

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, DECEMBER 9, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

PARLIAMENT meets on Tuesday next, and it appears impossible that the interval before our next publication can pass without some explanation from Ministers on the question, what they have been doing at Sebastopol, at Vienna, and in the City? Whether the question comes from Mr. Disraeli and his party, or from some independent member—whose intervention that party would "prefer"—it does not matter. There are Englishmen too anxious of the mischief which arises from temporising, too suspicious of any compromise with Austria or Russia, and too much impressed by the sacrifice of life, to separate for the Christmas holidays without some explanation that would be intelligible in itself, and trustworthy. These questions for next week are the subjects of the present week; the events that have occurred only excite curiosity and do not satisfy.

It has been from time to time reported that the bombardment at Sebastopol had ceased. This is entirely without foundation. The bombardment still continues, though, perhaps, not so actively as it has been; the progress of the entrenchments is acknowledged by Prince Menschikoff in a despatch to St. Petersburg; the Allies still anticipate the probability of a final attack. We cannot therefore charge Ministers with having given up the siege of Sebastopol; but they will have to explain why they did not take it, if their means were sufficient; or why, if its strength exceeded the means, they did not take sufficient means from the first. They will also have to explain whether it is their intention that the remainder of the army shall be sacrificed, or whether the siege to which Lord Raglan's army is subjected shall be raised by some diversion in his favour.

The next question turns upon the Austrian treaty. How do we stand with Austria—what are the terms of the treaty, or general heads and objects? Various accounts have been given, but they are contradicted as totally inaccurate, and we are left to infer only, that the treaty will enable Austria to resume the aggressive against Russia after a comparatively brief space shall have been allowed that power for the option of submission. As nobody expects the submission, the preparation for it seems objectless, and provokes suspicion.

The remaining question for Parliament, still

much discussed, is—Do Ministers intend to take a loan? We assume that they must go on with the war, and that the war must be extended. They cannot intend to disgust the English public with it by proportionately extending taxation for immediate payments; but they do not wish the subject of the loan discussed. At all events they are reluctant to state their own intentions, perhaps because they have no intentions, but intend to fish out a design by drawing out the public mind. It will be observed, the authoritative contradiction to the loan which has been transmitted to the *Times*, applies only to the statement that Mr. Gladstone wanted means for immediate purposes; whereas the loan must relate to the campaign of next year. Looking to the public mind, as being more important than the ministerial mind, we gather that the loan is intended; and the only question is, in what way Ministers will conceive the necessity forced upon them at the usual period for contracting the financial Administration.

There is an episode in the war—that terrible gale that lasted from the night of the 13th throughout the next day, and partially continued for two days more. It carried away some sixty English vessels, and damaged many others. It wrecked a smaller number of French vessels, but destroyed the great war-steamer *Henri Quatre*, as well as the English contract ship *Prince*. The *Prince* had just landed the 46th Regiment, and when it went down it had on board stocks of winter clothing and of provisions—all gone. Add to this the loss of 700 tons of gunpowder in the *Resolute*, and a mass of shipping valued at 15,000*l.* for the English, and almost as much for the French. It is said that the French and English Governments are preparing to make good these disasters.

The restoration of Poland is discussed in many places. It is a fact of some meaning that the Emperor of the French has Poles in his service; and one of the mysterious pamphlets of Paris, printed in the official press only to be called in, suggested the resurrection of Poland. But a more notable fact still is, that a memorial by the late Prussian Field-Marshal Knesebeck, recommending the same mode of strengthening the military frontier of Austria, has been reprinted as a pamphlet to circulate in *Berlin*. The Prussians will think, although King Frederick William only "thinks he's thinking."

The Spanish Cortes have politely resolved to retain Queen Isabella and Espartero; although the former at least was vehemently opposed by the republican Marquis de Albaida, who found it to stand by him. The debate was remarkable for a directness and freedom of speech, now unknown anywhere save in America.

Looking home again, upon the whole we find the public seems inclined to be good-natured if

Ministers will only behave sufficiently well to justify continued good humour in the British Lion. The electors have been exercising their privilege in several of the places for which seats in Parliament have been vacated by death, and the candidates elected appear generally to be mild and impartial people. They also seem to feel bound to express a sympathy for the war, bound not to prejudice the conduct of Ministers; bound, however, to exact an account of the war stewardship. Mr. Norris, the newly-elected member for Abingdon, a worshipper of Lord John Russell for twenty years, speaks in that sense; so does Sir Joseph Paxton, the new Member for Coventry, who, although he is of all others the man that lives in glass houses, is for flinging something worse than stones at Russia with all the force that modern science can supply. Bedford has not elected John Trelawney, one of the men who knows most about such affairs; but the reason is obvious. Bedford is peopled by genteel folks who throng to it for the purpose of lodging their children and dependents in the schools and charities that are so numerous in the town; the late member, although a Tory in politics, acquired a strong personal popularity in the place, from his very courteous manners—even opponents liked him; and courtesy goes a great way with genteel people of narrow means and not narrow pretensions. Captain Stuart, the successful candidate, now inherits, we do not say his father's disposition, but his father's name, and some of the popularity that the father acquired. Thus the Radical John Trelawney failed, although supported by the Russell interest—a combination which renders the Bedford election a quasi-Ministerial defeat.

The war fever, too, is rendering the corporations loyal. Mr. John Bright, who has mistaken old Nicholas for the Angel of Peace, has been the pretext with some people in Manchester for not contributing to the Patriotic Fund. Because John Bright thinks that our Cabinet ought not to have gone to war with Russia, those logical gentlemen in Manchester withhold their mite from the suffering widows and orphans—a new form of political justice! The Town Council, however, duly ashamed of the paltry sum sent up by Manchester—15,000*l.*—organises a ward collection, and in the debate proposing the collection, the injudicious member is freely criticised.

The London Aldermen wax so loyal, that while Colonel Wilson offers the service of the City Militia to go a-soldiering, or to do whatever Government may wish, the Aldermen will not even debate Mr. Alderman Sidney's motion of an address to the Queen for the removal of Lord Aberdeen. They scorn almost to debate the question whether the motion shall be debated; and as Alderman Sidney withdraws his motion, some of those epicures in voting regret that they are not allowed the opportunity "to kick out" the rude questioner of Prime Ministers.

THE WAR.

THERE is very little news from the Crimea. The great storm of the 14th is described elsewhere. A despatch from Balaklava, dated Nov. 25, says:—

"The Russians made a sortie. The English repulsed them, and took permanent possession of a 9-gun battery. The Allies have landed 146 ship-guns."

Another account increases the achievement:

The *Presse* makes mention of the sortie on the 25th, and states, on the authority of a despatch of the 25th from Balaklava, that the English took two batteries of seven guns each, which the Russians had not had time to spike.

On the 26th, a part of the garrison attacked the French lines, but was routed with a loss of 230 men.

The French lost 75 men, three of whom were officers.

The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* of the 28th ult. announces that Prince Menschikoff, writing on the 18th of November, reports the damage done by the storm to have been very great among the shipping of the Allies all along the Crimean coast.

The fire of the batteries grew weaker and weaker each day, and the approaches of the enemy were entirely suspended.

The Russian loss for several days had been only four killed and fourteen wounded.

The English had attempted to establish themselves near the head of the dockyard, but had been repulsed with loss.

Prince Menschikoff, writing again on the 27th ult., states:—

"The Allies continue their bombardment of Sebastopol, but their fire is weak, and causes us scarcely any loss or damage."

"It is obvious that they are strengthening their position and establishing new batteries, but the fire of the latter has not yet opened."

The *Daily News* of Wednesday says:—"Further friendly advices from before Sebastopol, of the 22nd, state that the defensive works of the English, between the right of their line of attack and Balaklava, was nearly completed. An English regiment, from the Piræus, arrived on the 20th, and the next day detachments from the Guards, 1st, 7th, 23rd, and 95th Regiments, to the number of 1200 men, landed at Balaklava. French reinforcements were also continually arriving. The firing from the batteries of the Allies was kept up."

The *Moniteur* of Thursday contains the following despatch from General Canrobert, dated the 28th of November:—

"The rain has ceased, and the weather seems disposed to improve."

"Our works of all kinds, lately impeded by the bad state of the roads and trenches, will now assume a new vigour."

"Our reinforcements continue to arrive, and I have just received the sixth regiment of Dragoons, the sixth battalion of Chasseurs à pied, besides various detachments of different regiments."

"The enemy still shows no signs of activity, but continues to protect the town by repeated entrenchments."

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

MORAL COURAGE OF OMAR PACHA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News*, writing from Bucharest, says:—

"An incident occurred at the opera here which has excited considerable attention, and is the talk of the town. Omar Pacha made his appearance in his box, accompanied by the wife of his nephew, Tefwik Bey. The lady was completely unveiled, and sat thus listening to the music with the most perfect composure. This, I believe, the first instance on record in which the wife of a Mussulman has displayed her features before men, and above all before Giaours, and is consequently a tremendous innovation, of which I am very anxious to see the result. It displays great courage on the part of Omar Pacha, but will, I am certain, when the news reaches Constantinople, excite the fiercest ire amongst the old Turks. Mussar Pacha (Sir Stephen Lakeman) came into the box soon after, and entered into conversation with madame; and while this was going on, Ismail Pacha (not he of Kalafat) arrived, and took his place on the opposite side of the house. Glancing across, he saluted Omar Pacha, but on seeing the lady, suddenly became deadly pale, remained motionless for two or three minutes, and then rose up, saluted again, left the box, and returned no more."

AUSTRIAN PEOPLE versus AUSTRIAN TREATIES.

We quote the following from a correspondent of the *Daily News* at Bucharest, as being the opinions of an intelligent Englishman on the spot:—

"I will glance at a few of the events which have occurred here since the month of August. On the 1st of September last Mussar Pacha (Sir Stephen Lakeman)

received the command of 4000 of the Turkish cavalry and twelve guns. He had orders to press on the rear-guard of the enemy, and repair all the roads and bridges on the line of march towards the Pruth, Omar Pacha intending to advance immediately. Mussar Pacha accordingly left Bucharest one or two days after, attacked and routed the Cossacks under Colonel Bontemps at Benzès, and continued his march. General Aurep was at this time at Rumnick with the rear-guard and nine guns, and General Lüders was at Ibraila with 5000 men, and also some artillery, but the number of guns is unknown. Mussar Pacha pushed on between them to Martineschi, when Aurep, fearing he might be surrounded, retired precipitately into Moldavia. The former then marched towards Ibraila, hoping to fall in with Lüders' force when in the act of crossing the Pruth, and when, being encumbered with sick, and baggage, and plunder, it would have fallen an easy prey. He was within twenty-two miles of the town when a courier overtook him, bearing an order for him to return to Bucharest. This order was sent in compliance with a requisition from Colonel Halik, the Austrian military agent, who had formally protested against the advance of any portion of the Turkish force, and had previously, as I informed you at the time, addressed a note to Omar Pacha calling upon him to retire from the Principalities altogether, but had withdrawn it upon reflection. The Turkish generalissimo was thus for the moment compelled to remain inactive at Bucharest, as had he put himself in open opposition to the Austrians, he might have been all but certain, that under a very small amount of pressure from M. de Bruck, his own government at Constantinople would have disavowed, and consequently humiliated him. After the arrival of Count Coronini, Omar Pacha made another attempt to go forward, and actually issued orders for the march of the whole army, with the view of creating a diversion in Bessarabia. All the officers had received instructions to make their preparations. Omar Pacha himself was to start in a day or two afterwards. On the day following these orders were all countermanded, in consequence of another protest from Count Coronini, and of the intrigues here of the Russian spies and partisans, who fill the highest places in the Government, who are the favourites and protégés of the Austrians, and during whose presence in the capital any advance on the part of the Turks would be attended with greater or less danger. The Austrian general advised Omar Pacha at this period to withdraw altogether from Wallachia, and, if he was really anxious to continue his operations against the Russians, to follow them up through the Dobrukscha. From Rustschuk to Toultscha or Matschin is for an army at least three weeks' march, through a country perfectly desolate, and in which a man inhales pestilence at every breath; and, on arriving in front of the enemy, it would have been necessary to construct a bridge across the river under their fire. They in superior force, and the Turks without sappers or engineering staff, and the bridge at Rustschuk which has cost so much time and labour would have been rendered almost useless. This is advice to give to an ally; here is counsel from an enemy of Russia!

"Another order for the march of all the Turkish troops was issued. Two battalions set out, but owing to the dreadful state of the roads, were obliged to halt in a village sixteen miles distant, after suffering three days of great hardship. A counter-order was accordingly issued, as the transport of artillery and baggage was impossible. Yesterday Bairam Pacha (General Cannon) and his staff started for Ibraila, and the snow began to fall to-day; there is a hard frost, and, perhaps, the march of the troops will be resumed, should the ground prove sufficiently hard. It is said that Omar Pacha will soon follow, and establish his head-quarters at Ibraila. Coronini has not yet returned; if he arrives before the Turks have all gone, very likely he will protest. The movement has, however, now lost most of its importance—it is like locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen. Sebastopol by this time is either lost or won. . . . The conjecture which I ventured to make in the concluding paragraph of my last letter has turned out to be well founded. Coronini has again protested against the advance of the Turks, in a letter addressed to Omar Pacha, in which he declares his willingness to tolerate (tolérer) their movements in an onward direction, as far as the Sereth, but no further, and between two lines drawn from Bucharest to Maximany on one side, and Bucharest to Severin on the other, the distance between these places being three miles. So that, supposing the Turks be imprudent enough to avail themselves of his permission, and attempt an advance in this narrow space, and that Coronini is determined to carry out his intentions with a strong hand, the Russians knowing the former can make no flank movement, have only to concentrate a strong force between these two points, and annihilate Omar Pacha's army."

THE AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

The *Times* of Thursday gives, officially, the following negatively explanatory account of the treaty:—

"The ratifications of the treaty signed at Vienna on Saturday last between Austria, France, and England will doubtless be exchanged as speedily as possible, and the treaty itself will then be made known to the world. In

the meantime a variety of conjectures have been hazarded on this important subject, some of which have been transmitted to us by our own correspondents abroad; but we are satisfied that the real substance and purport of the treaty has not yet transpired. Whatever may be its provisions, we undertake to affirm, from our knowledge of the policy of the allied Governments and of the intentions of Austria, that it does not postpone for a period of three months the decision of a question of vital interest to the conduct of the war and to the future peace of Europe; that it does not contain any guarantee, either direct or indirect, of the possessions of Austria; that it has never been intended to send a division of the Austrian army either to Varna or to the Crimea; that it does not contain any promise of subsidy or secret article; that the belligerent Powers have not in any way bound themselves to make any fresh propositions of peace to Russia, or to enter upon negotiations on any basis proposed by the German States; and, lastly, that, although France and England adhere to the Four Points contained in their Notes of the 8th of August, as the chief substance of their demands and the sole basis of negotiation at the present time, they have distinctly intimated what their interpretation of those propositions is, such as to include all the great objects of the war, and that the Cabinet of Vienna concurs in this interpretation of those terms. The conjecture we have mentioned having been more or less accredited and circulated in Europe, we feel it our duty positively to contradict them; and we are inclined to believe that, when the articles of the treaty are known, they will prove much more consistent with the account we gave on Tuesday last of the results of this negotiation. If our information be correct, although this convention is not an actual treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between Austria and the Western Powers, inasmuch as Austria is not at this moment at war with Russia, it is of nearly similar significance, and the strongest engagement which, under the circumstances, Austria could sign. We mean by this expression that we believe the Emperor of Austria to have contracted a positive engagement to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the belligerent States against Russia, unless peace upon the terms exacted by all the Powers be concluded before the termination of this current month of December; or, in other words, unless, in answer to the announcement at St. Petersburg, that Austria is about to join the Western alliance, the Emperor of Russia declares at once his inability to prolong the contest. Such an act of surrender on the part of the Czar is at present highly improbable."

The following is from the *Daily News*:—

"Bucharest, Wednesday.

"40,000 Turks and 100 guns will be embarked at Baltschik and at Varna next week, for the Crimea."

"One regiment remains at Bucharest."

"Danisk Bey replaces Mussa Pacha as commandant of the town."

"Mussa Pacha superintends the embarkation."

"Omar Pacha will leave in a few days."

The *Morning Chronicle* announces that the following are the essential dispositions of the treaty:—

"If before the end of 1854 Russia does not make acceptable propositions which will assure a good and durable peace, the Three Powers will take measures to obtain that peace."

"The three contracting parties engage themselves not to accept any proposition for peace without having deliberated in common."

The *Daily News* confidently announces further intelligence:—

"Russia is to be called upon immediately to accept of a peace on the basis of the four points, as interpreted in the Treaty. This interpretation includes the throwing open of the Black Sea to the fleets of the Western Powers. Russia is not to be allowed to maintain more than six ships of war in that sea, and France and England are each (as we understand it) to be allowed the same number. A European port is to be established either at Batoun or Sinope, as a counterpoise to Sebastopol. As a guarantee for the free navigation of the Danube, the fortress of Ismail, and all the Russian forts near the mouth of the river are to be destroyed. Each of the Five Great Powers is to protect separately its own subjects in Turkey; and the protectorate of the Christian subjects of the Porte is to be exercised by them collectively. If these conditions are not accepted by Russia before the 1st or 2nd of January, the Austrian Minister at St. Petersburg is to be recalled; and if Russia continue obstinate till the 2nd of March, Austria will declare war, send 20,000 men to the Crimea, and enter Bessarabia with the rest of its disposable forces."

A telegraphic despatch received last night from Berlin states that the new Treaty between Austria and the Western Powers had been sent there, and that at a Council held on the 6th, by the King and his Ministers, the adhesion of Prussia to the Treaty was determined on.

INCIDENTS.

BARROWS FOR THE CRIMEA.—Mr. Sutton, of Derby, has received orders to make an unlimited supply of "navvy-barrows" for the Crimea. They will be ready for shipment on Tuesday next.

A PROMPT SUPPLY OF "NAVIES."—On the day appointed for the selection of navvies for the Crimea the temporary offices in the Waterloo-road were crowded to excess from an early hour. The selection commenced at eleven o'clock, and, notwithstanding that each applicant had to produce testimonials of ability and steadiness, in about three hours the contractors had obtained a sufficient number. At half-past two o'clock the office doors were closed, and the following notice posted:—"No more men are required."

PLUM PUDDING FOR THE ARMY.—The ladies of Warrington and its vicinity are earnestly requested to prepare all the plum puddings they can by this day week, when they will be told where to send them to in the next *Guardian*, preparatory to being sent out with the rector's next despatch of boxes to the Crimea. They should be well boiled, and the cloths left on.—*Warrington Guardian*.

DIFFICULTIES AT HEAD QUARTERS.—The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in the Crimea, says:—

"Long before this letter reaches you you will know much more than we do of what here is generally spoken of as the 'row of the Duke of Cambridge.' His Royal Highness is now on board ship, bound for Constantinople, and, as some say, for England. It is asserted that he quarrelled with the Commander-in-Chief in consequence of the battle of the 5th. The Duke resented the manner in which the Guards were cut up, and it is asserted he said some very smart words to Lord Raglan about the manner in which the Guards and the second division were left exposed to the assault of the Russian army. What Lord Raglan replied is not known, but the end of it was (thus it is whispered in the camp), that the Duke went off in high dudgeon, intending to proceed to England and tell them all 'about Lord Raglan and the army.'"

Has General Bentinck come over about this?

LOVE OR WAR—A HARD CHOICE.—A good deal of anxiety exists at Ballinasloe, amongst the peasantry, with respect to the militia, many of them dreading a conscription. It having been promulgated in a neighbouring county, that all married men are free from the ballot, many a beardless youth is making preparation to become a Benedict. In some quarters, however, there is sufficient enthusiasm to preclude the necessity for a "draw." The Irish girls must have altered very much if they encourage such poltroonery.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE WAR.—A correspondent, noticing in the accounts, both Russian and English, which reach us from Sebastopol, that the damage inflicted on the defences of the town is being to a considerable extent speedily repaired under cover of night, suggests that the electric light is capable of sufficiently illuminating the works of the enemy at a far greater distance than exists between the two positions. He says by means of a simple lantern reflector and tube a jet of light could be thrown on any spot of the enemy's works, keeping our own position in complete darkness, and by the same means that the damage is done could its repair be prevented.—*Daily News*.

WOODEN HOUSES FOR THE CRIMEA.—The first shipment of wooden huts was made from Southampton on Sunday. Various other vessels will be ready immediately. Each house or hut is capable of accommodating twenty-five men, including everything requisite to complete them, such as an iron stove for each house, window sashes, and a large supply of ironmongery and carpenters' tools. Instructions for the erection of the houses are pasted on the cases in which the window sashes are packed.

MORE NURSES.—FRENCH SYMPATHY.—Fifty nurses for the hospital of the East arrived at Boulogne, en route for Marseilles. An excellent dinner, wines, &c., was ready for them at the Hôtel des Bains, but as before, the proprietor and his servants refused to receive a single sou, and this generous conduct was marked with every kindly feeling and attention; the same liberal display of good nature was experienced from the Custom-house authorities and the Chamber of Commerce.

WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE TROOPS.—Messrs. Almond have completed the following contract with the Ordnance for the army in the East:—44,000 fur cloaks, 44,000 fur caps (helmets), 44,000 fur gauntlets (gloves), 44,000 waterproof capes, 44,000 long boots (cow-hide material), 44,000 suits of inner clothing, 44,000 pairs of leggings, 10,000 suits of fur clothing for officers. We should say that 44,000 of our fellows will have difficulty in moving their limbs.

YACHT SUPPLIES FOR THE CRIMEA.—Lord Blantyre has chartered a bark to carry supplies to our countrymen in the Crimea. He has given every conceivable description of comforts, including a large supply of oatmeal for porridge. He suggests that hair mattresses and pillows would be most valuable for the wounded, and offers to despatch any that may be forwarded, by his own vessel.

A DESIDERATUM.—A commercial agency has been advertised to supply a regular steam communication twice a month between Constantinople and the fleet

and camp at Balaklava. The screw steamer *Lucerne* is to be despatched from Liverpool for the purpose on the 20th inst.

UPON WHOM WILL THE MANTLE OF LORD RAGLAN FALL?—This great question is doubtful; but we are enabled to say that his great coat has already fallen on an experienced thief, who purloined it on its way to the railway station from the London tailors.

WAR v. PATRIOTISM.—The Society of Friends, notwithstanding their repugnance to war under any circumstances, have been earnest supporters of the Patriotic Fund.

CHARITY GOES ABROAD.—The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* states that thirty-one Sisters of Charity have left Moscow to devote themselves to the care of the wounded Russians in the Crimea. Their expenses are paid by the Grand Duchess Helena. They are accompanied by their superior and a chaplain.

A SUCCESSFUL INSTITUTION.—The inmates of the London Reformatory Institution for Adult Males having no money, fasted for one day, and gave the value of their provisions to the Patriotic Fund. They devoted the evening to prayer.

WRECK OF THE CHARLOTTE TROOP-SHIP.—The *Charlotte*, bound for Calcutta, with a detachment of the 27th Regiment on board, has been wrecked in Algoa Bay. In a brisk gale she parted her anchor, and made signals for assistance, but the harbour-master was unable to render any. The second anchor parted, and the vessel rapidly drifted on the rocks. Nearly all the crew perished; but most of the troops were saved. In all 117 lives were lost.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT ON THE TROOPS.—At a Patriotic Fund Meeting of the inhabitants of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the Secretary at War was present, and bore testimony to the moral character of the British army. In moving the first resolution, Mr. Sidney Herbert said:—

"There could be no doubt that in all armies there was a feeling, which was shared in both by officers and men, of indifference of life; but in the present campaign the warmest feeling of attachment to each other had been shown by all, and the strictest order and discipline had been followed out. He was looking but a few days since over the late Duke of Wellington's despatches relative to the Peninsular campaigns, and one of his chief complaints was the total want of discipline, and the outrageous brutalities committed by his army, which nothing but the greatest severity could put an end to. Let them turn to the army now in the Crimea, and compare it in this respect with that in the Peninsula. The army under Lord Raglan was, as he was informed by an officer who had just arrived from the seat of war, an army without a crime, with great order, with no complaints, and with no bad conduct, and the office of judge-advocate was a perfect sinecure. There was no doubt that much of this was to be attributed to the Duke of Wellington himself, who had left the army in the highest state of self-control. He had seen a letter from the lady who had gone out to take charge of the sick and wounded, which stated that in her progress through the various hospitals, which extended over a distance of four miles, she had not heard a single word unfit for a lady to hear, nor a single complaint."

DESTRUCTIVE STORM IN THE BLACK SEA.

FROM Monday morning the 13th ult., to the Thursday afternoon following, the most terrible storm ever known in that region was raging in the Black Sea. The principal damage necessarily occurred off Eupatoria and Balaklava, but the storm extended even to Constantinople, where the mosque of Sultan Achmed lost three minarets. The result is the loss of at least thirty-five vessels, and the partial injury of many more. We extract some parts of the letter from the *Morning Chronicle* correspondent at Eupatoria:—

"The night of the 13th, though lowering, gave no sign of the approaching storm, for it was almost a calm in the middle watch; but about half-past six in the morning the sky darkened, and a heavy squall burst forth from the S.S.W.; second anchors were immediately let go, and every precaution taken to prevent disaster. The gale freshened, and shortly after eight, a succession of terrible disasters followed each other in quick succession. Fortunately the shore in the neighbourhood of the river is terminated by a sandy beach, hence here we have not had to deplore the loss of life as well as property.

"Numerous vessels were of soon stranded, but the crews got to shore. Hordes of Cossacks and cavalry hovered round the wrecks, and, as each of the smaller vessels were thrown up, were seen occupied in examining what the chances of the sea and war had sent them. We could see the French sailors led off towards Sebastopol with horsemen before and behind them. In the course of the morning the transports on shore made signals of distress to the admiral, who ordered the *Fury* to weigh; she, however, signalled that communication was yet impossible on account of the surf; but in the afternoon the sea had gone down sufficiently to attempt their relief, although the effort was still attended with much danger. The Cossacks had been busy during the day, and they made one or two attempts even to swim off to our transports, but were carried back by the surf, aided by a

knock or two on the head from our merchant sailors, who by no means relished the idea of a Christmas in Sebastopol. One gentleman, in a carriage, drove down to the beach, near the Tyrone, and in good English exhorted the sailors to make a trial of Muscovite forbearance. 'We too,' said he, suiting the action to the words, 'have hearts as well as the English.' I will not give the reply *in extenso*, suffice it to say, it was what somebody calls 'John Bull's great everlasting no,' accompanied by some strong adjectives. No fire had been opened on the enemy during the day from the fleet, and it was determined not to do so till they proceeded to overt acts of hostility. About four P.M. volunteer boats from the *Queen*, *Rodney*, *London*, and some steamers, pulled in, and the *Firebrand* got under weigh to cover them. On seeing them approaching, the Cossacks drew up on the cliff, and fired on the boats, killing a man belonging to the *Queen*. This fire was immediately returned from the steamer, and they at once scurried off. *Henri Quatre* parted after the force of the gale was spent; but when the sea was at its heaviest, shortly after six in the evening, she went on shore without any damage, and no doubt might have been recovered in better times. The Egyptian line-of-battle ship is a perfect wreck; she also stranded during the night. The *Sea Nymph* foundered during a heavy squall in the day. Besides this, we have heard of but two lives lost in all. The enemy took advantage of the gale by advancing on Eupatoria with about 6000 cavalry and twelve field-pieces; they were, however, warmly received with such a heavy fire, both of guns and rockets, that they retired with a loss of about a hundred killed and wounded. Our loss amounted to only two men wounded.

"There has been as yet but one communication from Balaklava, but we hear fearful things of the damage done there. The *Prince*, with all the soldiers' warm clothing (she had previously landed the troops), another transport with a large quantity of *Minie* ammunition, another with hay for the troops—eight vessels lost; *Retribution*, *Negro*, *Vesuvius* severely damaged, and, worst of all, 300 lives lost, are the naked details of this terrible story. It has been determined to abandon Eupatoria, and orders have been sent thither to destroy the *Henri Quatre*. The gale appears to have injured the Russian breakwater at the entrance of Sebastopol, as they sank another two-decker in the same position as the others."

The following is from the *Times* correspondent:—

"Such has been the fate of some of the splendid transports before the *Katcha*, all first-class ships, and worth upwards of 15,000*l.* a piece. The men-of-war, whose habit of making periodical and careful scrutiny of their cables has here proved of such advantage, rode out the gale with but trifling damage. Topgallantmasts were all sent down, topmasts well stayed, and three anchors let go. Some of them dragged, however, very considerably. The *Rodney* was not far off the ground, and the *Marengo* and *Britannia* were at one time in very dangerous proximity. Floods of water inundated their decks, and the old *Britannia* was kept pumping for eleven hours. The Turkish admiral lost two of his masts, and three French line-of-battle ships their rudders. The *London* also has received some damage. The whole shore off the *Katcha* is strewn with wreck, casks, spars, bodies of men and horses, and prowling detachments of the Cossacks. I regret to say that the hulks of the *Rodsley* and the *Ganges* have been set fire to in a most mysterious manner. This is greatly to be regretted; although all the ships are so bilged that no hope remains of being able to get them off again, still it would have been perfectly possible to recover government stores to a large amount. Few lives, comparatively speaking, have been lost off the *Katcha*.

"I wish I could give you as favourable an account of the state of affairs at Balaklava and Eupatoria. In the former place the cliffs are steep and abrupt, falling down directly into deep water, and affording not the slightest trace of beach or footing for man—an iron-bound coast indeed—added to which a rocky bottom and thirty fathoms of water are not an encouraging anchorage in a furious gale, with a lee shore. Here eight first-class transports have become total wrecks, and every soul on board them has been lost but thirty persons. Each of these ships had a company of nearly forty men. To those who held on great damage has been done to the spars and upper-works. The *Prince* steamer, which had lately brought out the 46th Regiment, has gone down with it, it is said, 300 souls on board. I cannot quite understand where this large number could have come from, unless, indeed, women and children, together with the sick, had been sent to her. This, I fear, is a supposition only likely to be too true."

The great loss of ammunition and stores in the *Prince* ought to be inquired into. The storm occurred a week after the troops were landed, and yet none of the cargo was on shore. A correspondent of the *Times* draws attention to this, and another informs us that the "clinch" of the chain cable is of rare occurrence. A "patent stopper" should have been used.

THE ATTACK IN THE PACIFIC.

The following letter, giving an account of the attack on Petropaulowsky, contains matter which calls for inquiry:—

"We were landed to be under the orders of Captain Parker, of the Royal Marines, but under the command of Captain Burrage, R.N., late flag captain. As soon as the boats touched the shore, Captain Burrage cried out, 'Follow me, men; follow me, marines.' Off they all went into the thicket; some taking one direction, some another, and all going in a different one to that which was laid down. At this time musket and grape shots were flying around us. After getting through the thicket we ascended a hill, when the enemy very soon surrounded us. It was dreadful to see how our poor fellows were falling in all directions. They drove us over an immense cliff; how we got down I don't know. At this time, poor Captain Parker was shot, and a French officer, Lieutenants McCallum and Clements were each wounded badly in the head. A steamer seeing the state of affairs came up to cover our retreat. We were perfectly paralysed and took to the boats. Some few who were left on the beach were open to a deadly fire from the enemy, which came from all directions. A more disastrous or ill-managed affair never took place. Out of 350 landed, about 107 were killed or wounded; and the only effect produced must have been that of giving the enemy the most thorough contempt of the powers of the foe they have to deal with. Is it not deplorable that naval officers will take military command; and the more so particularly in this instance, for a better officer than poor Parker was does not exist. In the rebellion in Canada, Captain Parker, then a young first lieutenant, proved himself to possess great judgment and undaunted courage, and for his gallant conduct was promoted by the commander-in-chief in Canada to brevet captain. Had he in this instance been allowed to take military command, in all human probability many a valuable life would have been spared, and things would have assumed a very different aspect. Cannot the Admiralty put a stop to these things? If not, God help us next spring!"—*Daily News*.

THE LATE ADMIRAL PRICE.

Rear-Admiral D. Price, who committed suicide in the Pacific, had seen some active and severe service. He served as midshipman of the *Ardent*, at Copenhagen, in 1801; midshipman of the *Centaur*, which captured four French frigates in 1806, and in the boats of that vessel at the bombardment of Copenhagen, in 1807, and a second time in the boats of the *Centaur*, in cutting out a despatch boat under Moen Island, where he was slightly wounded, and in that ship, at the capture of a Russian 74-gun ship, in 1808; lieutenant of the *Ardent* in 1809; twice prisoner to the Danes, when protecting convoys in the Great Belt; lieutenant of the *Hawk* at the destruction of a French frigate, the *Amazon*, and capture and destruction of a French convoy and three armed brigs off Marouf; and commanded the boats in bringing off some transports and a 10-gun brig in the face of a heavy fire from the shore. He served in the gig of the same ship in attacking a French convoy and a French schooner; was on this occasion a second time severely wounded; from 1811 to the termination of the war he served in various expeditions and engagements, including a night attack upon New Orleans, where he was wounded a third time. He was also in the boats at the attack upon Fort Bowyer, in Mobile Bay, at the capture of transports, &c., and bore the flag announcing peace. He had been officially mentioned eight times and gazetted three.

MILITARY RIOT AT CHATHAM.

A GREAT number of volunteers, chiefly from the 94th Regiment, have recently joined the 18th, ordered to the Crimea. As soon as the bounty money was paid the town became a scene of riot and debauchery.

On Tuesday night, soon after "tattoo" had been sounded, a number of the 18th commenced scaling the barrack wall, and proceeded to visit the several public-houses, making a disturbance in each. Several of them were observed to be armed with bludgeons and pieces of wood, with which they paraded the streets, finally making their way into Rochester, where several of them entered the North Foreland public-house. The landlord, seeing their conduct was likely to become violent, called in police-constable Tremaine, and that officer after much entreaty persuaded them to leave. As soon as they had reached the street, their conduct became very violent, and a fight ensued with the police, many of whom were seriously hurt—one named Tassell being in great danger. Finally, with the assistance of the more peaceable military, the rioters were overcome, and six were made prisoners. They are remanded.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND THE ARMY.

The *Times*, in its impression of Wednesday, has the following unintentionally true remarks on some of the conventional evils of "the Service:"—

"Let us see how this state of things bears at this moment on the prospects of our army in the East. The most important condition of its success is the character of the Commander-in-Chief. Its courage, its fortitude, and its discipline are undoubted, and will be shown even more in the direst reverse than in the most brilliant

success. But something more is wanted to lead it to victory, and that must be found in the genius and enterprise of the commander. If the army is led by a man who has hitherto shown no other excellence than the art of keeping his men out of danger, it is obvious that no positive results are to be expected from such negative excellence. Nobody would say this of Lord Raglan. He has shown not only the utmost personal courage, but great enterprise and talent. He has only exposed himself to danger so much as to suggest the painful inquiry—Who is to succeed him, in the lamentable contingency of our losing his services? As it happens, all the Generals who at first commanded divisions are either killed, or wounded, or invalided, with one exception. Sir Richard England is now second in command, and if Lord Raglan's health should fail him, or a shot from some flying battery hovering opposite the Commander-in-Chief's staff should perchance hit its mark, then the future success of this unparalleled enterprise, and the whole of the great interests at issue, will be committed to a general in whom it would be ridiculous to say that confidence is placed, for the simple reason that nobody can point out anything he has done. We are not at all denying that discretion is a virtue necessary to success, and that a man who can take care of himself may so far be presumed to be capable of taking care of others, or any object committed to his attention. But Sir Richard England can scarcely be said to have been in action yet during the present campaign, excepting as regards the work of the trenches. He was not engaged at Alma nor at Balaklava, and on the terrible day of Inkerman his division was only partially engaged, one brigade under Sir Richard himself taking the ground vacated by the Second Division as it advanced to the attack. Sir Richard may or may not be a man of the highest genius and courage, but he has not hitherto shown those qualities, and, strange to say, his not showing them, or not taking the opportunity to show them, has led to the present probability that he may one day take the high post from which some of the ablest and bravest men in the British army are now excluded by death, wounds, or sickness. Are we prepared to find Sir Richard England as Commander-in-Chief? Lord Raglan is 64; at that age he can hardly be expected to stand several weeks of a thermometer below zero so well even as the French General of 45. He has always been forward in action; he may not always be fortunate. Should he fall, it would be forty days before a successor sent from this country, or appointed by orders from this country, could take the command. Meanwhile Sir Richard England would become general—so says irresistible routine. We may ask if Government is prepared for such an appointment, and whether it would not do well to nominate at once a new second in command more worthy of eventually succeeding to the command-in-chief?

"Again, after every battle there appears a solemn document awarding the meed of praise to those who have distinguished themselves in it. To be mentioned in the *Gazette* is an object of the most ardent ambition; and the ceremony is suggestive of the Fame we see on our monuments, crowning her sons with undying bays. But here again routine comes in with its usual crushing severity, and the whole affair has sunk into such a matter of form that very few readers think it worth while to go through the document, looking on it much as they would on a page of the *Army List*. In the *Gazette* we published on Monday Lord Raglan named all the Generals of Division and Brigade, and all their staffs. As a record of services, nothing could be less to the purpose. The Battle of Inkerman was fought and won entirely by the battalion officers and the soldiers. It is called in the camp 'the Soldiers' Victory.' In such a conflict one would think the battalion officers, and even the most prominent soldiers, should be named—certainly not that they should be omitted, while officers on the staff, even not engaged, are duly enumerated. Again, at the Alma, Captain Maude's battery of artillery contributed greatly to the success of the day, but it is only in this last despatch, and in deference to the universal feeling of the army which appreciated his services, now loudly expressed, that his name is mentioned. The staff, of course, consists, to begin with, of promising and generally meritorious men, and their services are necessarily brought under the eye of the General; but we submit they ought not to be brought forward so exclusively as to give the idea that it is they who have won the battle, and that all the rest are mere servants and machines, who may do their duty, but have no pretensions to fame. Yet courage is an indispensable element of merit, and that courage cannot but be much proved in a regimental command. It is noticed by Napier that the Duke of Richmond, then Lord March, 'had served on Wellington's staff during the whole of the war, without a hurt; but, being made a captain of the 52nd, like a good soldier, joined his regiment the night before the battle. Shot through the chest a few hours afterwards, he learned by experience the difference between the labours and dangers of staff and regimental officers, which are generally in the inverse ratio to their promotions.' In the charge at Balaklava a Captain Low, of the 4th Light Dragoons, is said to have performed prodigies of personal valour, which belong rather to the warfare of the middle ages than to our day; but he is not so much as mentioned; while at Inkerman the deeds of several private soldiers, and of one sergeant of

the Guards in particular, are the talk of the whole army, but find no place in the despatches. This, of course, is no fault of Lord Raglan, who only follows precedent; but is it not time to change a system which makes the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief so little in accord with the observation and feeling of the army? Several soldiers, indeed, have lately been presented with commissions without purchase, but something more is wanted than the faint hope of a commission, which may possibly be a very inappropriate way of rewarding a particular act of courage. Men want honour, which is never out of place to those who deserve it; and this is not given by the indiscriminate distribution of medals, or even by an occasional commission. But the most serious consideration is, we want Generals, and we ought to encourage the production of the article by recognising merit wherever it makes itself apparent, instead of confining it to the staff, which is selected in great measure, not from merit, but from favour and family connexion. 'Every French soldier,' said Napoleon, 'carries the materials of a marshal's staff in his knapsack.' It is far otherwise in our service; at least, if the materials are there, the soldier is not permitted to turn them to account."

The *Times* is incorrect respecting Sir Richard England—the command would devolve upon Sir John Burgoyne. However, that in no way affects their argument.

ALDERMAN SIDNEY AND LORD ABERDEEN.

ALDERMAN Sidney, when Lord Mayor, laid before the Court of Aldermen notice of

"A motion of an address to the Crown 'for the removal from her Majesty's Councils of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen.'"

The Court persuaded him to withdraw the motion, and subsequently branded him with "cowardice" for the withdrawal, at the same time saying that no motion could be withdrawn. The Lord Mayor also said that Alderman Sidney had since quite changed his ideas on the subject. The Alderman, in an indignant letter to the *Times*, explains that—

"There is a wide distinction between the heroic bravery of our troops, and the policy of dooming those troops to perish on the inhospitable mountains of a foreign shore, in being ordered to undertake an herculean task at so advanced a period of the season, insufficiently provided with medical aid for the sick and wounded, badly clothed, with the cold earth their only bed and the heavens their only canopy, and reinforcements delayed until their numbers become so reduced as to make one tremble at the bare thought that 8,000 brave men should be compelled to conquer or die in the resistance of an enemy seven times their number."

He also says, that since giving notice of the motion—

"Parliament has been summoned to assemble at a very early day, and every one will prefer that the Minister should have the fullest opportunity for explaining his conduct to the country prior to a verdict being given. I urged this in a letter to the Lord Mayor, and that letter having been read to the aldermen assembled at the Mansion-house should, in common fairness, have been communicated to the public."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.—The railway from Calais to Boulogne, the idea of which is said to be due to the Emperor himself, is not to follow the coast, but, starting from the Pont Sans Pareil, is to pass by Guines, and, after traversing the cantons of Marquise, Desores, and Samer, to join the Boulogne line at Neuchâtel. This route will be somewhat longer, but will present fewer difficulties of execution. The principal work will be a tunnel at Fienne.

VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN PROMOTED.—M. de Lartie, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, is about to proceed to the Black Sea to present Admiral Hamelin with the baton of a full admiral, just granted to him by the Emperor.

TENTS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.—The Emperor has made his choice among the model tents erected under his windows in the Tuileries gardens. A contract has been made, and the *Patrie* says that before the end of the month a sufficient number to shelter the whole French army, horses and men, will have arrived in the Crimea.

FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS.—Three thousand eight hundred infantry, of various regiments, have left Marseilles for the Crimea, in the large steamers *Thames*, *Ripon*, *Candia*, and *Emeu*. Horses for the artillery and cavalry are embarked daily, for the most part in sailing transports.

A DISTINCTION.—In a witty pamphlet, recently published at Berlin, entitled *Müller and Schultze's Travels in the (Silesian) Riesen Gebirge*, the following dialogue passes between Pasquino and Marfisa, of the Prussian capital:—

"Müller: Shall we go to Posen to see the frontier where Russia begins and Prussia ends?"

"Schultze: Thank ye, I'd rather see the frontier where Russia ends and Prussia commences!"

PROTESTANT LOYALTY, AND OTHER THINGS, AT DUBLIN.

THE Protestants of Dublin have held a meeting, convened by their Association, for the purpose of expressing loyalty to their Sovereign, contempt for her ministers, and admiration of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. The war, as a matter of course, occasioned the discussion. The chair was taken by the Rev. Edward Newenham of Cork, and the Rev. Mr. Drew moved the following resolution:—

"That we are profoundly convinced that, in defence of its own liberties and those of the oppressed of mankind, the British Empire is, under God, able to cope with the world in arms, and that we esteem the present war as a just and necessary one, in which all loyal British subjects are called upon to rally round the Sovereign, prepared with their lives and properties, and in dependence upon the God of truth and salvation, to maintain her cause against a ruthless foe."

The rev. gentleman then observed that the first thoughts of all present would be thanks to God for having collected North and South, East and West, in the Protestant Association, and they would testify that Protestant Ireland should be heard all over the world:

"They undertook—and it was a great responsibility—to be witnesses for God in evil days, but God-helping they would be God-supporting, God-fearing people, united by the ties of Christian love and the bonds of Protestant brotherhood. They undertook to be admonishers of those who needed to be aroused to a sense of their Protestant duty—they undertook to be the counsellors of the statesmen of the land, and to tell them, from Disraeli at the top to the humble sexton of a parish church at the bottom, that they must stand by their Queen, their country, and their God; and if they did that, the servants of God were determined to stand by them. He knew they were not as the giants of old times, that associated together for God's great work—they had not bodily seen Luther at Worms—they had not witnessed the expiring agonies and the great fidelity of Huss and Jerome at the stake—their ears had not heard the cannonade of the great armada which God in his mercy and by his good providence had hurled from their shores, nor had they personally witnessed the landing of that mighty prince at Torbay, or at their northern Carrickfergus, William III., Prince of Orange. They had not witnessed all those things; but if they had not, who were they? They were the inheritors of those great and glorious principles and predilections. They inherited their fathers' Bibles and their broadswords, and what they wanted further was, to inherit the blessing of God, and to indoctrinate every man, woman, and child with the blessed and glorious principles of Protestantism."

After describing Cromwell's Ironsides, Mr. Drew said that in the present day moral Ironsides were wanted to conquer by truth alone:—

"Some of his classical friends had read of the two great orators of old. When Cicero addressed them he charmed every one, and the ladies and gentlemen went away saying, 'Oh, how beautiful! how eloquent!' But when Demosthenes spoke, the people whom he addressed were roused to action. They did not say, 'How eloquent;' but they said, 'Arise, and let us march against Philip!' Their battle was for truth, and their battle cry was, 'The Bible, Protestantism, the Altar, the Cottage, and the Throne.'

"Sons of William, rise!"

After regretting the absence of a giant, the Rev. Mr. McGhee, and making an earnest appeal to all Protestants to unite in the service of God, and never cease their exertions until Babylon is fallen—is fallen—the speaker concluded by moving the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. John Waring Maxwell moved the next resolution as follows:—

"That we pretend not to criticise the conduct of the war as to its strategical movements, but the loud voice of public opinion declares that there has been much needless delay and want of energy during a period of inaction, a deficiency of comfort for our troops, and a want of heartiness and principle, which we trust will not escape the condemnation of Parliament; that we feel called upon to express our conviction that the British Government should never cease to remember that Almighty God is the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battles, and that every single step should be taken in the conduct of warfare with the express view of securing his blessing on our arms, and his invincible strength in their support."

Mr. T. Vance, M.P., seconded the motion, and asked if Government had been energetic and whether they were not culpable of great neglect. The Admirals had no chance of doing anything—as for the Army, cholera has been its worst enemy.

"But what he considered more blamable than all was the conduct of Lord John Russell. He had read, and he believed it to be the fact, that war to be advantageously carried on should be a succession of surprises. In what way, then, had they surprised the enemy in the Crimea? He himself heard Lord John Russell, three months before the expedition to Sebastopol, state in the

House of Commons that that was the place to which the expedition should proceed. And, of course, the Czar was prepared. He poured down his troops and reinforcements; and instead of surprising Sebastopol, they had been themselves surprised."

The Rev. Dr. Gregg then moved—

"That we deeply lament to find practices inconsistent with the character of our Protestant constitution of late acted on by the Government; that during the late war, which was brought to a successful issue against a more formidable enemy than we have now to encounter, the strictly Protestant nature of our system of government was never lost sight of nor departed from; and that we conceive that the glorious result in the case referred to, the reason of the thing, and the Word of God, go to prove that we should look with strong disapprobation upon a course of conduct novel, questionable, if not absolutely unconstitutional, and likely to be fraught with lamentable disaster; that we are firmly convinced that all the Protestants of the empire are prepared with enthusiasm to devote themselves at this crisis in defence of their Queen, their Church, their country, and their liberties, and the cause of justice wherever duty calls; that the anticipation of the enemies of Britain, that the present war may be disastrous to the British empire, will be frustrated if the Government be faithful to their Queen and the principles of the constitution, the which we are also convinced the spirit of a faithful people will constrain them to be; that we look to Parliament, and an opposition in it now happily identified with genuine British principles, as the proper instrument for vindicating the constitution, and punishing those who may transgress or have transgressed it; but that it is the special part of Christian people to be awake at the present moment to the claims of truth and of religious duty, and to be much in prayer and supplication at the Throne of Grace for our matchless troops and brethren in arms whose bravery has won for them the admiration of the world and the endless gratitude of their countrymen at home."

He then asked why Government had departed from Protestant principles? God was the Lord of Hosts, and in the last war, with more dangerous enemies, fewer soldiers were sacrificed because Ministers were Protestant. There was no man than himself less disposed to annoy Catholics, but he did think, that when asked to send out Catholic chaplains and nurses, Government should have said, "No—it is not in the bond."

"He rejoiced that we have a Protestant opposition now in Parliament, headed by a great man, aye, and a formidable man, too, that will call my Lord Aberdeen to a strict account for those murders. Sir, Mr. Disraeli—[here the entire meeting anticipated the reverend gentleman by the most enthusiastic cheering, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and Kentish fire]. Aye, let Lord Aberdeen hear that cheer and tremble; let the spillers of a brother's blood hear it and tremble. Mr. Disraeli had spoken nothing that was extravagant—but he has said, 'Let us have an intelligible line of policy. If you are for Popery and arbitrary power, have it; go back to it, take it and tyranny, repeal the Reformation; but if you are for Protestantism, let us understand what you mean concerning it.' He was delighted that Mr. Disraeli has put the matter upon that simple issue. All that we seek is simple, plain, intelligible honesty. Let us not call ourselves anti-Romanists, and at the same time teach, support, promote, and countenance, and in every possible way favour Romanists, whose disloyalty is avowed, and who only await the opportunity to strike our constitution to the earth. Let us have an intelligible policy. He thanked God that a man with the genius and power of Disraeli has been raised up to say just so much, and trusted they would not depart that night without saying to Mr. Disraeli, 'We thank you for telling us that we are to be rid of humbug.'"

The Rev. Smith Burnside seconded the resolution.

Mr. T. H. Thompson then came forward to propose the following resolution extempore, which was carried by acclamation:—

"That the last resolution be transmitted to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, with a letter expressing to him the thanks of the meeting for his valuable expression of constitutional principles and its confidence in him."

Seconded by Mr. John Vance, M.P.

Mr. G. W. Maunsell, T.C., moved the next resolution, coupled with an address to her Majesty.

INTENDED MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

MR. CHICHESTER has petitioned to be released from prison on the ground of ill health, but the Lord Chancellor insists on certain letters being given up, after which he will consider the matter. The letters are from Miss Thornhill to Mr. Chichester, who objects very much to the young lady's guardians seeing them, as those which he previously gave up were seen by them, and caused her much pain. Mr. Chichester is willing to destroy them in the Lord Chancellor's presence, which, we believe, will be the course adopted.

ANNOYING A CLERGYMAN.

THE Rev. Mr. Judkin is the clergyman of Somer's Chapel, St. Pancras. He married the widow of Alderman Lainson, who has a jointure of 700*l.* a year, and five daughters with 6000*l.* each. The eldest daughter, married to Mr. Field, a surgeon, of Great Marlborough-street, was in the habit of going to see her mother twice a week, but appears never to have stayed to dinner. Some unexplained domestic differences having occurred, the entire family leagued themselves against Mr. Judkin, who was finally compelled to prohibit Mrs. Field's visits. However, Mrs. Field again called, which led to some very vulgar recrimination and to a demand for an apology on the part of Mr. Field, upon whom Mr. Judkin had cast imputations of dishonesty respecting a picture-frame which had been removed during his illness. Mr. Judkin apparently had objections to making an apology on the Sabbath, when the demand was made, and on the following day Mr. Field called and assaulted him with a horse-whip. The present proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench are the results. Some amusing cross-examination took place, in which Mr. Judkin said:—

I believe I did not say to Mrs. Field, "You have come here to suck your mother of everything you can get." I should not have used so vulgar an expression. I said to Mrs. Field, "You are a beauty." She has a disfigurement in the nose. I do not know whether it arose from an accident, or that she was born so. I put my finger to my face to indicate that disfigurement. I was as calm as a clergyman could be under such circumstances. I have met with nothing but a series of insults since I have been married. I must infer the picture-frame was taken out of the house by my wife, and I wrote to my attorney to ask him what was the quality of that transaction, but I have never threatened my wife with a charge of felony. I merely wanted the opinion of a lawyer about my property being taken out of my house. I did not tell Mrs. Field that her husband had been guilty of felony, or that he was a receiver of stolen goods.

The Attorney-General—You say Mrs. Judkin was in a chair. Did she faint?

Witness—How can I know that? She has done the same thing before, and I mean to say it was a faint instead of fainting. I did not say to Mr. Field that he had committed felony. I spoke of the picture-frame, and he said, "Do you accuse me of felony?" I said, "I do not, but the act was felonious." I did not say to him, "At any rate you are a receiver of stolen goods." I did not tell him he was an insolent blackguard. I am still living with Mrs. Judkin. Her daughters have left the house.

A witness proved that when the defendant entered the room, just before the assault, the complainant saluted him with "Well, Mr. Rumbustious."

The following evidence was then adduced for the defendant:—

Mrs. Eliza Field examined by Mr. Bovill—I am the wife of the defendant, who is a surgeon practising in Great Marlborough-street. Prior to the 10th of June I had been in the habit of calling on my mother once or twice a week. I never dined there. On the 10th of June I went there, and Mr. Judkin ordered me out. I said, "I had come to see my mother." He abused me, and called me a nasty thing, and that I "had come there to suck my mother out of all I could get." He said my husband was a puppy, and there was an action for felony pending over him. He twice accused me of taking the plate. He put his finger to his nose, and said, "You are a beauty." I said nothing about "a bear with shaggy eyebrows." There was a great scene. Mamma was really ill.

Lord Campbell, in summing up, said that the verdict must pass for the plaintiff, but there were certainly circumstances in mitigation. Mr. Judkin, who was evidently a man influenced by strong feelings, had not acted with propriety either in the manner in which he had prohibited Mrs. Field's visits, or in his interview with her husband. The defendant ought not to have sat down on a Sunday to write the letter he had, and he had certainly acted exceedingly wrong in taking the law into his own hands.

The jury, after a few minutes consideration, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 50*l.*

"A CASE."

Before the Master of the Rolls.

KAY v. SMITH.

MR. R. PALMER moved *ex parte* for an injunction to restrain the defendant, Mr. George Smith, a solicitor, from prosecuting an action on a bond for 12,500*l.*, alleged to have been given in respect of moneys applied by the defendant in taking up bills for which the plaintiff, along with a Mr. Robert Johnston, was liable. It appeared from the learned counsel's statement, that the plaintiff, a young gentleman who attained his majority a few months ago, is entitled to a sum of about 120,000*l.* stock, standing in the name of the Accountant-General, in trust, in a cause of "Howard v. Kay," and he is also owner of an estate

called the Tring-park estate. In the last two years of his minority, the court made him an allowance of 1800*l.* per annum. In 1852, he being then about 19, plaintiff became acquainted with Mr. Johnston, who then resided in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, and in April of that year accompanied him to Paris, where they took a suite of apartments in the Rue Castiglione, at a rent of 160*l.* They agreed to furnish these apartments at their joint expense, and Mr. Johnston having represented to the plaintiff that his share of the expenditure amounted to about 5000*l.*, plaintiff drew and accepted bills to that amount. After remaining in Paris for sometime they travelled in Germany, and then parted for a time, but met again at Genoa, and returned to London, and agreed to reside together, and that plaintiff should purchase half Mr. Johnston's interest in his house in Hill-street, his furniture, wine, &c., and that they should also take a house together in the country. It was also agreed that the furniture of the house in London should be sent to the house in the country, and that new furniture should be bought for the house in town. Accordingly, in March, 1853, plaintiff was informed that Mr. Johnston had purchased a house called Oak Lodge, near Feltham, and the old furniture being sent down from Hill-street, new furniture was bought to supply its place, and at that time plaintiff gave to Mr. Johnston bills to the amount of 14,500*l.*, on account of his moiety of the purchase money of the house at Feltham and the furniture. They lived together for some time; Johnston managing the establishment; and telling the plaintiff when he wanted money; and in the result plaintiff had put his name to bills to the amount of between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.* In April, 1854, plaintiff became of age, and in the course of that month, Mr. Johnston introduced him to the defendant, Mr. George Smith, who had acted as his solicitor, and there was a proposal to borrow 90,000*l.* on mortgage from an insurance society, a project however which Mr. Smith opposed. Plaintiff, however, executed a bond in favour of Mr. Smith for 12,500*l.*, which was advanced by him to cover the amount of six bills of exchange, drawn by Mr. Johnston, and accepted by plaintiff, and the amount thus advanced was to bear interest at 7½ per cent. Plaintiff also raised 30,000*l.* on mortgage to an insurance company, which was applied in taking up a portion of the bills, for which he and Mr. Johnston were jointly liable. About that time plaintiff appointed Mr. Smith his solicitor in "Howard v. Kay," and he also appointed him steward of the manor of Tring. In July however he changed his solicitor, and Mr. Smith is now prosecuting an action to recover the 12,500*l.* due upon the bond. The object of the present motion was to restrain such action until a proper account had been taken between the parties.

The court granted the injunction.

THE EARL AND THE MAYOR.

For a break in the monotony of steady social progression we are indebted to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, who, as Lord of the Manor of Ashton, has been issuing his orders to Mr. George Heginbottom, the Mayor, respecting a meeting on behalf of the Patriotic Fund. The correspondence will convince that the armorial bearing of the noble towards the citizen is not yet extinguished, though the citizen—as represented by the Mayor of Ashton—does not give any great encouragement to its continuance. It seems that a paragraph in the *Times* newspaper had inadvertently intimated that the Mayor of Ashton had expressed himself unfavourably towards voluntary contributions to the Patriotic Fund, and had, therefore, not called any public meeting. This aroused the interest of Lord Stamford, not unnaturally; but, without ascertaining the correctness of the aforesaid paragraph, or remonstrating with his obedient servant George Heginbottom, he writes a feudal summons to that vassal, saying:—

"I request you to state to me, by the bearer, whether it is your intention to call a public meeting of the inhabitants of Ashton-under-Lyne, in pursuance of the suggestion contained in the Queen's letter."

These are the exact words of the irate Earl; and if the conclusion of his letter was more in unison with the nineteenth century than the twelfth, this would seem to arise, not from a want of will, but of way. Now, the noble Earl concludes with remarking, that if the Mayor will not call a public meeting, he will; but had both lived a little earlier, the alternative might have been a little more congenial to the Earl's feelings, and a troop of armed retainers might have wasted the homestead and maltreated the head of the Heginbottoms. After a hasty acknowledgment of Lord Stamford's letter, the Mayor of Ashton seems to have discovered that there was rather more feudal seasoning in that epistle than suited his personal feelings or public position; and thereupon he writes again to the Earl, telling him that the *Times*' paragraph was incorrect; that he thought Lord Stamford should have inquired into this before sending so dictatorial an order; that the residents of Ashton knew

perfectly well that the Mayor, and not the Lord of the Manor, was responsible for the good character of the borough, and concluding thus:—

"Any suggestion from your lordship will, at all times, receive due consideration; but when your lordship's views are couched in language of dictation, I may be excused in saying, that the effect desired will not be attained."

To which we should like to append "Cheers," with cries of "Bravo Heginbottom," only that we think these were not exactly the sentiments with which the good Mayor's lines were received at Enville Hall. Indeed it is certain that they were not; for another letter from Lord Stamford lectures the Mayor upon his weakness of temper, and tells him that "courtesy of language to a nobleman and a gentleman" is part of a public duty. Courtesy from Mayors, be it remarked;—but from Lords of the Manor, anything that suits them. The noble Lord descants upon the exceeding virtue of calmness of temper in Mayors; but why not give a nobleman, and even a gentleman (since the phrase of the Earl would seem to imply that the one did not include the other), a similar treatise? A Mayor, who had made a blundering attack upon a noble, and afterwards found out his error, would, perhaps, have been expected to apologise. But Lord Stamford enjoys an immunity in this respect. He acknowledges his blunder, but does not retract his insolent dictation. Since, however, this attempt to revive the ancient privilege of Lords of the Manor has been so signally unsuccessful, it is possible that his lordship may in future think twice before attacking his manorial dependents—we had almost said before telling them his mind, but this form of expression might be inappropriate.—*Manchester Examiner*.

PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI'S ADDRESS TO THE POLES.

THE following is from the speech of Prince Adam Czartoryski, delivered at the meeting of the Polish Historical Society, at Paris, on the 29th of November last. The prince alluded to the anniversary of the insurrection of 1830, and, after the usual lamentation over the state of Poland, took the following hopeful view:—

"None of us can foretell what will arise from the grappling of all those gigantic forces, and the most momentous interests of the world. Let us put on the armour of faith and hope! Yes, let us hope that Providence, by giving an all-wise turn and impulse to events, will unravel the ominous complication of so many adverse tendencies, and call forth results which may, perhaps, be beyond the forecast or even reach of human wisdom. Poland, whose felonious murder is the chief cause of the overthrow of the political equilibrium, of the disregard of the law of nations, and of the former, the present, and the endless succession of future woes and difficulties—Poland, fettered, forsaken, powerless, is now everywhere obtruding itself upon the minds of the people as indispensably necessary for the successful issue of the war, and for the security of a lasting peace. Thus, organs of opinion which formerly were either opposed to or avoided mentioning Poland, cannot help doing so now; pamphlets are written; public opinion is even in England expressed in our favour, and various places echo with flattering words to Poland, which escape from various lips. But, as yet, no Government has uttered Poland's name frankly and openly; and there is, therefore, no certainty, no reliable and positive promise made in her behalf. Were I even aware that our future, that our fate, was on the point of being satisfactorily secured, it might perhaps be incumbent upon me to conceal it; whilst, were I to see, which God forbid, our hope vanishing, it would be, on the contrary, my sacred, though most painful, duty to warn of it my fellow-countrymen. As matters stand, however, I can but repeat the advice which I have previously given to my country, namely, to avoid carefully every rash proceeding, and patiently wait until clear and positive proofs be given that her existence and independence are really and safely secured. Let them beware of illusory promises, and, above all, of discord, which would in the decisive moment prove their irretrievable ruin."

The prince concluded by a tribute to the memory of Lord Dudley Stuart.

AS GOOD AS A PLAY.

THE following amusing story is from the *Siecle*. Can the heroine be the reigning Prima Donna who recently disappeared and re-appeared?—

"One of the most attractive actresses of one of our vaudeville theatres was lately seized with an ambition very common to her companions. Tired of ephemeral triumphs and transient connexions, she dreamt of marriage—a grand marriage, which would give her an aristocratic title and a solid fortune. Possessing considerable attractions, she was not long in finding a gentleman who suited her ideas. A young Marquis presented himself,

brilliant, elegant, having a good name, belonging to the pure blood of the Faubourg St. Germain, and perfectly imbued with the philosophy of the day, which consists in disdaining all prejudices. The Marquis was one of those who are not alarmed at the report of adventures, or at the hundred and one names inscribed on the tablets of gallantry of a theatrical nymph. He thought that true conjugal happiness might and ought to be found with a woman who had seen much of life in a short time; he therefore set forth his pretensions, and made honourable proposals. 'We will throw the veil of marriage over the past,' nobly exclaimed the young Marquis. The actress was prudent, and before accepting his offer she called and made due inquiries from the notary of her suitor. She wished for nothing better than to be a marchioness, but she had made considerable savings, and did not feel inclined to place them in an opulent common fund. The notary completely satisfied her that the Marquis had a fine income of 80,000*fr.* a-year, free of all incumbrances, and was completely free from debt. She hesitated no longer, and her hand was graciously accorded to the noble suitor, who declared himself to be the happiest of men, and expressed his wish that the marriage should take place very shortly. 'In the first place, however, and before our marriage,' said he to the actress, 'there is a sacrifice which my delicacy and my dignity demand from you. I can accept your past life, but not the profits you have derived from it. I will not consent that you should bring me as your dowry the tribute of nations, nor that the jewel-box of my wife should be composed of the gifts of a crowd of generous amateurs. I cannot see you adorned with the insignia of your former follies. Send back, therefore, your diamonds, inscriptions of *rente*, and other securities which you may have. As to your furniture, sell it, and give the proceeds to the poor. I wish you to be stripped of all, like a repentant Madeleine. You must owe to me alone your fortune and your ornaments.' The pride of the gentleman was inflexible on this point, and the actress resigned herself to the sacrifice for which she was to be so amply indemnified by the title of Marchioness, the 80,000*fr.* a-year income of her husband, and the promised splendour of her wedding presents. She executed his wishes with good grace. The furniture was lately sold for the benefit of the poor, and the jewels and securities returned to her old friends, who were not a little astonished at such an unlooked-for restitution, and it is said that some of the gentlemen, who had almost ruined themselves with their prodigalities, were well satisfied at the circumstance. All this was done, and there appeared to be nothing to delay the marriage, when suddenly the young Marquis disappeared without a word of intimation. Whether he yielded to the representations of his family or his friends, or whether the whole affair was for the purpose of avenging himself on the actress, or playing off a joke on her, remains a mystery. The rage of the duped and ruined actress may be better imagined than described. It is said that she is about to commence legal proceedings against her deceiver. This is what her comrades recommend her, and what the curious are in hopes of."

A PRUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

THE *Times* gives, in a leading article, an amusing account of the marriage of Prince Karl of Prussia to the Princess Maria Anna of Dessau, and suggests that, if a marriage takes three days, six months is not an unreasonable time for a state alliance.

"Prince Karl of Prussia marries the Princess Maria Anna of Dessau, and Berlin is bid to wipe its eyes and forget the slaughtered grenadiers of 1848, in order to smile with becoming benignity on the pretty young bride who is passing beneath the Chariot of the Sun through the stately arch of the Brandenburg Gate. The guns of the Prussian fortress adjoining Dessau were fired, and civic authorities at every railway station, and the more important personages at the Berlin terminus, present addresses. Thence the procession moves to Charlottenburg, and from Charlottenburg to Bellevue, where night charitably interposed to relieve overtaken nature from the preliminaries of a German marriage. At noon next day the princess is conveyed to Berlin, where she is welcomed by seventy-two guns and all the municipal authorities. All the officers of the court receive her in one place, all the princes in another, all the princesses in a third, the king and queen themselves in a fourth, and, having by this time been pretty well 'received,' she is left in such tranquillity as this numerous family circle allows to somewhere near seven o'clock. Then all the civil and military functionaries of Prussia, and all the ladies having the *entree* are distributed, like so much type, into different chambers of the palace. The nuptial crown is fetched from the royal treasury by a detachment of troops, and fastened on the bride's head by the queen and one of her ladies in waiting. Then everybody goes to the top of the palace, where the wedding is performed by the exchange of two rings, then six-and-thirty more guns are fired, and the procession returns to the bottom, where the royal family offer their congratulations. Let no one suppose the thing is done. The best part is still to come. The royal and bridal party then go into the White Saloon,

and pretend to be playing at cards,—perpetual ‘commerce’ probably,—in order to allow the visitors to offer their congratulations to the bride and bridegroom in an easy and agreeable way. Then comes supper, which being a reality, speedily puts to flight the card party, which is only a sham. Immediately after the soup, the health of the bride is given by the king, and then the court goes and sups expeditiously, though solidly, after the German fashion. Then comes a polonaise, or torch dance, performed by twelve Ministers of State, with wax tapers in their hands, which we are disposed to accept as an *amende honorable* for their manifold delinquencies, and their example is followed by the bride, the king, and all the princes, the bridegroom, the queen, and all the princesses. Then the crown is sent back to the treasury under the like escort as it came, and the bride’s garter is cut up and distributed for edification to the pages and cavaliers. A solemn procession to the church on the next day concludes this ponderous ceremony, and dismisses everybody, we should suppose, right weary of a festival so pompous, so meaningless, and so tedious.”

We extract, in illustration of the foregoing, and to show that even present Prussian barbarism has been much modified, from the letters of Baron Bielfeld, Secretary of Legation, an account of a German marriage during the reign of the Great Frederick:—

“Presently after came the queen, dressed in a robe of green velvet, which was covered, to the very train, with bunches of brilliants. And all these ornaments were so happily disposed, that it was manifest the Graces themselves had attended on her toilet. The brilliants in her hair were above all illustrious: the small Saney, the third diamond of that sort in Europe, shone among the rest, like the sun among the stars. Four ladies of the court bore her majesty’s train. Next came the queen-mother, in a robe of black velvet, trimmed with ermine, and adorned with a prodigious quantity of diamonds, pearls, and lace; which gave this great and venerable princess a most majestic appearance. She was accompanied by her two daughters, the Princesses Ulrica and Amelia, who had forgot nothing that could add to the lustre of their charms.

“At last appeared the illustrious pair, whose happy union gave birth to these sumptuous festivals. His royal highness led in his august bride. They were both dressed in brocade of white and silver. The folds of the princess’s robe were ornamented with gold point d’Espanne, and all the vacant spaces blazed with diamonds. The hair of both princes was dressed with a luxurious elegance. The princess’s train was borne by four of the queen’s ladies of honour; and they were followed by all those who compose their court.

“When the whole company had formed itself into a half circle, the prince and princess immediately approached the altar, accompanied by the king, the queens, and all the princes and princesses, and there received the solemn consecration of their nuptials from the hands of M. Sack, his majesty’s first chaplain, who made on this occasion a short, but very pathetic exhortation. The moment their hands were joined we heard the thunder of the cannon that were placed in the garden of the palace, which were answered by a triple discharge of all the cannon on the ramparts, proclaiming to the inhabitants of Berlin the completion of this happy event. After the prince and his princess had received the compliments of the king, the queens, and the chief persons of the company, the whole court was entertained at five great tables in different rooms. At the first table sat the king, the queens, the new married pair, and all the other princes and princesses; as well those who are not, as those who are, of the blood.

“The Count of Podewils did the honours at the second table, at which were seated all the foreign ministers. At the other tables the rest of the company placed themselves without distinction. They were all, in a word, royally served, and the entertainment lasted for a long time.

“As soon as their majesties rose from table the whole company returned into the white hall, from whence the altar was removed, and the room was illuminated with fresh wax lights. The musicians were placed on a stage of solid silver. Six lieutenant-generals, and six ministers of state stood, each with a white wax torch in his hand, ready to be lighted, in conformity to a ceremony used in the German courts on these occasions, and which is called ‘The Dance of Torches,’ in allusion to the torch of Hymen. This dance was opened by the new-married prince and princess, who made the tour of the hall, saluting the king and the company. Before them went the ministers and the generals, two and two, with their lighted torches. The princess then gave her hand to the king, and the prince to the queen; the king gave his hand to the queen’s mother, and the reigning queen to Prince Henry; and in this manner all the princes and princesses that were present, one after the other, and according to their rank, led up the dance, making the tour of the hall, almost in the step of the Poles.

“The novelty of this performance, and the sublime quality of the performers, made it in some degree agreeable. Otherwise the extreme gravity of the dance itself, with the continual round and formal pace of the dancers, the frequent going out of the torches, and the clangour

of the trumpets that rent the ear: all these, I say, made it too much resemble the dance of the Sarmates, those ancient inhabitants of the prodigious woods of this country.

“When the last prince had finished his tour, the music and the dance ceased. The queen-mother withdrew. The king accompanied the prince, and the queen the princess, to their chambers, where this illustrious bride and bridegroom prepared themselves, by a very rich and elegant night dress, to complete their nuptials.

“As soon as they were ready, the door of their bed-chamber was thrown open, and we followed each other in, where we found the princess on a bed of crimson velvet, highly ornamented with the richest pearls. The prince stood at the head of the bed in a night gown, and a cap bordered with lace. The tasteless jesters, who gave the reins to their fancy, incommenced his highness with their freedoms not a little; he disengaged himself, however, in a pleasant and handsome manner, and taking off the princess’s garter, cut it into a number of pieces and distributed it among the company, and then ended the ceremony by embracing the king, dismissing the company, and bolting his door, henceforward to be guarded by the God of Wedlock, to whom Love had delivered up his torch.

“After their majesties and the princes and princesses were retired to their chambers, we went all together into the dining chamber, where we found a midnight collation, and excellent wine, in more than one full glass of which we each drank success to the mutual endeavours of the new-married pair. About three the next morning I got home to my lodging.

“The following evening, about six, the whole court was assembled in the great gallery: their majesties, the new man and wife, the princes and princesses, in short the whole court appeared in dominoes, but without masks. I alone was pompously dressed, and for which I was not a little admired.

“The company danced and played till nine, when the king ordered me to prepare for my oration. I went immediately into the first ante-chamber, where I found everything ready for the ceremony. Twelve young knights went before me, with each a lighted wax taper in his hand: the Baron of Mordach, a very amiable Silesian nobleman, immediately preceded me, bearing in a gold dish the crown of flowers, which was very curiously wrought, and adorned with small figures of children in wax. I was followed by an endless number of spectators, and was doubtless a good deal confused; for my fears appeared so plain in my countenance, that as I passed the door of the hall, the Baron von Plotho cried out to me, ‘Courage! my friend! you look as pale as the dead.’

“The whole court formed itself into a half circle, the centre of which was the new married pair, and on each side of them stood the king, the queens, and two-and-twenty princes and princesses. The twelve young knights began the ceremony by searching with their lighted tapers for what was silently supposed to be lost the last night. But you will easily believe, madam, that it was impossible to discover that, by the brightest light, which never existed but in the imagination. Be that, however, as it may, when this pantomime was over, I began my speech. But there was such a horrid noise that I could not hear my own voice, so that I was obliged to desire his majesty to command silence; which, when I had obtained, I immediately recovered from my confusion, and delivered my oration as well as I could have wished.

“As soon as the oration was finished, Baron Mordach entered the circle, and placed the crown on the head of the princess; which her highness was not ambitious long to wear, but tossed it into the hands of the prince her consort. I marched out with the same ceremony that I had entered, and having dismissed my knights, returned into the hall unattended, where the whole court was entertained at five tables, as on the preceding evening.

“I here send you, madam, the French translation, that has been made of my speech, though perhaps you have seen it in German, as there have been already two editions of it, for it goes off like new bread: not certainly on account of its own merit, but as making part of the entertainments of these illustrious festivals.

“After table there was played off in the great place, which they call the king’s garden, a very beautiful fireworks, which the court saw from the windows of the palace; but the extreme cold had extinguished many of the lamps with which the pyramids and other ornaments were illuminated. After this the court went to dancing, and the ball lasted till very late in the night.

“The third day the prince and princess went to the palace of the prince royal, which is to be their future place of residence, and which the king has completely furnished for his brother. There was the same evening an opera and open table at court.

“The fourth day the Prince of Prussia did me the honour to invite me to dine with him; and before we sat down, his royal highness was pleased to thank me very graciously for my speech, and for the manner in which it was delivered; presenting me at the same time with a very valuable gold watch, and desiring that I would preserve it in remembrance of these days, and as a token of that regard which he bore me.

“In this manner, madam, ended all these entertainments.”

NASMYTHS v. DUKES OF NEWCASTLE.

MR. NASMYTH, the celebrated engineer of Patricroft, writes thus to a contemporary:—

November 24, 1854.

If we investigate in a common-sense spirit the cause of the all but entire failure of our great naval expedition to the Baltic, as also the cause of the protracted and, as yet, unsuccessful operations before Sebastopol, involving, as they have already done, so fearful a sacrifice of our bravest men, it appears to me we shall find that the want of ordnance of power adequate to the emergency lies at the root of all these disappointing and sad results.

Had we armed ourselves, as we might have done, and might yet do, with such guns as would be capable of throwing shot and shells of 2 cwt. to 3 cwt. each, and that from distances sufficiently great to keep us out of the reach of the missiles of the enemy, we should thus be able to knock his strongest forts to ruins.

The reason why we have not been able to do so simply rests with the fact, that we continue to employ for our great ordnance a material (cast iron) which, on account of its inherent unfitness to withstand violent shocks and strains, has, in every other case, been discarded from use.

Were we to revert to the employment of wrought iron, possessed as that material is of every quality requisite, and aided as we now are by the ample and energetic means which my steam hammer has given us for forging ordnance of yet unheard-of power, we should thus be enabled to arm ourselves with guns the tremendous powers of which would only be equalled by their perfection of performance; as, admitting of the introduction of the Minié rifle principle, in union with those capabilities of throwing shot and shell of vast weight, we should soon, by such powerful agents, bring this great war to a most glorious termination.

When I inform you that the strength of forged iron is to that of cast iron as six is to one, you will at once see how important such an accession of explosion-resisting capability bears on the matter in question, as it is simply the strength or tenacity of the material of a gun which limits the capabilities of it as to the distance and weight of missile it is capable of discharging. It requires no lengthy reasoning to prove or show what mighty results would issue from the employment of great ordnance formed of a material at least six times stronger than what we at present employ.

In order to place the matter, perhaps, in a stronger light, what would be thought of the judgment of a man who should propose to employ cast iron for an anchor or railway axle? How infinitely more absurd, then, is it to employ cast iron for our great ordnance, as it is well known to practical men that, besides the vast inferiority in strength in the case of cast-iron, its tenacity decreases in a rapid ratio with the increase in the massiveness of the object it is employed to form.

Why, then, do we continue to use cast iron for our great ordnance, which are naturally subjected to vastly more severe shocks and strains than anchors or railway axles, and, in so doing, limit our destructive power to its very limited capabilities, to accommodate which we are obliged to come to such close quarters and discharge such comparative ineffective shot, that we sacrifice in consequence thousands of lives of our bravest men, and spend millions of money in our endeavour to accomplish, by throwing a vast number of small pieces of iron, that which we might to a certainty accomplish by massive shot and shell discharged from our wrought iron ordnance at distances quite out of reach of the enemy; for nothing but such massive missiles as I refer to—namely, shot of two and three hundred-weight, will ever effectually destroy the tremendous forts in question?

Having spent the best part of my life in most intimate connexion with the working of wrought iron on the greatest scale, and where that admirable material has to resist shocks and strains of the utmost violence, and having besides had the happiness to give to the world the most energetic agent mankind has ever possessed for the forging of great masses of wrought iron, I trust I may be permitted to speak on this subject with some degree of confidence, as it is one that has a most vital and important bearing on the speedy and successful issue of this terrible war. Had I but the opportunity given me to bring all the experience I possess on this subject to bear, I should go heart and soul into it, and soon show what my steam-hammers can do towards helping us to solve the fearful problem that, if we value our position as a free and powerful nation, we must, and that soon, accomplish.

I may state in conclusion that, although I have submitted most complete plans and designs for such great wrought iron ordnance, with the same for appropriate Minié rifle shells and shot, should I not be intrusted with the carrying out of my own designs, I shall not be the less zealous in affording the most hearty assistance to whomsoever may be selected to give proof of what wrought iron can do for us in our present great emergency. I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,

JAMES NASMYTH.

Bridgewater Foundry, Patricroft, near Manchester.

Mr. Nasmyth has since published the following letter, dated December 4:—

(To the Editor of the Times.)

SIR,—I have to thank you for giving my letters on the above subject so prominent a place in your valuable columns.

I have since been almost overpowered with letters offering me large sums of money to enable me to carry out my views on this vital subject, should Government not be disposed to do so.

I have the happiness, however, to inform you, and all those who have taken so lively an interest in this great national subject, that Government have entered most cordially into my views, and in the most liberal spirit have empowered me to proceed forthwith in carrying out my designs.

I beg you will permit me to take this opportunity to return my most sincere thanks to all those who have in so hearty a manner offered me the aid of their purses in furtherance of this great subject, to acknowledge which individually would be totally out of my power.

I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,

JAMES NASMYTH.

OUR CIVILISATION.

GIVING WAY TO PASSION.—At Darlington a boy "looked into Tommy Horsman's stable," whereupon Tommy beat him with a stick until he was covered with bruises, and, on the mother interfering, beat her in a similar manner. It was said in defence that the boy had formerly stolen some sticks. The magistrate fined Horsman 2*l.*, and recommended him not to give way to passion.

THREE OR FOUR WIVES.—Thomas Cuxon told Sarah Phillips that he was a widower. They married, and he shortly after went to Birmingham, to work as a goldbeater, leaving his wife in town. He sent money to her for a month, and then she heard no more of him. The other day she saw him, and spoke, when he affected not to know her. She, however, gave him into custody for bigamy, and stated that she believed he had three other wives living. The prisoner said the prosecutrix knew before she married him that he had another wife, but that during his absence in India as a soldier she had married another man. He thought that sufficient excuse. It is surprising that so bold a man should want any excuse at all.

FLOODING A COAL MINE.—Messrs. Gidlow are the owners of an estate called the Arley estate, adjoining the property of Lord Balcarres, at Wigan, through which a tributary stream of the river Douglas passes, called the Arley Brook. A seam of coal passed under the land of Lord Balcarres, and under the Arley estate, gradually rising towards the surface of the land till it cropped out near the Arley Brook. That portion of the seam of coal which underlays the Arley estate was worked many years ago, leaving the subterranean workings open; and as the Arley Brook sometimes overflows, large bodies of water find their way into these old workings, which are open to the surface, and pass within a yard of the bed of the stream. A proper barrier was kept up, but the prisoners caused about 10,000 tons of water to flow into the old mine, which damaged that of their neighbour and delayed its working. They are committed for trial.

STABBING AT BRISTOL.—A lad about fourteen years of age, named Robert Kingstone, has stabbed a man named John Povey with a knife in the abdomen, inflicting a wound of which he has since died. Some words occurred between them in consequence of the prisoner having used some expressions reflecting upon Povey's wife. The deceased having in vain desired him to desist, took off a leather strap which he wore round his waist, and struck Kingstone with it, who immediately pulled a knife out of his pocket, made a rush at Povey, and stabbed him.

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Company held this week, a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent., free from income-tax, was declared, the report having been unanimously adopted. The whole of the discussion was of a congratulatory nature, and the assistance the Company have been able to afford the Government in the war by the use of their vessels was generally alluded to. The alterations in the China and Australian services have been caused by the withdrawal of several of their principal ships to serve as transports, but it is stated that a considerable expense will be saved, especially in the latter case, through a discontinuance of the line. With regard to the future, the directors consider their prospects encouraging. The freight of shipping and the cost of coals at the various stations have been much reduced, while the mines of Labuan and other resources in the East will hereafter, should any fresh scarcity arise, render the Company independent of supplies from this country for the more distant stations.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

COVENTRY.—Sir Joseph Paxton was returned on Saturday, without opposition. After thanking the electors, he said:—

"Although I have exercised the right of criticism upon a portion of the conduct of the government, I shall go to parliament perfectly unbiassed and unshackled. I shall give no factious opposition to this or any other government that may happen to be in power. I will endeavour to represent you honestly, faithfully, and diligently on all questions that may come under the consideration of the legislature; and rest assured that all matters connected with your local interests shall receive my best attention. To the working classes especially, I would say that every measure calculated to promote their prosperity, and to elevate them morally, socially, and intellectually, shall have my most cordial support. I thank you for the kindness and cordiality I have received from men of all parties since I came amongst you; I will endeavour to make the best return in my power by a zealous and unflinching endeavour to promote your best interests."

BEDFORD.—The Conservatives have been triumphant. Captain Stuart has been returned by a large majority over Mr. Trelawny.

LIMERICK.—Colonel Dickson and Mr. Stephen de Vere are the candidates. Colonel Dickson, in his address, thinks the war should be carried on with a vigour worthy of this great nation, and that Ireland's magnificent resources should be developed. Motives of delicacy induced Mr. de Vere to postpone his address until after the funeral of the late member. He has since avowed himself a free-trader, and a friend of tenant-right, and thinks that "the welfare of Ireland depends upon sustaining the great principles of religious liberty, social progress, and justice to all classes of the community."

ABINGDON.—The election will take place on Monday. Major J. Haythorne Reed and Mr. J. T. Norris, both liberals, are the candidates. A railway project has made the Major rather popular.

FERMANAGH.—It has been decided that a contest is inexpedient, so Lord Henry Loftus is to have a quiet walk over the course. "County Family" principles.

EAST-GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—It is thought that most probably Mr. Holford, of the Regent's-park, at present on the Continent, will be the Conservative candidate.

MARYLEBONE.—Nothing is yet settled, but Viscount Ebrington, Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and Mr. Jacob Bell, will probably share the contest.

FIRES IN THE METROPOLIS.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITTINGTON CLUB-HOUSE.—The premises occupied by the members of this club have been totally destroyed by fire. With this structure has fallen all that remained of the once famous Crown and Anchor Tavern, the favourite scene of metropolitan political meetings during the latter part of the last and the early years of the present century, and which is described by Mr. Cunningham, in his "London," as the "place where Johnson and Boswell occasionally supped together."

The fire was of a most destructive character, scarcely allowing time for the escape of the few inmates sleeping on the premises. However, no lives were lost.

Among the fire engines, the officers of which particularly distinguished themselves, was the gallant little band in charge of the West of England. The deputy foreman of this office, Barrow, and Wilkinson, an officer of the brigade, narrowly escaped being killed by the unexpected fall of a mass of ruins, beneath which they were engaged in their arduous duties. For some time their brother officers considered they were killed, and their escape unhurt is described to have been miraculous.

The inconvenience to the club will be great. They have lost an extensive library of modern books; and some of the more polite members have also lost the "wardrobes" in which they were accustomed to deposit themselves upon "gala nights" and "festive occasions."

FIRE IN BISHOPSGATE-STREET.—A fire, the origin of which is quite unknown, broke out in Bishopsgate-street on Tuesday morning. It commenced on the premises of Mr. Heath, a builder, whose stock of course burnt well, and extended to the two houses on each side. Two houses also in Skinner-street were destroyed, and four houses in Acorn-street were much damaged.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE-SHOW.

The usual annual array of animals too fat to move or to be eaten, has, this week, been on view in Baker-street. They satisfy expectations. A few useful agricultural machines are exhibited, and amongst them a "self-holding" plough, which is worked by steam.

AMERICA.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"This, indeed, is the very age of rumours, and among the reports, which must be taken *cum grano salis*, is one in a letter from the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, and published yesterday, to the effect that Mr. Buchanan had sent a warlike despatch to the Government, urging an increase of the army and navy, the annexation of Cuba at all hazards, touching upon Samana and the Consul Dillon affair, throwing down the gauntlet to France, and recommending a postponement of action with regard to the Sandwich Islands for the present. I send you this merely as one of the prominent *on dis* of the day, and without attaching much, if any, credit to it, for Mr. Buchanan is too experienced a statesman and too prudent a man to express himself thus broadly with reference to delicate and important international questions. The following are said to be the points which engaged the principal attention of the recent Congress of American Ministers held in Europe:—

"1. Whether Cuba could be purchased from any Cabinet which the revolution was likely to bring into power.

"2. Whether, if the purchase of Cuba should be found impracticable, the diplomatic independence of the Governor-General of that island might not be secured.

"3. What was the general state of feeling among the people, and what were the strength and prospects of the Democratic element in the several States of Continental Europe.

"The nature of their report to Washington has not transpired, but it is said that they describe the democratic feeling in Europe to have diminished, and that it hardly exists in Spain."

ANNEXATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLES.—The *New York Tribune* quotes the following:—

"We have, from various sources, late, reliable, and important information in regard to the pending treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. Our readers will remember the intelligence which we published on this subject a few weeks since, viz: That a treaty had been informally agreed to between the Government of the Islands on the one hand, and Mr. Gregg, the American agent on the other; that on the transfer being perfected, an annuity was to be paid to the Royal Family and the leading Nobles; and that annexation was generally popular with residents and natives, and only strenuously opposed by Prince Alexander, the heir apparent, a few of his immediate associates, and a portion of the European merchants and residents of the Islands.

"This opposition threatened to defeat the project. The Prince was implacable—the real, but not the avowed, cause of his hostility being based upon the fact that while travelling in this country a few years since, and when on board of a New-York and Boston steamboat, he was not permitted to take a seat at the supper table on account of his colour! The officious steward who passed this indignity upon the Prince, little dreamed that its remembrance would constitute the chief difficulty in the way of securing a new State to the Union. Yet such is the fact; and it is no secret in Honolulu. That insult still rankles in the breast of the Prince. He would prefer to have the Islands pass into the hands of England, where prejudice is less potent, and from whom he could hope to retain his titles and dignities, which he seems to hold in greater esteem than the annuity which annexation to the United States would secure to him."

THE MOTHER COUNTRY.—It turns out that the baby that gained the prize at the late show in the United States is a British one after all, the father having emigrated from Canterbury when it was eleven months old.

The Rev. Antoinette L. Brown has resigned the pastoral charge of the Othodox Congregational Society in South Butler, Wayne Co., N.Y., with a view to the improvement of her health. She will continue, however, to preach and lecture as hitherto. Her residence is with her father, at Henrietta, Monroe, Co., N.Y.—*New York Tribune*.

SPAIN.

The new Government has had a crisis. By a side vote on a Budget Question, they were beaten by a majority in the Chamber. They resigned—insisted on a Confidence vote, and returned to their places with a majority of 146 to 42.

208 votes against 21 dissentients, have declared for San Miguel's proposition that the throne of Isabella II. should be declared by the Cortes one of the fundamental bases of the political structure they are about to erect. Nevertheless some violent speeches were made by the Liberals. A passage in Senor Oronse's speech, in which he said that, since the revolution of July, Isabella had not been a *de facto* Queen, but had been "a thing that had remained in the Palace without exercising the functions of Queen," produced loud murmurs in the Chamber, immediately repressed by Senor Madoz, who declared that he would protect the orator in his right of

speech, and added, that the Throne had lost none of its *prestige* by the attacks of its enemies. Corradi, Escosura, Garcia Lopez (one of the minority with Orense), Lujan (Minister of Public Works) spoke at greater or less length; and Orense spoke again, denouncing the celebrated apologetic manifesto which the Queen signed during San Miguel's brief Provisional Ministry, and declaring that it was a mortal blow to the throne of Isabella II., stripping it of all *prestige*.

"The eternal phrase of Kings," said Senor Orense, "is, 'They have deceived me.' That is what Donna Isabella II. said in her manifesto of the 26th of July—'They have deceived me during 11 years; I have not known what passed in the country.' I care little for persons, Senors, be they kings or not; but nevertheless I will say that you have given its death-wound to the throne of Donna Isabella II. It is impossible she should have *prestige* to reign, and there will probably happen to her what happened to her father and her grandfather."

THE PRUSSIAN CHAMBERS.

THERE have been severe contests in the Second Chamber. The liberal Count Schwerin has been elected President of the Chamber, by a majority of 58, in a house of 256 members. M. Bethmann-Hollweg, leader of the constitutional conservative opposition and anti-Russian party, has obtained the second vice-presidency, defeating the feudal candidate, M. Geyr, by 12 votes. The first vice-presidency was obtained by M. Arnim, a member of the Right. His opponent was a member of the catholic Left.

THE WAR AND AUSTRALIAN POSTAGE.

THE writer of the City article in the *Times* says the following, *à propos* of a letter, respecting the arrangement between Government and the Peninsular and Oriental Company:—

"The subjoined letter expresses opinions regarding the intended cessation of the overland communication with Australia, which are believed to be generally entertained by commercial persons connected with that country. Upon the plea that a number of ships taken from them by the Government renders it necessary to recal the comparatively unimportant ones used as the link between Singapore and Sydney, the Peninsular and Oriental Company have been allowed to discontinue a service which, although only performed every alternate month, constituted the last remaining means of rapid communication upon which the merchants and manufacturers on this side and the importers in the colony could absolutely rely. The trade to and from Australia amounts annually to nearly 80,000,000 sterling, and, by the contemplated step, this is to be thrown into suspense, and, as regards individual interests, constantly into jeopardy, for the sake of calling into other uses a couple of moderate-sized and not particularly fast steamers. The Government have deprived the mercantile community of the results of the bounty system in this case, at the only moment, perhaps, when all persons would agree that benefit was to be derived from it. In ordinary times every movement towards its discontinuance would be hailed as a gain to the cause of private enterprise."

BRITISH-BUILT WAR-STEAMERS FOR PARAGUAY.

EXPERIENCE has recently removed many an erroneous notion as to the supposed attributes and capacity of certain nations; but probably in no instance has fact more strikingly corrected the fallacy of a received opinion than in the case of Paraguay. Hermetically sealed for nearly half a century from intercourse with the external world by the domestic policy of Francia, and subsequently isolated from surrounding states through the aggressive designs of Rosas; peopled by a native race whose docility had rendered them plastic to a proverb under the agents of Loyola; ruled by the descendants of Spaniards in whom the indolence of the original Iberian character was supposed to be aggravated by an enervating climate and luxurious soil; impelled to enterprise by no necessity for imported luxury, and no desire for territorial aggrandisement; prosperous, peaceable, and contented, enjoying a strong government administered under popular forms, Paraguay might reasonably be looked upon as the paradise of *laissez faire*. It was in such belief that so many at this side of the world regarded the treaty effected by Sir C. Hotham and the Chevalier St. Georges, for opening up the great South American rivers, as certain to be a virtual dead letter. Yet two years have not elapsed since the ratification of that treaty, when we find Brigadier-General Solano Lopez, son of the President of Paraguay, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain and France, returning to his country in a fine steamer expressly built for him in the Thames, to be followed by several others. The command of means to make purchases necessarily so costly exhibits pecuniary resources to which the treasury of Paraguay was supposed to be inadequate, while its executive was believed to be incapable of

employing them in a manner so enlightened but so little in keeping with its antecedents. Sanguine expectation may indeed be formed of a country whose admission into the community of nations is signalled by so promising and unlooked-for a demonstration. It is not yet known if the whole of the intended steam fleet—some six or eight in all—are to be fitted in the manner of the pioneer vessel which is already on its way to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, on the river of the same name; but it is believed that some of them, at least, will be more adapted to strictly commercial purposes than the one in question, namely, the Tacuari, which has been constructed by Messrs. J. and A. Blyth, the eminent marine engineers of Limehouse.

Considering the difficulty of obtaining hands in these stirring times, it is worthy of note that the Tacuari should be provided with a picked crew of Englishmen, engineers, stokers, and officers, in the same ratio as on board of a British man-of-war steamer of corresponding size and armament.

SALMON BREEDING.

THE interesting experiment made by the proprietors of the Tay salmon fishings upon the ova of that fish is reported to be proceeding most favourably. At a meeting of the proprietors, held a few days ago, it was stated that on the 22nd of December the breeding-boxes contained about 400,000 ova; these, having been carefully protected, gave birth, in March and April, to swarms of par, which have been nourished with great care and attention, and are now beginning to reach the size and assume the silvery appearance of the salmon smolt; next season they will probably be allowed to go down to the sea with their brethren, born in the freer and less carefully tended breeding-places selected by the parent fish themselves; and then the success of the experiment will be tested by observing whether the increase in the number of grilse and salmon corresponds with the increased supply of smolt turned into the river. At the same meeting, the proprietors resolved to close the fishing season in the Tay by the 26th of August, in place of the 14th of September, the present statutory period. It is sincerely to be hoped that all these various devices will have the desired effect of restoring the salmon fishings to something like their former success and value.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE IN PERSIA.

SOME importance, whether deserved or not remains to be seen, has been given to the question of the position of Persia in the quarrel between England and Russia; and how the game is to be played on our Indian frontier—who is to pull the strings of the Persian puppet—is not yet decided, but it appears from good authority that Great Britain has still the best chance. It is said:—

"The appointment of a man of talent to be the British representative at Teheran will no doubt be followed by the fall of Russian influence in that weak and wavering monarchy. The advantages which the Czar possesses in the contiguity of his empire, the vigilance of his past policy, and the belief of his irresistible strength, are so great, that it is wonderful that Persia should have refrained from hostilities against Turkey for so long a time. That delusive expedient, 'a glance at the map,' might lead one to imagine that the fear of England ought to be greater at the court of Teheran than the fear of Russia. A few days would be sufficient to send a large force from Bombay to Bushire, furnished with every aid to eastern warfare, whilst the coasts of the gulf would be at the mercy of our steamers, and all communication with Europe cut off by our supremacy in the Black Sea. The forces of Russia, on the contrary, are hardly sufficient to guard the Asiatic provinces which she has already won. In spite of the profligacy and imbecility of the Turkish commanders, the forces of the Czar have not been able to march from Gumri to Kars, solely because their communications were in danger, and because they were weak and wasted, with a thousand miles between them and their country, and implacable mountain tribes behind. But a Persian Shah cannot be expected to have extended political knowledge, and even less barbarous personages are chiefly affected by what is brought more immediately near them. The dominant class in Persia, to which the Shah and his principal advisers belong, have their origin in the northern provinces. The Royal race of the Kadjas are from Azerbaijan, a frontier province always exposed to the inroads of the Russians, and containing a population accustomed to look upon the Czar as something little less than a god, while their ideas of any other European country are extremely vague. On the other hand, the southern provinces, on which English power can principally act, are peopled by a kind of subject race, and their interest and influence are but of slight importance to the aristocracy of the north. The essence and strength of Persia are therefore in the Russianised country which lies on the Kur and the Caspian, and we shall have to break through the prejudices and terrors of many years before the Persian State can be brought into a league against its powerful protector and enemy. There is a good deal of Ottoman obstinacy in this dominant race, who are of kin to the Turks, and whose name is generally spelt Toork for the sake of distinction.

They are the most enterprising people of the empire, and carry on the greater part of the little trade. The fine-looking men in high pointed caps who are met with in the Levantine towns are generally of Toork race, and speak Turkish among themselves. Yet they are fanatical Sheahs, and have been taught to hate the Osmanli more than the Infidel. Tabriz is their principal seat, a town fast rising to great prosperity, and they fancy that the Russians are all-powerful for good or harm as far as they are concerned; of the empire at large they have little notion.

"The Russians have a great hold over Nasreddin Shah by having in their custody Bahman Mirza, uncle to the reigning sovereign and pretender to the throne. This prince was taken after an unsuccessful intrigue, and detained in Georgia, where he is said to be still. The Shah has always felt great terror at the idea of his liberation, and the threat will, no doubt, be held out as a means of keeping him firm in his allegiance.

"The Shah, who is about twenty-three years of age, is like Shahs in general; but the Grand Vizier is said to be a sensible man, and inclined to the Turkish alliance. For the negative success already obtained in restraining Persia from an open alliance with the enemy, much credit is due to Achmet Effendi, the most able of the younger Turks, and by many considered as the future saviour of his country. For some months he has laboured at Teheran to bring about an alliance with Turkey against the enemy which both had to dread. The great difficulty was the inveterate sectarian hatred between Sunni and Sheah, exasperated by the late occurrences at the Persian holy places. The tombs of Ali and his son, the unhappy Hussein, are dear to every Sheah. They are situate in the Pashalic of Bagdad, far beyond the frontier of Persia, and for ages have been visited by the devout from the Euphrates to the Indian Archipelago. A sort of independent jurisdiction was granted them or acquired by prescription, and, as in the case of European sanctuaries, the independence was much abused. Kerbelah became in course of time a refuge for outlaws of every kind, and from the holy precincts they carried on their ravages until the surrounding country became almost impassable. The Pasha of Bagdad at last determined to crush the nuisance. He advanced with a large force and took Kerbelah by storm. The tomb of Hussein was violated, and the anger of the Persians flamed high. All the old disputes broke out again, and the boundary question afforded a pretext for incessant border hostilities. The boundary commission was afterwards appointed, and seems to have done its work well. As to the holy place, it seems allowed that the Persians are entitled to some compensation, which will probably no longer be refused. But the rancour of the rival sects made the task of Achmet Effendi extremely difficult. He might cajole or terrify the Court, but he could hardly expect to rouse the people against the Russians and to create an enthusiasm similar to that with which the Turks have fought. He, however, determined boldly to throw himself on those very religious feelings of the Persian people from which so much hostility was to be dreaded.

"He went among the priests, represented the common danger of Islamism, urged that their minor differences should be forgotten for the present, promised concessions in the matter of the Sheah holy places, and even certain privileges at the still more holy shrines of Mecca and Medina. The success of the plan is said to be beyond all hope. A strong feeling has been raised against the Moscovite infidels, which has been increased by the example of the still more remote Mahomedans of Afghanistan and India, whom the Persians have heard to be enthusiastic in the Sultan's cause. Whether the reconciliation will survive the danger which has caused it is impossible to be predicted; but it is not unlikely that the union and consolidation of the Mahomedan world, which have been proceeding for the last twenty years, will be still further advanced by the suppression of these old animosities. At any rate it is a great thing even to excite a temporary enthusiasm, for without it Eastern soldiers are worthless, and with it they can do a great deal. Where military discipline and skilfulness of command cannot be looked for, the only hope of success is in such a fanaticism as caused the Albanians and Egyptian Fellahs to rush hand to hand upon the Russian regiments at Arab Tabia. Though the Persians have never shown themselves equal in obstinate valour to the Turks, yet on some occasions they have fought well under the influence of strong excitement. In the late war, the defeat of the Russians by Abbas Mirza, a prince of great popularity and religious influence, is a proof that the Persian races are not so degenerate as the servility of the Government and the utter collapse of empire would lead the politician to believe.

"On the whole Persia has not behaved badly; on the contrary, her conduct has been far better than could have been expected. That the Government must be thoroughly frightened, and made to understand that its safety lies in siding with us, is quite clear. The fall of Sebastopol will have a great effect on this Eastern State, as well as on a more civilised but congenial kingdom in Europe. It would be as well, however, to abstain from threats and violence, for the Persians are disposed slowly to come over to our alliance, and by next spring, when their services may be required, will no doubt be wholly converted to the views of Turkey and the Western Powers. Every day weakens Russia, and adds to the strength of

the nations banded together against her. A renewal of good feeling between the two greatest Mahomedan Powers, created by a wise and gentle policy, will be in the end of far greater importance than the addition of a few raw levies dragged up against the Russians in obedience to the command of a terrified and bewildered Shah.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNDAY AT EDINBURGH.—The cabmen of Edinburgh are thinking of following the example of their brethren at Glasgow, and ceasing to work on Sunday. They are induced to take this step by a notion that it is religious, and that their pay will not be reduced.

MR. LOCKHART'S SUCCESSOR IN THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.—It appears that Mr. Lockhart is succeeded in his Auditorship by Mr. Bartolacci, who was appointed in that contingency in May last. A correspondent of the *Times* reminds us, that that was just the period when Mr. Strutt was ejected from the Chancellorship, and suggests that the ejection was at the instigation of Lord John Russell, who can stand a good deal, but could not stand Bertolacci. He also suggests that such offices might be reserved for literary men.

SIGNALS BETWEEN ENGINE DRIVERS AND GUARDS.—A whistle of gutta-percha tubing has been applied to this purpose. A piece of tubing runs over the tops of the carriages, from the guard's van to the driver's box, with a mouthpiece at each end. The number of whistles is easily arranged. It is easily used; the long tube is, of course, always filled with a column of air, and only the slightest disturbance of it by the breath, through the mouthpiece, produces a sound as shrill and ear-piercing as could be wished. Unless a guard or driver were asleep it could not fail to be heard.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—DANGER OF UNLIMITED LIABILITY.—The writer of the City article, in the *Times*, says:—"It is alleged that a method of supplying the serious want of a cheap material for paper has lately been brought to great perfection, the staple employed being the fibre of common flax. To be productive of good results, however, either to the manufacturers, the nation, or the Excise, it must be conducted on a large scale by a public company, and, although persons of capital and ability are represented to be ready to engage in it immediately, they refuse, with the prudence of business men, to commit themselves to this or any analogous enterprise without a charter of limited liability. From the passive obstructiveness of the Board of Trade, such a charter, it appears, cannot be procured."

LORD DALHOUSIE.—We believe we may announce authoritatively that the Governor-General has consented to retain his post for at least another year. We believe also, that even those who have felt the weight of his censure—and he has no other enemies—will rejoice in this announcement. Even they will allow that the statesman who conducted us through the Punjab war is the best ruler for the empire in a European crisis,—that the financier who converted the Five per Cents. may well face the growing difficulties of the opium revenue, and that the author of the *Railway Report* is of all men the best fitted to carry out the gigantic improvements now in contemplation. For ourselves, we believe Lord Dalhousie's stay to be absolutely essential to the empire. The great projects which have been started require to be matured by experience as well as intellectual ability, and the great difficulties to be faced are half obviated by the confidence the Executive reposes in the capacity of its chief. Above all, every year of his reign consolidates that unity which is the great political necessity of the empire.—*Friend of India*.

EXPENSIVE SMOKING.—Mr. Wright, C.E., Government Inspector for the smoke nuisance, proves that 400,000*l.* yearly is saved to the manufacturers by the recent Act, besides such trifling things as soap, wear and tear of linen through dirt, &c. He says that health will improve, and that London already looks cleaner.

SUNDAY DRINKING IN CRIEFF.—The number of persons drunk on Sunday is as large as before the passing of the new law. The cause is just the same as elsewhere: people supply themselves on the Saturday night; and if the evil has been checked by shutting the dram shops on Sunday, it has increased a far worse species—viz., fire-side drinking.—*Perth Advertiser*.

SUPERIORITY OF LARGE STEAMERS.—The Great Britain seems quite to have sustained her reputation in her outward trip to Australia. One of the passengers, Mr. B. C. Aspinall, thus describes the voyage:—"We had a charming passage, no wrecks, no horrors—nothing but a long pleasure-trip in a large yacht. Dancing, singing, eating, drinking, sleeping, all the way, to a most enjoyable extent."—*Morning Chronicle*.

A BAD WORKMAN QUARRELLING WITH HIS TOOLS.—Mr. Cobb, Chaplain to the Norwich Gaol, has, it is said, resigned. The Visiting Justices complained that he had neglected his duty, and he showed them his reasons written in his minute-book:—"No surplice fit to wear, and no service during the week whilst it is washed and repaired."

WHERE DOES IT ALL GO TO?—The total amount of gold coined from March, 1851, till June, 1854, is no less than 28,000,000*l.* For a similar period of time the coinage during the last century has never exceeded 3,000,000*l.*

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The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 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*.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

WHY is Parliament about to meet? A Minister would explain—To vote money. A Tory ex-Minister would explain—To turn out the Government; Tory ex-Ministers having reason to believe that Mr. Bright and the Peace Party, with a great number of Liberals, who are not of the Peace Party, are quite ready to join in an attempt of that kind. But, on both sides, there is a mistake as to the reasons of the meeting of Parliament. Parliament meets because the country has demanded it: and the country demanded it because the Government had broken down. That is to say, Parliament is called in, not as a Legislative, but as an Executive Power, because the country has "no confidence" in the Ministry, and conceives that the Parliament will perform, directly, those friendly functions of assisting and guiding the Government, which are at present discharged so indirectly, and therefore so clumsily, by the press. For it is to be observed that, in regard to the approaching Session, there is no thought of "those measures of progress" which we hear of in other Sessions: the House of Commons will be converted into that "Council of War" the idea of which Mr. Cobden so much ridiculed some few months ago; for some months it will be a Council of War, and nothing more.

It is very natural that a constitutional public should, in its despair of its War Ministers, summon its Parliament. But the resort is in some respects illogical. The Ministry which has broken down in the war is a Ministry of all the talents—a literal fact. It is a Ministry composed of the picked men of the governing classes; and it is a Ministry safe from anti-Ministerialism, because there are none to succeed it. The war is developing the complete unfitness of the governing class to govern, both in respect to brains, and in respect to principle, their sympathies being very distinctly antagonistic with the sympathies of the English nation. It is a profound belief in the camp and in the fleets that the "gallant officers" do not make great generals nor good leaders: and at home we see confidence in the issue of the struggling reviving precisely at that point when the work of conducting the war passes from the hands of dull and frightened nobles into the hands of the Nasmyths and Petos—the new confidence being again deluded because ill-placed. A contemporary (the *Herald*) distinguished for its bold and healthy treatment of all the war topics, congratulates Lord Aberdeen on the defence we have made for him—our observation, last week, having been that Lord Aberdeen had produced this result by his cravings for peace; he had given time for

opinions to march before events, and had converted the war into a revolutionary war. Perhaps this is premature: it was written before the news had reached of the sinister treaty of Vienna. But of this we think the students of public opinion will not doubt—that the war has produced a conviction throughout the workmanlike mind of actual England—that our aristocracy is not equal to the war, and that the aristocratic system has become incompatible with a "popular" war. And as Parliament is the aristocratic system, we may, for the present, be making some mistake in welcoming so ardently the 12th of December.

We should be definitive in speaking of Parliament. In the first place, when we talk of Parliament we merely mean the House of Commons. Furthermore, we do not mean the whole of the House of Commons. We do not mean the one-third of it who are abject Ministerialists, men afflicted with the philosophical conviction that in the end one Government is as good as another, and in the mean time are disposed to make the most of the loaves and fishes offered them by those who happen to be in. On the other hand, we do not mean the other third, the wretched partisans of Tory leaders, who, with the reckless *morale* and characteristic stupidity of their class, are attempting to take advantage of an honest national indignation to oppose a Ministry which, compared with any they could make up out of their ranks of bores and *crétins*, is divine in intellect and Christian in morality. We count, then, upon a new section of the representative Chamber—upon those men who are coming up, for Tuesday, thinking of their duties to their country, and not at all of their duties to parties or to classes. But it is the hue of this section in which the Tories will seek to clothe themselves; and the very apprehension of some such identification may modify their action.

On their action depends everything; and, though it is a melancholy consideration that we are defending civilisation by this aid of a senate, one-third of which alone represents the people—and that indirectly and not directly, by sharing in, rather than springing from, national desires—yet it is some consolation that we may depend on their action. The Ministerialists are mere negative members: good to cheer. The Tories, being led by Lord Derby, who is not reputed to be so sagacious, and by Mr. Disraeli, who is reputed to be only sagacious, are an opposition of account merely for number. Yet the action of this patriotic one-third, in which we strive to believe, though the numbers may be too "round," can only be effective up to a certain point. It can counsel, and even coerce: for, emphatically, it will represent the "country." But it will not propose to itself to cease to be patriotic and to become a party; that is, it will not contemplate becoming a Government to carry on the war as the country longs to see the war carried on. Within, the one-third on which we place our hopes, are crowds of small cliques, or eccentricities, difficult of fusion into a homogeneous whole—difficult because the crisis has not yet presented us with a great man commanding a lead. Thus we must be content with incoherent patriotism; and, in fact, we have a Coalition Government because the aristocracy is worn out while the middle class is unprepared for Government.

The House of Commons may not, then, at once secure a popularisation of the war; but it will prevent the English aristocracy playing, too carefully, the game of the dynasties. The war, we rather think, will, to a great extent, take care of itself, so that the governing classes be not left to themselves; and it will be hard if, while there is revolution abroad, we do not, in the crash, get some reforms at home.

CONCENTRATION OF THE NATIONAL PARTY.

THERE is no necessity to create a popular party: the popular party exists, and is, what does not always happen with popular parties—really popular. Favoured by the people, closely connected with the people, especially mingled with the people, it is not a Wilkes faction, not a Foxite clique, not a George Gordon mob, but really the people undivided into classes. It is called into action undoubtedly by various motives. We have many brigades in this great army. There are, in the first place, those long-experienced politicians who have actually foreseen the present position of affairs, have matured the ideas which belong to it, have, before now, distinctly marked out the true line of policy, and are prepared to insist upon a course of action into which the Government has entered very slowly after the necessity, and perhaps without being prepared to carry it to a real issue.

There is also an extremely numerous circle who are now forced to consider the question of the war, and of all that is involved in that question, as a personal matter. In the three victories of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, there was a loss of 7800 killed and wounded; every one of the persons killed and wounded had some relations in this country, and amongst the officers of course there was a large majority that had relations in the wealthy and aristocratic classes of society. Now there is no doubt that if the forces had been much stronger, the Russians could not have inflicted those three victories upon us; they would have been crushed, as they deserved to be, and that loss would not have been sustained. It is proved by experience that the English soldier is equal to about two, if not three or more, Russians: if our force had been twice as great as it is, if not three times, the Russians by this time would be put down; and many a politician therefore would not have been actuated by the personal motive—the sense of family wrong and domestic bereavement which now imparts a sting of indignation to the belief that Government has not done what it might. The party consisting of these people is to be found, we say, principally amongst the wealthier classes, and amongst those poor classes with whom the private soldiers are connected; but it is very widely spread.

Besides these two classes we have the Radical Opposition, which dislikes the temporising, minimising conduct of Government. We have the Friends of the Pole and the Friends of Italy.

And we have another party also disconnected with politics, but largely connected with important towns. One reason why the forces are weak is, that they are not supplied with sufficient instruments. Notwithstanding the advance of science in modern warfare, our troops are imperfectly supplied with rifles; every man has not yet his revolver, though that should be a fixed principle; in artillery, we are inferior to the Russians, though we have the Lancaster gun—only just tried. A Nasmyth undertakes to send two hundred-weight from a distance beyond the enemy's range; and a Perkins promises to send a ton flying a distance of five miles from the steam gun. A few navigators are only now sent to construct a flying railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol. Workmen are still engaged upon the winter clothing. And there are many other supplies for the troops which are in arrear. Now the war had some tendency to put a stop to trade; when conducted with spirit, however, it has demands of its own, which to a certain extent restore the deficiency in the ordinary demand; and if Ministers do their duty by troops abroad, some branches of activity, otherwise thrown out of employment,

will be called into increased use. By procrastinating the aid for the army, Ministers have neglected to set in motion this compensating trade; and hence the manufacturing districts have not received that stimulus which they should have had for the interest of the troops and of the state. Here, then, is a manufacturing party whose own injury lends force to the sense of the public injury.

Beyond this, there is the working-class, of whom we can speak from a close and recent knowledge on the spot in different parts of the country, who entertain the most generous sympathy with the war—who are anxious to see it carried out with the utmost vigour—who mistrust Government, and believe that much of their efforts are now directed to maintaining the Continental system as it is. The working-classes are inclined to suspect that our men are sacrificed to prevent the genuine war which would effectually put down Russia, and perhaps some other things with it.

Here then is the national party—the party which doubts whether Government has done its full duty to the State and to the occasion; the party we say, does not need to be created, it exists, it is moving, it speaks aloud.

What it needs is not creation, but concentration. It does not require excitement, but direction in its efforts. We do not want speech-making, but we want a machinery, and a course of action which would bring together the divided sections of the great national party, give to its movement unity, and enable the power in it to produce its full effect. Is it represented out of doors and in Parliament? We do not know. We can imagine that we might have patriotic men complaining of the waste of life; Radicals denouncing the sacrifice made of our armies to battle out a compromise and save the crowned despots of Europe; Birmingham men exposing the favouritism which gives contracts to a few houses, and closes the trade which Ministers declare to be insufficient for the production of arms; bereaved families complaining of their loss, and accusing Government; working-men denouncing a great aristocratic job for the benefit of the aristocracies abroad; and yet all these classes virtually doing that which they charge Government with doing, because instead of directing all their efforts to the one object which they have in common, they may be endeavouring to raise above everything else their own special crochets, and acting more against each other than against Government. Whigs will be sneering at Radicals; discreet middle-class men will be looking down upon working-men; bereaved families will be repelling party associations; and although everybody is conscious that Government does not do so much as it might, everybody will copy that same Government. The first thing, then, if anything like unity is to be imparted to this national party is, that its representatives should quietly meet, and without speeches to parade the diversities of opinion amongst them, endeavour to find out the points of action upon which they combine, and to settle them. This will be effected principally by two processes—by simplifying the objects of action and agreeing to unite upon them, diversities upon secondary points apart; and by abstaining from the fussy ostentatious indulgence of speech-making. Action, not speeches, is what we want. Combination, not emulation, is the necessity of the day. We want an effectual war, and public opinion might be made to bear upon the Government with a resistless pressure, if we could only get gentlemen to meet in quiet committee.

WHAT WOULD MAKE THE WAR REAL.

A few days more will solve our doubts, and may inform us that Ministers really comprehend at last the nature of the contest in which

they are engaged, and have resolved to carry it through. Some few circumstances compel us, before we have such assurances, to doubt. They tolerated King Frederick William; they temporised with Austria; they persist in throwing out assurances that they do not intend to take a loan. Now let us see what these three negative facts prove against them.

A loan would be unnecessary, if Russia were actually to yield, were to confess herself wrong, give up the points in dispute, and submit to any mutilation or restraint that might be put upon her. Who believes that she would do so? At the best she can but pretend to yield, and give a mockery of guarantee. Should peace be concluded with Russia before the spring, it must be a dishonest peace; and the people of England, as well as the nations of the Continent, will be swindled. But if Russia do not submit, the war must proceed; and if the war do proceed, to be more than a mockery it must be extended, must be carried deep into Russia, must cost infinitely more—twice, three times, five, or even ten times as much as the present war. Will Mr. Gladstone charge that upon yearly income. If he do, he and his colleagues must mean to render the war impossible, by placing upon it a prohibitory penalty and making commercial England pay for it out of capital. If such be his intention, Ministers must intend to secure the survival of Russia by the extraordinary guarantee of making her destruction the destruction also of English commerce.

The very worst suspicion is encouraged by their treatment of Prussia—a Government so utterly worthless, so false, foolish, and vile, that common sense could not treat it in any way but one. The King of Prussia, largely connected with all the German Courts and the Russian Courts, makes public affairs bow to the most trivial of family matters. He finds leisure now to dance “the Torch dance” with the German bride of Prince Karl Friedrich; and the business of his Court has been suspended by the marriage ceremony. Before that he had busied himself in a series of trumpery ceremonies, in order to typify his hatred of revolution, German or Spanish. He continues to avow his adherence to “moderation,” according to his own sense of the word—that is truckling to Russia; while he affects alliance with the West. Like idiots in old times, he uses his repute for fatuity as a privileged means of playing spy with impunity. There is but one way of treating royal Prussia, and that is as the rough husbandman treats weeds—the plough of war should be passed over him, and the weed should be ploughed in. But our Government acts in a manner which shows a greater care to spare and preserve royal Prussia than to attain the objects of the war.

The conduct of Austria being less equivocal than that of Prussia, her treatment by our own Government is less ugly; and yet it is bad enough. Of course we are speaking with imperfect information, but we suspect the worst of the terms of the Vienna agreement. A whole year has been allowed to pass, and Austria, still temporising, signs a treaty, promising to act—next year! Bankrupt in promises, she offers a bill at a month's date; and it is accepted. And the interval is professedly allowed, because there is a probability that Russia may come in and submit! The very expectation is a treachery. It betrays the half-heartedness of our statesmen. They seek a compromise with Russia; and for what? Because if Russia were driven to extremities, and Austria were obliged to take a real part in the war, wanting support at home, she must rally round her flag her subject nations; and to do that she must cultivate their good-will, by recognising their political exist-

ence. It may be natural for Austria to dread that day—for we all dread the first return to virtue. But what could England dread in such a result? If political necessity obliged the Austrian Government to renew the Stadion policy, what could English ministers find to regret in an extension of constitutional Government to the Empire? They can only regret it by being traitors to English principles; they can only seek to spare Austria the necessity, because they themselves are untrue to English standards.

But if so, they are doubly and trebly traitors. They are seeking to avoid the emancipation of the subject nations under Austria; they are sacrificing our own countrymen in vain; and they are frustrating the war that costs us so much. As well enter into a single combat with a Russian on the principle of striking gently, as carry on a war of forbearance with Russia. We cannot really conquer her, save by striking home. Those who administer the war in the idea that they can spare her, forbid a real victory, and waste blood for nothing. They side with Russia against our own army. They perpetuate the mistake under which our enemy was suffered to be bred, born, and reared into greatness, and they seek a result which involves the ruin and enslavement of our land. Hitherto, in maintaining Russia, Europe has kept a Goth, to hold down the civilised nations; a few years more, and that Goth would effectually have mastered those who have sustained him; and even now our Government is temporising and compromising. There is only one test of their sincerity—the adoption, frankly and absolutely, of the declaration that Russia must be destroyed.

SIEGE BY CONTRACT.

ALTHOUGH we boast very loudly of our superiority in science and mechanics, it is a curious phenomenon that, now we are at war, we seem loth to take the vantage ground offered us by our discoveries in the destructive sciences. It is a fact that we began to sit down before Sebastopol in the same formula and with very nearly the same machinery that Wellington employed in the reduction of Badajos, more than forty years ago. The pick and the spade suffice to scoop out our trenches; the heavy guns and matériel were dragged up steep and along rough roads by horses and men; with the exception of the Lancaster gun, our artillery was constructed upon the oldest principle, and, with the exceptions of the Minié rifle and Colt's revolver (both dealt out with the most niggard hand), the bayonet and "Brown Bess" were the most effective of our small arms. In all these matters our enemies were quite equal to ourselves. Their guns as heavy in metal, and certainly with range quite as extensive as our own. In order to attempt an impression upon the stone walls of the fortress (up to this time apparently an unsuccessful attempt) we have had to approach our range so close to the walls that the loss of artillerymen by musketry alone has been serious; and yet the comparatively small pieces of iron with which we continue to batter away are reported to do little more than just "spot" the white exterior of the walls. Recent accounts lead us to the disagreeable conclusion that we have expended all our ammunition in vain,—or, at any rate, with no more serious effects than what the Russians can repair within the space of a single night.

Yet we have not been stationary since the time of the Peninsular war. On the contrary, our scientific men have been remarkably active in devising the most formidably destructive forces. There was a Captain Warner, for instance, possessed of a power capable of hurling into atoms the largest man-of-war. Where is he now?—dead; and where his inven-

tion?—lost. Officials laughed at the idea for no better reason than that they could not comprehend it; yet every chemist knows that there are substances (chloride of nitrogen, for instance) a very small quantity of which would be the destruction of a city. Then again, there was Perkins's steam-gun; a death-dealing tube, capable of pouring four or five hundred bullets against an advancing column, in a minute, and with all the power and accuracy of a rifle; an implement that might be played upon battalions with as much facility as the hose of a fire-engine, with such effect as may be easily imagined. Yet that has never risen beyond the dignity of being a toy at the Adelaide Gallery. James Nasmyth, of Patricroft—no speculative man, but one of the first practical mechanics in the kingdom—declares that by means of his steam-hammer he can make a gun capable of throwing a ball upon the Minié principle weighing three hundredweight. Why not three tons—for as George Stephenson said, impossibilities are only matters of money? Mr. Perkins, son to the inventor of the steam-gun, declares that he can propel a ball of one ton weight against the walls of a place, at the distance of five miles. Conceive for one moment the effect of such enormously destructive missiles upon a place like Sebastopol, and compare it with the spattering hail of bullets, the most enormous of which does not exceed eighty-four pounds.

The idea has several times been thrown out in these columns, why not have these undertakings executed on the same terms as other great undertakings are executed upon—by contract. A siege is admitted to be a mechanical operation, and, in the case of Sebastopol in particular, immense natural difficulties have to be overcome. Suppose, by way of putting the case, that any one of our great contractors had undertaken the job, and let us picture the manner in which he would have proceeded. Of course his estimate would have been a very large one, and his command of men and money unlimited. He would have required an armament, probably not inferior in extent to that actually sent out, but how differently provided and constructed! No want of medical stores there, or of ambulance-corps to economise the lives of his workmen—our contractor would have known better than that; the surplus profit would have pleaded eloquently for the lives of those who were to assist him in executing the task. Arrived before the fortress to be taken, a swarm of stalwart "navvies," armed with the rock-cutting machine, which has effected such wonders in America, would have hollowed out the trenches with ten times the celerity of the best Sappers and Miners. A tramroad and machinery would have brought up the heavy material from Balaklava to the trenches with scarcely any expenditure of human or even equine labour. The position of the forces would have been defended on all sides by defences which no enemy could approach, far less overcome. Well housed, and warmed, and fed (economy would have taught all this to our contractor), the troops would have awaited in their impregnable camp the moment when they would be required to rush forward to complete the conquest of the fortress, already pounded to atoms by machines of irresistible power which would have been brought to bear upon the enemy from a distance far out of reach of their puny artillery. This, as it seems to us, would be the way in which a great contractor would avail himself of English skill and English science if pitted against the ignorant hordes who have hitherto had to send to Manchester or Birmingham for the meanest piece of mechanism used to spin them a hank of yarn.

But then, to be sure, this would put an end to all *prestige* of military glory, and would reduce war to a mere mechanical operation.

Is this an evil? Is war, then, so much of a pastime that we love to hear of our bravest gentlemen falling in the execution of what could be better done at less sacrifice of life? It is true that the employment of a contractor might have the effect of upsetting Vauban, as well as of stultifying the memory of some very glorious sieges. But what then—if the work were better done?

Government has already adopted one or two of these notions—in part. The contractor idea, for instance, has been reduced into hiring Messrs. Brassey and Peto to make a railway from Balaklava to the trenches. The navvies have been hired for the purpose, and are all of good character (out of compliment, it is presumed, to Lord Aberdeen). The railway will probably be finished by next March, by which time it will not be wanted, or ought not; although, to be sure, it may then serve to carry Menschikoff and his luggage down to the Agamemnon. Nasmyth's idea, too, has been taken up by Government, to the extent of "empowering him to proceed in carrying out his designs." But all this is terribly tittle-by-tittleish, and lacks the grasp and power of men who foreknow and foresee. The fact is patent: the science of warfare, like that of Government, wants development. To gain that, both must be performed by men whose heads are equal to their purposes.

THE RIFLE CONTRACTS.

If anything could prove how slowly the nature and magnitude of the war into which we have drifted had opened upon the mind of the Ministry, it would be the small supply of improved small arms furnished to the troops. It is reckoned that about 45,000 stand of rifles and carbines on improved plans have been delivered in by makers; to allow a store of 50 per cent. on the arms in use is a very small allowance; so that now, at the end of 1854, we have efficient fire-arms for 30,000 men to go against the Czar. Do not let it be pretended that the force was always to have been larger: who would believe you, if you averred that you intended to have thirty people to dinner, and you only laid knives and forks for ten? Do not let it be said that no time has been allowed for getting the supply: it was in 1851 that the Duke of Wellington affirmed the necessity of substituting the Minié rifle for the old musket, and it was in the lifetime of the late Duke of Orleans, if we remember rightly, certainly before 1848, that Sir Charles Shaw witnessed those feats with the Minié which he publicly described in this country. The Lancaster gun may have been tried but recently, the Minié has been known and in use for eight years at least, and to this day some of our troops are sent out with old "brown Bess" to fire salutes of honour to the Russians. It cannot, originally at least, have been intended to shoot the Russians.

In the admirable romance of Amadis de Gaul, the great King Lisuarte is going forth to meet a mortal enemy, and he is encountered by a beautiful lady who makes him a present of a fine sword: the King is led into an ambush, and his sword breaks off at the hilt.

In excuse, the Government accuses the contractors, and the contractors accuse Government. The contractors, says the right honourable the *Times*, prevented the establishment of the Government factory at Woolwich, which would have furnished the supply wanted; and now the contractors cannot make fast enough. The contractors reply through their local organs, that they can make at the rate of 3000 a week in Birmingham alone; but that Government first paralysed them by threatening to establish the factory; then gave contracts only to four principal firms in Birmingham; and to this day

appoints "reviewers" so few or so over-scrupulous, that out of a number between ten and twenty thousand stand which were waiting for examination in the middle of November, by the end of that month ten thousand were still waiting. We remember reading somewhere of a duel which was to have been fought; only the seconds, being in collusion, delayed it so long by the over-scrupulous measuring of swords, that the duel was unfought, and the wronged man, awaiting satisfaction, was taken up by the guard.

Surely the Government is misled by a name, and misconceives the contract system to be a means of contracting business instead of expanding it? A large supply of arms is needed—the Duke of Wellington calculated that 350,000 would be necessary in the peace of year of 1851, besides a store of 600,000—and Government grants contracts to *four* men at Birmingham. True the rule has been relaxed and a few other makers have been engaged; but the actual supply from Birmingham is only 1100 a week, and the supply which the town could produce would be 3000. There are gun-makers also at Coventry, in London, and in other places, so that it is not too much to say that the supply at home could be quadrupled. Why create a monopoly? The only excuse for doing so is when a demand is limited, and the object is to make it "worth the while" of some firms to do the work well; but in this case the demand is practically unlimited. In such circumstances, the only object of a contract is to fix conditions, not to give an exclusive trade; and there is no reason why Government should not at this moment have contracts with all makers in the United Kingdom. The makers themselves would multiply under such encouragement.

Nay, hateful as the very sound of Government factories is to a Free-trade community, we believe that Government would have been allowed its gun factory at Woolwich, on one condition. If it had said, we want guns faster than they can possibly be made; we will add, therefore, to the making power by establishing a factory, not to compete, but to aid—then we believe that the manufacturers themselves would have voted for the aid, upon the sole condition that Government had frankly said—We want the arms as fast as possible, for we want them to destroy Russia, the great despot, the arch enemy of constitutional freedom.

UNITED STATES ELECTIONS.

AMERICAN elections are frequently incomprehensible contradictions to Englishmen, and the last is more than usually tangled. Two years ago, when Mr. Pierce was carried into the Presidential chair on the flood of overwhelming popular opinion, the canvass presented no confusion, and consequently needed no explanation. The contest just over, however, requires comment in order to be comprehended by Britons.

A few weeks since we had returns from the great states of Ohio and Pennsylvania showing results decidedly adverse to Mr. Pierce's administration, and the last mail brought intelligible reports from New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, Michigan, and Wisconsin. As this is the first Congressional election since Mr. Pierce's elevation to the chief magistracy of the Republic, and as all the states named have returned Opposition members to the House of Representatives, or popular branch of the national legislature, some speculations as to cause and tendency may be appropriate.

The campaign was evidently contested without special reference to the principles laid down in the *platforms* of the old political parties. New issues were raised, and new elements

entered largely into the canvass. Know-Nothingism—a novel phase of American politics—seems to have met with considerable success at the North and West, gathering force as it went from almost all the other small 'isms of the land. This combination was unknown a year ago except as an impotent faction of what in 1844 was called the Native American Party. Now it absorbs all except the Democratic Party, which, it seems to us, often falls into bad hands, but as often rises above the temporary defeats it suffers from the follies of its friends. Its present discomfiture is justly attributable to the uncalled-for repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery is introduced into free territory, and the too common practice many of its leaders have of playing the demagogue to ignorant foreigners, to the manifest neglect and insult of intelligent native-born Americans.

Reaction to some extent always follows the first Congressional term of a new President, disappointed aspirants for place, the non-fulfilment of the extravagant expectations of others, and revival of hope in the Opposition being its chief elements. In such cases the recoil, however, is only partial; a consummation not indicated by this campaign. The change which has just taken place is best illustrated by figures. At present there are twenty-two Democratic congressmen from New York State, and eleven Opposition; four from New Jersey, and one Opposition; sixteen from Pennsylvania, and nine Opposition; and the same proportion from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. In the next Congress, to assemble in December, 1855, this will be almost, if not entirely reversed. The Whigs and Know-Nothings of New York have elected twenty-seven out of thirty-three members; the same parties in Pennsylvania, twenty out of twenty-five members; while the States of Ohio, Illinois, Maine, and Massachusetts do not send a single member favourable to Mr. Pierce's Administration. The Know-Nothings have every congressman from the last-named State, together with the Governor and three hundred and forty-one out of three hundred and forty-eight members of the Lower House of the State Legislature.

Influences of a local nature had weight in both New York and Massachusetts, in New York the canvass being what Captain Mayratt would call a very pretty triangular fight. There were four candidates for Governor, and, strangely enough, the one friendly to Mr. Pierce was elected, although the Congressional delegation—which if favourable would be the real support of the Federal Government—was chosen from the Opposition. In Albany, the capital of the State, the native Whigs voted for the Presidential favourite, whereas the Irish and German democrats of the same city gave their support to Mr. Ullmann, the Know-Nothing nominee! The sequel to this lies in the facts that Mr. Seymour, the successful Governor, is pledged against that tyrannical gag, a Maine Liquor Law, which gained him Whig sympathisers; and that the Whigs, being hostile to Mr. Ullmann, represented him as a foreigner, to insure his defeat at the hands of naturalised citizens; but to their astonishment this had the contrary effect.

The repudiation of the Know-Nothings by the New York Whigs contrasts strongly with the Whig endorsement of the new party in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and some of the Western States; and yet it is not surprising. In 1844, when the Native American party sprang to great, but brief power, the Pennsylvania Whigs courted it, to ensure Henry Clay's election, their brethren of New York disclaiming the alliance. Mr. Clay was defeated. The Whigs of New York attributed this to the Native Americans of Pennsylvania

having voted for him, while the Philadelphia Whigs as confidently imputed his failure to the native vote of New York having been cast for Mr. Polk. This created a breach which has never been solidly repaired; and as the Know-Nothing party is clearly a revival of the old Native American organisation, spiced with a few new elements, the principal being secrecy, we do not see that the Whigs will gain by becoming its advocates. Mutual distrust already exists, and the Whigs, by courting the new party, merely catch at a straw to save their party from immediate dissolution. Their gain in New York, Ohio, Michigan, and other States, is not healthful. It is the result of the disaffection we have referred to, and not an endorsement of their principles. The Know-Nothings expect to rule, and will. They are not likely to submit to Whig rule, but the Whigs must yield to them. Such, indeed, appears to be the belief in Massachusetts, for that Whig State has become wholly Know-Nothing. In this view the Opposition in the next Congress will be formidable on none but the slavery extension question, and as that is settled for the present, the election of a Whig and Know-Nothing majority is only a change in the ring of the old saw about the horse and stable-door. If we are correct—and we believe we are—there are two hundred and two members of the House of Representatives or popular wing of Congress. The returns so far indicate a Whig and Know-Nothing preponderance of some twenty votes. This, combined, is sufficient to defeat any democratic measure; but as the Know-Nothings number twenty-eight or thirty members they hold the "balance of power," and will assuredly exercise it in the way most to their profit. Whichever party offers fairest will most likely obtain their aid, and once they break with the Whigs that organisation will be powerless, the old animosity will revive, and reconciliation be impossible. Here is the vulnerable point of the opposition; nor is it to be supposed the democrats will fail to assail it. They are somewhat disorganised now, but have not deserted their principles, and may be considered the only united, consistent party in the Republic. There can be no doubt that they will have settled their differences before the end of 1855, and therefore the new Congress, having a balance-wheel in the recruited Whig vote, may legislate better than the present one has done so far. We do not believe there will be any change in the policy of Mr. Pierce's administration, except on the question of slavery, and that change will most likely be in favour of peace and against unnecessary agitation.

From this analysis the late elections present nothing very surprising. Know-Nothingism is contrary to the genius of republicanism, and cannot become permanent or controlling. The party carries the seeds of its own dissolution with it, and must injure the combination which favours it. It is made up of the fragments of all factions, and, like unto David in the cave of Adullam, has gathered unto itself "everyone in distress, everyone in debt," and all the discontented.

"THE CAMBRIDGE ROW" AT INKERMAN.

ONE of the most startling subjects of the week has passed under what looks like a systematic silence. We alluded to the reports respecting the Duke of Cambridge. A more pointed expression has been given to the same reports by the *Standard*, which says:—

"We have some reason for believing that the Duke of Cambridge, than whom a braver soldier never stood on the field of battle, has had his mind most alarmingly overthrown by the sight of the cold-blooded butcheries and deliberate assassinations

perpetrated by the brutal and savage cut-throats, who, wearing the livery of the Czar of Russia, are a disgrace to the name and profession of a soldier."

The modes in which this "overthrow" manifested itself have been variously stated; but one statement is, that the Duke of Cambridge had some over-animated discussion with Lord Raglan on the subject of military conduct. Letters from the Crimea speak of the subject as "the Cambridge row." Other versions of the story represent Major-General Henry Bentinck as the offended party. General Bentinck was wounded, but not very severely. He returns, however, to this country, and pays one of his first visits to the Duchess of Gloucester, at whose house he is met by the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. It had been stated in the papers that he had received an invitation from the Queen, but had excused himself on the score of his bad state of health. Later, however, the General did visit the Queen, and had a long interview with her Majesty and Prince Albert. He has subsequently been appointed Governor of Portsmouth. It is reported by the telegraph that the Duke of Cambridge "had left the army invalided." These are some of the very few ascertained facts, mingled with mere rumours, which throw a doubtful light upon the subject. The reports have been repeated; their bearing has been pointed, as we have observed, by the *Standard*; they remain without contradiction, and the whole subject is involved in what looks like a systematic mystery. We are therefore left to put our own inferences.

The appointment of the Duke of Cambridge is the most conspicuous, but not the sole example of those made apparently on some ground of connexion or favour. Others have given occasion to remark. Why was the venerable but hot-headed Lord Lucan placed in position to make that suicidal charge at Balaklava, the discredit of which was for a time thrown upon poor Captain Nolan? What are Lord Cardigan's characteristics, beyond those of a trooper? What admirable qualities of command has he displayed, to redeem his black bottle stains, that he should be chosen to dash his men into action and to bring so few of them out of action? It could not be for want of cavalry officers who have shown genius and have gained experience, since there is a Thackerwell at home,—employing his great ability in recruiting horses for the troops! The Quarter-Master-General in the East was by some reason or other induced to return home soon after the commencement of the campaign, and his return called attention to the question why he ever went out? Was it because of his connexion with a Minister in office? What have been the services of the Duke of Cambridge? The incessant restlessness with which he rode about the camp at Chobham was marked, and looked meritorious; and he had shown a similar vivacity of self-display at the Wellington funeral; but Chobham and the Strand are not fields which test the genius or experience sufficient to make a General of Division. On the field of battle, as at Alma, he displayed a laudable desire that his troop should "form up;" his anxieties however seeming more for parade niceties than for snatching a rough victory out of a rough field. It must have taxed Lord Raglan's tact to give the Duke a service suitable; but why encumber the Commander-in-Chief with a Royal Highness, when he wanted an efficient General of Division? In a field where five Generals may be wounded, and three killed, in one day, it is not desirable to have ornamental officers, or to give away posts in "a particular service," for the claims of family connexion.

As exceptions amongst the mass of eloquent and chivalrous literature that the post pours back from the East, come a few grumbings,

disparagements, and despondencies. Some of the officers grumble, and go on; others mix with their grumbling the talk of their returning home; and cynics observe that these homesick people are the sons of hatters and grocers who have crept into commissions by the un-aristocratic laxity of the Horse Guards. If such is true, perhaps we shall find that the hatters and grocers had commercial relations with the aristocracy, and that the Horse Guards had favoured lenient creditors. But what are the facts? There are some tolerably notorious instances of gentlemen who have shown the utmost dislike to the trenches and enterprises of Sebastopol, or the victories of Balaklava and Inkerman; but it is not the sons of hatters and grocers who are reported to have bolted, or to have laid themselves down upon the ground, "roaring" with terror at the idea of being ordered to advance! If you go down to the humblest classes, you may repeat, without ceasing, instances of a chivalry equalling that of romance. A Sullivan, acting as one of a small picket party, withstands an approaching host of Russians, as we hear of knights withstanding armies; and a Hewitt remains alone to man a gun against the advancing enemy: but these are non-commissioned and warrant officers, whom, with many others of the same rank, the authorities are forced to recognise by military promotion. These men have "crept into commissions," though they are probably the sons of those who are even "lower" than hatters and grocers. They have the capacity for understanding their duty; the fidelity to render just obedience in a field where infidelity of obedience is the frustration of victory, courage to snatch triumph from the very hands of death, fortitude to sustain death itself with patience, and gentleness crowning the chivalrous character which worships female presence. Hear what Mr. Sidney Herbert says of the private soldiers in the Crimea:—

"He had witnessed with great pleasure for many years past the endeavours which had been made to improve our soldiers by giving them a better education and more comforts, and he disagreed with those who thought that we were doing too much for the British army; he also thought that opinions would be greatly changed by what had recently taken place.

"There could be no doubt that in all armies there was a feeling, which was shared in both by officers and men, of indifference of life; but in the present campaign the warmest feeling of attachment to each other had been shown by all, and the strictest order and discipline had been followed out. He was looking but a few days since over the late Duke of Wellington's despatches relative to the Peninsular campaigns, and one of his chief complaints was the total want of discipline, and the outrageous brutalities committed by his army, which nothing but the greatest severity could put an end to. Let them turn to the army now in the Crimea, and compare it in this respect with that in the Peninsula. The army under Lord Raglan was, as he was informed by an officer who had just arrived from the seat of war, an army without a crime, with great order, with no complaints, and with no bad conduct, and the office of Judge-Advocate was a perfect sinecure. There was no doubt that much of this was to be attributed to the Duke of Wellington himself, who had left the army in the highest state of self-control. He had seen a letter from the lady who had gone out to take charge of the sick and wounded, which stated that in her progress through the various hospitals, which extended over a distance of four miles, she had not heard a single word unfit for a lady to hear, nor a single complaint."

It is not, therefore, for want of materials that they choose unsuitable cadets of aristocratic houses, or select Royal Highnesses to put in place of officers and Generals of division. Certain failures of persons who have not known how to use the opportunities thrust upon them in the Crimea, corroborate all that we have said as to the mischief of choking up the higher ranks in the army with the favourites or minions of court or aristocracy, instead of letting appointments go according to the direct claims of merit and capacity.

RAILWAY CONTRACTORS CARRYING ON THE WAR.

(From a Correspondent.)

MESSRS. BRASSEY, Peto, Betts, and Co., having entered into an engagement to send to the Crimea certain civil engineers, railway navvies, railway plant, &c., the public will no doubt wait most anxiously the results. That one or more thousand men inured to labour may be made useful no one need doubt—that is, their power to labour will be so much added to the available stock of power on hand. But, that they will add to the efficiency and strength of the army, in proportion to their numbers and cost (if used as proposed, namely, to construct railways), may reasonably be doubted. Horses, mules, and donkeys, or even Turks, present labour in a much cheaper and more available form: these, or a combination of these, will convey ammunition and stores generally from the shipping to the army quite as well, and at a cheaper rate, than the navvies can—under the circumstances.

Does the Duke of Newcastle expect that railways can or will be laid during the continuance of this siege (Sebastopol) so as to be useful? If so, other than wooden houses should be sent out; the nation may look for a repetition of the siege of Troy, and should prepare for it accordingly. The army may require model lodging-houses, baths and wash-houses, patent soil pans, &c.; the question of brick sewers, or earthenware tubular pipe drains may probably be settled at the camp, and the metropolis benefit by the experience accordingly.

But, in all serious earnestness, to return to the question of navvy labour in war—for the subject is a grave one—how shall it or how can it answer? It is said one navvy will be worth, in the trenches, several soldiers.—Query! This depends upon the judgment of the general. Soldiers are, for the most part, day labourers and artisans, men brought up to labour, and who have been drilled into obedience. Then there are the Sappers and Miners—artisans of good character, and skilled in the use of their tools, prepared by precept and practice in entrenching and fortifying. Surely no man will say a raw, clumsy, uncouth, untrained, and mulish navvy is even equal to one of these men. Then why not send out every available sapper?

Those who have employed, superintended, and paid gangs of navvies, know something about their tempers and their working powers. In temper, they are obstinate, in disposition, brutish; and, at any other labour than filling a waggon or wheeling a barrow, clumsy. They labour like asses, but eat, drink, and sleep like pigs. By constant labour of one form their limbs are strong, but stiffened and ungainly. They can neither run nor fight—to advantage. A London pugilist of ten stone weight would beat a score of the largest and stoutest navvies as fast as they could stand up before him, one after the other, and would only be beaten in turn by the damage to his fists. All this may seem beside the question of their use at the war, but it is not. Men are required, not only strong, but active, and, above all, amenable to discipline. This the navvies are not, neither will they be made so in the time required. We do not expect to hear of "single and double runs, horse runs and waggon roads" being regularly "worked night and day by double shifts" in the trenches; if so, the navy will require "*sub*" and have his "drinking bouts," or the men sent out will alter in their nature and in their conduct.

There is another and more serious feature of the case to be considered, namely, the presence of free men and their pay—that is, the association of the unenlisted raw material at 7s. a day with the soldier doing heavier duty and risking his life at 1s. a day. Will this tend to harmony? Will it create content? Will it improve discipline? We fear not.

The wording of the agreement is not very clear.

The navvies are to be employed in the formation of railways from Balaklava to the heights round Sebastopol. They had better be employed to carry or wheel up the material, ammunition, stores, &c. By the time the railway is formed the war may be at an end. One thousand men will carry or wheel ten thousand tons eight miles long before they would complete one mile of railway; therefore, eighty thousand tons may be placed on the heights round Sebastopol before a single line of rails could be laid.

The whole scheme looks vastly like an absurdity, and indicates the shifts a Ministry may be driven to.

Government might contract for many things with advantage—ships of war, &c. Yankee backwoodsmen would have shot down the Caffres by contract at a tenth of the sum paid. We might even be governed by contract cheaper than at present. At all events, the Queen might try the result of an advertisement for a War Minister, warranted to understand his business.

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*.

THERE is now a lull in the war, and, in consequence, literature begins to raise its head again. The advertising columns of the newspapers begin once more to have a good show in the literary department—publishers reminding the public of their old, as well as announcing new, books; and, more symptomatic still, the daily papers have again had a spare column or two for literary notices. Probably Parliament, with its storms, will cut short this period of revived leisure, so dear to publishers and authors. On the whole, however, we expect that the coming season, let the war rage on as it may, will not be one of comparative literary fertility. Should this Treaty with Austria, and the “Four Points” negotiation which it is to set on foot again, lead to peace—that is to say, should the Emperor of Russia, finding Europe too strong for him at present, see fit to draw back, and wait some years till he can renew his great game with less hindrance—of course, we shall be able to fall back on our literature, and other things. Or, should the war go on in this strait and narrow groove to which the Austrian alliance, if undisturbed, will tend to confine it, then, also, as all profounder European interest will be taken out of the war—as it will stir no topics of novel interest, and move no man’s heart to its depths—we shall not be so engrossed but that we shall have a moderate disposition for anything that may be offered in the way of Literature. We have already fathomed the war to this extent, and we know all that can be got out of it. There is a chance, indeed—more than a chance—that, in spite of all the efforts of official politicians, the war will not go on long in this groove; there is a chance—more than a chance—either that the democracies and nationalities of Hungary, Poland, and Italy, which have been waiting to see how this matter of the Austrian alliance would turn out, will, now that they find France and Great Britain in concert with Austria, proceed to act for themselves without any regard (why should they have any regard?) for our policy, or that the Czar himself, driven to his last resource, will try whether he cannot use the democracies and nationalities on his side, and sway them in the service of St. Petersburg. In either case, the war will be interesting enough; and, engrossed with its topics, we shall have to forego Literature. Such a tremendous enlargement of the war, however, is still only prospective; and the book-market may have a brisk interval. We are glad to think that during this interval, long or short as it may chance to be, we shall have a return to “legitimate” literature. The cheap rubbish system—which has of late been ruling the market—has fortunately proved a failure; and our publishers are returning to their senses. Not only are we once more having handsome and well-printed volumes from the superior firms; there is even a tendency to the artistic embellishment of books. Mr. RUSKIN’s advice the other day to our artists to revive, in a fashion suited to the time, the old art of illuminating valuable books, is a suggestion which will gradually meet with more and more acceptance. To us there is no minor form of art more pleasing than a beautifully-ornamented book. We hear, therefore, with interest, that an edition of TENNYSON’S Collected Poems is in preparation, with illustrative designs by EASTLAKE, MILLAIS, ROSSETTI, and other artists. We cannot fancy a finer example of the kind of art Mr. RUSKIN recommends than such a volume is likely to be.

The fourth volume of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON’S edition of DUGALD STEWART’S Works has just been published by Messrs. CONSTABLE and Co. This volume completes the “Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.” There are to be five or six more volumes, making nine or ten in all. The fifth is to contain STEWART’S “Philosophical Essays;” the sixth and seventh are to contain the “Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers;” the eighth is to consist of STEWART’S Lectures on “Political Economy,” never before published; and, as at present arranged, the ninth volume is to contain the Biographical Memoirs of SMITH, ROBERTSON, and REID, with an Original Memoir of DUGALD STEWART himself by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. Altogether, the work will be as perfect an edition of a philosophical author as we have in our language. In noticing the former volumes of this reissue, along with Professor FERRIER’S *Institutes of Metaphysic*, we alluded to the fact that there begin to be symptoms of a revived interest in philosophical and metaphysical literature—particularly in Scotland. Various philosophical works by new Scottish authors have recently been published or announced; and we hear that one work of this kind, long in preparation, and of which those who know the author have formed very high expectations, is now all but ready—an original work on Psychology by Mr. ALEXANDER BAIN, already author of various less extensive writings in this department, and in that of physical science.

It is always interesting to hear a poet theorising on poetry; and the following extract from a report of a lecture on BURNS, delivered last week by Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH, at a provincial Mechanics’ Institute, is more especially interesting, as it shows in what attitude Mr. SMITH, as a chief among

the new poets, himself stands towards the criticism which he and others have educated:—

The old poetry of incident and action, of men in collision with these fellows and the forces of nature, seems to have fled from England. The heroes of modern poems are generally students; instead of action there is conversation on all manner of abstruse and metaphysical subjects. Soliloquy is immensely employed. Its woes are mental, its despair is philosophic. Certain alarmed critics are crying out that poets now-a-days are altogether wrong, that they have strayed from the paths of their fathers, that if poetry would again be strong and healthy, she must, like Antæus, touch the earth, and draw from thence a new supply of strength and beauty. It seems to us that this outcry is in a great measure useless—no other kind of poetry could be written at present: it was sown in the past, it is the necessary product of our circumstances—in a rich, civilised, and luxurious country, where men have not, as in earlier days, to contend for very life with the blind forces of nature, when the passions, those wild beasts of the heart, are so far tamed and domesticated, where struggles are chiefly mental, and energetic action next to impossible, where men are thrown, if they would escape *ennui*, into politics, literature, and science, where science is only advanced far enough to see discordance and discrepancy, not harmony and completeness. Of such circumstances the style of poetry of which we have been speaking is an inevitable product. Those who think it an evil may comfort themselves with the thought that every evil rights itself at length. Nothing expires sooner than a worthless book. How quietly the *Della Crusca* died! Gently as a sigh the *Minerva* novels, and noiselessly as ghosts, however trumpeted and applauded, will the army which no man can number of stupid authors walk into oblivion, each happily with his books under his arm.

This passage shows that Mr. SMITH can give and take with the critics; that, tested even in the element of doctrine about his own craft, he is no weakling; and that, in fact, he knows what he is about as well as most of his critics can tell him.

It was thought that Mr. LOCKHART’S death would leave a valuable appointment to be filled up by some other literary man; but it turns out that the Auditorship was vacated some time ago by Mr. LOCKHART, and that a Mr. BERTOLACCI got it. People of course are asking, “Who is Mr. BERTOLACCI?” Two M.P.’s have books forthcoming—Mr. MASSEY, a book on English History; and Mr. STIRLING, a book on Spain. There is a story of a new manuscript novel of SCOTT’S having turned up in France—SCOTT, it is said, made a present of the MS. to somebody or other, on condition that it should not appear with his name, as he did not think it good enough. Lord COCKBURN of Edinburgh, besides his numerous *Marginalia* has left, it is reported, several complete manuscript volumes, entrusted to the editorial care of Lord RUTHERFORD, formerly Lord-Advocate. Two of the volumes are said to consist of “Notes of the Circuit.” They would be doubtless, a rich treat to those who are fond of books of historical gossip, and characteristic of social incident.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to It. By Mrs. Young. Author of “Catch,” “Western India,” “Facts and Fiction,” &c. Bentley.

MRS. YOUNG’S memoranda remind us a little of the energetic preparations of our Government for the prosecution of the war—they are just too late. But the Government retains this advantage: reinforcements are always better late than never; whereas in this dreary December, while all eyes and ears are intent upon the crisis of events in the Crimea, we are not at all persuaded that we have any retrospective attention to spare for the diary of a lively and intrepid lady, who shared the *ennui* and discomfort of Gallipoli, and the disastrous inaction of Varna, while the war, like our Minister of War, was in its infancy; an infancy of indecision and delusion in the council, of chafing impatience and fretting disease in the camp.

In war time we live in the present and in the future, but as the tide of action sweeps us on, we take little thought of the past, with all its errors and deceptions. We therefore beg respectfully to warn Mrs. Young that her graphic and animated journal, which bears the date of only last spring, may prove to readers in this present December an unwelcome revival of a worn-out story of which we had hoped we were well quit. We might suppose that Mrs. Young had, like many other hasty bookmakers, taken unnecessary trouble to appear unseasonably and out of place. It will be almost offensive, certainly irritating, to the taste and feelings of many, to be assailed with pages of smart rattle and frivolous vivacity at a moment of devouring national anxiety, when the very existence of our heroic Spartans is at stake. We have read this clever book, let us confess, with a vexation rather sharpened than appeased by the cleverness.

The authoress, if we are not much mistaken, will come to acknowledge the sin of *mal-à-propos* she has no doubt unreflectingly committed; we regret it for the sake of a book so genial and entertaining, for the sake of a lady whose society is so agreeable, whose intelligence is so bright and penetrating, whose humour is generally so happy and refined, above all, whose heart is so kind and so true.

One more reservation and the disagreeable part of our task is performed. Mrs. Young’s experiences ashore (she is a little too often at sea in the course of her narrative) are limited to the allied camps at Scutari, Gallipoli, and Varna. Surely we have read all this before in the columns of “Our own Correspondents,” who, we cannot doubt, had as good opportunities of observing, if not as good a faculty of describing, as Mrs. Young. We do not mean to imply that Mrs. Young has borrowed from “Our own Correspondents,” nor do we deny her the merit of seeing with her own eyes and writing with her own pen; what we complain of is a certain unintentional affectation of novelty in presenting reminiscences which are, we fear inevitably, too recent to be historical, too old to be interesting, and too painful to be considered worth repetition. When the war shall be happily over, the spring at Scutari and the summer at Varna in 1854 will form chapters of a stirring history: to the present moment that epoch seems flat and unprofitable.

Now, having cleared our conscience of an unpleasant duty, let us, in justice to the authoress, and to readers who do not appreciate our suscepti-

bilities, commend the tone and spirit of the book. Mrs. Young writes—we were going to say—*en militaire*, in a sharp, brisk, clear, decisive manner; add to this a vivid sense of the picturesque, and every now and then a certain feminine felicity of discrimination, and you have a series of very readable chapters. Fortunately, too, Mrs. Young has bestowed a woman's observation and a woman's sympathy upon a subject which only a woman can understand and feel correctly: we mean the position of the soldier's wife in the camp. She returns again and again to this distressing difficulty, and we can warmly recommend these chapters of actual experience to the attention of all who have a thought for the living as well as for the dead, and who, while they eagerly subscribe to the widows and orphans, would do well to inquire into the lot of the wives who are permitted to share the rough endurance and the stern privations of the camp.

Hear Mrs. Young on the condition of

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S WIFE.

I know nothing, whether at home or abroad—whether in the lanes and alleys that spread infection, moral and physical, over London, or in the distant heathen lands where slavery prevails, and of which religious philanthropists consider it their duty to preach—that so loudly and so justly appeals to the sympathies of the men and women of England, as the condition of the soldier's wife. I saw many of the women of this great army half dead with grief, when regiment after regiment marched on board their ships from the shores of our island, with bands playing and handkerchiefs waving from fair hands, to cheer on these gallant bands. I heard their entreaties to be allowed to follow. I saw their tears and despair when, with helpless little ones in their hands, they went their way, almost penniless, to proceed by a railway to some imaginary home—where want was to add its crushing power on the mother, as anxiety and grief had already done upon the wife. I was associated with many of the poor creatures who, unhappily, as the most respectable and unburdened, were allowed to accompany the army to Turkey; and they were suffering, uncared for, and in some cases dissolute. Self-respect was lost; and the women were a disgrace to the army, instead of being, as they should have been, useful items in their camp machinery. At home, we know how it is. Who would take a soldier's wife as an assistant in any domestic duties? Who does not dread her habits? To whom is not her very name a word of fear? And why is this?—why should such a stain remain to be mixed up with the gratitude due to the brave men who shed lustre upon England's glory? Why should the honest farmer's daughter, or the well-principled servant-girl—who, like her superiors in rank, is won by the glitter, gaiety, and charm thrown over a dull provincial town by the presence of the military—be doomed, as the result of her becoming a soldier's wife, to lose character, self-respect, and all that renders woman the safeguard of society, in whatever grade of it her lot may fall? Why cannot the original feelings of modesty in the soldier's wife be protected even in a barrack? and if suffered to accompany the army at all, why should she remain exposed to the miseries that men would shrink from, while vilified for vices, the certain, the inevitable result of that utter carelessness of her condition, which, in those who are responsible for such things, forms indeed a blur upon the fair page of their humanity?

The reader would not have thought these remarks out of place, while attempting to afford a glance at our great camp of Scutari, if he had seen these poor creatures as I did;—if he had seen them, fevered under a burning sun at Constantinople, left at Gallipoli under promise of a speedy return to their native land, and remaining for months in Turkish houses, swarming with rats and vermin;—if he had seen them as they fell with sickness at Varna, terror-stricken and helpless: if he had known how much of their vices abroad had been the result of cruel carelessness at home, and remembered how the barrack system *must* either wholly demoralise the purest-minded woman, or crush her beneath a fearful sense of its shame and horror.* The appearance of the groups of soldiers' wives at Scutari first attracted my sympathy, and therefore I introduce them at this point; but matters grew worse as we advanced, and, with misery, vice, as its too frequent companion, in all times and places.

Again,

I cannot help thinking that the English soldier's wife is one of those miserable mistakes in our social system, by which we are apt to make people bad, and then severely punish them for being so, by measures only calculated to make them worse. We have found out, in part, one of these mistakes, as affected juvenile offenders against the laws, and perhaps may act more wisely for the future; and it were well could we discover another mistake, which perhaps this war may throw some light upon, and lead us to more judicious, Christian, and merciful treatment of the wives of our soldiers. The time may come when a woman's modesty may be considered worthy of protection,—when she is not driven to intemperance, to render her insensible to the shame of a new, and, to some, terrible position,—when the religious education of this class of society may be considered as necessary as that of the heathen native of Africa or India, and when, as a woman, her influence for good or evil may be recognised, and even the soldier's wife—degraded as she now is in the social scale, too often deeply sunk in habits of vice, drunkenness, and depravity—may yet find true sympathy—a sympathy which may protect original goodness,—may raise the sinner from the slough of despond,—may train, educate, counsel, and forgive; ultimately rendering the soldier's wife not only a respectable and useful member of society, but improving the tone of our army by her example and influence.

It will be allowed by every one conversant with our present war, how cruelly the protection of our women has been neglected. Many—a vast deal too many (since they went with undefined duties)—were permitted to encumber the army; the rest, married, some with, some without leave, were condemned to risk the very probable chances of starvation at home. Those who went had neither carriage nor shelter provided for their wants: those who stayed had the public opinion entirely against them, as far as affected their chances for honest employment.

The reader will have seen with me what the poor women suffered at Scutari and Gallipoli, and will believe how much more judicious the French are in keeping the wives of their soldiers at home, unless they could give them decided duties, under proper protection, with the force. Nothing seemed more to amaze the French soldiers than to see transports crowded with women;—women and horses!—for truly this was the arrangement, as we on board the Thabor saw the Georgiana transport pass us, laden in this incongruous manner. I was asked a hundred questions at dinner about the matter; and in good truth, the answers must have been most unsatisfactory. The fact was, that I had seldom felt more ashamed of any chance association than I was at the dinner-table of the Thabor, when, as an English soldier's wife, I became identified with this subject, and was expected to explain, to French officers, our military

system of protection and employment to the wives of our soldiers. Of course they could not understand me. "Were they going out to the seat of war, instead of Sisters of Charity, to minister to the comfort of the sick or wounded?"—"Oh no!" "As cooks?"—"Certainly not." "Where were they to live? what carriage had we for them? who was responsible for their conduct? what pay had they for their duties?" What could I say? Could I lower the opinion held by the French of our army, our discipline, our religious estimate of ourselves as a moral and benevolent people, by telling the Colonel of the Fifth, and my friend the staff officer of the Prince Napoleon, that our women were perfectly untrained in all habits of usefulness; that they were allowed to crowd out, to live like sheep upon the Turkish hills; that there was neither carriage nor shelter provided for them; and that, should their conduct be bad, they would be turned out of the tents they shared with the men to sit in the burning sun, or lie in ditches outside our camps? Could I say that these poor creatures might be cast into Turkish prisons, or left in Turkish houses, under promise of passages to their native land, half-starved, unpitied, and nearly killed, or frenzied, by rats and vermin? And yet the history would have been too true, saddening as it is to remember or to record.

It may be asked, where were the women of the regiment all this time? why did they not act as nurses?—A very natural inquiry, and one that would suggest itself to any non-military person, who might have become aware of a large number of women, the wives of soldiers, having been allowed to accompany the army to Turkey, and being then in the camp with their husbands. Several of these women had been cooks, as well as nurses, in the families of officers at home; but it is not the system to allow or encourage them to be useful in an hospital. The soldier, as he did here, lies on the ground upon a bed of cut grass, and takes his tenth share of the attendance of an ignorant unpractised soldier like himself; and the women are washing in the sun, or drinking to drown misery, or quarrelling about the right to some wretched shelter, or doing some bad thing or other, most likely, to which their whole previous training, in the condition of soldiers' wives, and the suffering of their present state, urges them.

How much wiser it would have been to form such women as were allowed to accompany their husbands into a band, or "administration," as the French call it!—to have given specific duties to classes—made some needlewomen, some cooks, some nurses is to have given them encouragement, and the reputation of having a character to support; to have provided proper shelter for them in the exercise of their duties, proper protection against the evils prominent in their position; and so, by adding to their comfort and rendering them responsible for the due performance of womanly duties, have originated an idea in these women's minds of the true value of character, and of the real importance they might be of, if acting their part in the great drama of war about to be played.

If every regiment had taken this view, and judiciously acted on it—as soon as they left England, employing the women in hospitals, under the control of the medical officers, as in training-schools, till the forces left Varna for the Crimea, and then storing them, as it were, under proper superintendence, at Scutari, Gallipoli, Therapia, or the Dardanelles, until their services were again required—what immense good might have been done! what enormous sums saved!

We, in Turkey, should not have witnessed vice going hand-in-hand with misery. We should not have seen the rays of a burning sun beating down on the heads of our unhappy women, and driving them, half-frenzied, to intoxication for relief. Our ears would not have been assailed by the language of blasphemous despair, and utter recklessness as its result. Nor should we here in England have had our feelings harrowed by accounts of the want of woman's hand to raise and succour, and by knowing how much *has* been endured before the aid that benevolence afforded could possibly reach its object.

Mrs. Young enjoyed peculiar opportunities of studying the admirable military system of our brave allies, and her testimony corroborates the observations of all who have watched the administration of the two armies since the beginning of the war. In a word, the French are born soldiers, as the English are born sailors; but it is in all that relates to the *administration* of an army that the adroit and fascinating symmetry of the French system, and the coarse and brutal clumsiness of our own, present the most ludicrous and lamentable contrasts.

It is to be hoped that our national vanity will condescend to take a lesson or two from our ancient foes, and now (we trust for ever) brothers in arms. The one fact of the two armies having fought and fallen side by side is worth half the cost of the war, but we shall do well to better our instruction in so glorious a rivalry of discipline and valour. Here is a scene on board

A FRENCH TRANSPORT.

The Thabor was crowded with French troops; but fortunately they *were* French, so that less annoyance was to be expected; and moreover I looked to have a very interesting opportunity of observing a good deal of their system of military discipline. It was possible to enjoy fresh air too, which would not have been the case on board an English transport; but here, on each side of the deck, was stretched a rope, behind which the men being ranged, room in the centre was secured for the accommodation of the passengers. On the left hand were grouped the "Administration," as they are called, composed of a certain number of men employed as attendants on the sick, with tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and artisans of all sorts. The attendants on the sick, as it may be supposed, are an eminently valuable class; they are carefully selected for the work, and regularly trained in their responsible and important duties. All these soldiers composing the "Administration," appeared full of intelligence; during the day they employed themselves in reading, working, and writing—one or two among them even drew with considerable skill and taste; while, in the evening, they formed into little circles, and amused themselves by singing. It is notable, however, with what decorum this matter was conducted; there was no uproar, riot, nor impropriety of any kind. A sort of leader mounted a little way up the rigging of the vessel, to direct the proceedings; each circle followed in order, with their glees and choruses: the songs were usually selected from *Guillaume Tell* or the *Sonnambula*; occasionally we had a solo from Béranger, or glees in honour of Napoleon. It was observable in these last, that the enthusiasm expressed towards the great leader did not appear so much to arise from his exploits, as from his fraternisation with the French army, as every verse ended with the chorus "He ate with his soldiers;"—"Il mangeait avec ses soldats." One man, of extremely delicate appearance, was very popular, from his talent for singing French romances, which he did with a charming voice and exquisite taste. The part of the matter the most remarkable, however, was the perfect propriety observed, the good taste shown in the selection of the music, the order in succession observed by the singers, and the courtesy and good-feeling, which were never violated. This last characteristic was also very remarkable at Smyrna. The French soldiers all went on shore,—a certain tariff having been fixed for the boats employed,—and I looked with terror for their reappearance, expecting scenes of intoxication and punishment. I had no cause for alarm, however; my friends all returned sober, polite, and in the best possible humour with each other and their boatmen.

The great secret of the order which pervades the French army, and its general

* I can hardly believe that the fact is generally known, that on the marriage of a soldier, his wife is introduced into a barrack-room occupied by several persons of both sexes, and so lives without privacy of any kind. Beds are placed in rows, without partitions: the ear is profaned, and the practice of pious or virtuous habits rendered impossible. Even at our public school at Rossall, near Preston, in Lancashire, canvas partitions have been considered necessary, to secure self-respect, and permit freedom in the exercise of religious habits; and thus even the schoolboy enjoys a protection not provided, or deemed, it would appear, requisite for the young and perhaps originally pure-minded and virtuous wife of the British soldier.

freedom from offence, despite the absence of the degrading system of flogging, seems to be—first, the much better *matériel* of which the army is composed, and the self-respect which is always supported by the character of discipline. Where we degrade, the French endeavour to elevate. A French soldier is usually a man of some education; he has a character to support or lose. He is not recruited, as with us, from among either agricultural bores, or men whose vices render civil life uneasy to them; on the contrary, the French soldier constantly looks hopefully to the time when he may retire to the honours of citizenship, with the *prestige* of having been a brave man. Now, with us, such is the origin and training, the habits and vices of our ordinary soldiers, that, so far from the fact of a man's having served in the ranks being an advantage to him, should he desire employment, if obliged to leave the service, it is the greatest difficulty he would have to overcome. To have been a soldier, or a soldier's wife, is tacitly to introduce the idea, that an individual has contracted such a mass of disreputable habits, that to place him or her in positions where sobriety, honesty, or respectability is concerned, is quite out of the question. The English soldier fights, while in the army, with all the bravery of the Briton; but it is as a machine. He is governed by force, and in habits and feelings is often little better than a mere animal. The French soldier is intelligent; he has also great nationality; and, as the Colonel of the Fifth "Léger" told me, who had himself risen from the ranks, "I can generally manage a man with the two words, 'La France, et la gloire.'" If, however, these two talismanic words fail in their power, and the soldier commits a great breach of discipline, such as striking his commanding officer (a circumstance that occurred during my stay at Gallipoli), or any gross disobedience of orders, he is either shot, or, for offences of a character not so calculated to introduce disorganisation, he is sent to Algiers. Here, at a very considerable distance inland, the French have established a sort of Sanatorium for the recovery of debilitated military morals; and the offender is condemned to work either in chains on the highway, or in prison, according to his own character and that of his offences. The period required for his recovery may be shortened by good conduct; and when at length he is morally convalescent, the soldier is not sent back to the sneers of his comrades, or the scene of his temptations and offences, but disposed of in a regiment serving in France, so to be brought under the good influences of family and social feeling, there to regain his own *amour-propre* by cultivating the respect of others. The system is found to work well. Punishment in the French army is rare; but when used, severe and prompt. Men are not hardened by punishments they learn to become indifferent to. Punishments that often depend on the humour of commanding officers, and being dealt forth capriciously, and sometimes in a manner incommensurate with the offence, tend only to irritate without reforming, and to increase rather than subdue insubordination. Neither are men degraded to a condition of despair among their comrades; but every means is taken to encourage them to good, to hold up a high standard of military emulation, and to stimulate them to imitation of glorious exploits. Again, they are not treated as mere machines by their superiors. The French soldiers learn to feel that their health, their comfort, even their daily recreations, are subjects of interest to their officers; this fact originates a strong degree of personal attachment, and the men feel elevated by their knowledge of the existence of this sympathy. My voyage in the Thabor afforded me great opportunities for observing these facts, and the staff officers on board were good enough to afford me many interesting proofs connected with such matters.

THE "FILLE DU REGIMENT."

The wives of French soldiers generally are never permitted to accompany their husbands on service, unless in the case of the one or two *cantinières*, whose services to each regiment were likely to be useful. We had only one Frenchwoman among the troops on board the Thabor; and she was a middle-aged Norman, who, in a somewhat dirty cap, orange neckerchief, dragged chintz dress and sabots, was anything but an attractive object. Having seen no other woman, however, except our pleasant little Marseilles stewardess, and a *femme de chambre* on her way to Constantinople, I was somewhat startled, the morning we anchored off Smyrna, at the sudden apparition of a brilliant *cantinière*, who, in red trousers, short skirt, and tight jacket, came clanking her spurs down the companion ladder at breakfast, and, strutting with a most self-possessed air into the saloon, touched her casquette to the colonel, and stated her intention of passing the day at Smyrna. Monsieur le Commandant smiled, bowed, addressed the individual as "Madame," and requested she would have the goodness to be on board again at four. On this, she touched her cap a second time, wheeled round, and re-ascended the "companion" in most military style. Truly dress is a great improver of persons, for this dashing *cantinière* was no other than the lady of the sabots, whose chance of creating an impression was entirely the result of this *grande tenue*.

Notwithstanding the very gallant and respectful manner in which our *cantinière's* announcement of intended absence had been received by the colonel, I yet found that she also was withheld from feminine folly by a system of excellent discipline. The original selection of a *cantinière* is a matter of considerable care: she is neither required to be very young nor very pretty, but of a carriage, figure, and constitution suitable both for the due effect of her costume, and the due performance of her required duties.

Her husband must be a man in the same company, in which she takes rank as a corporal, and he becomes responsible for the conduct of his wife. Should she commit acts worthy of Algiers, the husband suffers with her. The soldier must accompany his wife to the scene of her punishment, and be identified with her. So that, on one hand, the man has an object in maintaining a sense of duty and propriety in his wife; and the wife, on the other hand, may be withheld from evil, by the knowledge that its punishment will involve her husband.

The French officers treat the *cantinières* of their regiments with marked respect and consideration. Their value is understood, not only, as I was told, as sutlers, but as nurses to the sick, and assistants to the surgeons, in case of accidents to the soldiers. Women of the regiment without such specific duties would however, they consider, simply encumber the army; consequently the French soldiers do for themselves all that the wives of the English are supposed to be required for, as washerwomen and cooks.

The arrangement is doubtless a merciful one. Few French soldiers marry, because, being seldom in garrison, they feel indisposed for a condition which will only bring with it expenditure and anxiety. The few women who are married are well cared for in France, when the regiment marches; and, like the husband, enjoy a reputation which is rather a security to their employers than a difficulty in the possibility of employment. The *cantinières* enjoy the greatest possible respect and protection in the discharge of their duties. They become the care of the whole regiment; exposure and fatigue are spared them in every possible way, and their health and privacy thoroughly regarded.

Mrs. Young assures us with delightful gusto that "it is quite a mistake to suppose that Turkish women, though slaves, have not their own way," and that "the Turkish husband is terribly henpecked at times." "Poor man!" she adds, with an accent of commiseration exquisitely feminine. "Poor man," is we believe, an English idiom. At all events it is a charming concession.

TURKISH LADIES.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Turkish women, though slaves, have not their own way. They enjoy a great deal of liberty, as we have seen, in the bazaars, at the Sweet Waters, shopping at Pera, and on board steamers. They are quite ignorant, but exercise authority not the less on that account. Their tempers are unchecked by educational training; and while their object is to preserve the beauty of their persons, and, as they suppose, increase it by artificial means, they are determined not to forego an iota of their own privileges, some of which, as part of the harem system, are very considerable. In all these matters the ladies make common cause; and the gossips, nurses, and female merchants, who make it their business to go from harem to harem, keep the ladies of each well acquainted with what is going on in another; and should the desire for any particular possession or indulgence be so excited, and the lord of the harem be disposed to raise objections, his life is not a happy one till the caprices of the ladies are satisfied; and though a Turk may be a very dignified-looking individual mounted on a magnificently caparisoned horse in Stamboul, he cuts but a poor figure with his wives and slaves in the harem, where perhaps a hundred and fifty sharp-voiced ladies, with iron heels to their slippers, make common cause; and he is glad to surrender at discretion, amidst a shower of abuse and morocco shoes.

A Turkish husband is terribly henpecked at times, poor man! as most men are when united to irrational, uneducated women, with vivacious tempers. Men have been known to shrink, and abandon their stronghold of independence even, before the steady, pertinacious attacks of even one lady of this description; surely then, the poor Turk, even if only for this cause, deserves commiseration. What he may suffer too, as the ladies of the harem gain the idea of "the rights of women," it is fearful to think of; one trusts he will at once see the necessity of teaching the ladies to use their liberties aright, with true modesty, kindness, and a sense of due responsibility in the social circle. The Circassians have abundance of spirit, more so perhaps than the Georgian ladies. And people still in Constantinople remember the Circassian slave, who, becoming to a certain degree educated and intelligent, and quailing from the degradation of her position, left her master's house, and commenced an honourable and useful career. And when the pasha, in a spirit of admiring generosity—for he had loved her well, and was a man of nature higher than usual—sent her the jewels he had presented to her, she ground the gems to powder, and so returned them.

The price of a Circassian slave in Constantinople, when I was there, was about fifty pounds. The barter had been forbidden, till a Russian general again permitted the disgraceful practice. The state in which the poor creatures arrive is generally fearful, and it is a profession in Stamboul to recover the beauty of these fair speculators; for indeed many of them are so, and long for this condition of slavery in Turkey, as a means of acquiring wealth and influence, ambition being one of their ruling passions.

A woman's opinion is worth having on any subject, even when accompanied by perfect ignorance, for then it is intuition, a faculty unknown to the ruder sex. But in the present case, our authoress speaks as an eyewitness, and there is, after all, so much of shrewdness and good sense in her sayings, that we notice with respect Mrs. Young's opinion of the

FUTURE OF TURKEY.

The period is come for great changes in the history and character of Turkey and its people. In past time no "Frank" could be a landholder there, but we may now look at no very distant epoch to the settlement of French and English as colonists in Turkey, and that, under their efforts and enterprise, her lands, rich and beautiful as they are, will develop to the full their long-treasured resources.

Whatever good arises in Turkey will be forced upon it from without; it will originate in what Dr. Chalmers called "the expulsive force of a new idea." The elements of decay, not of greatness, are within; and these must crumble and be lost, and the new life spring up from among their ruins.

There is now an immense population from the West pouring into Turkey. Not alone soldiery of every rank, and of varied faith and countries, but chaplains, men of science, nurses, and English ladies of high rank and tender nurture, of refined habits and warm womanly sympathies. It is impossible to believe, that, war once over, and the integrity of Turkey secured, her shores will be left, and her cities vacated, without mighty changes having arisen there.

Between the Turkish ladies and our generous-hearted Englishwomen intercourse will arise, friendships commence. The Mussulmans and Circassians will see, wonder at, and at length desire, not only to enjoy the freedom, but to imitate the habits of these Christian ladies. The Turks themselves may learn that a frock coat and cloth trousers do not express civilisation, but that there is something more; and mighty as he fancies himself, in his apathy, stolidity, and indolence, the Turk may discover at length what a miserable mistake he is, and begin to think that, after all, he has wasted more time than has been exactly good for him in smoking and reading the Koran.

Turner, in his amusing work, *The Vindication of the British Bards*, tells us, that the three things that improve genius are, "proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion." Now this seems to strike at the very root of all hope as affects the character of the Turk; because, though the Koran obliges him to be honest, forbids him to be false either in word or in deed, it yet opposes all exertion; and so, even if he have any modicum of capability or "genius," its improvement is out of the question.

What then can arise? The Turk hates the Greek, despises the Englishman, abhors the Christian and the "Ginour" in any shape. Yet the Turk, as he now is, will soon become impossible. A few may "sit in sick misery," and pine in fatness; but the majority will begin to escape from Ulemas and Imaums, and, while they sip their coffee, have their doubts of them. Self-interest will have its weight. The Turks will see great and enriching matters going on in art and science, and will not allow a trumpet old prejudice to stand in the way when they might share a few advantages. Then will come the love of pleasure. I have seen the Turks in Cairo in paroxysms of laughter in the *parterre* of the theatre, a clever French farce acting on the stage; and by degrees, the gentlemen of Stamboul will find that sitting upon a divan, with an amber mouthpiece pipe between their lips, is but a dull business. Lads will begin to laugh at their elders, and to cultivate science; next they will laugh at the Ulemas; and thirdly, they will scoff at the Muftis. These will be the first stages of progress. The next will show better things: learning, order in thought, inquiry. Meanwhile, amelioration will be going on in the evils of the social system; intercourse with the good, the wise, the gentle, will teach the Moslem charity;—and so, and so, gradually and progressively, we hope the force and pressure from without will change the character of the Turk, and not leave him as he is now, a wonder, a jest, and a stumbling-block to the Eastern and Western world.

If such is not the case,—if the Turk has not enough depth in his nature to allow the seeds of improvement to fructify and bring forth good fruit, to the equal benefit of himself and his neighbour, then the Turk must become a nonentity. It is impossible that the allied forces can leave Turkey—that men of science, teachers of religion, soldiers and groups of our kind and courageous countrywomen, can quit the shores of Marmora, leaving Turkey to close up again, in all its folly, darkness, and degradation. That fair land has better things in store for her than to be crushed and blighted by the

same cruel despotism that has so long shed its withering breath over her mountains and her plains, her flowery prairies, and the banks of her lovely rivers. War, with its terrible incidents, is not for ever; and when Peace, with her pruning-hook and scythe, her arts and learning, at length dwells safely on the shores of the old Proponitis, then may arise on the site of filthy Galata a noble city, worthy its position, and the Fire Tower of Pera may at length find rest when it is surrounded by houses and factories, libraries and schools, which would defy all the Lucifer-matches in Christendom to destroy them.

A VENETIAN EMBASSY TO ENGLAND.

Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador Sebastian Giustinian—1515-1519. Translated by Rawdon Brown. Smith, Elder, and Co.

HERE is a book illustrative of secret diplomacy—a book precious in a week in which the popular mind is agonised in fear of what our governing classes may be doing with the Austrian alliance. The comparison between Venice and England dates from before Mr. Disraeli's time; a parallel between the position of Venice when, from 1500 to 1550, she was allying herself with all the despotisms, in order to keep the Turks out of Constantinople and her Egypt; and the position of England at this moment coalescing herself with the dynasties of Germany and France, in order to keep the Russians out of Stamboul, might now be worked out with great effect: the moral being, that as Venice suffered from sacrificing the Italian republicans to her *haute politique* and commercial interests, so England may be drifting into a League of Cambray catastrophe, because she is neglecting nationalities and cultivating the alliances of those who are the enemies of all the Reform ideas of the age. From considerations of this sort, we think Mr. Rawdon Brown's publication is timely, and we have read his translations of these diplomatic letters with singular interest. They deal with a remarkable period, and throw the strongest light upon the personal history of that period. The diplomatist who is the hero was obviously a very able man, a man picked for a delicate duty; and the charm of his letters consists in the fact that they were written for a "Foreign office" which never had "blue books," and which never contemplated possible publication. They describe the actual social and political circumstances of England of that day with minuteness, and with the cosmopolitan philosophy of Venetians. But it is for the personal sketches that they are chiefly valuable—of Henry VIII. in his grand time, when he was young, rich, and honest; and of the Lord Cardinal of York, in Wolsey's happiest period, when England was the arbiter in Europe, and when Rex Meus was too much engaged in jousting and loving to interfere with Ego. We, however, cannot make extracts with any effect from the correspondence; for the single letters are only fragmentary references to a question detailed in a series, and for a series we have no space. We refer our readers to the two volumes—delightful reading.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the account of the Giustinian family, a perfect family romance:—

On the fall of the Heraclian Dynasty (A.D. 711), in the person of the Emperor Justinian II., the survivors of his family emigrated first to Istria, where they founded the city of Justinopoli, now called Capo d'Istria, and in the course of half a century, we find some of their descendants established in Venice; for amongst the tribunes in the year 756, was a Giustinian, whose daughter subsequently married Doge Angelo Badoer.

In the 12th century, three members of the Giustinian family were Procurators of St. Mark, a dignity inferior only to that of the Doge, who was almost invariably chosen from their body.

After the lapse of four centuries and a half the Giustiniani seem not to have lost the recollection of their wrongs and of their former greatness, and accordingly, in the year 1170, when in consequence of the seizure by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus of all the Venetian traders in his dominions, the Republic declared war against the Greeks, they eagerly availed themselves of so fair an opportunity for avenging the murder of their ancestor, and after the example of the Roman Fabii, volunteered the services of their whole race in the cause of their adopted country, and in her defence they embarked not less than one hundred combatants, all bearing the name of Giustinian, and including even an aged Procurator of St. Mark's.

Doge Vitale Michiel and the Giustiniani steered their gallant fleet first to Dalmatia, for the punishment of certain rebels there, and then made for Negropont, the Governor of which island apologised for his master the Emperor most abjectly, and prevailed upon the Doge to avert the calamities of war by sending an embassy to Constantinople: this artifice, which concealed the most atrocious treachery, succeeded; the Venetian fleet retired to winter at Scio, where the springs had been poisoned, and of one hundred and twenty sail, only sixteen returned to the Adriatic, with the scanty remnant which had escaped the treachery and pestilence of the Greek islands.

Amongst the survivors of this Venetian expedition there was not found one of the Giustiniani; their resemblance to the Fabii was complete; and all Venice, patricians and plebeians, mourned the extinction of such a race. They felt that high name and descent are pledges for honourable exertion, and as the laymen of the Giustinian family had perished, the Republic determined, if possible, to preserve the name by means of a Benedictine monk, the sole survivor of the family, who dwelt at the Lido in the monastery of St. Nicholas. An embassy was forthwith despatched to Pope Alexander III.; and Barbone Morosini and Tommaso Falier obtained from his Holiness a dispensation from the monastic vows taken by Father Nicholas Giustinian, and to him Doge Vitale Michiel gave the hand of his daughter Anna, together with an ample dowry, consisting of the three Venetian parishes of St. Moisé, St. Giovanni Bragola, and St. Pantaleone. The offspring of this marriage were numerous: of nine sons, one by name Matteo had the satisfaction of taking part in the conquest of Constantinople, A.D. 1204; another, Marco, established himself in the island of Candia, and was probably one of the first shippers of sack and malmsey, wines with which England was supplied by the Venetians during several centuries; and a third, Giacomo, also accompanied Doge Dandolo when he entered Constantinople; of the daughters, Martha, Margaret, and Bertolotta, one married into the house of Este; the second became the wife of one of the Scalligers of Verona; and the third took the veil.

Father Nicholas Giustinian, having fully realised the hopes of the Venetians who drew him from his cloister, returned once more to his cell at the Lido (that strip of land which separates the lagoons of Venice from the open Adriatic), and Anna Michiel withdrew to a nunnery on the island of Amiano, in which places these two regenerators of the family of Heraclius died shortly after, in what is termed "the odour of sanctity."

The Lombardian historian of the "Illustrious Families of Italy," the Count Litta, speaking of the relics of Father Nicholas in the church of S. Giorgio Maggiore, affirms, that from him all the Giustiniani of Venice are descended, and positively denies that

the Giustiniani of Genoa are in any way authorised to claim the same origin; indeed, he asserts that no family ever existed in Genoa who were lawfully entitled to the hereditary surname of Giustinian. In the palmy days of the Venetian Republic, the descendants of the Benedictine monk numbered fifty distinct families; and as many as two hundred individuals bearing the name of Giustinian are said to have sat at one time in the Grand Council of Venice, a tradition, however, which Count Litta gives good reason to doubt. At the close of the 17th century, forty of the Giustinian families were extinct, and at this present time there remain only four.

Amongst the twelve children of Nicholas Giustinian, one bore the name of Stefano; and his lineal descendant, Sebastian, it is who has furnished matter for the present volume. He was the son of Marino, by the daughter of Piero Gradenigo, and was born in the year 1460.

Another episodical passage is the following account given by another Venetian diplomatist, Badoer, who was sent to the court of our Henry VIII, and was found in London by Giustinian. Badoer appears to have been of the grumbling class of travellers; but his chapter of complaints presents a singularly vivid picture of Europe of the period. His conceit is splendid:—

FROM THE AMBASSADOR IN ENGLAND, ANDREW BADOER.
(Describing his journey and arrival there.)

London, July 24, 1512.

HONOURED AND NOBLE BROTHER,—In the month of January, in the year 1508-9, when the hostilities of France against the most illustrious Signory began to manifest themselves, remedies being sought against the Gallic toils, the most sage counsellors appointed to govern us determined to send hither privily an ambassador to induce this most serene King to attack France (on whose crown he has claims, it in justice appertaining to him), and to arouse him to make a diversion over there in our favour; the need being extremely urgent, and to despatch some one forthwith, and speedily; though, as the roads were intercepted everywhere, it was impossible to effect the journey save at the most manifest peril of one's life. Inquiries were made over Venice for one who had the heart to venture through such a hurricane, the fire raging most fiercely in every quarter; and at length, after many consultations, no one else being found to their taste, I was elected to this mission, without my knowledge, by the High Council of Ten and the Junta, according to a motion carried therein, and assuredly by the will of God and for the most excellent Signory's weal, with one hundred ducats per month for my expenses, whereof I was not required to give account to any one.

This took place on the last day of January, 1508-9, when his Serenity the Doge (to whom may God grant long life) sent for me, and as I knew nothing of the matter, I stared at him in surprise; whereupon, he told me I had been appointed Ambassador here, exhorting me to serve the State in so sage manner, binding me in such wise, that I could only reply *fiat voluntas tua*; and pardon my presumption, brother, Master Luke, but by God no one save myself was capable of executing this mission. In the first place, laying aside the perils aforesaid, it was easy for me to go in safety by any road, being well acquainted with the French and German tongues, and with that of this country, which is as little known at Venice as modern Greek or Slavonic in London; ask those who know me, and you will hear, and for so great an accomplishment I thank Almighty God. I thus in fine resolved to come and serve the most illustrious State, especially being sent by the Council of Ten, having always understood that whosoever obtains their esteem, may be deemed fortunate. I therefore looked forward and not behind me, inflamed by the most ardent love for my country, and left my affairs in confusion, starting with a trifle of money that might have sufficed, had I merely been going to Mestre or Treviso, and not to travel through fire and water, as I may say, to the end of the world, and in peril of my life. This, however, was my folly; induced by the hope of obtaining, besides the certain promise of 100 ducats per month, great credit with the Government, as has been the case, to my knowledge, with many more fortunate than myself, though their deserts are far inferior to mine. With these aspirations, then, I set out, and so much the more willingly, being persuaded by his sublimity the Doge, who loves me, and urged my undertaking the service. "Knowest thou not," said he, "how those whom the Council of Ten sends on similar errands of need are rewarded?" In short, I allowed myself to be persuaded, and in six days got ready; and departed in so auspicious an hour, that after riding twenty-six days I reached London, where I am now; nor do I know what more could have been expected of a man at my age, which was then sixty-two years, and encountering on the road such disasters as the following:—First, I rode incessantly day and night in disguise, crippling and laming myself so, that I shall never again be as sound as I was previously; for when on the Mount St. Gothard, my horse fell under me, whilst riding over ice and in the dark, I received such a wound on my right leg, that it was bared to the bone two inches deep, and by good fortune he fell to the right; for had he slipped on the other side, I should have gone down a precipice, and no further news of me would ever have been heard, except from the two cantonniers, who were at my horse's head to guide my way. At length, by God's grace, I got to the inn, and it was the night of the Carnival, and being late, I could get nothing but bread and wine for my supper, and dressed my leg myself. On the following morning, which was Ash Wednesday, I got to Basle (*sic*) at about nine, and there embarked, to proceed by water, the Rhine being, moreover, very much swollen; and having gone thus some way down the stream, we got into a large vessel loaded with merchandise, on board of which were my horses likewise; and the bottom of this boat struck upon some sedges under water, in the middle of the stream, near a shoal, past which the water rushed with great violence: the boat went over on its side, and there we were, between the sedges and the shoal, when, from the shock, the planks of the boat separated, and she was carried to the shoal, on which we all jumped immediately, landing the horses also, and the boat filled with water, for it was neither pitched nor caulked, but merely nailed together like the little barges which bring eggs to Venice. We passed the night counting the hours; and I, with my wounded leg, and all the rest of us likewise, well drenched. Finally, praised be God, the boat was repaired, and took us safe to Strasburg. This part of my adventures I have chosen to tell you in detail; and for the rest, it will suffice to say that, as suspicion was everywhere alive, it behoved me to give account to everybody of what I was doing, and not change colour whilst telling my tale; so sometimes I passed for an Englishman, and sometimes for a Scotchman, whilst at others I thought it safer to make myself out a Croat, and subject of the Emperor's, saying I was on my way to the court, whither I had been sent, for a good secret reason, to his Cæsarian Majesty, who was then on the borders of Flanders; with this pretence, I went on for some days, having made my face very black according to a device of my own; and when I had passed the territory where he was, I replied to all inquiries that I was a messenger of the King of England's, returning from court, and I came on thus, in another suitable disguise, until I got near Calais, which is a fortified town in Picardy, on the main land, belonging to the King of England. I experienced greater difficulty in getting into this place than had befallen me throughout the rest of my journey, the country being open on every side, with numerous fortified towns belonging to the French on the borders, which are very strictly guarded from fear of the English, so that, on one and the same morning, I was thrice stopped by three French companies, who inquired my errand; and finding myself at one time distant two miles from Calais, and at the other one mile, I answered haughtily, that I was an Englishman coming from Flan-

ders, having been sent by my master for the presents, and then on my way home, so that they let me pass, but rode after me to within a bow's shot distance from the walls of Calais, where I found an English armed bark bound to London, on which I took passage with my horses, and in one day and night reached London in safety, praised be God. I like to give you all these details that you may know what a pleasant journey I had on my way to this country.

Having reached London, picture to yourself, noble brother, what a stately mission mine was! for, on leaving Venice, to avoid suspicion, I took nothing with me but what was on my back—namely, two shirts, one over the other, and a certain doublet in the English fashion, all patched and moth eaten, without purse or pocket, or anything in this world: in short, on arriving here, I had to clothe myself anew from head to foot, as a Venetian ambassador, just as if I had only then come into the world, and purchasing each of my penn'orths for twopence. Here they manufacture no cloths of silk, receiving all such from Genoa, Florence, and Lucca—a most grievous and lamentable fact, for it behoved me to take what I could get, and shut my eyes. Think what a figure I shall make in Venice, my neighbours' gowns being of silk, and my own of frieze. I bought everything new, at its weight in gold, at the greatest inconvenience, and worse; for, when at Venice, I shall be unable to use my apparel, as it is all made more according to the English fashion than that of Italy. In the next place, I had to hire servants who were common thieves, not knowing whom to trust; and to give you an idea of what they were, you must know that one glutton robbed me of a silver-gilt ewer, for which I paid twenty-eight ducats.

I found that the King, his present Majesty's father, to whom my credentials had been made out, was sick, nor could he give me audience, and a few days afterwards he died, and was succeeded by his son, about the time of the rout of the Ghiara d'Adda. I wrote to Venice, that the letter of credence was no longer valid, and that another must be sent me, the which did not arrive until the following month of November, so you see how I should have served the state had I waited for that! It is well that through the English noblemen whom I had received of yore in my house at Venice (giving them good welcome, not indeed that I ever thought at the time of going to England, but for my own satisfaction), I was introduced to this magnanimous prince, not ten days after his coronation, they having heed of my need, and exerting themselves so, that their intercession and arguments caused the King to receive my old letter, although addressed to his father. By God's grace he was silent on this score, and heard me so graciously, that, by the favour of the Almighty, he took a liking to me immediately, owing to the good account of me given to his Majesty by my friends, and I was enabled so to influence him, that I got him to write to the Pope in favour of our most illustrious Signory, requesting him to receive the State into favour and take off the censures: his Majesty promising for us that we would prove most obedient sons of the Church in future. He made such efforts as succeeded; and, in addition, sent his ambassador to Rome, who constantly took part with the Venetians, and against France. After this, I prevailed on him to write some letters to the King of Spain, praying his Catholic Majesty to consider the most illustrious Signory as his ally; and he also wrote endless letters to the Emperor, sending him an ambassador to this effect. I also caused the King of France to be written to, to desist from the league against the Venetians, having obtained what belonged to him in the Duchy of Milan, whereas he had no claim upon the other possessions; and to assure him, that if he chose to continue in amity with his Majesty here, he was to cease molesting the Venetians, his good friends and good Christians, defenders of the Christian faith, who had proved themselves the bulwark of Christendom, by a most immense outlay, both of blood and treasure. Upon this the King of France took offence, and answered sharply, I fanning the flame from time to time, and by letters from said Majesty quieting the Pope and the Catholic King his father-in-law; and thus, when these powers saw the King of England well disposed towards the Venetians, they likewise commenced siding with the Pope, but the chief impediment lay with the Emperor, but I so plied the King, that he wrote to him offering to mediate and arrange every difficulty between the Signory and his Cæsarian Majesty. After so much exertion, toil, and trouble, which never left me a single hour's happiness, nor even repose, I was seized with a malignant fever, which never left me for thirty-seven days. Thou mayst imagine how I was waited on, and by whom, and with how much kindness, during this my malady, and who came to comfort me. I had two physicians, each of whom chose to receive a noble per diem, which is equal to a ducat and a half, and their coming was as beneficial to me as if they had stayed away, and when I had completed my thirty-seven days' fever in bed, the King received a reply from the Emperor, and not knowing that I was so very ill, sent to tell me to come to speak with him; so, regardless of the fever, I rose from my bed, on St. Catharine's eve, the 24th of November, and went to the Court at Greenwich, six miles distant hence, by water, though all dissuaded me from doing so, thinking it would be my death. When the King saw me, he wept for very pity at my having come, it seeming to him that I had been taken out of my grave.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.

A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity. By Robert William Mackay, M.A. Author of "The Progress of the Intellect," &c. John Chapman.
Village Development, Based on Practical Principles; or, the Old Vicar's Advice. George Cox.

The Church and Her Destinies. By James Biden. Aylott and Co.
Literary Addresses, Delivered at Various Popular Institutions. Second Series. Revised and Corrected by the Authors. Griffin and Co.

Essays on Shakspeare and His Writings. W. Kent and Co.

Anne Boleyn; or, The Suppression of the Religious Houses. Saunders and Ottley.

Introductory Text Book of Geology. By David Page. Blackwood and Sons.

A Popular History of British Mosses. By Robert M. Stark. Lovell Reeve.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated by George Thomas. Sampson, Low and Son.

We place Mr. Mackay's *Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity* on our present list, with the purpose of giving it some immediate notice, however short, and with the hope of being able to review it at greater length on another occasion. Meanwhile, our readers may rest assured that this work is on every account worthy of special and most attentive perusal. A fearlessly practical inquiry into the causes of the progress of Christianity, and the value of the evidence on which the belief in Christian doctrines rests, is of sufficient importance to advocate its own claims irresistibly to the attention of all thinking men. Mr. Mackay has treated his difficult and delicate subject in a manner which ought to offend no sensible person of any sect or persuasion. He writes moderately as well as fearlessly, with the spirit of a philosopher and the candour of an honest man. Many people may differ from some of his deductions (we ourselves among the number); many people also may question here and there the validity of some of his

authorities; but—always excepting the extremely credulous bigot on the one hand, and the extremely sceptical bigot on the other—no reasonable person can be offended with this book, and every tolerant person may assuredly learn something from it.

Village Development is a very sensible little volume, containing some excellent advice to country clergymen on the management of their churches and the relations in which they ought to stand to their parishioners. We heartily wish the book a wide clerical circulation, for we are convinced that it is calculated to do great good in a practical and unpretending way. As to Mr. Biden's small rhapsody about *The Church and Her Destinies*, when we have stated that the author has a theological hobby of his own about the "new Jerusalem," which leads him into "expounding" from the Revelations, and going the whole hog, in an explanatory way, with the Prophets, our readers will probably not care to know more about Mr. Biden and his opinions. However, he shall state his position for the benefit of any persons of an argumentative tendency. "The Holy City," he writes, in his first paragraph, "the new Jerusalem, described by St. John, has, by divines, been said to be a figure to represent the Church triumphant in heaven. I declare it to be a figure to describe the Church on earth." If any readers want to argue on this extraordinarily important topic with Mr. Biden, there is the raw material of dispute for them to begin upon.

The Second Series of Messrs. Griffin's collection of speeches, by famous modern orators only requires from us an announcement. The present volume contains Literary Addresses, delivered by popular men at popular institutions, and corrected for publication by the speakers' own pens. Speeches by Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Cobden, Lord John Russell, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Professor Masson, and other eminent and honourable gentlemen, fill the pages of this last new book of *British Eloquence*—which, we may add, is portable in size and very carefully and clearly printed.

It is said, and quite truly, that "everybody turns author now." Everybody must, of course, mean the whole population, and that necessarily includes a certain sprinkling of insane persons. Of book-writing maniacs we have two specimens this week, so inveterately rabid as to exhibit not the faintest glimpse of a "lucid interval" of any kind. More nonsense has probably been written about Shakspeare than about any other man who ever lived—but in the lowest depth of literary imbecility there is always a lower deep still; and the gentleman who has produced the last book on Shakspeare appears to have reached it. We had no room to place his whole title at the head of this notice; but we will try and copy it now. Here it is, literally:—"Time and Truth Reconciling the Moral and Religious World to Shakspeare; the greatest Poet and Dramatist, the greatest Moral Philosopher and Philanthropist that ever lived in the tide of times: whose greatness, like an Alpine avalanche, continues increasing and increasing, as the wonderful revelations of his overwhelming Genius roll down the steep of time!" There is a nice short name of a new book to mention at the libraries! The main delusion under which the unfortunate author of this astounding title labours, is, that Shakspeare is generally underrated by the public and the majority of the critics. He (the unfortunate author) is also insane to a great degree on the subject of spelling, being desirous to alter English orthography in many absurdly useless ways, and feeling enraged with the printers for their unwillingness to help him. Upon the whole, he strikes us as one of the most dangerous literary lunatics at large whom we have ever encountered.

The second insane writer on our list gives us a story about *Anne Boleyn*. He (or she) raves less loudly, but gabbles faster, in a grinning, conceited way, than our unfortunate Shakspearian friend. This is, for example, the manner in which the delirious author of *Anne Boleyn* introduces himself (or herself, as we are inclined to suspect) to the reader:—

... I do profess ignorance of myself. I can judge others much better than I can determine me (sic). I defy my own scrutiny. Therefore my readers must not expect me to explain myself. But—pass we on; pass we on. I am no scholar. I am no historian nor antiquarian. I am next to nothing. I am myself. Nevertheless, feeling deeply upon a subject, I have thought I might write heartily—Time will tell. There are many—how many!—books published annually, and I suppose the authors make fame or pence of them. Why may not I? To write as the many, is but a modest, a very modest desire, one that I care not to follow. I despise the many. The many is a mob. I would be a leader. Could I not be something, I would be nothing. The many! away. The few for me—and I one of them.

There is more to the same purpose—but one such specimen of absolute nonsense as the foregoing is enough for quotation. Seriously, we are astonished that Messrs. Saunders and Ottley should trifle (to say the least of it) with their reputation in "the trade," by publishing, on any terms whatever, such utterly discreditable trash as *Anne Boleyn*.

It is pleasant to get back into the clear atmosphere of Science, and to be able to inform our readers of the publication of two useful books. The *Introductory Text-Book of Geology* really performs the promise of its title-page. The science is most carefully made clear for beginners, and the volume is published at a commendably cheap rate. Mr. Stark's *History of British Mosses* is also intended for the widest popular circulation; and attracts the botanical student by a profusion of very carefully and beautifully-coloured illustrations. This work is further recommended by an Index and Glossary—it is excellently printed—and (not the least important in its list of merits) the young Botanist can carry it about with him in his walks as a volume for the pocket.

The only book left on our list is that sweetest, simplest, most inexhaustibly delightful of all stories—the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The present edition of one of the few fictions which can never be out of date, reaches us from Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Son, and is really a beautiful gift-book for the approaching gift-season. It is excellently printed in the old style, on paper of the pleasant old-fashioned hue and thickness; contains several clever illustrations by Mr. George Thomas; and is bound in the most indestructibly thick gilded covers. Poor artless Goldsmith himself looked not gayer and smarter in the famous "bloom-coloured coat," than his immortal work now looks in the last new Christmas dress provided for it.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE WORDS AND PHRASES.

Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases, with Examples of their Colloquial Use, and Illustrations from various Authors; to which are added, The Customs of the County. By Anne Elizabeth Baker. Two vols. post octavo.

John Russell Smith, Soho-square, London.

A COMPLETE dictionary of archaic and provincial words we shall probably never have, but each addition to this class of literature must be of value. Miss Baker's volumes contain upwards of five thousand words and phrases, about two thousand of which have not previously been published. It is said Sir Walter Scott once paid half-a-crown to a labourer for the word "whemmel." This, no doubt, was a fit of facetious gratitude the Wizard delighted to indulge in. The anecdote, however, illustrates the comparative value of a word, in season, to an author.

Language is progressive, and it is not only curious but highly interesting and most instructive to trace the change and growth of our mother-tongue even through a limited period. Many words and phrases common to the literature of past ages have been banished from schools and polite circles—we must seek for them in the secluded villages and hamlets, or dredge them from the slums of society. Shakspeare has been a puzzle to "the learned" down to this day. It may be news to the schoolmen to learn that the "uneducated" throughout the length and breadth of the land can read him, and can understand his language without note or comment. Miss Baker proves this by showing that many of Shakspeare's words and phrases are in daily use by the peasant population of Northamptonshire.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING ACT.

The Merchant Shipping Act, 1854, with an Introductory Summary, &c. By William Digby Seymour, Esq., M.P. W. G. Benning and Co.

UNTIL the passing of the Merchant Shipping Act, introduced by Mr. Cardwell, the shipping trade was fettered and annoyed by the amount of legislation which it had endured. There were eleven acts in full force for the regulation of navigation, and in every case which occurred it was necessary to refer to each act to see how one modified another. That evil was obviated by Mr. Cardwell, who undertook the Herculean labour of sifting, arranging, condensing, and amalgamating them all into one act, clear, but by no means concise. Mr Digby Seymour has further improved this, by publishing, in one volume, the Act, with an explanatory summary, copious notes, and statements of various cases referred to the several parts. Such a work was much wanted: it has been carefully compiled. Mr. Digby Seymour is entitled to the gratitude of the large body of British Shipping-traders.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Anti-Sabbatarian Defenceless; or, the Sabbath Established upon the Ruins of the Objections of its Enemies. By the Rev. J. G. Stewart. Nisbet and Co. Poems. By Matthew Arnold. (Second Series.)

Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

Detached Thoughts and Apophthegms, extracted from some of the Writings of Archbishop Whately. (First Series.) Blachader and Co.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett. A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Logic for the Young: consisting of Twenty-five Lessons in the Art of Reasoning, selected from the Logic of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. By the Author of "Logic for the Million." Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

Miscellanies, Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical, contributed to Blackwood's Magazine. By Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

The French Prompter; a General Handbook of Conversation, in English and French, alphabetically arranged; with a Key to French Pronunciation. (Fifth Edition.) By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

The Juvenile Treasury of French Conversation. By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

The French School (Part I.)—L'Echo de Paris; a Selection of Familiar Phrases; with a Vocabulary. (Twenty-second Edition.) By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

The French School (Part I.)—Gift of Fluency in French Conversation, a Set of Familiar Exercises. (Tenth Edition.) By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

Le Petit Causeur; or, First Chatterings in French: being a Key to the Gift of French Conversation. (Fourth Edition.) By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

Finishing Exercises in French Conversation; being a Key to L'Echo de Paris. By Mons. Le Page. Effingham Wilson.

Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times. By Lord Nugent. Chapman and Hall.

(Third Edition, revised, with a Memoir of the Writer.)

GOING AGAINST THE GRAIN.—The Lord Provost, of Glasgow has called a public meeting of the inhabitants for the evening of Friday week, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to prohibit the distillation of grain.

THE TYNE SHIPWRIGHT'S STRIKE.—The strike seems at an end. Messrs. Smith, have set on their men at the old wages—86s. per week, as also have Messrs. Laing and Messrs. Morrison and Fawcass. It is thought that the South Shields masters will be able to follow this example.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, December 8, 1854.
THE Funds have made a most decided and steady advance since last week. The Austrian treaty with the Western

Powers has doubtless been the means of producing this movement upwards. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's admirers and hangers-on in the City declare that there will be no loan—that the war, in a proportional ratio, costs no more than the camp at Chobham—except men's lives—and that we are in the most flourishing financial condition. Parliament meeting this next week will probably have a temporary effect one way or the other; but, with our present House of Representatives, the Ministry has but little to fear, and so Consols will hold up. Railway shares are not over bright. Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company have declared their dividend of five per cent., and one per cent. bonus. Mining shares and Crystal Palace are flat and neglected. Good accounts have been received and published from the Peninsular Mining Company and some of the Virginian Gold-washing Companies. The Turkish 6 per cent. Scrip is still at an alarming discount, without any apparent reason. They improved slightly at the first rise in Consols, but are again weakly. The 3 per cent. Consolidated Stock are now, after to-day, dealt in and quoted with the half-yearly dividend off. Consols opened this morning at 93½, 93½, and closed at 93½, sellers.

Caledonians, 61, 61½; Eastern Counties, 11½, 11½; Great Northern, 88, 89; A stock, 75, 76; B stock, 123, 125; Great Western, 70½, 71; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 72½, 73;

Discoveries in Chinese; or, the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. Trübner and Co.

Glossology: being a Treatise of the Nature of Language and on the Language of Nature. By Charles Kraitsir, M.D. (Second Edition.) Trübner and Co.

Flax and Hemp, their Culture and Manipulation. By Sebastian Delamer. G. Routledge and Co.

Odds and Ends, from an Old Drawer. By Wardua Retuyw, M.D. G. Routledge and Co.

Hogg's Instructor. No. 18. James Hogg.

A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia; or, Herbert's Note-book. By William Howitt. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems. (Second Edition, revised and enlarged.) By Emma Tatham. Longman and Co.

The Trapper's Bridge and White Stone Canoe. By Percy B. St. John. Ward and Lock.

Students Abroad: their Romance and Real Life. By Richard B. Kimball. Ward and Lock.

Sharp-eye; or, the Scout's Revenge. By James Weir. Ward and Lock.

The Arts.

LYCEUM.—AGGRAVATING SAM.

ON Wednesday a Mystery, in two acts, entitled *Aggravating Sam*, was produced at the LYCEUM THEATRE. To attempt an account of the plot would be idle—it would be almost incomprehensible. The main point is, that *Sam Naggins* (Mr. Charles Mathews) relieves an otherwise unoccupied mind, by annoying not only everybody who comes in his way, but everybody into whose way he can come. Fortune appears to enjoy the fun, and favours him. Thus, in one fortunate morning, a most improbable substitution of *paletots* puts *Sam* into possession of two or three facts, which subsequently enable him to aggravate at least a dozen utter strangers, and to engage the affections of *Clara Biffin* (Miss Oliver), who possesses a considerable fortune. *Sam* then humourously moralises on the fact, that he has been aggravating everybody all day; that they all hate him; and that in spite of them all, he is defeating their plans by marrying the girl and obtaining the fortune. The author being called for, Mr. Mathews explained that the author wished his name to be known, and the audience wished it also—but he would not tell it—just to aggravate them. The piece is an adaptation of *Un Drôle de Pistolet*, by MM. Varin and De Leris. It is one of those performances every minute of which brings a shower of brilliant impossibilities of incident, and a greater shower of practical realities of laughter. Charles Mathews is, of course, deliciously unamiable; and Miss Oliver, from excess, unamiablely delicious. Miss Harriett Gordon made her *début*, and met with considerable approbation for her thoroughly assured mastery over a reluctant lover. The song about Mexico is as destitute of point as it is unnecessary to the piece. B.

MR. ALBERT SMITH.

The war, which seems, during the past month, to have paralysed the theatrical managers, has stimulated Mr. Albert Smith. "Mont Blanc" is on view again at the EGYPTIAN HALL, with an almost complete change of "scenery" and "performances" to attract the public. Wisely retaining his Ascent of the Mountain, Mr. Albert Smith has otherwise altered and renewed his programme. He now takes his visitors to Switzerland through Holland and up the Rhine—he gives them a new moving panorama of the route painted by a German artist, as well as new views in Switzerland painted by Mr. Beverley. Some of these last are as striking and beautiful as any of the pictures which have preceded them; and parts of the panorama—especially those in which the lighting most assists the effect of the painting—are really excellent specimens of the best kind of scenic effect. The very large part of the entertainment, which depends entirely on Mr. Albert Smith, has been as thoroughly renewed as the pictures. New characters, jokes, and songs appeal to old visitors to come again. One of the best of these songs is a comic description of the Rhine, sung to the liveliest of tunes with the happiest rapidity of utterance—the panorama moving on as the pictorial accompaniment and illustration to each verse. There are other things in the entertainment as good as this in their way—but it is needless for us to point out what most of our readers will doubtless discover for themselves. When we have helped in announcing the fact that "Mont Blanc" is again to be seen, we have done our part—all the rest Mr. Albert Smith can easily do for himself. C.

London and Brighton, 104, 100; London and Birmingham, 99½, 100; London and South-Western, 82, 83; Midlands, 69½, 69; North Eastern (Berwicks), 75, 76; Oxford, Wolverhampton, and Worcester, 30, 31½; South-Eastern, 59, 60; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 6, 6½; Eastern of France, 31½, 31½; Great Western of Canada, 10½, 17½; Northern of France, 34½, 34½; Paris and Lyons, 19½, 19½ pm.; Paris and Orleans, 46, 47; Paris and Rouen, 37, 39; Western of France, 44, 5½ pm.; Agua Frias, 4, 4; Brazil Imperial, 2½, 3; St. John del Rey, 32, 34; Linares, 8, 9; Pontgibaud, 15½, 16½; South Australian, 1½, 1½; Wallers, 4, 4; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 21, 22 x. all; Oriental Bank, 37, 39; Union Bank of Australia, 67, 69; Australian Agricultural, 35, 37; Crystal Palace, 2½, 3½; General Screw Steam, 13½, 14; North British Australasian, 4, 4; Peninsular and Oriental, 67, 67½; Scottish Australian Investment, 1½, 1½; South Australian Land, 33, 35.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Dec. 8.

The Wheat trade remains in an inactive state. Old Foreign has been in rather more request and at rather higher prices. New Foreign can only be sold by submitting to lower prices, which holders are not willing to do. The arrivals

from the northern ports have been very moderate, and prices have consequently given way a little. 61lb. red Wheat might now be had at Stettin at 60s. to 61s., f. o. b.; and at 60s., f. o. b. in Spring. A few cargoes of Alexandria Wheat have arrived off the coast. Saidi is offered at 53s. and 54s., cost and freight. A cargo of Alexandria Maize has been sold at 38s., and another of Mazagan is offered at 46s., cost, freight, and insurance. The supplies of English Barley into London have been liberal, but there have been but moderate arrivals of Foreign. Prices have continued to droop, and are now 2s. to 3s. lower than this day week. The supply of Oats has received some addition during the week, both from Ireland and the Continent, and though dealers have not got into stock to any extent, they appear unwilling to do so notwithstanding the decline which has taken place, and the trade is consequently very limited at rather lower prices. Beans and Peas also meet a slow sale at rather reduced rates. A cargo of Egyptian Beans has been sold at 40s., cost, freight and insurance. The French markets, influenced by the decree which prohibits export, have suffered a trifling decline. The shipments of Wheaten Flour to the United Kingdom during the week ending the 23rd November, were only 5679 barrels against 55,033 barrels in the corresponding week last year, and of Wheat 1787 quarters against 33,890 quarters last year.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, December 5.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM HUNT, Bedford-row, wine merchant—JOHN BISLEY, Southampton, carpenter—JAMES CHARLES JOHNS, late of King William-street, and of Mickleham, Surrey, commission agent—CHARLES KELLY, High-street, Kensington, and Baker-street Bazaar, auctioneer—DANIEL CHAPMAN, Cornwall-road, Hammersmith, builder—CHARLES SAMUEL SASSE, High-street, Portland-town, baker—THOMAS PALMER, Birmingham, licensed victualler—THOMAS PLUMLEY DERHAM and WILLIAM BENNETT, Bristol, cabinet-makers—JOHN BUSH MERCER, Bath, carpenter—EDWARD LEADER BOX, Bristol, corn merchant—WILLIAM CROWTHER, Halifax, innkeeper—JOHN MITCHELL, Bingley, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner—GEORGE JONES and EDMUND CLEGG, Salford, ironfounders—DAVID AINSWORTH, Manchester, warehouseman.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. SCOON, Edinburgh, baker—J. FINNIE, Edinburgh, brush manufacturer—J. FERGUSSON, Glasgow, builder—J. MACLEAN, Glasgow, merchant.

Friday, December 8.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM WINDER, Haymarket, tavern-keeper—GEORGE BETHELL, Bryanstone-square, smith and engineer—BENJAMIN BATLEY, Kingsland-road, corn dealer—WILLIAM HUDSON, Hackney, grocer—JOHN YOUNG and JASPER YOUNG, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehousemen—JOSEPH FULFORD, Birmingham, malster—JOHN HENRY GOODERE, Merthyr Tydfil, scrivener—ERASMUS BOND, Wharf-road, City-road, soda-water manufacturer—STEPHEN EASTWOOD, Gray's-place, Mile End road, licensed victualler—HENRY BROWN, Marden, Kent, potter—RICHARD DERBYSHIRE, Liverpool, merchant—WILLIAM STEEDS, Evercreech, Somerset, tallow chandler—JOHN FRISBY BENTLEY, Salby, Northamptonshire, coal merchant.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—ANDREW DOW THOMSON, Glasgow, music publisher—WILLIAM SIMPSON, Kinross, grain miller.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

| | Sat. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur. | Frid. |
|----------------------|------|------|--------|------|-------|--------|
| Bank Stock | 209 | 208½ | 209½ | 208 | 208 | 208 |
| 3 per Cent. Red. | 90½ | 90½ | 90½ | 91½ | 91½ | 91½ |
| 3 per Cent. Con. An. | 91½ | 92½ | 92½ | 93½ | 93 | 93½ |
| Consols for Account | 91½ | 92½ | 92½ | 93½ | 93½ | 93½ |
| 3½ per Cent. An. | | | | | | |
| New 2½ per Cents | 80 | | | | | |
| Long Ans. 1860. | | 4½ | 4 5-16 | 4½ | | 4 5-16 |
| India Stock | 234 | 231 | | 231 | 232 | |
| Ditto Bonds, £1000 | 11 | 10 p | 10 | 7 | | |
| Ditto, under £1000 | | | | | | |
| Ex. Bills, £1000. | 6 | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p |
| Ditto, £500. | | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p |
| Ditto, Small | | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p | 6 p |

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------|---------------------------|-----|
| Brazilian Bonds | 97 | Russian Bonds, 5 per | |
| Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts. | 54½ | Cents 1822 | 97 |
| Chilian 6 per Cnts. | 101 | Russian 4½ per Cnts. | 80½ |
| Danish 5 per Cnts. | 101½ | Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def. | 19½ |
| Ecuador Bonds | | Spanish Committee Cert. | |
| Mexican 3 per Cnts. | 21½ | of Coup. not fun. | 5½ |
| Mexican 3 per Ct. for | | Venezuela 3½ per Cnts. | |
| Acc. Dec. 15 | 21½ | Belgian 4½ per Cnts. | 90½ |
| Portuguese 5 per Cnts. | | Dutch 2½ per Cnts. | 61½ |
| Portuguese 3 p. Cnts. | | Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif | 91 |

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. 1½d., 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., 1840.

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, Harpists, 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."

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUE.

This grand Entertainment will take place on Monday next, December 11.

The audience portion of the Theatre will be set apart for spectators.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d.
Dress Circle 5s.
Boxes 3s.
Lower Gallery 2s.
Upper Gallery 1s.
Private Boxes, 4l. 4s. upwards.

Doors will be open at half-past nine. Dancing will commence at ten.

Places and Private Boxes may be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of the principal Librarians and Musicsellers.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

Monday and during the week will be performed

THE BEULAH SPA.

Characters by Messrs. Leslie, Emery, and F. Robson; Mrs. Fitzallan, Miss Julia St. George, Miss Marston, and Mrs. A. Wigan.

After which the comic drama of

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Leslie, Gladstone, H. Cooper, Miss Julia St. George, and Miss E. Ormonde.

Mr. F. Robson will sing the popular Legend of "Villikins and his Dinah."

To conclude with

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Characters by Messrs. Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers, and F. Robson; Miss E. Turner.

TEAS and COFFEES at MERCHANTS' PRICES.

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s.
Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 5d.
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.—Our large consignments of new French and Spanish Fruits are in very fine condition this year, and are now on show at our Warehouse, 8, King William-street, City.—For prices, see general Price Current, post free on application.

TO LOVERS OF FISH.

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.

FUTVOYE'S WEDDING and BIRTHDAY

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.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S GOLD and SILVER

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.

FUTVOYE'S DRESSING CASES "for

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, in leather, walnut, and other choice woods, from 1 to 100 guineas. Also, their Government DESPATCH BOXES are too well known to require comment.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

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.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S FRENCH TIMEPIECES.

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 ormolu 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 experiencing 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

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

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

Wholesale and export warehouses, 23 and 29, Silver-street, Golden-square.
City, 22, Great Winchester-street.
Paris, 31, Rue de Rivoli.

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; 23, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-fields, Wolverhampton.

THE MOST APPROVED STOVES.—The

demand for the CHUBB and VESTA STOVES (separately patented) still continuing unabated, and numbers having been sold last season (in all upwards of 14,000) through the patronage of families who have had experience of their pre-eminently useful qualities, WILLIAM S. BURTON has renewed confidence in recommending them for their cleanliness, economy, and safety. During the last thirteen years they have been found sources of great comfort in the bedroom of the invalid, affording an uniform temperature throughout the day and night, with one supply of fuel, without attention. Particulars sent post free. Chubb, 30s. to 50s.; Vesta, from 35s.; stoves for warehouses, &c., from 10s. each. Joyce's patent fuel, 4s. 6d. per sealed bag.

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

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

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); 1 and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

PATTERNS OF THE NEW COLOURED

SHIRTINGS, in every variety of colours; upwards of two hundred different patterns for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, sent post free on receipt of six stamps. Price 27s. the half-dozen.

FORD'S WHITE EUREKAS, best quality, Six for 40s.; second quality, Six for 31s.; if washed ready for use, 2s. extra.

CAUTION.—Ford's Eureka Shirts are stamped, "38, POULTRY, LONDON," without which none are genuine. RICHARD FORD, 38, POULTRY.

EFFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARI-

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.

WATERPROOF BOOTS FOR THE EAST.

H. PLETCHER is the only Manufacturer of the Improved Vulcanised India Rubber Boots, lined with a woollen or fur Material. Leather-lined boots not recommended; they are not so durable, and they become rigid in cold weather. 110, Cromer-street, St. Pancras, London.

THE 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.—

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.

AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA.

A 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, 4s. 6d.; quarts, 7s. 6d.; mammoths, 11s.

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, 1840. 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.

THE BEST SHOW of IRON BED-STEADS in the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has TWO VERY LARGE ROOMS, which are devoted to the EXCLUSIVE SHOW of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Mattresses. Common Iron Bedsteads, 18s.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 21s.; and Cots, from 21s. each. Handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 27. 19s. to 137. 13s.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced 20 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

| | Fiddle Pattern. | Thread or Brunswick Pattern. | King's Pattern. |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Tea Spoons, per dozen | 18s. | 26s. | 32s. |
| Dessert Forks | 30s. | 40s. | 46s. |
| Dessert Spoons | 30s. | 42s. | 48s. |
| Table Forks | 40s. | 56s. | 64s. |
| Table Spoons | 40s. | 58s. | 66s. |

Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

| | Fiddle. | Thread. | King's. |
|---|---------|---------|---------|
| Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen..... | 12s. | 28s. | 30s. |
| Dessert ditto and ditto..... | 10s. | 21s. | 25s. |
| Tea ditto..... | 5s. | 11s. | 12s. |

GAS CHANDELIERS and BRACKETS.

The increased and increasing use of Gas in Private Houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from all the various manufacturers all that is New and Choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling-rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are now ON SHOW in one of his TEN LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his Establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz., from 12s. 6d. (two light) to 167.

LAMPS of all SORTS and PATTERNS.

The Largest, as well as the Choicest, Assortment in existence of FRENCH and ENGLISH MODERATEUR, PALMER'S, CAMPHINE, ARGAND, SOLAR, and other LAMPS, with all the latest improvements, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, in ormolu, 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. 9d. per gallon.

Palmer's Candles, 9d., 9½d., and 10d. per lb.

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 and bedding), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

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

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); 1, 2, and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

BENNETT'S MODEL WATCH.

In gold cases from 10 guineas. In silver cases from 5 guineas.

Every watch is skilfully examined, timed, and its performance guaranteed.

BENNETT, WATCH MANUFACTURER, 65, CHEAPSIDE.

FRENCH MODERATOR LAMPS.—A very

large and superior stock now ON SALE at DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s (Opening to the Monument), London Bridge.

Established A.D. 1700.

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, 6s. per gallon. Prospectuses, with drawings, free.

TRELOAR'S COCOA-NUT FIBRE

MATTING.—Door Mats, Mattresses, Cushions, Hassocks, Brushes, Netting, &c., &c. Catalogues free by post. WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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 VARICOSE 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 10s. Postage, 6d.

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Adam-street, Adelphi.

R. HODSON, Secretary.

INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY.

72, Lombard-street, and 24, Connaught-terrace.

Richard Malins, Esq., Q.C., Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P. M.P. John Campbell Renton, Esq. James Fuller Madox, Esq. William Wilberforce, Esq. A reduction of 25 per cent. has been made on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

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.

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.

20 ACRES OF FREEHOLD LAND, AT BOW.

THIS Valuable Land has been purchased for the Members of the LONDON and SUBURBAN FREEHOLD LAND and BUILDING SOCIETY, and a PUBLIC MEETING and BALLOT will be held at the Coborn School-rooms, Fairfield-road, Bow, on Wednesday evening next, December 13th; the Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock precisely by the Rev. Dr. Hewlett. Several influential gentlemen will address the meeting.

All persons desirous of obtaining Allotments on this very valuable Estate should take up Shares prior to the Ballot; thirty rights of choice will be allotted for, and ten given by rotation, and every Share drawn in this Ballot will be enabled to choose on this Estate.

Paid-up Shares are entitled to rights to choose without going into the Ballot.

Shares, 307; entrance fee, 1s.; monthly subscription, 4s. Rules, Shares, Prospectuses, and every information can be obtained at the Offices, 70, Fenchurch-street, City, every day from 10 till 5 o'clock, except Saturdays, when the Offices are closed at 2 o'clock.

F. TAYLOR, Manager.

DR. DE JONGH'S

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.

PURE AND UNADULTERATED.

The great difficulty of obtaining genuine and good Cod Liver Oil has long prevented a just appreciation of its acknowledged remedial virtues, and precluded many suffering invalids from realising the beneficial effects of this truly valuable medicine.

Dr. De Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil is of the best kind and finest quality, being extracted from the liver of the Dorse—*Gadus Callarias*, a species of cod-fish caught at the great fishery of the Loffoden Isles—by a process yielding a much larger proportion of iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile acid, the elements of the bile, and other essential principles, than the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are deprived in a great measure of their active elements.

The well-merited celebrity of Dr. De Jongh's Oil is attested by its extensive use in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy; by numerous spontaneous testimonials from eminent members of the faculty and scientific chemists of European reputation, and, since its recent introduction into this country, by the marked confidence as well as great success with which it has been prescribed by medical practitioners.

In many instances where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been taken with little or no benefit, it has produced almost immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.

Sold in London by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand. Dr. De Jongh's sole accredited Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions, and sent by them, CARRIAGE FREE, to all parts of town.

May be obtained, in the Country, from respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicine. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the Oil, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co. will forward four half-pint bottles to any part of England, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.

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

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

* * * The bottles are labelled with Dr. De Jongh's stamp and signature, without which none are genuine.

THE SAFETY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

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Having been unexpectedly honoured with an invitation from a Meeting of Electors to make a statement of my political opinions, with a view to being proposed as a Candidate for your Borough, I lost no time in doing so. And I am happy to find that the answer I have since given to a Deputation, in further explanation of my sentiments, both upon political matters in general, and upon the all-important question of the War, has led to my receiving from many quarters assurances of influential support, if I should allow myself to be put in nomination.

Under these circumstances, I have determined to solicit the honour of your suffrages.

The public questions are few indeed, on which, in the course of fifteen years, I have not pronounced an opinion, whether by my votes, my speeches, or by writings. I shall, however, be happy to answer to the best of my ability, any further inquiries you may think fit to put to me.

But I can give no pledge beyond that of my past public life. If I cannot be returned as an independent Representative, I will not be returned at all. I never have sat, and I never will sit on any other terms; and I would submit to you, that he who could be capable of sacrificing his convictions for the sake of your votes, would be, on any convenient occasion, equally capable of sacrificing your interests to his own.

If you do me the great honour of approving me as the tried friend of civil, religious, and commercial freedom; as the promoter of good local self-government, and of that efficiency in local administration, which is the only true economy; as the supporter of extended franchise and general education; and as the advocate of the present just and necessary war—a war undertaken in concert with our brave French neighbours, for the purpose of checking the encroachments of despotism, and of ultimately, with God's blessing, conquering for Europe a safe and honourable peace: if, above all, you feel with me, that we ought to strain every nerve to succour effectively and at once, our struggling forces in the Crimea; the wasted survivors of that gallant army, so lately embarked from our shores in the pride of health, of equipment, and of numbers; if you agree with me, that we are bound to reinforce and refit, without stint, that sadly diminished band of heroes, whose noble prowess and ill-requited humanity, whose devoted obedience and uncomplaining endurance make us proud of the name of Englishmen, but whose losses, privations, and sufferings it makes our hearts bleed in the midst of our exultation, to think upon; if, on these terms, and with these sentiments, you place me in the proud position of your Representative, I shall endeavour to merit your approbation, and testify my gratitude by a diligent attention to my public duties and a sedulous promotion of your local interests.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

EBRINGTON.

Grosvenor-square, December 7, 1854.

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