

Charles Nuttall Tomlin's Edition 1860

# THE LEADER

## SATURDAY ANALYST;

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF POLITICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

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**Crystal Palace.—Arrange-**  
ments for week ending Saturday, April 28th.  
MONDAY, open at 9. TUESDAY to FRIDAY, open at 10.  
Admission One Shilling; Children under 12, Sixpence.  
Orchestral Band, Great Organ, and Pianoforte Performances daily.  
Beautiful display of Camellias, Hyacinths, and other flowers round the fountain basins, and throughout the Palace.  
SATURDAY, open at 10. Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Admission by Season Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or on payment of Half-a-Crown: Children, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown extra.  
SUNDAY. Open at 1.30 to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.

**Crystal Palace.—Friday,**  
May 4.—Tickets for the GREAT FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE of ELIJAH, on the occasion of the Inauguration of the Bronze Memorial Statue of Mendelssohn, are now on Sale at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or by order of the usual agents.  
Admission Tickets, Five Shillings (if purchased before the 1st of May); Reserved Stalls, in blocks as arranged at the Handel Festival, in the area, Five Shillings extra; or in the Corner Galleries, Half-a-Guinea extra.  
The New Season Tickets will admit, subject to the usual regulations.  
Notice.—Immediate application is requisite for central blocks. Post-office orders or cheques to be payable to George Grove.

**Crystal Palace.—June 25,**  
26, and 28.—Great Orphéoniste Musical Festival.  
VOUCHERS for Tickets for this great Combination of the French Choral Societies, comprising deputations from nearly every department of France, representing 170 distinct choral societies, and numbering between three and four thousand performers, who will visit England expressly to hold a Great Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace on the above days, are now on issue at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or by order of the usual agents.  
The prices of admission will be as follows:—  
The Set of transferable tickets (one admission to each of the three days) Twelve Shillings and Sixpence; Reserved Seats (for the three days), Twelve Shillings and Sixpence extra; or in the Corner Galleries, Twenty-five Shillings extra.  
The new season tickets will admit on the above occasion, subject to the usual regulations.

**Crystal Palace—Season**  
1860-1. Tickets for the New Season, commencing Tuesday, 1st May, and terminating on the 30th April, 1861, are now ready for issue.  
They will be of two classes, viz., Two Guineas, admitting free on all occasions; One Guinea, admitting free on all occasions when the price of admission to the Palace on the day is under Five Shillings, but admitting on those days on which the price of admission is Five Shillings or upwards on payment of Half-a-Crown.  
The days on which the price of admission is fixed at Five Shillings and upwards already decided upon are—  
The Mendelssohn Festival and Great Performance of ELIJAH on Friday, 4th May.  
The Six Opera Concerts on Friday, May 11th, June 1st, 15th, 22nd, July 6th and 13th.  
The Great Flower Show on Saturday, 20th May.  
The Musical Festival of the Orphéonistes of France on Monday 25th, Tuesday 26th, and Thursday 28th June.  
Other appointments at a rate of admission of Five Shillings or upwards may be made as the Season progresses.  
Season Tickets for Children under Twelve years of age will be issued at the uniform rate of Half-a-Guinea.  
Tickets and the published Programme of the Season may be had at the usual agents, at the Crystal Palace, or at 2, Exeter Hall.  
By Order,  
GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

**The Standard Life Assurance COMPANY.**  
SPECIAL NOTICE.—BONUS YEAR.  
SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.  
All Policies now effected will participate in the Division to be made as at 15th November next.  
THE STANDARD was established in 1825. The first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855. The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1855.  
Accumulated Fund..... £1,681,598 2 10  
Annual Revenue..... 289,231 13 5  
Annual average of new Assurances effected during the last Ten years, upwards of Half a Million sterling.  
WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.  
H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.  
The Company's Medical Officer attends at the Office, daily, at Half-past One.  
LONDON... 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.  
EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).  
DUBLIN .... 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

**Law, Property, and Life ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**  
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Edward Wm. Cox, Esq., 36, Russell-square.  
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E. E. P. Kelsey, Esq., Salisbury.  
J. Mead, Esq., 2, King's Bench Walk, Temple.  
H. Paull, Esq., M.P., 33, Devonshire-place, Portland-place.  
Eighty per Cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured.  
At the First Division of Profits in May, 1855, a bonus was declared, varying from Two to Eleven per Cent. on the amount assured, and amounting in many instances to upwards of Fifty per Cent. on the Premium paid.  
At the Second Division of Profits in 1858, an EQUAL PRO RATA BONUS was declared.  
The next Division of Profits in 1861.  
\* \* Every description of Life Assurance business transacted. EDWARD S. BARNES, Secretary.

**Norwich Union Life Insurance SOCIETY.** Instituted 1808.  
John Wright, Esq., President; Secy., Sir S. Bignold; London Agent—C. J. Bunyon, Esq.  
This Society is one of the very few Mutual Insurance Companies, and having no proprietary to absorb the profits of the Institution, offers to its members the full benefit of the system.  
Its Invested Capital exceeds £2,100,000, and it possesses large reserves applicable to future Bonuses.  
Its rates are considerably below those usually charged—under 45 not less so than 10 per cent. Thus, at the medium age of 40, the sum of £33 10s. 2d., which, at the ordinary premium of £3 7s. 11d. per cent. will insure £1000, with the Norwich Union will insure £1095 8s. This is itself equivalent to a considerable immediate Bonus.  
Insurances may be effected for sums payable either at death or on attaining a given age.  
One-half of the first five Annual Premiums may remain as a permanent charge upon Policies granted for the whole duration of life.  
Annuities are granted and special risks undertaken on favourable terms.  
Chief Offices—6, Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and Surrey Street, Norwich.

**The District Savings Bank**  
(Limited). 67, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
—The experience which has attended the operations of savings banks and loan societies is such as to make it evident that an extension of their principles, upon a liberal yet sound basis, will prove highly advantageous both to the proprietary and the public.  
The District Savings Bank receives deposits (paid in at one time) from One Penny to Ten Pounds, the aggregate amount to be unlimited, and subject to the usual arrangements, on withdrawal, of ordinary savings banks.  
JOHN SHERIDAN, Actuary.

**National Provident Institution,** 48, Gracechurch Street, London, for Mutual Assurance on Lives, Annuities, etc.  
Established December, 1835.  
CHAIRMAN—SAMUEL HAYHURST LUCAS, Esq.  
DEPUTY CHAIRMAN—CHARLES LUSHINGTON, Esq.  
John Bradbury, Esq. Robert Ingham, Esq. M.P.  
Thomas Castle, Esq. Charles Reed, Esq. F.S.A.  
Richard Fall, Esq. Robert Sheppard, Esq.  
John Feltham, Esq. Jonathan Thorp, Esq.  
Charles Gilpin, Esq. M.P. Charles Whetham, Esq.  
Charles Good, Esq.  
PHYSICIANS.  
J. T. Conquest, M.D., F.L.S.  
Thomas Hodgkin, M.D.  
BANKERS—Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co., and Bank of England.  
SOLICITOR—Septimus Davidson, Esq.  
CONSULTING ACTUARY—Charles Ansell, Esq., F.R.S.  
MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITHOUT INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.  
Extracts from the Report of the Directors for the year 1859:—  
Number of new policies issued, 952.  
Assuring the sum of .. £491,026 10 7  
Producing an annual income of .. 16,781 5 4  
Making the total annual income, after deducting £50,112, annual abatement in premium .. 283,546 5 3  
Total number of policies issued, 22,686.  
Amount paid in claims by the decease of members from the commencement of the institution in December, 1835 .. 919,103 10 4  
Amount of accumulated fund .. 1,755,685 6 11  
The effect of the successful operation of the society during the whole period of its existence may be best exhibited by recapitulating the declared surpluses at the four investigations made up to this time:—  
For the 7 years ending 1842 the surplus was .. £32,074 11 5  
" 5 " 1847 " .. 86,122 8 3  
" 5 " 1852 " .. 232,061 18 4  
" 5 " 1857 " .. 345,034 3 11  
The Directors accept surrenders of policies at any time after payment of one year's premium, and they believe that their scale for purchase is large and equitable.  
The prospectus, with the last report of the Directors, and with illustrations of the profits for the five years ending the 20th November, 1857, may be had on application, by which it will be seen that the reductions on the premiums range from 11 per cent. to 94 per cent., and that in one instance the premium is extinct. Instances of the bonuses are also shown.  
Members whose premiums fall due on the 1st of April, are reminded that the same must be paid within thirty days from that date.  
March, 1860. JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

**The Liverpool and London FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Established 1836.  
Offices—No. 1, Dale Street, Liverpool; and 20 and 21, Poultry, London.  
Annual Revenue - - - £450,000  
Invested Funds - - - £1,200,000  
The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Proprietors in this Company was held on the 10th inst.  
The Report of the Board of Directors was adopted unanimously and showed—  
That the Fire Premiums for the Year amounted to £295,414 8s. 10d.  
That the Life Premiums were £127,115 14s. 0d.  
And the New Life Business, 815 Policies, insuring £490,808 0s. 0d.; on which the Premiums were £14,520 11s. 8d.  
The number of Proprietors exceeds 900, which, with unlimited liability, renders the security of the Company altogether beyond question.  
Prospectuses, copies of the Reports, and any further information may be had on application.  
SWINTON ROULT, Secretary to the Company.  
JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary, London.

**The Rent Guarantee SOCIETY,**  
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ESTABLISHED 1850.

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12 Table Spoons...	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks...	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons...	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons...	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0

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Monday, April 23rd, and during the week, THE OVERLAND ROUTE, being the last Six Nights of its performance, and the last week of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews. THE PILGRIM OF LOVE, every evening. Saturday, April 28th, Benefit of Mr. C. Mathews, and last night of his engagement. Miss Amy Sedgwick will re-appear on Monday, April 30th.

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Lessces, Messrs. F. Robson and W. S. Emden.  
On Monday, and during the week, a new Comedietta, by Tom Taylor, Esq., from "Je Dine chez ma Mere," to be called A CHRISTMAS DINNER. Characters by Messrs. H. Wigan, W. Gordon, F. Vining, H. Rivers, Mrs. Stirling, and Mrs. W. S. Emden.  
After which, the new serio-comic drama, UNCLE ZACHARY. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Vining, W. Gordon, G. Cooke, F. Vining, H. Rivers, and Franks; Messrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Herbert.  
To conclude with "R. B." Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, H. Wigan, G. Cooke; Miss Stephens and Mrs. W. S. Emden.  
Doors open at 7. Commence at half-past 7.

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Nearest theatre to Chelsea and Pimlico, the Park being open to carriages and foot-passengers all hours of the night.  
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On Monday, April 23, and during the week, a New and Original Comedy, entitled A FRIEND IN NEED. Messrs. F. Robinson, Charles Young, Belford, George Spencer Robins; Mesdames Murray, Nelly Moore, Cecilia Rance.  
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Monday, and Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Afternoons, at Three, in their Popular Illustrations, "Our Home Circuit," and "Sea-Side Studies," introducing a variety of amusing and interesting Sketches, with Characteristic Songs, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street. Admission, 1s., 2s.; stalls, 3s., secured at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.—Last Nights of Sally Skeggs.

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KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

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NOTICE.—Gentlemen possessed of Tamm's Safes need not apply.

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## REACTIONARY HOPES AND DESIGNS.

**B**EFORE Parliament adjourned for the recess, we stated our conviction that hopes had begun to be entertained in certain influential quarters of the possibility of arresting, ere long, the present Ministry in that course of liberal and enlightened policy they have shown their disposition to pursue. We had reason to believe that the parliamentary holidays would be employed by the various sections of Tory and Whig opposition, in maturing plans of concerted action against the friends of progress, abroad and at home. Symptoms had not been wanting of the establishment of a good understanding between the partisans of reaction on opposite sides of the House of Commons; and in the House of Lords, Lords GREY and NORMANBY had openly joined Lord DERBY and his friends in desultory but unceasing attacks on the administration. The few days that have elapsed since the two Houses reassembled have sufficed to show how industriously the interval has been used in promoting mutiny and desertion. Not content with the aid of irregular skirmishers, still affecting to wear liberal uniform, the recruiting agents and underworkers of the Court Party, as the Conservatives now wish to be called, appear to have succeeded in detaching from the cause of liberalism more than one of those who have received honour and emolument from Ministers. As long as it is possible we shall forbear to name names; we are willing to leave opportunity for reconsideration and repentance ere it be too late; but where overt acts of treason to party and to principles have been committed, we have no choice but to speak plainly. The notice of Mr. MASSEY to refer the Reform Bill to a Select Committee is one of those violations of good faith, decorum, and consistency, which it is impossible to pass over with ordinary comment: for if such acts can be perpetrated with impunity, all political cohesion among public men must come to an end, all sense of party honour must be lost, and with it all hope of constitutional government conducted in any higher spirit than that which was prevalent in France under LOUIS PHILIPPE, or in Spain under Queen ISABELLA. If public men are to be suffered to combine together, and, under a recognised flag, to seek the confidence and aid of the people in expelling a rival set of men from power because they will not absolutely and unconditionally acknowledge the ensign thus raised; and if, when power has been gained, and their rivals supplanted, certain of them may suddenly attempt to haul down their flag, and at the bidding of their opponents turn round and fire in the faces of the chiefs who have led, fed, and promoted them, then all public pledges must go for nought, and all political ties between man and man must be irreparably loosened.

Mr. MASSEY is one of those spoilt children of Whiggery who has been, through some unexplained influence, pushed on in his parliamentary career, without having ever rendered, or ever showing that he is able to render, any important service either to his patrons or to the public. If the former are content with the consideration they have got in exchange for the patronage they have bestowed on him, that is their affair; and as for the public, it is too conscious that it has neither part nor lot in the matter of aristocratic employments to waste its time discussing whether this eldest son or the other younger son ought to have the preference for any given place. But the public has a right to interpose, and it will assuredly do so when the indecency is committed of unfair play. We don't mind the exaction of millions a year to supply stakes for the aristocratic game of *Governing England*. But the political *Rouge et Noir* must be played fair. People won't stand it else. Every lord and relative, or dependent of a lord, may go in to win on whichever colour he pleases, but he must not double-back upon those he pretends to be playing with; first, because the thing is too scandalous to be endured, and next because the extra expense to us of the delay and confusion it must cause would be too heavy to be borne. The member for Salford was for some years an under-secretary of Lord PALMERSTON, and he is now his Chairman of Ways and Means: and it were mere shuffling and hypocrisy to pretend that he could ever have obtained either one situation or the other save upon the implied understanding that he would give an honourable support to the men and the measures of the Administration. Nobody asked him to put his conscience unconditionally into the keeping of the Whipper-in; and nobody ever expected him to violate any exceptional or reserved pledge he might have given on any particular subject. But as an upright man he was bound, when he took office from the present Cabinet, to give them notice if he dissented from the leading principles on which they came into power, or else to sustain those principles to the best of his abilities. What has Mr. MASSEY done? He knew, as well as every other man in the kingdom, that Lord PALMERSTON could not have resumed power last year without the co-operation of Lord JOHN RUSSELL;

he knew, as everybody knew, that LORD JOHN would not join unless a £10 county franchise, a £6 borough franchise, and a transfer of some five-and-twenty seats were elements of a Reform Bill, which should be a Cabinet question. He raised no objection, he muttered no dissent, but he took one of the few offices of distinction and profit whose tenure does not depend on the continuance of the Ministry; and after having thus obtained position and pay, he suddenly starts up and announces his intention of moving that the Reform Bill should be taken out of the incompetent hands of its authors, and sent to a select committee, to amuse themselves with it as a football for the remainder of the session. When Mr. DISRAELI recommended Lord JOHN RUSSELL to withdraw the Bill because it lacked the fantastic embroideries of that which he had himself introduced in 1859, we thought the suggestion sufficiently offensive; but, as a specimen of parliamentary arrogance, it fails before the performance of Mr. MASSEY; indeed, we are not aware that any precedent or parallel can be found for an outrage so wanton and so gross on all the ordinary rules of political life. If the motion be persisted in, it must be met with a direct negative, and defeated by a substantial majority, or Ministers must resign. No middle course, in such a case, is possible. It is not a question of detail or of degree; it is a question of competency to legislate and to govern. A Cabinet which is not fit to frame a Reform Bill is an imposture and a cheat, which ought not to be allowed to exist for an hour; and a Cabinet which, having proposed such a measure, and is unable to carry it, cannot, without incurring the basest of imputations, retain office for a single day. To refer such a Bill to a select committee would be highly objectionable on other grounds. It would be to subvert the essential principle hitherto recognised in our constitutional system, that the responsibility of originating all essential changes in the representative or executive policy of the country, must rest with the Ministers of the Crown. Private members may introduce bills for these or other purposes, in order to be able to develop in detail the views they commend to the notice of Parliament; and the customary mode of ensuring them a dispassionate examination, without committing the House in any way to either their principles or their provisions, is to refer them to a select committee. This tribunal is chosen invariably from both sides of the House; it contains, consequently, both friends and foes of the proposed measure; it sits twice a week in a room upstairs, from which it has the power to exclude the public if it will; its members may or may not attend as they individually please; it may occupy weeks or months in hearing evidence and examining documents; and finally, it may, before grouse shooting begins, recommend such evidence to be printed without making any other report. This is the tribunal and mode of investigation to which new and unsifted projects are referred for want of a better, and very unsatisfactory its working often proves to be. But, to refer a bill like that introduced by Ministers on the subject of Parliamentary Reform to such an inquisition, would be merely a roundabout way of declaring them unfit for the post they fill, without indicating what other set of men were better entitled. And this is, in point of fact, that which constitutes the most shabby and sinister feature of Mr. MASSEY's proposition. The Anti-Reform Whigs wish to make use of the Anti-Reform Tories, to overthrow the Liberal Government, and the Austrian Tories are content to use the Austrian Whigs for the same object, speculating that in the scramble that must ensue on the expulsion of the present men from power, they will be able to secure the Government for themselves. Will the House of Commons lend itself to these designs? Will it encourage the evil counsellors of the Court in hopes of reaction in foreign and domestic policy? Is it prepared for open alienation from France, renewed intrigues with Austria, a gradual undoing of all that has been done in support of Italian liberty, and the resuscitation of a dynastic policy throughout Europe at the cost and to the shame of England? Is it prepared to refuse all moderate demands of Reform at home, and thereby to set a premium on the arts of demagoguism, and the eloquence of factious discontent? Is it prepared to have the name of the Palace identified in the popular mind with the expulsion of Liberalism from power, and the installation therein of men devoted to reactionary views? The GREYS and CLARENDONS, NORMANBYS and HORSMANS may be forward with their reckless flattery of what they believe to be the leanings of the Court in home and foreign affairs; and they may perchance find among the members of the present administration men not indisposed to intrigue against their chiefs and colleagues, whose fidelity to principle they have neither the courage to gainsay, nor the spirit to appreciate or sympathize with. But it will be an evil day for crown and country if, by tergiversation or treachery, the policy of progress heretofore pursued shall be baffled or undermined. More than once in our history has the attempt been made, but never has it ended otherwise than in disastrous

failure, and in the imparting of greater and more vigorous impulse to the onward spirit of the nation. If the present moderate measure of Reform be not carried this session, there will be an end to all further room for compromise. The masses will raise a loud and bitter laugh at the expense of those who would fain have secured, by the pending measure, a limited instalment of what they consider their due; and no public man who has to consult the feelings of a large constituency, or who looks at all ahead of the torpid condition through which we are just now passing, will venture any more to talk of compromise. The sands of compromise are almost run out; the days of indecision are well nigh numbered.

One thing is certain, that whether the present cabal be aimed at the partial breaking up of the Government, or at its total overthrow, differences about the Reform Bill are but the pretexts, not the actuating motives of the design. The first and principal object is to drive Lord JOHN RUSSELL from the Foreign Office as an inveterate and incorrigible friend of liberty abroad. His enemies do not dare to attack him openly on this ground, for they know how strong are the feelings of the country regarding it. They prefer to harass and thwart him on that about which there is less popular excitability at the moment, namely, Reform. They know that, under the circumstances of the case, this is with him a point of honour, and that either the Bill must be carried or he must resign. He would indeed be irretrievably disgraced if for the third time he permitted the measure to be snatched or stolen out of his hand. This is well understood on all sides, and hence the opposition to the Bill, because it is clear that if it be by any means made away with, Lord JOHN must cease to be of the Crown.

#### THE PRICE OF FRENCH AID.

**E**VEN Christian casuists have decided that a boat full of shipwrecked mariners may throw one of their number overboard, or kill him and eat him under the pressure of dire necessity and for the salvation of the rest. Italy was that shipwrecked crew; tossed upon the stormy waves of European politics, and morally starved almost to death from the prolonged absence of liberty, which is the food of noble minds. Under these circumstances, Count CAVOUR, as the officer actually in command, agreed to the sacrifice of Savoy and Nice as the only means by which his country could be saved; and now that the unfortunate victims are handed over to the civil death of French despotism, the consenting agent in the transaction is vilified far more than he deserves. CAVOUR belongs to the old school of intriguing politicians; but if his means are full of subtlety, his aims are patriotic, and Europe deserves to bear the blame of the tortuosities through which he has been compelled to meander, in order to serve his country and his race. When he stated that the King of SARDINIA had no idea of ceding territory to France, he may not have spoken a decided untruth. The original compact with the French EMPEROR is believed to have been that the cession in question should take place on condition of Austria's being driven entirely out of the Italian peninsula, and the unsatisfactory peace of Villafranca may be regarded as having completely changed the reciprocal position of the contracting parties. When that peace was made its author boldly declared that Italy was free, but the falsehood provoked more derision than could be safely encountered, and the provisions of the Treaty of Zurich were set aside, to the infinite disgust of FRANCIS JOSEPH, who found himself the dupe of a more subtle foe. Morally speaking, NAPOLEON III. chose the less of two evils, as cheating Austria for the benefit of Italy was a comparatively venial offence. He did not, however, choose to do this without a "consideration." The Empire diplomatizes as well as fights for an "idea," and the Imperial idea was to get possession of a tract of country which would add to his fame and gratify the vanity of France. If CAVOUR had not consented to the cession demanded, or had asked the fulfilment of the original compact as a previous condition, the French EMPEROR would not have consented to the annexation of Tuscany and the Romagna. The Italian statesman and patriot was in a "fix." From England he could only get fair words: even if the Empire thought proper to turn round and divide Italian spoils with Austria, it was clear that we should only indulge in moral reflections or utter sententious advice. No aid could come from Germany—the southern States were in league with Austria and the POPE, and the Prussian Court was too much afraid of liberty to become the champion of national or of popular right. Russia might have protested against any very great extension of French power, but if driven to not would certainly not have taken the liberal side. Thus Sardinia, as the representative and guardian of Italian interests, could do no better than accept the terms offered by the dragon of despotism, and, to say nothing of old Greek dragons,

we may affirm that from the days of the Dragon of Wantley downwards, no creature of the class has consented to be useful for so small a pay.

If Europe will act with a little firmness and reason, the Swiss valleys of Savoy may be saved from the Imperial maw, and those which are French in nature may as well be French in fact. The Nice question is more ugly, and will long rankle in Italian hearts. We do not blame CAVOUR for an act of inevitable expediency; we do not blame the Sardinian Chamber for consenting to sacrifice a member of the community for the sake of preserving the whole, but it is a misfortune for parliamentary government that the Senate of a free state should be obliged to smother the discussion of such a question, and ignominiously consent to what each member could only regard as a violation of principle under pressure which it would have been madness to resist. GARBALDI has raised his name by his indignant protests against the unfortunate act; but while we honour the man who will not bend to evil circumstances and makes honour his guiding star, we acknowledge with regret that the state of society affords little support to such characters, and places practical power in less scrupulous hands. Count CAVOUR could do no better for his country than to recommend them to accept and swallow what he called "the bitter cup;" "he knew it was not the way to be popular, but it was the way to serve the future of Italy. The state of the country was not so healthy as certain deputies seemed to think; and whoever believed that the danger had passed, let him look beyond the Mincio."

LAURENTI ROBANDI, a member for the county of Nice, produced a great impression upon the Sardinian Chamber by exposing the conduct of the French Government in order to procure a majority in favour of its schemes. PIETRI, the French senator and confidential agent of the EMPEROR, LUBONIS, the provisional governor and the MAYOR of Nice, "all behaved as if the country were already French, whilst French regiments garrisoning the town and the frigates in the harbour inspired terror in the inhabitants. Circulars without name, but printed by the Government lithographer, were sent to the country threatening those who should vote against the annexation, and exhorting the officials to neutralize the efforts hostile to French interests. The priests already chanted at the altar, "Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem;" and the bishop declared "it was a matter of conscience to vote for annexation." Such was ROBANDI's narrative, and we have no doubt it is true in all the main features, although we cannot believe these disgraceful manoeuvres would have been so thoroughly successful as the *Moniteur* tells us, unless a considerable number of the inhabitants were willing partisans of France.

By and by we shall know more of this bad business; meanwhile, in the words of Count MAMMAM, the Sardinian minister of Justice and Instruction, Imperial France has proved an "AMAZON terrible in her embraces," and Italy has "cut off a limb to save the whole body." That body, however, stands in the presence of new dangers, and, unless Europe interposes, the Imperial dragon will devour another limb as the price of further aid. Sicily is in insurrection, and the Count of SYRACUSE, uncle of the young King, has given him some excellent advice, urging a liberal policy and union with Sardinia. NAPOLEON III. does not want a powerful and united Italy; and if the Great European Powers were wise, they would ensure the Italians against all intervention to prevent their carrying out this idea.

A witty continental paper, the *Bien-Elre Social* of Brussels, sketches a "year of annexations," and depicts the progress of this Napoleonic manoeuvre, while the various States of Europe remain apathetic and jealous, each enjoying the other's misfortunes, and becoming a victim in its turn. There is no doubt some danger of this prediction being realized, and European statesmen would do well to try to concert some common ground of action. England could only support popular rights, and must stand by and see dynasties perish and the balance of power overthrown, rather than aid them in opposition to liberal principles; but while our support might be given to Italy upon broad and noble grounds, the despotic Powers, like Russia and Prussia, might come to the same conclusion by a different route, and see the advantage of thoroughly emancipating the whole peninsula from the dangerous friendship of Imperial France; and this could only be accomplished by persuading Austria to withdraw from Venice, and forming a league to insist upon non-intervention in Italian affairs. A very little help of this kind would make VICTOR EMMANUEL King of all Italy, except, perhaps, of the city of Rome, which the POPE might hold for a season to accommodate the views of Austria and France. We do not expect the Great Powers will come to so rational an agreement, although their interests would be promoted by such a course, and it would involve less concessions of principle than



any other coalition that would prove available for good. It is remarkable to notice how unreservedly Sardinian statesmen speak of the existing peace as only a truce, and yet we do not get a glimpse of prudent foresight on the part of the chief European Powers. The annexation of Nice and Savoy alarms Prussia for the safety of her Rhenish provinces, but the benighted Government of Berlin, revelling in all that stupidity which the HUMBOLDT correspondence has disclosed, seems determined to help the schemes of France, and annoy the Rhinelanders by oppressive taxation, vexatious meddling, and billeting of soldiers on private families. The German Governments will not see that their safety consists in making their people thoroughly contented, and establishing a system which will contrast favourably with the clever though unscrupulous despotism of France.

We do not wish to isolate England from other Powers, if a just and useful common ground of action can be obtained; but if these Powers will not concede thus much, we must be content to stand alone as the supporters of sound principles and the most industrious manufacturers of Armstrong guns.

Let us, however, while we blame our neighbours for causing their weakness, not forget that the want of reform in our naval administration deprives us of our natural strength. Even Sir CHARLES NAPIER, though a pertinacious stickler for flogging, has, at last, found himself obliged to surrender at discretion, and he has plainly pointed out to the House and to the country the changes that must take place before manning our navy can be successfully carried on. Were the right changes introduced, the last hope of competing with us at sea would be destroyed, and our Statesmen would find that greater deference would be paid to their advice, whether it be given in congress or addressed to an individual state.

#### THE BANK AND THE DISCOUNT BROKERS.

THE Bank of England has again raised the rate of discount. It is now 5 per cent. The dividends have been paid; the money has been taken from the Bank for most of the public salaries; and the public deposits are reduced to an approximation to the normal sum. They were £10,384,110 on March 28, and £5,878,135 on April 11th. £4,505,975 of money paid into the Bank on account of Government has been set free. Nevertheless, there is not ease in the Money Market, such as usually follows the payment of the dividends. This is a curious circumstance, of which it is needful to give a brief explanation.

We put forward as the prominent features of the case—1st, The fact that the bulk of our trade is carried on by credit; 2nd, That this sort of business can no more be settled without small change or credit notes, or sovereigns, than a retail trade can be carried on and settled without shillings, sixpences, and pennies; and, 3rd, That the State has taken on itself, in order to give security to trade, to supply such a small credit-currency, making it a legal tender, the amount of which it regulates and restricts. Without this legal tender, few or no bills can be cashed, no balances liquidated, no pecuniary obligations finally discharged, and therefore it is clearly of first-rate importance to consider the amount created and in circulation, in connection with the amount of business to be done.

Our trade seems to have returned to its normal state, from the convulsion of 1857, about the beginning of 1859. Then what may now be called the customary and progressive increase of trade had again begun and was going on; and then the notes issued by the Bank of England, or the amount of legal tender authorized by the law, was £33,043,250, and of this £12,161,000 remained in the Bank; the other part, with a small addition of Bank post-bills, making together £21,704,045, was in the hands of the public, or constituted the circulation. The Bank minimum rate of discount was then 2½ per cent. In 1859, the value of our exports, which we refer to as an index to our whole trade, was £130,440,427, against £116,608,756, in 1858; in 1859, the value of exports had increased £13,831,671. This is equivalent to an increase of 20 per cent., which we may assume to represent the increase of business in society. In the present year the value of the exports for two months was £20,088,437, against £19,207,566 in the corresponding months of 1859, indicating increasing activity of enterprise, and a further extension of trade.

At the commencement of this year, however, the amount of legal tender issued was only £30,290,685, and of this £8,465,590 was in the Bank, and £22,020,690 with Bank post bills, in the hands of the public. The Bank minimum rate of discount remained at 2½ per cent. If £33,043,250 were not too much legal tender in 1859, £30,290,685 was at least £3,000,000 too little in 1860. If a reserve of notes in the Bank of £12,161,000

was not too large in 1859, a reserve of only £8,465,590 was too small in 1860. At the same time the increase of the circulation showed that the demand for money had increased. The public saw how much the legal tender was curtailed, while the business was increased, and necessarily anticipated that it would become dearer. A commodity in universal demand was supplied, by comparison, in insufficient quantities, and rumours announced an increase in the Bank rate of discount. Accordingly, the dividends on the debt were no sooner paid in January than the Bank raised the rate of discount to 3 per cent., at which nobody, who looked at the facts, even grumbled. In a fortnight it raised the rate to 4 per cent.; then, at the end of March, to 4½; and last week again to 5 per cent. A rise from 2½ to 5 per cent. in ten weeks recalls periods of commercial distress and convulsion, and excites some consternation as to what is next to happen. Political disquiet is not so fatal to trade as a rapid rise in the value of money.

Affairs are, at present, somewhat more complicated than usual by a difference which has arisen between the Bank of England and the bill brokers. We have no inclination to take the part of either, but we have a strong wish to make the public aware of the circumstances which have led to it.

Of course the convulsion of 1857, the consequence of too much credit, manifested itself in part through the bill brokers; and their demands for discount at the Bank brought it into the condition of requiring the law to be suspended. In consequence of this, the Bank of England, after much deliberation, came to a resolution in 1858, that no discount broker should have a discount account at the Bank. This resolution was remonstrated against at the time. On the one hand, it was said that the Bank was fully at liberty to choose its own customers, and that it did right in excluding rivals from access to its resources, who used them to enrich themselves and foster unwise speculation. Admitting the liberty of the Bank, it was stated, on the other hand, that this resolution was a great injustice and injury to one class of dealers. The Bank, at once the instrument for creating legal tender and the banker of the Government, did wrong, it was asserted, by excluding one class of dealers from a fair share of the accommodation, which it is accustomed to give the public towards the close of every quarter. By giving this accommodation, it wisely neutralizes the injury done to commerce by the abstraction quarterly from its use of a quantity of legal tender varying from £4,000,000 to £6,000,000, and lodged by the Government in the Bank to pay dividends and other charges.

This argument, however, had no effect on the Bank. It stuck to its resolution. From the time of passing it, in 1858, to the commencement of the present year, legal tender continued abundant. The rate of discount continued low. In the beginning of the year the former had diminished, as compared to January 1859, by £2,752,565. The rate of discount was then raised, and ever since legal tender has been scarce, and the rate of discount has continued to rise. So far as the climax of scarcity has yet been reached, it was attained just before the dividends were paid in, the week ended April 4th, when the private securities or advances made by the Bank reached £25,000,000, a sum almost unexampled, except in a season of great excitement and great speculation.

Only now, therefore, or since January, and in the quarter just expired, have the discount brokers suffered much inconvenience by being excluded from discounting with the Bank; and they felt the inconvenience more and more severely as the quantity of legal tender became more and more curtailed. In spite of repeated applications the Bank continues to exclude them, and now they have removed, as they have a perfect right to do, their deposits from the Bank, which, with a very unusual mass of securities in its possession, finds itself with a very small reserve. The public is threatened, should any demand arise for bullion—should the exchanges, by the necessity to purchase corn, turn against us—with another Bank Suspension. By the quarrel betwixt the great monied powers of the metropolis, the money market is deranged, and alarm prevails. There looms, through the small reserve in the Bank, and the diminishing quantity of legal tender, difficulties in the distance for commerce, which have already seriously checked enterprise in the manufacturing districts.

We shall make the leading facts of the case more apparent by placing them before the reader in a tabular form. The notes issued by the Bank constitute the total amount of indispensable legal tender created by the direction of the Legislature for the use of commerce; and this issue, with the reserve of the Bank, the notes in the hands of the public, the public deposits, and the private securities on advances made by the Bank, were, at the commencement of January, 1859, and of January last, and by the last returns, as follows:—

	1859.	1860.		
	Jan. 5.	Jan. 4.	March 27.	April 11.
Notes issued . .	33,043,250	30,290,685	29,062,435	28,389,340
Reserve in Bank.	12,161,000	8,465,590	8,719,705	4,922,085
Circulation . . .	21,704,045	22,620,690	21,059,771	24,173,084
Public Deposits .	9,632,309	9,159,556	10,362,543	5,878,135
Private Securities	18,209,742	21,092,909	22,575,833	23,534,388

In January last, therefore, as compared to January, 1859, there was a deficiency of legal tender issued; there was at the same time a small reserve, an increased circulation, and an increased amount of securities, on which the Bank had made advances. Subsequently, the quantity of legal tender created diminished. In January, 1860, it was £2,752,565 less than in January, 1859, and in April the deficiency had increased to £4,653,910. In the fifteen months there was a diminution of legal tender to the amount of 14 per cent. Could such a diminution have taken place in metallic coin, while all the interests of the country were prosperous, without causing a great derangement? Was there ever an example of the metallic currency of a country under such circumstances diminishing so much and so fast? We doubt it. Yet those who made the law of 1844 professed to effect variations in the state paper currency such as would take place were metallic currency only in use.

These facts indicate a comparatively intense demand for legal tender. If we add to the deficiency in January last, as compared to the previous January, £2,752,565, the diminution in the reserve of the Bank, £3,695,410; the increase of circulation, £918,645; and the increase of private securities, £2,883,167; we shall have a sum of upwards of £10,000,000, which is not a measure, but an indication of the comparatively increased demand for the supply of legal tender in January 1860. As the notes issued declined, as the Bank reserve declined, as the circulation increased, as the private securities were enlarged, all which had occurred according to the April 4 Returns,—before the dividends were paid, the latter reached the sum of £24,964,764—so was this demand intensified.

The public had to suffer something more than usual in the quarter from the deficiency of legal tender by its own enterprise and prosperity. Consumption was increased, the yield of the taxes was increased, and the public deposits—at the end of March, £10,384,110,—exceeded by more than £1,500,000 the average of the three preceding years at the same period of the quarter. Since the dividends were paid the private securities have been very little diminished, and are by the last return almost unexampledly large. The circulation, too, has increased very much, and the Bank reserve has fallen very low; all of which are indications that the demand continues intense, and that the quantity of legal tender supplied in accordance with the regulations of the State is insufficient for the wants of the public.

If the State will undertake to regulate the supply, it is bound to adapt it to all the exigencies of society. Between 1844 and 1859 the value of the exports increased from £58,534,705 to £130,440,427. If, in 1844, the State thought it necessary to supply £14,000,000 of legal tender, issued on its debt, at least twice as much should have been supplied in 1860; for the State, indirectly and directly, by the Act of 1844 suppressed much private paper. If the State will increase the taxes, and withdraw from the public use the instrument it has made indispensable—in order to carry on business, it is bound to remedy, if it can, the evil it creates. If it will abolish restrictions, and allow trade to expand, it must meet the consequence by increasing legal tender money, or see its measures brought into disrepute. If it desire that commerce should pursue a steady onward course, it must not at one time pamper it with abundance, and then create a dearth of the food on which it lives. It tried the system with corn, and lost character by a disreputable failure. The cunning sliding-scale of a selfish banker will no more work successfully than the sliding-scale of the selfish landlords.

It is perfectly clear, from the facts placed before the reader, that the supply of legal tender is now insufficient, and therefore it is high-priced. Therefore, too, do the Bank and the discount brokers scramble for the largest share, that they may make as much as possible of the precious commodity. Their quarrel obviously now is, and has been since 1856, who shall gain most by the scarcity of the indispensable article in which they deal. The increase of securities at the Bank shows that there is a great demand for capital, though, with a favourable exchange to bring it hither, the demand is obviously not as intense as the demand for legal tender. The increase of circulation to £24,173,084 shows an almost unprecedented demand, except in a season of convulsion for the instrument for liquidating

debts and discounting bills. That the discount brokers should take all they can of it from the Bank, which clutches it closely against them, is natural. We cannot, therefore, join with those who blame them for withdrawing their deposits from the Bank; and we may be quite sure that they will not lock up the precious commodity in their own safes. They require it to make money by lending it, and they will lend as much as they prudently can.

The latest event announced is, that a discount broker has restored to the Bank £1,550,000 of the legal tender belonging to himself, which he had withdrawn. He has a full right to do with the money as he pleases. For him the question is one of business, and neither for his conduct nor against it do we say a single word. But if, as alleged by the *Times*, the contest between the discount brokers and the Bank brought that establishment into difficulties in 1857,—if, as is insinuated by Mr. Alderman SALAMONS, the great diminution of legal tender in the hands of the Bank is the result of a “concerted action on the Bank’s reserve to produce a disturbance in the currency (legal tender) of the country;” if, as both imply, it is at any time in the power of one or two rival traders of the favoured Bank to annoy and embarrass the whole trade of the country by operating on the very limited quantity of legal tender ordained by the law, the public will soon come to the conclusion that this condition of monetary affairs, aggravated by every increase of business, should be promptly remedied.

#### THE PRESIDENT’S PROTEST.

THE most serious drawback of the political system of the United States is just that one of its peculiarities which is probably deemed by most persons its greatest excellence. The sovereign people is too often called upon to exercise its sovereignty. What with the quadrennial election for President, the biennial ones for Congressional representatives, those for governors and members of local legislatures, for mayors, judges, aldermen, common councilmen, treasurers, supervisors, and a host of other officers—elections held at different times in different states, and all, because determined by exclusively political considerations, important, as affecting party strength and chances, to the whole Union—American politicians are in a continual election-fever. The result of this system, which would have gladdened the heart of ROUSSEAU—who held that Englishmen, with all their boasts, were really only free while they were electing the members of their Parliament—and which is of course not without its great advantages, is to give an utterly false tone to American politics, and to subordinate truth and justice to mere electioneering considerations. An American politician cannot afford to judge a question upon its merits, and trust to time to commend his honest opinion to his countrymen. He must frame his decision to win the votes of the moment, and he has besides to speak with that recklessness and licence which are perhaps excusable enough in the excitement of an election, but are misinterpreted by Englishmen, who cannot understand that the rant and rage vomited by eminent American statesmen is not the expression of their convictions, or an indication of the policy they desire to pursue, but mere claptrap to influence the polls.

Without this key to American politics, it would be impossible to explain the singular and protracted fight for the Speakership of the House of Representatives at the commencement of the present session of Congress, and the extraordinary corruption charged against Mr. BUCHANAN, as well as that gentleman’s most extraordinary reply. Without entering upon the vexed question whether American elections are determined by bribery, in our sense of that term, in favour of which conclusion there is the testimony of Mr. BUCHANAN himself, as well as the general admission of the more respectable part of the press, this much is certain, that large sums of money are expended on each election, and the persons who find those sums expect to be reimbursed by Government offices or lucrative public contracts. This is especially the case with the Presidential election. The American civil service enjoys no permanent tenure of office. A man is appointed *durante bene placito*—he must make the most he can out of the place during the Presidency of his patron; for a host of hungry applicants, the satisfaction of whose claims is the new President’s greatest difficulty, will then be clamouring for his berth. Some of these offices are too lucrative to be given without conditions. How great soever a man’s services may have been in the past, something is wanted from him towards the necessities of the future, and an annual sum, or some brother placemonger, is charged upon him. Now, Mr. JAMES BUCHANAN is very much belied if such arrangements have not been carried out on a larger scale, and in a more scandalous manner, since his assumption of power than ever heretofore. Be that as it may, this is the year of the Presidential election, and it is there-



fore exceedingly desirable for the Republicans to rake out, if they possibly can, any such scandals, and thereby throw a discredit upon the Democrats, which may make up for their own loss through JOHN BROWN'S unhappy venture, as well as blacken several of their most active opponents. Knowing very well that such was the intention of the Republicans, who are this year in a majority in the House of Representatives, the Democrats fought to the very last against a Republican Speaker, because the rules of the House give that officer a power in the appointment of committees, and in certain other matters, which would materially aid any awkwardly virtuous Republican intentions. The Republicans, however, at last carried their Speaker, and have lost no time in unearthing these transactions. They have already succeeded in showing up some most discreditable negotiations about the place of printer of the House, to which, although the office was not in his appointment, Mr. BUCHANAN is proved, if the witnesses speak truth, to have been a party, one of the conditions of the arrangement being the payment by the nominee of an annual subsidy to Mr. BUCHANAN'S Washington organ. This newspaper, which is called *The Constitution*, and which is under the direct supervision of Mr. BUCHANAN, is, we may observe, remarkable for the foulness of its language. At this discovery Mr. BUCHANAN has taken alarm, and, in order to stay if possible the investigation, he has indited the singularly weak, flatulent, and irrelevant protest which some of our readers have perhaps had the patience to read through.

Mr. BUCHANAN has fastened upon that portion of the resolution appointing the Committee of Investigation which, specially naming him, instructs the Committee to inquire whether he or any officer of the Government has attempted to influence by improper means the passage of any law, or to prevent the execution of one already in the statute book. He declares that, as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, he is not responsible to the House of Representatives, but to the people, for whose sake indeed he protests against this usurpation of power; and that if that House has any charge to bring against him, it ought to impeach him before the Senate, as provided by the Constitution. We confess we cannot discover the validity of either of these contentions, for raising which he has been likened by some vehement admirers in this country to such a constitutional authority as SOMERS. The legislative and executive authority of the President are clearly enough defined by the Constitution of the United States. He is, as Mr. BUCHANAN says, nominally, completely independent of the House of Representatives, except so far as that body has the right to impeach him. But he is equally, nay, far more independent of the people; once elected, they cannot dispossess or punish him; and it is mere "Buncombe," therefore, for Mr. BUCHANAN to say that he is solely responsible to the people. Besides, if he be responsible to the people, by whom can the people act, to enforce that responsibility, better than by the men who represent them now, and who, as quite lately elected, must be presumed to reflect their present judgment? But although the President is, nominally, quite independent of the House of Representatives, he cannot really be so. That House, if strongly opposed to him, can exercise the most galling control upon him and his officers. It can stop the supplies, treat his recommendations with contempt, and show up all his shortcomings.

Mr. BUCHANAN, however, takes up the most indefensible position, when he insists that the House ought to impeach him. It has, at present, no evidence before it upon which to justify that step. Allegations have been made to it of general corruption in the public departments. One of those allegations includes the President and his subordinates. It has considered them of a sufficient substance to justify inquiry. If the Committee report that these allegations are true, then it will be a question for the House, whether the offence is such as to demand impeachment, or whether it, although of a sufficiently discreditable character, is of too little importance to authorize that step. The Committee may report that the charges are unfounded. If so, Mr. BUCHANAN is no further concerned. If they are reported proved, and impeachment is resolved upon, he will know well enough what the charges are, and have plenty of time to defend himself. Mr. BUCHANAN'S constitutional doctrine would put the Constitution at the mercy of the President. It would preclude the House of Representatives from any interference with him, and indeed prevent his impeachment with any chance of success. The House has a full right to inquire into any jobbery or corruption in the public service, and if its inquiries are to be stayed by the protection thrown over the culprits by a President, it is thenceforth open to that functionary to do just as he pleases. Mr. BUCHANAN has, perhaps, not been much worse than his predecessors; but he has had the ill luck to be found out, and to have a House of Representatives of different politics. If he were as pure as he pretends to be,

his protest would be a great mistake. With his experience of American politics, he ought to be able to bear the annoyance of such an inquiry, conscious it can do him no harm; and when he allows his own organ to style the Speaker of the House of Representatives "an ignorant imbecile, with the tricks and manners of a buffoon," he ought not to be so thin-skinned at the expressions employed by his own opponents. If the charges are, as is probable, well-founded, the protest, however unwarranted, may be regarded as a clever attempt to stifle inquiry, an attempt not unlikely to be successful, as Congress-men will not care to stay long at Washington this year. They must soon be looking after the nominating conventions, or "stumping" their respective states. The whole contest between the President and his accusers is, no doubt, an electioneering one. It has its origin in electioneering arrangements, and the object of the charge against him is mainly to damage the cause of his party in the forthcoming contest. How far it will succeed, next November alone can tell; but at any rate, the reputation of the "venerable" President has received a damage which no eulogiums of his partisans at home or abroad can repair.

#### SIR CHARLES WOOD'S DESPOTISM.

ALL irresponsible power is naturally and necessarily despotic. It is exercised in families, vestries, companies, and public offices, as on thrones. A deep, though perhaps instinctive conviction of this truth made the public very earnest in 1858, in substituting for India a responsible Government through Parliament, for the old Board of Control and the Company. All kindly and well-meaning people saw with disgust and horror, in the Indian mutiny, the consequences of a privileged Government, responsible neither to the Hindoos nor the English, and an immense majority of them required that the Government should be transferred to the Crown, and placed in the hands of Ministers directly responsible to Parliament. They indulged the pleasing vision of organizing in India separate Governments for different districts or presidencies, controlled by one general Government at Calcutta, acting only as it was ordered to act by the people and Parliament of England. They aspired to give something like local and district control to the separate communities of Hindostan, and make them all submissive to one head, combining them in one system of freedom with themselves. A beautiful vision, which the first important proceeding concerning civil affairs of the new administration for India has ruthlessly dissipated. Like most political hopes, it was merely a deceitful vision.

All experience has demonstrated that Government can by no single act so powerfully influence the fate of a community, and inflict on it such lasting and wide-pervading injuries, as by tampering with the currency—the subtle blood of trade, the mutual and reciprocal measure wherever division of labour prevails—and where does it not prevail?—of the mutual services men perform for each other. To tamper with it surreptitiously imposes on us a false measure. It distorts judgments, vitiates contracts, and falsifies the means of meting out reward. The evils of such a course, too often pursued by men in authority, were very distinctly and emphatically noticed by Dr. SMITH; and subsequent to the time when he wrote, the issue of a state paper currency under the pressure of war by our then American colonies, of assignats by the revolutionary Government of France, and of various kinds of notes by the Governments of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, confirmed and strengthened his remarks. The state paper money of Russia fell, Mr. McCulloch says, 100 per cent. as compared with silver; and we all know that much mischief was done by the state paper money that existed here between 1800 and 1816, though the depreciation probably never exceeded 15 per cent. By no instrument, then, at the command of Government can so much evil be effected as by a currency of State paper. Nevertheless, the first important act of Sir CHARLES WOOD, the Secretary for India, is to plan, with Mr. WILSON and the Governor of the Bank of England, in secret conclave, without, as it appears, consulting even the Indian Council, the introduction of a State paper currency into India. The plan is ready cut and dry: the notes are prepared, and by the time the Parliament is about to adjourn, without one communication made to it, without its advice or sanction being asked, that most important step is to be taken. To us the proceeding appears more like a conspiracy of despots, or of the conspirators of a British Bank, than the avowed and open conduct of the responsible ministers of a free people. If the measure be a good one let it be announced and discussed in Parliament; but in the name of righteousness, let us not allow a system of assignats to be imposed on India by Sir CHARLES WOOD and Mr. WILSON.

The public may care nothing about such a proceeding, but from the things they least care about when done comes, in the

end, the greatest social disasters. They may, as many of them do, approve of it because they are unacquainted with the history of paper money. They may rely on the regulations, very stringent in appearance, to restrict the issue, but such regulations have never stood the test of trial. Even in England, now, where all sorts of precautions are taken, our State paper money, at one time greatly in excess, and at another greatly in deficiency of the wants of the community, inflicts continual injury on the public. It has occasionally caused such injuries through the two hundred years at least from the first establishment of the Bank monopoly, that it has been growing to its present condition. Here, the public have been educated, as it was slowly and successively tampered with, to use it. Here, all the transactions of commerce being adapted to it, reduce the evils of State paper currency to a minimum. Here, the folly of the Legislature in imitating the Governments of France and Russia in establishing paper promises to pay as a legal tender, or actual payment, has been neutralised by the habits of the community. It has used with advantage the promises to pay of individuals, and has counteracted and kept in check a State paper currency. India is to have a full-blown system of such currency at once imposed on it. Neither the intelligent voice of Mr. NEWMARCH lifted against it, nor the numerous other intelligent voices that will be lifted against it whenever its nature is fully known, can now be heeded. It will be forced into circulation, and there will be neither a knowledge of its nature nor the habit of using it to keep a check on the coiners.

We may admit that Sir CHARLES WOOD and Mr. WILSON mean well, though we may suspect they hardly take cognizance of their own motives; but the French and Russian authorities also meant well, and yet they brought innumerable evils on the people who confided in their state paper money. Be the system practicable or otherwise, likely to be beneficial or not, the height of wisdom or the depth of folly, it is equally despotic to set about establishing it without first consulting the people and Parliament of England. The same despotic power which establishes the restrictions may sweep them away, and then Sir CHARLES WOOD's state paper currency will be no better than the assignats of revolutionary France. Independently of all consideration of consequences, we call attention to the proceeding, because it is by no means a solitary example of high-handed despotism by officials, who ought to be, but in no sense are, practically responsible for their acts.

#### THE PROFESSED POLITICIAN.

AFTER a short holiday we are going to have another batch of Parliamentary debates, and it is somewhat melancholy to think that the country, as a whole, cares little or nothing for the forthcoming performance. Particular interests are alive to what is going on, and anxious to turn legislation to a good profit. Papermakers desire to protect their trade; wine merchants look to the details of the new propositions for assessing their commodity; coal-owners, iron-masters, and cotton-spinners have also an eye to business;—but in each case it is the profit of the individual shop or mill or counting-house that commands attention, and public interests are little thought of by M.P.'s, or even by the public themselves. Dissenters support Sir JOHN TRELAWNY rather from habit than from zeal; and those who have called themselves "Reformers," or "Liberals," and find the nickname useful for electioneering purposes, affect a little interest in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's puny measure for electoral change. People are tired of the "designs of France;" even Cardinal WISEMAN can get up no interest about a POPE who can do no better than carry out Mr. SHANP's theory of the purely derivative and second-hand nature of the profane swearing of modern times; the Savoy question, like the savoy cabbage, is passing out of season; Mr. BRYAN KING and his church-militant are ceasing to draw attention, and things in general are as flat as if the "last man" were his own last "public," and had the felicity of making his last speech entirely to himself. Seeking for some object of interest, we come upon "Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE on Public Affairs," and read his oration to see what a gentleman well up in electioneering rhetoric would have to say to his enlightened constituents of Liskeard, which has a population not quite big enough to form a congregation for Mr. SPURGEON at the Surrey Hall.

Mr. OSBORNE does not speak with the power of spinning jennies, nor does he utter the voice of winds. He is neither a concentration of railway, an extract of water, nor an essence of gas. No "interest" looks up to him, and he excites no more than a passing smile. He is one of the very small class who make politics a profession, and he does nothing to raise the character or the influence of the occupation in which he has embarked his capital of brains. Omitting the noble persons

who are born to do us the honour of ruling us, we have remarkably few men who adopt the business of Professors of Public Affairs, and aspire to be ranked as statesmen from the range of their information, the accuracy of their reasoning, or the value of their suggestions for social progress and beneficent change. Mr. OSBORNE has treated politics as a jaunty trade, and, in his small way, done something to lower confidence in Liberals not specially attached to a great interest, and speaking according to its behests. While Mr. OSBORNE calls himself a Liberal, and remains a member of parliament, he will sit on one side of the House of Commons, and his oratorical peas will occasionally be heard rattling against the other. Were he to change his views and position, the aforesaid peas would have a new incidence, and all the earnest affairs of society go on just the same. Having been Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. OSBORNE had opportunities of learning something of its management, and might have put himself in a position to indicate reforms, and have something better to say than that the "estimates were enormous," and that such expenditure "ought not to exist." His constituents were benevolent enough to cheer these sentiments, as if such vague generalities were not part of the stock-in-trade of every political pedlar who goes forth into the world with his pack of deceptive wares. Upon the Reform question the honourable gentleman was equally unsatisfactory; he called it an "awkward question," and so it is in other places besides Liskeard. It has become so because it has been traded upon too long; used, like the sore leg that will never get well, as a fraudulent means of attracting sympathy and obtaining political relief.

When Mr. OSBORNE tells us that "the Conservatives having come to the level of the Whigs, the Whigs are obliged to be something more," he mis-states historical facts, inasmuch as Lord JOHN RUSSELL's earlier bills were further-going measures than that which he at present puts forth. We have no objection to his comparing Mr. BRIGHT to the "Benicia Boy," and have always felt that gentleman's denunciations of aristocracy were based upon a desire to make cottonocracy supreme; but what can be more silly than to say that "every man might elevate himself, and become a member of that aristocracy." The army and the bar open the doors of the peerage to a few; but no man unconnected with the Court or the aristocracy gets a fair chance in the military profession, and subserviency to a party will do more than legal acquirements to obtain a woollen sack for a chair. Were a man to distinguish himself as a great legal reformer, like JEREMY BENTHAM, he would be more likely to be elected King of the Cannibal Islands than to find his genius and labours rewarded by a British coronet. Science conducts no one beyond the boundaries that separate the commoner from the peer. Art never leads to precincts too sacred for genius to profane. Literature was the pretext for a single elevation to the upper ranks; but everybody knew the reward was to the Whig partisan, and that MACCARTHY would have waited long enough for a peerage if he had written in the bolder and freer spirit of CARLYLE. The highest exercise of human faculties for the general good is not the way to the House of Lords; but money can get its owner there, if he was never known to employ the power of the millionaire in favour of anything wiser or better than the ruling classes find it their interest to desire.

No philosophical thinker can desire to witness the exclusive predominance of the commercial and manufacturing class, but the peers might as well consider whether their objection to take into their ranks the intellectual leaders of the country, who are, after all, its real aristocracy, is likely to win for their institution permanent regard. To Mr. OSBORNE it may be all that is desirable, but politicians who neither represent interests nor ideas can throw little weight into any scale.

Mr. OSBORNE characterised Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Reform Bill as "clumsy," and complained that it was not in reality a reform bill at all, as it did not deal with the evils of the present system; but he did not tell his constituents what he had done to remedy its defects. By a few smart sentences he sought to buy the advantage of being supposed anxious for something better, and when the time for action comes he can avoid all combinations that might bring about a more satisfactory result.

One of the chief faults of our electoral system is that it represents nothing but interests, and entirely fails to give prominence to ideas. If every interest were represented, this might not matter very much, as ideas can get access to, and ultimately command, the world outside the legislative doors; but the fact is, only very rich interests have a chance of being heard, and there is danger that the working-classes will be taught to consider the House of Commons as simply a representation of the feelings, opinions, and profits of other ranks in the social scale. We want a new and popular order of men, who will grow into statesmen from a love of what should be a noble profession. The existing system gives us hinderance instead of help. The Whigs are willing to



furnish the working-class with a grievance in the shape of a sham measure, which, when its results are known, will widen the breach of distrust that yawns between our ranks; and when the time of excitement comes—and come it surely will—the masses will move by their own impulse as a separate order, and not, as we should wish to see, as a portion of a social whole.

#### COMPENSATION TO INDIAN SUFFERERS.

A PETITION was presented the other evening to the House of Commons, by Lord STANLEY, to which we wish to direct attention in anticipation of any discussion on the subject. About the end of last session Government awarded the sum of one million sterling as compensation to sufferers by the Indian mutiny, and that sum will now very shortly be distributed in India, of course out of Indian resources. The demands for compensation amount to about two millions and a-half sterling, including the claims of the Indian Life Insurance Companies for an aggregate of about £100,000 sterling, being *the extent of their interest in lives massacred during the insurrection*. We think it a case of exceeding hardship that these institutions have been refused any share in the million sterling awarded as compensation. We believe it to be impossible for any one to read the petition, and other statements put forward by the insurance offices in support of the claim, without arriving at a conviction that their case has either been wholly misunderstood, or, more likely, never seriously considered at all; and that a great injustice will be done to them, and a grave political blunder committed, if they are not permitted to rank with the other claimants for compensation.

Now this is no light matter. These petitioners represent from four thousand to five thousand independent Englishmen settled in India, who have purchased life insurances or annuities, of the contingent value of nine millions sterling. How does the Indian minister treat the claims of those men, many of whom fought most gallantly for the maintenance of British supremacy during the rebellion, and all of whom it should now be the especial policy of the State to conciliate and encourage? They have been barely allowed a hearing at the India House. In the face of a pledge to have the case seriously considered by his Council, the Secretary of State for India has shelved their claims, without, it is believed, any reference to the members of his Council at all; without, in fact, having ever given the matter any patient or conscientious attention. It is on this account that an appeal has been made to the House of Commons. The petitioners are strong in the justice of their cause, and they feel aggrieved at the scant consideration bestowed on a large Indian interest by the functionary whose especial province and duty it is to give Indian interests his attention.

We do not wish to open up the whole case of the petitioners, but there are one or two facts in their favour which lie on the very surface, and to which we invite attention.

In the first place, we defy any one to show why, the Indian Service Funds being indemnified for their losses by the insurrection, compensation can be fairly refused to the Life Insurance Offices. Not only so, but we conceive it to be in the highest degree politically inexpedient that Government should draw a clear line of demarcation between their own *employés* and the independent Indian public at large. This they are now doing in the most unblushing manner. Sir CHARLES WOOD practically tells the Indian civil servant, with his £300 a month and £1,000 a year annuity in expectation, that the fund to which he subscribes will be indemnified; but to the provident hard-working railway engineer, or indigo planter, contributory to an Insurance Office, he haughtily declines to give anything.

It appears also that numbers of policy-holders in these Indian Life Insurance offices being civilians, were, when the storm of rebellion burst over India, invited by the Government authorities to defend treasure or other property belonging to the State, and not a few of them fell with arms in their hands while engaged in that defence. We cannot believe it possible that compensation is utterly denied to the Insurance Offices in respect of such cases as these. It would be simple robbery to make the shareholders and policy-holders of the Life Insurance Offices pay for loss so occasioned; and the hardship is vastly increased to the life offices, when it is borne in mind that in many cases there was no legal liability on them to pay these claims, the lives assured being civilians, and having undertaken military risk, contrary to the conditions of their policies. Again; perhaps the darkest incident in the whole of that terrible history is the massacre of Cawnpore. Out of about 1,100 Europeans only two escaped. Whole families perished, numbers of the victims being insured in the Calcutta offices. These institutions nobly gave up their books to the Administrator-General of Bengal, and invited him to realize sums in-

sured, for the benefit of any surviving legal heirs who might appear. In many cases there are no heirs, and considerable sums are, it is believed, in the hands of the Administrator-General, which, unless refunded to the offices, will pass to the State. These sums, we presume, will of course be repaid to the Life Insurance Offices, otherwise Government will be in the position of deriving profit and advantage from the murderous crimes of its own servants.

We have said enough, we trust, to prove that the claim of the Life Insurance Societies to be permitted to share in the million sterling compensation are worthy the fair consideration of the House of Commons, and to that tribunal we would confidently leave them.

#### POACHING AFFAIRS.

THE late Assizes have been remarkable for the trials of even more poachers than usual. Their victims have long since been put to rest under the village yew-tree; the grass is already green above their breasts; the spring flowers are already growing above them and cringing before the winds of this bleak April. Their murderers, chained and sullen, are brooding over their crimes in the county gaols, and waiting for the convict ship or the juggling scaffold, high above the prison-gate. Even during the time the very judges have been sitting fresh murders have been committed, fresh blood has been spilt on the bright English turf; the very country paper before us even tells us how a Beechwood keeper has just had his carotid artery, jugular vein and nerves, and part of his windpipe carried away by the shot from a poacher's gun. Another tells us how a poacher was shot at Redhurst, and the loose pellets were found with the scorched wadding (part of an obscene song) dropped into the lower cavity of the chest;—almost daily, indeed, throughout the season (from the orange to the green) some life is sacrificed for the sake of a hare or a partridge.

Far be it from us to lament the acquisitiveness that leads men to buy land or to accumulate property. It is that "earth-hunger," as EMERSON calls it, that makes nations rich, and that invites our own race to such restless endeavours and to such noble enterprises. It is the instinct that drives us to sea and to commerce. It is the impulse that makes us accumulate, and that makes us not only heap up, but preserve what we have heaped up.

It is only when greedy, timid, and selfish, that capital and property becomes detestable. If property has claims, it has duties too, and it is when it neglects these that it becomes a hateful burden on the land. Unfortunately it has too often a tendency to become thus grasping, exacting, and selfish. The game laws, when too severely pressed, form one of the worst specimens of this tyrannous selfishness.

Let us argue by selecting an imaginary instance, that may embody all the worst features of the abuses we point to, and serve as the type of a too numerous class. We will take that illustrious family, the BLAZEWAYS, of Blazeaway Castle, Ramshill. Beautiful place Blazeaway Castle—park a perfect Eden—a great aviary vibrating with song,—artificial water, with a fleet of swans—trees old as the Norman race, half of them with names and legends of their own; fifty horsemen might find shelter under their branches. Park entered through a Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN gateway, and crowned with the BLAZEAWAY arms. As for the woods, they are so full of pheasants, that their bronchitis gurgle is heard everywhere; the rabbits run races all day among the furze; the hares big as dogs, canter about the bushes, and the partridges run about the stubbles, numerous as sparrows in a farm-yard.

The worst sort of greediness into which the spirit of property can develop itself unfortunately animates the BLAZEWAYS. They ring-fence this and they quickset-hedge that; and we really believe, if it were possible, they would wall in the very blue air itself, and have the great bosoming white clouds that float over the castle marked at the corners with the BLAZEAWAY name and crest, just as if they were BLAZEAWAY sheets or table-cloths blown loose. We believe they would tithe and toll the very oxygen of the Ramshill air, if they could only get it bottled safely off and clapped down, under lock and key, in the vast BLAZEAWAY cellar.

Sir BARTHOLOMEW BLAZEAWAY is not a very good landlord, but he is an excellent game preserver, and when the Honourable Mr. DILLY and the Right Honourable Mr. DALLY, two rising young diplomatists, come down pheasant-shooting, they always, over the BLAZEAWAY port, tell him as much. His poor people's cottages are mere fever traps and ague dens, but his pheasants are the fattest brought to Ramstown market.

A small army of fat keepers nurse and pet those innumerable pheasants. Dozens of rabbits are daily boiled and chopped up for the young birds. Hundreds of eggs and tons of flour help to swell them out, much to the envy and admiration of the lean villagers, who no more dare touch those corpulent birds than a Pariah dare cut a steak off a Brahmin cow. These birds are sacred, and they know it, for they torment the farmers and eat everything they grow or sow.

DILLY and DALLY enjoy the autumn battues more than we should. They relish walking into woods stuffed full of these bloated birds, tame as fowls with their daily feeding, and knocking them over like nine-pins. The fame and glory we do not see, but we suppose they do, as they are trained to see very far into political millstones. It is a grand moment for them when the keeper makes up their score, and calls out "The Honourable Mr. DILLY, 352"—being about one a minute.

Still prouder are they when they stand up to their knees in emerald necks and brazen plumes, and in mountains of rabbits and hares. For ourselves we confess the pale face of the lean, feverish tenantry looking slavishly on, or toadying the insolent keepers, takes off all our appetite for that sort of gunpowder fame. It still more vexes us that, with all his pride, Sir B. BLAZEAWAY seems to us, after all, little better than a large poulterer, for we always, the next day after a battue, see a brimming cartful of pheasants driven off to catch the first London train at Ramstown.

Let it be said, to the credit of BLAZEAWAY, that the lean villagers are not poachers. Now and then a *mauvais sujet*, who will eventually enlist, in a drunken fit of daring, defies the keepers, and has a bloody grapple with them amongst the young ash saplings: leaving, perhaps, some keeper with broken arm or cracked skull among the gory violets and the crimson primroses, in the centre of a circle of trampled mire, with a wire noose or a shivered gun-stock lying across his bleeding limbs; but this is quite the exception. The better men all know that a rich man has a right to preserve what he likes, and that to take it from him is thieving. But still it is hard for a hungry, ill-paid man to have those fat birds all day blundering about his head, and the corpulent hares actually running against him in the very stupidity of the crassest fat. It is hard to keep a sick wife and five children, and pay house-rent, on six shillings a week, and never to see meat, and to rise early and work late in this poulterer's shop of BLAZEAWAY's, and yet not to be allowed to touch anything. We are afraid it would set our fingers itching, and make our appetite irritably acute.

These people have poor houses—Sir B. B. does not drain them, they are half under water. Death-ague is the name of that water. The poor people bale it up from under their very chairs, yet so patient and conservative are they by long habit that they never think of grumbling—poor serfs. Now we do not say that Sir B. B. has not a right to starve his labourers and keep them on low wholesome diet; we do not deny his right to stuff his woods so full of pheasants that they can hardly move their wings; he may, if he choose, turn the BLAZEAWAY coverts into over-crowded zoological gardens; but we do think in equity, if not in justice, that he should a little restrain this large-hearted wish for game preserving. He should not increase the temptations of the ill-fated, hard-fortuned poor; he might at least feed them with occasional game dinners; he might narrow the restrictions of his cruel laws; he might let the rabbits go, and keep the hares and pheasants for himself. The farmers would be no losers, and Messrs. DILLY and DALLY would have more chance of becoming good shots if the game were a little wilder and scarcer. But we fear men of the BLAZEAWAY class are incorrigibly selfish; they look on the poor as dung, as beasts of burden; they acknowledge not the duties of landlords—what they want they pay for, and there is an end. They will go on boiling rabbits and chopping eggs and nursing pheasants with the fat of the land till the family vault gapes for them, and the heavy bell summons them to a meeting of game-preserving ancestors.

This is an old twist in the Norman blood, ever since the cruel king who "loved the tall deer better than the poor Christians," who lopped off the thumbs of deer-slayers, who destroyed villages and razed churches to enlarge his deer forests. The country gentleman lets the clergyman see that his poor man's children are educated, that his rich servants die not unattended. He in the hall is far from them as the clouds, and about as inaccessible. What matters to him if every turnip on the BLAZEAWAY property is nourished with poacher's blood, if not a field on the property but has been the scene of a death-struggle. The Honourable Mr. DILLY and the Right Honourable Mr. DALLY must make a good bag at the autumn battue, and their prowess, let what will come, must be recorded in the *Morning Post*.

Let us repeat our argument: we do not deny that poaching is theft, and should be punished; but we do regret that landlords should allow game to increase to that baleful degree, that it is an unceasing and almost irresistible temptation to a poor and often ignorant agricultural population, who, while tormented by selfish restrictions and arbitrary restraints, are too often neglected by their landlords, who exact work from them at insufficient wages, and let them end their miserable life unpitied in a workhouse.

#### OUR FUTURE CONSTITUENTS.

MANY of our readers doubtless remember the opening sentence in which JOHNSON invites a very extensive section of mankind to "attend to the history of RASSELAS, Prince of Abyssinia." Hoping that this advice may have been followed, we now invite the reader to turn from JOHNSON'S imaginary prince to the requests of a real flesh and blood Abyssinian monarch, made to Major HARRIS, the head of the English Embassy. "You must give me," said *Ras Sahela Selassie*, "the medicine which disarms venomous snakes, and that which turns grey hair black \* \* \* and, above all, the medicine of the seven colours, which so sharpens the intellect as to enable him who swallows enough of it to acquire every sort of knowledge with the slightest trouble; furthermore, you will be careful to give my people none of this." We give the passage as a curiously naïve and undisguised expression of what was formerly the feeling of the ruling towards the serving class in England, as we could easily prove by a citation from HALLAM. The serving classes can at any rate no longer complain of any deliberate intention on the part of the great mass of their social superiors to keep them in the dark, though the educators in their various kinds may wish their pupils to view questions, both political and religious, through spectacles slightly tinged with their own particular opi-

ons, rather than to see truth through the colourless and transparent glass of simple fact. The effect of this has been, among the more intelligent learners, that the blending and mixture of various colours has produced a medium colourless light, and winds blowing from opposing points of the compass have tended to keep the edifice of the judgment upright; however, it would be well if the same ends could be obtained by a somewhat honester process, that is, if political and religious writers could be induced to avoid alike concealment and misrepresentation. These remarks are made on the presumption, expressed in some of our former articles on this subject, that Government ought to proceed on an *intelligent* assertion and protection of interests; and that the demand for education in voters is not a merely farcical excuse for giving the upper classes a clear field for a mere struggle of their own component parts for their own special interests—landlords and cotton-lords, lawyers and churchmen, or what not.

We are glad to express our opinion in the words of GRATTAN, who, though a liberal, was, be it observed, no "annual parliament and universal suffrage" man, against both of which he warmly protests, though he observes, in words ever to be remembered, that "Politics should be the study of all, in every free state; a mystery to the people, they become the trade of the great: the political monopolist is a hardened jobber." We would only add, not merely of the great, but of the would-be great—of the selfish, who would make the people the mere rounds of the ladder on which they are mounting to personal power,—of every ranting agitator, who is conceived to be, as was said long ago,

"By his noise,

The fittest for his country's choice."

This is the great danger of the people, as MACAULAY, another of their friends, or perhaps half friends, has told them: "The multitude is more interested for the most unmeaning bauble or the most insignificant name, than the most important principle." It is, we are sorry to say, still proved to be true that the mass of the lower orders still love personification, like women and children, and any man who has the opportunity of putting himself on a platform has an immense advantage; they are captivated by the strong expressions which such men never spare, and by their boundless professions; nor does this by any means apply to the lower classes only. A few weeks ago the *Saturday Review* offered a very good suggestion to the publishers, of a series of popular and well-considered biographies of the Great Men of England. We have often thought we could suggest a still more useful series—a very cheap, plain, and unvarnished account of important eras, such as the Rebellion, the change of dynasty of 1688, the circumstances under which Magna Charta was exacted from King JOHN, a candid account of the French Revolution, an abbreviation of DE LOLME, and other subjects of the same kind. Readers would not fail; the difficulty would be as to the writers. Any man who might undertake this, should be able to lay his hand upon his heart and swear solemnly to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—simple and unvarnished facts, with as few deductions as possible. Who would be fit for such a task? Certainly not a living SOUTHEY, certainly not an ALISON, certainly not a MACAULAY; a MACKINTOSH would do, who, with a candid mind had gone through two phases of opinion; still better a SMYTH, who had only, we believe, known one, and was fair to the backbone, seeking truth wherever he could find it, more candid, if possible, than a HALLAM, and most thoroughly liberal.

We believe, and we are sorry to say it, that nothing keeps newspapers honest newspapers which, in the words of CRABBE, borrowed nearly word for word from his patron and admirer BURKE, are unfortunately

"Something to all men, and to some men all,"

but their dread of the *knowledge* of their readers. They give no name; they too seldom give even a reference for their facts. No irresponsible power is to be trusted; let them court the light, as well as presume to create it. We are no enemies, of course, to a free press, or to anonymous writing, but we are most anxious that the newspaper press should have its correctives, as well as the powers which it assumes to displace, and some other mode of producing the spark of truth than that which is produced by mutual collision and contradiction—the concussion of clouds, often themselves dark, which gives its birth to the lightning, which often scorches whilst it illuminates. If the people—people who have but an hour or two a day for reading—received and imbibed such instruction as that we have been hinting at, we should soon see whether they or many of their would-be superiors were the really intelligent people of England. It is all up with the suppression policy; let us all do our utmost to let the light flow in freely.

We wish that some of the nobility and clergy who undertake to give popular lectures would consider this subject, and give the people truth, rather than let them steal it by fragments. Of this lecturing Lord CARLISLE was one of the best and the earliest examples; but what was noble as an example, will be merely ridiculous as a transient fashion, and admirable if it were to pass from the transitoriness of fashion to the permanence of custom, by giving truth and nothing but truth to the people. The great men of our country might thus assert honourably their proper advantages, and get a corroboration and a new lease of influence and power.

It may be read in GRIBBON that the Roman Emperor ANTONINUS was one of the first (probably the first) of governors who gave gratuitous lectures to the governed. They were on Philosophy, and lasted for three days; he gave them, probably, the best of what he knew. Pope GREGORY the Fifth had gained the respect of the people before he was elected to the papacy by giving them instruc-



tion in languages; this was an attempt, at least, at being useful. Lectures on subjects such as those which we have indicated above would be as superior to lectures on geology, on some pet modern author, on the volcanoes of Auvergne, or the genius of POPE, as were the lectures of ANTONINUS to the public displays of fiddling by NERO, or the gladiatorial exhibitions of Commodus in the Roman circus. Let our benevolent lecturers study to make the solid interesting rather than to amuse by the frivolous. You may strengthen and inform the understanding of the poorly educated in a year, where it would take half a dozen to create a taste which would deserve the name of cultivated. What we say is quite as much in the real interest of the higher classes as of the lower; the blind SAMSON will feel his way to mischief, and all the more obstinately and surely, if, amongst other wrongs, he has his blindness to avenge.

The noble words of BACON are well worth giving, however often the same truth may have been repeated in less happy language. "It is without all controversy, that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, generous, maniable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous: and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion." ("Advancement of Learning.")

Legislative lessons are now quickly learnt; there is all the difference in the world between a change of the constituency now, and what it would have been at the time of CHATHAM, and even of his son—we mean even with the present knowledge of the people. There are, too, some political lessons which very long ago were admitted, inadvertently, perhaps, by two of the staunchest Tories, to be of very easy learning.

"Politicians," says Dean SWIFT, "may say what they please, but it is no hard thing at all for the meanest person who hath common understanding to know whether he be well or ill governed." (Sermon on the Martyrdom of Charles I.) And, says BURKE (we quote from memory,) the "poorest and most insignificant creature is a judge of practical oppression." Nor are these points, perhaps, the only ones on which our proposed lecturers might possibly find their humbler hearers pre-informed.

Everything indicates an increased and increasing fitness for the enjoyment of an extended franchise, if we can only teach the operative to respect his own order, and not to throw himself into the hands of the reckless trading agitator, who in reality neither represents interest nor principle. We long for the time which shall see—

"Those great false jewels shine no more."

#### THE TRUE GOOSE STEP.

THE Swiss, it seems, have presented Sir ROBERT PEEL with a cup and a rifle. There is something rather significant in this double votive-offering, and sarcastic, though on the part of the honest Switzers most unconsciously so. We have no reason ourselves to connect Sir ROBERT PEEL's name with CLIQUOT or CARBONNEL, and the cup presented was probably an empty one; in some natures, however, the effects of continual inebriation are evident without the operation of what is ordinarily the cause of it. There are some men, not exactly ALEXANDERS, rather "underparted" for that, who, without draining the goblet of THAIS, are quite ready to take a torch in their hands, and make a jolly blaze of a Palace of Persepolis, or anything else that men in their sane and sober senses want to see standing. A few weeks back we had occasion to remark upon the singular incoherence of mind which could induce Sir ROBERT to throw cold water on a flame which wanted the bellows of all the strong lungs in the kingdom—even of his, and to use his breath to blow up a blaze which the more rational part of his countrymen wished to see smoulder out, at the cost of a small sacrifice, to save an infinitely larger one. When the patriotism of this country gave itself a body in the form of the Volunteer Corps, thereby making an effort to enable it to act in matters of war and peace with an independent policy, and no longer to shudder at French preparations, Sir ROBERT PEEL could find nothing better to do than to depreciate this attempt of his fellow-countrymen, whilst at the same time he was doing all in his power to provoke hostilities with France. If the Honourable Baronet's reasoning, as far as it can be called reasoning, goes for anything with himself, we wonder what he can have to do with a rifle, or what sympathy he can have with a nation most of whom have never learnt the *goose* step, with an army whose main constituents will probably have had little more formal education in tactics than our own PEEL-despised Volunteers.

Warmly as the *Times* has advocated the latter movement, cautious as it has been in the Swiss and Savoy business, we are quite at a loss to understand its indulgent treatment of Sir ROBERT PEEL's antics, its half praise of his speeches, and the very mild rebuke administered to him in its pages this (Tuesday) morning, though this may only be a taste of one twig of the rod, which it is very likely pickling.

Promptitude would be a good deal better, or, in default of castigation, a little serious and timely talking to. The *Times* has experience enough to know that, under certain circumstances, an individual of the most narrow powers can do irreparable mischief. The spark out of a tipsy man's tobacco-pipe can blow up a village, and a cinder from a gipsy's camp-fire consume a fair field of harvest, and a monkey using a cat's paw to pick roasted chestnuts from the bars may burn down a house;—of course this is a case of catspaw; at any rate, probably, there are not wanting people to tell Sir ROBERT PEEL what a fine fellow he is, though the grandeur of the original con-

ception may have been entirely his own. What England may choose to do in case of any outrageous act of usurpation or oppression on the part of LOUIS NAPOLEON in Switzerland, is for her duty to consider; but Sir ROBERT PEEL is not to forge on the back of his note the endorsement of the people of England. We can be very hard upon Mr. CORBEN for having taken, possibly, rather too much upon him in some of the minor arrangements of a treaty of peace and of commerce, though, probably, very few of us know what amount of consultation preceded it, and with whom; this, the *Times* can rate roundly, though all the harm done may admit of correction; but a most unauthorized promise of support, made by an individual not hitherto remarkable for discretion, and at the utmost the mouth-piece of a broken and a beaten party, only merits a gentle hint. England dislikes the principle of private men acting as public ones, and going out, as the phrase is, on their own hook, as if they were the authorized representatives of public opinion. If Sir ROBERT PEEL, contrary to his inefficiency-of-volunteer theory, chooses to make himself one in the van of a Swiss battalion, no one would offer the slightest objection, at least, probably, out of his own family. We presume that few of the hottest Foxites—pet as FOX was—were much pleased with his unpatriotic muddling and meddling at the Court, and in the intrigues of CATHERINE of Russia. Sir ROBERT PEEL's peddling, if it compromises us, will not meet with equal patience, because he has not, that we are aware of, any very great public services to fall back on. Compromise the country seriously he probably could not, because the French Emperor knows pretty well the calibre of all our public men; but he may do what is even worse, and more desperately mischievous: he may tempt a brave people to overstep themselves in hope of a speedy and substantial aid which might not be rendered, and so injure grievously the cause and the people which he is professing to make his own: and England may be blamed for not fulfilling PEEL's promises. With a simple people like the Swiss a name is everything, and Sir ROBERT PEEL is indebted for his real consequence to that of his father, which has crept into every Swiss hamlet. The present lately given him shows that they are taking him in earnest, and it is the duty of the English press to give this caution to a people whom England has ever respected and admired. The *Times* by praising Sir ROBERT has probably got his ear, and so a little timely caution to him would have most effect from their columns.

#### POPULATION AND DIETETICS.

IT is not long since a distinguished party of French philosophers enjoyed a repast entirely composed of equine materials. The soup, the bouilli, the rôti, the cutlets, the fricassée, and a host of other dishes, were all horse—it was, in fact, a regular horse feed; and although the world in general was inclined to treat it with a horse laugh, the men of science were animated by a fit of gastronomic benevolence, and sought to break through a prejudice which appeared to them undesirable with a crowded population and a high price of food. M. l'Abbé LE NOIR has taken up the subject of popular alimentation, and boldly bids Europe learn the lessons and consult the experience of the Chinese. The worthy abbé considers that our dietetic prejudices are simply the result of the fertility of our soil and the comparative sparsity of our population; and if no great catastrophe like the barbaric invasions and the overthrow of the Roman empire should again reduce our numbers, he anticipates the time when necessity will conquer daintiness, and we must be content to waste nothing, but eat everything that is digestible, excepting, we suppose, our civilized selves. French officers have brought from China and Cochin China specimens of all kinds of comestibles unknown to or unused in Europe, and they stand in the bottles and cases of the *Conservatoire* suggesting gustative experiments to all families and cooks. M. LE NOIR remarks that while the flesh of the dog is thought, in Europe, to be one of the worst kinds of food, in China it enjoys an excellent reputation, and is regularly exhibited for sale in the butchers' shops. Nay more, Chinese farmers breed a variety of dog with a special view to its culinary distinction. It is an animal easy to fatten, like a Berkshire pig, and is known as the meat dog (*chien de boucherie*). It resembles a wolf-dog, but the tongue and interior of the mouth are black. A dog of this kind is at present one of the inhabitants of Paris. The commissariat officers bought a lot of fatted beasts in Cochin China, and among them was this creature, of whom the sailors made a pet instead of a dinner, and so his life was spared. "Some of our restaurants," says the abbé, "are accused of serving up cat for rabbit, but the Chinese have no need for this mystery, and their provision shops are decorated by enormous cats, suspended either by the head or the tail! Like their domestic companions the dogs, cats belong to the agricultural system of the Celestial Empire, and at every farm we find these animals attached to small chains, and put up to fatten with refuse rice." After dogs and cats the mind naturally turns to rats; and these, instead of being, as in England, simply a nuisance on a farm, are objects of solicitude and affectionate care. The Chinese farmer can not only show his Cockney friends his piggery, but also his doggy, his cattery, and even his rattery. In the corners of walls he places bottles in which the rats make their nests, and in due season he goes to his rattery for a supply of young rats, just in the same manner, says the abbé, as we go to our dovecotes to get pigeons for a pie! Not only do the Chinese take the frog into their pantries, but they eat all of him, not confining themselves to the hind legs; and even that more repulsive batrachian the toad is not allowed to escape the omnivorous maw; "not a single *crapaud* is lost in China," exclaims the abbé, in economic enthusiasm. The cookery by which these various members of the animal kingdom are rendered fit for table, is

highly praised. The "Chinese are the best roasters in the world;" they adopt the old English plan before bottle jacks were invented, and make a twisted thread of worsted turn their delicacy until it is nicely done. Then, whatever the material, it is chopped into small pieces, flavoured with a national sauce called *sania*, and served up with rice, no one being able to make out what the dish is composed of.

In Europe we waste a good many sorts of shell fish—not so the Chinese: they eat all, even the large fresh water mussels (*anodonta*), which are to be found in the mud of English ponds. A monster snail (*voluta melo*) is a favourite article, and the abbé is glad to tell us that Paris is making progress, and that already snails can be bought of any *marchand de comestibles*. The insect tribes are not forgotten by the celestial foragers; exquisite dishes are composed of spiders, and superfluous silkworms are conducted to the pot. Grubs and caterpillars are popular delicacies, and when the silk is wound off the cocoons, the chrysalis is taken out and formed into a nourishing food. Zoophytes contribute their quota to the national commissariat, and a large sea cucumber (*holothuria*) appears in a variety of ways. Sea-weeds are also laid under contribution; the so-called Chinese grass is said to be the *gelidium corneum*, and to be capable of yielding the substance recently known in London as Japanese isinglass.

M. PAYEN has examined the celebrated birds' nests, and finds that the Salangane swallow produces a mucous secretion which gives them their peculiar quality, and which he names *cubilose*. In China a plate of birds' nest soup costs 12 francs, and in Paris a similar quantity has been sold for 120 francs! So valuable is this article that a rich Chinaman who had been ruined repaired, his shattered fortunes by the discovery of a Salangane cavern, out of which he made 100,000 francs!

To recur to the primary question—what shall we eat? We cannot fancy that horses, dogs, or cats could be fattened for less money than sheep, and we fear that after any experiments of this nature we should, to use a French phrase, "return to our muttons" as more valued friends. The income-tax, together with our army and navy administration, may, however, drive us to rats, and the PRINCE CONSORT may, before long, win a prize for choice specimens fattened at the Flemish Farm. Our reptile world is, we fear, not numerous enough to do us much service, but perhaps the Statistical Society will take a census of the frogs, and tell us for how many minutes they would feed the population of the metropolis. The young ladies who go anemone hunting might lunch upon them afterwards; and Mr. GOSSE'S "Devonshire Coast" gives instructions how to proceed. The insect world does not promise much; the courtiers of MONTÉZUMA might devour creatures that we should not like to name, but we cannot fancy we should get much work out of a population so lightly fed, and it would be difficult to persuade our "navvies" to accept a roast bluebottle as a substitute for a rump steak.

Our chemists might aid us by discovering a substitute for the albumen which is largely used in manufactures, and which had better be employed in feeding our people, and improved arrangements might be made for the capture of sea fish and its distribution in rural localities, but we doubt whether, either in England or France, any very large quantity of alimentary matter is wasted that it would be profitable to preserve and prepare. All the gelatinous articles of diet may be dismissed as of little or no value, and it will be found that the work of civilization can only be carried on upon concentrated and highly nourishing food. We should hope for better results by imitating the Chinese care to utilise every particle of substance capable of acting as manure, than from copying their omnivorous habits. We do not despair concerning the "alimentation" of the future, but at the same time fully admit that providing a greater abundance of cheap food is absolutely necessary if the general condition of the people is to be improved. Even the highest rates of wages are low in comparison with the simple cost of maintaining a family, and without new and extensive sources of supply we cannot anticipate that provisions will fall much below their present high rates. As the wages feud increases, the number of persons able to compete for the purchase of food increases also, and throughout Europe there is still a strong tendency towards a general rise in the rate of living. Notwithstanding that Russia has a much larger population than England, M. KOKOREFF tells us ten times as many beasts are slaughtered in the latter than in the former. The difference is caused by the greater industrial development of our country; but Russia has already commenced the march of progress, and the emancipation of the serfs will soon lead to a much greater consumption of superior food. The average dietary of the French peasant is undoubtedly higher than it was before the Revolution, and all over Germany the acquisition of political liberty, and the consequent impulse to industrial life, will have a similar effect. The food question is one which must assume a political aspect. People will not be contented merely to exist—they will demand to live, and, in the course of time, any Government will be overthrown that levies an amount of taxation which compels the mass of the people to forego a share of the comforts and luxuries which the richer classes enjoy.

#### THE PROTESTANT COLLEGE AT MALTA.

THE extension of sound Protestant principles, besides being of religious importance, is of the greatest civil value; and we cannot but look at the Protestant College at Malta as an institution of great interest at the present moment. An influential meeting of the friends and supporters of this great experiment was held on Wednesday last, in the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House, and

as the following speech of the Lord Mayor condenses very ably the whole purport of the movement, we give it, intending to refer to the subject on a future occasion.

"The Protestant College at Malta is a great experiment, but in using this term we do not mean that its usefulness is problematical.

"Placed in the midst of a vast Mohammedan population, we have ourselves possessions which are of the greatest value to the British empire, and we are undoubtedly bound to furnish to every member of that empire the power of at least investigating the truth of our great and holy religion. We are not entitled to coerce them into a profession of Christianity, but neither are we permitted to leave them in ignorance of its nature; and we may carry out the principle a little further, and admit it as a fundamental axiom, that wherever we have opportunity to scatter the good seed, we are peremptorily enjoined to do so.

"It is with this feeling that an attempt has been made to establish a college for the raising up of competent instructors. It may be said, why not have such an institution in England? Here it might be the object of especial care and watchfulness; here the most distinguished of our scholars and divines could assist in the care of the students; and here, too, a greater interest might be excited in all classes on behalf of the infant college.

"But then, on the other hand, we require *native* teachers, and it would be unfair to expect, and very expensive, to bring those who are best qualified for such a task to so great a distance as our own shores. No European can be so well acquainted with the Eastern languages and literature as the natives of the lands themselves, where those languages are spoken and that literature studied. Neither could a foreigner obtain the same access to the hearts and minds of the natives as those who are born on the same soil and brought up in the same prejudices.

"Native teachers then being necessary, it may be at once seen that some establishment is equally so to prepare them for their arduous work; and where can they be so well prepared as in an island belonging to this country, under English and Protestant Government, in a climate at once suitable and healthy, and among those who, while subjects of the British crown, are yet half Oriental in their habits of life and modes of thought?

"But I cannot speak of climate without, in the strongest manner, expressing my hope that before long the task of civilising and evangelising tropical countries should be left to native agency. How many evangelical bishops have been victims to the deadly climate of Sierra Leone! How many more are likely to be added to the list!

"I look on this college as a means of preparing the sons of Africa and of the East to be the pioneers of truth in their own lands. It has been well said that a black bishop would be the triumph of tropical Christianity. A Protestant College at Malta is a step in the right direction; and I am sure that the results of this day's explanation will not disappoint the friends of truth."

#### ARCHITECTURE ON COINS.\*

UNSCIENTIFIC readers are often struck with astonishment when they are told that a Lyell or an Owen can, from a single footprint, decide not only to what class an extinct animal belonged, but can tell us all about its habits and nature, and actually build up a *fac-simile* of the creature itself. Many obstinately refuse to believe this. It is as reasonable, say they, as to decide from the inspection of an old boot whether its wearer had been a general, an artist, or a tailor. Nevertheless the world is tolerably well convinced by this time that the Palæontologists are right, and that observation—accurate, scientific observation, can do even more than this. Almost equally difficult is it to satisfy a large class of mankind that unscientific observation is not merely insufficient, but in many cases worse than useless—absolutely mischievous and misleading; they contend that a bad description is better than none, and that we ought to be very much obliged to those who take the trouble to give it to us, and not be over particular in noticing a few errors in such unimportant matters as colour, form, weight, and dimensions.

These remarks apply with great force to a peculiarly interesting branch of archæology, on which Professor Donaldson has lately given us a very splendid as well as a very erudite volume. The architecture of the ancients has always excited as much interest as admiration. Greece was its birthplace, and Athens witnessed its perfection. In the opinion of most architects little has been left for modern masters, save to copy those wondrous monuments which still, even in their ruin, fill our minds with awe at their grandeur, or with delight at their exquisite beauty. We may adopt their style as far as possible to our climate and the requirements of our life, but if we vary from their proportions, if we attempt the admixture of any other style, we produce incongruous and grotesque results. We have, indeed, a style of our own,—borrowing little or nothing from the Greek; but we pass over this, at present, because our business is with the architecture of Greece and Rome.

We may obtain a tolerable notion of what that architecture was from modern imitations of it, and those who have travelled extensively may be able to tell what that which remains still, what must have been the splendour of the past; but we should like, and would give almost anything to possess photographs of the great

\* *Architectura Numismatica; or, Architectural Models of Classic Antiquity. Illustrated and Explained by comparison with the Monuments and the Descriptions of ancient Authors, and copious Text. One Hundred Lithographs and Woodcuts. By T. L. DONALDSON, Ph. D., Architect; Professor of Architecture and Construction at the University College, London, M.J.B.A., &c., &c. London: Day and Son.*



edifices which adorned Athens in the time of Pericles, and Rome in that of Augustus. This is obviously impossible; but are there no means of treating these buildings as Professor Owen would treat some huge mammal of the Eocene or the Triassic period? We can, in many cases, tell their dimensions and their position from their ruined remains, often enough to make us wonder that even barbarians could destroy them—is it a hopeless wish to see something like a restored plan and elevation? Not altogether; some scores of them are represented upon the medals of the period, sometimes with great care and by artists of genius, but often, unfortunately, in a very slovenly and inefficient manner. Nevertheless, the very worst of these has a distinct and appreciable value, and becomes, in the hand of so able an architect as Professor Donaldson, no mean aid in restoring the edifice itself to our view as it stood in its palmy days, with the gloss of novelty upon it; and the crowds of Athenian or Roman citizens many ages ago turned to their dust, gazing upon it with wonder and pleasure.

There is a certain degree of fidelity about these representations which only a professional eye can detect; the ordinary collector does not know how far he is gazing on a fancy picture, and how far the few lines traced on the metal before him give a correct idea of the temple, the tomb, the bridge, or the circus. Here he is in a very different position from the observer of nature. Mr. Owen knows that there has been no tampering with the bone, or the foot-print; no imperfect artist has given his notion of what it was or might be; but he has the unerring work of a divine hand before him. Professor Donaldson has a different material, and is obliged to take it with all its disadvantages. But, on the other hand, he has the eye to detect the errors of the copyist; he sees where the picture may be depended upon, and where the artist has failed; and while he is thus considerably damaged as to the *extent* of the information he obtains, he loses little if anything as to its accuracy.

Let us suppose that we desire the picture of a certain temple—happily Vitruvius or Pausanias has left us a description of it. Strabo may have added a few particulars—there may be some remains of the building itself, and it may be depicted on a large brass medal of the least period. Here the difficulty is minimized; from these various elements we may make, if it so please us, a *fac-simile* of the temple, and be sure not to err in any important particular. But if we have no description—if the edifice itself be altogether swept away by the besom of time, and we have only coins, such as the colonial coins of Gordian or Philip—what then? Why then we place these coins in the hands of such a man as Professor Donaldson, and he proceeds as follows:—First, he collects all the examples that can be procured of the coins on which the building is represented, that he may find every part of the coin perfect. An example perfectly sharp on one part, say on the right side of the reverse, but defaced and blurred on the left, will be of great value to him, though to the collector it may be of no value at all. One with the obverse worn will be very probably thrown aside by the museum, but for architectural purposes it will be none the worse; while one which has a fine head and a decently preserved reverse will be kept in the cabinet, though of little value, comparatively, to the architect. This involves the necessity of examining tray after tray of coins when they can be procured, in order that by comparison of many specimens the engraver's idea may be perfectly represented. The next step is to make a perfectly accurate drawing of the building, as it appears upon the perfect coin, and then this must be sufficiently enlarged to give it a practical value. Mr. Donaldson has pursued this plan, and has had the enlarged drawings lithographed, and he has performed his task with such accuracy that we seem to be looking—and indeed are so—upon magnified impressions of the coins themselves.

The art of the medallist has now been made available, as far as possible, for the restoration of the building. The skill and learning of the architect are next to be brought into exercise. It has to be decided what portions of the representation are to be depended upon, and what are failures through the want of skill in the engraver; this can only be ascertained by a careful examination of similar edifices of the same era, and by noticing what variations from accuracy seem to be the result of clumsiness, and what from want of space, or a too great liveliness of imagination. Architectural skill can soon dispose of most of these, and the design becomes apparent; step by step the process goes on, and even from these unpromising materials we are able to give a tolerably good account of what the temple was.

One very curious and inexplicable representation occurs on a coin of Titus. The artist depicts the Colosseum; we have the elevation, and from above a partial view into the interior. We see the spectators in their places, and in a large box, surmounted by a semi-circular arch, sits a personage of consequence; one's first notion would be that this was the Emperor himself, but a little further consideration would show that, though a good place, the position was certainly not the best in the theatre, and that one many ranks lower down would be more advantageous for viewing the sports of the circus. The box in question was, as Professor Donaldson thinks, occupied by the *Præfectus Ludorum*, or master of the games. We are inclined to doubt this appropriation, as it seems probable that this officer would be so placed as to have ready access to the arena itself, which from the position here represented would be obviously impossible. However this may be, the medal is of the greatest architectural value, and gives a very clear notion of the great Flavian amphitheatre. But on one side is an object which has been called the *meta sudans*, and on the other double series of arches, looking very like an aqueduct or a portion of a portico. There are

no remains of any such arches now, nor are they described by any ancient writer; and Nibley, whose opinions Professor Donaldson always treats with great respect, thinks that there was, when the Colosseum was built, a communication between the palace occupied by the Emperor and the great theatre itself, which was very closely adjacent. This does not seem at all an improbable solution, and if it be a correct one we have an additional instance of the defects of written history being supplied by medals.

An interesting representation of the Basilica Ulpia, restored by a careful study of coins and written documents, will be found in the book before us; and the steps of the process are described in a way which leaves no room whatever for doubt in the reader's mind as to the accuracy of the result. On the whole, we must congratulate the author, the public, and the architectural profession alike on the appearance of this work. It will help the numismatist to be something more than a mere collector, and it will show artistic writers what treasures of archaeology are to be discovered in a good collection of ancient coins. One remark we must make, and we make it with regret. We fear that the time has passed for the current coin of the realm to be adorned with the trophies of arts or arms. The Roman citizen could not take up his denarius, or his sestertius, without being reminded of some new victory gained by the Emperor, some new province added to the empire, or some new ornament to the metropolis. His feelings of patriotism and of national pride were stimulated, and he felt the glory of being able to say "*civis Romanus sum*." Now if we take up our daily gains we are instructed in nothing. No feelings are appealed to; art is, as far as possible, ignored, and history entirely forgotten. We are told that the florin is one-tenth of a pound! Wondrous truth!—philosophical discovery!—that a certain round piece of silver is one shilling! Valuable information; but for this the careless observer might have imagined it to be a cow, or a lamp post, or, peradventure, a pound of potatoes. Even in the new bronze coinage, specimens of which we have been permitted to inspect, no improvement has taken place. Mr. Wyon has produced a masterpiece of art, but he has been restricted to the old conventional device of Britannia seated upon a rock; and instead of the word BRITANNIA, we have the edifying legend, ONE PENNY. *Proh pudor!* When may we look for something better?

Professor Donaldson's book is a *livre de luxe*. It is magnificently printed on fine thick paper, and profusely illustrated. We wish for it the success which it deserves.

#### THE FIRST TRACES OF LIFE IN THE EARTH'S CRUST.\*

WHEN, as in the late Easter holidays, thousands of visitors thronged the geological gallery of the British Museum, and when, in more quiet times and in more private buildings, inquiring visitors look over a cabinet of British fossils, they are generally perplexed with the multitude and complexity of the organic remains presented to their view, and nothing but a very confused remembrance of an accumulation of strange forms is retained. The reason is that the visitors have attempted too much, and therefore have gained nothing—but a headache. Too many fossils are like too much fruit at one time. It would be better for the inquirer, pressed for time, rather to contract his view, and to make a limited investigation correspond with his limited time.

This might be effected by drawing him away from the well-filled glass cases and full and heavy drawers, and opening only one drawer before him. In this drawer we might say lie the first traces of animal organized existence at present known to us. Scrutinize them well, for creatures of yesterday—such as men are—are now looking upon evidences of life preceding man's existence by a number of years that no man could reckon up, even if he were to devote the best years of his entire life to the process of enumeration. The mere exposition of the arguments, for the incalculable remoteness of geological time would demand a volume. This is the great stumbling block of students, and not a few even of the most intelligent of our professional men fail to get over it, principally because they come late in life to the contemplation of this great theme. Even the clergy are only beginning to admit that such things may be, and that there are stranger things than are dreamt of in their theology—not because theology and geology are really opposed, but because many men's minds are too narrowed, too straitened by the deadening rules of an unexpanding collegiate education to enlarge, and comprehend the great and indisputable truths of natural science without a violent effort—an effort which the indolent and the too fortunate are reluctant to make.

Better than the mere display of the contents of the drawer would be an excursion to the localities whence its treasures have been derived. It may be easily made; we ourselves have recently enjoyed it; and if our readers like to accompany us in imagination we will indicate its course and its curiosities. The drawer is now open in our own cabinet, which contains the *spolia optima* of our conflict with hammer and chisel in hand.

To find, or see where may be found, the first traces of animal life in our own country, we have only to take the train to Shrewsbury, and thence to Church Stretton, in Shropshire. Alighting, we walk up to one of the most pleasing of neighbourhoods, remarkably like Malvern, but of course unfrequented as yet, and therefore far preferable to that fashionable watering or water-drinking Worcestershire town. A very comfortable little inn provides for our few

\* *First Traces of Life on the Earth; or, The Fossils of the Bottom Rocks.* By S. J. MACKIE. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1860.

wants. Geologists are not unknown there, for the late Edward Forbes, and the present Messrs. Ramsay and Salter have been there, and, as they have assured us, would gladly go again. Listening to the remarks of one of these excellent geologists, we felt prompted to quote two lines of one of Dr. Watts's hymns for the young.—

"We have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below."

After having refreshed ourselves, let us sally forth with hammer in hand and zeal for science in our hearts. We soon find ourselves on the hills, and the best course is first to walk over or across them, and after having viewed their general contour, to descend into the valley below us, and hammer in certain promising places.

A walk of about four miles up hill will lead us by a stony and winding road along the Longmynd Hills, over long stretches of sheep pastures, by rounded masses and grassy eminences, away from everything human. One man only did we meet on our last journey across these wild tracks. A kindly salutation and a clownish joke being over, on we passed, each of us not to see the other's like again that morning. Striking off into the scrubby and mossy wilderness, we come to a bright or green streak that marks an undercurrent. Soon we reach the only spring of water known hereabouts, and slake our thirst. On we travel,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

until we at last arrive at the Longmynd Pole, a tall, wind-swayed staff, marking the spot of which we have been in search, and from which, as the countryman we passed assured us, we can see "all over the world like." The day is rather hazy—when is a day ever otherwise, as one ascends a mountain to gain a view? But we do see a great way, and can believe that if the day were clear, (a kind of fabulous day in all our mountain walks), we should really see half the neighbouring world. The view from the Worcestershire Beacon in the Malvern range is very extensive, but that from the Longmynd Pole is scarcely inferior, and well worth attempting to obtain, even at the cost of a solitary walk, where neither cockneys, nor Worcester fashionables, nor oppressed donkeys pass us, nor Dr. Gully's water-drinking patients cast melancholy glances upon healthy men.

Geologically regarded, the Longmynd Hills represent what we at present consider the lowest sedimentary rocks; that is, rocks formed from the sediment of very ancient seas, and formed at their bottoms. Although only about eight hundred feet high, the thickness of the rocks of which they are composed is, when measured geologically, at the outcrops of their highly inclined edges, more than 20,000 feet; in fact, the Government geological surveyors say, 26,000 feet. It is not at all easy to conceive of the immense duration of time demanded for the sedimentary deposition of this mass of rocks; and it would be difficult to make any popular representation of such duration. In geological nomenclature, they form the Cambrian rocks of Murchison and of the geological surveyors, but only a part of the Cambrian system of Sedgwick, who extends that term higher up, so as to include a part of the lower Silurian system of Murchison. They repose on gneiss and granite, which according to the old phrase are the "primitive rocks" of the immense primary series. The primitive rocks contain no fossils, and no signs of ancient life.

Geological research has constantly tended to deepen, and thus multiply the evidences of life in the older sedimentary rocks. For many years, these Longmynd rocks, and the Cambrian rocks generally, were supposed to be destitute of all traces of organic remains, but recent and very minute search had led us to infer that there was some life, even in those very ancient seas, though, as far as we can at present judge, but little, its evidences being few and very far between. This life, however, was certainly the most ancient upon our globe, speaking always in accordance with our knowledge up to this day.

It was in 1856 that fossils were first discovered in these rocks, in nearly vertical beds of hard, flaggy sandstone, occurring along the strike of the Longmynds, about a mile and a half east of the principal ridge. These consisted of the marks of the burrowings of worms upon the wave-washed surfaces of the primitive strata, some small and others large, but all crowded together and crossed, just as is the case on the sea-shores of the present age. The shale (schists, sandstones, and conglomerates) of these hills are, in fact, the ooze, sands and beaches of the primeval seas, and the worms' burrows are before us to-day as they were innumerable years ago, when the sea beat over them and the worms crawled and crept into little sand holes. The playground of the primitive worm is hardened and handed down to the latter days of the world, to become the ground for scientific discussion and grave disputations.

Not to speak of ripple marks and of rain marks, which are preserved upon the stones as faithfully as if the surf rippled before us, and the rain poured down upon us at this day, we notice more particularly the fragments of the primeval crustacean found in these beds. The most distinct portion (and yet very faint, as most would think) is the caudal extremity of the little creature (which is affirmed to be a species of trilobite), and is named *Palaeopygo Ramsayi*, that is, in plain English, the ancient tail-piece of Ramsay—not that worthy Professor Ramsay has or ever had a tail, but that the trilobite having had a tail, and its discoverer wishing to immortalise Professor Ramsay (and he deserves it), bethought him of this mode of sending down Ramsay to geological posterity. It is well to explain these things, for the books and their writers never do, and otherwise some simple people might think this caudal fragment had a personal relation to Mr. Ramsay. Although that gentleman has no tail, we can assure our readers that he has a head, and a very good use he makes of it in his favourite studies:

England has not yet yielded the head of this crustacean, but its whole body, or rather one very like it, has been found in Minnesota, United States, and is named *Dikelocephalus Minnesotensis*, which, as far as we can guess (for nobody condescends to English these names) means mattock-headed (trilobite) of Minnesota. *Dicephalus* would be the Greek term for two-headed, and there is an appearance in the fossil which might have suggested this idea and name. The Greek of geologists, however, is not the Greek of Athens.

This faint fossil tail is now boarded and lodged in the museum in Jermyn-street, London, where we have often gazed upon it reverently and in faith. We respect its discoverer, and believe that he believes it to be a tail, and this is what we believe. Furthermore, we have the melancholy belief that we ourselves cast away two or three or more such tails when at Church Stretton, not knowing them to be tails; but we must not proceed in this strain, only remarking as we pass on—thereby hangs a tail.

There are strata of like age and period elsewhere. Several thousand feet of grits lie at Harlech, in North Wales; a coarse sandstone of this era is found upon a mountain near Bangor, and upon it very obscure remains of sea-weeds (*chondrites*) have been found; similar weeds upon slates have been found near Skiddaw, in Cumberland, and something of the same kind at Bray Head, county Wicklow, Ireland. This latter locality is known as the source of what may be a still earlier trace of life—namely, of the remains of a species of Hydroid polyp, or horny zoophyte, allied to the Sertularia, and other flexible horny corals. This was discovered by Mr. Oldham, and bears the name *Oldhamia antiqua* (*Oldhamia radiata* is another but less common form), and marks the surfaces of the old Irish schists in myriads. All the specimens we have seen require to be carefully looked at in order to detect the signs of organic existence; and for no fossils so much as these most ancient ones, does the spectator feel the necessity of a geologically educated eye. To this circumstance, probably, is due the fact that they have only been so recently discovered. We must warn our readers that they would feel grievously disappointed if these fossils were presented to them for the first time, under high-wrought expectations of beholding distinct and bold evidences of the first creatures of the most remote eras of life.

The inferences to be deduced from these fossils are many and most interesting. We see, for example, that organic life has not commenced upon our globe with the lowest grades, nor yet with the highest. The ancient lug-worm was radiant with gay colours, and more sightly than the unctuous earth-worm of our lands. The *Oldhamia* may possibly have been allied to the flexible branching Bryozoans; but certainly the trilobite was far higher in the scale of organization than either, and is very much removed from the simplest form of life. Taking the *Dikelocephalus* (also found in a very old rock) with the crustacean of the Longmynds, we have at once a decided negative to the theory of the author of the "Vestiges," to the Lamarckian theory of development, and to that most recent modification of it which Mr. Darwin has put forth, and which seems destined to receive a disapproving notice from nearly every literary and scientific periodical of the day.

Of Mr. Mackie's little book we would speak kindly, and would commend it as likely to be very useful to beginners. But the author must accept a hint from us—meant in the most friendly spirit: he would do well to write in simple and clear English, and to eschew all attempts at superfluous metaphor and an ornate style. Affected sublimity is not pleasing even to our friends, and really we cannot but smile at the attempts made in some of these few pages. Have not the pages appeared before under Mr. Mackie's editorial care? If so, then the inadvertencies and confused sentences which sometimes disfigure them are not to be set down to the printer or "reader." We do not quote proofs of what we say, but hope the author will take a friendly admonition into candid consideration.

Mr. Thomas A. Davies\* would not admit that any of the fossils just described, or any fossils anywhere found, are the true traces of ancient life. Amidst a strange jumble of inexplicable assertions, he reproduces the old and absurd theory that the fossils never had life, never were anything but stones or something like them, and were created, or, as he frequently and elegantly affirms, *stated* as we find them. It is very difficult to discover what is his own philosophy, for he contradicts and confounds himself. The nearest approach to a theory we can find is this: "a fossil is a stone so called, or a collection of metallic or non-metallic mineral crystals, or amorphous masses of limestone in the shape of a plant or animal, or parts of them, or an imprint upon some rock." "To produce the petrification termed 'the fossil,' two conditions are necessary—the substance to give form, and the vitality, where petrification will ensue, and the resulting form will be that of the substance which was in a condition to take on the petrifying vitality." Nothing more positive and direct can we discover in the volume, and they who can make a theory out of the above greatly exceed us in penetration. We have now given a day to the reading of this strange volume, and can truly say at its close with one of old—though in a different sense—*Perdidi diem!*

The worst characteristic of the volume, however, is its abusive and reckless language against the late Hugh Miller, (the builder of a "truly infidel structure," and inclusively all geologists who think with him. He affirms, "if the geologic faith be true in these conclusions, the Mosaic account is a huge fabric of deception, false in meaning, false in spirit, and false in directly stated facts." This is the burden of his song or rather his invective; but his vulgarity

\* Answer to Hugh Miller and Theoretic Geologists. By THOMAS A. DAVIES. New York: Rudd and Carlton; London: Low and Son. 1860.



exceeds anything we have before seen in any book pretending to a scientific tone. His reproaches against geologists are sometimes so broad and, as his countrymen would say, so "loud," that we are apt to question the author's Christian charity and even mental sanity. Here is a man who stands up defiantly against a body of educated men and gentlemen, and brands them as idolaters worshipping "fossil gods," as "hair-brained," as double-dealers, and dishonourable equivocators, all leagued against the Mosaic account of creation. Yet this same man does not spell correctly, and several times speaks of the "catapillar." He cannot or does not write common grammar, but bursts out with a "Move on *thou* rolling orbs." Many of his sentences are incomplete, some have false concords, others no kind of concord, while a ridiculous style of metaphor pervades the whole. The Bible, says Mr. Davies, "is not a leaky hull, that any skilful *calker* or mechanic, with his stone hammer and graver, can either make tight or loose, at his option." But, in one sentence, this book is far below all literary and scientific criticism. Is there no American Hamwell?

#### ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS BY CHARLES THE FIRST.\*

THE title of this book is something of a misnomer. The arrest of the five members is just the event which fortunately did not take place. Had that arrest been made, the whole current of English history might have been turned, and the decisive triumph of our freedom postponed a century and a-half. If Charles had succeeded in possessing himself of the great leaders of the English Commons, his own devoted adherents, so narrowly beaten on the Grand Remonstrance, would have revived their drooping courage, and, gaining the upper hand in Parliament, might have forced the more vehement of their opponents to a premature, and consequently unsuccessful, appeal to arms, or given the king the aid of Parliamentary subserviency in any pretended attempt, on his part, to govern constitutionally,—a pretence he would have dispensed with the moment it seemed no longer requisite, and which a parliament that had submitted to so gross an infraction of its privileges would have lost all moral power to impose upon him. Mr. Forster, therefore, has not overrated the importance of that ever-memorable 4th January, 1642, in devoting to its history this book of great research, a peculiarly appropriate sequence to his previous "Essay on the Grand Remonstrance," to which terrible indictment of the Parliament this impeachment of and attempt to seize Pym, Hampden, Holles, Haslerig, and Strode, must be taken as the royal reply. It was the only answer Charles could make, but it was the most fatal of his many blunders, and completely dispelled every chance of reconciliation between king and people.

Upon this day, and the occurrences leading up to and following it, Mr. Forster has thrown a flood of light. Hitherto the attempt to seize the members has always been considered as the act of the king himself, determined upon by him in direct opposition to or without the knowledge of his trusted adherents—an outburst of passion, an act of self-willed indiscretion. Mr. Forster asserts that it was no such rash fancy, but a deliberate and settled resolve; that precautions had been taken to ensure its success; and that so far from Lord Digby being the only counsellor of the king to whom it was known, Falkland, Culpepper, and Hyde, who had in those very days gone over to the king's side, were at least privy to it. These assertions he supports by the testimony of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, upon whose journal, in the Harleian MSS. he largely draws, and by some correspondence of royalist partisans, as well as original documents in the handwriting of Charles and his secretaries, which he has discovered in that mine of historical wealth—the State Paper Office. Mr. Forster's essay is, in fact, an impeachment of Clarendon's veracity as a historian, and his honesty and patriotism as a politician. He charges him, as a member of the House of Commons, with privy to this attack of the king upon the privileges of Parliament, and consequent attempt to overthrow the legitimate power of that body; and as an historian, with elaborate, ingenious, and studied misrepresentation of the incident, and its attendant circumstances. Mr. Forster even goes so far in his antipathy to the historian as to attack his style, but the very success which Clarendon has had in spreading a wrong idea of these transactions is one evidence of the charms of that style. We cannot tell the story as Mr. Forster writes it in the limited space at our disposal. The ordinary version is familiar to all our readers, and it is enough to say, referring them to Mr. Forster's book, that he accumulates proof upon proof that Charles had for some days been preparing for this grand *coup*, and did not even desist from his hope of capturing his enemies after the signal defeat he sustained in his attempt to arrest them in the House itself. Of the complicity of Culpepper, Falkland, and Hyde in the attempt, anything like absolute proof is wanting; but the collateral evidences collected by Mr. Forster go far to justify the conviction, that although they might not have advised or approved the scheme, they were at least privy to it, and would have been content to have accepted the responsibility if it had proved successful.

How nearly it was successful has never been shown so clearly as by Mr. Forster. Could Henrietta Maria have restrained her foolish exultation over her anticipated triumph, Lady Carlisle could not have warned Pym of the king's intention; and if the French Court had not chosen, for ends of its own, to keep up a connexion with

the patriotic party, just as it did afterwards in the days of the Second Charles, Montreuil, the French Ambassador, could not have given the popular leaders those intimations of coming danger which induced their precautionary measures. Had the five members been in the House when Charles arrived with the desperadoes who followed him, it would have been impossible to have protected them against him, and how the other members might have fared at the hands of the reckless cavaliers after the king had departed with his "birds" it is hard to tell. It was fortunate, therefore, for the popular cause that Lady Carlisle was on such good terms with Pym, but the friends of the popular cause are not, therefore, bound to vindicate, without rhyme or reason, as does Mr. Forster, the virtue of her ladyship. The charge that the countess had changed her "gallant" from Strafford to Pym rests certainly upon no very good authority, but surely Mr. Forster lets his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment when he assigns as a conclusive reason to the contrary the circumstance that her ladyship was then more than forty; and certainly it is more natural to account for her betrayal of the Court upon this ground, usually suggested, than to do so, as Mr. Forster, by saying that she was so much disgusted with the king and queen for consenting to the execution of Strafford, that she had actually thrown herself into the party of their bitterest enemies, those enemies being the very men who had with such blood-hound pertinacity and inflexible love of justice or remorseless greed of vengeance clamoured for Strafford's blood. It is possible, however, that Lady Carlisle, as suggested by Mr. Forster, was the agent through whom the king offered Pym, a few days before that very attempt to arrest him, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The authority for this strange instance of Charles's vacillation, his swaying to and fro between the opposite poles of conciliation and crushing, now for the first time brought to light by Mr. Forster, is a letter from Sir Edward Dering, the then member for Kent, a noted royalist, to his wife. It may be doubtful whether any authority, however generally credible, is alone sufficient to justify a belief in the fact of such an offer having been made; but the whole character of Charles, as well as the fact of his previous attempts to win over Pym, and the great importance which both he and the queen properly attached to the power and influence of the great patriot leader make it highly probable. The office Pym declined was given to Culpepper. Pym could, in fact, no longer place the slightest faith in the king's promises; and the king, finding it impossible to cajole, determined to crush him. He failed, and from that moment civil war became inevitable. The House of Commons answered the impeachment by branding its articles as a scandalous paper, and met the intrusion of the king with his armed bands into the sacred precincts of their hall by raising the city trainbands in their own defence. Then really commenced the war. It is impossible to look back not only upon this episode, but on the whole history of this great struggle, without feeling how near the popular party often stood to its own destruction. Had Charles the First been a little better or a little worse, he might, in all human probability, have retained his crown and his power to a peaceful death. Weak and irresolute when action was demanded, obstinate when compliance was his only policy, he could never concede in time, and never act against his foes with vigour and unsparing determination.

We appreciate so highly the labour and research expended upon this book, the grave, earnest, plain, and often noble style in which it is written—contrasting so pleasantly with that so-called picturesque style with which we are now surfeited by would-be historians—and the ardent belief in the great principles affirmed by the statesmen of the Commonwealth which breathes in every page, that we unwillingly draw attention to one defect which we believe greatly impairs the value of this book as "a chapter of history." Mr. Forster is too vehement a partisan. Conscientiously attempting, we are confident, to be accurate, he yet writes too much like an advocate who does not sift the evidence to get at the truth, but to obtain the verdict for his client. He has so intense an admiration for Pym, Hampden, and their fellows, that he will not allow that they could commit a blunder, or be actuated in any action by other than the purest motives. This vehement partisanship is a sad mistake in a man who aspires to re-write history. It robs his labours, however learned and careful, of that merit of impartiality, which alone can set the seal to them. It is a sad mistake, too, even for the advocate who desires the name of his clients to be cherished by his countrymen. When Pym is presented as faultless, the reader is apt to conceive that he is quite the reverse, and attribute even a just eulogium to the prejudiced fervour of a zealous admirer. The title of the great defenders of English liberty who braved Charles the First needs no such sorry support. They were men with the ordinary passions of men, they were politicians with the ordinary passions of politicians, and if they now and then blundered, or were now and then guided rather by passion and private interest than reason and the public good, all these minor blemishes are lost in the great whole of their patriotic career. They did a great work; it is no detracting from their just fame to say that they were not perfect men.

#### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THIS thoroughly Whig publication retains its character in a remarkable manner, both for its stolidity and its talent. Numerous Quarterly Reviews have arisen where this once bloomed alone; and its younger competitors have excelled it in spirit, in liberality, and, in some respects, in talent; still the dogged perseverance in its political creed, and its common-sense views even in Poetry and Philosophy, have created a respect for this the original of its class.

\* *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First. A Chapter of English History Rewritten.* By JOHN FORSTER. London: Murray.

On the present occasion it opens with a triumphing article, which it entitles the "Commercial Relations of England and France," but which is really a panegyric on the late Treaty. In its unrestrained admiration of this proceeding it broaches some extreme doctrines on the advantages of competition, which certainly show the article was not penned by an exporting manufacturer. The writer does not act on the principle of the Lacedæmonian, who, on being urged to advocate a democracy, said, "Begin it in your own family." There is little really new used in the arguments for free trade, which have become platitudes, so universally are they acknowledged.

The article on Milton is an admirable *résumé* of the late biographies of the great poet, and brings prominently before the mind the extraordinary intellectuality of Milton. From his early youth to his last breath he lived intellectually. The article on Education is a short and not very liberal article on the subject. "English Local Nomenclature" is an interesting but not very profound article, by a deceased Ethnologist. The dissertation on "The Duke of Wellington's Correspondence as Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Secretary for Ireland," reveals a state of public and governmental profligacy so outrageous that nothing but such evidence would make it believed.

De Broglie's "Church and Roman Empire" is treated fairly, and, if not kindly, at considerable length. The article on the "Alleged Shakspeare Forgeries" is a clear and impartial *résumé* and examination of all that has yet appeared on the subject; and it rebukes the pert audacity with which a venerable and, we believe, most conscientious commentator of Shakspeare has been attacked by a numerous band of unscrupulous critics, evidently urged on by a desire for notoriety, and the gratification of that virulent species of envy which seems peculiar to Shakspearian commentators. We happen to know the whole history of this Shakspearian *vendetta*, which has been descending from editor to editor ever since one of them (very unjustly, as we believe) was accused of purloining manuscripts from a college in Cambridge. This led to the accusation of another eminent *littérateur* of embezzling money intrusted to him; and it has now blossomed into a charge of wholesale forgery against one of the most honest and respectable of the class. Such virulence surpasses that of the lowest portions of society, and even the spite of the ladies of Billingsgate itself does not extend to such extremities. An article on Darwin's great work on "The Origin of Species," and one upon the "Annexation of Savoy," close this interesting, though not remarkably able, number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

#### SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITALY.\*

ON the subject of Italy, there is an intense desire in the public to know all, and on the part of travellers and writers to impart all that can be known. The external and political aspects have been frequently described with accuracy and interest; but these give the outside view and indeed mere outline of the picture. What, after all, is the inner life of the people? What bearing have the political aspects on the individual, on the family, on the moral and intellectual development of the household? How far, too, are they the outgrowth of the inner life, and the index to its secrets? What is the action and reaction of each? What is the manner in which they mutually operate? Such questions are of vital importance, and press for answer. Not long ago Mrs. Sharman Crawford contributed much satisfactory information on some of these points, and now we have before us a work of Mrs. G. Gretton, the utility of which is not easily estimated: for ourselves, we value it at a high rate.

Mrs. Gretton has had singular opportunities for arriving at a knowledge of Italian domesticities. Her uncle, an English merchant at Ancona, invited her thither; and thus introduced, our authoress was enabled to mingle with the society of the place. Her experiences, accordingly, are mostly of Ancona, and her book is mainly occupied with portraits that have consequently a local colouring; nevertheless, they are so sharply drawn and carefully as well as correctly taken, that they most effectively symbolize the whole as about the best representative portions that may be obtained. Ancona is the principal seaport of the Roman States on the Adriatic, and the first impression made on the writer was extremely favourable. On her way thither, she met with less agreeable impressions. The decaying city of Forlì, for instance, filled her with apprehension. There the grass-grown streets, the ruined palaces, and ragged, idle population, give a more striking testimony to the workings of the dominant system than the most heart-stirring eloquence could achieve. The proprietor of one of the few wretched shops the town contains confided to her, seeing she was English, some confidential lamentations. He spoke of the injustice and venality of all the Government officials; saying they were all alike, from the lowest *impiegato* to the high personage who rules the Pope as well as his subjects. He meant Cardinal Antonelli;—adding, "All is falling to pieces, Signora; but who can wonder at it? We are governed by men who have no children."

The italics are not ours, but the author's, and at once explain the spirit of her work. As to Austrian oppression, this she fealty illustrates by a dramatic scene in her hotel, at dinner. One extremity of the table was occupied by white-coated Austrian infantry officers, belonging to the army of occupation. These men abused the waiters in execrable Italian, beginning with "*Voi pestia d'Italiano*;" until the entrance of a respectable Italian party, two ladies and a gentleman, at whom they soon began to talk in an insolent

manner, asking the waiter if he could tell in what light all Austrians regarded the Italians? "The man's sallow cheek," continues the narrative, "grew a shade paler, but he made no reply, as he busied himself in changing their plates and knives, making as much clatter as possible—so it seemed to me—to drown the voice of his interrogator. 'Do you not know, *pestia*?' reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke; 'then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust under our feet—as the little creeping beasts we crush every moment of our lives, at every step we take—ha! ha! ha!' And then they all roared in chorus, and swore, and twirled their moustaches, and called for coffee and cigars."

Not more surely did the fall of the apple indicate the law of gravitation, than such instances as these the general condition of a people. But we must confine ourselves to the particular manifestations in Ancona, where we can trace them in an interior form. Here they are, indeed, instructive. We see at once the system in the details; how it penetrates the strata of the social kosmos, and vitiates private manners as much as it corrupts public administration. One powerful arm of the system is ignorance. It pervades all ranks. Talking of the terrors of death, an Italian lady was reminded of the end of the world, and the opinions of some that we are not far from it; whereupon she exclaimed, "Do not talk so—you make me miserable! Besides," she said, recovering herself a little, "I have been told that in the Bible it is expressly said that for seven years before that dreadful day no children are to be born; and that gives me comfort; for at every fresh birth I hear of, I say to myself—well, the seven years at least have not begun yet."

The same imperfect information prevails on every subject. The pressure of the system is most felt in relation to the intercourse of the sexes, both before and after marriage. A marriage of the affections is dreaded, and everything done to prevent such. Girls are sent to the convents for education, and are not released from their restraints until their bridegrooms have been chosen by their parents or guardians. These, without previous knowledge, are at once accepted, so eager are the young ladies to quit their cage and win their freedom. The latter, after marriage, they use licentiously. Thus it is that the ecclesiastical system, founded on Obedience, not on Love, produces as many domestic and social evils as it does political and governmental ones. Mrs. Gretton discloses this, "the great social evil" of Italy, with a fullness equal to its importance.

Rightly, in regard to it, the judicious authoress remarks, that "many of the failings of the Italians may be ascribed to their erroneous system of marriage, their defective education, and other domestic evils," but that "these evils are so deeply rooted, it will require a complete upheaving of the existing framework of society to destroy their baneful influence." That upheaving has commenced, and will go on—nor can it cease, until it overthrows the entire clerical system, which has been truly pronounced incompatible with the customs and civilization of the present day. In the language of the document just quoted, "no responsibility in those who govern, no publicity in the administration, no safeguard before the tribunals, canon law above the civil code—these are the inevitable consequences of a government at the head of which stands a prince, who, bound by religious ties, and declaring himself infallible, is free from all control." We agree that any attempt at modifying the system must be fruitless; yet this probably will be made. However, it is a question only of time, and the galvanized corpse will only show its mock action for a brief period.

A portion of this work is devoted to the subject of Sardinia. Mrs. Gretton's picture of Turin is suggestive. Some of the old leaven remains there yet, and Cavour is not in favour with the aristocrats, who have failed to reconcile themselves to the change from an absolute monarchy, under which they monopolised every channel to power and distinction, to a representative form of government, where absence of title is no barrier to advancement. Mrs. Gretton describes a saloon in which the guests were chiefly aristocratic, and illustrates well enough the prejudices by which they still continue to be animated, notwithstanding the grand events which are passing and sweeping away the vestiges of old institutions that had been so fatally perverted from their original purpose. The perusal of this book is well calculated to confirm the hopes that good men entertain for the Italian future; and adduces besides solid reason for confidence in the integrity of Victor Emmanuel, who has already so faithfully fulfilled the trust bequeathed to him by his father.

#### RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOVELS or scientific works, poetry or irrational quantities, treatises on education or vaudevilles on the tune, "*Il faut des époux assortis*," which do you prefer? We have goods of all kinds at the great emporium of the Rue Pierre Samzin, and at the London Agency, No. 18, King William Street, Strand. "Est-ce à votre cuisinier, monsieur, ou à votre cocher que vous voulez parler, car je suis l'un et l'autre." Thus spoke Maître Jacques. M. HACHETTE, too, is *l'un et l'autre*, or rather *l'un et les autres*, for there is not a single branch in literature which he does not take under his protecting wing, every where selecting the best, and working out in the happiest manner some new and useful idea.

The serial now well known under the name of "*L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*," is one of those light conceptions which have soon established their claims to popularity, and got at once into well-deserved celebrity. The volume for 1859,\* being the fourth of the collection, is quite as good as the preceding ones, and the author,

\* *The Englishwoman in Italy. Impressions of Life in the Roman States and Sardinia, during a Ten Years' Residence.* By Mrs. G. GRETTON. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

\* *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle.* Par LOUIS FIAUEN. 4e année. 120. Hachett.



M. LOUIS FIGUIER, succeeds admirably in putting together under a familiar and interesting form all the principal scientific discoveries which have occurred during the last twelve months. Astronomy, meteorology, agriculture, mechanics, every thing relating to the domains of science finds a place in this useful book; and a mere glance at the table of contents will show how much is being continually done throughout the civilized world for the benefit of the human race, and the furtherance of our every-day comforts. Of course, one of the principal subjects discussed by M. FIGUIER on the present occasion is the Great Eastern, and the details he gives of that vessel, borrowed chiefly from M. T. RAYMOND's article in the *Journal des Débats*, are well worth perusal. The chapter relating to medicine and physiology has likewise seemed to us peculiarly suggestive; nor must we omit mentioning the biographical article on ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Before going on to notice other publications of the same kind as the "*Année Scientifique*," we must say a few words of M. FIGUIER's "*Histoire des Merveilles dans les Temps Modernes*."\* What a subject to analyze, with all that we know about spirit-rapping, table-turning, animal magnetism, and other like contemporary phenomena! Would M. FIGUIER be bold enough to fly into the face of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and to strip the magicians of our own times of the garb of supernaturalism with which they have bedecked themselves? Yes; taking his stand on the domain of history, he attempts to prove "Que vous les prodiges qui ont excité en divers temps la surprise ou l'admiration des hommes, s'expliquent avec la seule connaissance de notre organisation physiologique." After an introduction, in which our author glances at the history of the *Merveilles* from the remotest ages down to the present time, we have first an account of the extraordinary facts connected with the so-called demoniacal possession of the Loudun Ursuline nuns under the reign of Louis XIII. This singular episode, which M. ALFRED DE VIGNY has turned to such good account in his novel *Cinq Mars*, is fully explained by M. FIGUIER from contemporary documents, and the evidence supplied by the law and ecclesiastical witnesses of that affair enables him to appreciate with much clearness the true character of what URBAIN GRANDIER's enemies endeavoured to proclaim as a case of *bona fide* demonopathy. We were not aware that any person, in the year 1659, would be found enthusiastic enough to maintain the existence of the devils ASMODEUS, EASAS, and CERBERTS, as inmates of the unfortunate nuns; but perhaps some confirmed Jansenist, from his quiet study at Utrecht, has already shrugged up his shoulders at the bare idea of M. LOUIS FIGUIER's questioning the miraculous character of the *convulsions* which occurred about one century ago at the tomb of the deacon PARTS in the famous *cimetière Saint Médard*. These physiological phenomena would have been simply ridiculous but for the horrible circumstances attending upon them, and which M. LOUIS FIGUIER relates at full length in his volume. No doubt the continued system of persecution followed by the King of France against the Jansenists was both a blunder and a crime, but it is painful to see the Port Royal reformation, so grand, so useful, so important in its beginnings, represented a century later by a few crack-brained old women, and giving rise to the following epigrammatic lines:—

"De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,  
De faire miracle en a lieu."

We shall not stop to offer any remarks on the Protestant prophets who sprang up during the administration of Louis XIV., with the war of the Camisards, and whose doings occupy also a long chapter in M. FIGUIER's work. The *divining rod* used by the magicians of antiquity is the fourth subject which our author examines: it has at least the merit of not being connected with tragical events, such as those described in the three other divisions of the book; but it is no less a notable monument of human weakness, and of the irresistible propensity we all feel for supernatural facts, even at epochs—we might have said, especially at epochs—when irreligion and scepticism are most prevalent. M. LOUIS FIGUIER, we are glad to hear, announces two further volumes of his *Histoire des Merveilles*; they will include the history of animal magnetism, table-turning, and spirit-rapping.

The *Année Scientifique* was the first publication undertaken by Messrs. HACHETTE for the purpose of giving a kind of *résumé* of the inventions and discoveries made during the year; but literature as well as science has its annals, and those annals should be preserved; hence the *Année Littéraire*,† edited by M. VAPEREAU, and now published for the second time. It is true that if all the works issued from the French press or performed on the French stage were like M. FEYDEAU's *Daniel* or M. DUMAS, jun.'s *Père Prodigue*, it would be far better to leave them unmentioned; but as a set-off against such productions we find Madame RECAMIER's correspondence and the *Life of Madame SWETCHINE*. Music, both vocal and instrumental, has likewise found its chronicler. M. SEUDO, the accomplished critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, takes his position side by side with Messrs. FIGUIER and VAPEREAU, and denounces in the *Année Musicale*‡ RICHARD WAGNER, SCHUMANN, the music of the future, in fact, all those who mistake noise for harmony and eccentricity for genius. The last-named serial does not appear to be the closing one in the collection, as the newspapers are already advertising the *Année Historique*, the *Année Religieuse*, &c. &c.

\* *Histoire des Merveilles dans les Temps Modernes*. Par LOUIS FIGUIER. Vols. I., II. 120. Hachette.

† *L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique*. Par M. S. VAPEREAU. 2d Année. 120. Hachette.

‡ *L'Année Musicale*. Par M. T. SEUDO. 1e année. 120. Hachette.

The three volumes recently published of VOLTAIRE's complete works\* contain some of his most celebrated productions, the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, *Histoire de Charles XII.*, et de *Pierre le Grand*. As a narrative simply written, full of interest and of dramatic effect, the *Charles XII.* is undoubtedly VOLTAIRE's masterpiece, and it would be difficult to overrate it; but the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, although considered by many as quite equal, if not superior to it, seems to us decidedly below the reputation it has long enjoyed. Never was there a more one-sided, prejudiced view of France under the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, and contemporary memoirs and state papers have so completely demolished VOLTAIRE's glowing account, that the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* must be acknowledged to be as untrustworthy as any piece of official panegyric can possibly be. In the case of a writer like the *Patriarch of Ferney*, it may be desirable to have in print even the smallest scrap of his writings; but the same rule could hardly apply to inferior *littérateurs*—SEDAINE, for instance. Thus M. HACHETTE seems to us to have acted very wisely in selecting for publication thirteen only out of the numerous comedies, vaudevilles, and other plays owned by that prolific author.† *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *Le Déserteur*, and more particularly *Le Philosophe sans le savoir*, are decidedly the best of these compositions. Referring to *Le Philosophe*, a recent critic says:—"C'est de tout point un chef-d'œuvre. Une situation forte, des caractères bien tracés, et que relève encore le contraste, des scènes terribles sans emphase et sans exagération, ou touchantes sans fausse sensibilité, un style dont le naturel constant n'exclut ni l'élevation ni le pathétique, expliquent l'enthousiasme de DIDEROT. . . ." The only fault we have to find with this volume is that no biographical notice of SEDAINE has been prefixed, as in the case of PASCAL, RACINE, BOILEAU, and the other authors which form part of the collection.

Between the plays of SEDAINE and the modern *vaudeville* there are many differences, arising from the altered state of society at the present time, and other causes which it would take too long to enumerate. A comedy, therefore, such as *La Gageure imprévue*, should convey to our mind something totally distinct from the idea which we associate with the plays of M. BAYARD.‡ We do not mean to assert the superiority of contemporary playwrights over the dramatic authors belonging to the *ancien régime*, but let our readers just imagine the fertility of a *littérateur* who, in the space of thirty years, composes two hundred and twenty-five dramas, making up together a grand total of three hundred and ninety-three acts. Such was M. BAYARD, like his celebrated namesake, a true *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The collection of his works in twelve volumes, published by M. HACHETTE, contains a few delightful scenes, and is also interesting as a sketch of French society during the first half of the present century. It is true that the view which M. BAYARD gives us of mankind is rather superficial, and now that GEORGE SAND has given up composing metaphysical and radical novels, we do not know of any writer entitled to be considered as a faithful exponent of those wants and aspirations which are unceasingly at work below the brilliant surface in France. One motive which has induced GEORGE SAND to forsake the preaching of socialism in her novels is, perhaps, the one stated formerly by ALFIERI:—*Je connaissais les grands, je ne connaissais pas les petits*—at all events, some of her more recent productions, intended as a delineation of rural life, are, we conceive, far preferable to *Consuelo* or to *Leila*, and, without being a composition of the very highest order, *Promenade autour d'un Village*§ is well written and interesting. Whilst we are alluding to novels, let us not forget a series of three pretty tales|| by the Comte DE GRAMMONT.

BOSSUET is one of the French classics, and the commentaries, expositions, annotations written on his works, if collected together, would frighten, by their bulk, the most confirmed bibliographer. To-day M. FELIX MOREL, one of the professors of the French University, takes in hand the well-known *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*,¶ and examines it as the *résumé du caractère, du génie, et des doctrines* of the author. If we were asked to name one of BOSSUET's productions—the one which we consider his masterpiece, we are not quite sure that we would select the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, but still we must acknowledge that M. MOREL points out, in a very clever manner, the merits of the work under review, and his *brochure* is worth reading.

After an interval of ten years M. SAINTE-BEUVE has published the concluding volumes of his *Port Royal*\*\*. About the composition of this history there must be, and there are, various opinions. Its great defect is its want of unity; it is essentially fragmentary in its character, and the author's fondness for *portrait-writing* has led him to throw his account of the Port Royalists into the shape of a gallery of brilliant sketches connected together, nobody knows very well how. PASCAL, ARNAULD, NICOLE, and even RACINE naturally find their place in the annals of Jansenism; but if an allusion, a

\* *Œuvres complètes de Voltaire*. 120. Vols. 9—11. Hachette.

† *Œuvres choisies de Sédaine*. 120. Hachette.

‡ *Théâtre de M. Bayard, avec une Notice par M. E. SCRIBE*, de l'Académie Française. 120. Vol. xii. Hachette.

§ *Promenade autour d'un Village*. Par GEORGE SAND. 120. Hachette.

|| *Les Gentilhommes Pauvres*. Par le Comte DE GRAMMONT. 120. Hachette.

¶ *Études sur l'Histoire Universelle de Bossuet*. Par FELIX MOREL. 120. Paris et Londres: Hachette.

\*\* *Port Royal*. Par C.A. SAINTE-BEUVE. 8vo. Vols. IV. and V. Paris et Londres: Hachette.

paragraph, a simile, can suffice to introduce such men as ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES, BALSAC, and M. DE LAMARTINE, there will be no reason for condemning any *à propos de bottes* that may suggest itself to another discursive writer. Everybody, nevertheless, will read *Port Royal*—everybody will admire that clear and brilliant style which is daily becoming more and more inimitable, and that critical acumen which is so peculiar to M. SAINTÉ-BEUVE.

Amongst the recent publications of note, the seventeenth volume of M. THIERS'S *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*\* is unquestionably the most important. But its very importance prevents us from doing more than alluding to it here. Let us only quote the following curious passage, which the present Emperor of the FRENCH would do well to consider attentively:—"NAPOLEON était dans le droit international ce que les Jacobins avaient été dans le droit social. Ils avaient voulu refaire la société, il avait voulu refaire l'Europe. Ils y avaient employé la guillotine, il y employait le canon. Le moyen était infiniment moins odieux et entouré d'ailleurs du prestige de la gloire. Il n'était guère plus sensé."

We do not know whether the idea of a new translation of SCHILLER'S works was suggested to M. HACHETTE† by the centenary festival, but it was high time that such an undertaking should be attempted. M. REGNIER has performed most creditably a task for which no one was better qualified, and the volumes already issued leave no room for the closest criticism. In conclusion, we shall notice an amusing duodecimo,‡ in which the Marquis de MOGES relates his *Souvenirs* of the late embassy sent to China by the French and English Governments. If the French *attaché* is more sparing of details than Mr. OLIPHANT, his narrative is still worth reading, and contains a lively account of the expedition.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROME, 14th April, 1860.

##### "A COUNTRY FAIR."

FAR away amongst the Sabine hills—right up the valley of the Teverone, as the Romans now-a-days call the stream which once bore the name of Anio—hard by the mountain frontier land of Naples—lies the little town of Subiaco. I am not aware that of itself this out-of-the-world nook possesses much claim to notice. Antiquarians, indeed, visited it to search after the traces of a palace where NERO may or may not have dwelt. Students of ecclesiastical lore make pilgrimages thereto to behold the famous convent of the Santo Speco, the home of the Benedictine order. In summer time, the Roman artists wander out here to take shelter from the burning heats of the flat Campagna land, and to sketch the wild SALVATOR ROSA scenery which hems in the town on every side. I cannot say, however, that it was love of antiquities, or divinity, or scenery, which led my steps Subiaco-wards. The motive of my journey was of a less romantic and more matter-of-fact character. Some few days ago, a yellow play-bill-looking placard caught my eye as I strolled down the Corso. A perusal of its contents informed me that, on the approaching feast day of ST. BENEDICT, there was to be held at Subiaco the annual *festa e fiera*. Many and various were the attractions offered. There was to be a horse race, a *tombola*, or open lottery, an illumination, display of fireworks, high mass, and, more than all, a public procession, in which the sacred image of ST. BENEDICT was to be carried from the convent to the town. Such a bill of fare was irresistible, even had there not been added to it the desire to escape from the close, muggy climate of Rome into the fresh mountain air, a desire whose intensity nothing but a long residence here can enable one to appreciate.

Subiaco is some forty odd miles from Rome, and, amongst the petty towns of the Papal States, is a place of small importance. The means of communication, however, with the metropolis are of the scantiest. Two or three times a week, a sort of Italian *Ellwagen*, a funereal and tumble-down, flea-ridden coach, with windows boarded up so high that you cannot, seated, see out of them, and closed hermetically, after Italian fashion, shambles along at a jog-trot pace between the two towns, and takes a livelong day, from early dawn till late at night, to perform the journey. Other public mode of transit there is none; and therefore, not having patience for the diligence, I had to travel in a private conveyance, and if there had been any one else going to the fair from Rome, which there was not, they must perforce have done the same. As to the details of the journey, and the scenery through which you pass, are they not written in the book of MURRAY, wherein whose likes may read? It is enough for me to note one or two facts, which tell their own story. Throughout the forty and odd miles of the road I traversed, I never passed through a single village or town, with the exception of Tivoli; and between that town and Rome, a distance of twenty miles, never even caught sight of one. After Tivoli, when the road enters the mountains, there are a dozen small towns or so, all perched on the summits of high hills, under which the road winds and passes. Detached houses or cottages there are, as a rule, none—certainly not half-a-dozen in all the whole way along. There was little appearance of traffic anywhere. A few rough carts, loaded with charcoal or stone for the Roman markets—strings of mules, almost buried beneath high piles of brushwood, which were

swung panier-wise [across them, and a score of peasants mounted on rough country horses, and jogging towards the fair, constituted the waybill of the road. The mountain slopes were apparently altogether barren, or at any rate uncultivated. In the plain of the valley, bearing traces of recent inundation from the torrent brook which ran alongside the road in strange zigzag windings, were a number of poorly-tilled fields, half covered with stones. I could see no traces of anything but hard labour; and the peasants, who were working listlessly, seemed unequal to the labour of cultivating such thankless lands. Personally, the men are a fine race enough; but the traces of the malaria fever, the sunken features and livid complexion, were painfully common; their dress, too, was worn, ragged and dirty, while the boys constantly left their work to beg as I passed by, a fact which, considering how little frequented this district is by strangers, struck me unpleasantly. With my English recollections of what "going to the fair" used to be, I looked, but in vain, for farmers' carts or holiday-dressed pedestrians going towards Subiaco. I did not meet one carriage of any description, except the diligence without a passenger, and could not have guessed, from the few knots of peasants I passed, that there was anything going on in what I suppose I may call the county town of the district. By the time I reached Subiaco, the first day of the fair was at its height. The topography of the place is of the simplest description,—a narrow street running up a steep hill, with a small market-place, on which stands a church at the summit, half-a-dozen *cul-de-sac* alleys on the right, terminated by the wall that hems in the torrent at their feet, a long series of flights of broken steps on the left, leading to a dilapidated castle where the Cardinal Legate ought to reside—such are the main features of the town. In fact, if you fancy Skinner's Street, Holborn Hill, shrunk to about a quarter of its width, all its houses reduced to the condition of that gaunt corner house which has excited my ungratified curiosity for years past, Newgate Gaol replaced by the façade of a dingy Italian church, the dimensions of the *locale* considerably decayed, and a small section of the dark alleys between Farringdon Street and the prison cut off by the Fleet ditch, uncovered, you will have a very fair impression of the town of Subiaco.

The fair, such as it was, was confined to this High Street, and to the little square at its head. The street was filled with people, chiefly men, bartering at the doors of the unwindowed shops. A very small crowd would fill so small a place, but I think there could hardly have been less than a thousand persons. Cutlery and hosiery of the rudest kind seemed to be the great articles of commerce. There were, of course, an office for the Papal Lottery, which did a good trade, an itinerant vendor of quack medicines, and a few scattered stalls (not a single booth, by the way), where shoes and caps and pots and pans were sold by hucksters of Jewish physiognomy. Lean, black-bristled pigs ran at every step between your legs, and young kids, slung across their owners' shoulders, with their heads downwards, bleated piteously. The only sights of a private description were a series of deformed beggars, drawn in go-carts, and wriggling with the most hideous contortions; but the fat woman, and the infant with two heads, and the learned dog, were nowhere visible. There was not even an organ-boy or a hurdy-gurdy. Music, alas! like prophecy, has no honour in its own country. The crowd was of a very humble description; the number of bonnets or hats visible might be counted on one's fingers, and the fancy peasant costumes, of which Subiaco fair is said to be the great *rendezvous*, were scarcely more in number. There was very little animation apparent of any kind, very little of gesticulation, or still less of shouting. Indeed, the crowd, to do them justice, were perfectly quiet and well behaved. The party to which I belonged, and which consisted of several Englishmen, all more or less attired in those outlandish costumes which none but Englishmen ever wear, and no Englishman ever thinks of wearing in his own country, excited no comment whatever, and scarcely attracted a passing glance. Fancy what the effect would be of four bloused and bearded Frenchmen strolling arm in arm through a village wake!

By the time I had passed through the fair, the guns, or rather two most debilitated old fowling-pieces, were firing as a signal for the race. The horses were the same as those run at the Carnival races in Rome; and as the only difference was that the course, besides being over hard slippery stones, was also up a very steep hill, and the race therefore somewhat more cruel, I did not wait to see it, but wandered up the hill to hear the vesper service at the convent of the Santo Speco. I should have been sorry to have missed the service. Through a number of winding passages, up flights of narrow steps, and by terrace ledges cut from the rock on which we stood, and overhanging the river side, we came to a vault-like chapel, with low Sarcenic arches and quaint old dark recesses, and a dim, shadowy air of mystery. Round the candle-lighted altar, standing brightly from out the darkness, knelt, in every posture, some seventy monks; and ever and anon the dreary nasal chanting ceased, and a strain of real music came from out the hidden choir, rising and dying fitfully. The whole scene was beautiful enough; but—what a pity that in everything there should be a but!—when you came to look on it in the light of a service, the charm passed away. There were plenty of performers, but no audience. The congregation consisted of four peasant women, two men, and a child in arms. The town below was crowded. The service was one of the chief ones in the year, but somehow or other the people stopped away.

When the music was over, I was shown through the convent. There were, of course, the stock marvels: a hole through which you looked and beheld a—shall I call it sacred P—picture of SATAN, with horns and hoofs complete; a small plot of ground where used

\* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. Par M. A. THIERS. 8vo. Vol. XVII.

† *Œuvres de Schiller, Traduction Nouvelle*. Par Ad. REGNIER, Membre de l'Institut. Paris et Londres. Hachette. 8vo. Vols. I. to VI.

‡ *Souvenirs d'une Ambassade en Chine et au Japon en 1857 et 1858*. Par le Marquis de MOGES. Paris et Londres. Hachette. 12mo.



to grow the thorns on which St. BENEDICT rolled himself to quench the passions of manhood, and where now grow the roses into which St. FRANCIS transformed the said thorns, in honour of his brother saint. The monk who showed me the building talked much about the misery of the surrounding poor. At the convent foot lies a little wood of dark green ilexes, of almost unknown age, valued on account of some tradition about St. BENEDICT, and perhaps still more as forming a kind of oasis on the desert mountain side. Armed guards have to be placed at night round this wood, to save it from the depredations of the peasantry. Every tree belonging to the convent, and not guarded, was cut down at once. No one—so my informant told me—would believe the sums of money the convent had spent of late on charity, and how, for this purpose, even their supplies of daily food had been curtailed; but alas! it was only like pouring water into a sieve, and the people were poorer than ever. I own that when the old priest pointed out the number of convents and churches you could see in the valley below, and spoke in regret of the time when there were twelve convents round Subiaco alone, I felt that the cause of this hopeless misery was not far to seek.

On my way homewards to the town I beheld the half-dozen sky-rockets which composed the display of fire-works, and also the two rows of oil lamps on the *pontices* over the church door which formed the illuminations. Neither sight seemed to collect much crowd nor create much excitement. As the dusk came on the streets emptied fast, and by night the town was empty, and, except that the wine shops were still filled with a few inveterate toppers, every sign of the fair had vanished. There was not, however, even a trace of drunkenness apparent. The next morning the same scene was repeated, with little difference, save that the crowd was rather greater, and a band of music played in the market-place. About noon the holy procession was seen coming down the winding road which leads from the convent to the town. I had taken my position on a roadside bank, and enjoyed a perfect view. There were a number of shabby flags and banners, preceded by a hundred able-bodied men, dressed in dirty white surplices, rather dirtier than the colour of their faces. A number of ragged choristers followed, swinging incense pots, droning an unintelligible chant, and fighting with each other. Then came a troop of monks and scholars, with downcast eyes and bare heads. All these walked two and two together, and carried one or two crucifixes raised aloft. The monks were preceded by a pewter-looking bust, which I suppose represented St. BENEDICT, and the bust was followed by a mule, on which, in a snuff-coloured coat, black tights, white neckcloth, and Beebeater's hat, all surmounted by a green umbrella, rode the governor. By his side walked his secretary, the Syndic of Subiaco, four gendarmes, and three broken-down old livery-clad headles, who carried the umbrellas of these high dignitaries. In truth, had it not been for the unutterable shabbiness of the whole affair, I could have fancied I saw the market scene in "Martha," and the "last rose of summer" rose unbidden to my ears. Not a score of spectators accompanied the procession from the convent, and the interest caused by it seemed to be small—the devotion absolutely none. Indeed, the fact which struck me most throughout was the utter apathy of the people. Not a person in the place I spoke to—and I asked several—had any notion who the governor was. The nearest approach that I got to an answer was from one of the old livery headles, who answered, *Chi sa? e una roba da lontano*, and with this explanation, that the governor was "a thing that came from a distance," I was obliged to rest satisfied. When the procession reached the town the band joined in, the governor descended, and so with banners flying, crosses waving, drums beating, and priests, boys, and choristers chanting, we marched in a body into the church, where a good portion of the crowd and all the beggars followed us. I had now, however, had enough of the "humours of the fair," and left the town without trying my luck at the *tombola*, which was to come off directly after mass.

TURIN, April 14, 1860.

None of the great questions which are now agitating Italy seem to have made any marked advance during the past week. The principle of Legitimacy is making its last dying effort, but its every act is a defeat. The POPE, the Grand Duke of TUSCANY, the Duke of MODENA, and the Duchess of PARMA have issued protests explanatory of the causes and circumstances by which they were deprived of their rights. That they should do so is perfectly natural, and whether these protests appear in Latin, Italian, or French, or assume the form of excommunication or of memorandum, is of little moment; they all agree in attributing the loss of their power and territory to Piedmontese influence and artifice. Piedmontese influence has had undoubtedly a large share in producing the recent events of Italy, but has not employed the means ascribed to it by the princes, namely, conspiracy and corruption. The irresistible influence which Piedmont has exercised has been that of her Italian policy, boldly confessed and valorously maintained by arms, of the enlightened liberalism by which all her acts were inspired, and by which she gradually disarmed all opposition, and blended into one the generous but conflicting aspirations nurtured by Italians during the past twelve years. Those who attribute any other than moral influence to Piedmont, and talk of corruption and intimidation, forget that their assumption must be manifestly absurd to any one who considers the proportion between the corruptor and the corrupted, the intimidator and the frightened. It speaks for itself, and is a thing physically impossible that four millions of Italians could corrupt and intimidate twice their own number. The princes who have put forth these protests, and declared that

they reserved their rights intact, have not taken the smallest trouble to justify their past conduct or abjure a single one of their errors. The people, to whom their honied words are addressed, may judge for themselves what would be the effect of their restoration, now happily become impossible. It would be a return to systematic oppression, to foreign domination, and to all the sufferings, injustice, and discontent of the past. Though the princes seem to have wholly forgotten that they joined the ranks of the enemies of their country, they need never expect that their late subjects will become oblivious of the fact, that, after voluntarily abandoning their thrones, they fought at Solferino.

Our parliament is now constituted and ready for work, though not much business is likely to be transacted until after the return of the King from his visit to Tuscany and the Romagna. He will be accompanied by so many of the deputies, that it is not probable a sufficient number will remain behind to constitute a legal house, and parliament must consequently be prorogued. Count CAVOUR accompanies his Majesty, and Chevalier FARINI is to meet him at Bologna. The Chevalier BONCOMPAGNI has lately given proof of extraordinary modesty, and freedom from personal ambition. He has declined the Presidency of the Chambers, on the ground of being too much occupied to accept it, and has addressed to Count TERENCE MAMIANI, the Minister of Public Instruction, the following simple unassuming letter:—

"Most illustrious Minister,—I am desirous of establishing a private class for instruction in constitutional law. My age and habits of life render me unwilling to submit to the examination referred to in Arts. 97, 98 of the law, relating to public instruction. I do not know whether the work which I have written upon legal science—the fact that I am a member of the Royal Academy of Science—and my past political career, will entitle me to the exceptional permission mentioned in Art. 96.

"I submit the question to you, sir, not with the presumption that your answer must be favourable to my wish, but with the desire to attempt an undertaking which may prove advantageous to study and to the country.

"Accept, most illustrious Minister, the assurance of my esteem.  
"C. BONCOMPAGNI."

Count MAMIANI's reply was exactly such an BONCOMPAGNI's letter was calculated to call forth. After declaring it to be one of the most flattering events of his life, that a man of historic name, conspicuous for every virtue, like the *Commendatore* BONCOMPAGNI, should write to him for the permission in question; he declares that no examination whatever will be required, and merely begs to know when the lectures are to commence, that the rector of the University may make all needful arrangements. "This return to quiet," he says, "and indulgence in congenial studies, after you have maintained a dignity almost regal with the applause of all Europe, is a proof of modesty, perhaps unique in our times, and very rare even in ancient days."

The French ecclesiastic, Father LACORDAIRE, has published a tract bearing the title, *De la Liberté de l'Italie et de l'Eglise*. The illustrious preacher devotes pages of eloquence to the defence of Italy. "Italy," he says, "is a great and unfortunate country; great in that it once governed the world, and many times revived it by its radiance; unfortunate, in that for many ages—and especially during the last fifty years, it has been compelled to submit to a foreign yoke. The cause of Italy against Austria is just under the aspect of reason, how much more just under the aspect of Christianity! It is Christianity which has exalted right above force, and given to conscience that light and energy which it never possessed before the time of Jesus Christ." The writer remarks that the opposition which the Italians are now manifesting against foreign domination is just, because the latter deprives them of their country, without giving them any other in exchange, which is one of the most enormous of crimes. "But if the cause of Italy against Austria is just, is the cause of Italy against the Papacy equally so?" asks the Father, in a tone which betrays considerable anxiety. Is Italy against the Papacy? Is not the Papacy against Italy much rather? Who has excited a struggle between Italy and the Papacy? Who has made the Court of Rome the ally of Venice and the enemy of independence and national liberty? The accusations made by Italy against the Papacy are serious, but he believes them to be unfounded, because the Papal power exists, and has been maintained in the world for above a thousand years. But if we thus accept the work of ages, we may justify every iniquity that ever has been or ever will be committed. The dominion of the Sultan over Greece was the work of ages, and yet our author, with self-contradiction, praises CHARLES X. for having erected the kingdom of Greece; because *time only adds duration to injustice, and, far from diminishing, increases the debt*. If, then, the work of ages is not valid unless it is upheld by justice, how can it be said that the accusations brought against the Court of Rome are unfounded, only because the temporal power is the work of ages? To get rid of the difficulty, the clever writer describes the Papacy as the bulwark of Italian independence during the middle ages, and, in opposition to history, because DANTE was a Ghibelline, considers him as a partisan of foreigners.

The Papacy had solely in view the defence of its temporal pretensions and sovereignty in the long struggle which it maintained with the Emperors of Germany, in the obstinate and ferocious war against HENRY IV. and the HOHENSTAUFERN. In order to ensure success, it accepted any alliance which presented itself; that of the German princes against HENRY IV. and the Lombardian cities against FREDERIC BARBAROSSA. While the only care of the Papacy was to cause its supremacy to prevail, the German princes thought

only of getting rid of HENRY IV., and the cities of Lombardy of freeing themselves from the yoke both of the EMPEROR and the POPE. There never was an alliance of principle between them, but only of temporary interests. When, therefore, discordant and contradictory interests arose, the alliance was naturally dissolved.

At no time has national independence found a support in the Papacy. If the latter ever appeared to unite with the defenders of Italian liberty it was only because it found in them allies against a common enemy, and it was ever ready to abandon and sacrifice Italy the moment its own pretensions ceased to be threatened, its own ambitious views thwarted. Though Father LACORDAIRE is obliged to confess that Rome has of late almost constantly been allied with Austria, he adds: "If General BONAPARTE had not opened the doors of Italy to Austria by the destruction of the Venetian Republic; if Europe had been inspired by more generous and far-sighted views in 1815, and had refused to endorse BONAPARTE's error, and thus consecrate the ruin of Venice; had Austria not availed herself of these unhappy circumstances to extend her heavy and unenlightened rule over the Peninsula, the Papacy would never have appeared to Italy as the accomplice of foreign oppression." Hence the author concludes that the alliance of Rome with Austria is only an accident.

There is some truth in these observations, and it is on this account that the Italians, on going to war with Austria, believed that they should restore liberty to the people by liberating them from foreign despotism. But the Court of Rome has manifested the strongest opposition to driving Austria out of Italy. Is it so long since 1818 that Father LACORDAIRE can have forgotten the encyclical of April 29, in which the POPE declares that he cannot make war against Austria? And since 1818 against whom has the Court of Rome maintained obstinate war, except against the single Government which has displayed the flag of national independence? Has not Rome been all the while drawing closer to Austria, and did she not abandon to her all right over the Legations? It has been said that the Court of Rome was Austrian because Austria had accepted a Concordat favourable to the POPE; but that fact only justified the assertion, that when the interests of the POPE as Pope, and of the POPE as an Italian prince are contrary, Italy is sacrificed to the Curia, and the liberty of the people to clerical absolutism. It is certain that if Italy were independent, the question of Rome would be simplified. But there would still be a difficulty remaining, which the writer signalizes when he says that the civil government of Rome belongs to the *ancien régime*. This is an incontestable truth, and the very head and front of the Italian difficulty. What this government is France well knows, when she brought about the Revolution of '89 to overturn it, and this arbitrary, repressive, and violent power still continues in the Roman States, sixty years after it was destroyed in France. A Frenchman could scarcely blame the Romans for shaking off the yoke of a government of the *ancien régime*. Nor does Father LACORDAIRE condemn them, but recognises that the Papacy is in its present evil plight only because it has not kept pace with the wants of the age. He presumes that the POPE has enemies, both religious and political, and thus expresses himself: "When enemies exist we should do everything in our power to diminish their number, and deprive them of every pretext for molesting us. A power never perishes by the work of its enemies, but by that of that vacillating, undecided, indeterminate party which forms the mass of a nation, and which, in the pitched battle of events, always decides the victory. When CHARLES THE TENTH fell, it was not his enemies who precipitated his ruin, but men who the day before would have sought to save him." This is most true. Those who advise the Court of Rome to resist the spirit of the age, the wants of the population, and the wishes of Italy, and to maintain the *ancien régime*, are they who are really undermining its power. But there is no ground whatever for the expectation apparently entertained by the reverend writer, that Rome will adopt the three principles which distinguish modern from mediæval governments; namely, civil equality, political liberty, and freedom of religious belief. These principles have always been negatived by the Court of Rome, always condemned by Papal bulls and encyclicals. In simply expressing the hope that they may prevail, the reverend writer lays himself open to censure and disgrace. During the past ten years France has constantly insisted upon the necessity of reforms at Rome, less radical by far than those involved in the realization of these three principles, yet always in vain. The clerical journals which assume to be Rome's interpreters show the most unmitigated rage and hatred against liberty and patriotism; Cardinal ANTONELLI refuses to make concessions of any kind; and yet Father LACORDAIRE flatters himself that Rome only requires time and deferential treatment to introduce civil, political, and religious freedom into her laws. A strange illusion this on the part of the reverend writer, who, however, manifests a lively sympathy towards Italy, which cannot fail to prove highly gratifying to Italians in general.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AND COLONIAL.

SATURDAY, April 14, was the birthday of Princess Beatrice.

In consequence of the death of his late Serene Highness the Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, brother-in-law to the Queen, the Court went into mourning on Thursday last for a fortnight.

Despatches were sent from the Colonial-office on Saturday to the Governors of Canada and the Bahamas.

The following diplomatic appointments have been made:—Mr. J. S. Lumley, now secretary to her Majesty's mission at St. Petersburg, is appointed secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, in the room of Mr. Alison, appointed to succeed Sir Henry Rawlinson, as minister at the Persian Court. Mr. E. S. Erskine, now secretary of Legation at Stockholm, is appointed secretary of Legation to the mission at St. Petersburg. Mr. Edwin Corbett, who was secretary to the late mission at Florence, is appointed secretary of Legation at Stockholm.

Captain Leicester Vernon, M.P., died suddenly on Saturday last, at his residence, 51 Great Cumberland-street, Hyde-park. He left the Carlton Club in his carriage, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in his usual health and spirits; accompanied by a friend, he drove up St. James's-street, about the middle of which his horses became restive, when he got out of his carriage to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. In struggling with the horses he fell, but soon recovered himself, and asserted that he was perfectly uninjured. He soon after complained of being unwell, and requested to be driven home. On reaching his house, medical advice was immediately summoned, but before it could arrive Captain Vernon had breathed his last. The cause of death is ascertained to have been produced by the rupture of a blood-vessel. Captain Vernon was one of the members for the county of Berks, and was an active and able member of the House of Commons.

It appears from the evidence at the coroner's inquest on the bodies of the seventy-six men and lads killed in Burradon Colliery, Northumberland, on the 2nd March, which was continued on Friday last, that the immediate cause of the two explosions and loss of life, was the weakness and instability of the air-current. The subscriptions on behalf of the families of the sufferers have reached the handsome sum of £5,119 19s. 8d.

A few days ago an oscillating steam cylinder, weighing 30 tons, was successfully cast at the Bowling Iron-works, near Bradford. The cylinder is 8 feet 2 inches in diameter, 11 feet 1 inch in length, and 12 feet 8 inches in width across trunnions, with steam chests and solid bottom. Upwards of forty tons of metal were prepared in five furnaces.

Dr. Letheby's Annual Report on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London for the last twelve months shows a favourable condition of the public health. There have been 1,843 marriages, 3,260 births, and 2,911 deaths. The marriages have risen above the average, and the births and deaths have fallen below it. Of the 2,911 deaths in the year 1,509 were males, and 1,402 females. 7,233 inspections of houses have been made in the course of the year, of which 803 were of the common lodging-houses, and that 935 orders have been issued for sanitary improvement in various particulars.

It is stated in the *Times* of Tuesday that the rumours are well founded which have been for some time in circulation, to the effect that the examination papers proposed to candidates for military appointments have been surreptitiously obtained by some of the candidates in anticipation of the examination. The result has been that a new examination will at once begin.

From the *Army and Navy Gazette* we learn that a very disgraceful and a very injurious system of touting prevails in connexion with the examination of candidates for direct commissions in the army, which now takes place periodically at Chelsea Hospital. Certain tailors manage to scrape up an acquaintance with the candidates, insinuate themselves into their confidence, press small loans of money on their acceptance, and get their promise to be employed to furnish their outfit, undertaking that the items will be so charged that the amount of the loan will be slipped in in the shape of an addition to each item, so as to make things pleasant with the "Governor." Some of these worthies even persuade the candidates that they can obtain copies of the examination papers for them beforehand, and this furnishes a ready means of introduction. The matter has been brought to the notice of the Duke of Cambridge, who is determined to take prompt steps to check a practice so disgraceful.

On Saturday, April 14, a crowded meeting was held in Queen Street Hall, at Edinburgh, to consider resolutions favourable to the Government Reform Bill for Scotland. At this meeting resolutions were passed to the effect, that the Reform Bill now before Parliament, extending the franchise in counties and in burghs, deserves the support of all reformers, and that Scotland has not a sufficient number of members to place it on an equality with England and Ireland; and that, when the Bills go into Committee, such additional members should be given to Scotland as may be found practicable in present circumstances; and that provision should also be made for lowering the property franchise in counties below the sum fixed in the Bill, so that it may be made equivalent to the English 40s. franchise. A petition in accordance with these resolutions was unanimously signed.

The twelfth anniversary festival of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest was held on Tuesday evening at the London Tavern. The object of the institution, which was founded in 1818, was to afford relief to the poor afflicted with consumption and other diseases of the chest. The new hospital at Victoria Park was opened in 1853; 1360 in-patients have been under treatment since that period, and 50,000 out-patients have been relieved since the institution was first established. The cost of maintaining the charity amounts to about £1500 per annum, while at present the subscriptions amount to only £1400 a year. A loan of £1000 has been contracted, and subscriptions, therefore, are urgently required. The dinner was presided over by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. The subscription at the close of the evening was liberal.

On the same evening a meeting of the Statistical Society was held



at their rooms in St. James's Square, at which Colonel Sykes presided. A paper was read by Mr. Newmarch on Indian currency and banking, in which he strongly objected to the plan of finance proposed by Mr. Wilson to be established in India, because it proceeded upon the principle of separating the banking department from the issuing department. It was his firm belief that if they separated the function of issue from the function of banking, they would have no means at a moment of crisis of saving the country. The hon. gentleman dwelt with much earnestness upon the injurious effect which Mr. Wilson's scheme would have upon discounts and the monetary operations in India. The proceedings of the evening closed without any formal result, it not being in accordance with the rules of the society to come to any resolution on questions discussed.

A Court of Aldermen was held on Tuesday at Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding. On the motion of Sir P. Laurie, thanks were voted to the Bishop of Gloucester and the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, for their sermons preached by them at Christ Church on Easter Monday and Tuesday. A communication was received from the Justices of the City of London relative to the office of Pass-master of Irish and Scotch vagrants, recently rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Gill, and recommending that the future salary attached to the office should be £50 per annum. An order was made based upon the terms of the report.

The installation of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, took place on Monday, April 16th, in the Music-hall there.

The amount annually collected by rates, tolls, and dues, in the United Kingdom is £14,902,096, as far as the same has been ascertained.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, on Monday night, a fire, which has resulted in the destruction of thirteen houses, broke out on the premises of Mr. W. Hunter, of Wood-wharf, Greenwich, immediately facing the river. The origin of the disaster is unknown, and unfortunately the larger number of the sufferers are uninsured.

On Tuesday, April 17th, the great fight between Heenan and Sayers for the championship of England took place at Farnborough, close to Aldershot. It lasted upwards of two hours, and was brought to a close partly by the interference of the police, neither of the combatants being pronounced victorious, but both being dreadfully punished. Among the spectators were members of both Houses in plenty; authors, poets, painters, soldiers, and even clergymen, were present.

The weather was last week unusually cold for April, and the mortality of London was high, though, as in the previous week, it was considerably lower than it had been in the last three weeks of March. The deaths in the week that ended last Saturday were 1,407. Last week the births of 932 boys and 934 girls, in all 1,866 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1850-59, the average number was 1,684.

A murder of a peculiarly shocking character was perpetrated in Birmingham on Wednesday morning last. The murderer is a young man named Price, twenty-four years of age, a shoemaker, and his victim the young girl to whom he was attached, a servant at a small inn in Deritend. The murderer was apprehended immediately, and he admitted that a feeling of jealousy had prompted the crime. The deed was committed in a house a short distance from the Swan Inn. The murderer used an extremely sharp shoemaker's knife. The poor girl's head is said to have been nearly severed from her body.

On Thursday morning London was visited with a snow-storm. It commenced about half-past seven o'clock, and continued for about half-an-hour. At half-past twelve there was a sharp hail storm, mixed with snow.

Some interesting and valuable statistics relative to the colony of New Zealand have recently been published. They include the results of a census, from which it appears that within the last seven years the population of New Zealand increased from 26,707 to 59,277; while live-stock increased from 299,115 to 1,727,997; the land under crop, from 29,140 to 140,965 acres; and the land fenced, from 30,470 to 235,488 acres. The statistics show a corresponding increase in the diffusion of general education; there are 9,672 day and Sunday schools. The total value of imports has increased during the last five years from £597,827 to £1,141,273, and the total value of exports from £303,282 to £158,023. The increase in the export of wool is most striking, having risen from £66,000 to upwards of £254,000. The amount of gold exported in 1858-9 was £92,886.

#### FOREIGN.

From Paris, Saturday, April 14, the *Moniteur* announces that the Legislative Body has agreed to the contingent of 100,000 men for the present year, by 238 against 6 votes.

By a private message from Marseilles it is announced that an insurrection has taken place at Messina.

The *Moniteur* of Sunday, April 15, publishes a decree reducing, by one centimetre, the minimum height required for recruits.

The packet from Naples, via Marseilles, April 14, brings an official report affirming that tranquillity reigns at Palermo.

From Turin, April 15, we learn that the cession of Nice to France was an absolute necessity for Piedmont, in order to obtain from Napoleon III. the guarantee of Lombardy and the Duchy of Parma. This guarantee appears to be expressed in a secret article of the treaty of the 24th of March last, relative to the cession of Savoy and Nice. France has, however, refused to guarantee to Piedmont the other annexed provinces, viz., Tuscany and the Legations.

The news from New York, April 1, is that the Bavaria had arrived out, and that the siege of Vera Cruz had been abandoned after six days' bombardment.

From New York, April 5, the election in Rhode Island has resulted in favour of the Democrats. The House of Representatives at Washington have passed the Bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah.

The Stockmarket is heavy, and prices have slightly declined. Cotton dull. Sales, three days, 3,500 bales. Middling Uplands, 11½c. Flour firm, and prices are rather dearer. Wheat dull, and 1c. per bushel lower. Corn firm, at higher rates.

At New Orleans, April 4, cotton unchanged. Sales to-day, 12,500 bales; sales yesterday, 6,500 bales. Middling quoted 10½c. to 11c. Sales of three days, 26,000 bales; receipts, three days, 15,000 bales. Increased receipts at all the Southern ports, 767,000 bales.

From Berne, April 16, the intelligence respecting Switzerland and Savoy is that it is a mistake to suppose that separate negotiations have been entered into between France and Switzerland, the matter having been placed in the hands of the powers of Europe.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following despatch, dated "Nice, Sunday, 3 P.M.": At 1 o'clock P.M. to-day, out of the total number of 7,000 voters, 5,000 had already registered their votes. The news from the neighbouring communes is excellent. The voting in favour of annexation to France is unanimous."

From Geneva we learn that on Saturday evening, April 14, a Genevese deputation, representing all parties, presented Sir Robert Peel with a testimonial consisting of a cup and a rifle. Sir Robert Peel promised the support of England for the preservation of the independence and neutrality of Switzerland. The deputation expressed their thanks to the English Ministry and Parliament.

M. Thouvenel having stated in a despatch of the 13th of March, to M. Tillos, that the Federal Council had proposed a secret treaty for a partition of Savoy, the Federal Council has given an official denial to the statement of M. Thouvenel.

The archives of the Legations of Russia and England have been transferred from Florence to Turin.

From Vienna, April 16, we learn that the total amount subscribed to the new loan is about 75,000,000 florins. The quotation on the Exchange is 93.50. Rumours of ministerial changes are circulating.

According to advices from Sicily, the revolutionary movement is increasing in the country, which is full of armed men.

The news from Madrid, April 15, is that the factious partisans of Count de Montemolin are every where disappearing.

News has been received at Washington, by a telegram from Charleston, that during a legitimate trading voyage on the coast of Africa, the brig *Jehossee* was overhauled and taken forcible possession of by a British vessel of war, and the officers and crew treated with gross indignity.

From Paris, April 17, we learn that M. Thouvenel has informed the representatives of the Powers who signed the Final Act of Vienna of the nature of the reception France will give to the circular note of the Swiss Federal Council of the 6th of April respecting the convocation of an European Conference. "When the cession of Savoy and Nice, freely consented to by Piedmont, shall have been sanctioned and ratified by universal suffrage of the inhabitants, and by the vote of the Sardinian Parliament, France will take possession of those provinces. Immediately afterwards she will consent to the assembling of a Conference, for the purpose of receiving a communication of the treaty concluded on the 24th of March last between Napoleon III. and King Victor Emmanuel."

The *Moniteur* of this morning gives the following as the definitive result of the voting in the city of Nice:—For annexation, 6,810; against, 11.

Prince Gortschakoff, in his reply to the note of Switzerland, states that it is the true political interest of Europe to preserve Switzerland from all foreign influence.

According to advices from Naples to the 14th inst., it is asserted that on Thursday last a large bomb was thrown before the Palazzo. The explosion shattered all the windows. No person was injured.

The revolutionary attempt of the 8th, at Messina, commenced by the killing of two sentinels. Flying columns were pursuing the bands of insurgents. Intelligence from Rome adds, that the Pope had resolved to take no initiative in a war in the Romagna, and that General Lamoriciere would only concentrate a corps in Umbria, between Rome and Ancona.

The insurrection has spread to Trapani, where the Provisional Government and the National Guard have joined the insurgents.

Paris, April 18: The *Constitutionnel*, in an article signed by M. Bonifacio, says it is authorized to declare that the pamphlet, *La Coalition*, is entirely the work of a private individual, who has, neither directly nor indirectly, been inspired by Government. The Bourse remains dull, and prices flat. Rentes closed at 69f. 95c., being a fractional decline since yesterday.

From Berne, April 18: The Federal Council has received favourable news. The signs of a favourable solution of the pending questions are increasing, and existing fears will, without doubt, soon be removed.

From Constantinople we learn that France will make the Porto responsible for the damage caused by the Greeks on Friday last.

The latest news from Mexico is that the Liberals defeated the 4th Regiment of Cavalry, belonging to Miramon, on the 5th ult.

near Jalapa. General Villalba (Liberal) defeated 500 Reactionists at San Martin, near Puebla, taking seven pieces of artillery, arms, and ammunition.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

As the continued run of the Easter pieces relieves our columns of the pressure of theatrical matters, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to speak at greater length than usual of the CRYSTAL PALACE. The Directors are energetically bestirring themselves in quest of remunerative popularity. The spirit with which they try experiment after experiment in new directions, without either the parsimony that ensures failures or the recklessness that makes these ridiculous when they do occur, as sometimes occur they must, ought in justice to be recognised both by their constituent shareholders and the public whose favour they so diligently cultivate. A recent series of Saturday Concerts, involving considerable outlay, was, it is well known, unproductive to the exchequer, though no doubt a considerable boon to the gentility of the opulent suburbs at the Palace foot, and to the season admission holders. But, nothing daunted, our friends resolved, while decreasing their outlay on the half-crown days, upon adding to their Easter tide attractions a daily concert, at which every "shilling" visitor might have the treat of hearing the Piccolomini almost on the eve of her retirement from the profession. The consequence has been that since Good Friday immense numbers have enjoyed, despite the fitful weather, a liberal banquet of vocal and instrumental delicacies, in addition to the springing charms of the gardens, the indoor vegetation, the well furnished picture gallery, and the interminable collections of interesting objects of art and taste which now literally crowd an area that seemed to bid defiance to all schemes for covering its nakedness. An interesting assemblage are the holiday makers at Sydenham. It was cheerful to note, on Monday, the thousands of those who truly earn bread by sweat of brow studying, with might and main, the objects that at all might come within scope of their philosophy: and cheerful to think—let us add, ere we quit our momentary reflective digression—how many a practical notion of value, or, better still, idea of beauty, might not be carried home, stored up, and even bequeathed as heritage by the many intelligent men we saw about us. The holiday concert selection was an eminently popular one. Even the organ forgot its sublimity in "Home! sweet home!" "Farewell to the mountain," "The brave old oak," and the like. The Coldstream Band played from the "Huguenots" and "Zampa," and the "Sonnambula." Mdle. Piccolomini was, of course, the heroine of each day, pouring out with lark-like prodigality her never-ending treasure of sweet liquid notes, and seeming to weave a spell of enchantment about the myriad unskilled listeners, who never were so sweetly thrall'd before. They were tumultuous in their applause, wild in their calls for more, and Mr. Patey (a promising singer last year in the English Opera Company, but of delicate physique), came in for a good deal of honestly-earned applause, as her companion in the old favourite, "La ci darem." It is but fair to the zealous management that, at the opening of the season, we should place before our readers—though it must be, we fear, very briefly—a sketch of their plans for the summer, as far as they have come to our knowledge. The season proper is to commence on the 2nd of May, when, at a Mendelssohn Festival on a vast scale, the composer's "Elijah" will be performed, and his bronze memorial statue will be inaugurated. The Oratorio is to be directed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and led by Signor Costa. At dusk, there will be a torchlight procession in the garden, as on the occasion of the Schiller festival. Six grand opera concerts and a "Wallace" concert—the latter led by this favourite national maestro—will take place during the three next months. The festival of the metropolitan charity schools, heretofore holden annually in St. Paul's Cathedral, will this year be at the Crystal Palace in June; as well as the Tonic Sol-fa and metropolitan schools choral society anniversaries. Four thousand members of the French part-singing society "Les Orphéonistes" are to give one or more concerts on days to be announced: and a "contest" (a word better understood in Lancashire and Yorkshire than in town) of brass bands will not, we apprehend, be one of the least attractive things of the season. Shows ("contests" again) of birds, beasts, flowers, and fruit, there will be, as usual, and unlimited gatherings (without contest it is to be hoped) of volunteers and archers, with, of course, their strong following of friends, countrymen, and lovers.

The CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION of last year was financially successful, and we have every reason to believe thoroughly satisfactory to the public, who are about weary of the Godwin-Pocock affair, with its "sack and bread" distribution of pictures and artless prints. There is every promise of its being even more popular this season. Mr. Calder Marshall has designed for execution in porcelain, by Copeland and Co., a bust of "Lesbia" not inferior to his "Ophelia" and "Miranda," which ornament the homes of so many of the five thousand who subscribed last year. Messrs. Battam and Son have produced some elegant Etruscan vases, from which members may select. Elkingtons furnish for the same purpose their vases in chased metal; Bates a porcelain reproduction of "The Dying Gladiator;" Delamotte, a variety of stereoscopic views, single and in sets, and Hanhart some excellent chromo-lithographs. So much for the "consolation prizes," none of them purchasable, under ordinary circumstances, for one pound one; and with respect to the prizes proper, we need only say commissions have been given among the artists to Foley, Marshall, Durham, Miller, Munro, and among tradesmen to Elkington and Minton, to justify the conjecture that allottees will have no reason to complain of failure in taste or execution.

The Directors have, moreover, made known that still further to utilize the large resources at their command, and we hope, for their sakes, to popularize their noble institution, they propose to found an educational establishment on a large scale. The scheme comprises classes, select and open, for the instruction of both sexes in art, science, and literature. They have already an excellent library, ample space for school and reading-rooms, and illustrative collections, as all the world knows, far beyond the requirements of elementary students. Professors of English, Greek, German, French, history, geography, astronomy, physical geography, and of landscape and figure-drawing, have already been chosen, and committees of ladies and gentlemen are to be appointed to head, and where useful, to superintend, the institution. The scheme is liberal, and in the right direction; we hope ere long we may have the pleasure of recording its prosperity. The railway connection of the Crystal Palace with the West End via Chelsea and also via Hungerford, is now secured, and will be in practical action in a year or two. That with the East depends upon the progress of Mr. McClean's ingenious plan for turning the Thames Tunnel to railway use. When this is done, the Palace placed *en rapport* with the North London "Girdle Railway," and its comparative independence of the Brighton Terminus and the straits of London Bridge also secured, its future, whether as a place of instruction or of mere amusement, will become much less matter of speculation to lookers on, and much less a subject of anxiety to its proprietors.

#### PARLIAMENT.

THEIR Lordships did not meet until Tuesday, one day after the Commons, it being the "time-honoured" custom of allowing the Lower House to get well into harness before the aristocratic "Upper" addresses itself in earnest to public business. The LORD CHANCELLOR pushed forward, one step, his Divorce Bill, the main object of which is to do away with the inconvenience of having, as at present, to wait for a full court of judges before sentence can be pronounced in a particular class of cases. The Bill was encountered by Lord ST. LEONARDS with a negative, as he wished the measure to be referred to a select committee. Lord LYNCHURST thought the present Court might be reformed, and made more in harmony with the business and the wants of the public. After a little more discussion the Bill was read a second time.—On Tuesday Parliament, "like a giant refreshed," assembled for the despatch of business. No time was lost by eager oratorical Members, and Ministers were at once assailed by complaints and questions. After a regular fire of petitions *de omnibus rebus*, Sir CHARLES NAPIER opened business, offering a variety of suggestions for the amendment of the unsatisfactory condition of the navy. He wanted to see the Channel fleet made more efficient; he wanted to have a greater number of petty officers; he wanted corporal punishment to be diminished though not abolished; he wanted an alteration in the paying-off of ships; he wanted a greater saving in ships' stores; he wanted block-ships to be done away with; he wanted the coastguard and volunteers to be strengthened; and he wanted to see the reserve augmented with many more minor wants of the same sort. Mr. J. ELPHINSTON complained of the conduct used towards post captains on the reserved list. Mr. LINDSAY objected to our increasing naval armaments. A brisk discussion followed on this increase, Mr. HENLEY complaining of the quality and insufficient quantity of the timber in our dockyards; and after a few words from Mr. WILLIAMS, Sir H. LEEKE, and Mr. BENTINCK, the House went into Committee of Supply on the naval estimates, upon which several votes were taken. The only business of real public interest on Tuesday was, the passing the third reading of the Adulteration of Food Bill. The Conveyance of Voters Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Mr. COLLIER, gave rise to no little debate, in which the widest difference of opinion on the principle of the Bill was ventilated. The Bill proposed to get rid of the expense to candidates of conveying voters to the poll. Mr. NEWDEGATE, as Mr. HUNT's proxy, moved that the Bill be read that day six months; this amendment was, however, withdrawn in favour of another amendment by Mr. HENLEY, to the effect that the debate should be adjourned until the report of the Select Committee was before the House. The adjournment was eventually carried by 94 to 81. The Attornies and Solicitors Practice Bill, a purely class Bill, the object of which was to widen the door for the admission of attornies, and at the same time to require a higher standard of qualification for candidates, went to a division, and the second reading was carried by 117 to 75.

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