

Alfred Edmund Talloway, 157 Strand.

# The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

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

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## News of the Week.

THE King of SARDINIA has been the conspicuous object occupying the public sight throughout the first half of the week. There is no class so addicted to sight-seeing as the princely class, and he has done as much work as the five days would permit. Royal visitors usually make a dash at the military sights, and King VICTOR EMMANUEL is too good an officer to neglect that part of his business. But most assiduous has he been in the receipt of addresses. Englishmen seized him, not to make him tell them what Sardinia is doing, but to tell him what England is doing; as if the contemplation of his merits—civil, military, and ecclesiastical—called forth an overweening consciousness of our own merits, and compelled us to chatter corporately. He had scarcely reached the metropolis ere the Young Men's Christian Association dashed at him with a preachment on the subject of civil and religious liberty; the Young Men were followed up by the Three Denominations; then "J. B. CANTUAR," and a number of pious persons representing the religious societies, all told King VICTOR EMMANUEL how they admired him for giving national independence, constitutional freedom, and religious liberty to Piedmont; but how much more they admired themselves for having secured these blessings beforehand. Nevertheless, the demonstrations have not been without a useful influence. If they have exhibited our conceit, they have pledged us more strongly to the principle of liberty, in regard to religious matters; and they must have strengthened King VICTOR EMMANUEL in the belief that freedom of any kind is not conducive to civil war or to danger for the Government. He declared as much in a deep bass voice, that resounded through the Guildhall, when he sat receiving the City address; and, although he spoke in the language of Italy, which must have been Greek to most of his audience, there was a frankness in his manner that deeply impressed them. They received, as an assurance to be believed, the declaration which he made, that having unsheathed the sword, he would

not sheathe it again until the Allies should have secured a peace enduring, because honourable.

One of the most curious encounters on this soil of free and religious liberty was that between Cardinal WISEMAN and the KING, whom the POPE has placed under a kind of preliminary excommunication. The KING attended divine service in the Sardinian chapel; the chief dignitary of the Roman Church in London had to perform duty; and it lay with Cardinal WISEMAN either to waive that ceremony and his allegiance to the POPE, or to take the post due to him, and accommodate himself as gracefully as he could to the position. He took the latter course: he welcomed the KING to the chapel which the Sardinian Government maintains in England, but said not a word of the excommunication, of the Concordat with Austria, or of those Papal hostilities which have threatened, and may yet again threaten, the power and the life of VICTOR EMMANUEL.

It is not that Cardinal WISEMAN remains passive on the subject of the Concordat. On the contrary, he is endeavouring to stifle public opinion in this country under a feather-bed of explanation. He began a series of elucidatory addresses in a Roman Catholic chapel on Sunday last; and he has so much to say, that during that whole evening he could only make a beginning. We get out of his description but two affirmations—first, that the clauses of the Concordat had been for two years under the profound consideration of the EMPEROR and his advisers, of the POPE and his advisers, and that, therefore, it is not to be judged in a hurry by foreigners; secondly, that it is written in a Latin which is "the peculiar language of ecclesiastical diplomacy," and is, therefore, unintelligible to the vulgar. The accounts hitherto given of it, says the CARDINAL, are like "a romance—a laughable production;" but he did not deign to give the slightest explanation to prove this assertion.

It happens, unfortunately for the CARDINAL's assurances, that recent events are calculated only to discredit them. We have had the Bible-burning case in Ireland lately, where a Russian servant of the POPE has been indicted for burning

the New Testament. Archbishop CULLEN, exulting in the Concordat, makes a slanting allusion to the burning of "wicked books" as a commendable act; and the fire lighted by the Russian priest has roused a strong anti-Protestant feeling in Ireland. We have lately noticed some encroachments in Bohemia and in Bologna: other encroachments have since been reported. In Lutheran Hungary, schools for Lutheran children have been suppressed because they have not been licensed by the State, the Concordat having stipulated that the State should consult the bishops on the subject of schools. In Modena the Government has decreed that henceforward civil marriage shall not be necessary, the ecclesiastical marriage sufficing.

The trial of Father PETCHERINE for Bible-burning has taken place, and Justice CRAMPTON told the world, through the grand jury, that to burn the Bible is to destroy the very foundation of our law—our common and our statute law; since Christianity is the basis of our common law, and the oath taken by public officers and witnesses is the guarantee for the administration of justice. This is to proclaim perjury the only punishable offence, and to hold out the doctrine that Jews, Quakers, Separatists, Deists, Secularists, and non-Jurors or non-Christians of any denomination, are beyond the pale of the law. How senseless this account is everybody knows; the common law rests upon the usage of the country; the statute law from the authority of Parliament. Oath itself may be administered in any form, or dispensed with altogether. Senseless as the charge is, it will do harm in Ireland, by distracting public opinion on the subject of the law, and giving to the Government and the Judiciary the appearance of entering into a warfare with PETCHERINE, CULLEN, and the whole Irish Papacy.

The dissidences in the Church on points of form and ornament—exponents, in most cases, of dissidences on points of doctrine—are brought into high relief by the judgment delivered by Dr. LUSHINGTON, in the Consistory Court, on Wednesday. Mr. WESTERTON and Mr. BEAN led the crusade of Belgravia against the crosses and candlesticks of St. PAUL and St. DUNSTON.

The BISHOP, as we know, failed in arranging the quarrel tunes without number. There was nothing for it but law. Both parties came into Court to ask Dr. LUSHINGTON whether crosses and candlesticks, stone altars and credence tables, together with five pretty cloths for the altar—white, red, violet, dark violet, and green—are lawful. The Doctor took a long time to consider, and then replied that they are not—except candles; these you may have handy to light if you want them; if you do not want them, you must not light them. So Puseyism gets its quietus, and Belgravia is at peace! Not at all. There is such a thing as an appeal; and after that, supposing it confirms Dr. LUSHINGTON? Then we fear to speculate on the issues.

A singular compact has recently been disclosed between Rome and Portugal. This Concordat, concluded some time since, contains many stipulations which give to the Roman Church, within the Portuguese territory of Goa in India, privileges like those accorded to the Roman Church in Austria; but the Concordat is also reported to contain a clause under which Roman bishops in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, must swear allegiance, not only to the POPE, but also to the King of PORTUGAL! These are signs of an universal activity, arrogance, and presumption, at variance with WISEMAN'S representation that the Concordat is harmless. However unintelligible its Latin may be, the conduct of the Latin Church is equally unintelligible, and we know the consequence. Even in neutral countries, as in Prussia; it is denounced. The *Spener Gazette*, edited by the deacon of advocates in Berlin, a moderate and respected politician, points out that the Concordat is totally incompatible with the independence of the State, and furnishes an evident proof that it has gone too far for toleration even in countries where they tolerate Austria and Russia.

From the seat of war, we have no intelligence—nothing but reports that the Russians will probably attack the Allies at Kertch during the winter. From the seat of peace, we have an amount of intelligence conspicuous for its quantity, but not for its distinctness. From all quarters come adumbrations of an approaching accommodation; but whether these portents are delusive, the mirage of some far distant future, or real symptoms of an existing truth, it is perfectly impossible to say. The actions of Government and public men appear to speak a jargon as well as their mouths. General CANROBERT has returned from Sweden and Denmark, and is said to have reported to his imperial master perfect success. But success in what? "No compact has been signed," says the *Post*. No compact about what? "Plans have been laid down for future arrangements," says the *Anglo-Gallican Journal*; but future arrangements of what kind? General STACKELBERG has been recalled to St. Petersburg, and then sent to Vienna, "the bearer," affirms the *Constitutionnel*, "of communications upon which the CZAR has resolved, after a supreme effort of suggestive conciliation by King FREDERICK WILLIAM." But what communications? The Austrian Government has renewed the periodical efforts which resulted in the treaty of December 2, and in the Vienna Conference; but upon what basis? The Emperor NAPOLEON is anxious for peace. Another campaign—another loan; though the voluntary principle might not be so successful a third time as on the previous occasions. The King of SARDINIA came over on purpose to negotiate a loan. Both these rumours are current in the City; so that a grand capitalist has been buying up right and left in anticipation of a peace. It is almost hinted that the grand capitalist will buy a peace, rather than let his monetary operations fail. Turkey, too, is said to be in want of more cash, to be sick of the war; and broad whispers are renewed that there is a peace party in the British Cabinet, as well as in the French. It would seem as if at the bottom of these reports about peace is the apprehension that the nationalities must next year find their day, unless the chances be closed against them by a reconciliation between the litigant Governments, so that the war is only continued until it can be decently closed up. Who can trust these rumours? Look to the *Northern Bee*, which roundly asserts that the Western Powers are suffering in the most deplorable manner, while Russia scarcely feels the war; and, as if to give verisimilitude to the vaunt, the Emperor actually shows himself in Sebastopol. The Russian army, says the

*Northern Bee*, only passed from one side to the other of that fortified town, as an act of discretion, if not of caprice, but it will recover everything as soon as Russia shall put forth all her strength. It would almost seem as if the European Governments were contemplating a Christmas charade for the mystification of the common people.

A grand blow has been made at the Bank Charter Account of 1844. A meeting has been held in the City, at which, besides condemning the Act, a resolution has been passed "that such national money may be issued under conditions calculated to remedy the objections usually urged against paper money, and that the matter be referred from consideration to a committee." This reminds one of the old resolutions to check the depreciation of paper, that a bank-note was worth twenty shillings. If difficulties could be moved out of existence by resolutions at public meetings, we need not be in much difficulty about the Bank Charter Act, or any other question. This grand meeting in the City, however, although having Mr. F. BENNOCH for its chairman, and a distinguished newspaper proprietor to grace it, has most of its notables from the country, and especially from Birmingham, capital of the "little shilling" doctrine.

Another public meeting deserves some practical success, and is likely to have it. The licensed victuallers have met in Southwark in order to institute a movement for abolishing the billeting system. It is, indeed, a monstrous relic of barbarous times. The publican who must beg for his licence to the magistrates, and sometimes must put up with the oppressive patronage of the brewer, is made to endure for those favours an amount of oppression unparalleled at the present day. He must habitually let soldiers be quartered in his house—a measure which has been resorted to by vindictive governments for the punishment of contumacious provinces. There is no reason to justify the practice; if the soldiers must be lodged, they can be provided for in barracks or other lodgings by payment of the market price. The cost would then fall upon the public at large; why let it fall upon the licensed victuallers? There is the more reason to mend the injustice since it is probable the militia will become a permanent institution, and that the burden may thus be rendered more intolerable. The injustice is so glaring that, if the licensed victuallers persevere, there can scarcely be a doubt of their success.

**COLLIERY ACCIDENT.**—A very lamentable colliery accident, resulting in the death of eight men, has occurred near Aberdare, South Wales. The descent to the pit is managed by an engine of the usual character, which lets men, horses, &c., down or up the shaft, and which is provided with a bell giving warning to the man in charge of the approach of carriages towards the top. On the evening of Thursday week, a man named Lloyd was engaged in winding up the colliers at the conclusion of their day's work, and had landed several batches in safety, when, in drawing up a company of eight, the bell, according to Lloyd's statement, did not sound, and the engine, continuing its speed dashed the carriage into the air. Falling against the pulley-wheel, the chain was broken, and the carriage was thrown on one side of the pit's mouth. But the poor men, singularly enough, though tossed above the opening of the shaft, finally fell straight down it, a depth of 250 yards, and were dashed to pieces. One man was below at the time; he had arrived a minute too late to ascend in the carriage, and so his life was saved. Two other men were about to descend in another carriage at the same time, but stopped aside, moved, it is said, by a presentiment of evil. Lloyd is in custody, and an inquest has been opened, which has terminated in a verdict of "Manslaughter" against him.

**MADMOISELLE JULIE**, who was seriously injured a week ago at the Plymouth Theatre, in consequence of her dress becoming ignited while she was dancing on the stage, is in a fair way of recovery, although very seriously injured. A Plymouth paper says:—"The case of the young lady is a sad one. She was the prop and support of a widowed mother and several young children, and at the time of the accident, we are informed, she had a good engagement coming on at the Dublin Theatre, where she was to play *Columbine*; and she took an engagement here previous to her going on to the Irish capital. Not only is she a great personal sufferer, but her family suffers severely also." A subscription is being got on foot for her.

**THE MISSING CLERGYMAN.**—It is now stated, under "authority," that this gentleman, influenced by an extraordinary illusion, went over to America, where he now is. Some time ago, it was said that he was in Ireland; but that assertion was contradicted.

## THE WAR.

KERTCH threatened; the rumoured fall of Kars; and the continued gossip from Paris and Vienna, with reference to fresh negotiations for peace: such are the chief facts—or fancies—which the last seven days have brought forth in connection with the war. Of the taking of Kars by the Russians, we have as yet no certain accounts, and the whole story may be as baseless as the fall of Sebastopol in the autumn of last year; but, as regards our position at Kertch, one or two facts are known which should have the effect of making us careful in that direction. The Russians seem to be organising an attack, to be made during the winter. They are fortifying Arabat, and are concentrating in its environs 30,000 men, whilst 15,000 more are sent towards Genitchi, in order to re-establish communications between the mass of the army of Prince Gortschakoff and the interior of Russia by the road over the Spit of Arabat. Sir Edmund Lyons, however, is cruising near the shore, with his watchful eyes on the enemy; and the guns of the boats and steamers of the Allies can reach the Russian convoys along the whole route, and across the breadth of the Spit, and will continue to do so until the freezing of the Sea of Azoff shall have put a stop to maritime operations. The Russian cavalry which have been in the neighbourhood of Kertch have retired into the interior.

The peace rumours of the last few weeks are in some degree contradicted by accounts coming from St. Petersburg, through Berlin, which state that the Czar has plucked up fresh spirits from his visit to the South, and that he regards his position as one of great strength and hopefulness. Several points of first-rate importance have been fortified by the Russians; and they talk of having, by next Spring, a force of 300,000 men in the Crimea.

"Great efforts," says the *Times* Berlin correspondent, "are being made to increase the flotillas of row-boats at Cronstadt, Sweaborg, and on Lake Ladoga; a portion of the crews of the Black Sea fleet is being draughted to the north for the purpose of helping to this end, and it is expected that there will shortly be a second levy of seafaring men with the same object in view. The regiment of sharpshooters raised from the domains of the Imperial family is to be divided into three parts: 1,000 men are to be despatched to the Crimea; 1,000 to remain under the orders of General Lüders; and 1,000 are to be put under General Choumoutoff."

These hopeful prospects, however, are sadly dashed by a report in the *Oesterreichische Correspondenz*, which says that the Odessa Imperial Commercial Bank has suspended its cash payments; that unpleasant scenes have occurred in consequence; that the gendarmerie remind the people that, by refusing to take bank-notes, they exhibit animosity towards the Government; and that the premium on silver is already twelve and fifteen per cent. In the midst of these disturbing influences, the Emperor has been summoning a grand council of war at St. Petersburg, at which all the Archdukes, together with Generals Panintin, Berg, Sievers, and Grabbe, and all the Admirals, excepting those employed in the South, are to attend. The present disposition of troops in the North is said to be as follows:—

"General Grabbe commands the army corps in Esthonia; General Sievers, that of the Baltic, occupying Courland and Livonia; General Berg, that of Finland; General Panintin, the central army; and the troops collected in and around St. Petersburg are under the command of one of the Archdukes."

There was talk recently of Alexander conciliating the Poles by kinder treatment; but the worth of this rumour may be judged by the fact that, on the anniversary of the Polish insurrection of 1830, a grand review and *Te Deum* took place at Warsaw, by command of the Emperor, in order to celebrate its effectual suppression.

After some days' trial of the fire from the newly-constructed batteries against the northern forts, it has been given up, the effect not being commensurate with the expectations. The artillerymen are waiting for the floating batteries to be introduced into the port, believing that all efforts will be vain until backed by their assistance. A French letter from Constantinople, under date of the 22nd ult., says:—

"The news from the Crimea, brought by this day's courier, is of the 20th. It seems that any movement whatever, under present circumstances, has become impossible. The Russians occupy formidable positions, which they do not appear to think of quitting,

as they construct each day new works, such as they so well know how to make, which would indicate that they have no intention of evacuating the Crimea, as most persons suppose. They are far from being in want of provisions or munitions of any kind. At Eupatoria, an important affair is out of the question. The Russians have choked up the wells, and, besides, they have a considerable force."

At the same time, the writer says that the Allied positions are impregnable.

The health of the confederated armies is excellent; their comforts are abundant; and, allowing for the circumstances, they may look forward to spending "A Merry Christmas" on the ruins of Sebastopol.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE INGOUR—MAJOR SIMMONS'S ACCOUNT.

The Earl of Clarendon has received a despatch from Major Simmons, her Majesty's Commissioner attached to the army of Omar Pacha, in Asia, of which the following is a copy:—

"Camp, Shangwano, Nov. 7.

"My Lord,—I have to inform your Lordship that Omar Pacha, having collected a depot of provisions at Tchimschera, moved on by the sea coast to the mouth of the river Ertiss-Tchal, where a standing bridge was immediately constructed for the passage of the troops. The advanced guard, consisting of sixteen battalions of infantry and three battalions of Chasseurs, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ballard, the whole commanded by Ferhad Pacha (Baron Stein), moved on the 23th of October to the village of Ertiss-Zkalsk.

"From that day until the 1st of November, his Highness was occupied in sending up provisions to the advanced guard, in moving other troops to support it, and in establishing depôts at Godova, at the mouth of the Ertiss-Tchal, whence to provision his army for a forward movement.

"On the 1st inst. the advanced guard moved about ten miles forward, having its advanced posts on the river Ingour, opposite an old ruined castle called Rooki, on the road to Sugdidi. His Highness joined the advanced guard himself on the 3rd inst., his total force consisting of four brigades (thirty-two battalions) of infantry, four battalions of Chasseurs, and 1,000 cavalry, with twenty-seven field pieces and ten mounted guns, or, in all, about 20,000 men; the remainder of his force, about 10,000 men, being employed to protect the depôts at Godova, Tchimschera, and Soukoun.

"On the 4th inst., his Highness commenced constructing batteries on the right bank of the Ingour, with the view of menacing the enemy by the ford at Rooki. These batteries were armed on the following night, and opened their fire on the morning of the 6th instant about noon. On the same morning, his Highness moved three brigades of infantry (twenty-four battalions) with three batteries, with an advanced guard of three and a half battalions of Chasseurs and four guns, under the command of Colonel Ballard, down the right bank of the river, a distance of about seven miles, where a branch of the river was forded to an island which is some miles in length, and from a half to two miles wide.

"After proceeding along this island for about two miles, some Mingrelian Militia were encountered near a ford which crosses from the island to the left bank of the river; they speedily retired, when the enemy opened a fire of artillery and a heavy fire of musketry from their intrenchments on the left bank, thrown up for the protection of the ford. It very soon became evident that to force a direct passage at this ford would be a very difficult undertaking.

"His Highness, therefore, while occupying the enemy at this ford, sent officers to the right and left, and fords were discovered in both directions—one about three-quarters of a mile above or to the left of the main ford, the other about one mile and a half below or to the right of the main ford.

"Troops were immediately sent to pass these fords; that to the left was unprotected. The passage was made by two battalions of infantry and three companies of Chasseurs by about four p.m. His Highness having intrusted me with this command, I moved them by a wagon track through the forest, unperceived by the enemy, until within about six hundred yards of the position at the main ford, which his troops were occupied in defending from a direct attack. The Turkish troops advanced readily to the attack, taking the enemy and his intrenchments in reverse.

"The enemy immediately fell back, and attempted to break through the Turks in column, but, being met by a heavy fire in their front and on both flanks, they broke and dispersed in the forest, leaving us masters of the field, with three pieces of their field artillery and six ammunition waggons in our possession. At the moment that the Russian columns attempted to break through our line, I grieve to say that my aide-de-camp, Captain Dymock, 95th Regiment, having first had his horse killed under him, was wounded close by my side, encouraging the Turkish troops. He died soon afterwards. His death is to be deplored, as her Majesty has lost in him the services of a most

promising and brave young officer, for whom his Highness Omar Pacha has frequently expressed to me his high esteem. This young officer had accompanied me from the commencement of the war in Turkey.

"While this operation was proceeding on the left, a brigade moved down to the right, under Osman Pacha, and forced a passage in front of a force believed to be of four battalions, but without artillery and not intrenched. This operation succeeded; and soon after dark the Turkish forces on the left bank were in communication from right to left, and complete masters of that side of the river throughout this length. The loss on the side of the Turks has been three hundred and ten killed and wounded, of whom sixty-eight are killed, and four missing. His Highness has been pleased to express himself in terms of the highest satisfaction of the conduct of the British officers who accompanied his force. Lieutenant-Colonel Ballard conducted the advanced guard, and sustained a very heavy fire from the enemy at the principal ford, about a hundred yards wide, from noon until dark at five p.m., occupying the enemy until his position was turned by the Turkish left. Captain Caddell also rendered good service, attached as second senior artillery officer to that branch of the service. His interpreter was killed.

"The loss on the side of the enemy has not yet been ascertained; but, up to the present time (noon), three hundred and forty-seven have been buried, of whom eight are officers, among which the prisoners report there are two colonels. The prisoners report that there were eight battalions of infantry, besides a great number of Mingrelian Militia, opposite the main ford.—I am, &c.,

"JOHN L. A. SIMMONS.

"The Earl of Clarendon, &c."

#### THE CZAR'S REWARD TO THE DEFENDERS OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Emperor Alexander addressed an order to his troops under date Simpheropol, October 31st (November 12th). It concludes as follows:—

"In commemoration of the celebrated and valorous defence of Sebastopol, I have instituted, especially for the troops who defended the fortifications, a silver medal, to be worn at the button-hole with the ribbon of St. George. May this sign be the certificate of merit for each, and inspire your future comrades with that sentiment of duty and honour which constitutes the unshakable foundation of the throne and country. May the union upon this same medal of the name of my father, of imperishable memory, and myself, be a pledge to you of our sentiments, which are equally devoted to you, and may it perpetuate with you the inseparable memory of the Emperor Nicholas and of myself! I am proud of you, as he was. Like him, I place full confidence in your tried devotion and in your zeal in the accomplishment of your duty. In his name and in my own, I once more thank the brave defenders of Sebastopol—I thank the whole army."

The Emperor Alexander has addressed the following letter to Prince Gortschakoff. It is dated November 12:—

"During my sojourn with the army of the Crimea, I observed with great satisfaction, that the soldiers maintained their vigorous and contented appearance despite the unheard-of hardships they had to suffer during the siege of Sebastopol, and that in every department that order upon which the good organisation of an army rests had not been in the least disturbed. This excellent state of the army is a proof of the solicitude and indefatigable labour by which alone it was possible for you to attain that object, and that at a moment when all your activity, all your thoughts, were directed upon a powerful and brave enemy, sparing no sacrifice, and who had to be fought. Considering the position given to Sebastopol by nature, in falling back before the enemy step by step, and adopting those wise views which ought to be the guide of an experienced leader, you have only left to the enemy ruins dearly bought at the price of the blood that has been shed. Having withdrawn the troops by a road hitherto unknown, you are again ready to meet the enemy and to fight him with that courage which you have always displayed in leading your regiments under fire. In rendering full justice to your signal services, it gives me pleasure, after having already done so personally, to express to you again my sincere gratitude.

"I beg of you, Prince, to believe in my invariable kindly feeling towards you.—Yours, sincerely attached,

"ALEXANDER."

#### CAMP GOSSIP.

In respect of winter clothing, hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles. Preparations for the winter are evident on every side. December will be inaugurated with a steep-chase of English dimensions in stakes, jumps, and fences. Theatricals are looking up; and nearly every Division will have a theatre open during the Christmas week; and some during spirits are even talking of a pantomime, and of essaying a repetition of

the bold experiment of an amateur performance in *Guy Fawkes, or a Match for a King*, with which it is hoped the author will not interfere by any question of copyright. Pictures of saints, the erotic scripture pieces, in which the Muscovites delight, fat Potiphar's wives and garmentless Josephs, very plump Susannahs and very withered elders, and "subjects" of the kind, as well as straight-backed, uncomfortable arm-chairs of walnut, heavy tables and chests of drawers, are not uncommon in the officers' huts. Cats from Sebastopol abound in camp, and are very useful, inasmuch as the huts are overrun with rats and mice, not to speak of other small deer, now disappearing before the march of King Frost. Dogs have come in from the deserted city, and domesticate themselves whether you will or not. There are always an odd half-dozen about my hut and tent, which make night hideous with their quarrels—greyhounds, mastiffs, and sheep-dogs, and their descendants, of very mixed and indistinct types; and for two whole days our peace was menaced by a huge double humped Bactrian camel, which took a fancy to the space before the door, and lay there constantly, so that our legs as we went out and in were within easy reach of his prodigious teeth. But he was a good-natured brute, and never attempted to bite unless one tried to mount him, when he disgorged his food, and spat it out at the assailant, or snapped his jaws at him in *terrorem*. However, no one was sorry when he heard that the "ship of the desert" had got under way in the night, and had sailed off on a piratical excursion against other infidel habitations.—*Times Correspondent.*

#### THE EXPLOSION AT INKERMANN.

I was riding from head-quarters, reading my letters, when the explosion took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling that they took away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke, and iron, attained a height I dare not estimate in one great pillar, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark grey, flushed with red; but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was horrible; and, when the shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments.

The escapes that day were astounding. Clothes were torn off men's backs; the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth where they stood, were broken and torn by shot, shell, rocket irons, shrapnel, grape, canister, and musket balls, which literally rained down upon them. It was fully two minutes ere the heavy volleys of bursting shells ceased, and then sudden explosions for an hour afterwards warned the spectator from the scene. Some of the balls and pieces of shrapnel, which must have been projected a prodigious height into the air, did not fall to the ground for a minute and a-half after the last of the explosions. For two minutes, which seemed as many hours, the terrible shower endured, and descended on the camp. The distance to which fragments flew exceeds belief. It is difficult to explain it by mere names of localities. One piece of shell flew over Catherine's hill; another killed a horse in New Kadikoi. Some struck men and horses in the Guards' camp. One flew over my hut; another struck the ground close to it; another went into the camp of the Land Transport Corps behind it. Mrs. Senecole, who keeps a restaurant near the Col, avers that a piece of stone struck her door, which is three-and-a-half or four miles from the park. In the Land Transport Corps of the Light Division fourteen horses were killed and seventeen were wounded. Pieces struck and damaged the huts in New Kadikoi. Appalling as was the shock to those who were near, the effect was little diminished by distance. The roar and concussion were so great in Balaklava that the ships in harbour and outside at anchor trembled and quivered, and the houses shook to their foundations. The ships at Kamiesch and Kasatch reeled and rolled from side to side. Mules and horses seven and eight miles away broke loose, and galloped across the country wild with fright. The noise pealed through the pipes at Baidar like the loudest thunder. In fact, the effect resembled some great convulsion of nature. Many thought it was an earthquake; others fancied it was the outburst of a volcano; others that the Russians had got hold of Lord Dundonald's invention, and that they had just given it a first trial. Indeed, one officer

said to another, as soon as he recovered breath and could speak, "I say, that's a nice sort of thing, is it not? The sooner we go after that the better." He was persuaded the Russians had thrown some new and unheard-of instrument of destruction into the camp. The sense of hearing was quite deadened in many persons, and their nervous systems have not yet recovered the shock, so that any sudden noise startles them.—*Times Correspondent.*

#### WAR MISCELLANEA.

**M. GOPCEVICH.**—We learn from Odessa, Nov. 16, that hardly had M. Gopcevic, the Trieste merchant, obtained the special permission of the Emperor Alexander to ship his corn, when he received notice from Sir Edmund Lyons, that his vessels would be confiscated if they had not left the Sea of Azoff by the 20th of November. The expedition of this poor man has entirely failed. Some of his vessels are frozen up in the neighbourhood of the coast, and the others have quitted the Sea of Azoff.—*Times Vienna Correspondent.*

**THE WAY WE MANAGE OUR BLOCKADE.**—A case has been argued before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, which exhibits, in a singular light, the extraordinary carelessness with which Government manage any matter of plain business. A claim was made for the restitution of the Danish ship *Franciska*, which, in the course of May, 1854, was seized by Captain Douglas, near the entrance to the Gulf of Riga, for an alleged breach of the blockade. The ship was sent home for adjudication; a claim was entered on behalf of the owner; but, after much argument, the vessel and its freight were condemned in the early part of the present year. From this sentence, appeal was made, and the final decision was come to on Friday week. It appeared that, at the time the vessel was seized, no official notification of the blockade had been communicated to the Danish Government. Sir Charles Napier, under date April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1854, had notified to the English Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark, that on the following day he was going to blockade the Russian ports in the Baltic; but, prior to the seizure of the ship, no other authority, actually announced at Memel, upon which was based by our Minister at Berlin to proclaim that the blockade had in fact commenced. Under these circumstances, the Court ordered the restitution of the ship (old), and of the freight, but it appears to have been a loss to the claimant, without any costs or damages.

**THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE DIANA.**—We read in a communication from Hong-Kong, dated 11th of October, that the ship *Nankin* arrived here on the 10th, and three from Japan, having on board one hundred and three Russian prisoners, part of the crew of the wrecked frigate *Diana*, captured to the number of two hundred and eighty by her Majesty's steamer *Barracouta*, and while making for the Russian settlement of the north, on board the Bremen brig *Greta*, which is now here as a prize. Among those captured were the surgeon, master, chaplain, four midshipmen, and of them Prince Michaeloff, and two interpreters. The officers are on their parole.

**RETURN OF THE BALTIC FLEET.**—The United Squadrons, with Admiral Dundas and eleven ships of the line, have passed the Belt northwards.

**THE RUSSIANS BEFORE KARS.**—The writer of a letter from Tiflis, published in *Le Nord*, says that the camp before Kars is assuming the appearance of a small town, and that all kinds of dramatic performances—in imitation, it may be added, of the Allies before Sebastopol—are being got up. "The Sappers have an opera; the Toulia regiment turns out a troop of riders, who exhibit feats of horsemanship; the regiment of Riza acts comedies and plays; and all of them draw large audiences."

#### VICTOR EMMANUEL IN ENGLAND.

AFTER his arrival at Windsor on Friday week, the King of Sardinia received a deputation from the City of London, and also one from the Young Men's Christian Association. The address from the latter body, read by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., is interesting as being made by a Protestant body to a Roman Catholic reforming King. What will the High Church Sardinian ecclesiastics say to it? The following are the most important passages of the address:—

"They (the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Men's Societies of the English Presbyterian Church) hail you as the bold advocate and uncompromising defender of civil and religious liberty in your realms, the sparks of which will lighten the benighted flame of intolerance and progress throughout Italy. The youth of England recognise in your Majesty the best friend of Italian youth, assured that under your wise government education will progress, religion will flourish, prosperity will be promoted, and general happiness will ensue. They have heard with exultation of your noble

resolution to establish and consolidate constitutional liberty throughout your States. They have heartily applauded your firmness in vindicating the sovereignty of states in matters ecclesiastical and civil, and they have admired the constancy and wisdom shown by your Ministers and Parliament, as well as the patriotism of your people, in appreciating as we do the blessings of freedom, order, and constitutional rights.

"They seize this auspicious opportunity of testifying their best wishes for your Majesty's welfare, and their hope that success may crown all your efforts tending to the extension of Christian civilisation."

The King replied in the subjoined terms:—

"Gentlemen,—I am very grateful to you for the demonstration of sympathy which you have been pleased to give me on the part of the Christian association formed by the young men of London, and the Young Men's Societies of the English Presbyterian Church, with other subjects of her Britannic Majesty.

"You have been pleased to allude in your address to the encouragement which I have bestowed on the arts and sciences in my country. The development of the arts and sciences is an essential condition of the prosperity and moral advancement of a nation, and does not fail to form one of the most constant and special cares of my reign.

"This development can only take place under the protection of a just liberty and the spirit of civil and religious freedom. The artistic treasures of Italy render the task of civil advancement you have imposed upon yourselves more easy for us. The education which you have in view develops the intellect and permits it to appreciate at their true value the marvels of which past centuries have been so lavish towards us. Such education dispenses prejudices existing between nations, and I confidently hope that our hospitality will never be wanting towards you.

"I very sincerely desire the success of the association which you represent."

On Saturday, the King of Sardinia, the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Cambridge visited Woolwich, and inspected the various manufactories of warlike weapons and stores included in the arsenal. A troop of horse artillery, and a field battery, were afterwards reviewed on the common; and a number of artillerymen and sappers from the Crimea were brought before the Queen and her ally. These were all addressed individually by the Queen with an earnestness of manner which in one case was accompanied by tears. After this reception, the royal party returned to Windsor. They were received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and on quitting the arsenal received three rounds of hearty cheering.

Victor Emmanuel attended divine service on Sunday at the Sardinian chapel, Lincoln's-inn-Fields and was received by Cardinal Wiseman and the chaplains of the embassy. The Cardinal delivered the following address in Italian:—

"Sire,—Permit me to take advantage of this occasion, the first of its kind that will be enrolled in the annals of this Royal Sardinian Chapel, to convey to your Majesty the sincere and humble homage of the clergy who officiate, and the numerous congregation, native and Italian, who frequent it, and do from it so many spiritual blessings.

"It is the most ancient of our chapels or churches. Founded by the piety and zeal of your Majesty's ancestors, entirely maintained by them during centuries of peril and affliction, generously endowed by your Majesty, it has been one of the principal supports of our religion in this metropolis.

"And if your Majesty should find it but insignificant and poor, offered up in it to the Almighty, are the prayers of your Majesty and your royal house with abundant merits and heavenly graces."

The King expressed his thanks for the reception which was given him; and asked several questions about the chapel, its origin, &c. A large crowd assembled outside the building; but a considerable body of police kept order.

Monday was occupied in a visit to Portsmouth Dockyard and to the fleet at Spithead. The visitors arrived at the Clarence Victualling Yard at eleven o'clock, and, having inspected the marine battalion just landed from the *Jura*, which had recently arrived from the Crimea, they embarked on board the *Fairy*, and steamed away for the fleet, which consisted of the following vessels:—

Exmouth, 91, Captain W. K. Hall, C.B. Calcutta, 84, Captain J. J. Stopford. Colossus, 80, Captain Robinson. Blenheim, 60, Captain Hall, C.B. Hawke, 60, Captain Ommanney. Russell, 60, Captain Francis Scott. Ajax, 60, Captain Warden, C.B. Hastings, 60, Captain E. G. Faishawe. Edinburgh, 50, Captain Hewlett, C.B. Arrogant, 46, Captain Yelverton, C.B. Meander, 44, Captain Baillie. Sampson, 6, steam-frigate, Captain Hand. Polyphemus, 6, Commander Warren. Hecate, 6, Commander Aplin. Salamander,

6, Commander Meham. Urgent, steam troopship, Commander Phillips.

On returning after the review, the King of Sardinia was taken on board the old *Victory*, and shown the spot where Nelson received his last wound, and the cabin where he died. His Majesty was then shown some experiments off the dockyard with Clarkson's new cork life-boat, and subsequently inspected the block machinery in the wood-mills, the steam-factory, and other objects of interest. He was next taken on board the 91-gun ship, the *Repulse*, by Prince Albert, who stated, as they were leaving the vessel, that thenceforth it would be called the *Victor-Emmanuel*; a compliment with which the King seemed much pleased. Lunch at the house of Sir Thomas Cochrane followed; and here the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Portsmouth presented an address, in the course of which the following passage occurred:—

"We look with undoubted satisfaction on your Majesty's alliance, when we reflect on the want of dignity which has been manifested by other nations greater in territory than that which has the happiness of your Majesty's rule, although far lower in the scale of decision, courage, and moral rectitude. We trust the union thus happily formed between your Majesty and the other great European Powers may, so soon as the blessings of peace shall be restored to us, be more strongly cemented for the noble and more exalted objects of spreading the benefits of civilisation throughout the world, and carrying out those designs which have so signally characterised the enlightened nations of the present age."

The King afterwards witnessed, on board the gunnery-ship *Excellent*, some interesting practice with shot and shell, as well as broadside firing; and, shortly after four, the royal party returned to Windsor, where a dinner party concluded the day.

The chief incident in the visit of Victor Emmanuel—the reception in the City—took place on Tuesday. The day was gloomy and inclined to foginess; but a large crowd, as usual on these occasions, thronged the streets and cheered the royal guest with great warmth and geniality. Several flags were hung out along the line of progress (which was the same as that taken by the French Emperor on an equivalent occasion); but few other decorations broke the dull prosaic lines of our streets, and to the southern eyes of the Sardinian monarch matters must have looked somewhat depressing, unless the effect, as we trust, was neutralised by the warmth of his reception. The decorations within the Guildhall are thus described in the *Times*:—

"The throne, overshadowed by a cleverly designed canopy, supported by gilt Caryatides, stood on a dais, raised four steps high, and covered with rich blue velvet which had the Sardinian knot and the initials 'F. E. R. T.' (*Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit*) embroidered on it after the manner of the Imperial Bee in France. The initials 'V. E.' in gold, surrounded by a wreath of laurels, had been wrought into the chair of state, which was surmounted by a crown, and had a footstool to correspond. At the west end of the hall, above the gallery, were suspended portraits of the allied sovereigns; above these, the soldiers of each nation, with implements of war and flags; and, surmounting the whole, an allegorical representation of a burning altar, over which the Angel of Peace hovers, and at which England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey seem to pledge themselves to the motto inscribed beneath:—

Concordes superare potest via nulla, nec ullus  
Disrumpet fides fœdus amicitie.

The east end of the hall had its corresponding space occupied by a painting of the Piazza de San Carlo, on which stands Marochetti's famous equestrian statue of Emanuele Filiberto, the founder of the House of Savoy. Besides these decorations, the banners of the Allies were hung out along the roof, the architectural details of the interior were all brilliantly defined by the lines and curves of a gas illumination, and round the hall at intervals were suspended portraits of the King's ancestors."

The King arrived shortly before one o'clock, and was greeted by the diplomatic corps and others standing up *en masse*, and by the band playing the national air of Sardinia. The Recorder having read the address (which was of the usual character), the King read in Italian a reply, of which the annexed is a translation:—

"My Lord Mayor,—I offer my heartfelt thanks to you, to the Aldermen, and to the Commons of the city of London, for the cordial congratulations which you present to me on the occasion of my visit to her Majesty the Queen and to the British nation. The reception that I met with in this ancient land of constitutional liberty, of which your address is a confir-

mation, is to me a proof of the sympathy inspired by the policy I have hitherto pursued—a policy in which it is my intention constantly to persevere.

"The close alliance existing between the two most powerful nations of the earth is honourable alike to the wisdom of the sovereigns who govern them and to the character of their people. They have understood how preferable is a mutually advantageous friendship to ancient and ill-defined rivalry. This alliance is a new fact in history, and is the triumph of civilisation. Notwithstanding the misfortunes which have weighed upon my kingdom, I have entered into this alliance, because the house of Savoy ever deemed it to be its duty to draw the sword when the combat was for justice and for independence. If the forces which I bring to the Allies are those of a state not vast, I bring with them, nevertheless, the influence of a loyalty never doubted, and supported by the valour of an army always faithful to the banners of its kings.

"We cannot lay down our arms until an honourable and therefore durable peace has been secured. This we shall accomplish by seeking unanimously the triumph of true right and the just desires of each nation.

"I thank you for the good wishes you this day express for my future happiness and for that of my kingdom. While you thus express yourselves with respect to the future it gives me pleasure to speak of the present, and to congratulate you on the high position attained by Great Britain. This is to be attributed to the free and noble character of the nation, and also to the virtues of your Queen."

The King and his suite left Guildhall a little after two o'clock. The town was brilliantly illuminated at night.

Previous to starting for the City, the King received at Buckingham Palace several deputations, including one from the Lord Mayor, and one from the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist bodies, coupled with rather a long discourse on religious liberty. On his return from the City, the King visited Lord and Lady Palmerston at their house on Piccadilly-terrace; and then started by train for Windsor, where there was a dinner party in St. George's Hall.

On Wednesday, the King was made a Knight of the Garter, and on Thursday he departed for Boulogne.

#### THE ORIENT.

INDIA.—The Santal insurrection is not yet suppressed. Actions, of more or less importance, continually take place; and, though the insurgents are constantly defeated, they still give considerable trouble. Beerbhoom remains in their hands. A large body of them attacked a party of the 63rd, under Captain Phillips, at Karown, but were defeated with a loss of three hundred killed and wounded. A document, purporting to be the confession of Seedoo Manjee, the leader of the movement, has been published; and the insurrection is here attributed, as was at first stated, to the tyranny and extortion of the Bengalee money-lenders. Seedoo says that he is inspired by the Deity, whom he saw descend in the form of a cart-wheel. The ignorance of the Santals is very great; and it is related that one of our authorities, having taken a number of them, forced them to give security-bonds for good behaviour, which the savages looked upon as "the Company's orders to murder the Muhajuns." Kohundil Khan, Chief of Kaudahar, and brother of Dost Mahomed, has died; and his decease has been followed by civil dissensions among his sons. Dost Mahomed contemplates an armed intervention, as he fears that the state of disunion now existing may increase the influence of Persia; but some doubts are felt as to whether the Dost will really march his forces into the disturbed region. All is quiet on the north-west frontier; and in Oude the danger of a contest between the Mahomedans and the Hindoos appears to be lessening, Ameen Ali having, according to one account, given up his expedition against the Hindoo temple, and returned crest-fallen, owing to the defection of his followers; though, according to another account, he has set out. The King, it is said, has promised his protection to the Hindoos. The titular Nawab of the Carnatic, died on the 7th of October. The embassy to Ava has been received by the King with great splendour. Brigadier Mackenzie continues to progress towards recovery. Trade is dull.

JAPAN.—It is generally believed in India that the treaties recently signed by the Japanese Government with the American and English Commissioners are frauds. The *Times* Calcutta correspondent asserts that "trade is no more permitted than before. No one is allowed to trade but the Imperial agents, who again will sell only provisions. All communication with the interior is prohibited, and, in fact, both nations are precisely where they were. It appears from a Dutch statement (published in the *Official Gazette* of the Netherlands) that all these deceptions

were suggested from the Hague; that a Dutch official, specially selected, was sent to Japan; and that he has since acted as a kind of Foreign Secretary to the Imperial Government. These facts are, indeed, admitted by the King himself, whose notes on the treaty have been published; and they appear to deserve, if not chastisement, at least attention. The Dutch in the East are jealous in the extreme of Anglo-Saxon influence, and by no means scrupulous in their endeavours to undermine it. M. Dedel's cool attempt, in 1852, to claim the sovereignty of Borneo for this Court is not yet forgotten."

CHINA.—From Shanghai we learn that a formidable piratical fleet has been destroyed to the southward of Ningpo by the English brig *Bittern*, Captain Vansittart. The pirates made a stout resistance, and the master of the *Bittern*, Mr. Turner, together with a marine, was killed. Eighteen of our men, moreover, were wounded, several severely; but the whole of the piratical fleet was sunk. Some excitement has been caused at Canton by intelligence of the Imperial forces having been defeated by the rebels on the borders of the province. At Hong-Kong, a demand for imports has lately sprung up, and bids fair to increase, if it be not checked by piracy.

EGYPT.—Several of the engineers appointed to survey the Isthmus of Suez, and to report on the practicability of the proposed canal between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, arrived at Alexandria from France with M. de Lesseps on the 17th of November. The Commission consists of Messrs. Renaud and Lieusson, on the part of France; Mr. McLean for England; Monsieur de Negrelli for Austria; Leutz, for Prussia; Conrad, for Holland. Mr. Rendel, who was also appointed to represent England, and M. Paleocapa, on the part of Sardinia, have not arrived. Said Pacha treats the Commissioners with the utmost courtesy. English Commissioners have begun to fix the buoys which are to mark the channel at the entrance to the port of Alexandria. Several robberies of specie and goods in transit to and from India have lately been committed on the road between Suez and Cairo; a fact which, together with certain delays in the passage of the mails from India, have caused the director of the transit, Mr. Lee Green, to lose favour with the viceroy. Prices of provisions have been pushed up extravagantly high, and the port of Alexandria is thronged with merchant vessels.

#### THE PETITION OF MR. BATES, THE CONVICT BANKER.

MR. BATES has had drawn up a memorial to her Majesty, praying for pardon, mainly on the ground that, though nominally a partner, he was, in fact, but a head clerk in the firm, and was ignorant to a great extent of the frauds carried on by Strahan and Paul. He entered the banking-house in 1820 as a junior clerk. After being gradually promoted, he was at Christmas, 1841, upon the retirement of Mr. Robert Snow, invited to become a partner in his stead, but upon the distinct understanding that his promotion was not to confer upon him any privilege beyond an increase of his income to £800 per annum and of being announced to the world as a partner. He states that during the whole period of his co-partnership he strictly abided by the arrangement upon which he became partner, and except in the ordinary routine business of the bank, never possessed any control whatever over the management of the banking business, either with respect to the opening of any large or important account for the receipt of money, or upon the occasion of any considerable advance of money, his duty in either event being to refer the parties to his partners, or himself to report to them and act upon their instructions. He states that, on the occasion of an application by the Messrs. Gandell for an advance of money, he advised Sir John Paul to refuse, but that the advance, to the extent of £30,000 or £40,000, was given; whereupon he said to his partner, "Well, Sir John, you may date the ruin of the house from the moment those acceptances are given." Mr. Bates then goes on to declare that he was not in any manner cognisant of, or privy or party to, the sale of the bonds belonging to the prosecutor, Dr. Griffith, by Sir John Dean Paul, in March, 1854, and that he was not informed of it until some time after it had taken place. He says that, although it may be urged against him that his remaining a member of the firm for one moment after he became acquainted with such fact was a moral weakness on his part, yet he hopes that the subordinate and comparatively dependent position which he held, and his natural reluctance to precipitate the ruin of his partners, while they had the opportunity of retrieving the mischief which had been done, may not be disregarded. He further states that he believed the bonds were replaced. In support of all these allegations, he refers to affidavits, prepared by Strahan and Paul, and ready to be sworn in the Bankruptcy Court, to the effect that Bates, although a member or partner in the firm, was not entitled to or interested in the profits of the bank, he receiving in lieu thereof, a fixed salary of £1,000 per annum, without having any control over, or right or power of interference in, the ma-

nagement of the affairs of the firm, which were wholly and solely conducted under the direction and authority of Strahan and Paul. On these grounds Mr. Bates asks her Majesty's most gracious pardon.—*Globe*.

#### A GAY LADY.

AN action for criminal conversation was tried in the Court of Common Pleas on Monday, the plaintiff in which was a Mr. Hawker, and the defendant Sir Henry Seale, Bart., a major in the Devon Militia. Mr. Hawker and his wife were married in 1851; but unfortunately their tempers were irritable, and they would quarrel about the merest trifles with a capriciousness worthy of children. Two years after their marriage, they were separated; and though they came together again shortly afterwards, it was but for a brief period, and they finally parted in the course of 1853. Mrs. Hawker, however, desired even then to return to her husband, and, in the month of March, 1854, wrote the following letter to him:—

"March 7, 1854.—My dear Johnnie,—It is useless my saying I will not write to you; I cannot help writing to you to entreat you to live with me again, I am so very wretched. I hardly think you would persist in refusing my request if you could see my sorrow. When you wrote to me 'to implore that I would return to you, or you should go mad,' I do say that; but I beg you to forgive me, and have mercy on me, and come to me. Be generous, dear Johnnie, and forgive. You shall never repent returning. If you will return there shall never be any temper again on my part, and I will do all I can to make you happy, and to win back the affection which seems gone from me. Do listen to me, Johnnie, and believe me, I am so miserable. Let us meet and never name the past. I am sure your mother would rather we lived together than separate if we lived in peace and mutual forbearance. With regard to money matters, I am grieved your mother has had so much to pay for us. But, for the future, if you will only live with me, I promise on my side to be as prudent as possible, and if you made me an allowance for dress I could not have any bills. I want to sell the little carriage, and what I get for that would nearly clear the expense of getting settled in this house, and I have not any other bills and never wish to have any again. Do, dear Johnnie, come to me and forgive me as you hope to be forgiven. I will do anything you wish. If you like, let us sell everything we have and repay your mother as far as we can, and then, starting fairly, let us pray God's help, and for the future we may be very happy; for, as yet, I do not expect you to love me as before; but come, and let me show I love you.—Ever your affectionate wife, LILLY M. HAWKER."

Shortly after this letter had been written, however, Mrs. Hawker became acquainted with Sir Henry Seale; and the whole course of her affections appeared to be turned. Sir Henry was a married man with a family; yet it was shown in evidence that for some months he kept up a criminal intercourse with Mrs. Hawker. This appears to have taken place chiefly at the house of a Miss Spurling, at Westhoe-terrace, where Mrs. Hawker took apartments, and where Sir Henry was a constant visitor, lunching, dining, and spending the evening, and having at length a certain room set apart for him which was called "Sir Henry's dressing-room." Miss Spurling, in the course of her cross-examination, said, she suspected that "something improper" was going on, but, "if she received her rent, that was all that concerned her." Sir Henry would often remain with Mrs. Hawker all the evening, and would then pretend to be let out by one of the servants (who appears to have been a *confidante*), but would immediately steal back on tiptoe, reascend the stairs, and pass the night in the house. On one of these occasions, the fact was discovered by his foot tripping against a step, and causing him to stumble. Sometimes Mrs. Hawker would send down in the morning for another breakfast-cup, and more bread-and-butter—enough, one of the witnesses said, amidst much laughter, for three or four people. At other times, when Sir Henry called, and was told Mrs. Hawker was in her bed-room, he would reply (according to the rather improbable statement of Miss Spurling), "Oh, very well; I will go up to her." The baronet's military sash was one morning discovered on Mrs. Hawker's bed; and still more indelicate were found on the pillows; and still more unequivocal proof of the intimacy that had subsisted, was revealed to the watchful eyes of a French servant in the house. In consequence of these facts, the injured husband set a detective policeman to look after the baronet and the lady; evidence was hunted up, and the present action was brought. The defence was that the evidence was exaggerated and improbable, and that it was not sufficient to justify a verdict for the plaintiff. The jury, however, came to a different conclusion, and gave damages to the amount of £100.

A further illustration of the habits of Mrs. Hawker appeared in the testimony of one of the witnesses, who said he had seen her smoking in a field with Sir Henry Seale.

## OUR CIVILISATION.

**CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.**—James Worthington Maude and Edwin Whitby, were tried at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of obtaining a money-order under false pretences, and were acquitted. The facts, as stated in evidence at the Mansion-house, appeared in the *Leader* last week. The defence was that the prosecution had been got up in order to extract money from the friends of the accused, and that Messrs. Kemp and Clay, from their knowledge of business, must have been aware that the bills were accommodation bills.—William Heath and Thomas Pope, bargemen, have been acquitted on the charge (detailed in last week's *Leader*) of causing the death of a woman in the Regent's canal; Mr. Justice Erle having directed that they had done the best they could for the woman, according to their degree of intelligence.—Emedeo Andreoli has been found guilty of sending a threatening letter to a countryman, with a view to extort money, under circumstances which were described in a former impression of this journal. Mr. Justice Erle, who believed that the secret society to which the prisoner professed to belong had no existence, sentenced him to hard labour for eighteen months.

**A DOUBLE MURDER BY A MOTHER.**—Mary McNeill, a young woman about five-and-twenty years of age, has murdered two of her children by cutting their throats with a razor. The facts were described in evidence before the magistrate at Worship-street, when it appeared that the woman was unmarried, and lived at a house in Murray-street, New North-road, which she let out in lodgings. One of her lodgers was a working man, named Pickering; and this man stated that for some days previous to the murder she had been very "troublesome" to him and his wife. Her spirits had been low; she had fretted a good deal about not being married, and had complained that she was miserable, that the place was dirty, and that she had nothing to wear. She seemed, said the witness, as though she wanted to be shut up by herself; and on the night previous to the murder she had complained of her baby being ill. On the following morning, Pickering found the woman's cash-box on the stairs, and went to her bedroom-door to tell her of it. On knocking, he heard her say from within, "Oh, what have I done! what have I done! what have I done!" Pickering replied, "Done! why don't you know? You have left your cash-box on the stairs." At that instant, he pushed the door a little further open, and saw the baby lying on the bed with its throat cut. Overcome with horror, he dropped the cash-box, ran into the street, and fetched a policeman. It was then found that another child was also murdered. A razor, and a towel on which bloody hands had been wiped, were likewise discovered. The surgeon who was called in, mentioned at the police-office a circumstance full of fantastical horror. He said that on the forehead of the eldest child (who would seem to have been killed after the infant) he perceived "the mark of a large hand in blood." The woman, who trembled violently during her examination, was remanded, and has since been committed for trial.

**A LEGAL SUBTLETY.**—The conviction of Cosmo William Gordon, who, together with Daniel Mitchell Davidson, was found guilty of felony in the course of last August, has been quashed on a point of law. The two bankrupts had left the country before their bankruptcy, and only one notice of adjudication was served, whereas there should have been two—one for each bankrupt. This objection, after considerable argument before the judges, was considered fatal to the conviction.

**SUICIDE AND FANATICISM IN THE HIGHLANDS.**—A private of the Argyll and Bute Rifles, named James McGregor, recently committed suicide by shooting himself with his musket. He was found in his room, dressed in fatigue clothes, with a handkerchief over his eyes, and the musket laying between his legs. He had evidently placed the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth, and drawn the trigger with the toe of his right foot, which was divested of the shoe and stocking. The man had been observed for some time to be in desponding spirits, and there is no doubt that he was insane when he destroyed himself. A great dispute, however, rose as to whether he should be buried in consecrated ground, or merely thrown into a deep hole in a field, with a stake through the breast. The managers of the churchyard determined that the suicide should be buried according to the usual forms; but four privates and a sergeant of the regiment got possession of the body, carried it out one evening in a boat to the Sound of Oban, and flung it into the sea, uncoffined.

**A BURGLARIOUS CONSPIRACY.**—The police of Bristol lately gave information to the bankers of that city that they suspected an attack would be made on their houses by a gang of burglars. A clue to the contemplated design was obtained through a message which some one endeavoured to pass to an accomplished burglar in the Bristol gaol. An investigation is being made into the conduct of some of the subordinate officers of the prison.

**THE CASE OF GEORGE SELBY, BANKRUPT.**—The

facts of this bankruptcy were published in our last week's paper. The bankrupt having since applied for his certificate, Mr. Commissioner Goulburn delivered final judgment on Monday. This was that the certificate should be suspended for two years, to be dated from the day when the certificate was first applied for, and when issued to be of the third class, and the bankrupt to be unprotected for six months.

**"ALICE GREY."**—To the surprise of all in court, the jury at the Oxford Assizes have declared "No true bill" with regard to this woman. She was therefore set at liberty; but she has been again taken into custody on other charges of a similar nature. She requested to be allowed to pass the night after her acquittal in gaol, in order to avoid the observation of the crowd; and this led to her second detention. She was examined on Wednesday before the Birmingham magistrates on a charge of perjury, and was remanded. On being told she was remanded, she replied, "Oh, very well! I think I'll be well tried and purified at last." And as she was being removed, she observed, "I don't see my friend the Rev. Mr. Morris here;" adding "Give me anything but a divine!" During the examination, she was allowed to sit, as she said she was too unwell to be able to stand up; but such did not appear to be the case.

**THE BURNOFFIELD MURDER.**—Two men are in custody under suspicion of being concerned in the death of Mr. Robert Stirling, the surgeon.

**A CAPTAIN CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.**—Captain Thomas Taylor, of the 5th West York Militia, has been charged with embezzling the sum of £300, moneys belonging to her Majesty. He was remanded, and being unable to find the required bail, which was very heavy, he was removed in custody.

**FRATRICIDE.**—Two brothers at Clayton West, near Barnsley, had a quarrel about something in connexion with the wife of the younger, when the elder stabbed his brother in several places with a knife. Death ensued almost directly. The murderer is now in custody.

**DESTITUTION AND CRIME.**—Benjamin Butcher and Charles G. Wormsley, two miserable looking young men, pleaded Guilty at the Hertford Assizes to a charge of setting fire to a stack of clover hay and a stack of halm. When before the county magistrates they had said that destitution had forced them to the crime, and that they had intended to burn more stacks. The Judge, in sentencing both youths to six years' penal servitude, remarked that the offence was a very shocking one, for they must be aware that destroying property could not do them any good, and was not the way to procure them relief. Now, in the first place, it is a strange definition of crime to say that it is wrong because it does no good to the criminal; and secondly it is a palpable evasion of the fact to tell the wretched creatures that their offence was not the way to procure them relief. It had procured them relief, and will continue to procure it for six years to come. Truly, a mode of procuring relief which should make society ashamed of itself; but it is at once wrong and useless to attempt to blink the facts.—Another conviction for rick-burning has taken place, with fourteen years' transportation; and a fire, supposed to be incendiary, has occurred among the hay stacks of a farmer at West Bridgeford, near Nottingham. Some outbuildings also were destroyed; and one man is in custody under suspicion.

**ROBBING THE CROWN.**—John Moah has been found Guilty at the Chester Assizes of fraudulently applying to his own purposes a general balance of £5,000, the property of the Crown. He had filled the office of Inland Revenue receiver for the Chester collection; but it would seem that he was involved in turfspeculations, and had used for his own debts the money which he ought to have transmitted to the Government. For the last two years he, had been permitted to hold an unusually large balance in his hands. This at length amounted to as much as £5,000; and an account was asked for by the Surveyor-General. In reply, Moah handed over £280, and a post-office order for 14s., saying that was all he had in the world, and that he had spent the rest. Notwithstanding the verdict of guilty, sentence was not pronounced, as it is understood that the case will be argued before the Court of Criminal Appeal, to reverse the verdict.

**EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.**—William Griffiths, a warehouseman, in the employ of Messrs. Davis and Co., of Houndsditch, merchants, has been committed for trial, on a charge of robbing the firm to a very considerable amount in goods.

**A THEATRICAL QUARREL.**—Alexander Ferrari, an interpreter, was charged, at Bow-street, with assaulting Mademoiselle Julie Bouquet with a walking-cane. Julie was engaged to be married to a Senor Marcos Diaz, a Spanish dancer, now performing at the Strand Theatre; but it appears that Mademoiselle is warm in her temper, and, according to the statement of one or two witnesses, had scratched the face of Diaz behind the scenes, and had thrown him down a flight of stairs—emulous, as it would seem, of the grand exploit of Lord Ernest Vane Tempest. However this may be, Julie, upon her own confession, had a quarrel

with Diaz upon his refusing to abandon his dancing pursuits. Following him out of the theatre, she renewed the quarrel, with supplementary matter in the shape of violence; and the devoted Ferrari, who was a servant of Diaz, struck the lady to defend his master. Before the magistrate, the dancer repudiated this assistance; and Ferrari was fined £4, which he immediately paid.

**WIFE-BEATING.**—James Elliott, labourer, was charged, at Worship-street, with an outrage on his wife. The woman had been married thirty years, but her husband during the last seven had continually ill-used her. Four times she had had him up at that office, but had not once appeared against him; and she had lost her sight in one eye owing to his striking her on the head with a stick. On the present occasion, besides blows with a fist, he had struck her on the head with a knife, though without any provocation; and, on her wishing to leave the room, he drew a line across the floor, and swore he would cut her throat from ear to ear if she stirred. Notwithstanding this violence, she tried to beg the ruffian off; but the magistrate would not listen to it, and sent the man to hard labour for six months.—Robert Tucker, a table-knife cutler in Clerkenwell, has been sentenced to six weeks' hard labour for a violent assault on his wife.

**CRIMINAL CONDITION OF SOMERSETSHIRE.**—From the letter of a private correspondent, we learn that an attempt at burglary was made some few nights since at the house of Mr. Baber, of Claverham, but was defeated by the ringing of an alarm bell. The condition of that part of Somersetshire is at the present time very alarming to those who have to live there. The gang of last year is still in existence, and actively employed; and our correspondent states that he is acquainted with a gentleman who has a man to sit up every night to watch. "What we want," adds the writer, "is a good strong rural police. Somersetshire is now becoming the receptacle for gentlemen with black crape over their faces; and, owing to our not having any real constabulary, crimes are being constantly committed. Sheep are stolen and killed almost every night." This is truly a savage condition of society, and demands the interference of the authorities.

**RAILWAY DETECTIVES.**—At the Worship-street police-office, a genteel looking, well-dressed man, named John Curtis, was charged with stealing various articles from the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway at Shoreditch. As a considerable quantity of property had for several weeks past been missed, at different times, from the first class waiting room, the station-master employed one of the women on the establishment to act as a detective, and endeavour to trace out the thief. She accordingly kept strict watch for many days together, notwithstanding which, other robberies were committed at the station. At length, early on the forenoon of one day, the woman told the station-master that a gentlemanly looking man, whom she had suspected to have stolen a portmanteau from the station some days previously, had just gone into the waiting room. Information of this circumstance was forwarded to the chief clerk of the lost property office, who immediately disguised himself as a railway traveller, and proceeded to the waiting-room, with a leather bag, dressing case, and other travelling articles. Here he found Curtis lying on a sofa; and, having placed his luggage under the table, and carelessly paraded the room for a few minutes, he went to the refreshment room. Curtis followed him, and watched him out of sight; then returned to the waiting-room, and was presently afterwards seen to come out again with the bag, dressing-case, &c. in his possession. At the end of the platform he was stopped by the station-master and given into custody. He is now under remand.

**INGENUOUS FRAUD.**—A gross case of fraud has just been brought to light at Southampton. Two young men, living at Southampton, named Oakley and Fargher, had received goods from London by railway, and had pawned and redeemed a cask of genuine polish. Having thus gained the confidence of the pawnbroker, Mr. Emanuel, they endeavoured to pledge several casks, which they represented to contain the same, at the value of £1 a gallon. Mr. Emanuel asked if the article was obtained honestly; and Oakley gave him an apparently satisfactory answer, by showing a card with his and his partner's business address, and also attempted to prove, by certain invoices, that they had received upwards of a hundred pounds' worth of property. Having no reason to suspect the honesty of the parties, Mr. Emanuel advanced them a sum of money upon the goods pawned. As Oakley and Fargher afterwards tried to pledge more casks of polish, Mr. Emanuel thought it advisable, before accepting them, to have the genuineness of the article tested by a chemist. He accordingly took a sample from one of the casks, and had it tried by two chemists in Southampton, who both assured him that the specimen he brought to them was perfectly genuine; and that if the remainder in the casks was like it, he might safely advance money on the security. Mr. Emanuel, therefore, continued to receive

casks of the same in pledge, from Oakey and Fargher, who promised to redeem them at a stated time. This, however, they never did, and suspicions were then entertained as to the real nature of the goods, in consequence of which, the casks were minutely examined, and were found to contain matter of the most filthy description, which had been covered over on the top with spirits of wine, in order to make it appear that it was real and unmistakable polish. After this discovery, Mr. Emanuel's foreman went, unknown, to Oakey and Fargher, and succeeded in making them tell him the whole particulars of the affair. They then attempted to bribe him to become a partner in their guilt; but he declined, and the men were apprehended and taken before the magistrates. They were remanded for a week.

**CUTTING AND WOUNDING.**—Several cases of murderous assaults with knives, &c. have, as usual, come before the Judges during the assizes. Alfred Clarkson, a hay dealer, has been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for two years, for attacking, without any apparent cause, a Welchman, named Edward Imes. The prosecutor had taken Clarkson to his house early in the morning, and offered to let him lie down and sleep on his sofa; but the man, who was intoxicated, suddenly commenced quarrelling with, and insulting his host, who was likewise the worse for liquor. Suddenly, however, he advanced with a smile on his face, and asked Imes to shake hands. This was complied with; and while the right hand of the prosecutor was in the left hand of the prisoner, the latter stabbed Imes, and continued the attack with two knives at the same time. Clarkson was at length overpowered.—A wife has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labour for seriously cutting her husband with a razor, while he was asleep in bed.

**EMBEZZLEMENT.**—Robert Martinson, junior, at the Newcastle Assizes, pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzling £4,264, the property of the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company, of whom he was a clerk, and was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years; and Richard Haslam, who had for a long time acted as coal salesman to Lord Vernon at Macclesfield, has received the same degree of punishment for appropriating money to the amount of £918, belonging to that nobleman.

#### THE WAR AND THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.

MR. WARD has addressed another elaborate letter to the *Daily News*, on the sanitary movement. He begins by showing the bearing of Sanitary reform on the war. He then enters into practical details:—

The bearing of Sanitary reform at home upon the war abroad, is oftener theoretically admitted than practically felt and acted on; and many who accept, as self-evident, the general proposition, deny the feasibility of the means suggested for its realisation.

Tubular Sewage Irrigation as a more recent innovation than Tubular Sewage Collection, calls forth in an especial degree disparagement and denial.

Duplicate drainage for the exclusion of flood water from the soil water sewers, and for the separate conveyance of rainfall to the river, numbers a still smaller body of supporters; as also does the corollary proposition—the exclusion of soil water from the brooks by intercepting drains similar to those proposed for the purification of the Thames.

It is nevertheless irrefragably true that the abatement of fever, the increase of food, and the consequent enhancement of our national resources, military as well as civil, depend, to an incalculable extent, on the recognition of the above-stated propositions; which may be condensed into the three following rules:—

Sewage, heretofore discharged as refuse, must henceforth be administered as property.

The whole of the rainfall is due to the river, the whole of the sewage to the soil.

Purify your brooks, and your rivers will run pure of themselves.

These principles meet with an opposition which I am persuaded is usually honest—the result of fair doubt and legitimate caution; but they are sometimes assailed by misrepresentations of fact, which it takes all one's charity to believe inadvertent.

The successful experience of sewage irrigation at Rugby, for example, has been recently mentioned to the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers in terms calculated to produce the impression that the operation gives rise to pollution of the adjacent river Avon; and that it has exposed the Rugby local board to an action at law for damage so occasioned.

The language used for this purpose is subjoined.

I quote it *verbatim* from the recent controversial statement of Mr. Bazalgette against myself.

Much has been said about the application of the liquid sewage of this town [Rugby] on the adjoining lands, but the above paper [the *Northampton Herald* of Sept. 1855] states that the board at that meeting received one month's notice of action from C. M. Caldecott, Esq., for the pollution of the river Avon; the damages being laid at £500.

I have received from Mr. Walker, the lessee of the Rugby sewage, a letter so conclusively refuting Mr. Bazalgette's suggestion, and containing the valuable results of experience so clearly and concisely put, that I feel bound, at the present juncture, to give it all the publicity in my power.

Before quoting this letter, I will merely premise that Mr. Walker pays £50 a year for the Rugby sewage; that he distributes it on 500 acres of land, varying in quality from gravel to clay; that his works consist of a tank, a steam engine, pumps, iron subterranean irrigating pipes, with hose, and jet, &c.; and that the total cost of this apparatus averages £4 per acre complete.

I now give Mr. Walker's valuable letter *verbatim*:

Nov. 16, 1855.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your inquiries as to the results of my experience in irrigating my lands with the sewage of Rugby, I may state broadly that my experience entirely bears out your principle:—"The whole of the rainfall due to the river, the whole of the sewage due to the soil."

The stronger I get the town sewage the better it serves my purpose—every shower that dilutes it causes me so much needless cost in pumping. The heavier rains master the pumping power and storage capacity that can economically be brought to bear, and wash away quantities of valuable manure into the river. It is only in rainy weather and during occasional stoppage of my machinery (for repair or cleaning out) that the river is polluted. Every gallon of sewage, properly so called, that Rugby supplies, my pumps can dispose of and distribute to my fields, and that in all weathers all the year round, even when the snow is on the ground, and during frosts; excepting when they are so severe as to freeze up the machinery and apparatus, which only happened to me during the extraordinary frost of last winter.

I have had occasion to complain to the Rugby local board of health on this influx of flood water, and have desired them to take measures for conveying it away by separate conduits. This I believe would entirely prevent the pollution of the river.

I can also assure you that the tubular sewers of Rugby send down the sewage so immediately after its production, probably within an hour or so, that there is no time for decomposition, or for the generation of foul odours, so that I have not found it necessary to cover my tank, which creates no annoyance even in its immediate vicinity; nor is there any offensive smell from the land even immediately after irrigation.

As to the land irrigated, a good deal is of a very clayey nature, and much is imperfectly drained at present. Yet under all circumstances I find the system very successful in its results, and by no means difficult to work now that I have gained some experience in dealing with its difficulties; and I have no doubt but that the sewage of most towns, large and small, may be thus applied with advantage, and, as you say, may become a source of food instead of fever and mortality.

Yours truly,

F. O. Ward, Esq.

G. H. WALKER.

The simple comparison of the statements in this letter with Mr. Bazalgette's peculiar representation of the case will convey to the reader's mind an impression which no comment is necessary to enhance. It will be seen at once that the pollution of the river, so far from depending, as Mr. Bazalgette implies, on sewage irrigation of the land, occurs only when sewage irrigation is interrupted; either "in rainy weather," or "during occasional stoppage of the machinery for repair or cleaning out."

The applicability of the system to clay lands, as well as to light and porous soils, is a point of the utmost importance to the inhabitants of London; seeing that a large proportion of the lands around the metropolis are of a clayey description.

The facility with which the operation is carried on all the year round, in all weathers, even when the snow is on the ground, and during frosts—save only when they are of exceptional severity—is another result of Mr. Walker's experience, the value of which can scarcely be over-estimated. It puts an end to the difficulty so often alleged—that whereas the production of sewage is continuous, its application to the soil must be intermittent. Mr. Walker finds, on the contrary, that "every gallon of sewage, pro-

perly so called, that Rugby supplies," his "pumps dispose of and distribute" to his "fields."

The rapid delivery of the sewage by the tubular sewers, so that time is not allowed for putrefaction, and neither the tanks nor the irrigated lands emit any offensive odour, is another important fact.

The superiority of strong to diluted sewage, and the advantage of excluding rain-water, as involving "needless cost in pumping," and as "washing away quantities of valuable manure to the river," are points of the more importance that free dilution of sewage has not been thought necessary, even by some of the most eminent advocates of tubular irrigation.

Mr. Ward promises, in conclusion, to explain the question of the cost of his duplicate drainage system, and reiterates his opinion that the colossal tunnels proposed by Messrs. Stephenson and Bazalgette will fail.

#### NAVAL AND MILITARY.

**THE SCREW STEAMER "BLACK SEA."**—A communication from Captain Young, of this ship, relative to its springing a leak at the commencement of November, in the vicinity of Malta, has been published. Captain Young speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude of the assistance rendered by the French line-of-battle ship *Jena*, which took the "Black Sea" in tow until taken in charge by the *Lady Eglington*, and furnished several men to assist in working the pumps. But for this succour, the "Black Sea," according to Captain Young, must have been lost.

**EXPLOSION AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.**—An explosion occurred at the Woolwich Arsenal on Monday, in the meal-shed, which was blown into the air, and nine men were seriously injured, three of whom are considered to be in a dying state. There were fortunately but very few rockets in the sheds at the time, or the destruction must have been immense. One of the rockets struck an adjacent magazine, but did not penetrate the building; a second fell through the roof of the pattern room of the royal carriage department, and a third fell at the feet of Captain Vandeleur, who was engaged in some experiment in the marshes, a full half-mile distant. The only cause by which the accident can be accounted for is that, in meal-shed the powder, some slight friction, sufficient to create a spark of fire, must have been occasioned by the double-handed wooden instrument used for that purpose.

**THE COMPASS IN IRON SHIPS.**—It is said that the difficulty hitherto experienced with the compass in iron ships has been removed by a discovery of Mr. J. M. Hyde, of the Cumberland Ironworks, Bristol, who contrives that the compass shall be placed in a neutral position, where the magnetism of the iron in the after part of the ship is balanced.

**UNPROMOTED VETERANS.**—The Crimean correspondent of the *Daily News* calls attention to the claims for promotion of Captains Myers and Jones, who have served with distinguished gallantry for many years, but who have not received the due guerdon of their toil and bravery—the first merely getting a brevet majority, and the second no promotion whatever.

**SOLDIERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN IN SCOTLAND.**—The condition of the wives and children of Scottish soldiers serving abroad is a subject calling for very serious attention. In Scotland, it is the law that an able-bodied woman is capable of supporting herself and one child; so that, whether or not a soldier's wife has the power to procure employment, she is left without assistance. In cases where the poorhouse is offered, the offer is made as unpalatable as possible, by the fact that the women have often to herd with prostitutes, and by a very hard law, which obliges the wife of a soldier who has been born in a certain town to seek relief in that specific town, though she may be living a long way off. As an instance of this, it is mentioned that the husband (a private in the 79th) of a respectable woman residing in Aberdeen has a settlement in the last-mentioned parish, which, till lately, gave her an allowance on account of her two children; but she has had it withdrawn, the inspector writing to the inspector of the parish of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, "You will send her and her children here, that they may be taken into the poor-house." In another instance, the parish of Dunfermline refused to give outdoor relief to the wife of a private in the 42nd, with two infants, the youngest a few weeks old, who resides with an aged mother in Aberdeen, on the ground that "parochial funds are not provided for this class of persons." The question arises—For what class of persons are they provided?

**THE PRESS ARIOT.**—A singular compliment is about to be paid to Mr. William Russell, of the *Times*. The largest vessel ever built at West Hartlepool will shortly be launched from the yard of Mr. John Pile, a well-known shipbuilder, and will be called "The *Times* Correspondent."

LORD LUCAN has received the colonelcy of the 8th Hussars; and the *Albion*—meek follower in the footsteps of official caprice—discovers that in the early

part of the year it did his lordship a degree of injustice in connection with the Light Cavalry charge which "some one had blundered." "At any rate," says the *Globe*, "it was an error on the side of that 'dash'—the want of which is now complained of among our Generals."

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

##### PEACE PROSPECTS.

THE *Times* Paris correspondent reiterates his assertions that Austria has made certain peace propositions of a nature which the Allies are very likely to accept, and which, as far as Russia is concerned, will be backed by an ultimatum presented to that power by the Government of Vienna. The writer therefore believes that we have a better chance of peace now than we have had since the commencement of hostilities.

With reference to the question of peace, and to the speech made by the French Emperor at the close of the Exposition, the following circular has been addressed by Count Walewski to the diplomatic agents of France:—

"Monsieur,—According to the intelligence which reaches me from many parts of Germany, the speech uttered by the Emperor on the occasion of the closing of the Universal Exposition has produced, as it was easy to foresee, a profound impression. Nevertheless, it has not been appreciated everywhere alike, and it has become the subject of diverse interpretations. It bears, however, but one, and the neutral states cannot mistake sentiments which it is evident they can only commend. The Emperor has said that he desired a prompt and durable peace. I have not to dwell upon this declaration—it explains itself, and needs no commentary. In addressing neutral States, in order to invite them to offer wishes in this sense with him, his Imperial Majesty has given sufficient evidence of the value which he attaches to their opinion, and of the part which he assigns to their influence in the march of events. Such, in fact, has been his manner of viewing their position from the commencement of the diplomatic conflict which preceded hostilities. The Emperor has always thought that if they had then more forcibly defined their opinions upon the subject in dispute, they would have exercised a salutary action upon the determinations of the Power that provoked the war. Their position has undergone no change in the eyes of his Imperial Majesty, and they can to-day, by a firm and decided attitude, hasten the denouement of a contest which, in his conviction, they might have prevented. It is with this thought that the Emperor requests them boldly to make known their dispositions towards the belligerent powers, and to put the weight of their opinion in the scales of the respective forces. This appeal, so well understood and so warmly received by an audience composed of representatives of all nations, is in truth but a solemn homage paid to the importance and the efficacy of the role devolving upon neutrals in the actual crisis."

The official *Morning Post* smiles favourably on the idea of approaching peace, insisting, at the same time, on the determination of France and England to exact from Russia the most satisfactory terms; and the *Independence of Brussels* says:—"The Powers of the second order, and the majority of the other Courts of Germany, have just addressed representations to Russia, enforcing on her the necessity of restoring peace to Europe before the spring. These Powers have not addressed themselves to Russia collectively, but have come to an understanding together as to the nature of the representations to be made to her, and have all written in the same tones. This is a fine reply of the Courts of Germany to the loyal appeal made to them by the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor himself did not use that language without well knowing, from the conferences of MM. De Brest and Von der Pforden, when in Paris, how it would be understood in Germany."

The *Moniteur*, under date Copenhagen, November 27th, publishes the following particulars of the reception of General Canrobert, in the capital of Denmark:—"General Canrobert was received yesterday at four o'clock in a private audience by the King of Denmark. The General was taken to the Palace in one of the Court carriages, in which was M. de Moltke, aide-de-camp to his Majesty. More than two hundred persons assembled in the court of the hotel, and cheered him as he entered the royal carriage. The audience lasted for half-an-hour. After the audience, Count de Bondy, Secretary of the Imperial Legation, and Baron Duperré, commander of the Pelican, were presented to his Majesty by M. Dotezar, the French Minister. At five o'clock, the corps diplomatique (with the exception of the Russian Chargé d'Affaires), the members of the Cabinet, the high dignitaries of the Crown, the commanders of the army and navy, and the most eminent functionaries were invited to a banquet given in honour of the General. General Canrobert sat next to the King. In the middle of the repast, the King, who wore the insignia of the Legion of Honour, proposed the health of his Majesty the Emperor, and at the same time the music struck up

the national air, 'Partant pour la Syrie.' In the evening, the General attended a ball given by the Landgrave William, in honour of the birth of his son. M. Dotezar presented the Ambassador Extraordinary of the Emperor to the royal family, all the members of which received him most graciously."

In Vienna, it is affirmed that the main object of General Canrobert's mission to the northern courts was the furtherance of the cause of peace, as the French Emperor is said to hope that Russia will see the necessity for yielding before the arrival of spring. Should she not, Sweden and Denmark, say the Vienna gossips, will join the coalition, and "assume a warlike attitude"—an equivocal phrase, which may mean nothing more than an armed neutrality.

The King of Sardinia was entertained on Wednesday week by the municipality of Paris, with the same splendour and elegance which were exhibited on the occasion of the visit of the English Queen.

Austria is making indirect advances to America. The Chevalier von Hulsemann, who for many years has represented the government of Vienna at Washington, as a simple Charge d'Affaires, has been appointed Minister Resident; a fact which gives occasion to the *Ost-Deutsche Post* to write a long leader, advocating the claims of America to be considered as the fifth great power, to interfere in European affairs, and to form a party in the present quarrel with Russia, should she think fit. The balance of power in Europe, argues the German paper, is fast verging into the broader consideration of the balance of power all over the world; and, in so important a question, the great Western Republic will be sure to have a voice. The writer therefore deduces that it is highly desirable for Austria and America to come to a good understanding on foreign matters; and he hints that the former would be willing to forget the Kossta affair.

The *Colonisation*, a journal published at Algiers, has received a second warning. The *Akhbar* has also received a non-official warning for an article relative to orphan establishments and discussing the acts and conduct of the Administration. This friendly notice given to the *Akhbar* by the Prefect, M. Latour Mézeray, concludes as follows:—"The attention of the Minister of War had been previously directed to an article in the *Akhbar* relative to tax on rents, and on this fresh occasion the Governor-General charges me to warn you that you are forbidden any discussion on facts or acts in which the Administration interferes, either directly or indirectly."

The committee of the Cortes (says the *Times* Madrid correspondent) elected by the sections to report on the Tariff Reform Bill has chosen Senor Olozaga as its president. The Catalan manufacturers are stirring in opposition to it. Meetings were held at Barcelona on the 21st and 22nd ult., and it was decided to forward an exposition against the measure addressed to the Duke de la Victoria, which is to be presented to him by Senor Madoz. In this document, the injuries which will be inflicted by it on the manufacturing interests are to be set forth, and the petitioners ask that the discussion on the bill may be suspended. On the other hand, a proposition in a more liberal sense than the Ministerial measure of tariff reform will be submitted by Senor Gaminde. He proposes limiting the protective duties to twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, and to benefit the manufacturers in another way—viz., by allowing all the primary materials required by them to be imported duty free. The Cortes have decided, by one hundred and twenty votes against fifty-seven, to re-establish the Council of State as a corporation to be consulted by the Government on important occasions. This body was suppressed after the revolution of 1854, having for some years previously been denominated *Consejo Real*.

General Canrobert has arrived in Paris, and has had an interview with the Emperor.

A curious instance of the results of the alliance is mentioned by the *Times* Paris correspondent, who says:—"Enterprises in which English and French capital is united are in extraordinary favour. This predilection for international association, encouraged, it is true, by the Imperial Government, was particularly evinced by the rapidity with which the subscription of the London Omnibus Company was covered. The society of the Anglo-French clippers affords another instance of it. There is every reason to believe that this society will obtain in the course of this month the concession of the four transatlantic lines, for which three others are bidding. The documents the company has laid before the Government are deemed most complete, and the terms it proposes are calculated, from their reasonable and advantageous nature, to secure to it the preference. The four transatlantic lines to be conceded are the following:—From Havre to New York, Nantes to the Brazils, Marseilles to the Brazils, and Bordeaux to the Isthmus of Panama."

It is rumoured in Vienna that Baden is about to conclude a Concordat with Rome; and in fact the speech which the Prince Regent made when he opened the Chambers, on the 26th, contains the following passage:—"Respecting the relations between the State and the Roman Catholic Church, negotia-

tions have been opened with the Papal Chair, and I cherish the hope that they will end in a way which shall be conducive to the interests both of State and Church."

Remonstrances have been made by the English and American Governments against Portugal's recent resumption of the possession of Ambriz as the frontier limit of its territories on the western coast of Africa.

An order has been issued at Königsberg, prohibiting the importation of goods of any kind from Russia across the land frontier. Personal communication is also restricted to a minimum. The cattle disease has broken out in a malignant form. A great scarcity of food and considerable distress prevail all over Prussia.

Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe has protested energetically against the late arrest of Colonel Turr by the Austrian commander at Bucharest. The Porte also has expressed itself to the Austrian minister at Constantinople as deeply aggrieved by this outrage, seeing that the Turkish territory was the scene, and that the officer arrested is attached to an allied army, the individual members of which, by virtue of a treaty, have the right to circulate throughout the Sultan's dominions. It appears from the *Ost-Deutsche Post* that on the 30th ult. Colonel Turr was in prison at Cronstadt, and that a council of war had pronounced his sentence. A letter from Vienna, of the 29th ultimo, in the *Bourse Gazette* of Berlin, says:—"Count Corotini, who had gone to his estate at Gortz, is about to return here, to take part in the deliberations in the affair of the Danubian Principalities. These deliberations will be opened as soon as Sir Hamilton Seymour shall have arrived."

The Polish poet, Adam Mitziakievitch has died. He was formerly a professor of the Slavonic language and literature in the College of France, and recently librarian at the Arsenal. A few months since he was charged by the French Government with a scientific mission to the East, where he fell a victim to cholera.

It is now announced officially that the United States of America will take no part in the conference on the question of the Sound Dues.

#### OBITUARY.

MR. MONTGOMERY.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, minister of Percy-street Chapel, a gentleman well known for his literary productions, and as being one of the most eloquent preachers in the metropolis. Mr. Montgomery was educated at the University of Oxford, and about the year 1835 was ordained a priest of the Established Church. He went to Glasgow, where he became incumbent of an Episcopal Chapel; but unfortunately there was much religious antagonism between him and his Presbyterian neighbours. The Rev. gentleman, quitting Glasgow, came to London, and resumed his ministerial labours in Percy-street chapel, which he rented to the day of his death.—*Globe*.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq., late M.P. for Macclesfield, died on the 29th ult., from the bursting of a blood-vessel. He was in his fifty-seventh year, and his history is by no means uninteresting or uninteresting. His parents were very poor, humble people, and he was left early without a father. Starting, when fourteen years of age, from Ruthin in Denbighshire, his native place, he walked up to London, became an errand-boy in a drapery shop, got on in life, and finally rose to be chief partner in the celebrated establishment, well known to all London ladies, in the Regent's-circus, Oxford-street. He was an energetic supporter of the Anti-Corn-law League; was elected a churchwarden, on the popular interest, in the aristocratic parish of Marylebone; and was returned for Macclesfield in the general election of 1847, but was defeated in 1852, though retaining the confidence of a large body of the electors. Since then, until his death, he remained in private life.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICA.—We continue to receive from American accounts of the present diplomatic quarrel which remove all fear of a serious rupture with the Washington Government. A satisfactory apology has been made for the indiscretions of our recruiting agents in the United States, and assurances have been given that the West India squadron was not sent out with any hostile intention towards America; but, with respect to Mr. Attorney-General Cushing's letters to the District Attorney of Philadelphia, it is said that the English Government has addressed to the American Government a demand for redress, and for a disavowal of participation, and it is thought that this demand will be complied with. Some little soreness, however, has been created by the assertion, on the part of some English papers, that, in what he did, he had had the previous sanction of the American Secretary of State.—The improvement last noted in the New York stock market continues; and the New York money market is easier, particularly for loans on demand. The national part of the Know-nothings have issued a plan for the organisation of the House of Representatives, with a view to settling the slavery question on its present basis.—Mexico ap-

pears to be still in a very disturbed state, and another revolution is anticipated. Alvarez, who is the son of a Spaniard and a negro woman, and about twenty-four years of age, appears to be unfit for his position; but it is said that perfect liberty is enjoyed by all classes, and the tariff has been lowered. A band of adventurers from Texas made an inroad on the country, but were defeated. It is reported that another body has made its appearance on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

**THE WEST INDIES.**—Fever is prevalent in Kingston, Jamaica, and there have also been several deaths from cholera. The weather, at the last advices, was very sultry, and rain was desired. Trade was dull. San Domingo is in a state of alarm, owing to a fear of invasion from Hayti; and these apprehensions are increased by the fact of the French and English protectorate having expired, and the unwillingness of France and England to renew it. At Trinidad there has been a large and enthusiastic meeting in favour of the arrangements proposed by the Board of Health for improving the sanitary condition of the colony. From British Guiana there is no news of importance. Fine rains have fallen in Grenada; the canes are showing signs of an approach to maturity, and hopes are entertained of an excellent crop; but the financial state of the island, as well as that of Barbadoes, is embarrassed.

**A FINE LIBRARY IN DECAY.**—A letter in the *Times* calls attention to the condition of the fine old library founded about 1695 by Archbishop Tenison. The writer says:—"I stepped into this library yesterday by accident, and, on inquiry of the curator, the Rev. Philip Hale, what formalities were necessary to be admitted there, he informed me that all who resided within the precincts of the liberty of Westminster had a right, and all strangers like myself were welcome to come at any time. But when I exercised this right, what a spectacle presented itself! I stood in a room, well-proportioned, built by Sir Christopher Wren, surrounded by books of the fathers of the English church, 5,000 in number, rotting and mouldering like their authors in their graves. I was told that for the last two years the heat of summer and the damp of winter had done their worst upon these ancient and valuable relics of a past age—works which in some hands would be considered priceless. There lie Bacon's Note-book, and various other MSS. of his, buried amid a heap of dust. Can nothing be done to rescue these noble works from their present sepulchre? The trustees could not even afford money to pay for firing and light, so I left my dusty friends to their fate for a while with a sad heart. On leaving the house I stepped accidentally into the school-room, which forms the basement floor. That, too, was untenanted, and I was informed that, although there were a few scholars still on the foundation, the trustees had refused to elect more, and the school would be closed at the end of the year. What are the Charity Commissioners about in St. James's-square?"

**THE LATE EVICTIONS IN GALWAY.**—Mrs. Blake, the owner of the Dartfield estates, on which the recent evictions have taken place, has written to a Galway paper, to say that, though the tenants had paid their rent, she was desirous of getting rid of them, on account of their ruffianly and murderous character, her agent and herself having been threatened with assassination.

**SUICIDE FROM NERVOUSNESS.**—Mr. Leopold James Lardner, assistant librarian to the British Museum, committed suicide in the course of last week, by leaping from his bedroom window. He had been made very nervous by his horse having knocked down a man; and his excitability, which was always great, increased to such an extent that he refused at the Museum to pass by himself down a dark passage, because he was afraid the arches would fall on him. It was at length found necessary to send him home, to place him under medical attendance, and to keep a watch on him. After a time, however, he peremptorily ordered the servant girl who was with him to quit the room, and in her absence took the fatal leap.—Mr. R. Tattersall, civil engineer, has been found drowned in the Grosvenor Canal. About two o'clock in the morning he was seen by a lighterman sitting astride a boom which was afloat in the canal; but he made no reply to observations which were addressed to him. The post mortem examination showed an unnatural quantity of fluid in the ventricles of the brain, from which it would seem that the deceased had been labouring under considerable morbid excitement.

**THE CHOLERA IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.**—Letters from Corfu to the 21st of November report cholera as still prevailing both there and at Zante, as well among the military as among the civil population; and it has also manifested itself in some of the villages of the island of Cephalonia. From the 4th of October, on which day it first made its appearance at Corfu, up to the 19th of November, of 768 attacked, 389 had succumbed to the disease, and only 122 had been discharged as cured; 257 were still under hospital treatment. About one-seventh of the total attacked were among the military.

**STATE OF TRADE.**—The trade reports from the provincial towns for the week ending the 1st inst. describe no alteration, the course of business being generally steady, and apparently little affected by the high rate of discount. At Manchester, the transactions have been to a moderate extent, and prices are supported by the partial strike of the operatives, which checks the accumulation of stocks that would otherwise occur. The Birmingham advices mention a rather unexpected improvement in the demand for manufactured iron, especially for home purposes. Many of the general occupations of the place likewise exhibited considerable activity, partly from the stimulus of the war, and partly from an increase in the quantity of foreign orders. At Nottingham, and also in the woollen districts, the markets have been quiet, but steady. The Irish linen trade is without alteration.—*Times*.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—Cardinal Wiseman, on Monday evening, delivered an inaugural address to the Young Men's Society in the school-room, Winchester-row. The chief subject of his discourse was an answer to the observations made by Lord John Russell, at Exeter Hall, on the persecutions of the Protestants by Roman Catholics. The Cardinal did not attempt to deny these acts (it would, indeed, have been a vain attempt to do so), but he showed what is equally indisputable, that Protestants have acted with similar cruelty and injustice to Papists. He admitted that, in times of religious excitement, all parties have been too apt to use the temporal sword; but he contrasted the brief outbreaks of Romanist fury with the long-abiding oppression of the Papists in many countries, including England. His Eminence, however, forgot the fact that an equivalent despotism is exercised over Protestants in most Catholic countries. In opposition to Lord John Russell, the Cardinal questioned the propriety of recommending young men to read such authors as Locke and Milton, whose toleration stopped short of Papacy, but included atheism and democracy. However, his Eminence advised the young men of the St. James's Society to study science to its utmost limits, for the church had no fear of its discoveries. Let them study all literature that was virtuous, and enjoy that innocent and healthy recreation without which study became a load and a strain. But they knew the boundaries that faith had marked out, and beyond that he warned them not to go.

**HEALTH OF LONDON.**—The mortality of the metropolitan districts continues to increase. The deaths, which in the two previous weeks had been 975 and 1,073, rose in the last week of November to 1,124. The number of deaths last week is less by 137 than would have occurred if the rate of mortality had been as high as it was, on an average, during the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The weekly deaths in November have been, taking the averages, 126 more than they were in the preceding month; and the mean temperature of November has been lower, to the extent of about nine degrees, than that of October. There died last week 547 males and 577 females. The number of males corresponds exactly with that of the previous week, and, therefore, the increase (amounting to 51) in the total deaths arose entirely in the female part of the population. Four deaths from scarlatina are returned from Kensington, all of them, except one, having occurred in the "Potteries." Four occurred also in Somers-town, where the Registrar complains that cleansing operations have been greatly neglected by the Paving Board, under whose management part of his district was placed. A labourer, aged fifty-eight years, died of cholera, after forty-seven hours' illness, in Fuller's-terrace, Cotton-street, Poplar. Fifteen women died of fever or other illness incidental to child-bearing. A girl, seven years old, died from drinking a quantity of sherry, "being ignorant of its effects."—Last week, the births of 838 boys and 787 girls, in all 1,615 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1,415.—*From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.*

**THE ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**—An inquest has been opened, but stands adjourned till next week, on the body of John Moore, the breaksman employed on the West London Railway, who was killed at the junction of that line with the Great Western. As far as the evidence has yet gone, it seems to show that the accident was caused by Bennett, the signalman at the Acton cutting, showing a white (or "go on") signal to the driver of the Great Western engine, when he should have repeated the red (or danger) signal exhibited by a switchman nearly a mile-and-a-half distant. It was about half-past six o'clock in the morning, and was rather dark, though clear; and Bennett says he could not see the red light from where he was placed. To determine this point, the inquiry was adjourned.

**AMALGAMATION OF FIRMS.**—Two of the West-end banking firms, Messrs. Ransom and Co., of Pall-mall East, and Messrs. Bouvier and Co., of the Haymarket, acting upon the recent suggestion that a combination of the smaller establishments would be advantageous

both for themselves and the public, have resolved upon an amalgamation; and the business of the two houses will, on and after the 1st of next month, be conducted under the address of Ransom, Bouvier and Co.

**DR. CULLEN ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.**—A pastoral by Dr. Cullen, read from all the chapels of Dublin, and extending to very great length, has been published. The Rev. Doctor considers that the humbling of the Russian arch-heretic, and the bowing of the neck of Francis Joseph to the yoke of Rome, are the blessed results of the recognition of the Immaculate Conception. The exemplary piety of the Austrian Emperor, in rising superior to the infidel "prejudices" of his age, and "undoing the unhappy work of one of his predecessors who had been led astray by the prevailing errors and false liberality of his days," is highly commended; while the irreligion of Sardinia, Spain, and parts of Germany and Switzerland, is frowned and wept over. With respect to the wicked romances and novels, and other ungodly (or unpapal) publications of the present day, Dr. Cullen advises his flock to "imitate the example of the faithful of Ephesus, who, moved by the preaching of St. Paul," burnt all their books: a broad hint in the direction of the late Bible immolations. On the subject of these so-called immoral publications, the Papistical primate earnestly desires to be informed "who will give water to his head, and a fountain of tears to his eyes, to weep over the ruin and desolation," &c.

**THE PATRIOTIC FUND.**—The members of the Loyal United Riggers' Friendly Society of the port of London, have subscribed £20 for the Patriotic Fund.

**NEW REFORMATORY AT ABERDEEN.**—The buildings of a reformatory on an extensive scale, and intended as a model institution as well as for local benefit, have just been commenced at Old Mill, about two miles from the city of Aberdeen.

**VAN DIEMEN'S LAND** exists no longer, the Queen having been graciously pleased to accede to a petition from the colony praying that the name of Van Diemen's Land should be changed to that of "Tasmania."—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

**THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.**—The Lord Advocate of Scotland has agreed to bring in a bill for the reform of the Scottish universities next session of Parliament, provided that the various parties more immediately interested shall agree on the heads of a feasible and practical measure.

**MURDER BY A RUSSIAN SAILOR.**—An inquest was commenced on Saturday, and concluded on Tuesday, at the Bristol Infirmary, before Mr. J. B. Grindon, respecting the death of Jose Francois Mareschal, a Belgian sailor, one of the crew of the *Leopold I.*, now lying in the port. The evidence proved that, on Sunday morning, the 25th ult., three men, one of whom was the deceased, while intoxicated, were quarrelling on the quay. The other two men were Johan Willem Adolfe Schinck, a Russian, and Frederick Langenon, a Belgian. They all belonged to the vessel, and, as soon as they got on board, the Russian took up a capstan bar, and struck Mareschal on the head with it. It appeared that he was irritated against him because he had taken the part of the other man. The injuries inflicted on the deceased were so severe that he died from them in the Bristol Infirmary last Thursday. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Schinck, the Russian sailor, who has absconded.

**SIR ROBERT PEEL** has written to the *Morning Chronicle*, to disavow the opinions inimical to our navy and to the Admiralty which had been imputed to him in consequence of his late speech at Tamworth. He asserts that he was misunderstood.

**BETHLEM HOSPITAL.**—The governors of this institution, in carrying out their present humane practice of non-restraint, combined with the promotion of music and other amusements calculated to soothe the minds of the unfortunate inmates, as well as from the considerable increase of patients, have felt it necessary to make extensive additions and alterations to the hospital.

**TWO DEATHS FROM FIRE.**—Two young girls, of the respective ages of eighteen and twelve, daughters of a carpenter at Southtown, Suffolk, have been accidentally burnt to death. They were sitting before the fire, when the linen clothes of the younger were ignited, and, in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, the elder girl became speedily involved in them. Both lingered for some days, and then expired.

**FIRES AND LOSS OF LIFE.**—In the course of Saturday and Sunday nights, several very destructive fires, attended by loss of life, occurred in various parts of the metropolis. In Davies-street, Berkeley-square, an elderly woman, who was paralytic, was burnt to death. Her piercing cries brought assistance, but too late to save her life. A second fire occurred in Ann-street, Pollard-row, Bathna-green, where a house was burnt down; a third took place at Ratcliff, and resulted in the death of a young man, who, to escape the flames, jumped out of a third floor window; and a fourth in Gough-square, where one life was also lost.

**MEETINGS ON THE WAR.**—Mr. Cardwell, M.P., and Mr. Henley, M.P., have expressed themselves in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war, at the annual council dinner given at Oxford to the ex-Mayor. Mr. Wise, M.P., has spoken to a similar effect at Stafford; and Mr. Williams, M.P., at a meeting of his constituents at Lambeth, where a vote of confidence in him as their representative was passed. A meeting of Poles at Preston, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their revolution, was chiefly distinguished by a motion declaring that any treaty of peace with Russia, which does not provide for the independence of Poland, will be futile.

**THE BANK CHARTER ACT.**—A meeting was held at the London Tavern, on Wednesday, to consider the state of our monetary system, and the influence of the Bank Charter Act of 1844 on domestic industry and foreign commerce. The chair was taken by Mr. F. Bennock, who denounced the plan now pursued of basing the value of notes on the quantity of gold in the cellars of the Bank of England, and pointed out that the amount of notes issued by the various British banks now ranges from £42,000,000 to £44,000,000, and that the notes depend for their convertibility on about eleven millions of gold in the bank, while on each million of the notes rest from four to five millions of bills of exchange. The withdrawal of one million of gold, therefore, said Mr. Bennock, endangers the circulation of at least twenty millions. Mr. T. C. Salt, of Birmingham, thought the rule should be that money should be issued until every honest labourer has found employment at remunerative prices: an opinion which caused some laughter. Mr. J. Lookhart defended the Bank Charter Act; attributed commercial distresses to monopolies; and hinted at, but would not press (as it was against the feelings of the meeting), a motion in favour of stopping the war.—Mr. Jonathan Duncan moved a resolution, declaring that no system of money could be satisfactory which did not return gold to its natural character as a commodity, so that it might find its value under the ordinary laws of supply and demand. This was almost unanimously carried; and so also was the final resolution, to the effect that such national paper money may be issued under conditions calculated to remedy the objections usually urged against paper money, and that the matter be referred for consideration to a committee.

**THE RELIGIOUS WAR IN BELGRAVIA.**—Dr. Lushington, on Wednesday, gave judgment in the cases of Mr. Westerton and Mr. Beale, against the Rev. Mr. Liddell and others connected with St. Barnabas, Piccadilly. It will be recollected that the action was to restrain Mr. Liddell, the Puseyite clergyman, from employing certain Popish decorations in the church of St. Barnabas; and the judgment of the Consistory Court has been in the main in favour of Messrs. Westerton and Beale, but no award has been made with regard to costs. The effect of his judgment (which was of great length, and occupied three hours in delivery) will of course be to necessitate the removal of the ornaments.

**THE BILLETING SYSTEM.**—A meeting of licensed victuallers condemnatory of the present billeting system, has been held in Worship-square. It was resolved that a deputation should wait on Sir George Grey.

**THE BIBLE-BURNING.**—The grand jury, on the Dublin commission having found true bills against the Redemptorist father Petcherine, the trial was fixed for yesterday (Friday) morning.

**THE GOVERNOR OF THE MIDDLESEX HOUSE OF DETENTION.**—The Middlesex magistracy having taken into consideration, on Thursday, the evidence with regard to the misconduct of Lieutenant Hill, in breaking the rules of the prison for the advantage of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, called the Governor before them and reprimanded him; adding, that he would be reinstated in his office, from which he had been temporarily removed; but that he would lose his salary from the time he had been suspended. A resolution was passed, censuring the conduct of the Chaplain.

**SMITHFIELD MARKET.**—A project is on foot, for converting the site of Smithfield Market into a dead-meat market, to be connected by a railway with the abattoirs in Copenhagen Fields.

**THE MANCHESTER TURN-OUT.**—The self-acting winders and piercers of Manchester are still "out," and a reply has been issued by them to the manifesto of the masters. In this document, they state, in answer to the charge of seeking to coerce the markets by combination, that they have had no organisation since 1847, and that only two advances have taken place in Manchester during the last eleven years. They deny that the average of their earnings is more than that of the surrounding towns; and being even less than the wages of some towns; and describe as an untruth the assertion of their employers, "that the advance demanded and obtained in 1853 was an improper one, and all the towns having long since withdrawn those advances, the masters in Manchester must follow their example." Ashton is cited as an instance to the contrary; and

others, it is added, might be mentioned. The masters also are severely criticised for having said in their address that "the question at issue is not one of benevolence, but one of a purely commercial character;" upon which the turn-outs remark:—"There was a time when English gentlemen were proud of their benevolence and their kindly feelings to their workpeople, but benevolence is now eschewed for things of a 'purely commercial character.'"—In answer to the foregoing, Messrs. Birley and Co., and six other of the firms whose hands are on strike, have put forth a "Second Reply" to the operatives, in which they reiterate their former statement, that organised efforts for increasing wages have been made by the workmen for some years past, and have succeeded so well that the employers have been obliged to organise also. The artisans are reminded that their wages might be made much more than 18s. a-week, even at the reduced rates, if they were willing to work the mules in the manner proposed by the masters; but, it is added, attempts have been made to compel hands who are quite satisfied to join the strike. As regards the Ashton prices, the masters say they should be very willing to re-open at those rates; and they affirm that the operatives promised, when the advance of 1853 was conceded at Manchester, that they would consent to its withdrawal on a reduction of trade.

**"TOO GREAT A TORY."**—A meeting has been held at Oldham to condemn the re-marriage, by the Rev. Mr. Lush, of a man and woman who had been already married in a Dissenting chapel. Mr. Lush has published a defence of himself in which he says that he acted in conformity with the wishes of the parties themselves, who felt that they had not been properly married, and that such was the impression of many of their neighbours. Alluding to the opinion that his conduct was in defiance of the principles of civil and religious liberty, the holy Lush observes:—"I am too high a Churchman and too great a Tory to be very conversant with the principles of civil and religious liberty, commonly so called; but in my simplicity I should have thought that the liberty ought not to be all on one side." He has just before made some disparaging remarks on the advocates of civil and religious freedom. This is the very essence of Toryism—to condemn that which it professes and boasts itself to be ignorant. What a large chapter in the history of feudal and "High Church" England is here abbreviated into a sentence! Mr. Lush also says that he acted in harmony with the law; but we should like to know what the law itself says.

**THE INQUISITION AT ROME.**—The *Piedmonte* of Turin publishes a letter from Rome, giving the following account of the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome at the present time:—"The old palace of the Inquisition having been turned into barracks for the French troops, the tribunal has been transferred to the interior of the Vatican, where the Dominicans occupy a part which none but those who have grown old in the palace can ever find, such is the intricacy and multiplicity of the stairs, passages, and secret corridors, that lead to it. When the inquisitors want either to arrest or question you, they neither send officers of justice nor a warrant; such extreme measures are only reserved for those who attempt to escape; but a gentleman calls upon you in a quiet way, and informs you that the Holy Office requests the pleasure of your company. Should you happen to expostulate, the quiet gentleman politely suggests the expediency of being punctual. When you reach the outer court of the Vatican, you find a priest who conducts you to the tribunal, and if you are only summoned as a witness, it is he who conducts you back. When in the presence of the inquisitor, you are made to swear that you will speak the truth; your answers to the questions put to you are written down in Latin; and, before being released, you must take another oath that you will reveal nothing of what you have either seen or heard."

**A JOURNAL PUBLISHED ON SHIPBOARD.**—We have received by post from Melbourne a volume of the *White Star Journal*, a record of events which occurred on the last voyage of this vessel from Liverpool to Melbourne. The journal was published by Mr. H. Dovey, "at his office, 99, between docks," and was edited by Mr. A. W. Semple, whose ability and tact may be estimated from the fact that on the arrival of the vessel at Melbourne he was waited upon by a deputation from the lady passengers, and presented with a beautiful gold pencil-case. This amusing and varied magazine presents, in an agreeable manner, many particulars of the "microcosm," if we may use the term, of emigrant and naval life, while progressing to the southern hemisphere. In it we find births, marriages, and deaths recorded; advertisements of articles to be sold and articles wanted, of keys, brooches, and other personal appendages lost or mislaid, &c. The weather and nautical phenomena, of course, constitute "a leading feature," and, joined with poetry, essays, correspondence, cabin and poop little-tattle, must have contributed much to disperse the ennui attendant upon a voyage of so many thousand miles.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle*.

## Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, December 8th.

### THE CZAR'S DESIRE FOR PEACE.

THE *pros* and *cons* of the great question of the hour—whether or not we are to have peace—maintain their wordy warfare up to the conclusion of the week. A letter from Vienna, of the 29th ult., in the *Wiener Gazette*, says:—"In contradiction to what has been stated in several newspapers, we think we can affirm that the desire for peace is very strong in Russia, and that the Czar has officially inquired of our (Austrian) Government if it would undertake to present new propositions of mediation to the Western Powers, and to support them. The reply was, that Government was not in a position to open new negotiations, unless they were to be based on determined conditions. On this, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg hastened to solicit the good offices of the Cabinet of Berlin."

It will be recollected, says the *Globe*, that Mr. Curtis, the British Consul at Cologne, was lately sentenced to imprisonment by the Prussian Courts for an offence in connection with the enlistment of Germans for the British German Legion. We have reason to believe that, on the facts of the case being represented to the King of Prussia, his Majesty was pleased to pardon Mr. Curtis, and order the immediate release of that gentleman.

Consul Eulenburg, an ultra-Conservative, has been elected President of the new Prussian House of Representatives by 187 votes. Count Schwerin, the Liberal President of the late Chamber, received 138 votes.

It was reported on Thursday on the Vienna 'Change that the Austrian army is to be again reduced by 80,000.

The *Times* states that Parliament, which stood prorogued to the 11th of this month, will be further prorogued till the 31st of next January, then to meet for the despatch of business. What will the country say to a peace being concluded—supposing such to take place—without Parliament having a voice in it?

### THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY DISCLOSURES.

The *Globe*, summarising the various letters addressed to the papers by the gentlemen who are involved in the questionable Eastern Counties proceedings, says:—"Sir Morton Peto's position amounts to this—that he has taken no advantage of the Eastern Counties Railway Company; that any contracts which he has offered for Hackney branches, or other work, were accepted because they were the lowest tendered; and that the Tilbury line was undertaken by the Eastern Counties Railway Company, who established it as a matter of policy. The late harbour-master of Lowestoft admits that the harbour itself does not pay its expenses, but he says it is valuable to the nation as a refuge, having saved hundreds of ships and thousands of lives, and that it has occasioned a traffic worth more than £60,000 a year to the Eastern Counties Railway Company, while Mr. Berkeley accuses the committee of suppressing evidence or publishing it in an imperfect form."

A very stormy meeting of the Committee of Investigation was held at the London Tavern yesterday, at which it was determined "that the opinions of the Attorney and Solicitor-General should be taken, under the direction of the same committee, as to whether the directors, or either of them, who have sanctioned or authorised such outlays as are contrary to the provisions of the Act, are, collectively or individually, liable for such misapplications to the shareholders, and also as to the proper and best means to be adopted to compel such directors to account for the same;" that no orders of Mr. Waddington's should be attended to from that day; and that the Committee of Investigation should continue their labours till the half-yearly meeting in February next, and exercise a control over the management of the Company. A resolution, censuring those directors who have not watched over the interests of the shareholders, was also carried.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E. N. M.—Zamoyaki's regiment will consist of Poles. We think an English officer would find it difficult to gain an entrance to the corps. The best way would be to write to the Secretary of the Polish Historical Society.  
T. S. (Bury).—Mr. Whitmarsh, Serjeant's-inn, is the Registrar under the Limited Liability Act. The expense of registration is from £50 to £100; of provisional registration, £5.  
"The Sardinian States," part IV., is omitted through press of matter.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1855.

## Public Affairs.

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

## SIX NEW "POINTS."

GERMAN diplomacy is pressing hard upon the Western Powers, and the Western Powers are pressing, with all their force, upon the Northern. The rumours of the past week mean, probably, that Austria is making use of the early days of winter to take the lead in negotiations for peace, and that Sweden is weighing the risks of a declaration in favour of the Allies. There may be a convention, held back for the signature of Denmark; if so, it is still a secret. People—journalists especially—are speculating in guesses, an amusing and, to the armies, a profitable game; but the public would be better informed if politicians, instead of listening at the key-holes of cabinets, or catching the ooze of state-craft, would study the bearing of known events, and calculable probabilities.

Among calculable probabilities are some which favour the idea of a speedy peace. These are:—the disastrous condition of France, the disgust of large thinking classes in England, the efforts of the German Cabinets, the auguries of an extended coalition against Russia, and the partial exhaustion of that empire. But, on the other hand, we have a tremendous force of opinion in England disposed to "one more campaign"—the dangers to LOUIS NAPOLEON of a ridiculous treaty, and the little chance that exists of extorting adequate concessions from Russia.

Were the Czar ALEXANDER to propose, in good faith, to submit to the public law of Europe, to withdraw his claims on Turkey, and to offer solid guarantees, he would find no large party in Great Britain disinclined to a pacific settlement. Only a few unheeded bawlers and disappointed contractors would groan at the prospect of peace. But taking public opinion as it is, and estimating at the lowest its definition of the objects of the war, it appears very unlikely that at this stage of the conflict, Russia should so far humble herself as to concede them.

It is a new thing, in the discussions on the war, to find the public defining its views. One good, however, has resulted from the circulation of peace propositions. Some clear ideas have been elicited. Most formal and most substantial are those of the *Times*, which lays down, as the smallest concessions that will be accepted, the following terms:—

1. That the Euxine shall be declared a commercial sea, open to the merchant ships of all nations; but to the men-of-war of none.
2. That every fort and fortification on its shores shall be demolished and dismantled.
3. That the Danube shall be a free river, open to the commerce of all nations equally.
4. That Russia shall cede so much territory as will be required to keep both banks of the Danube free from hostile interference.
5. That the Danubian Principalities shall be

erected into a State, under the guarantee of the great powers.

6. That all military and naval establishments in the Aland Isles shall be prohibited, or that the group shall be ceded to Sweden and Norway.

This programme, with some modifications, has been adopted by the half-official speculators in guesses. They lay it down as imperative, that Sebastopol should disappear, and the Black Sea be closed against ships of war; that the mouths of the Danube must be released from Russian control; that the Principalities must be guaranteed; that the political claims of the CZARS upon the SULTANS must be renounced; and that Russia must make new arrangements, equivalent to concessions, in the Baltic.

The second of these schemes—semi-official—is the parallel of the first, excepting one particular. It excludes the idea of raising the Principalities into a State, under European guarantees. Turkey, probably, would not consent to have a new political distribution of her territories dictated by her Allies; though, of course, if the Allies insisted, Turkey must yield. But it would be a curious result of the alliance, if it should dismember the Ottoman Empire. That is the difficulty of the future. We may come to terms with Russia; how shall we come to terms about the rich prize of Empire, which France and Austria at present hold in pledge?

The extent of the propositions renders it improbable that they should be accepted by Russia. The Czar may be disheartened, the nation somewhat exhausted; but a great stream of opulence runs from England, through the Prussian ports, into Russia, feeding the war. ALEXANDER the SECOND might lose more by the moral humiliation of a treaty than by successive defeats. He can still utilise, for military purposes, large classes of the population; he is still unassailable on his European frontier, and he has yet to learn how far Sweden and Denmark are prepared to enforce the policy of the Allies. But this does not preclude the chance of a peace proposal, authenticated by him, and transmitted through Austria. It will be for the English Cabinet to prepare for spring enterprises, irrespective of the overtures that may be made. It would be the policy of Russia, obviously, to employ the winter—the season of suspended arms—in feints of negotiation. She knows how these illusions affect a government and a people that can consider only one subject at once. We have other grounds for this remark than a self-suggested fear. What number of gun-boats are in preparation; what floating batteries? What is going forward in the arsenals? Where is the salvage of the floating battery that was burned last year? Have the great ship-builders had their orders? Government tells us, circuitously, that unless the six new points are granted this winter, they will be taken by force next spring; that the Preponderance question will be settled by the conquest of the Crimea, and military and naval movements not yet foreshadowed. Austria, however, loses no weight; Prussia still keeps open the rear of the Imperial Redoubt; Russia must not only feel her weakness, but confess it, before the war reaches a natural conclusion.

In France the Empire of December begins to faint for money. Public gambling has been carried too far; the war costs its million a week; the importation of corn—sold at less than cost-price—is sensibly draining the Exchequer. Then, NAPOLEON has undertaken to outvie CORACALLA, and to give France stones in exchange for her liberties. He dare not dismiss that army of workmen which builds his new palaces and streets. Our Queen's reception in the French capital induced also a perilous expenditure for a time of war and

scarcity. His own Court is one of the most extravagant that ever fed on France. Consequently, our ally and leader has inducements to retrench his expenses. But the war was his salvation; the return of peace would be, perhaps, the return of political activity in France.

Such, from an external point of view, is the present aspect of the question between Peace and War. The main element in the calculation—the submission of Russia—is that which seems the least probable. But there are other forces at work,—which must be considered as events proceed.

## THE "COURT CIRCULAR" ON RELIGION.

In the *Court Circular* this week we find strong corroboration of the principle on which we insisted in discussing the false policy of "Religious Protectionists." The King of SARDINIA is a guest of which our Court and Government are justly proud; he has received marks of sympathy and esteem from all classes in the country, and especially from the religious bodies; among others, from the Three Denominations, who presented an address, and this address is clearly printed in the *Court Circular*. They report to the royal visitor that the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists first organised their representative committee about a hundred years ago, to promote the removal of restraints on civil and religious liberty; and they have succeeded so well, they say, "that nearly all barriers on civil and religious grounds have been removed, and those which remain, we trust, will speedily disappear."

The ultimate result is, "that in proportion as inequalities on religious grounds have been removed amongst us by the Legislature, so has the nation become more firmly united in itself;" "that freedom in the teaching and profession of religion is safer for the civil governor, more conducive to the peace and happiness of the people, and more favourable to the development of a nation—intellectually, socially, and religiously—than either persecution or patronage on account of religion."

We hope so too; but we must ask what the respectable Dissenters of the Three Denominations mean by "religious liberty?" There is a mode of giving liberty to "religion" which does not succeed in giving liberty to person, or to thought. This limited liberty is admirably described by a writer in the *Globe*:—

"The Irish and English Papal primates tell us, it is never their Church, but always unbelievers in its claims, that are guilty of 'persecution' and 'tyranny.' To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to understand and accept the doctrine of 'religious liberty' *ad usum fidei*. 'True religious liberty' (as we find stated in an American Catholic Review, republished by Dolman in London) consists in the liberty of religion, not in the liberty of infidels, Evangelicals, and politicians, to enslave religion.' And 'the liberty of religion,' as appears very clearly in Dr. Cullen's repetition of the Papal lamentations for the 'serious persecutions' now suffered by 'our brethren in Spain, Sardinia, and parts of Germany and Switzerland,' consists very especially in the uncontrolled right of ecclesiastical corporations to acquire and hold property, exempt from secular jurisdiction. A national legislature determines (as that of Spain) that no corporation, lay or clerical, shall accumulate wealth in mortmain; and this is a persecution, and infringement of religious liberty! Another such legislature determines (as that of Sardinia) that no persons, lay or clerical, shall be exempt from ordinary legal jurisdiction—this too is persecution. Members of our own Parliament (judiciously or injudiciously, it is not now our purpose to inquire) propose that the civil administration shall inspect convents, lest any inmates be retained there involuntarily. This too is persecution—infringement of religious liberty—the liberty of religion—of entering an order of religion—which by no means infers the liberty of getting out again. That is 'the liberty of infidels, Evangelicals, and politicians,' and no 'sister professor' must take the liberty to become any one of these. For a 'religious,' the liberty of religion is the liberty to remain in her cell;

the desire to leave it is the desire to exercise not 'religious' but irreligious liberty."

Of course the Dissenters do not mean that stunted grant of liberty: they would "remove all barriers to civil equality on religious grounds;" by which we understand them to mean that religion shall not be made the pretext for any kind of restraint upon liberty of person or discussion. That is the only safeguard, indeed, for religion. As soon as you place discussion under restraint, you transfer the safe keeping of religion from the care of refinement, of knowledge, of intellect, by which it is best guarded equally against fanaticism and dogmatic scepticism, and you place it under the guard of the police, a body so little stored with reasoning that its *ultima ratio* is soon brought into the argument—the prison, the rack, or the scaffold. In some countries, indeed, they appear to avoid this difficulty by giving the jurisdiction to a peculiar band of police—a sacred police, the clergy; but the result is, that while the tribe of "Beaks" is inflamed with the *odium theologicum* most fatal to impartiality, justice, or moderation, the servants of God contract the fiercer vices of the Beak tribe, and you have a swaggering, cruel clergy and a blindly bigoted police in one body. The cowed policeman claims and obtains the right of entry into every house, and has a general warrant for putting down even thought within the sacred precincts of home. Witness the suppression of books and schools in Austria—if, indeed, any witness be needed.

It is the more desirable to impress this truth upon the friends of "civil and religious liberty," since they have not always recognised it. We admit the success reported by the Three Denominations, but we cannot help remembering that they did not obtain it for themselves. They demanded the liberty they then wished, and no more; indeed, they opposed more, although they acknowledge that they have profited by it now that they have it. The men who stood up for the principle in full were such as HONE, CARLISLE, and HOLYOAKE, and their denunciators and persecutors were not all orthodox. SHELLEY's children were literally torn from his arms, because he insisted on the principle whose success the Denominational Dissenters now vaunt; but we do not remember that liberty had in his person any support from the Denominational Dissenters. He got it for them; they have enjoyed it, and they are bound to aid in extending the great principle to its fullest perfection. They need not be afraid. As we showed last week, if freedom of discussion has softened the conflicts of sect, so that we may see the descendants of LAUD, KNOX, WHITFIELD, and WESLEY signing the same address, it has also disarmed scepticism, and extended the practical sway of religion.

#### COLONEL TURR.

THE exiles who have relied upon English courage to protect them against the power of Austria and France, would do well to take refuge under that flag which sheltered MARTIN COSTA. There is now but one Government—the American—which maintains the right of asylum. Great Britain dares not to maintain it. She has brought upon herself the derision of Europe by hunting the Proscribed from Jersey; she now makes atonement to Austria for her contumacy in 1849, when Turkey was an independent power. Public opinion was then proud of insolent challenges thrown at the feet of an Empire exhausted by civil war. The Austrians were told, at their peril, to drag the Hungarians from Kiutayah. But now, England being in the toils of France, and engaged in a contest with Russia, Austria

establishes martial law in two Ottoman provinces, exasperates the subjects of the Porte by a régime of licentious brutality, and arrests a British servant in the territory of her ally.

The seizure of Colonel TURR by the Austrian authorities in Wallachia, and the submission of the British Government to that piratical act, is an event which illustrates our late remarks on the demoralisation of English policy and opinion. Had it occurred in a time of peace, when the public was in a blustering mood; or in the kingdom of Naples, where an exhibition of courage would be safe, Colonel TURR would not have been abandoned to a prison, to fetters, possibly to a secret execution. But the power that insults us, and tramples on the privileges of our weak ally, is Austria—and against Austrian aggressions we are helpless. We take counsel with prudence, and submit when we cannot resist without danger. This may be a wise course; and, undoubtedly, it avoids a present risk. But the indecency of the transaction, as far as it concerns England, consists in the means adopted to justify the sacrifice of Colonel TURR.

The semi-official papers in London, informed that Government only intends to "represent" the right side of the matter to Austria, without any view to defend the public law of Europe, proceed to "explain" the case. The Austrian authorities, they say, were justified in arresting Colonel TURR, though not in personally maltreating him, on Ottoman territory. He was not strictly in the British service, though he had been employed; and if he wore a British uniform, he had forged an appearance. Possibly, had a British general been in the position of General CORONINI, he would himself have arrested Colonel TURR. At the close of this apology the semi-official conscience compromises the point, by reminding FRANCIS JOSEPH that he is loathed in central and southern Europe, and should be careful not to aggravate that loathing.

He is loathed because his Government is based on fraud and terror; because he extorts allegiance by cruelty; shoots the suspected—man or woman; and employs his police to track the footsteps of every patriot, Hungarian or Italian. But will the English public bear to be told that England, also, is becoming loathsome and despicable abroad? It was mean to permit Colonel TURR to be arrested within the Ottoman frontier; mean to exculpate our politic cowardice by a misrepresentation of facts; but it was doubly, inexpressibly disgraceful, to libel the unhappy, helpless man, and to go to Italy for the scandal.

We affect great enthusiasm for Piedmont; but do Englishmen in general know what is said of them by the Piedmontese?—or how far the Government of King EMMANUEL is implicated with our own, in acts of ignominious compliance? The story is humiliating; but must be told. When the British Cabinet needed an excuse for sacrificing Colonel TURR, it applied to the Piedmontese police—assuming that he bore a tainted character—to know the particulars of his life. The police of Turin, of course, belong to the Guild of police, throughout Europe; and it was thought proper to defame him. Lord CLARENDON was informed, in reply to his questions, "What was the opinion held of Colonel TURR when he lived in Piedmont?"—"And why was he arrested and expelled?"—"that 'he was an Austrian spy.'"

This may be true; what we know, however, is, that not the slightest shadow of proof has been discovered. We will quote from an admirable letter of the Turin correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"I believe I am in a position to give this statement

the most flat and positive denial. I have made the most anxious and careful inquiries, both of people who knew him here, and of people from Lombardy, foreign and native, and I find that all agree not only in disbelief of the statement, but in indignation. The republican and the revolutionary parties in Italy are not famous for confidence in their friends and leaders. They generally err on the side of suspicion. Every act in a man's public and private life is carefully scrutinised. No one with impunity can commit an equivocal act, or disappear from the scene for a moment, without giving the clearest possible explanations. The innocent may be blamed, but it is impossible that the guilty should escape detection—when so many lives and fortunes depend on the truth being known—for any length of time; to suppose, therefore, that Colonel TURR should have systematically betrayed his party ever since 1849, or once in 1853, and yet retain their undiminished confidence, is simply absurd. The accusation is now heard of for the first time, and is invented for the nonce."

We have grounds for believing that evidence, in refutation of the calumny, has been placed before the British Government, which is, therefore, without excuse, if it persist in defaming the character of Colonel TURR. We must know upon whose testimony he is accused of embezzling the moneys of his regiment. Until the proofs are forthcoming, we may attribute the charge to that boundless source of slander which placed PIANORI among galley-slaves, before it condemned him for his pistol-shot. As if to attempt the death of an Emperor were not a mortal crime, unless committed by an escaped convict!

We know whence come these ignoble charges against Colonel TURR. He is now expiating his attachment to the liberal cause in Italy. He has long been in repute among his countrymen, as an ardent and high-minded patriot—so ardent, that he sacrificed every worldly motive to advance the Italian cause—so high-minded, that he was trusted by Constitutionalists no less than by Republicans, with secrets which made their possessor a dangerous man. Has he ever been accused of betraying those secrets, which others, besides the Austrians, would have bought at any price? Did he ever correspond with the Austrian Government? Did he not know, perfectly, and in detail, of the movement that was prepared in February, 1853, and which was to be executed simultaneously at Milan, Bologna, Verona, and Venice?—and was not Austria kept profoundly ignorant of the scheme?

Colonel TURR was arrested, early in 1851, by the Sardinian authorities, and within the Sardinian territories. Their accusation against him then was, that he had fomented an insurrection in the Austrian provinces, and disturbed the frontier. Now, the Piedmontese police declare that he was seized as an Austrian spy. But why not punished as a spy? Instead of that, he was released, warned against acts of provocation to Austria, supplied with money, sent to Malta to take service in the British army. He imagined the character of a British agent would be his safeguard—a confidence, probably, that will cost him his life.

We are sorry for the part the Piedmontese authorities have taken in this matter. It lowers them in the sight of Europe. It exhibits the working of an Austrian influence in the capital—it deepens the disgrace incurred some time ago, when Croats and Germans were conciliated by an act of treachery at Turin. Such is the attitude to which Piedmont, in spite of its constitutionalism, is forced by the presence of a great despotism in Italy. But its free press, at least, repudiates the policy of abasement. The worst point of the case is, that we read in the Piedmontese journals, taunts directed against our countrymen, and we cannot repel them. They say that England is at the feet of Imperial France; that public opinion in England is insincere

and cowardly; that we menace a little despotism and cringe to a great one; that we are losing character and position; and have been more humbled by the French alliance than we should be by a Russian victory. We have no right to say that these things are untrue. We have said them ourselves, and it is a happy sign for Italy, that she has journalists free and honest enough to repeat them.

The refugees in Malta are losing all confidence in their position. They know not at what hour they may be put on board an Austrian ship, or expelled to seek a dangerous exile in the one free state of Italy. Already TURR, who long enjoyed in that island a hospitable refuge, has been sacrificed, though engaged in the British service, to the overbearing brutality of Austria. WINZLER, another exile who left Malta to aid in the equipment of the Land Transport Corps, is also supposed to have been seized, without protest or explanation. These facts, combined with the menace of an Alien Bill, inspire us to ask from all liberal men in this country assistance in restoring the honesty and the courage of public opinion. It is time that we cease dreaming under the purple of Paris. We have gained for ourselves, in many struggles and dangers, a name and character more valuable than even a military alliance. It is this which, at the final crisis of war, has invariably brought England to the lead, which has persuaded her to make great sacrifices of transient interests, which has taught her to trust to her better impulses, and to rely on the principles which have made us what we are. This character, the secret of our prestige, will be ruined if compliance goes too far—if, while we give Austria her victim, we excuse our impotence by vilifying the name of an honest man.

Our course should be clear. The Austrian Government has seized Colonel TURR, who was engaged on Ottoman territory in our service. We dare not exact reparation. All our forces are employed against Russia. Let us, then, eat the toad. But we put it to honourable men,—is it necessary to excite contempt in Europe by slandering Colonel TURR, because we dare not help him?

#### SURVEY OF THE WAR.

NOTHING has occurred of late to break the monotony of military life in the Crimea, except the explosion at Inkermann. The Allies and the enemy have been alike engaged in making all snug for the winter; both parties contracting their positions as much as they deem consistent with safety. The Russians have not had an explosion to diversify their camp life; but they have had more—the visit of an EMPEROR—an honour rarely paid by a sovereign to an army he does not command, and never, perhaps, unless that army is exulting with victory, or downcast by defeat. However that may be, Russia's EMPEROR rode through the lines behind those now so famous hills to the north of Sebastopol and Balaklava, and to the public he pronounces himself satisfied, and renews his declaration of confidence in Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. For another winter, as it seems, the Allies and the enemy remain face to face in the Crimea. The Russian, like a true soldier, shows a bold front, contracts his masses, holds the rugged defiles on his flank, retains the most productive and best watered region of the Crimea; secures his line of communications to the north, and, putting his trust in frost, renews, or hopes to renew, direct communication with the north-east by the Spit of Arabat, and makes a show of menacing Kertch. He seems to be triumphant in his defensive attitude. But the real difference between the position of

the two armies is this: the Allied army is quite unassailable, with any chance of success, in any one of its positions; the Russian army, secure in front, cannot place itself out of the reach of the Allies, whenever the Allies resume the offensive, without placing itself out of the Crimea. The enemy is powerless against Kertch, Kinburn, or Eupatoria; but the Allies can attack the enemy either from Eupatoria, Kinburn, or Kertch. That they have not done so hitherto is solely because no reasonable man could have anticipated these two months of fine weather after the fall of Sebastopol; and because it would have required a long time to shift the base of operations to Kaffa or Eupatoria. The attempt to turn the Russian left flank, by the movement on the Belbek, having failed, and the absence of water in the steppe proving a more formidable obstacle to General D'ALLONVILLE than the enemy, there was no course left except to go into winter quarters, retaining our lodgments on the coast for future use. The only active portions of the Allied forces are the cavalry at Eupatoria, and the gun-boats in the Sea of Azoff—both of whom have managed to destroy provisions belonging to the enemy. But the winter, although it will not necessarily stay the Eupatorians, must stop the gun-boats, and therefore free the Spit of Arabat. Such is the relative position of both parties at this moment.

But in Asia matters have been very different. Under the energetic leading of OMAR PACHA, the Turkish troops have achieved a small but brilliant victory over a corps of Russo-Mingrelians on the Ingour. As our readers are aware, the Turkish general sent on his advanced guard from Souham-Kaleh on the 13th October; he himself remaining behind to see that all the necessary work was done to secure a base of operations, supplies of ammunition, and the assistance of the mountaineers. The Turkish army was moved forward through the woods, by detachments, in looser array than would have been possible, had an enemy hovered on its flank. Still the march was well arranged. By the first day of November the advanced guard came upon the enemy's position; and by the fourth, the whole force was united on the right bank of the Ingour. The opposite bank was held by the Russo-Mingrelian troops, disposed so as to guard the fords, supported in one place by a fort, in another by an earthwork battery. OMAR PACHA was too wily to cross the river in the face of the fort. Opposite that he threw up batteries in the night, with the view of keeping the enemy employed at this point, while he turned their flank. By a series of well-timed manœuvres, he menaced the earthwork battery with a considerable show of troops and several guns, keeping up a hot cannonade, while Colonel BALLARD's rifles skirmished on the banks of the stream; then sending two columns, one to the right and the other to the left, the whole crossed the Ingour together, in the face of a heavy fire, driving the enemy before them and capturing his guns. Hearing that his left had been turned, the enemy abandoned the fort; and the whole Turkish army crossed the river, and moved forward the next day upon Kutais. Here a Turkish army, well handled, and led by British officers, showed itself superior to the enemy. Since the 6th November, we have had no news of OMAR PACHA. Granting that he reach Kutais, the question is, will he move upon Gori or Akhaltsikh? Should he remain at Kutais, it is to be feared that his operations will have but a small effect on the Russian army still before Kars. Should he move upon Gori, it is probable that he would relieve Kars; but he would be then himself in a

critical position. Should he move on Akhaltsikh, he may find that place too strong for his means of offence; and, meanwhile, Kars may fall from the effects of famine. It is, indeed, difficult to estimate the effect of OMAR PACHA's advance upon the mind of General MOURAVIEFF. Although the latter attacked Kars, on the rumour of OMAR PACHA's advance, he seems, now that the Turkish general has won a battle, and is making a triumphant march, only to strengthen his position for the winter around Kars; and to increase the rigour of the blockade. Thus MOURAVIEFF winters around Kars this year, as the Allies wintered on the plateau of Sebastopol last. But OMAR PACHA may yet spoil his schemes.

#### THE "SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE" OF BUSINESS.

It is a common dogma that it is useless to expose an evil until we can propose a remedy; but only with a distinct knowledge of the evil can we design the cure—only by knowing the extent and urgency of the evil can we settle the previous question—whether there is anything to be remedied or not. We have grown so accustomed to consider ourselves remarkable among nations for probity, for commercial rectitude, for being "genuine" and "sound," that it would be difficult to impress upon the legislature-moving public, the necessity of applying some purifying process, some scorching iron, to the cancer which is eating into our commerce, into our public affairs, into the very conscience of society itself. We may pass current the common-place, "All is not gold that glitters;" but it was a surprise to us when we ascertained, lately, through the *Lancet*, not only that many of the articles of food and medicine which we consume are adulterated, but that the larger proportion is adulterated; and that the genuine article was the exception. We have found that we want a *Lancet* commission to inquire into the state of commerce; and probably, we should discover, that not the articles alone, but the very men are adulterated—corrupted in their personal character as well as in their business-proceedings. Experiences of this kind are so multiplying daily, that we have some right to doubt whether in men, as well as in food and drugs, the genuine article is not the exception. You cannot distinguish the fraud from the truth at the first glance, and here is the appalling difficulty.

There are few vocations in which truthfulness, probity, and steadiness are more required than in that of the confidential solicitor. You look out for a man whose character stands high, whose manner impresses you with his being discreet, upright, independent, and straightforward, and you think you have found your man. You see him seated in an office where a local repute has been gained by the stability of the business; you meet a gentleman whose manners are courteous but business-like. Do not make too sure! Perhaps the very man to whom, on the score of those qualities you are about to intrust your interest, has fallen into the fashion. We do not suppose that there was a person more calculated to possess confidence than Mr. GEORGE SELBY, the solicitor. We have evidence of his character in the trust of a client who, apparently on his recommendation, consented to advance £4,000 upon the reversionary interest of a lady. It turns out, however, that this £4,000, which was borrowed for a Mrs. SHEPHERD, actually went to pay a debt due from Mrs. SHEPHERD to THOMAS SELBY, the brother of GEORGE. Mr. GEORGE SELBY must have appeared, from his mode of life, and from his large expenditure of £7,987 in four years and nine months, to be a man well to

do; yet it turns out that he was speculating in various unprofitable enterprises, paying for them out of the profits of one; which one, a Tube Company at Birmingham, he made over to his son, leaving his creditors the other less profitable branches of his business. "He was a man of education, intelligence, and great acuteness," says Mr. Commissioner GOULBURN; yet, being in arrear to the amount of £20,000 or £30,000 five years ago, he finished with debts and liabilities of nearly £200,000. And this gentleman was "in the first class of London solicitors,"—able and experienced, with all the outward signs of regularity, affluence, and intelligence! We do not wonder if our reader feels some kind of doubt as to the qualities and position of his own respected solicitor.

You go to your own banking-house—one of the oldest in London; it was founded by the "goldsmith" SNOW, who lived in the days of GRAY. The head partner is known in the fashionable world; the second partner is descended from SNOW's son-in-law, and is well known for his zeal in religious business. But there, at that desk, is the true guarantee of the house—its regularity and business knowledge,—that is Mr. BATES, the third partner, who entered the house in 1820 as a junior clerk; who has since worked his way up, and is now the third in the firm. He is a man who knows all its transactions; has, as it were, slept, and ate, and grown in the bank; and he is now bound to it by the interest of partnership. "The aristocracy" banks in the house; everybody trusts it, through the confidence of personal friendship, of respect for piety, and of trust in business regularity. Suddenly there is an explosion: the ancient banking house proves to be a nest of conspiracies, frauds, and misappropriations; the pious partner is the head conspirator, designing and directing the misuse of customers' money and property; and now is published a memorial on behalf of the third partner—BATES, setting forth that although he pretended to be a partner, he was really only the head clerk, and had no share in the profits, in the direction, or the consultative business of the firm. In short, he was not a banker at all, but only a banker's clerk. That is his own statement.

You go down Norfolk-street, Strand, and see the name of "HOLFORD and Co., Army Agents;" but there is no HOLFORD and Co. The house is the private residence of Mr. BATES, and the business is carried on by the bank of STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES, whose character we now understand. How many Co.s, whose names are over shop doors or office doors, have no sort of existence!

You are a passenger on the Eastern Counties Railway, and somebody points out to you, in a whisper of admiring awe, that "That is Mr. WADDINGTON, the chairman; and that is Mr. GOOCH, the locomotive superintendent;" and from the respect which they receive—from the appearance of affluence in the whole establishment over which they rule—from the control in the mechanical arrangements, you imagine that you see before you models of commercial magnates—examples of high commercial honour and exactness. The shareholders themselves, however, appoint a committee to investigate their own condition, and publish a report disclosing a chain of unforeseen incidents as wonderful as any that find their place in romance. The railway, whose movements look so regular, has been suffered to fall into neglect and unrepair as to its permanent way; while many species of enterprise, such as coal companies, steam-boat companies, branch lines, cabs, dancing saloons, &c., have been supported by its funds and its resources; and they profit by the use of its

line. There have never been, since that chairman was appointed, say the committee, any satisfactory accounts; there has been no reliable statement of the stores. Shares in the Tilbury line, which has been made to feed upon the company, have been distributed amongst those directors in the three united railways, each specially represented by the Eastern Counties line. In other words, the committee of shareholders charge their directors and officers with having systematically "made things pleasant" for extraneous enterprises, which were parasites upon the line; while they have starved the service of the company itself, and allowed the permanent way to fall into a state of neglect like that which we ascribed exclusively to the Court of Chancery. The shareholders of the Eastern Counties do not believe in their own officers—in their own directors—their own chairman—their own line—their own account—their own affairs. It is a sort of commercial atheism on that line.

There are many contradictions of the report; but there it stands—a hideous disclosure, or a hideous libel. Such is "commerce painted by itself."

Do we hear of punishment for robbers and pickpockets? Would not these magnates of the money world look down upon any "common person," any "needy man," whom accident might have thrown into their company? Why, they accuse each other of doing these things under no pressure of need! It is getting to be "the custom of trade."

## Open Council.

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

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

### WHAT SHALL WE GAIN BY THE WAR?

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I have devoted enough of the space you have kindly allotted to me in examining, and I trust exposing, the popular fallacies on the subject of war in general. It is time to take in hand the particular war which now desolates so large a portion of the earth. The question is, what do we gain by it? Now nothing but a fair hope of securing large and permanent, and unmistakable benefits—which cannot be obtained in any other way, and which are essential to the public weal—nothing but this can justify our plunging into the barbarous and bloody work of war. What benefits then shall we gain? What benefits will Europe gain from the war? To me it appears plain that Europe has already obtained all the advantages which can reasonably be expected from such a war as that the Allies have undertaken. The object, the publicly avowed object, of the war, was to extricate Turkey from the clutch of Russia once and for all, and to do away with the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. To put the argument in the strongest and clearest way I can, I will maintain that were the war now suddenly to cease, and the combatants on either side to retire, leaving the territorial limits of Russia and of Turkey precisely as they were before the Russian army crossed the Pruth, and suppose no treaty whatever to be executed between the contending powers—it is not only most improbable that Russia would ever again trespass on Turkish ground in defiance of the Western powers, but it is reasonable to believe that she would for the future carefully refrain from running counter to the clearly expressed wishes of those powers on any subject of European interest. She now knows our strength. She now recognises her own comparative weakness.

Now the notion cherished by many is very different from this. There are two or three sections amongst the advocates of war. I will take two of these sections—the one I will call the cold-blooded, the other the hot-blooded, section. The cold-blooded advocates of war are to my mind peculiarly obnoxious. I use the word *generically*, not *individually*. The cold-blooded belligerents are for fomenting the war from motives of high statesmanship, based on profound calculations. They have a horror of war. They think it quite awful. They lament over its necessity. They get up

at public meetings, and preface what they have to say by uttering a preliminary groan over its atrocities. They almost weep over the miseries of war, like a schoolmaster pathetically mourning over the castigation he is vigorously inflicting on a juvenile delinquent. They soon, however, put an extinguisher on the more tender feelings of their nature, and go to work with a will. Beware when you hear a speaker commence his address by moaning over the war. 'Tis like the plaintive mew of a cat, affecting to sympathise over a mouse it has partially devoured.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR H. ELTON.

### INDIA.—THE SUBSIDIARY STATES.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—As I perfectly agree with the tenor of the article in the last *Leader*, bearing the above title, you will perhaps allow me to furnish you with an additional motive for urging upon the British Government the necessity of reducing under one system of administration the entire empire of Hindostan. In these quasi-independent states it is quite possible to conduct a most dangerous intrigue without exciting the slightest suspicion in the mind of the English Resident. Very few of our countrymen are thoroughly acquainted with local dialects, however conversant they may be with the radical tongues. The bankers, or money-changers, again, make use of certain characters peculiar to themselves, and which are totally unknown to Europeans, and even to the majority of the natives. By employing men of this caste as his agents, a bold adventurer might create a fermentation throughout the length and breadth of the land, of which the Feringhees would only be aware when it was too late to prevent an outbreak. The extraordinary system of network that belongs to every class, order, and institution in India, would greatly facilitate a movement of this kind. There is a sort of Masonic understanding which unites all men engaged in the same pursuit. It is only a few years since it was discovered that there existed an organised fraternity of thieves, whose ramifications covered the entire surface of the land. By means of certain signs, emblems, and words, the members of this brotherhood could communicate and render themselves mutually intelligible, however different might be their respective dialects, however remote their respective homes. I need not remind you of the Thugs, or of the Dhutooreahs. Even the very Nautch girls are organised in a similar manner. One and all, they belong to a few wealthy speculators at Lucknow, who send forth their companies of harlots and dancers to the most distant corners of Hindostan, in full security that every pice will be accounted for. And in times of agitation a common signal flies from point to point, as rapidly as the Cross of Fire from one clansman to another in the olden times. Of this Sir John Malcolm relates a curious instance that occurred in 1818, very shortly after the conclusion of the Pindarree war, and before tranquillity had been quite restored. At every village there suddenly arrived a messenger in hot haste, the bearer of a cocoa-nut which he delivered to the Pottail, or head man, with instructions to forward it instantly to the nearest hamlet, whence it was conveyed onward in the same rapid and mysterious manner. About twenty of these nuts were brought to Sir John himself, then residing at Mhow, for no one understood the purport of the symbols. Some imagined that it was a notification of the establishment of British supremacy, while others looked forward to a general rising in favour of the vanquished Peishwah, Bajee Rao. It is probable, however, that the whole affair arose out of a misunderstanding. A Brahmin at Jyepoor had sent round to his distant acquaintances a number of cocoa-nuts in honour of the birth of a son, and those, through some accident or another, had gone forth on an errand of mystery. An immense tract of country was thus thrown into a state of high excitement, from Jyepoor, in the north, to the Deccan, in the south, and from Guzerat to Bhopal. And although no serious consequences ensued on this occasion, the incident shows how easily an agitation may be created owing to the peculiarly impulsive temperament of the natives. On this account, therefore, my opinion is decidedly in favour of the annexation, or absorption—call it what you will—of all the independent states which now seriously diminish our power, while their existence leads to the oppression of more than fifty millions of human beings.

I am, Sir, Q.

### ALEXANDER HERZEN'S "EXILE."

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—A few fussy people are writing nonsense about M. Herzen, and the title of his book. Permit me to tell them that M. Herzen never said that he was exiled to Siberia, that he was not responsible for the work being announced as "My Exile in Siberia," and that the title was changed, weeks ago, to "My Exile." This, I believe, was at the request of the author, who is a very distinguished man, and far above the imputation of the petty gossip who abuse him.

Your obedient servant,  
A. CRUIK.

## Literature.

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

THIS is the age of periodicals—a fact deplored by many and extolled by any (periodical writers especially), but which we must all accept, whether we deplore it or not. In spite of the abundance of periodicals, it is curious how little invention is displayed in the new attempts—a new idea is as rare as a new system of philosophy; the old forms, the old schemes, even the old ideas are ever repeated. The *Illustrated London News* had a new idea, a new scheme, and its prodigious success has called forth many imitations; but none of the imitators thought of doing what their model did—none of them came forth with a new plan. The public, recognising in these attempts nothing but another, and inferior, *Illustrated News*, saw no valid reason for patronising them; any one who wanted an illustrated paper took the *News*. Novelty of scheme, or novelty of doctrine, we believe to be one great element of success in a new periodical. And on this ground we see some hopes for *La Libre Recherche*, a review published at Brussels, under the direction of M. PASCAL DUPRAT. The first number is before us. It is like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but is to appear monthly instead of fortnightly. It is unlike the *Deux Mondes*, however, in two respects—namely, being the organ of the European exiles, and in endeavouring to be a *revue universelle*. Italy, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Spain, and America are more or less represented in it. Signor DALL'ONGARO contributes a paper on the periodicals of Italy; ARNOLD RUGE, on the political ideas of Germany since the French Revolution; M. LEEVELE sketches the Hungarian institutions; and Senor TOLEDO sketches the present state of Spanish literature. None of these papers are remarkable, but they indicate a wide horizon; and if the *Libre Recherche* can get good papers on such subjects, it will have a speciality which will insure success. Novelty of idea is not sufficient; the idea must be good, and the execution good.

Compare the articles in *La Libre Recherche* with the articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, for instance, and the enormous superiority of *Fraser* will at once count for its success. This is an unusually good number: to be sure, it opens with an article which of itself is enough to make the public eager when they hear it is by their favourite essayist, the author of "Friends in Council," is entitled "Friends in Council Abroad," and introduces ELLESMERE, MILVERTON, DUNSFORD, in company with a new gentleman, Mr. MIDRIST, who has brought his bulldog, *Fixer*, with him to Calais. The dialogue, managed with the writer's incomparable art, runs on passports, English Sundays, meddling interference, the war, the qualities of public men, and other subjects digressively introduced; and our readers need not be told that the thoughtful wisdom, the quiet, playful humour, and the picked dialogue of this writer, make the dialogues as bright and delectable as a comedy by MOLIERE. We must extract a passage or two, although wresting them from the context injures their effect. For example:—

MILVERTON.

Surely your experience of the world, Mr. Midhurst, must have shown you that the moment people have met together in any number—say even twenty—they begin to think how they shall annoy each other by all manner of trifling laws and regulations.

ELLESMERE.

Yes, and what is worse, there is the unwritten law, by which human beings, especially in a country with free institutions, contrive to vex one another more than by all the statutes, laws, and ordinances that ever were penned. You always complaining of lawyers oppressing you; whereas it is dull and respectable men who are the unconscious bullies of the world.

MILVERTON.

There is as some safeguard against this most oppressive and pervading tyranny of unwritten law that I have ever thought eccentric persons a great blessing to the kind. But for them, we should all be crushed down into a semi-fluid state of utter respectability, entire conformity, and superabundant folly. They are centrifugal forces in life—they are the salt of the earth. Better to have them, even when they border upon madness, than not to have them at all. To observe in such a trifling thing as dress how hard it is to gain the least improvement. The Broad-grin Interest—aided by little boys, the Respectable Interest, the Sublime Canting Interest, is always against the improver.

We have elsewhere quoted DICKENS on "The English Sunday;" here is a review of its advantages. They have been speaking about the needless execution of the passport system, and ELLESMERE replies—

Taking the whole case fairly into consideration, I think we Britishers must be very sorry when foreigners come to see us for more than they annoy us when they come to see them—in a passive way, I mean. Think what his first English day must be to a lively Frenchman. However, our dullness has this advantage—it secures us against the occupation of our country for more than six days. A foreign enemy would be so tired of us after the seventh, that he would retreat on some pretext or other—"strategical," he would call it, but anti-Sabbatical it would be.

Remarkable things are said upon the war; the following is brief enough for a fact:—

If there is any one thing in which I suppose we must confess ourselves to have been wanting, it is boldness,—especially as regards the operations of our fleets. Mark you, I should be very sorry to pronounce upon this subject without further evidence, but I conjecture that the accusation has some justice in it. My temperament and nature are so given to boldness, not to say rashness, and my studies, which of late years have been entirely with the doings of the great

induce me to overrate boldness. A man who has passed a great part of the last year, as I have, in studying the despatches of Cortes, is not likely to be enamoured of timid counsels.

But then this error, as I conceive it to be, this want of boldness, is quite as visible in civil as in military affairs. Carry to a statesman of the present day any good plan providing a remedy for some great abuse, for which he is bound to find a remedy. He will listen to you patiently, then take a sly glance over his shoulder at the clock (which glance, however, the deputation are meant to perceive). He will say something to this effect:—"You are quite right; the abuse is very great. I am sure, I grieve over it. Your plan, too, is excellent. But there are many objections to it. I doubt whether we can be sure of its succeeding. I doubt whether, in the present state of public affairs, &c. &c., I doubt whether, in the present temper of the House of Commons, &c. &c. But, gentlemen (another glance at the clock, not so furtive), if you would have the goodness to put your views in writing, they shall meet with all due consideration at the hands of her Majesty's Government." Bows are then interchanged. "How do you do, Lord A—?" (this to the head of the deputation). "I hope Lady A— is going on well. I am so glad to hear it's a boy. Good morning, gentlemen." The deputation retires.

The minister knows the thing ought to be done. But year after year his want of boldness, his anxiety to see his way, as he calls it, his desire to be safe, prevents the thing being undertaken. And so we have safe men everywhere,—safe admirals—safe bishops.

We cannot resist this little bit out of a very striking description of "A Sunday in Germany:—"

It was in a garden near to one of the most delightful of German towns—a Lutheran town, by the way. The good people had all been to church, and, after their homely dinners, had assembled to listen to an orchestral performance. Every reasonable appliance of comfort was there; abundance of chairs and tables; tea, coffee, beer, and cakes were to be purchased. Whole families came quietly trooping in. Pleasant and quiet recognitions were exchanged. The garden began to fill. The elders took their seats. Here and there a middle-aged woman comforted herself with that interminable knitting which they love so much. The children played about with one another amidst the chairs, or with grave dogs which endured their caresses. The aged and the infirm were not absent from the scene; and one poor paralytic man, wheeled thither in his easy-chair, was set a little apart from the company, as if his infirmities had begun to separate him from the world, upon which, however, he was looking kindly and placidly, with his hands folded on his breast.

How capitally observed is that touch about the dogs! Indeed, the writer is a true lover of those noble companions; and the bull dog, who takes his place here among the *dramatis personæ*, is what a friend of ours calls a "divine beast"—a bull dog that appeals to our "best and holiest feelings."

A very pleasant and instructive paper is that on "New Metals," in which the reader will find a circumstantial account of the aluminium we recently discoursed on. "The Political Press of America" is written by one who knows his subject, and does not mimic phrases. "Sutlers in the Camp" is an interesting paper contributed by one who was in the camp before Sebastopol; but the horrors of war fade into insignificance beside the horrors of imagination as set forth in the thrilling conclusion of WILKIE COLLINS's story, "The Monktons of Wincot Abbey." This writer has certainly learned the art "to move a fine horror skilfully," as CHARLES LAMB said of old WEBSTER, the dramatist; and the conclusion of his story is still more striking than its commencement.

In the way of stories, BLACKWOOD this month gives us one from the German of FERDINAND STOLLE, which is so outrageously extravagant, that laughter bursts from you as you read, and quells criticism; it is absurd and poorly written, but the very audacity of its exaggeration becomes a quality. ZAIDER is concluded in this number. There is also an elaborate paper on "Simony and Lay Patronage, Historically and Morally considered," which we have not had time to read, but which deserves to be read for the sake of the subject.

We have received the following letter to which we give the same prominence as was given to the article it answers:—

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—As you have commented with some severity upon the part which you suppose me to have taken in a recent meeting at Exeter-hall, on the Temperance question, I must beg to be allowed to inform your readers that the report which has been transmitted to you does not by any means accurately represent what I said on that occasion. No opportunity was given me of revising it, and I only saw it after its publication.

I did assert my conviction, that the author of the article in the *Westminster Review* could not be a scientific physiologist; and the chief reason which I assigned was this—I could not conceive it to be possible that any well-informed physiologist would either have ventured to dispute what is laid down by every toxicological authority of the day—British or Foreign—that alcohol is essentially a poison; or would have attempted to draw a strict line of demarcation between food and poison, such as assuredly does not exist in nature.

I am quite willing to sustain the position I have taken in this matter in fair argument with any one who shall come forward in *propria persona* to meet me; but it can scarcely be expected that I should enter the lists with a champion who can assume to himself an authority, whilst anonymous, to which, if his mask were pulled off, it might prove that he has no claim whatever.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

Dec. 3, 1855.

Dr. CARPENTER is difficult to deal with. The *Westminster Reviewer* refutes him, and his answer is, "The writer cannot be a physiologist." We point out his blunders and misconceptions, and his answer is, that we wear a "mask." Now it seems to us that if the *Westminster Reviewer's* arguments are sound, it matters little whether he be a physiologist or a geologist, a tinker or a tailor, since he does not rest his statements on his own personal "authority," but on evidence. Moreover, in shifting the ground of accusa-

tion, Dr. C. has not bettered his case; for the Reviewer expressly declares alcohol to be poison in large doses (which is all that toxicologists maintain), but that in small doses it is food; and he shows conversely that all food becomes poison, in excess. But Dr. CARPENTER persists in confounding excess with moderation—persists, in spite of evidence, in attributing to small doses what is true only of large doses, and thus claims the toxicologists as authority for his assertion that alcohol is essentially a poison.

As for our anonymous selves, we admit the terrible and obvious fact of wearing a "mask," but we cannot comprehend how the removal of that mask would suddenly change Dr. CARPENTER's blunders into accuracies, or his misconceptions into clear conceptions. He endeavours to meet our exposure by disavowing the report of his speech at Exeter-hall, which, of course, may have inaccurately reported his words; but we find from the *Bristol Temperance Herald*, of December 1, that he has, in the *Scottish Review*, written an article in reply to his Reviewer, and in this article there is the very passage, word for word, which we quoted last week as containing a strange misconception of the Reviewer's statement, and very serious blunders by way of illustration. Will the removal of our mask alter these things?

#### MACAULAY'S FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES.

*Macaulay's First and Second Volumes.* A Retrospective Review.

HAVING taken in hand to write a history of the British nation from the reign of James I., Mr. Macaulay commences his monumental work by a passing allusion to the condition of the island under its Roman conquerors. He glances at the very ephemeral consequences of that occupation of Britain, inasmuch as neither the language, the religion, nor the laws of the aboriginal people were sensibly, or permanently, affected. The Saxon irruption was a matter of far greater moment. Thence may be dated the constitutional liberty and maritime supremacy of England. For, though it may not be strictly and historically true that the Parliament is merely a modification or amendment of the ancient Witenagemote, there can be no doubt that the spirit of freedom which engendered the one, was accessory to the other. But the greatest benefit conferred upon Britain during the Saxon domination, came from beyond the seas, from the fallen capital of her former rulers. Rome, which for so many centuries had commissioned her armed legions to conquer and subdue the world, now sent forth her missionaries to preach the gospel of peace and brotherly love, and to bring mankind to an humble knowledge of their Redeemer and Him crucified. The ignorant barbarians listened with awestruck credulity to those meek and earnest men, who dared to set themselves in opposition to the strongest passions of human nature—and, listening, they were converted. It may be that the Church had already degenerated from the standard proposed by the apostles and early fathers, and that both intellectual subtleties and gross materialism had crept in. But had the Church been ten times more degenerate, the exchange of idolatry for even a coarse form of Christianity would still have proved an inestimable blessing. The very dissensions that impaired the unity and superficial beauty of the fabric, inspired an active vitality and an earnestness which, in these our days, would be denounced as hypocrisy, or derided as maudlin enthusiasm. By the humbler classes of society the "glad tidings" were especially welcomed as the means of alleviating their present lot, and as holding out the promise of a better state hereafter. Temporarily, a shield was interposed between them and their oppressors, for the proudest Eorls did homage to the sacred character of churchmen; and, from a spiritual point of view, they looked forward to the hour when all men shall be equal, and all susceptible of happiness.

Of the Danish incursions it is needless to speak, save as the forerunners of an event which, more than all others, has influenced the history of our nation. It is matter of public fame, how those fierce pirates from the Baltic not only imposed a brief dynasty upon the throne of England, but also wrested from a feeble sovereign of France one of his fairest provinces. 'Twere idle to tell how those Francised Northmen, availing themselves of the unsettled state of the island of Britain, crossed the narrow channel, vanquished the Saxons at Hastings, and placed their bastard captain on the throne. Never was conquest more complete. The Normans alone were men. The Saxons were degraded to beasts of burden—animals for gift or purchase; hewers of wood and drawers of water. The land, with its productions, its inhabitants and cultivators, was parcelled out among the victors. The name of "Englishman" became a term of reproach. He was a mere chattel; he could not even possess himself. Here again the clergy intervened; and, asserting the common brotherhood of mankind, oftentimes stayed the hasty wrath of the chafing barons. Many a dying lord listened, with contrition, to the whispered accents of the bending monk, and

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

But, with all their faults, those Normans were a grand old race. War and the chase were their objects of life, their normal avocation, their mission; love and the minstrel's song their chief recreation. No rude wassailers were they. They quaffed in moderation the light and gladsome wines of sunny France, but they turned in disgust from the heavy draughts of beer and metheglin, and the habitual excess of British and Saxon churls. England, however, was no longer the land of Englishmen. Aliens in blood and speech lorded it in the town, the hamlet, the forest, and the champaign, and deemed their conquered villains scarce meet to follow them to the field. The Kings of England were at the same time vassals of France, and this anomalous position for four centuries involved the two kingdoms in a constant state of mutual hostility. Fortunately for the independence of this island, there arose a weak, treacherous, and selfishly ambitious monarch, who threatened alike the privileges of the nobility and the security of traders. Then the Normans and the Saxons for the first time came together. Community of danger united them in a holy league, and the foundation, not

only of English liberty, but of the English nation, was laid at Runnymede. By degrees intermarriages became more frequent, and the two races gradually lapsing into one, formed the noblest people in the world. There was no longer any possibility of the annexation of England as an appanage of the French crown. A nationality now existed, against which no foreign power has for a moment prevailed. French wars then grew to be popular, and the sturdy yeomen stepped forward with bow and bill to do battle against the steel-clad chivalry of France. They fought and conquered. A French king passed through the streets of London a prisoner; an English monarch was crowned in Paris. No folly or infatuation of modern times can despoil us of this garland of fame bequeathed by our heroic ancestors.

But internal discord and the internecine hatred of fellow-countrymen for a while obscured the halo that encircled our sea-girt isle. Through many long years the land was fattened by the blood of its best and bravest citizens. The floodgates of society were broken down. The very ties of family were severed and ignored. At length light began to glimmer through the thick darkness. Through the tides of civil faction the Commons surged to the surface. The power of the feudal barons was hopelessly crushed, that of the Crown firmly secured, while the public liberties were left not unguarded. The marriage of Elizabeth of York to Henry of Lancaster reconciled the two rival Houses, and established the line of Tudor on the throne. A haughty and self-willed race were those Tudors; but the passive resistance of the Commons raised an impassable barrier against absolute despotism. Sometimes, indeed, they went still further; they repelled the iron hand of the Eighth Henry, and caused even the steadfast Elizabeth to pause and retire. The constitutional opposition of the Commons derived an increased importance from the absence of a standing army, by means of which the sovereign might otherwise have forced his will, or whim, upon the nation as the law of the land. At the same time the royal prerogative was equally defended by the incapacity of the great lords to bring an army of retainers into the field; while the country gentlemen, when united, were together too strong to suffer the encroachments of the Crown. Unlike the aristocracy of other countries, there was in England no positive line of demarcation between the nobles and the Commons. The most powerful lord in the land might be proud of the friendship and alliance of a simple gentleman. The only true distinction was gentle blood, not rank or wealth. The highest peer of the realm could boast of no title superior to that of an English gentleman. The noblest and purest blood often flowed in the veins of an untitled commoner. The son of a duke sat in the Lower House as a country squire or other commoner, and held himself honoured by being admitted into their ranks. The monarch on his throne, the squire in his hall, the peasant in his hovel, were connected by one continuous chain, of which no one link could be broken or enlarged without affecting all the others. The king could not exalt himself at the expense of his nobles, nor the nobles at the expense of the Crown; while the Commons, bent only on preserving the equipoise of the commonwealth, had no thought of encroaching on the prerogatives of the one, or on the privileges of the other. A solidity was thus imparted to the British constitution which has enabled it to pass triumphantly through the perils of the civil wars, the Protectorate and the Restoration, and to laugh to scorn the terrors of the French Revolution.

A new element, a new phase, in public affairs now presents itself. Restless or disappointed ambition, perhaps a true perception of the errors and corruptions of the Romish Church, had more than once induced partial attempts at reformation; which, fortunately, were stifled in their birth. Fortunately, because, owing to the comparative ignorance of the clergy and the positive ignorance of the laity, no good result could possibly have ensued. The former could with difficulty read the Offices of the day, which they seldom understood; the latter could neither read nor understand aught that was written, whether sacred or profane. The price of manuscript was such as to render them unattainable except by individuals of great wealth, or by conventual bodies. Knowledge of every kind, save of the ordinary practical details of life, was thus necessarily restricted to a very limited number of persons, and of these still fewer desired any change or amendment. The task of reforming the Church would therefore have fallen into most incompetent hands, and the remedy have proved far worse than the disease.

It would much exceed our scanty space were we to enter upon the investigation of the various causes which ultimately combined to introduce the Reformation into England. It is sufficient to remark that in this country the change was neither so violent nor so complete as in Scotland and on the continent. This may be partly accounted for by the circumstance that the Papal despotism had never been so predominant in this as in foreign lands, and that, consequently, it was regarded with less personal animosity. But it may be more justly attributed to the tastes and temperament of Henry VIII., who ever loved a certain degree of pomp and parade, and whose separation from the Church of Rome can hardly be assigned to conscientious conviction. A large proportion of the people, however, and not a few of the clergy, were no doubt prone to run into the opposite extreme; but they were sensible that nothing could be done without the protection of the king, while Henry was equally aware that he could not dispense with the support of his Protestant subjects. A compromise was therefore effected, and thence arose the Anglican Church. But although the majority adhered to this excellent establishment, a vast number of ardent and zealous spirits aimed at a more decided severance from Romish ceremonials, and devoted themselves to the practice of asceticism and self-denial. It may be readily imagined that these Puritans, as they were derisively called, would become exceedingly odious to the Court; and it can be no matter of surprise that they were subjected to a most cruel and unjust persecution, both by the sensual and imperious Henry, and his not less imperious, if less sensual, daughter Elizabeth. But their sufferings, however severe and unmerited, failed to weaken their loyalty and affection for that masculine Queen. Their religion had undergone such grievous peril under Mary, that they freely accepted the injustice of Elizabeth towards themselves in consideration of her firm and consistent adherence to the Reformed faith. Under James I. they were not disposed to be equally tractable. That imbecile pedant interfered with everything, and damaged everything with which he interfered. During his miserable reign the English nation lost all its influence on the Continent, and the Crown much of its

verence in the nation. Striving to establish the doctrine of divine right and of royal infallibility, James succeeded in proving that his own accession was a misfortune, and his wisdom arrant folly. Unchecked by fear or personal respect, the Puritans withdrew themselves more completely from the Anglican Church, and as their opinions became more pronounced, their numbers and importance increased.

James I. was pusillanimous, but he was honest for a prince of that period. His son and successor, Charles I., was neither pusillanimous nor honest. Of personal courage he had a kingly portion, but he was utterly faithless, and a princely word could only be valued by the exact reverse of what it promised to indicate. Inheriting from his father an absurd and exaggerated notion about royal prerogatives, he believed that it was his supreme and undenied duty, at all hazards and at every cost, to transmit to his successor sovereign power without diminution or flaw. And as his most stubborn opponents were among the Puritans, he came to consider that body as peculiarly obnoxious to kingly authority, and accordingly lent a ready ear to their fiercer enemy, his Papistical consort, Henrietta of France. He was unfortunate, too, in his counsellors. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was man of a stern and uncompromising disposition, whose panacea for political and social evils was a standing army. It was probably through his representations that the Star Chamber was directed to the violent persecution of political offenders. Archbishop Laud was equally imperious, but cared less for the royal prerogative than for the establishment of a pompous and ceremonial Church. It was probably owing to his influence that the Court of High Commission exercised its inquisitorial functions with such unrelenting severity.

After breaking faith with his subjects relative to the Petition of Right, Charles next endeavoured to levy ship-money throughout the realm, although was notoriously a tax peculiar to the sea-board. It was patent to all men that his object was not to provide a fleet, but to raise and maintain an army, a permanent menace to the liberties of his own people. The deceit was transparent as the illegality of the impost. It was, therefore, firmly resisted by Hampden and a large body of patriots. The next step to ruin was the forcible introduction of the Liturgy of the Anglican Church into Scotland. Here also he encountered a violent opposition and alienated his most loyal subjects.

The Long Parliament met in November, 1640—a Parliament destined to witness and sanction the most stirring events of English history. Now, for the first time, was formed the nucleus of the two great parties which, under different denominations, have ever since maintained the balance between wild puritanism and stolid inertness. The Parliament proving refractory, the king was sufficiently ill-advised, or self-willed, to attempt to arrest five of its members by armed soldiers under his own immediate command. An immense agitation pervaded London, and Charles was constrained to consult his personal safety by a hasty flight from his capital. In August, 1642, the Civil War fairly commenced, and the soil of England was stained with the blood of her most gallant sons slain by their own kinsmen. At first the Royalists were generally successful; but after a time the terrible earnestness of Cromwell infused a rigid discipline into his followers, against which the tumultuous laughter of the Cavaliers was as the spray dashing upon a rock. The history of his picturesque but mournful period is too well known to need repetition. Charles perished on the scaffold, dying like a martyr after living more like a usurper than a lawful prince.

His death placed the supreme power at the disposal of the victorious and victorious army. The Scots and the Irish murmured against this military despotism. Scotland and Ireland were subjugated as completely as England and the Normans. The Lord General became Lord Protector. But for the year he would have been king, and have founded a new dynasty. As it was, ruled with equity and firmness at home, and made the name of England respected and dreaded abroad. He was the protector of the Protestants in all lands. No man dared to raise a hand or wag a tongue against them, while Cromwell lived. Even the Pope enjoined tolerance and Christian forbearance, for Cromwell had threatened that English guns should be heard at the Castle of St. Angelo. And Cromwell was a hero, not a mere king—his word never returned unfulfilled.

When Cromwell was gathered to his fathers, his son Richard for a brief time assumed the guidance of affairs. But he lacked individuality and character, and at such a crisis none but a genuine man can hold his own. He was ignominiously deposed, and a swarm of puny dwarfs strove to bend the neck of Cromwell: the rebound dashed them to the ground. The nation prepared to submit to an usurper, but not to a series of experimental tyrants.

George Monk and the army of Scotland gave utterance to the voice of the nation. A free Parliament was elected, and Charles II. ascended the throne of his ancestors.

The lessons of adversity, it was thought, would teach him to reign with wisdom and dignity. The thought was not sagacious, the expectation was founded. One who has suffered adversity for only a brief space may learn much that is good and expedient for him to know. But he who has been long acquainted with exile and poverty loses his self-respect, becomes callous to the opinion of his fellow-men, is rendered cynical by disappointments of every kind, and recklessly seizes on every passing opportunity for immediate gratification. It was thus with Charles II.

Coloured at the commencement of his reign as a being of a superior order, before its conclusion he was despised and execrated. The nation was disgusted at the injustice exercised towards the Nonconformists: it was shocked by the frightful profligacy of the Court. The King's leaning to the Roman Catholic religion was also an early object of suspicion, which his marriage with Catherine of Braganza did not tend to dissipate. The surrender of Dunkirk, again, deeply wounded the national vanity; and afforded an unfavourable contrast to the incorruptible rule of the Protector. Then the Dutch fleet swept up the Thames with impunity. Ships of war were anchored at Chatham. The report of hostile guns echoed through the streets of London. Scarcely had this danger been averted by a disgraceful treaty, when a fearful pestilence broke out, which, in six months, carried off a hundred thousand persons. The plague was followed by a fire, which consumed all London between the Temple and the Tower, the Thames and the Jews of Smithfield.

Wearied of the restraints of constitutional government, and chafing under the patriotic spirit of the country party, Charles now sold himself and his kingdom to Louis XIV. By the treaty of Dover, he pledged himself to a public profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and to join his arms with those of the French monarch, in supporting his designs on the Spanish Crown, and against the liberties of the United Provinces. But who knows not the sad story of this ignominious reign? For a quarter of a century England was virtually effaced from the political map of Europe. At home, public affairs were for some time the sport of the infamous Cabal. On their downfall there was little reason for congratulation. The Popish plot, or fable, of Titus Oates poured forth much innocent blood. It was then the pure spirit of the noble Howard, Viscount Stafford, was emancipated on the scaffold from the pollutions of such a Court. Somewhat later, the Rye House Plot furnished pretext for the judicial murder of men, whose lives were a rebuke to the King and his wretched associates. Then perished Russell and Sidney—then fell Essex by his own hand. And yet, one bright spot illumines that gloomy period. The Habeas Corpus Act received the royal assent on the 26th of May, 1679, and the personal liberty of the subject was placed beyond the reach of a tyrant's caprice.

Charles II. died in 1685. Nothing but the terrible memories of the civil wars maintained him so long upon a throne he prostituted and disgraced. During the twenty-five years of his misrule, he had succeeded in rendering the name of Englishman a byword and a reproach. As in Imperial Rome, so now, everything was venal except a good reputation, and that only was not offered for sale, because no one could have been found to bid for it. Disgusted with Presbyterian harshness in his youth, Charles turned with complacency to the Roman Catholic religion, which seemed so tolerant of the frailties of the rich and powerful. At least, such must have been his impression during his forced sojourn on the Continent, particularly at Bruges, where superstition and profligacy have ever gone hand in hand. There is no doubt he died in the profession of that faith; and his last moments were soothed by the belief that his sins would be remitted, for he had been judged worthy to partake of the body of his Redeemer and his God.

At the accession of James II., the condition of the country was such as to demand the utmost tact and forbearance, combined with firmness in emergencies. But James was only obstinate, overbearing, and implacable. In the course of his brief, but disastrous reign, he contrived to disgust and alienate all parties and to render his warmest friends distrustful, if not indifferent. The British Government was just then in a transition state. It was neither an absolute despotism like that of France, nor a limited monarchy according to our present acceptance of the term. A constant and unceasing struggle was going on between the sovereign and the legislature: the former striving to raise himself above all law, the latter to make the law paramount and without appeal. The imperious character and despotic tendencies of the new monarch were well known to the new Parliament, who therefore sparingly doled out the supplies necessary for the maintenance of his regal splendour. Could they have relied on his sincerity they would cheerfully have tendered the most ample grants to enable him to become the umpire of Europe. And James was really ambitious to undertake that high mission—but he was still more ambitious to be the master of his own subjects. He was quite ready to employ the Parliamentary supplies in checking the overgrown power of France—but he was equally prompt to accept a subsidy from Louis for the purpose of corrupting that Parliament, and of enslaving his own people. The result of this double policy might have been easily predicted. He only succeeded in becoming an object of contempt and suspicion to all Europe.

But the real and most active mainspring of his conduct was a proselytising devotion to the Romish Church. To her he was prepared to sacrifice his kingdom, his family, and himself. With an indiscretion allied to infatuation he commenced his reign by a solemn celebration of the mass on Easter Sunday, in Westminster Abbey. On all occasions he openly avowed his abhorrence of the Anglican heresy. His treatment of the Nonconformists and Scotch Covenanters was not only severe, but sanguinary. Charles, indeed, had chastised them with whips, but James scourged them with scorpions. A general feeling of disaffection was thus created throughout the kingdom, and in the West a formidable insurrection broke out in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, a putative son of Charles II. This enterprise, however, failed through the misconduct of the leaders, and the misguided adventurer paid the penalty of unsuccessful treason. The rout of Sedgemoor, the execution of Monmouth and Argyle, the butcheries of Kirke's "Lambs," and the bloody assizes of the monster Jeffreys, struck such a terror into the hearts of men that for a time James was virtually absolute. As a tyrant he might have been content to hold in his hand the lives and properties of his subjects. As a bigot he must needs control their consciences also. On this rock he split.

Aware that a strenuous opposition would be offered to his fixed design of restoring the Roman Catholic Church, James gradually formed a standing army such as no King of England had ever before possessed in time of peace. Thus supported, he endeavoured to awe the Law Court and High Parliament into abject submission, and the judges who resisted him were summarily dismissed. Abusing his dispensing power, he introduced his fellow-religionists into spiritual, as well as into civil and military offices. Important benefices were conferred on Papists. The Papal Nuncio was consecrated in St. James's Palace, and the sovereign of Protestant England knelt to receive the blessing of a Catholic prelate. Not even the universities of Oxford and Cambridge were respected. After a stout resistance, Magdalene College was converted into a Popish seminary. Not long afterwards seven bishops were committed to the Tower and put upon their trial before an incompetent court, because they refused to lend their aid to the subversion of their own Church. Hitherto the Protestant clergy had, for the most part, preached the doctrine of non-resistance, but now that their benefices were in danger they began to entertain grave doubts as to the soundness of their previous opinions. No doubt they were conscientiously moved in their defence of the Protestant religion, but their zeal was naturally inflamed by the peril which menaced their livings. If even the Episcopal character failed to command respect, what sort of treatment might not humble incumbents expect?

The Dissenters coalesced with the members of the Established Church, as they had before done in the time of Elizabeth. Even many Roman Catholics, and the Supreme Pontiff himself, disapproved of James's measures. But he was bent on his own ruin, and remonstrance or advice only rendered him the more determined.

For a long time the nation submitted with comparative patience, because at James's death the crown would revert to a sincerely Protestant ruler. But when a direct male heir to the throne was born, and it seemed probable that Papacy would be confirmed in the land, the most staunch Tories perceived that their duty to their Prince contravened their duty to their God. They were at no loss to choose to which allegiance to adhere. There might be a natural and very sore struggle between interest and duty, but the latter prevailed. The husband of the Princess Mary, William, Prince of Orange, was invited over from Holland to secure the Protestant succession. The cold intellect, unimpassioned sagacity, and unalterable resolution of that prince saved the country from spiritual bondage, and, almost without bloodshed, placed the constitutional liberties of England beyond all serious danger. In the last hour, deserted by those in whom he most confided and by his own daughter, James also was untrue to himself, and after much deceit and vacillation, fled the country.

Thus far has Mr. Macaulay told with impartial truth and glowing eloquence the story of the illustrious achievements, the crimes, the follies, and the disasters of our ancestors. The world awaits with impatience the completion of his great national monument.

#### CHARACTERS IN LITTLE DORRIT.

*Little Dorrit.* By Charles Dickens. No. I.

Bradbury and Evans.

AMONG the varied circle of Elia's friends one is amazed to find a murderer—not a man who murders in a fit of passion—not a man who, stung by some injury which the law is powerless to avenge, takes vengeance into his own hands; but a cool, calculating, cruel villain, who murders for money, and does it for a certain *gaieté de cœur*. That the "gentle Elia" should have admired such a man, and called him friend, sounds like a paradox. It is perfectly true, however, as may be read in Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb;" and in an article published by the *British Quarterly Review*, No. XVI., where more particulars of this man may be read—particulars which belong to romance, so unlike the ordinary experiences of life are they. Mainwright (the murderer) was sentenced to transportation for fraud; a friend visited him in Newgate, and the Reviewer thus records part of the conversation. "I do not," said our friend, "intend to preach to you—that would be idle; but I ask you, Mr. Mainwright, as a man of sense, whether you do not think your courses have been, to say the least, very absurd?" "No," replied the exquisite. "No. I played for a fortune, and I lost. They pay me great respect here, I assure you. They think I am in for £10,000, and that always creates respect." "Well but," said the other, "if you look back upon your life and see to what it has brought you, does it not demonstrate the folly of your proceedings?" "Not a bit," replied he. "I have always been a gentleman—always lived like a gentleman—and I am a gentleman still. Yes, sir, even here in Newgate, I am a gentleman! The prison regulations are, that we should each in turn sweep the yard. There are a baker and a sweep here besides myself. They sweep the yard; but, sir, they have never offered me the broom!"

There is a character for a novelist! Dickens has long known all particulars of this "dandy murderer," and at last has resolved on portraying him in a fiction. The Rigaud of "Little Dorrit," although he leaves us to be tried for the murder of his wife, will escape, and figure through many of the twenty numbers—at least, we hope so.

Another character, full of promise for the future, is Mrs. Clennam, the clear, hard, rigorous Calvinist, stern of face and unrelenting of heart, making her religion a weapon of offence, a pretext for the indulgence of tyranny. Dickens always takes up some great abuse as the target for his satire. He has never, we believe, taken up one more urgently needing reform than that of the "bitter observance of the Sabbath," as we understand it, in England and Scotland. The following is in his best manner:—

It was a Sunday evening in London, gloomy, close, and stale. Maddening church bells of all degrees of dissonance, sharp and flat, cracked and clear, fast and slow, made the brick and mortar echoes hideous. Melancholy streets in a penitential garb of soot, steeped the souls of the people who were condemned to look at them out of windows in dire despondency. In every thoroughfare, up almost every alley, and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, tolling, as if the Plague were in the city and the dead-carts were going round. Everything was bolted and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an overworked people. No pictures, no unfamiliar animals, no rare plants or flowers, no natural or artificial wonders of the ancient world—all *safo* with that enlightened strictness, that the ugly South sea gods in the British Museum might have supposed themselves at home again. Nothing to see but streets, streets, streets. Nothing to breathe but streets, street, streets. Nothing to change the brooding mind, or raise it up. Nothing for the spent toiler to do, but to compare the monotony of his seventh day with the monotony of his six days, think what a weary life he led, and make the best of it—the worst, according to the probabilities.

At such a happy time, so propitious to the interests of religion and morality, Mr. Arthur Clennam, newly arrived from Marseilles by way of Dover, and by Dover coach the Blue-eyed Maid, sat in the window of a coffee house on Ludgate Hill. Ten thousand responsible houses surrounded him, frowning as heavily on the streets they composed, as if they were every one inhabited by the ten young men of the Calendar's story, who blackened their faces and bemoaned their miseries every night. Fifty thousand lairs surrounded him where people lived so unwholesomely, that fair water put into their crowded rooms on Saturday night, would be corrupt on Sunday morning; albeit my lord, their country member was amazed that they failed to sleep in company with their butcher's meat. Miles of close wells and pits of houses, where the inhabitants gasped for air, stretched far away towards every point of the compass. Through the heart of the town a deadly sewer ebbed and flowed, in the place of a fine fresh river. What secular want could the million or so of human beings whose daily labour, six days in the week, lay among these Arcadian objects, from the sweet sameness of which they had no escape between the cradle and the grave—what secular want could they possibly have upon their seventh day? Clearly they could want nothing but a stringent policeman.

Mr. Arthur Clennam sat in the window of the coffee house on Ludgate Hill, counting one of the neighbouring bells, making sentences and burdens of songs out of it in spite of himself, and wondering how many sick people it might be the death of in the course of the year. As the hour approached, its changes of measure made it more and more exasperating. At a quarter, it went off into a condition of deadly lively importunity, urging the populace in a voluble manner to Come to church, Come to church, Come to church! At the ten minutes, it became aware that the congregation would be scanty, and slowly hammered out in low spirits, They won't come, they won't come, they won't come! At the five minutes, it abandoned hope, and shook every house in the neighbourhood for three hundred seconds, with one dismal swing per second, as a groan of despair.

"Thank Heaven!" said Clennam, when the hour struck, and the bell stopped. But its sound had revived a long train of miserable Sundays, and the procession would not stop with the bell, but continued to march on. "Heaven forgive me," said he, "and those who trained me. How I have hated this day!"

There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to perdition?—a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy—and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccupping reference as 2 Ep. Thess. c. iii. v. 6 & 7. There was the sleepy Sunday of his boyhood, when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel by a picquet of teachers three times a day, morally handcuffed to another boy; and when he would willingly have bartered two meals of indigestible sermon for another ounce or two of inferior mutton at his scanty dinner in the flesh. There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage; when his mother, stern of face and unrelenting of heart, would sit all day behind a Bible—bound like her own construction of it in the hardest, barest, and straightest boards, with one dented ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves—as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse. There was the resentful Sunday of a little later, when he sat glowering and glooming through the tardy length of the day, with a sullen sense of injury in his heart, and no more real knowledge of the beneficent history of the New Testament, than if he had been bred among idolaters. There was a legion of Sundays, all days of unserviceable bitterness and mortification, slowly passing before him.

This miserable child goes from home, and returns a man. The interview with his mother is told in very pregnant sentences:—

Arthur followed him up the staircase, which was panelled off into spaces like so many mourning tablets, into a dim bedchamber, the floor of which had gradually so sunk and settled, that the fireplace was in a dell. On a black bier-like sofa in this hollow, propped up behind with one great angular black bolster, like the block at a state execution in the good old times, sat his mother in a widow's dress.

She and his father had been at variance from his earliest remembrance. To sit speechless himself in the midst of rigid silence, glancing in dread from the one averted face to the other, had been the peaceablest occupation of his childhood. She gave him one glassy kiss, and four stiff fingers muffled in worsted. This embrace concluded, he sat down on the opposite side of her little table. There was a fire in the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a kettle on the hob, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a little mound of damped ashes on the top of the fire, and another little mound swept together under the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a smell of black dye in the airless room, which the fire had been drawing out of the crape and stuff of the widow's dress for fifteen months, and out of the bier-like sofa for fifteen years.

"Mother, this is a change from your old active habits."

"The world has narrowed to these dimensions, Arthur," she replied, glancing round the room. "It is well for me that I never set my heart upon its hollow vanities."

The old influence of her presence and her stern strong voice, so gathered about her son, that he felt conscious of a renewal of the timid chill and reserve of his childhood.

We hope that this dreary, but truthful, picture of English life will form a prominent part in the new story. Of Little Dorrit herself we as yet only get the vaguest of glimpses. Affery and Flintwinch may turn out characters; but at present we rather dread to think of what Miss Wade will become. It is, however, too early to form more than the vaguest guess as to either the conduct of the story or the nature of the actors; and, in the case of a popularity so unparalleled as that of Dickens', criticism is taken out of our hands by the public. Thirty-five thousand copies having been sold within the first week, how can we poor critics hope to be heard.

#### BROWNING'S MEN AND WOMEN.

*Men and Women.* By Robert Browning. 2 vols.

Chapman and Hall.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE reader of these volumes will assuredly feel himself in the presence of a powerful and original mind, which is not what he often feels when turning over volumes of verse. But, although Browning has thought much, he gives it forth at white heat, and fuses his thought into the mould of verse, he does not commit the great mistake of pouring it cold into the mould—nor does he forget, to use his own language, that—

Song's our art:

Whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts  
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds.  
True thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up!  
But why such long proclusion and display,  
Such turning and adjustment of the harp,  
And taking it upon your breast at length,  
Only to speak dry words across its strings?

He can argue in verse, but even in argument he does not forget that he is a poet. See, as an example, how admirably he argues against the aestheticism of the Romantic School, in these words, spoken by the painter monk, Fra dippo dippi:—

First, every sort of monk, the black and white,  
I drew them, fat and lean: then, folks at church,  
From good old gossips waiting to confess  
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends,—

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,  
 Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there  
 With the little children round him in a row  
 Of admiration, half for his beard and half  
 For that white anger of his victim's son  
 Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,  
 Signing himself with the other because of Christ  
 (Whose sad face on the cross sees only this  
 After the passion of a thousand years)  
 Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head,  
 Which the intense eyes looked through, came at eve  
 On tip-toe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,  
 Her pair of ear-rings and a bunch of flowers  
 The brute took growling, prayed, and then was gone.  
 I painted all, then cried "'Tis ask and have—  
 Choose, for more's ready!"—laid the ladder flat,  
 And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.  
 The monks closed in a circle and praised loud  
 Till checked (taught what to see and not to see,  
 Being simple bodies), "that's the very man!  
 Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!  
 That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes  
 To care about his asthma: it's the life!"  
 But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and fumed—  
 Their betters took their turn to see and say:  
 The Prior and the learned pulled a face  
 And stopped all that in no time. "How? what's here?  
 Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!  
 Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true  
 As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game!  
 Your business is not to catch men with show,  
 With homage to the perishable clay,  
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,  
 Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.  
 Your business is to paint the souls of men—  
 Man's soul, and it's a fire. smoke . . . no it's not . . .  
 It's vapour done up like a new-born babe—  
 (In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth)  
 It's . . . well, what matters tal'ing, it's the soul!  
 Give us no more of body than shows soul.  
 Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God!  
 That sets you praising—why not stop with him?  
 Why put all thoughts of waise out of our heads  
 With wonder at lines, colours, and what not?  
 Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!  
 Rub all out, try at it a second time.  
 Oh, that white smallish female with the breasts,  
 She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I would say,—  
 Who went and danced and got men's heads cut off—  
 Have it all out?" Now, is this sense, I ask?  
 A fine way to paint soul, by painting body  
 So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further  
 And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white  
 When what you put for yellow's simply black,  
 And any sort of meaning looks intense  
 When all beside itself means and looks nought.  
 Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,  
 Left foot and right foot, go a double step,  
 Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,  
 Both in their order! Take the prettiest face,  
 The prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty  
 You can't discover if it means, hope, fear,  
 Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?  
 Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,  
 Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,  
 And then add soul and heighten them threefold?  
 Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—  
 (I never saw it—put the case the same—)  
 If you get simple beauty and nought else,  
 You get about the best thing God invents—  
 That's somewhat.

In the argumentative style, there is that strange, sarcastic, puzzling, because dramatic poem, called "Bishop Blougram's Apology," and charming it is to turn from such dramatic goings out of himself, to the direct and beautiful expression of his love for his wife, which smiles with deep and quiet tenderness in many a page. In the following passage, for example, how true and pretty is the allusion to his wife's poetical fame, and his delight in it. (We must premise, that the phrase, "My moon of poets," is an allusion to something which has been said in an earlier passage of the poem)—

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
 Boasts two soul-sides; one to face the world with,  
 One to show a woman when he loves her.  
 This I say of me, but think of you, Love!  
 This to you—yourself, my moon of poets!  
 Ah, but that's the world's side—there's the wonder—  
 Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you.  
 There, in turn I stand with them and praise you,  
 Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.  
 But the best is when I glide from out them,  
 Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
 Come out on the other side, the novel  
 Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,  
 Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

This does not, of course, read so well in extract as it does in its own place; but that is the inconvenience attending newspaper criticism; one can only give "specimen bricks," which are not true specimens. The best parts of these volumes are beyond quotation limits. To conclude, we will give another story in two short poems—"Before" and "After":—

## BEFORE.

Let them fight it out, friend! things have gone too far.  
 God must judge the couple! leave them as they are  
 —Whichever one's the guiltless, to his glory,  
 And whichever one the guilt's with, to my story.

Why, you would not bid men, sunk in such a slough,  
 Strike no arm out further, stick and stink as now,  
 Leaving right and wrong to settle the embroilment,  
 Heaven with snaky Hell, in torture and entoilment?

Which of them's the culprit, how must he conceive  
 God's the queen he caps to, laughing in his sleeve?  
 'Tis but decent to profess oneself beneath her.  
 Still one must not be too much in earnest either.

Better sin the whole sin, sure that God observes,  
 Then go live his life out! life will try his nerves,  
 When the sky which noticed all, makes no disclosure,  
 And the earth keeps up her terrible composure.

Let him pace at pleasure, past the walls of rose,  
 Pluck their fruits when grape-trees graze him as he goes.  
 For he 'gins to guess the purpose of the garden,  
 With the sly mute thing beside there for a warden.

What's the leopard-dog thing, constant to his side,  
 A leer and lie in every eye on its obsequious hide?  
 When will come an end of all the mock obeisance,  
 And the price appear that pays for the misfeasance?

So much for the culprit. Who's the martyred man?  
 Let him bear one stroke more, for be sure he can.  
 He that strove thus evil's lump with good to leaven,  
 Let him give his blood at last and get his heaven.

All or nothing, stake it! trusts he God or no?  
 Thus far and no farther? farther? be it so.  
 Now, enough of your chicane of prudent pauses,  
 Sage provisos, sub-intents, and saving-clauses.

Ah, "forgive" you bid him? While God's champion lives,  
 Wrong shall be resisted: dead, why he forgives.  
 But you must not end my friend ere you begin him;  
 Evil stands not crowned on earth, while breath is in him.

Once more—Will the wronger, at this last of all,  
 Dare to say "I did wrong," rising in his fall?  
 No?—Let go then—both the fighters to their places—  
 While I count three, step you back as many paces.

## AFTER.

Take the cloak from his face, and atfirst  
 Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man!  
 Death has done all death can.  
 And absorbed in the new life he leads  
 He reck's not, he heeds.

Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both strike  
 On his senses alike,  
 And are lost in the solemn and strange  
 Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avail death to erase  
 His offence, my disgrace?  
 I would we were boys as of old  
 In the field, by the fold—  
 His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn  
 Were so easily borne.

I stand here now, he lies in his place—  
 Cover the face.

If these specimens send the reader to the volumes they have fulfilled their purpose.

## PICTURES OF CUBA.

*Pictures of Cuba.* By William H. Hurlbut.

Longman.

THERE is no country in the world that is more lovely than Cuba; it is as beautiful as Polynesia, only, from its extent, it presents a greater variety than any of the islands of the mid Pacific. It has mountains large enough to vary the horizon, and the rich tropical foliage clothes the whole island in beauty. The summer, although oppressive, has not the fierce intensity of continental summers; the winter is no winter at all, but only "a summer of serene delight." In a fertile land, such a climate necessarily contributes greatly to the enjoyment of existence; the air is full of a soft delicious warmth, which renders life itself a pleasure, and the skies are the most beautiful in the world. The moon shines placid and pure in the most spotless clouds; and so steadfast is the climate, that it may be trusted like a tried friend. It seldom happens that a land and atmosphere so delicious fails to enervate the residents, and we might have expected to find Cuba the lounging place of America, even if Spanish institutions had not come in to render the enervation and corruption more complete, and, in fact, to make corruption out-do itself. Life in Cuba, as it is described by one of the latest visitants, Mr. Hurlbut, is about midway between that of Naples and Paris. The very inn of Havana is a Moorish palace, and you might count upon enjoying existence, with all its best accessories, if it were not for the people. The interior of this Moorish palace combines the discomforts of a German boarding-house, with the expensiveness of a Bond-street hotel. A bed-room to oneself is a luxury almost unknown, and the traveller spends the night in dreadful proximity to a companion whom he has not always the opportunity of choosing. The social routine of the people is of an easy and pleasant kind; but under grievous restraints. Numberless are the things which the resident in Cuba must not do, or it would compromise him with the authorities. He may talk if he is very sure of his companions; but even such conversation has its risks. There is, indeed, plenty of mere vitality. There is bustling work in the green environs; there is life and stir on the sugar estates; there is the free bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros; there are the cafés; and the railway adds fervour and speed to the customary movements of the people.

But there is a dark side to the brightest picture. It is not that slavery in Cuba exists in its most horrible form, for the negroes, as we have recently had occasion to observe, get out of existence an amount of enjoyment rarely permitted to the working class in European countries. The Cuban slave is

protected by laws which enable him to apply his earnings to the purchase of his liberty. So soon as he can accumulate fifty dollars, his master is obliged to accept that sum, and to allow him a certain amount of leisure; and, in fact, the indulgences granted amount to a sort of rough semi-savage family-life, and in some seasons of the year the negroes are required to work sixteen and sometimes nineteen hours a-day, and both sexes are included in this excessive toil. But the Cuban slave certainly enjoys many privileges which are denied to his American brethren. It is only upon the small tobacco farms that the hardships are intolerable. The owners of these petty estates possess little capital, and less mercy; and they try to eke their means out of their negroes' flesh, on which also they vent the rube of fortune that ruffle their own tempers.

The real curse of Cuba is its own social corruption. The 350,000 slaves could not do half the mischief that the Spaniards inflict by their presence, by their tyranny, and by their low morality. Mr. Hurlbut is amongst those who look forward to the independence of Cuba; and this, indeed, appears to be set down in the ordinary course of Spanish development. Spain is incapable of retaining her colonies. Her administration in Cuba continues to be so severe, and is so obviously a nuisance to the inhabitants of the island, that the shaking off of the yoke is only a question of time. There is but one alternative to separation—it is that Spain should completely alter her colonial system. But before she can do that, she must alter her domestic system; and if Espartero could regenerate the country, of which Madrid is the capital, we might possibly look forward to her retention of Cuba.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Hurlbut's reverie on this topic relates to the probable consequences of the annexation of Cuba to the United States. The tobacco crop might, in that case, be for a time increased; but the sugar interest must suffer proportionately. The only States of the Union which can feel a practical interest in the annexation are Texas and Louisiana, to whom the prostration of Cuba would give a practical monopoly of the American sugar market. On the whole, our author inclines to think that the annexation would not be greatly to the profit of the American people. He does not the less, however, go for it ultimately. Other than profitable considerations ought to animate the mind of right-minded Americans; and Mr. Hurlbut is confident that the heart of Republican America would echo the brave words of the Imperial Roman law, that "It would be unworthy of men that liberty should be delayed by pecuniary considerations." When we forfeit our claim to be proud of a Washington and a Franklin, we fling away our best birthright—"we come down from our high place; we take a vulgar station in the earth; we invoke a vulgar fortune, and a vulgar fate."

Mr. Hurlbut is as likely to speak on this subject with impartiality as any American, not only from his position, but from his disposition. An American lawyer, he wintered in Cuba under the pressure of severe sickness. The beauties of the country endeared it to him; he speaks of it in language such as a lover uses to his mistress. The whole of his little volume shows that he possesses good taste; his treatment of subjects like that of slavery attest his impartiality; he sees clearly, and he makes one know that he speaks truthfully.

One of the latest and most interesting chapters in the book is that on Cuban Literature. Considering that, before the time of Columbus, Cuba had no history at all, and that ever since its settlement the aim and end of the Creole mind seems to have been to fulfil the common duties, or rather to enjoy the common delights of life, one is surprised to hear that thinkers and artists exist in a land so indifferent to thought. If there are such monsters, it is natural that they should belong to the genus poet; and such is the case. They have one incentive to poetry in the consciousness of oppression; but the oppression is even stronger than the consciousness. It overcomes the power of utterance, and there appears to be really little left of the poet, except his sweetness. The language is melodious; the luxurious climate tends to the production of sensuous images; but their value can only be estimated by those who can appreciate the miserable condition of a Cuban labourer. These native bards baptise their productions in a congenial manner. "Leaves of my Soul," "Heart Beats," "Passion Flowers," will convey an idea of the titles of some of their works. The prose literature is not remarkable. Prose, in fact, usually deals with things as they are; and where the facts must be kept down to a regulation control, the result is not very imposing. The nullity of Cuban prose literature is accounted for in the bitter remark of Jacques de Molay to his judges:—"How can we speak if we have no freedom to will? for with the loss of freedom to will, man loses everything—honour, courage, eloquence!"

## The Arts.

### MONT BLANC.

ON Monday last, Mr. ALBERT SMITH reappeared in public at the EGYPTIAN HALL, with his room newly-decorated, with his old pictures of the ascent of the Mountain newly painted, and with some very beautiful views in Paris, now exhibited for the first time. New characters were introduced into the lecture, and the visitors were brought home from their imaginary tour in the most attractive manner possible, by way of the French Exhibition. The entertainment was as successful and as heartily applauded as in the earliest days of its appeal to the public; and it promises to last at this moment longer than any of the newest rival sights that London has got to show. We have heard many very good and very jocular reasons assigned for the unexampled popularity of "Mont Blanc,"—but one of the main reasons, as it seems to us, has been overlooked. Mr. ALBERT SMITH's entertainment performs, in every part of it, and in all the arrangements connected with it, exactly what it promises to the very least and last letter. In an age in which most public amusements are, in a greater or less degree, nothing but public pretences—in an age when men profess to act—and don't act; profess to write plays of their own—and steal them from the French; profess popular instruction—and perform nothing but clap-trap—in an age when the pleasure-seeking public pay genuine money, in nine cases out of ten, for spurious amusement, the success of Mr. ALBERT SMITH is a necessary conse-

quence of his giving people, down to the smallest detail, everything that he leads them to expect. His rare power of amusing his auditors in the most genial and natural manner has done so much for him, that some of his more homely recommendations are in danger of being forgotten. The British public likes its pennyworth for its penny—and gets its fullest measure, upon the whole, at the EGYPTIAN HALL.

### THE THEATRES.

A TRANSLATION from the French, in one act, called *£5 Reward*, has been produced at the OLYMPIC, in order to continue the exhibition of Mr. ROBSON in a state of chronic terror, to an amused and amazed audience. The farce being French, it is needless to mention the plot.—The husband is afraid his wife will suspect him of having a mistress—or the wife is afraid her husband will suspect her of having a lover. Within these two categories the literature of "Young France" is now confined with almost incredible exclusiveness. Novels, dramas, comedies, farces—they must all circle more or less closely about the great central altar-fire of Adultery—or, apparently, the French will not have them. Comic unfounded suspicion of adultery makes a farce—dismal ascertained certainty of adultery makes a tragedy. When will "our lively neighbours" get tired of this? We hear dreadful hints of two new pieces, produced in Paris, which have shot so far a-head of adultery, and have plunged into such unfathomable further depths of moral atrocity, that the virtuous British critic cannot so much as refer to them. This is serious. If the fashion spread, what is to become of the English dramatist, and the English stage? M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Jun., can't be adapted already on any terms—and the two new pieces to which we have referred, exhibit a state of criminal progress which leaves him nowhere in the race. What, we repeat, is to become of the English stage under the circumstances? If we were connected with the "national" drama, we should begin to tremble.

We must not forget to record another novelty at the OLYMPIC; the *Jealous Wife*, in which Mr. WIGAN acts his very best, and is well supported (making due allowances for the peculiar manner) by Mrs. STIRLING. We hear rumours of a new and really original play to come out at the OLYMPIC. Can this be true? Have we got such a thing as a national dramatist left? In the meantime, the Spanish dancers are helping the national drama over the stile, as gracefully and charmingly as ever, at the HAYMARKET; and exquisite scenery and Mr. PHELPS's wonderful performance of *Bottom*, are helping the actors through the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at SADLER'S WELLS.

The HAYMARKET, where the ghastliest apparitions of pre-Colmanite comedy "walk" rather than run their nightly course, is still worth a visit at some time of the evening, if you can manage to drop upon the *Little Trasure*, with Miss BLANCHE FANE in the principal part. That this young lady should have called forth praise of the highest kind from critics like the writer in the *Times*, is no more than we should have expected; but that she should be popular is a fact which we regard as even more creditable to audiences than to herself. So refined, so exquisitely truthful, an actress, need not have despaired if she had missed the applause of the many. In gaining it, she has achieved a triumph the more complete because not purchased at any sacrifice of true art to falsely-dazzling effect. This *Little Trasure* is the happiest adaptation from the French stage that we have seen for a long time. It is played well, without a single exception, by the Haymarket company. We presume that the story of the piece is, by this time, familiar to most of our readers. The plan formed by a warm-hearted girl to reconcile her father and mother, who have been separated since her infancy, is the motive power in the plot. At the mere suggestion that her marriage would be the surest means of bringing about an interview between her parents, she throws herself on the goodness of a modest captain and cousin, already more than half in love with her. Having gained her real object—the reconciliation of her father and mother—she thanks the gallant *Captain Walter Maidenblush*, and observes that she need not trouble him with matrimony. He will not, however, be dismissed, but resumes his suit, and is accepted in earnest. The *ingénue* is not new to the British stage, but it is rare to see the character well supported. The most memorable part of Miss FANE's acting is in the scene where *Gertrude* stands before her father, and is mistaken by him for a *protégée* of one of his bachelor companions. The gentle, half-reproving tone in which she corrects his mistake, the growing agitation of her voice up to the point when she proclaims herself his child, and the flutter of emotions while she sits at his feet, laughing and drying her eyes, and telling her simple story, make this situation complete in its dramatic effect on the audience. We have intimated that all the parts in the drama are well performed. We would especially mention Miss SWANBOROUGH's graceful representation of the wife, estranged by mischievous influences from her husband. The part of *Captain Maidenblush* is one of the most successful ever assumed by Mr. BUCKSTONE. During a provincial engagement, it has been filled, in his stead, by Mr. WILLIAM FARRER.

Incident is the *forte* of the INCHBALD school; and, shorn of all superfluous dialogue, such plays as *Every One has his Fault*, may do well enough when novelty is not to be had. The revival of this "comedy," as it was called in its day, and is called in the bills of the PRINCESS'S, though we should rather designate it a romantic drama, serves to show Mrs. CHARLES KEAN to her greatest advantage.

At the ADELPHI, Mr. WEBSTER has resumed his part of the dissipated hero in Mr. BOURCICAULT's painful and protracted melodrama, *Janet Pride*. The relief which KEELEY's acting affords to those three or four hours of general distress entitles him to a testimonial. OXFORD's excellent farce of *Twice Killed* comes after the tragedy, and brings out both the KEELEYS in the greatest force.

Mr. E. T. SMITH, the BARNUM of DRURY LANE, has produced, by way of counterpoise to the intellectual attractions of *Nitocris*, an exhibition not unknown to Greenwich Fair. The enterprising manager offers his patrons the noble spectacle of a woman in a cage with lions, lionesses, a bear, and a dog. In the deepest spirit of disgust, though in the language of juvenile innocence, we beg to ask this question—"Please Mr. Showman, which are the beasts?"

## FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, December 4.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—WILLIAM BAGLEY, Fulham-fields and Dawley-wall, market gardener.

BANKRUPT.—THOMAS ARCHBUTT, Oakley-square, Chelsea, timber merchant—HENRY DALLIMORE, Newport, Isle of Wight, grocer—EDWARD HOBBS, Brighton, ironmonger—JONATHAN SAWYER, Mary Ann-place, Crisp-street, East India road, builder—WILLIAM FERRENBACH, Berners-street, Oxford street, tailor—JOHN WINTERBOTTOM, Kersley, Lancashire, provision dealer—ALICE and ADAM DEAN, Bolton, millwrights—JANE HARTLEY, Middleton, Lancashire, joiner—THOMAS KIRKMAN, Blackburn, spinner—JOHN KIRKMAN, Blackburn, cotton manufacturer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—G. ORMISTON, Edinburgh, jobber—W. HAIG, Glasgow, writer.

Friday, December 7.

BANKRUPT.—ALEX. MCCABRO, Brighton, music seller—JOHN SOLOMON, Vine street, Minorics, beer merchant—SADLER SMITH, Holywell-row, Shoreditch, carrier—BERNARD HAGEN, Aldermanbury, City, merchant—JOHN VIRTUE, Alfred mews, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter—THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTNEY, Thames Ditton and East Molesey, Surrey, cowkeeper—HUGH BAIRD, Sheffield, linendraper—WILLIAM EDWARD BROCKETT, Newcastle-upon Tyne, money scrivener—JOHN GRANGER, Blackman-street, Southwark, licensed victualler—GEORGE FREDERICK HIPKINS, Birmingham, patent spring manufacturer—STEPHEN JACKSON, Sutton, Yorkshire, manufacturer—JOHN BUTLER, High street, Rochester, jeweller—JAMES WORTHINGTON MAUDE, Nicholas-lane, Lombard street, lighterman—HENRY FRANCIS NORTON, York street, Westminster, brush seller—JAMES LEWIS and THOMAS LEWIS, Liverpool, wine and spirit merchants—ARTHUR RICHARD FRY, Sunderland, builder and provision dealer—THOMAS SUTCLIFFE SLADEN, Manchester, corn and flour dealer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATION.—WILLIAM and ANDREW WALKER, North Fenwick, builders.

## Commercial Affairs.

## MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE

Friday Evening, December 7, 1855.

Since last week, there has been a very considerable rise in the Funds. Rumours of all kinds have been circulated—each one contradicting its predecessor. Austria is said to be, as last year, the mediator between Russia and the Allied Powers. The terms proposed by Austria having been agreed to by the two cabinets of London and Paris, are represented to have been despatched to Vienna. The Emperor of France and Lord Palmerston having given a reluctant consent, we may be led to believe that the terms are somewhat too favourable for Russia. These reports, and a variety of detail as to the terms, have been the cause of the great rise in the Funds. The bear party, so obstinate in its disbelief of any negotiations tending to peace, gave way and closed their accounts, and went round on the other tack. As yet not one word of truth has been found in these reports, and a few hardy veterans of bears have recommenced their downward course. The opinion gains ground that it is but a "tour de jassero" of those respectable gamblers Fould and De Morny to obtain a temporary rise in the Rentes, and enable them to sell with greater advantage. The reality of the Bull party being in the ascendant is shown by the enormous rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  having been paid yesterday for continuations. For Jan. 10th opening Consols have been done at  $91\frac{1}{2}$ . Turkish 6 per cent Stock, which remained so long at 79 and 80, has gone up with Consols, and has touched 86. The Railways have followed suit. Eastern Counties remain rather steady, Great Western a shade firmer.

The Foreign lines are firm; Great Western of Canada in advance. Mines are very quiet, hardly any business doing. Crystal Palace shares are much firmer. An interesting letter from Mr. Sotheby, showing how it may be made a profitable and paying concern, has appeared.

Consols close firm at four o'clock—for money, 90, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; for 10th January, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The Eastern Counties Railway meeting of proprietors has taken place; but the indignation of the shareholders against the managers showed itself so unmistakably that they could hardly get a hearing. The report of the select committee has been adopted by an immense majority; but is referred to the scrutiny of the ballot.

## CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday, December 7, 1855.

The arrivals of all descriptions of grain during the week have been quite trifling, yet the trade has been of the most sluggish character. Foreign wheat is held firmly, and the little business doing is at about former rates. Barley of secondary qualities and oats meet an exceedingly slow sale at Monday's decline of 2s. from last week. Beans and Peas are 1s. cheaper than last week.

## BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	209 $\frac{1}{2}$	300	209	210 $\frac{1}{2}$	210	210
3 per Cent. Reduced	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89
3 per Cent. Con. An.	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	90
Consols for Account	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 3 per Cent. An.	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	...	...	98	...	...	...
Long Ans. 1855	15	7-10 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	...	...	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
India Stock	226	...	225	58. d	78. d	227
Ditto Bonds, £1000	...	...	...	58. d	58. d	18. d
Ditto, under £1000	28. d	18. d	...	28. d	28. d	68. d
Ex. Bills, £1000	48. d	78. d	28. d	28. d	28. d	28. d
Ditto, £500	...	38. d	...	68. d	...	28. d
Ditto, Small	18. d	68. d	58. d	18. d	58. d	18. d

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	Portuguese 5 per Cents.	...
Belgian 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.	...	Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents.	...
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cents.	...	...	...
Chilian 6 per Cents.	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	Russian 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.	89 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chilian 3 per Cents.	...	Spanish 3 per Cents.	40 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dutch 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	Spanish Committee Cert.	...
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	...	of Coup. not fun.	...
Mexican	193	Turkish 6 per Cents.	84 $\frac{1}{2}$
Peruvian 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	Turkish New 4 ditto.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	...	Venezuela 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents.	...

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—The Comedy of STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, in which Mr. A. Wigan and Mrs. Stirling will appear. £5 REWARD, and an Amphibious Piece of Extravagance, called CATCHING A MERMAID. Titus Tuffins, Mr. F. ROBSON.

Thursday and Friday—The Comedy of THE JEALOUS WIFE: principal characters by Messrs A. Wigan, Emery, G. Vining, Mrs. Stirling, Misses Castleton, and Miss Bromley; after which £5 REWARD, characters by Messrs F. Robson, Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers, and Miss Marston. To conclude with CATCHING A MERMAID.

Saturday—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and £5 REWARD.

## MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.

EXETER HALL, To-morrow, Monday, Dec. 10th.

MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT will have the honour of singing in Haydn's Oratorio of

## THE CREATION

on Monday Evening (being her first appearance in England since 1849), and on Monday, December 17, in Mendelssohn's Oratorio of

## ELIJAH.

Mr. Lockey and Mr. Lawler are engaged for these performances. The chorus and orchestra will consist of upwards of 600 performers. Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Correct books of the oratorio will be given with the tickets.

Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), One Guinea. West Gallery and Body of the Hall, 10s. 6d. Area, 7s.

Tickets will be distributed according to priority of application. Application to be made to Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

## ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—

LAST FEW DAYS. To-night, and every Night during the Week, MAGIC AND MYSTERY by Professor Anderson. To-morrow, Tuesday, December 11th, being the 100th Night, the Great Wizard will have the pleasure of presenting Gifts to his Visitors in every part of the house—particulars will be specified in the advertisements and bills of the day. Doors open each Evening at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, £1 11s. 6d. and £1 18s. Stalls, 4s. Dress Circle, 3s. Upper Boxes, 2s. Pic. 1s. Gallery, 6d. The Box-office is open daily from 11 till 5. Grand Fashionable Morning Performance on Saturday, December 15th, at Two o'clock: Doors open at Half-past One.

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HOLLAND, UP THE RHINE, and PARIS is now open EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock. Stalls (which can be taken from a plan at the Box-office, every day between eleven and four, without any extra charge, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The MORNING REPRESENTATIONS take place every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

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Extract from "THE LANCET," July 29, 1854.

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