned her whole history; she learned John's simpler life. He could trace her young growth, from the time when her mother appeared a shadow in her memory; through the convent, with its mild teaching, its innocent amusements, its constant manufacture of little nick-nacks for a pious traffic; her father's bookish lodging and occasional travels to Rome or Naples; her strange acquaintance with the low church Romeo; her stern apprenticeship to life in the discovery of his spurious character; her horror, and her emancipation. But then came a second apprenticeship. At first, and for some time, although she wrote to Quirini telling him of her safety, and promising to return, she determined to stop in England long enough to prove her complete emancipation from her first error; and she said so. Quirini implored her to return; but the same strength which had shaken off the missionary kept her to her purpose. She did not, except in the earliest days, need any help from John for her subsistence; but he was her only friend, and her gratitude sought to repay him by every way in which she could aid him. She taught him the language which she knew as well as his—dangerous help! She carried him further into knowledge of music—more danger! She taught him to know herself. Tacitly, half unconsciously, she discovered that she had filled a wide vacancy in his life—they were, without equivocation, friends; but she was the first to discover how difficult it must be for either of them to stop at friendship. Her conversation turned more on Amy, and sought to make John familiar with a certain contentment in plain English life. And in truth the honest man never for an instant thought of leaving the path which he had invited Amy to walk hand-in-hand. It was only when Speranza, with face pale and firm, told him that she had written to Quirini announcing her return, that John knew what he was to lose. Did she, he asked, go from the fear of Thadeus? No; she still revolted from the idea of meeting him, but felt safe in John's protecting care. She did not say more.

Not long afterwards, walking by herself, she saw the missionary, and fled to her house; but he had seen her. He forced himself upon her in Smith's absence. He told the people of the house that he was her husband, Smith her seducer; but who could disbelieve her? Importunities and threats haunted her; Smith removed her, and she was again traced. Like many weak men, Thadeus valued her the more, as her loss became more certain. His "love" grew fierce with opposition and with jealousy; common elements in an ordinary passion. About the same time Dutton entered on his strange enterprise, and he was mistaken, when seen occasionally, for an accomplice of Thadeus. She only the more resolved to depart.

Speranza was informed of all that passed at Brixton. She knew as distinctly as if she had watched them how Dutton the mean succeeded in weaning Amy from her faithful John; and indignation at the slight put upon so noble a man perhaps justified Speranza, if she suffered John to perceive her sympathy—or, rather, if she suffered herself to indulge it; for she concealed nothing. Though still resolved to leave England, her view of the future beyond grew unsettled. Amy had almost openly transferred her trust and affection to Dutton; Thadeus had more than once encountered Smith, and had even attempted his life. The meannesses, the treacheries, the importunities of others, were leaving Speranza and John allies against unsought foes. Even still Speranza sought no pretext in these circumstances for altering her resolve, or letting John part from his plighted word. She urged him to rescue Amy. But there was one difference between the women; a fact, not a question of right or wrong, which was fatal to her advice. Amy, perhaps, would have been astonished if she had known how little the two conversed upon some subjects; how little, especially, passed between them of lover-like familiarity. To John Speranza was always a trust, and she must return to Italy free, not only from equivocal relations or from doubtful

pledge, but from any restraint upon her own mind, her will and choice. Resolution, pride, and a strong respect for independence of will, lay deep in the characters of both. Often did it happen, for all his superior faculties, that John could not comprehend the purpose of Amy, or follow the course of her feelings; she was so different in emotion and motive from himself. With Speranza it was the reverse. If she were struck with a strong feeling, as that of admiration at some noble act,—if her pride were hurt at any unconsidered remark of his, a chance not unknown—if events caused a restless though unuttered emotion of affection to rush upon her—John knew it all, for he felt the same. It is often said that love is stronger between opposites than between those who are alike. But that perfect oneness of thought and sensation, which is the perfectness of love, cannot be, save where the thoughts and sensations are of one type in one mould. John learned that truth of Speranza just when Amy's devotion to Dutton, when Thadeus's persecution, and Speranza's approaching departure made them see too plainly for affectation of denial, that he was free, that her safety lay in him, and that to separate would be to sacrifice life, in vain. The proposition had been calmly expounded by him as he stood with his arm unwontedly round her waist, and assented to by her as she sat on the garden-gate looking down upon him, when the hidden Dutton saw him kiss her hand.

"But, ma'am," said Jarrett, when he had told so much of this story as was discreet, "Mr. Smith had not entered into any engagement a month ago—not, in fact, until after the morning when Mr. Dutton mentioned your marriage."

"I am afraid, sir, that, in his impatience, Mr. Smith made a slight mistake: we were married *this* morning."

Jarrett looked at Dutton, who returned a look of pale entreaty; and the principal was silent.

"I have been told, sir," said Mrs. Dutton, inquiringly, "that the—the person's name is not Stanhope?"

"It is not, ma'am; the young lady will, however, retain that name until, once only in her life, she signs her real name: she does not intend to raise family questions; and I, who pique myself, Mrs. Dutton, on neither despising nor courting great connexions, perfectly agree with her. Mr. Dutton,"—rising—"you will, I am sure, excuse me, but at your convenience our lawyers will complete arrangements, for I am anxious to settle Mr. Smith as the Co. But do not harass yourself; if in any way I can consistently serve you, I shall be most happy,"—with a parting bow—"for the sake of Mrs. Dutton."

Dutton saw their visitor to the door, while his wife sought the woman's haven from her embarrassment—her handkerchief.

"That's well over," said Dutton, returning to the hymeneal drawing-room, and great in the passing strength of fears newly relieved by Jarrett's unexpected delicacy. "Now, my dear, we have the end of all Mr. Smith's undermining ways and canting hypocrisies! Do not be down-hearted love,"—his voice fining to catlike tenderness;—"do not mind that Jarrett's coarse indelicacy. The man's a humbug!"

The Arts.

JULIEN the immortal (may the shadow of his big drum never grow less!) has once more opened at DRURY LANE, to immense audiences, welcomed back from the West with tempestuous enthusiasm. He is still, we rejoice to say, JULIEN, in the fullest sense, and he commands a band of the old excellence with all his old fire and mastery. It is pleasant to find DRURY LANE rescued from the spasmodic efforts of lyrical tragedians, and crammed by a real audience in the highest state of enjoyment. The *salle* is arranged with the usual comfort and elegance; the music ranges from the most classical to the most eccentric and "taking," and is always to perfection. The effect of the "British Army Quadrille" on that miscellaneous public, largely sprinkled with "gents," is absolutely delirious, and our National Anthem is relieved by that pretty troubadour song of la Reine Hortense, *Partant pour la Syrie*, amidst the extravagant demonstrations of ecstatic s—bs. Still, on the whole it is a hearty and honest fanaticism, and there is much good feeling and genuine emotion at the heart of these tumultuous vulgarities. During the short season of these concerts (only one month), we are promised an "Allied Armies Quadrille," and no doubt Sebastopol will fall in time to furnish M. Julien with an inspiration worthy of the victory.

The Imperial Band of Guides gave a concert at EXETER HALL, on Thursday, for the benefit of the French charitable society whose good offices the present Emperor of France has reason to acknowledge. The Guides were received by an audience of about two thousand with all the honours due to the representatives of our brave allies. Their playing is chiefly remarkable for its lightness and delicacy, and their instruments are not to be excelled in purity and rich clearness of tone. They do not, however, interpret the majestic character of our national anthem: on Saturday last, at the Crystal Palace, they appeared to us to spoil the effect by hurrying the time; on Thursday the mistake was in the other direction, and in both cases the effect was to efface the grandeur of the music. *Partant pour la Syrie*, the French imperial air, is, it must be confessed, a very weak, thin piece of prettiness for military music. It is a charming old air as a solo, or as a song. France will not easily improve upon her Marseillaise, with which Napoleon the First conquered Europe. Perhaps when the war becomes European the "Marseillaise" will be the battle-hymn of France again, and *Partant pour la Syrie* be dismissed to the *boudoir*.

Nothing theatrical to record, save the success of the *Battle of the Almont* ASTLEY's, and of a patriotic and military drama at the SURREY, in which the whole campaign, up to the storming of Sebastopol, is dioramically, allegorically, and episodically represented. The writer of the piece at ASTLEY's appeals to the British "love of a lord," represented in the boxes, by making the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon his heroes: the SURREY is less exclusive in its bestowal of the laurel crown, and goes at the gallery, where the friends of the private soldier may be sitting.

Mr. Charles Kean, following the "Surrey side"—is not Shoreditch on the Surrey side?—with his usual alacrity, announces a translation of *Schamyl* for next week. The French drama, by Paul Meurice, had a tremendous run at the PORT St. MARTIN, with Mélingue as the *Prophet-Warrior*. Mr. Ryder, we hear, is to be the *Schamyl* of the PRINCESS's.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, October 31.

BANKRUPTS.—JOHN ROGERS, Laurence-Pountney-lane, commission agent—JOSEPH THOMPSON, jun., Terrace, Kensington, draper—WILLIAM OWEN TUCKER, Threadneedle-street, share broker—EDWARD WILLIAM TUSON, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, boarding-house keeper—HENRY BRETT, Portsea, grocer—PETER SMITH, Bridport-place, Hoxton, licensed victualler—NATHANIEL MAGNUS, jun., Fore-street, Cripplegate, shoe-manufacturer—JAMES WRIGHT, Wendover, Buckinghamshire, surgeon—LYDIA and CHARLES HENRY WOOD, Willow-walk, Bermondsey, carpenters—HENRY BOLENO MASON, Windmill-street, Haymarket, licensed victualler—JOHN MATTHEWS, Newent, Gloucestershire, hatter—WILLIAM BICKLEY, Stoke-upon-Trent, draper—JAMES WHITNEY, Worcester, draper—JOHN MEDGLEY, Nottingham, soda-water manufacturer—WILLIAM HENRY BARLOW, Leeds, hatter—JOSEPH BROOKS, Salford, grocer.

Friday, November 3.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM ANDREW METEY, Dartford, Kent, licensed victualler—ROBERT GEORGE ROSE, North Brixton, draper—JOHN THOMAS, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, draper—RICHARD CURTIS, Southsea, corn merchant—HENRY JANNINGS, Westminster-road, ironmonger—ROWLAND BOSWORTH, Leicester, oil merchant—JOHN DUMBLE, Sunderland, commission agent and ship chandler—SAMUEL BELL, Liverpool, confectioner—HENRY THWAITES BAILEY, Canterbury, linen draper—WILLIAM TYSON, High-street, Marylebone, butcher—EDWARD CASTENDIECK, Mincing-lane, ship agent and merchant.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, November 3, 1854.

THE bimonthly settling of shares passed off very favourably, and the markets showed on Monday and Tuesday a decidedly upward tendency. Tuesday afternoon the news from Sebastopol caused Consols to close heavily. Wednesday was a *dies non* as regarded operations recognised by the Committee of the Stock Exchange, All Saint's Day being a holiday. However, as there are always some gluttons for work, despite the loveliness of the day, and the temptations to get out of the City, yet the "Bourse-cottiers," and others, had their little Bourse, like their Parisian brethren, in the Passage de l'Opera on Sundays, and Consols in their hands fell to 94½. Yesterday, however, money being easier, and the Corn Market lower, both the Funds and shares were firm throughout the day; and to-day, if there is no important news from the East, the Menschikoff telegraph of a defeat of our cavalry is so contradictory in points that no reliance is placed upon it. In the foreign share markets Eastern Belgian have been slightly flatter. Luxembourgs are firm and in demand, and with good prospects. Mines are flat; some inquiries for Agua Frias, Nouveau Monde, Mariquita, and Wallers. St. John del Rey have also bettered 2½ to 3½ per share. London Chartered Bank of Australia are now 3½ and 4½ per share premium, and all the Australian bank shares are firm.

Turkish Scrip is considerably flatter, but the Crimea once secured and no reverses in the East, will prove beneficial to that stock as well as Consols.

Amongst other "on dits" in the City, a new French Loan on a considerable scale is talked of. The bullion in the weekly return of the Bank of England is said to be on the increase. Consols close at four o'clock, 94½, ½.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Nov. 3.

SINCE last Friday, the advance in Wheat has not only been checked, but a fall of 3s. on Foreign and 4s. to 5s. on English from the highest point, has taken place on the London market. The supply of Wheat from Essex was larger on Monday than it has been since the harvest; the greater part of which was nevertheless cleared off. Of Kentish the supply was not so large, yet only a portion of it could be disposed of at a decline of 2s. to 3s. per quarter; the remainder was taken off on Wednesday at a further decline of 2s. making a fall of 4s. to 5s. Foreign was not pressed for sale, but buyers held aloof, and the amount of business done during the week has been quite trifling at a reduction of 2s. to 3s. The report of the fall here has caused prices to give way a little in the Baltic ports, though the stocks held are so small, that the effect will be to prevent supplies being drawn from the interior, rather than to force down the price of what is on the spot. 61lb. red 64s., 61½lb. 65s., f.o.b., at Stettin for present shipment. At Königsberg 60 to 61lb. mixed Wheat 68s., f.o.b.; there is so little red Wheat on the spot there, that quotations are useless. At Rostock, 61lb. Wheat 68s., f.o.b., we are sellers of a cargo, now shipping, at this price, with a freight of 3s. 6d. to London or East Coast; also of a cargo of 62lb. Stolpe Wheat at 65s., f.o.b., all for present shipment. Freight have risen at Stettin to 4s. 3d. and 4s. 6d., and at Königsberg to 6s. 6d. for London or East Coast.

Danish Barley is scarce in the market. Oats continue high. From New York we learn that the receipts of Wheat and Flour have been small, and that prices have advanced considerably.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	213	213	211	211	211	211
3 per Cent. Red.	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
Consols for Account	94½	95	94½	94½	94½	94½
3½ per Cent. An.
New 2½ per Cents.	81½	83	83	83	83
Long Ans. 1850	4½	4 5-16	4 5-16	4½	4½	4½
India Stock
Ditto Bonds, £1000	13	10
Ditto, under £1000	10 p	14
Ex. Bills, £1000	6 p	6	5 p	6	6	6 p
Ditto, £500	6	6	6	6 p
Ditto, Small	6 p	6	8 p	6	6	6 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	90½	Russian Bonds, 5 per
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.	58	Cents 1822	95
Chilian 6 per Cents.	104	Russian 4½ per Cents.	85½
Danish 5 per Cents.	100½	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	18½
Recuador Bonds	Spanish Committee Cort.
Mexican 3 per Cents.	22½	of Coup. not fun.	58
Mexican 3 per Ct. for	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.
Aco. Nov. 10	22½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.	91
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	37½	Dutch 2½ per Cents.	61
Portuguese 3 p. Cents.	37½	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	90½

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

(FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.)

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his Concerts take place every evening commencing at 8 and terminating at 11 o'clock. The Programme is changed every evening, and will include the Rondo from Meyerbeer's Opera L'Etoile du Nord, and other music, by Madame ANNA THILLON.

The New American Quadrille—The New Katty Did Polka—Classical Symphonies and Overtures—The British Army Quadrille, with God Save the Queen, and Partant pour la Syrie, &c. &c. &c.

Solos by Herr Koenig—Solos by M. Duhême.

Solos by M. Wuille—Solos by Signor Robbio.

Promenade and Upper Boxes 1s.

Dress Circle 2s. 6d.

Private Boxes £1 1s. and £1 11s. 6d.

Places and Private Boxes may be secured at the Box Office, and Private Boxes at the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

On Monday and during the week will be performed a new Drama, entitled

THE TRUSTEE.

Characters by Messrs. F. Vining, Emery, A. Wigan, Leslie; Miss Maskell, and Miss Stephens.

After which the new Farce, called

A BLIGHTED BEING,

in which Mr. Robson will appear. To conclude with

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Principal characters by Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, Gladstone; Miss Stephens and Miss E. Turner.

ONE SHILLING.—MANNERS and CUSTOMS OF THE TURKISH NATION, Past and Present:

from Osman, the founder of the Ottoman dynasty, down to the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid Khan.—This extraordinary and unique COLLECTION OF MODELS (life-size) is realised so as to defy imitation. Illustrated by true representations of the said Sultans; costumes (naval, military, and civil), arms, insignia of office; also with buildings, the harem, the haman or Turkish bath; the kalve, shoe bazaar, carriages, cattle, and scenery; including every minute detail, rendering all the groups strictly correct and truly natural. The TURKISH EXHIBITION is DAILY OPEN, at Hyde-park-corner, Piccadilly, from Ten a.m. till Ten p.m. Admission, 1s.; on Saturdays, 2s. 6d.; children, 1s. 6d.; family tickets (admitting five), 10s. A portion of the Hungarian Band performs from Twelve till Five; after which Mr. F. Osborne Williams presides at the Pianoforte till Ten o'clock.

CHOLERA PREVENTED! RETTIE'S

PATENTS. SELF-ACTING SEWER AND SINK TRAPS, for Streets and Kitchen Sinks, to prevent all effluvia from Drains, Cesspools, and Urinals. Damp Houses cured at Fourpence per day, by the Economic Stove, giving a dry, warm temperature, for sick persons and invalids, and no risk of fire. Now in use in H.M. Treasury, Royal Mint, Churches, Schools, Prisons, Hospitals, Ships, Hot-Houses, &c. PORTABLE CHAMBER CLOSETS, free from all effluvia.

Orders to E. M. and M. Rettie, 7, Brompton-road

(Enclose Stamp, when Circulars will be sent.)

N.B.—Beware of imitations on the above Patents.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A

certain remedy for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs. In difficulty of breathing, in redundancy of phlegm, in incipient consumption (of which cough is the most positive indication), they are of unerring efficacy. In asthma, and in winter cough, they have never been known to fail.—Sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London, and by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN, PUBLIC

SPEAKERS, &c.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

To Mr. Keating. THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral.

KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL, imported

direct from Newfoundland, of the finest quality, pale, purified, and nearly tasteless. Imperial Measure half-pints, 2s.; pints, 3s. 6d.; quarts, 6s. 6d.; five-pint bottles, 15s.

Orders from the country should expressly state, "KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL."

DEAFNESS.—IMPORTANT DIS-

COVERY.—Dr. MANFRED, M.R.C.S., has this day published, free by post, for eight postage stamps, a Physician's Guide for Country Patients, for the Perfect and Permanent Restoration of Hearing, by his invaluable New Treatment. Being a stop to quackery, cruel impositions on the suffering public, and exorbitant charges, this book will save thousands from the impositions of the self-styled doctors, inasmuch as the hearing can be restored for life. Deafness of the most inveterate nature relieved in half an hour, cured in a few hours, almost instant cessation of noises in the ears and head, by painless treatment. Hundreds of letters may be seen, and persons referred to, who have heard the usual tone of conversation in a few hours. Patients received daily at Dr. Manfred's residence, 72, Regent-street, London (first door in Air-street), where all letters must be addressed.

DEAFNESS AND SINGING NOISES.—

Instant relief by Dr. HOUGHTON'S new and painless mode of cure. Any extremely deaf sufferer, by one visit, is permanently enabled to hear with ease the usual tone of conversation, without operation, pain, or the use of instruments. Thirty-four patients cured last week, many totally deaf instantaneously restored to perfect hearing. Testimonials from the highest medical authority in London can be seen, and persons referred to.

The above discovery is known and practised only by Dr. Houghton, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1845; L.A.C., April 30, 1846. Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall.

Just published, Self Cure of Deafness, for country patients—a stop to empiricism, quackery, and exorbitant fees—sent on receipt of seven stamps, free.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the recent improvements. Strong Fire-proof Safes, Cash and Deed Boxes. Complete lists of sizes and prices may be had on application.

CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-fields, Wolverhampton.

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Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.—Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street.

A perfect fit guaranteed.

THE ONLY STOVE WITHOUT A FLUE.

Joyce's Patent, for warming halls, shops, greenhouses, storerooms, and all other places. Price from 12s. To be seen in action at the proprietor's, SWAN NASH, 253, Oxford-street, and the CITY DEPOT, 119, Newgate-street, London. PATENT PREPARED FUEL, 2s. 6d. per bushel. JOYCE'S PORTABLE LAUNDRY STOVE will heat for 12 hours six flat and Italian irons with one pennyworth of coke or cinders. GAS STOVES in great variety. MODERATOR LAMPS, complete, from 12s. to 6 guineas. SWAN NASH solicits an inspection of his new and elegant SHOW-ROOMS, in which he has an assortment of the above lamps, unequalled for price and quality in London. Refined Rape Oil, 5s. per gallon. Prospectuses, with drawings, free.

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COSE VEINS.—This elastic and compressing stocking, or article of any other required form, is pervious, light, and inexpensive, and easily drawn on without lacing or bandaging. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

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description of apparatus for the CURE or RELIEF of BODILY DEFORMITY, and diseases requiring mechanical assistance, may be had of Mr. HEATHER BIGG, 29, LEICESTER-SQUARE, who, having recently visited the principal continental Orthopædic Institutions, is in possession of every modern improvement.

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100 real Yarmouth Bloaters for 6s., package included. The above are forwarded to all parts on receipt of penny postage stamps, or P.O.O. (preferred) for the amount. Send plain address, county, and nearest station.—Address, Thomas Lettis, jun., fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

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THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c. for VARI-COSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING OF THE LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. Postage, 6d.

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LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED for Medicinal Use in the Loffoden

Isles, Norway, and put to the Test of Chemical Analysis. Prescribed by eminent Medical Men as the most effectual REMEDY for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, some DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTINE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—effecting a cure or alleviating suffering much more rapidly than any other kind.

TESTIMONIAL FROM

The late DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA,

Professor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as your self, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, m

dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA,

"Finsbury-square, London, April 10, 1851.

"To Dr. De Jongh."

Sold WHOLESALE and RETAIL, in bottles, labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, by

ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, London,

Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions; and may be obtained from respectable Chemists and Druggists in Town and Country, at the following prices:—

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

Half pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

** Four half-pint bottles forwarded, CARRIAGE PAID, (any part of England, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.

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

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An assortment of Tea Trays and Waiters, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Maché Trays, per set of three ... from 20s. 0d. to 10 guineas. Ditto, Iron ditto ... from 13s. 0d. to 4 guineas. Convex shape ditto ... from 7s. 6d. Round and Gothic waiters, cake and bread baskets, equally so.

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The Largest, as well as the Choicest, Assortment in existence of FRENCH and ENGLISH MODERATEUR, PALMERS, CAMPHINE, ARGAND, SOLAR, and other LAMPS, with all the latest improvements, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, in ornate, Bohemian, and plain glass, or papier maché, is at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, and they are arranged in one large room, so that patterns, sizes, and sorts can be instantly selected. Real French Colza Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon. Palmer's Candles, 9d., 9d., and 10d. per lb.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER DISHES.

DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 28s. 9d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 34s. to 58s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 76s. 6d. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, 10l. to 16l. 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot-water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro-plated on Nickel, full size, 11l. 11s.

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

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

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DUTY OFF TEA.—The REDUCTION

of the TEA DUTY, and the easy state of the Tea-market, enables PHILLIPS and Company to SELL—

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s. Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d. The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s. Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. Best Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. 8d. The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s. Prime Coffees, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d. The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d. Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.

A general price-current sent free on application.

PIGGOTT'S GALVANIC BELT,

without acids, or any saturation, without shock or unpleasant sensation, for the cure of nervous diseases and those arising from cold, an inactive liver, or sluggish circulation, and has been found highly beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia in all its forms, and general debility of the system. Treatise on the above, free on the receipt of a postage stamp. Mr. W. P. PIGGOTT, Medical Galvanist, 523 n, Oxford-street, Bloomsbury. At home daily from 10 till 4.

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OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA. This is, of all known remedies, the most pure, safe, active, and efficacious in the purification of the blood of all morbid matter, of bile, urea, acids, scrofulous substances, humours of all kinds, which produce rashes, eruptions, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, sore eyes and ears, sore throat and ulcers, and sores on any part of the body. It is unsurpassed in its action upon the liver, the lungs, and the stomach, removing any cause of disease from those organs, and expelling all humours from the system. By cleansing the blood, it for ever prevents pustules, scabs, pimples and every variety of sores on the face and breast. It is a great tonic, and imparts strength and vigour to the debilitated and weak, gives rest and refreshing sleep to the nervous and restless invalid. It is a great female medicine, and will cure more complaints peculiar to the sex than any other remedy in the world. Warehouse, 373, Strand, adjoining Exeter-Hall; POMEROY, ANDREWS, and CO., Sole Proprietors. Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s.; small quarts, 2s. 6d.; quarts, 7s. 6d.; mammoth, 11s.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.

The Court of Directors grant LETTERS of CREDIT and BILLS upon the Company's Bank at ADELAIDE at PAR. Approved drafts negotiated and sent for collection. Business with the Australian colonies generally, conducted through the Bank's Agents.

Apply at the Company's Offices, 54, Old Broad-street, London. WILLIAM PURDY, Manager. London, November, 1854.

TWENTY ACRES OF FREEHOLD LAND AT BOW.

THE LONDON and SUBURBAN FREEHOLD LAND and BUILDING SOCIETY having purchased another estate at Bow, most advantageously situated near the Victoria Park, and within five minutes' walk of three railway stations, intend holding a "Public Meeting" at the Beaumont Institution, Beaumont-square, Mile End-road, on Tuesday, November 7th, 1854. The chair will be taken at eight o'clock precisely, by GEORGE OFFOR, Esq., of Hackney. Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, of Birmingham, and other gentlemen will address the meeting, after which a "Ballot" for sixty rights to choose, and twenty will be added by rotation.

Shares, 30l.; Entrance Fee, 1s.; Monthly Subscription, 4s. Paid-up shares will be entitled to choose allotments on this estate.

All new shares on which one month's subscription has been paid will participate in the ballot. Shares, rules, and every information may be obtained at the Offices, 70, Fenchurch-street, near the Blackwall Railway, between the hours of Ten and Five every day.

J. TAYLOR, Manager.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

SUCCESS OF THE SOCIETY.

Total number of Shares issued up to the 29th of September, 1854, 10,312.

Total cash receipts, up to the same date, 139,303l.

Amount of land sold, to the same period, 98,515l.

Amount of Reserve Fund, to the same date, 80,957l.

Shares on the Order of Rights, by completion, by public drawings, and by seniority, to the same date, 3529.

Last Share number on the Order of Rights, by seniority, 1228.

Bonus realised on Shares during the first year, 6 per cent.

Interest now allowed on completed Shares, and on payments of a year's subscription in advance and upwards, such interest being payable half-yearly, one month after Lady-day and Michaelmas, 5 per cent.

Estates purchased in various counties—nineteen.

Estates allotted, or partly distributed amongst the members—twenty.

Estates to be allotted—seven.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

The Twenty-third Public Drawing will take place at the Offices, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, on Saturday, the 11th of November, at noon.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The most

elegant, easy, economical, and best method of MARKING LINEN, SILK, BOOKS, &c., without the ink spreading or fading, is with the INCORRODIBLE ARGENTINE PLATES. No preparation required. Any person can use them with the greatest facility. Name, 2s.; Initials, 1s. 6d.; Numbers, per set, 2s. 6d.; Crest, 5s. Sent, post free, with directions, for stamps or post order.

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PRESENTS.—It would be impossible to enumerate the enormous variety of articles, both valuable and inexpensive, which may be inspected daily at this Establishment. All goods marked in plain figures. Illustrated Catalogues sent free on application.

It may be well to state that all visitors to this magnificent establishment will meet with a polite reception whether purchasers or otherwise.

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WATCHES of English or Foreign Manufacture.—The long tested qualities of these articles are of themselves sufficient to insure the approbation of a discerning public. Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

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FUTVOYE'S PAPIER MACHE.—The

superior qualities of these articles need only be seen to be fully appreciated, arising from the well-known fact (among the aristocracy and nobility) that Mr. Futvoye is the son of the original inventor of this beautiful work, whose choicest specimens are in possession of her most gracious Majesty.

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The statistical accounts presented by the Customs to the House of Commons prove that Messrs. Futvoye are by far the largest importers. 500 of the most elegant and classical designs in ornate with glass shade and stand complete, from 2 to 100 guineas, may be inspected at 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

MANTELPIECE ORNAMENTS.—At this

season, when naturally compelled to draw around our snug fireplaces, we are apt to feel the want of something artistic or pretty to rest the eye upon. Those expending this, or desirous of adding to their already choice selection, should visit the extensive Show Rooms of Messrs. Futvoye and Co., where they have the privilege of examining everything, whether customers or otherwise.

FUTVOYE'S PARISIAN NOVELTIES

toujours Nouveaux, from 1s. to 100 guineas, may be more easily imagined than described.

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Wholesale and export warehouses, 28 and 29, Silver-street, Golden-square.

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IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COM-

PANY, 1, Old Broad-street, London. Instituted 1820.

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The Scale of Premiums adopted by this Office will be found of a very moderate character, but at the same time quite adequate to the risk incurred.

Four-fifths, or 86 per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

One-third of the Premium on Insurances of 500l. and upwards, for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the Directors will lend sums of 50l. and upwards, on the security of Policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

SECURITY.—Those who effect Insurances with this Company are protected by its Subscribed Capital of 750,000l., of which nearly 140,000l. is invested, from the risk incurred by members of Mutual Societies.

The satisfactory financial condition of the Company, exclusive of the Subscribed and Invested Capital, will be seen from the following statement:—

On the 31st October, 1853, the sums Assured, including Bonus added, amounted to £2,500,000. The Premium Fund to more than 800,000. And the Annual Income from the same source, to 109,000.

Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

NOTICE.—DIVISION OF PROFITS.—

All Persons assuring their Lives (on the Participating Scale) in the PROVIDENT CLERKS' MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, before the end of the present year, will be ENTITLED to SHARE in the next Quinquennial Division of Profits to Dec. 31, 1857.

Bonuses paid in cash, or added to the Policy, or applied to reduce the Annual Premium, at the option of the Assurer. The great and continuous increase of business, and the extremely favourable rate of mortality among their Assurers, fully justify the Board in confidently anticipating a still further improvement upon the liberal amounts formerly declared by way of bonus.

For Prospectuses showing the peculiar advantages of the Association, and for all further information, apply to the local agents, or at the Chief Office, 15, Moorgate-street, London.

WM. THOS. LINFORD, Secretary.

October 21, 1854.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION,

No. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

Established A.D. 1844.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

PARTIES desirous of INVESTING MONEY

are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.

The Interest is payable in JANUARY and JULY, at the Head Office in London; and may also be received at the various Branches, or through Country Bankers, without delay or expense.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

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CHARLES JELlicoe, Esq.

The business of the Company comprises Assurances on Lives and Survivorships, the Purchase of Life Interests, the sale and purchase of contingent and deferred Annuities, Loans of Money on Mortgage, &c.

This Company was established in 1807, is empowered by the Act of Parliament 53 George III., and regulated by Deed enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

The Company was originally a strictly Proprietary one. The Assured on the participating scale, now participate quinquennially in four-fifths of the amount to be divided.

To the present time (1853) the Assured have received from the Company in satisfaction of their claims, upwards of 1,400,000l.

The amount at present assured is 3,000,000l. nearly, and the Income of the Company is about 125,000l.

At the last Division of Surplus, about 120,000l. was added to the sums assured under Policies for the whole term of Life.

The lives assured are permitted, in time of peace, and not being engaged in mining or gold digging, to reside in any country—or to pass by sea (not being suffering persons by profession) between any two parts of the same hemisphere—distant more than 33 degrees from the Equator, without extra charge.

All Policy Stamps and Medical Fees are now paid by the Company.

By recent enactments, persons are exempt, under certain restrictions, from Income Tax, as respects so much of their income as they may devote to assurances on Lives.

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

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. No. XLIII.

NOVEMBER. Price 6s.

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