

THE LEADER

AND

SATURDAY ANALYST;

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

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May 5th, 1860.

Price 5d.
Stamped, 6d.

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Crystal Palace.—Arrange-

ments for week ending Saturday, May 12th.

MONDAY, open at 9. TUESDAY to THURSDAY, open

at 10. Admission One Shilling; Children under 12, Six-

pence. Orchestral Band, Great Organ, and Pianoforte Per-

formances daily.

The Picture Gallery is re-opened. Machinery in

motion. Beautiful Show of Flowers throughout the

Palace.

FRIDAY, open at 10. First Grand Opera Concert of

the New Season. For particulars see special adver-

tisement.

SATURDAY, open at 10. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul

in their Popular Entertainment. To commence at

Three o'clock. Admission by the new Season Tickets,

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Children under 12, One Shilling.

SUNDAY. Open at 1.30 to Shareholders, gratuitously,

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COMPANY. Established in 1797.

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CROSS, WESTMINSTER.

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ALL POLICIES effected prior to the 1st July, 1861,

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blished A.D. 1844. 3, Pall Mall East, London.

Capital Stock, £100,000.

Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to

examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a

high rate of Interest may be obtained with ample

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Deposits made by Special Agreement may be with-

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Forms for opening accounts sent free on applica-

tion.

The District Savings Bank

(Limited). 67, FLEET STREET, LONDON,

E.C.—The experience which has attended the opera-

tions of savings banks and loan societies is such as to

make it evident that an extension of their principles,

upon a liberal yet sound basis, will prove highly

advantageous both to the proprietary and the public.

The District Savings Bank receives deposits (paid

in at one time) from One Penny to Ten Pounds, the

aggregate amount to be unlimited, and subject to

the usual arrangements, on withdrawal, of ordinary

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Loan, Discount, and Deposit

BANK. Established 1849.

DEPOSITS received, bearing Interest at from 5 to 10

per cent., withdrawable as per agreement.

LOANS granted.

Prospectuses, and every Information, may be ob-

tained by letter or personal application.

EDWARD LEWIS, Manager.

145, Blackfriars-road, S.

FOR GUARANTEEING THE FIDELITY OF
PERSONS HOLDING GOVERNMENT AND
OTHER PLACES OF TRUST.

The European Assurance

SOCIETY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

Chief Office—

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The Lords of the Treasury having sanctioned the

Society's Guarantee as security for Officials of the

Treasury, Customs, Inland Revenue, and General

Post Office, and for the Board of Trade, India Office,

and the Public Departments generally, the Directors

are now prepared to deal with applications for

guarantee from persons engaged in or under these

departments.

The Rates of Premium, as recently reduced, will be

extended to such applications.

By the combination of Life Assurance with Gua-

rantee, considerable reductions accrue to the persons

assured, amounting (in ordinary cases) to 50 per cent.

of the Guarantee Premium, if the Life and Guarantee

Policies be equal, and to the whole if the Life

Assurance be double the amount of the Guarantee

Policy.

Forms of Proposal, Agency Applications, and every

information may be obtained at the Chief Office.

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ASSURANCE COMPANY.

32, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Incorporated 1847.

GOVER, JOHN, Esq., Chairman.

Amount of Assurances now in force .. £1,723,115

Annual Income .. 59,335

Accumulated Fund, consisting of the Pre-

miums remaining after payment of all

claims on policies and three Bonuses,

and being nearly 60 per cent. of the

whole premiums received on all exist-

ing policies .. 165,145

The business of the present year to 24th April ex-

ceeds that of the corresponding period of last year by

£23,200.

Persons assuring during the present year will be

entitled to share in the bonus to be declared up to 31st

December, 1863. No extra premium is charged to

members of Rifle Corps serving in the United King-

dom.

April, 1860. JAMES INGLIS, Secretary.

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COMPANY, 41, PALL MALL.

Capital, £250,000.

With a numerous and influential Proprietary.

Chairman.—James Andrew Durham, Esq.

Deputy Chairman.—William Wellington Cooper, Esq.

Every description of Life Assurance at the most

moderate rates consistent with security.

G. WINTER, Manager and Sec.

Professional Life Assurance

COMPANY, Chief Offices, 41, Pall Mall, London.

London, April, 1860.

Notice is hereby Given, that Interest at the rate of

Five per cent. per annum, will be payable on the paid-

up capital of Company, to the 31st December last, at

the Chief Offices, from Monday, the 30th inst., to the

31st July next, inclusive.

Payments will be made between the hours of Eleven

and Three—excepting Saturdays, when the hours will

be from Eleven to One o'clock.

GEO. WINTER, Manager and Sec.

The Rent Guarantee

SOCIETY,

3, CHARLOTTE ROW, MANSION HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

The Standard Life Assurance

COMPANY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—BONUS YEAR.

SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

All Policies now effected will participate in the

Division to be made as at 15th November next.

THE STANDARD was Established in 1825. The

first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subse-

quent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850,

and 1855. The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be

those which have arisen since 1855.

Accumulated Fund .. £1,684,598 '2 10

Annual Revenue .. 289,231 13 5

Annual average of new Assurances effected during

the last Ten years, upwards of Half a Million sterling.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

H. JONES-WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

The Company's Medical Officer attends at the Office,

daily, at Half-past One.

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EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

DUBLIN ... 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

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purchase of works of Art, chosen by the prizeholder

from the Public Exhibitions. Subscriptions received,

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Fleet Street; Jeans, High Street, Peckham; Jen-

nings, 62, Cheapside; Mitchell, Charing Cross; Rus-

sell, High Street, Notting Hill; Spooner, Strand, &c.

&c.; and at the Offices, 13, Regent Street, S.W., oppo-

site the Gallery of Illustration.

The Committee are appointing Agents throughout

the Provinces.

BELL SMITH, Secretary.

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The Fifty-Sixth Annual

EXHIBITION is now Open at their Gallery,

5 Pall Mall East, (Close to the National Gallery,) from

Nine till Dusk. Admittance One Shilling. Cata-

logue Sixpence.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

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quiring ADVANCES should apply to Messrs.

JOHNSON and Co., 2, Surrey-street, Strand, who

obtain cash to any amount upon all kinds of secu-

rities, making no charge unless business is transacted.

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Wanted, for a First-class

Liberal Daily Journal, not metropolitan, an

experienced and powerful Political Writer, who could

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tend editorial arrangements. First-class talent and

experience absolutely indispensable. Must of neces-

sity become resident in the locality.

Full details of past services, age, expectations, and

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lege, London, W.C.

WILLIS'S ROOMS,

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ORATIONS BY MASON JONES.—LORD

MACAULAY.

Mr. MITCHELL begs to announce that Mr.

MASON JONES will deliver an ORATION on

LORD MACAULAY, the Essayist, Historian, Orator,

and Poet, on MONDAY evening next, May 7. To

commence at half-past Eight o'clock.

Orations will also be given on Monday evening

May 14th, and Monday evening, May 21st.

Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5s.; Unreserved

2s. 6d.

Tickets may be obtained at the Rooms.

Mappin's Electro-Silver PLATE AND TABLE CUTLERY.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer in London. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE and TABLE CUTLERY in the WORLD, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

	Fiddle Pattern	Double Thread	Kings' Pattern	Lilly Pattern
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks....	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons....	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks....	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons....	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons....	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0

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ELECTRO-PLATED ON HARD-NICKEL SILVER suitable for Vegetables, Curries, and Entrées. Per set of 4 Dishes.

No.	£ s. d.
3678 Gadroon Oblong Pattern, Light Plating 8	8 0
5137 Beaded Edge and Handle, similar to 40133	10 15 0
1786 Ditto ditto stronger ditto	13 0 0
4012 Antique Scroll Pattern, Melon-shaped Dish	12 0 0
40133 Beaded Pattern Dish	13 4 0
By removing the Handles from the Covers, the set of four can be made to form a set of eight Dishes.	
1792 Norfolk Pattern, a very elaborate Design, with rich Scroll Border all round	17 10 0
Hot Water Dishes for above	extra 15 0 0
1797 Threaded Pattern, equally good as the Norfolk Pattern	16 12 0
Hot Water Dishes for above	extra 15 10 0

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ELECTRO-PLATED ON HARD-NICKEL SILVER. Each set contains one Cover 20 inches; one of 18 inches; and two of 14 inches each.

No.	Complete set of 4 Covers.
2750 Plain Pattern, with Scroll Handle	10 10 0
2751 Melon Pattern, French Scroll Handle, either Plain or Gadroon edge, very handsome	13 12 0
3812 Shrewsbury Pattern, with bold Beaded Edge and Handles	15 12 0
4085 Greek Ornament Pattern, matches 4375 Side Dishes	25 0 0
4854 Warwick Pattern, matches 4853 Side Dishes	23 0 0

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LAND, at Reduced Duty.
FRENCH PORT, 22s. and 24s. per dozen.
CLARET, 24s., 30s., 36s. per dozen.
SHERRY, 21s., 24s., 28s., 32s. per dozen.
PORT, 24s., 28s., 32s. per dozen.
CHAMPAGNE (very superior), 36s. per dozen.
FINEST SCHIEDAM HOLLANDS, 30s. per case.
FINE COGNAC BRANDY, 22s. per gallon.
NONPAREIL BRANDY, 15s. per gallon.
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SIXTEEN SHILLING TROUSERS, 32s., Oxford-street, London, W. (Two doors west of the Circus). Overcoats, £2 2s., Frock Coats, £3 10s., Dress Coats £2 10s., Morning Coats £2 2s., Waistcoats 12s., Black Dress Trousers £1 1s. 325, Oxford-st., W.

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THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

(Under the Management of Mr. Buckstone.)

Monday and Tuesday, the popular Comedy of AN UNEQUAL MATCH, in which Miss Amy Sedgwick will appear in her original character of Hester Grazebrook. Wednesday will be produced a new and original Comedy, in three acts, entitled THE FAMILY SECRET, in which Miss Amy Sedgwick will appear. After the Comedy every evening, THE RIFLE, AND HOW TO USE IT, and THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

(Under the Management of Mr. Buckstone.)

G. IMS (Messenger) begs respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public, that his ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on TUESDAY, May 8th, 1860, when will be performed a Favourite COMEDY, in which Miss Amy Sedgwick and the Haymarket Company will appear. After which, the Fairy Romance, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE, and other Entertainments.

Dress Boxes, 5s. Upper Boxes, 3s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

Mr. IMS will derive advantage from tickets ONLY, which may be had of him at the Stage Door.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessees, Messrs. F. Robson and W. S. Emden.

On Monday, and during the week, the new Comedietta, by Tom Taylor, Esq., from "Je Dine chez ma Mere," to be called A CHRISTMAS DINNER. Characters by Messrs. H. Wigan, W. Gordon, F. Vining, H. Rivers, Mrs. Stirling, and Mrs. W. S. Emden.

After which, the new serio-comic drama, UNCLE ZACHARY. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Vining, W. Gordon, G. Cooke, F. Vining, H. Rivers, and Franks; Messrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Herbert.

To conclude with "B. D." Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, H. Wigan, G. Cooke; Miss Stephens and Mrs. W. S. Emden.

Doors open at 7. Commence at half-past 7.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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Sole Lessee, Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON.

Directress, Miss WYNDHAM.

Nearest theatre to Chelsea and Pimlico, the Park being open to carriages and foot-passengers all hours of the night.

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On Monday, May 7, and during the Week, A FRIEND IN NEED. Messrs. F. Robinson, Charles Young, Belford; Mesdames Murray, Nelly Moore, Cecilia Rance.

After which, DIDO. Mesdames Wyndham, C. Rance, Nelly Moore, Ashton, R. Rouse, Alice Evans, Maskell, Clara Morgan, a numerous Corps de Ballet, and Mr. Charles Young.

To conclude with A CHANGE OF SYSTEM. Miss Murray, Mr. F. Robinson, George Spenser.

Reduced Prices.—Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

Box-office open from 11 to 5 daily. Commence at 7.

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Monday, and Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Afternoons, at Three, in their Popular Illustrations, "Our Home Circuit," and "Sea-Side Studies," introducing a variety of amusing and interesting Sketches, with Characteristic Songs, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street. Admission, 1s., 2s.; stalls, 3s., secured at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.—Last Nights of Sally Skeggs.

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FAREWELL SEASON.

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French Exhibition, 120,

PALL MALL.—The Seventh Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the Contributions of ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS, is NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogues, Sixpence. Open from Nine till Six, daily.

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Hours of Attendance, from Nine till Four.

This Establishment is intended to supply a want long felt in this neighbourhood by Parents desirous of obtaining for their Daughters the advantages of a sound and accomplished Education, at a moderate expense.

The course of Study includes the Holy Scriptures, English Grammar, Composition and Literature, Physical and Political Geography, History (Ancient and Modern), Natural History and Philosophy, Elementary and Model Drawing, and the Latin, French, German, and Italian Languages. The various Classes are under the direction of able and eminent Professors. The Fee is £2 2s. per Term, each Class. Individual Instruction in Instrumental Music, £5 5s., and £3 3s. per Term. Singing, £5 5s., £4 4s., and £3 3s. per Term. Dancing and Callisthenics, £4 4s., and £2 2s. Drawing and Painting, in various styles, for advanced Pupils, £3 3s. per Term.

A Class under the direction of Mrs. Blanchard and the resident Governesses is open for Junior Pupils:—Above 12 years of age, £8 8s. per Term; under 12, £5 5s. do.

A limited number of Resident Pupils received:—Above 12 years of age, 60 guineas per annum; under 12, 50 guineas, do.

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Extras.—Laundress, 6 guineas per annum; Seat at Church, 1 do.; Use of Piano, 2 do.

Singing is taught by Signor and Madame F. Lablache; Dancing by Madame Michau Davis and W. A. Delferrier, Esq.; Drawing by Madame Van Fowinkel; Riding by Mr. Blackburn.

If preferred, Resident Pupils received at 100 Guineas per annum, which fee would include the extras and lessons from all the Professors, with the exception of Signor and Madame Lablache, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., Madame Michau Davis, and Mr. Blackburn; lessons by either of these might, however, be substituted for those of W. H. Holmes, Esq.

Fenders, Stoves, Fire-irons,

and CHIMNEY PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed Fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney pieces, from £1 8s. to £80; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearthplates.

Bedsteads, Baths, and

LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY OF LAMPS, BATHS, and METALLIC BEDSTEADS. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £20 0 each. Shower Baths, from 8s. 6d. to £6 0 each. Lamps (Moderate) from 6s. 6d. to £7 7 each. (All other kinds at the same rate.) Pure Oilza Oil, 4s. per gallon.

Cutlery, warranted.—The

most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales. 34-inch ivory-handled table knives, with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert to match, 10s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine ivory, 33s.; if with silver ferrules, 40s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; dessert 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steels, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

William S. Burton's Gene-

ral Furnishing Ironmongery Catalogue may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400 Illustrations of his limited Stock of sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimneypieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom, Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 39, Oxford-street W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-mews, London.

THE CITY AND THE METROPOLIS.

THE local government both of the City and the Metropolis needs to be amended; and bills are now before Parliament professing to have that object in view. We have lately taken occasion to speak of the latter with a view of directing attention to some of the leading features which ought, we conceive, to characterize any measure intended to be permanent for the general taxation and improvement of the capital at large. Every day convinces us more and more of the importance of getting rid of the ricketty and rotten system of indirect election by the vestries, and reconstituting the Metropolitan Board on principles of direct choice and direct responsibility as regards those who are taxed and governed. Until this is done, we are satisfied that nothing will invest the Metropolitan municipality with that moral power or influence without which no public body in these days can gain much credit or do much good. As yet, however, Parliament has not been called on to discuss the amended bill promoted by the present Board of Works; and in the mean time the House of Commons has given a second reading to the Government proposal for the reconstruction of the Corporation of the City.

We are not here about to enter in detail into the new municipal mechanism which it is proposed to set up under the images of GOG and MAGOG. But, assuming that it would be an improvement in many respects on the lumbering and anomalous system that has so long survived its original meanings and uses, we cannot help regretting that some effort is not made to fuse the institutions of the City into those of the Metropolis. Reasonable objection to so obvious an arrangement there seems to be none. Prejudice, both of the selfish and of the passionate kind, there would of course be not a little to be overcome. But no resistance would avail if Government could be induced to grapple with the subject in a comprehensive and statesmanlike manner. Putting aside altogether the obvious advantages of economy, uniformity, and simplicity, that must strike the most superficial observer, there are considerations of a social and political kind which appear to us to be of the greatest moment. London, with its teeming population, unprecedented accumulation of wealth, and yearly accelerated rate of expansion, still lies in a state the most helplessly inorganic that the history of civilization ever witnessed. For no one purpose, good, bad, or indifferent, is it possible at the present moment to ascertain what the opinion of the Metropolis is, or to secure its constitutional action. There may be reasons why the formation of such a unity or concurrence of acts and motives should be deprecated rather than induced, and we have heard men argue plausibly that it would not be expedient to allow an *imperium in imperio* to be organized, and induced with social and political power. Better, we are told, it would be to cut up the unwieldy mass into ten or a dozen separate cities, the accidental circumstance of whose contiguity to one another need not prevent their healthful independent existence. There is, we own, much to be said for this view; and at all events it is a consistent, intelligent, and reasonable one. But there is nothing whatever to be said in defence of the anomaly which inscribes on the right hand side of the statute book separate municipal privileges and rights for a particular district unmeaningly called "the City;" while on the left hand side of the statute book is inscribed the vague and sinewless outlines of a mammoth municipality with the jurisdiction ten times as large as that of "the City," and extending on every side round it.

Mr. LOCKE and Mr. AYTON propose that the whole of the two corporate concerns should be thrown into hotch-potch, and redistributed under one central organization. We do not say that this might not be done, but we are bound to own that we see great difficulties in the working out of the plan. The only principle on which Metropolitan Government can ever be reconciled in London with a salutary retention of local life, spirit, and action, is that of a large and liberal devolution of power to each of the great constituent districts that are topographically, and for purposes of sewerage and police, but for no other purpose that we know of, at present chained together. Nothing can in our opinion be more imbecile, abortive, and mischievous, than that which now exists. Identity between the different districts there is none; intercommunication or sympathy between them there is none; unity of action, language, or disposition there is none; and yet, with all this severance, jealousy, and repulsion, no locality has the benefit of separate municipal life, except that comparatively limited one whose inhabitants have been born within the sound of Bow bell. This state of things is both unsound and unsafe. It is that which must inevitably engender a vast system of demagoguism and jobbing, even in peaceful and prosperous times; but should a day of trouble or of danger come it will be exposed to the still more serious reproach of

being a pretended system of local government, which will be found incapable of governing at all.

THE AUSTRIAN SUICIDES.

IT has long been evident that the Austrian Government was committing suicide, and every friend of humanity has watched the process with complacency and satisfaction: but it is not only a system that is killing itself;—individuals in high position are afflicted with the mania of self-destruction; and quite recently one of the leading statesmen of the Empire, a confidential adviser of the HAPSBURG crown, has ended his personal troubles in a most determined manner, through the double aid of poison and steel. In the ordinary sense of the word there was no insanity about the late Minister of Austrian Finance. His choice of death was the deliberate act of a cool, calculating speculator, who saw that the last chances of success had passed away from his grasp, and who had not the moral courage to meet poverty, punishment, and disgrace. We may wait for some time before the whole story of his delinquencies is publicly known; meanwhile the belief in Vienna is that he was not guilty of greater frauds than were to be expected from the minister of a demoralized, despotic court. He was probably not a whit more dishonest than the ordinary speculative adventurers, of whom we have in this country an abundant supply. It is probable that he winked at and aided the frauds of EYNATTEN and his companions; but we should remember that if our free State can exhibit its Weedon defalcations and its large Admiralty deficits, Austria is fairly entitled to a priority in dishonesty; and nothing as yet known is a bit worse than ought to be expected from the hereditary traditions and principles of the Government of which FRANCIS JOSEPH is the head. We are told by persons well acquainted with Vienna, that nobody supposed the late Baron or any of his predecessors contented themselves with the small salary attached to their office, and that such a post was known to offer to dexterous jobbers the means of getting rich. FRANCIS JOSEPH could have no moral right to honest services. He had deliberately violated the most solemn oaths, and ruled, at any rate over Hungary, as a murderous usurper, and not as a legal king. When, after many years of reckless extravagance, his finances became desperate, he was a party to the fraud by which his Ministers raised a much larger loan than they were entitled to negotiate, and thus obtained subscriptions upon false pretences. If BRUCK helped his Emperor to cheat the moneymongers and investors, according to the usual morality of such transactions the Minister would consider himself entitled to his master's aid in transactions profitable to himself. We never regret to see rogues fall out; but the Baron was an ill-used man, and his Sovereign proved ungrateful to a tool who had assisted his evil work. A wiser potentate would have enriched all the swindlers who were necessary to the support of his power, and would not have been so foolish as to imagine that a system of despotic craft and cruelty could be sustained or worked by honest hands. The fact is, that FRANCIS JOSEPH, the favourite pupil of the Jesuits, is not overburdened with brains. He feels bitterly the degradation of his Italian defeats. He will not see that cheating his subjects out of their political and social rights has been the cause of his misfortunes; but while obdurate and impenitent concerning his own crimes, he has taken it into his head that if he had possessed honest servants he might have crushed the Italians, and negotiated as a conqueror with the EMPEROR of the French.

Hence, while he will not hear of liberty, of constitutional checks and human rights, he believes he can terrify his subordinates out of the dishonesty which is engrained in the very method of his rule. Such an attempt is full of danger, and has suggested ideas of sedition and rebellion in his official world. The tools of despotism seldom wish to be honest, and those of FRANCIS JOSEPH, paid in depreciated paper, cannot afford it, and do not intend, if they can help it, to try the experiment.

The credit of Austria is as bad as that of Turkey, and for the same reason; everybody knows the system is rotten and its existence precarious. The Emperor may drive more of his "friends in council" to an abrupt termination of their mundane existence, and the result will be that the undetected culprits will watch for an opportunity of getting a new master, and will either make friends with Revolution, or join the HAPSBURG family in placing another of its members on the throne. This has long been talked of, and we notice that the rumour is now revived.

It is unfortunate in Catholic Austria that a Protestant minister should have exposed himself to charges such as surround the name of BRUCK, and it is equally so that in aristocratic Austria the experiment of raising middle class men to power should have signally failed, both in the instance of the late Baron and in that of BACH, who has been a hinderance to the liberal cause. FRANCIS

JOSEPH is incapable of understanding that integrity cannot thrive in a *malaria* of Jesuitry and tyranny; and this judicial blindness may cause him to be the most useful Emperor Austria has had for many generations. He will not wait for the shock of another war or revolution—he is his own worm, busily gnawing to pieces the props of his own throne. Would that all despots were as usefully employed!

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

IF our American cousins were quite as "cute" as they profess to be they would give Congress a holiday every fourth year. The work that honourable body does in the session which precedes each presidential election is not worth the "compensation" its members draw from the public treasury. Senate and House of Representatives cease then to be legislative assemblies, and the floors of both houses become scenes of electioneering manoeuvres, the performers in which are paid by the people. Little inconvenience would be sustained, except by the professional politicians, from such a quadrennial fallow time. The Government has now solved, in the case of the post-office, the problem how to do without an Appropriation Bill, and the dignity of the Legislature would be considerably raised by its withdrawal for a whole year from the public view. Indeed, if the framers of the Constitution had all possessed the foresight of HAMILTON, who predicted that the day would come when every vital interest of the State would be merged in the question of who will be the next President, they would probably have inserted in it some proviso for such a Congressional interregnum. As, however, they did not, and an attempt to amend the Constitution would be a very dangerous step in the present temper of North and South, good citizens must take their money out in the fun and scandal with which their representatives so liberally provide them.

This chronic peculiarity of Congress has been especially exemplified this year. Mr. COVODE's Committee of Inquiry into the malpractices of the President, for instance, can only be described as an electioneering dodge. Mr. BUCHANAN had, no doubt, mixed himself up in some transactions which would not bear too close a scrutiny, but the object of the majority of the House was not to clear away abuses or punish for corruption an officer who, after next March, will merely be a superannuated politician about whom nobody cares a farthing. The aim was to throw a discredit on the Democratic party, which would tell in the coming election. If any doubt could have existed on this point it would be dispelled by the majority report of the Judiciary Committee, to which the President's special message protesting against the inquiry, on which we commented a fortnight since, was referred. The President has been hoisted with his own petard. He contended that the charges against him should have been referred to the Judiciary Committee in the first instance; his message has been referred to that Committee, and the majority report very strongly against his contentions—very strongly in words, but very weakly in other respects, the report being singularly destitute of logic, as well as of the gravity and impartiality which should characterize such a Committee, and surcharged, moreover, with taunts and sneers at the President. The minority report, on the other hand—which, as emanating from his partisans, is, of course, equally strong in his favour—has the merits of lucid argumentation and a becoming style, putting the President's positions in a much better form than he had put them himself, and saying all that could be said for him. The merits of the case have, however, nothing to do with the squabble. The President has employed his patronage to aid party projects, more scandalously, perhaps, than any of his predecessors; but the Republicans are very much maligned if they don't do a little of the same seemingly necessary business, and they will leave Mr. BUCHANAN alone as soon as any other plan of annoying their opponents strikes them. Whilst the Republican majority in the House of Representatives has thus been electioneering, the Democratic majority of the Senate has been equally active on its side. Mr. MASON, of Virginia, obtained, at the commencement of the session, the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the Harper's Ferry outbreak, the terms of the resolution extending to an inquiry whether any citizens of the United States favoured in any way the project. The object of Mr. MASON is, of course, to prove, if he can, that the leading members of the Republican party were privy to the "invasion," and thus to increase the ill impression which the affair, in its general aspect, created against them. He has, however, met with considerable difficulties, from the refusal of witnesses to attend, and, although the Senate has power to compel that attendance, some of the parties have contrived, by suing out writs of *habeas corpus* in their respective states, and the active sympathies of mobs of citizens, to get away from the Federal officers sent after them. The Republicans,

meanwhile, complain that the conduct of this Committee is partial and unjust. The Senate has, besides, a capital opportunity for making "Buncombe" speeches afforded it by certain resolutions against abolitionism offered by a fire-eating senator, one Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, so that altogether both Houses manage to ventilate the presidential question pretty freely.

But the day of Congress is now over. Senators and representatives may be as startlingly eloquent as they please; public attention is turned in other directions. Nothing short of a "free fight" on the floor of either House, in which both sides had their tale of killed and wounded, would draw back to the Capitol that interest which now centres in Charleston, and will soon pass to Chicago. Charleston is, this year, the seat of the Democratic Convention, at which the candidate of the party for the Presidency will be selected. The Convention was to "organize" on the 23rd of April, but a fortnight might perhaps elapse before one of the aspirants would obtain the requisite majority. The delegates are already counted for one man or other; but all such reckonings are fallacious. Probably enough all the aspirants who have any claims on the score of talent and public services to the honour may be discarded, and some insignificant person chosen upon whom it is possible to unite the suffrages of all divisions of the party. This is the great danger which Mr. DOUGLAS, undoubtedly the most able of the candidates, runs. He has opposed Mr. BUCHANAN's policy in several instances, so he has against him all the present President's creatures; and by his conduct on the Kansas question he greatly angered the pro-Slavery party, although he has recently been approximating somewhat to them. Mr. HUNTER, of Virginia, is spoken of as possessing a good chance. He is, like Mr. DOUGLAS, a member of the Senate, and so far a not inexperienced politician. The probability, however, is, that both will be thrown over, and some unknown man selected, whose obscurity will be preferred by all the candidates to the elevation of a competitor of their own standing.

The Republican Convention does not meet until the end of May. The delegates will therefore have the advantage of knowing who their opponent is, and consequently will be able to select the man best fitted to fight him. At present, Mr. SEWARD is the only candidate of note; it seems doubtful, however, whether the party can unite around him, and still more so whether they could carry him. His past services and his great abilities entitle him to the honour; but he is, perhaps, too well known, and too pronounced an anti-Slavery man, for a party which must rely upon the divisions in and defections from the ranks of its opponents to fight with. The object of each party is not to put the best man in the office, but to gain the victory for itself. The man for its purpose, therefore, is the man, let him be ever so stupid, with whom it can win the game.

The issue to be determined in the approaching presidential contest is perhaps the most important presented to the people of the United States since the establishment of their present form of Government. Its importance does not lie, however, so much in the question in dispute between the parties, but in the course which one of those parties has threatened to take in case of defeat. The decision one way or other of the question whether Congress has the right and the obligation to prohibit Slavery in the territories of the United States would certainly not in itself provoke any great convulsion. If it is decided that Congress has not that power, that every citizen has a right to take his slaves, just like any other property, into any territory, and that he must be protected in that right against all Congressional or territorial legislation by the judicial and executive branches of the Government, then the existing state of things is prolonged, and the slaveholders have still the chance of getting a new slave state to balance the free ones soon to be admitted. If it is decided that Congress has that power, then the slave-owners, knowing that they can get no protection for their property in the territories, will take care to keep the "chattels" at home, and all risk of collision would appear to be avoided. But the pro-Slavery leaders have threatened a dissolution of the Union if a Republican President be elected, and if one of that party be not elected it will be owing mainly to the influence of those swaggering threats. They can really no more execute them than they can build a bridge of dry land to Cuba. But if, through the adoption of this bullying tone, they succeed in defeating the Republicans, the whole Union becomes the serf of a section, until some violent reaction takes place, in which the slaveholders are overborne by an extreme party which assuredly will not be very cautious or temperate in the hour of its triumph. Although one cause of the strength, it is now the great difficulty of the Republican party that it includes so much of the fanatical element. If beaten in this contest, the fanaticism will grow more rampant, and overcome the judgment and statesmanship which have hitherto moderated its counsels. If it succeeds now and gains power, the moderate

element will be confirmed in its supremacy; the possession of office bringing responsibility will increase its caution and strengthen its disposition to conciliation; and the South will find that, whilst determined to prevent the spread of the "accursed" institution, Republican statesmen are too deeply imbued with the spirit of the Constitution to interfere with the domestic legislation of the several States.

THE MOVEMENT IN SICILY.

THE movement in Sicily cannot fail to enlist British sympathies if, in the midst of many grave questions, attention can be turned to an island that has peculiar claims upon our regard. Sicily could boast of one of the oldest constitutions in Europe, having had a parliament as early as 1072. Of course during feudal times, that Parliament was very far from being a democratic institution, but the fact that the aristocracy and the Church were represented, was valuable, as paving the way for more complete results, which though late, would doubtless have appeared; but unfortunately King FERDINAND married CAROLINE of Austria, and at the instigation of the Emperor FRANCIS means were taken to destroy every vestige of liberty, and establish one of the most abominable governments that ever existed. During the war with France, we were compelled to occupy the island; and the abuse of royal authority was so insufferable, that after we had detected Queen CAROLINE in an effort to sacrifice us to the French, Lord WILLIAM BENTINCK established a constitution, similar to that of England, in the year 1812; and King FERDINAND, who consented to the arrangement, abdicated in favour of his son. The new constitution might be considered as a legitimate development of the native institutions, but it wanted a little friendly aid, until the people had grown accustomed to its working, and recognised its value. The House of Peers established by Lord WILLIAM unfortunately consisted of needy nobles, chiefly anxious to make use of their position to avoid the payment of their debts, and when we retired from the island without obtaining adequate security for the permanence of the system, it was overthrown by the sovereign, with the approval of the Austrian Court.

At the present time, it is believed that the wish of the majority of the Sicilians is to annex themselves to Sardinia, and they are assuredly entitled to any moral aid which England can give them in so desirable a task. The population of Sicily is above two millions and a quarter, and in addition to the gain for humanity that would result from the enfranchisement of so many people, it would form an important addition to the growing kingdom of which VICTOR EMMANUEL is the worthy head. Such a measure of annexation would likewise diminish the danger of that by no means improbable event, a temporary restoration of the MURAT dynasty at Naples. All over the continent, it is reported that our Government has instigated the rebellion, and French agents are accused of giving currency to the absurd report. The King of SARDINIA cannot remain a passive spectator of the struggle, especially if GARIBALDI appears upon the scene; and it would save much misery if he received clear encouragement from England to assist the patriotic cause by direct aid should he see reason to hope for success. For a long while the King of NAPLES has been conspiring with Austria and the POPE for the restoration of despotism in the emancipated portions of Italy, and only a doubt as to what the great Powers would do could restrain Count CAVOUR from taking another onward step. The Neapolitans, no doubt, deserve a better fate than the awful suffering they have to submit to under the Austrian system which their BOURBON ruler carries out, and their cause would be aided by any movement that promoted the success of the insular struggle. It would not, however, be desirable at present that the constitutional Government of Sardinia should be put to the severe trial of a union with Naples, which would present far greater difficulties than a union with Sicily. All parties would gain if England agreed to let the French restore the MURAT family at Naples on condition of Sicily being attached to the Sardinian crown. We know that this idea is entertained by some Italian statesmen, who see that French vanity might thus be gratified without any permanent harm. Ultimately, Naples will form part of a united Italy, and French influence could not permanently prevail over Italian aspirations. It might, however, be useful during a transition epoch, as the Government thus established, if not liberal, would, in the elements of justice and security, be an immense advance upon the present system. We do not wish to see even the moral interference of England exerted, unless with reasonable chance of success; but it is time that we took our place in the Italian question as the firm friends of liberty, and as not willing to abdicate our position in Europe, and content ourselves with looking on, while great interests are disposed of by the autocratic power in France. We shall most certainly

need the good will of nationalities, for we cannot trust reactionary Governments, nor shut our eyes to the plain fact, that if we are not felt to be a great Power we shall expose ourselves to attack. The influence we might have gained in the Russian war was lost through the paltriness of our diplomacy, and the corrupt administration of our naval and military affairs; and if we would avoid future quarrels, we must increase our moral influence, as well as follow Lord LYNCHURST's advice about maintaining our fleet. It is not good for Europe nor for France that only one power of movement should be felt throughout the civilized world; and the Liberal party in England would raise itself out of the mire of selfishness if, in a prudent and circumspect way, it exerted a visible influence in favour of liberty in other lands.

CHURCH DISSENSIONS.

THERE are certain well-defined privileges attached to greatness. We will hear from a man of distinction what we should never tolerate from an inferior; and the lion in the fable felt the hoof of the ass more bitterly than the tusk of the boar or the horn of the bull. There was something intelligible in the Duke of WELLINGTON being able to hold back reform for more than one session from an impatient and excited people. The Duke was somebody: he had the reputation of his splendid Indian conquests and his still more splendid Indian statesmanship, the Peninsular war, the magnificent victory of Waterloo, and the grassy monument at St. Helena to fall back upon. When another noble lord tried the same tactics, it was somewhat sarcastically observed that Tête-de-Fer might go where Tête-de-Bois would do well not to follow. On the same principle, we are really at a loss to imagine what claims on the forbearance of the public can be put forward by Mr. BRYAN KING, the Hon. and Rev. ROBERT LIDDELL, Mr. ALFRED POOLE, and all the followers of the same party, to keep parishes in hot and by no means holy water, and to ruffle what would otherwise be the smooth course of the English Church.

Personally, there is nothing out of the common way to be said in their favour; they are not remarkable for learning, ability, or superhuman virtue: they are doubtless deserving of respect in all their private and domestic relations—they pay their butchers' bills—they were not present at the great fight—(indeed, according to the *Saturday Review*, it would have done them good if they had attended)—they do not cheat at cards, do not encourage the casino, are not suspected of disturbing the family happiness of their neighbour, save in the matter of the confessional—they have family prayers night and morning; and, had they only been quiet, they might have passed through life with the reputation of good, worthy men, who were never expected to set the Thames on fire, but who were nevertheless far from useless in their day and generation. These men and their doings become important in consequence of the number of exciting questions now before the Church. The Church-rate controversy, the revision of the Liturgy, the equalization of livings, the creation of new bishoprics, the wretched state of the poorer clergy—even necessitating societies to supply them and their families with the cast-off garments of their richer flocks—the continued demand on the part of the dignitaries of the Church for new schools, new training colleges, new parsonages, new churches, and, alas! for new palaces also—the great activity of dissent, and the frequency of what are called revivals: all these things act one upon another, and make it doubly necessary that the parochial clergy should win over their people by the kindest and most judicious means.

Thirty years ago, if a BRYAN KING had thought fit to attire himself as much like a beadle as he could, and when in the act of prayer to turn his back on the congregation, in order that they might be edified by the green and gold embroidery on his pious back, he might have been mobbed in so rough a district as St. George's-in-the-East; but the mischief would soon have been put down. The Bishop would have interfered to some purpose, and peace would have been speedily restored to that particularly Protestant parish. Now, he is hampered by a multitude of apprehensions; he stands in dread of Church unions, of interminable actions at law, with tremendous bills of costs—of the virulent and vexatious press of the "party"—of the small popes set up here and there by little cliques, and of the principle, that, though "holy obedience" is a very blessed thing, and very fitting to be exhibited towards their Lordships of Exeter and Oxford, yet there is also a "holy disobedience," which is most expedient in the diocese of London. The Bishops are practically powerless; they can deal with curates, and sometimes do, tyrannically enough; but incumbents can set them almost, if not altogether, at defiance. Bishop TAIT could, no doubt, order St. George's Church to be closed; but this would be proclaiming to the world that in an important district, and one especially in want of instruction, the Church could do absolutely nothing, but must hand over the spiritual care of the people to the zeal of dissenters. If once such a step as this were taken, the Church would be national no longer: she would abnegate her position, with all its advantages, and must at once sink to the level of a sect. There is certainly some want of legislation here, and unless something be done the Church must grievously suffer. But what is that something to be? Church benefices are property, the objects of bargain and sale; and in a country like this the rights of property cannot be tampered with. If more power be given to the Bishops, they must at the same time be restrained from interfering with that which is already so carefully protected by law, and the additional

power will only be available towards curates, who are already too much under episcopal control.

Now, as matters stand at present, every incumbent is his own master in his own parish. His duties are to a certain extent defined, but there is a large margin, in which he is left to his own discretion. The canon law binds him, in some respects, to a course of conduct at variance with the feeling of the nation, and he holds himself therefore excused from attending to this latter. He may refuse to bury one, and to marry another. He may refuse the sacrament of the Eucharist to persons whose fitness for its reception he doubts. He may adhere to a multitude of obsolete regulations, and offend his parishioners every day of his life, under colour of keeping his ordination vows, and showing himself a good and pious son of the Church—and there is no knowing what direction piety may take in some oddly-constituted minds. STANLEY FABER tells us of an ecclesiastical dispute, not altogether unlike those which weekly take place at St. George's-in-the-East, in which an energetic member of the orthodox party "piously poked out the eye of STEPHEN, Archbishop of Grau, with a stick." We confess that to such exhibitions we entertain a very decided objection. It would matter little to sensible laymen what kind of robes the clergy of parishes thought fit to wear—green and gold, red and yellow, copes, albs, dalmaticas, stoles, and all the wardrobe of mediæval Rome might be adopted; and, if this were all, it might all be done without offence: but, when we know that these mummeries are inconsistent with sound common sense—that if a man show himself to be a fool in small matters, he is very likely to be one in affairs of greater consequence, and that the man whose mountebank tricks and harlequin dress offend and disgust us every Sunday is in many respects the most important person in the parish, that he has the especial duty of instructing the ignorant, and training the children of the poor,—then things, in themselves of little moment, assume a grave character. At all events, the entire destruction of that devotional feeling which ought to characterize the attendants on public worship is not a light evil; and this, no one can doubt, is the consequence of such absurdities as those which are witnessed, week after week, at St. George's. But a still graver importance attaches to these practices when we know that they are so decidedly the badges of a party as to indicate, in almost every possible direction, the opinions of those who adopt them. A man wears an embroidered robe of many colours—he fancies that the rubrics bear him out in so doing; he is therefore opposed to a revision of the Liturgy; he adheres as far as possible to the canon law, because he imagines that all his practices are in accordance with its provisions; he therefore opposes any alteration in the present most iniquitous arrangements about marriage. He knows that if the Voluntary system could only prevail for one hour, he and his abettors would be deprived of all power of troubling the Church's peace; therefore he stands up for Church rates and all similar imposts, and he vehemently resists the slightest introduction of the lay element into Church polity. He believes that his party have, and will continue to have, the distribution of the loaves and fishes; he therefore has no desire to see livings equalised, or the poorer clergy elevated as a class. He would take men of "sound Church views" out of the mire; but he would wish the mire to remain for the others to stick in. Holding what are called "sacramental opinions," he does not recognise dissent as Christianity, and therefore has nothing to do with those societies (such as the Bible Society) in which the co-operation of Nonconformists is allowed. He opposes the Church Missionary Society and the Pastoral Aid Society, or at least withholds from them all aid, on the ground that the one is not in safe hands, and that the other has a large mixture of the laity in its composition. The character thus described is consistent enough, foolish, we grant, and unchristian, but unhappily by no means rare; and his mode of celebrating divine service may be, and is, taken as an index of the man's opinions on all other points of doctrine and discipline. It results from this, not very logically perhaps, that in the popular mind all who agree with him on any one of the multifarious subjects in dispute are supposed to agree with him in them all. He encourages the notion himself as far as he can, and would have the world believe, that the ten thousand clergymen who have signed the document lately addressed to Lord ENRY, and deprecating any change in the Liturgy, are with him in all his ways of thinking and acting. It would be a bad thing for the Church of England if there were ten thousand of her ministers like Mr. BRYAN KING. But it is what a large number of the laity do believe; and unless the ten thousand can beat a retreat as skilful as was that of XENOPHON, the notion will increase in strength, and spread widely. It can hardly fail to tell with deadly force upon the Church rate question; and that once settled adversely to the Church, it requires no prophet to see that tithes will be the next object of attack; and to alienate the affections of the laity at such a juncture is a most suicidal proceeding. Little do the ten thousand think of the mischief they have done, and a very small portion of which is now in their power to undo—little do they know how the laity in general read their document, and what has already been its effect in the House of Commons.

We shall be told that ages ago the Church Establishment was threatened with sweeping reform, and that in the reign of HENRY IV. the axe was about to be laid to the root of the tree that threatened men here long, and that the Church is certainly less corrupt now than it was in the fifteenth century. We are willing to admit the last proposition, but not to the extent that its advocates require. The Church in her temporalities is extremely corrupt at the present time; and if Church rates are doomed, the thin end of the wedge is already inserted. We are not likely to see the fall of tithes in a

hurry. The present generation will pass away, and leave them behind as an existing institution of the English Church; but they are only safe for a comparatively short time. It will take more agitation, a longer period, and the aid of more powerful men to uproot them, than have been necessary to uproot Church rates, because the interests involved are greater; the laity are largely concerned, and the whole hierarchy will hold up their hands to preserve their property. But when we recollect how short a time has elapsed since THOROGOOD of Braintree was, in the late Mr. BARNES's admirable language, "a feather-bed-martyr, a parlour boarder in the school of tribulation, an inside passenger to glory," we shall, on considering the present position of the Church rate question, be able to work out a similar problem with respect to tithes.

Now, we wish our readers, and especially our clerical readers, not to mistake our object. We are not arguing in favour of abolishing either tithes or Church rates. We are merely looking with open eyes on the signs of the times; and we put them on their guard, not, in the present temper of the public mind, to provoke the enmity of the people, not needlessly to confirm the idea that there are ten thousand mediævalists—half Romanizers—among our clergy, and not to lose any means of conciliation which it may be in their power to adopt.

THE PULLINGER FRAUDS.

"JOINT Stock Company" has well nigh become a cant term for a rogues' nest, and unless the morality of these institutions can be improved, honourable men will shrink from being directors, and the management of associated enterprises will fall entirely, as it has already done to a large extent, into the hands of speculative tricksters, who prefer an exciting career of plunder to one of steady industry and slow accumulation. In some instances of defalcations, the directors have been the parties directly guilty of the offence, as in the case of those fraudulent banks and swindling assurance offices whose names have become feloniously familiar. In other instances the robberies have been committed by servants, such as ROBSON at the Crystal Palace, REDPATH at the Great Northern, and PULLINGER at the Union Bank; but in all these cases the directors have pursued a course of conduct that naturally led to the calamitous result. In the Crystal Palace there was recklessness both of calculation and assertion; the affair cost three times as much as the shareholders were originally led to expect, and a system of profligate expenditure went on with scarcely an attempt at check. The wonder was, not that a single official was detected in plundering, but that the malversations did not reach a much larger amount. The Great Northern rejoiced in a chairman who displayed great activity in maintaining his position against a discontented proprietary; but the "Board" could find no time for that accurate supervision of accounts that would have detected the transactions of REDPATH long before they reached the enormous amount of £240,000. The directors were not in the habit of inquiring into the appropriation of the large sum set apart for the payment of dividends, and by this gross negligence they facilitated the robbery that took place.

After the confidence of the public had been shaken by a remarkable series of joint stock company frauds, Mr. H. L. MORGAN, the accountant employed to investigate the PAUL and MANINI delinquencies, brought the question of directors' duties and responsibilities to a focus in an able pamphlet, in which he pointed out the causes of the catastrophes that had taken place, and indicated the means by which they might be easily avoided in future. Mr. MORGAN observed, that honourable men could only make their position as directors safe by "enforcing a method of book-keeping and preparation of statements so clear and complete, as to afford them from day to day and from week to week as accurate a knowledge of all important facts as a merchant or banker is in the habit of obtaining in his own counting-house." Mr. MORGAN added, "A director should assume every thing to be incorrect which he cannot fully understand; he should take care that an audit is a reality and not a sham, and never suffer a single document to go forth to shareholders or to the public upon the authority of any accountant or auditor, however honest and able, unless it be so arranged as to give to his own mind, without doubt or difficulty, every information to which his constituents or the public are entitled." Nothing can be plainer or more reasonable than this advice; and yet the Union Bank frauds show how impervious "Boards" are to anything like common sense.

The particular frauds for which PULLINGER is now in custody could only have been committed within the five years during which he held the post of chief cashier, and they amount to a thousand pounds a week for the whole time, and in the aggregate to £263,070. 8s. 10d. Not once, while these gigantic robberies were being committed, could the directors or manager have adopted a single rational precaution to know the state of their cash affairs and balance at the Bank. The story laid before the public is, that PULLINGER deceived the ledger clerk and Board by producing a forged pass-book, and withheld the real book from them, while his tricks were going on. If this be the case, it will appear that the Management habitually neglected those precautions which are universally adopted by private firms. When a merchant sends a clerk to his bankers, he not only ascertains that he takes the right sum with him, but that he takes the pass-book also, and on his return nothing is easier than to see from the entry that the right sum has been paid in. It is true the clerk might pocket the money and forge the entry; but his employer is accustomed to the look of the real

pass-book; and sometimes takes it to or fetches it from the bankers' himself, after it has been made up. Thus it would be extremely difficult to deceive him by substituting another book, as appears to have been done in the PULLINGER case. Either a director or the manager of the Union Bank ought from day to day to have examined the cash to be paid into the Bank of England, and ought from day to day to have seen the pass-book also, and ascertained that the entries corresponded with the transactions of the concern. With such precautions PULLINGER might have bolted with the whole sum he was intrusted with on a single occasion, but he could not once have divided it, leaving some for his masters and keeping some for himself. Thus there can be no doubt that the "Board" egregiously failed in a simple matter of duty, and allowed one of the most important departments to escape scrutiny altogether.

In another particular they neglected the warning given in Mr. MORGAN's pamphlet—they issued a balance-sheet upon defective principles, wanting that precision and clearness which is the only security against fraud. They lumped assets together, so that the amount they believed to be at the Bank of England was confounded with items of a different kind.

In this, there was simply an exhibition of the magpie nature of Boards without a shadow of excuse. In many joint stock companies, all sorts of tricks and dodges are resorted to which it is desirable to conceal. Some directors do not pay up their portion of share capital; others enter upon transactions to "rig the market," bribes are paid to persons helping the concern, and there is in fact a great deal to be ashamed of. With the Union Bank this could not have been the case. It was established when really wanted. It has enjoyed uniform success, and we do not believe it could at any period have been a gainer by the policy of concealment or mystification. We do not think that the directors had any motive for avoiding an explicit statement. They merely acted according to the traditions of their craft, and the result was that they assisted the black sheep, who appears to have been the pet of their fold. When the frauds were detected, their conduct was characteristic. There was of course ground for satisfaction and pride, that so enormous a loss could not in the slightest degree affect the stability of their concern. Everybody knew it could afford to lose a quarter of a million, and had the loss been doubled, no depositor would have felt afraid of the security of his deposits, nor would the permanent position of the institution have been injured. The question of confidence is independent of capital, and will turn entirely upon the management. If the directors think that they have only to compliment themselves and express sympathy with their manager, the public will regard them as quite unfit for their posts, and we cannot conceive that the shareholders will be so blind to their own interests, as to accept their misfortune as a matter of course. The men who have allowed it to take place may be very estimable and honourable, but they have failed in a most important duty, and their negligence gave opportunities which ought never to have been afforded. No one for a moment imputes any more blame to them than that of following the habitual carelessness of boards, which may be said never to adopt the precautions of private firms, but surely this is blame enough.

Had this been the first great fraud since that on the Bank of England in 1803, which more than half a century had obliterated the memory of, some excuse might be made for the directors not, at all events, securing themselves by taking full and efficient guarantees from their servants who had the handling of such vast amounts. The system of suretyship has been gradually growing up as a corollary to the larger trusts and greater temptations imposed on confidential clerks; and most large establishments adopt the principle. Indeed, to such an extent has this prudential arrangement extended, that powerful and responsible joint-stock companies have been instituted to relieve the pressure on private individuals; and the Government, railways, contractors, and all reposing great trusts or requiring large recognizances have recourse to them. Now, after the extraordinary defalcations of ROBSON, REDPATH, and Co., any banking association did not make this a principle, from their cashier down to the poorest collecting clerk, we are at a loss to understand, and more especially when for seven shillings for the hundred pounds they could thus assure themselves. It is indeed said that PULLINGER did give some security for a very small amount; but the sum assured ought to bear some proportion to the risk of robbery. If at the rate of a thousand pounds a week could be imperceptibly abstracted by a single clerk, surely his assurance should at least have covered half a year's possible loss. Had this been the case, two shillings in the pound might at least have been saved to the shareholders, and added to their dividend. Moreover, the companies that guarantee these amounts look very keenly into character and circumstances, and had they guaranteed such an amount as twenty-five thousand pounds, we may feel assured they would have instituted such an inquiry, and maintained such a surveillance as would, in all probability, have led to a much earlier discovery of this vast robbery, and consequently to a great saving to the shareholders.

The PULLINGER frauds ought not to be considered alone. They form a part of our commercial and social system, and are led up to by transactions which meet with little reprobation. Members of Parliament do their part towards developing such results when they make hasty promises they never intend to keep, and lend their names, for a consideration, to enterprises they do not take the trouble to check. They have their counterparts in the ERNEST MALTRAVERS school of morals, and when a legislator wins the applause of his party by proclaiming corruption to be the natural way for wealth to deal with democracy, he does his best to create political PULLIN-

TERS, as degraded, and far more mischievous than the bank clerk variety. When wealthy manufacturers forge trade marks, or represent their goods to measure far more than they do, a wave of rascality is set in motion that legitimately ends in robberies of another form. It is not the PULLINGERS alone who are guilty, or even chiefly guilty: a deeper blame rests upon those who encourage a false morality, and worship success however achieved. It was accident that determined ROBSON, REDPATH, and PULLINGER to their particular modes of fraud. There are lawyers, engineers, and contractors moving in the best society, who have robbed unfortunate shareholders of an amount as large; and if they had had their choice these rogues we have named would no doubt have preferred the safer gains of their luckier rivals in the arts of depredation. Almost every great bankruptcy reveals transactions quite as bad in point of morality as the embezzlement of cash; but the reckless abuse of credit seldom meets with either reprobation or punishment. By the employment of more caution we may diminish such cases as those of ROBSON, REDPATH, and PULLINGER; but we shall do little more than alter the shape of villany until the public conscience is sufficiently enlightened to condemn the worship of unprincipled success.

It is curious that our conspicuous rogues are either pharisees or "sporting gents;" and yet by their disgusting idolatry of TOM SAYERS, the members of the Stock Exchange and the Mincing Lane brokers encourage their clerks to frequent regions inhabited by betters and blacklegs, to cultivate tastes of debauchery and demoralization, and to consider mere "pluck," as it exists in the bulldog or a tiger, the highest of known qualities. We know some of the associates of Mr. PULLINGER, and we trust the Stock Exchange and Union Bank Directors will permit us to know the rest. He may have improved his morals on the race-course or by the ring; but such enormous transactions as he was engaged in leave no doubt that he must have had the countenance of persons of wealth and station, who, as in the case of REDPATH, did not choose to know that a clerk upon a few hundreds a year could not honestly be engaged in the operations of a millionaire. We fear, however, we shall not get at this sort of information; but the shareholders should force it out, as it may lead to a recovery of a portion of their loss.

SCIENCE AND WAR.

AN excellent Lecture delivered last Friday evening at the Royal Institution by Mr. ABEL, the head of the chemical department at Woolwich, on the application of science to military affairs, was sufficient to prove that a very great advance has been made in the management of our warlike arrangements, but was also calculated to lead to the conviction that both in Parliament and out of it, still further changes must take place if we are to maintain our position against all assailants. A large part of Mr. ABEL's discourse related to the Armstrong and Whitworth guns, but he mentioned several other subjects, which illustrated the urgent demand for skilled scientific labour, both in the administration of departments, and in all parties concerned, from the Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief, down to the artisan employed in making various implements of destruction, and the private soldier, by whom they are to be brought into play.

It appears that the disasters of the Crimean War and the clamour of public opinion did manage to rouse the authorities from their slumbers, and among other matters—some still grievously neglected—the construction of artillery engaged their thoughts to an extent which is not generally known. The siege of Sebastopol was remarkable for the consumption of cannon as well as of projectiles, and it became apparent that the enormous work required of modern artillery could not be performed either by cast iron or what are commonly called brass guns. Accordingly the Ordnance chemists and metallurgists made a variety of experiments, with a view of forming some alloy of copper, which should be more hard and tenacious than ordinary gun metal, and serve for the construction of comparatively light and portable guns, that would stand prolonged firing, without either bursting or losing their form. In these efforts they seem to have achieved a considerable success, and among other compounds produced a mixture of copper and phosphorus, of a very serviceable character. At the same time, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG was overcoming the difficulty of forging iron cannon, and Mr. WHITWORTH was arriving at an analogous result by a peculiar process of working steel, so as to get what he terms "homogeneous iron," and which is uniform and tenacious in its texture, and quite free from the crystallization that renders cast iron unreliable under a sudden strain. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG carries out with modern skill and appliances the notion of the original artillerists, who made their guns of many pieces, which they endeavoured to weld together. His cannon are in fact made much like the best barrels for fowling pieces. He twists a long ribbon of iron round a mandril, heats it white hot, and hammers it until all the joints are firmly welded together. This is sufficient for the barrel of a small cannon; but when a larger size and greater strength is needed, he places a series of spiral hoops over the original cylinder and welds them together, not by hammering, but by the action of a screw. These hoops are put on hot, and as they shrink in cooling they squeeze the mass which they embrace, and enable it all the better to stand the concussion of the discharge. In constructing the breech of his guns, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG takes care that the fibre of the iron runs parallel to the axis of the weapon, a plan which secures the greatest strength in the direction of the greatest explosive force. Mr. WHITWORTH uses for his material not wrought iron, but a material resembling the cast steel,

of which Mr. KRUPP made the cannon of Great Exhibition notoriety. His welding is also performed by a hydraulic press.

Now if we were quite sure that the science of projectiles had reached its utmost condition of perfection, the ordinary sort of Ministers, Commanders-in-Chief, and Boards might, with the help of a few men of science and skilled artisans, go on in a tolerably flourishing manner; but we are not secure, for one moment, against the march of invention and discovery, and unless our whole official mechanism is up to the mark, and ready to enter upon a fresh race at any moment, we might easily find ourselves sufficiently distanced as to be placed in a dangerous position. Very lately we trusted to iron-clad ships, but the illustrations of the effects of cannon upon masses of this metal exhibited by Mr. ABEL go very far to destroy confidence in what has been done. We are on the point of constructing additional fortifications, at an enormous expense, and we have, as yet, very slender means of judging of what the continuous fire of large ARMSTRONG and WHITWORTH guns, or of improved monster mortars, would effect. It is obvious that further changes will take place, and only thoroughly well-trained and skilful officers will be competent to direct either an attack or a defence, with means so different to what have been hitherto employed. The difference between the action of the new rifled cannon, and the artillery used so recently as the Crimean war, is almost as great as between the catapult and those very guns. All existing fortifications have been constructed upon a certain calculation of the range of artillery, and its power of displacing earth and stone—that is now completely overthrown. The mode of approaching a stronghold and the manœuvres of one army in the field against another have also reference to the distance at which musketry and artillery can produce their maximum effect, and not only must new calculations be made, and re-made, as circumstances change, but every arrangement of war will demand an amount of knowledge and skill hitherto unknown. How this will work with the Horse Guards' jobbery and Court patronage may be easily divined. It will not be enough that an officer shall be tolerably acquainted with routine—routine itself is destroyed by the constant accession of novelties, and no one can be fit for command who is not ready to learn, from day to day, and prompt at devising expedients to meet changes as they occur.

The theory of every department of military art must be perfected, for as our mechanism becomes more elaborate, trifles rise into importance, and using a wrong material to grease cartridges might lead to the loss of a battle on which great fortunes might depend. Mr. ABEL suggested this reflection by his remarks on this very question. The new rifles have very little of what is called "windage," their balls are almost a close fit, and cartridges greased with tallow or oil become too big, owing to the action of the fatty acids on the lead. Even employing sweet oil to grease the machines by which the balls are now formed, by pressure instead of casting, was found to set up a chemical action that did not stop, and made the balls unfit for use after a certain lapse of time. Instead of tallow, beeswax was substituted, and oil from Barbadoes petroleum replaced the olive oil in the bullet-making machine. Similar minute but essential particulars will have to be discovered and attended to in the employment of almost every novelty introduced; and we must remember that, owing to the discouragement with which successive administrations have treated men of science, we are scarcely on the threshold of invention as applied to military affairs. Until recently the slow match was the only way in which the engineer ignited his mines or masses of powder. Now, magneto-electricity has been introduced, and a man can carry in a little box a set of magnets and coils which, when set in rotation, afford power enough to explode a dozen or more mines at once. This was not, however, accomplished without considerable ingenuity and a series of experiments. It was necessary to find a substance very easy for this form of electricity to ignite, and yet capable of being handled without danger; the ordinary fulminating compounds failed, but a mixture of phosphuret of copper and chlorate of potash succeeded, as was shown by Mr. ABEL in the course of his lecture. Captain NORTON'S fire shells placed any canvas camp at the mercy of a few riflemen or artillerymen with a small WHITWORTH or ARMSTRONG gun. It was, therefore, necessary to make the tents fireproof, and at least a partial success has been achieved by the employment of soluble glass. Among other improvements we find vulcanized indiarubber has been introduced to line powder barrels, and hold the powder itself for submarine and other explosions. But vulcanized rubber, as usually prepared, soon gets rotten, as all who use the paper bands are aware; and, moreover, the material is very costly, so that invention is needed in this direction as well as in others.

Hitherto army and navy management have been political jobs, and anybody possessed of enough influence has been thought fit for a War Minister; First Lord of the Admiralty, or some high command. This system must be rooted out, or we shall soon be relatively behind the times, as much as we were before the Russian war let a little daylight into the scene. If an aristocratic noodle will no longer do for command, a mere clodpole drilled into a machine will not suffice for the executive agent. The scientific apparatus we have been describing can only be efficiently used by men of sufficiently sharpened intelligence to get a far more comfortable and better living in the world than that of the private soldier has ever yet been. An army or a navy using skilled weapons and practising skilful tactics will no longer be a mere mass from out of which individual life has been flogged and crushed. In a different way to that of ancient times, because associated with more combination, the individuality of each combatant will return, and both the soldier and sailor will be conscious of a personal value he has not felt before.

These are the inevitable results of the application of science to war, and unless the middle class and the aristocracy intend to furnish the rank and file of our defenders, they must make their position at least as advantageous as that of the moderately skilled artisan.

ODIUM MEDICUM.

AN old dramatist—WEBSTER, we think—sings in one of his solemn dirges of—

"those dreary graves and vaults,
That oft do hide physicians' faults."

Yes, there the lawyer yields to the one law which cannot be explained away; there the preacher, instead of moralising, except from his tombstone, or by the memory of his example is moralised upon; there the physicians sleep too, with their quarrels, which may have been violent, with their victims who may have been numerous, with their etiquettes which, more even than their doses, have often worried their patients. Judged they have been, of course, and severely enough during their lifetime by their professional brethren; afterwards, for some time, at least, etiquette and English *esprit du corps* throw a veil over the weakness of their judgment or the audacity of their practice, and *post mortem* examinations of their characters are decently forborne by their survivors in the profession. At least this seems to be the general rule, from the disturbance which a violation of it has caused in the London medical world.

The offending party in the present instance is a writer well known in the literary as well as the medical world—Dr. GRANVILLE, author of the "Spas of Germany," "Sudden Death," &c.; and Drs. TODD and BRIGHT, both recently deceased, are the gentlemen exhumed for a *post mortem*, and charged pretty plainly with having hastened the death of Mr. HINDLEY, the late member for Ashton, by what is, in medical language, termed the "exhibition" of enormous doses of stimulant in the form of brandy at the rate of half an ounce every half-hour, and this continued with little intermission till one hundred and twenty ounces were taken by the patient; the disease being delirium, or, according to Dr. TODD, *delirium tremens*. Dr. TODD is charged with insisting on this mode of treatment, and Dr. BRIGHT with seconding and sanctioning it, contrary to the advice of Dr. GRANVILLE, who had been first called in, and at last, in defiance of his warnings and protest, which seems, according to his own account, to have been a very distinct one. Dr. TODD, in this Brunonian practice, as it is called, may have believed himself to be justified by some prior instances of success; but the treatment is so unlike that which is usual in diseases of this class, that it seems little short of madness to the rational reader and the average medical man; and, individually, we should far prefer putting ourselves, with our knowledge of their respective practice, under the "author of the Spas," than under that of the other gentlemen if they were still surviving, though we distinctly assure the reader that we are speaking quite problematically, as we have never been troubled with this form of disease, nor deserved it. We have cited Dr. GRANVILLE'S own unadulterated account of the matter given in a "Letter to the Medical Circular." Whether the authors of an error are dead or alive, we think it desirable that the public should be put in possession of the facts as far as they are capable of understanding them as soon as possible, without any of that absurd delicacy with which the members of the same profession or body corporate often shield one another when a fault or a mistake has got wind, thereby adding another point of unanimity to that owned by Dr. SAMUEL GARTH:—

"About the symptoms how they disagree!
But how unanimous in case of fee!"

To break through this even at the risk of having to run amuck, lancet or rather steel-pen in hand, through double files of prognosticating brows and diagnosticing noses, amid showers of blows from gold-headed canes, would deserve the applause and thanks of the public if done without the smallest desire of notoriety; and we should have highly praised Dr. GRANVILLE for his resolution, but there is an *animus* about his pamphlet which is extremely unpleasant. Considering that the two erring doctors are dead, we should have thought that, at least, the good taste of the literary man would have come in aid, and dictated to the physician a mild and temperate letter, with a very simple statement of his own utter dissent from what he believed to be an error, and of his regret that his professional brethren should have fallen into it,—had this been done in a judicious tone, we cannot believe that he would have incurred any severe reflections. But, instead of that softening of the spirit which ought to attend a censure of the dead, instigated by a simple desire of good for the living and love of truth, the pamphlet is moderated by no such feeling for the survivors. If his medicines are healing to the body, his letters certainly are not so to the mind; and if his treatment is not "heroical" (the medical term for strong), his style is, at least in the sense of pugnacity; and there are superfluous and painful remarks on individuals, which ordinary delicacy, especially in such a case, would have avoided. Certainly, no one can say that he has attacked the dead only; he hits right and left, behind and before, like a GUYON, or a patent double-action Siamese-twin TOM SAYERS. We have his word for it, that "Dr. BRIGHT related the case of a niece of Dr. CLUTTERBUCK, who was reduced to a similar state (with Mr. HINDLEY) by a continuous use of stimulants under Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, which the uncle took upon himself to stop at once, and the young lady recovered." At this time he thought that Dr. BRIGHT'S opinion would be in harmony with his own, and even after the disagreement was patent, he again, with evident satisfaction, quotes Dr. BRIGHT, when he "smilingly remarked, 'Oh, the Doctor (GRANVILLE) is not

only known to be poetical, but prophetic, alluding to my prediction of NICHOLAS's death." Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH is, perhaps, indifferent to this blow, both because it is shared with the dead, and because Dr. BRIGHT, strangely enough, in act seems to have sanctioned the practice which, in words, he was condemning, according to Dr. GRANVILLE's account.

We have seldom met with a writer who has a better notion of killing two birds, or half a dozen, with one stone; or as his original countrymen the Italians say, *pigliar due colombi ad una fava*, of catching two pigeons with one bean. The *odium theologicum* is often joined with the *odium politicum*, the *odium medicum* much more rarely; though political parties may have their pet physicians, a RADCLIFFE, an ARBUTHNOT, or an AKENSIDE, there is, however, a most superfluous onset on Mr. MILNER GIBSON at the close of the letter, opportunity being taken of the fact of Mr. GIBSON having become a candidate for Mr. HINDLEY's seat before the death of the latter gentleman. In coming from Mr. HINDLEY's residence, the Doctor meets with a Sir CHARLES —, and says, "Here is a chance for you, Sir CHARLES, if you are anxious to return to parliament: the member for Ashton is dying." Sir CHARLES instantly communicates "this to Mr. GIBSON, the repudiated member for Manchester, who, I doubt not," pursues the letter, "lost not a moment in going down to Ashton to curry favor among the people, who would soon have to exercise the privilege of voting for a new representative." Mr. GIBSON seems to have done no more than the Doctor advised Sir CHARLES to do, and the term "currying favour" looks more like private enmity than political disapproval; it is an ill-natured term which, whether true or not, political opponents, however bitter, would not generally apply to each other's canvas. The pamphlet concludes with a kind of exposition of political preferences and antipathies, which we do not care to quote, in which the names of Messrs. MASON and ASTLEY, Serjeant SHEA, Messrs. CORDEN, BRIGHT, and Lord PALMERSTON are lightly introduced; Messrs. MASON and ASTLEY and the gentlemanlike and worthy Serjeant being declared to be men not likely to "upset Lord PALMERSTON." We might have been considerably more severe in our expressions, but we hesitate, considering Dr. GRANVILLE's age and literary pretensions, though the former ought to have taught him more wisdom and more moderation, and the latter better taste. We warn him in future that he will do better if he confines himself to the question at issue, without what he himself calls "episodical digression," when it is likely to be of a censorious character. Personal reflections ought to enter as little as possible into a pamphlet on a question of science, and the "art of self-defence" should not imply in a professional letter what it does in the prize-ring. This matter has now been exciting interest for some time, and may continue to do so for some time longer; had it been merely a nine days' wonder, we should have let it sleep, having no more taste for the exhuming of controversies than of professional characters. Mr. LAVIES, the general practitioner in the case, has lately, we understand, been writing on the subject. He is the only witness to whom Dr. GRANVILLE can be said to have referred in his pamphlet, except, as WILBERFORCE said in one of his speeches on the slave-trade, "the last great witness, Death."

One thing, at any rate, Dr. GRANVILLE cannot be charged with in his pamphlet against the defunct,—that is, a desire to get their practice. He mentions in his commencement that Dr. TODD's success was an instance of good luck;—this is scarcely handsome. One thing is sure, that good luck is a goddess whose name is very rarely uttered, except in a whisper, by those who are at the top of the tree.

LONDON STATUES.

OUR London Statues, few will deny, are a disgrace to our city, our nation, our civilization, and our age: they are few, they are feebly executed, and they record the fame of either the obscure or the unworthy.

Let us review those that we have. There is the mean NELSON on its Stylites column in Trafalgar Square, with its huge tape worm of rope and its emblematic anchor, the only proof the world below has that the figure in those very high latitudes is our great naval hero, or even an admiral at all. Of its unfinished base, which reflects so much credit on English patriotism—on its cannons, yet uncast, and its lions, which a veteran painter is trying slowly to model, we will say nothing; it is quite enough that JOB is at work, and JOB is another name for patience and slowness. JOB never hurries himself, and NELSON's memory will not suffer from a selfish Government's delay, which the living hero suffered from, and yet won his victories.

Then there is his brother Stylites on the telegraph column a little further on, with a sentinel below to see he does not plan any more Walcheren expeditions or leave his post of duty. Why the Duke of YORK—unsavoury name, associated only in our national history with failures and intrigues, extravagance and gluttony—should be posted up on an all but eternal pillar, when MARLBOROUGH and HOWE have none, we leave political Dillys and Dallys to answer: all we can say is, we pity the elderly gentleman with the bill-filé spike coming through the top of his head in the place where the hair ought to grow, as if his head had been removed from some traitor's spike over Temple Bar, and only lament that a great city should be turned into a great Madame Tussaud's Exhibition Room for royal nonentities. As for the mechanical merit of the Duke's and Admiral's statues we can say nothing, as we have never seen them, no known telescope carrying quite so far.

The claims of NELSON to a statue, and the absurdity of the Duke of YORK having one, no one will dispute. It will take some dusty

rummaging by deputy in the State Paper Office before the world will decide whether CHARLES I. was an amiable, handsome, good man, or a shameless, faithless, and dangerous tyrant. Mr. FOSTER has lately shown us how worthless a witness is CLARENDON, and how ideal is his portrait; perhaps, but for VANDYKE we might not have associated the martyr with a stupid, obstinate face, the index of a mind narrow as JAMES's, and without his village schoolmaster's learning; or at all events, as a bit of antiquity, like GOGMAGOG at Guildhall, it might remain as a remembrance of a nation's vengeance, and of the terrible vengeance that wrongs unredressed will take for themselves. He, however, had merits, and there is ease about the figure, though the stirrups are gone; and the pert rider is therefore as insecure in his saddle as he was formerly on his throne. It is worthy of an inconsistent nation that the statue of our worst English king should have the chief place of honour in London.

The insignificant GEORGE IV. of Trafalgar Square we will not criticise—that VITELLIVS whose vices seem to have been unredeemed by a single virtue, was a bad son and worse husband; who forsook the women he had wived; who left his friends to starve, has of course a statue because his manners were easy as his morals, and because the nation that despised him had no power to pull down his effigy when once erected. Nor need we waste time in ridiculing the taste that clubbed with this royal voluptuary Dr. JENNER, the inoculating doctor, and NAPIER, the conqueror of Scinde—classifying a standing and seating figure with an equestrian one and a columnar one in the same square—a sublime confusion of a commercial nation trying to be tasteful, and dictated to by ignorant and pretentious dilettantes. That JENNER's figure is as grave and sober as NAPIER's is vulgar and flatulent we will not stop to deny.

Passing by an experimental tame Lord CLIVE by MAROCHETTI, and returning up Pall Mall, we come to the huge block of stone that is to record not the prowess of the British army—which no monument is sufficiently grand to perpetuate—but the doings of the Guards, who have shared so little in our great wars, and to record whose courage is to insult that of every other regiment, that has seen ten times as much service. A club-room, we think, had been the place for this strictly parodical monument, and not one of the finest sites in London.

Nor can we dismiss this subject without flinging our notice round at that impudent statue of the Duke, that threatens to break in the Marble Arch—that standing butt for all ridicule, from *Punch* upwards; that childish experiment, imitated from some Roman example ill-authenticated, and proving nothing if it were. The childish stiffness of the figure, its ridiculous profile against the sky, its horse with the turn-up nose, are only too permanent—examples of nineteenth-century sculpture, and the sooner it is pulled down and remelted into door-knockers the better for London and art. In merit it is about equal to the figures on a wedding-cake; and an Italian image-boy had been a fool indeed could he not have modelled something better.

The pig-tailed GEORGE III., of Cockspur Street, is a curiosity it were difficult to replace, otherwise one might wonder what that not very brilliant though respectable king had done to merit such an honour—being a king in itself, is not an honour—a being a good king is the honour, let our commissioners, whoever they are, remember.

Of the City, WILLIAM IV., bluff gentleman, and that quiet mediocrity in stone, Sir ROBERT PEEL in Cheapside, not much can be said in praise. There is no reason that PEEL should have a statue in the city more than PITT or FOX, who were, with all their faults and prejudices, much greater men. In merit, these statues go a little beyond the Coliseum Prince ALBERT, and not quite as far as the Coliseum Queen VICTORIA, whose stucco steed prances astride that mouldy place of amusement, or did a few days ago.

It is no credit to English sculpture that our two best London statues should both be of past centuries. There is GIBBONS' JAMES II. behind Whitehall, a statue put decently, and with some respect to public opinion out of the way, yet not without some Roman dignity; and the less known bronze one of EDWARD II. in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital, the work of the Fleming SCHREMAEKERS. Next to this, perhaps, comes the CHARLES I. of Charing Cross, and the two brainless brothers that CIBBER the Dane wrought so dexterously, and which are now in the portico of Bedlam, where our Commissioners of taste have doubtless had opportunities of studying them.

An enthusiastic foreigner comes to London and expects to find our squares and the vestibules of our great buildings as full as those of the Greeks were with the statues of our great philosophers, heroes, poets, and statesmen. He asks for a great general, and is shown the Duke of YORK; for a great poet, and is shown a Gloucestershire cow-pox doctor; for a great statesman, and is shown the Farmer King. GEORGE IV. has ousted SHAKESPEARE, and PEEL BACON. CROMWELL is nowhere; but there is WILLIAM IV., a weak man, who reigned too short a time to do much mischief. He goes to the Academy, looking for HOGARTH or REYNOLDS, and finds WILKIE; to Bedlam, and finds it the nearest way to the Adelphi. CHAUCER he sees not; nor BUNYAN, nor MILTON, nor SCOTT, nor POPE, nor LOCKE, nor GIBBON, nor BYRON; but he will find Queen ANNE, whom nobody blames or praises, getting black as CANDACE under the great dome, and the two worst kings of England triumphant in our public places. FOX, black as a coal-heaver in Bloomsbury, and CANNING, sooty and unrepresentable, looking with wonder at the great China-plate clock on the Victoria Tower.

And what remedies for all this? asks mildly your sneering Tory dragchain. Simply this: Let an annual vote of money be passed

generously, in a manner worthy of a great nation of no mean fame, and let it be spent on statues of our great dead—statues chosen from models sent in by our best sculptors, and chosen after a severe competition. Let a committee decide on the rotation in which the fame of our great immortals are to be perpetuated, and let us no longer erect statues to small perishable reputations, who begin to be forgotten before the monument can be got ready. The best way of preventing this is to erect no statue to any man till he has been dead ten or twenty years. Time is the best winnower of great reputations. We want no Marquis of Granbys to block up our streets as they do our old inn signs. It is for posterity, we must remember, and not for ourselves, that we erect statues. BUFO is a great man in the House, now, but what a small man he will be fifty years hence;—let us not then erect statues to our BUFOES.

We should also adopt the French plan of erecting models of our intended statues in their intended sites, and fairly submitting them to public opinion. Let the press have its jibes at them, *Punch* fling his crackers; let the mob pervert their meaning in every possible way; works of genius are not to be overthrown by a few jokes, but empty pretension crumbles away and melts at the very sound of wise men's laughter. What suggestions are made let them be carried out, and if condemned, let the artist be paid for his model, and the work returned to his friendly keeping; better one man be disappointed than that the London streets should be burdened with an eternal ugliness.

Let no hole-and-corner interests tyrannise over us with their bad tastes, or force upon us parochial great men miserably executed. There are still great sites crying aloud for statues. There are on our bridges fine pedestals, and at the corners of our streets. Our quadrangles and squares have as yet many a centre uninhabited, and the time has come to fill them. Our Museum might have its BACON and its SHAKESPEARE, our Admiralty court-yard its HOWE and Jervis, our War-office its MARLBOROUGH or HAVELOCK (ten years hence). At the same time, while we suggest this adoption of a French custom, we would also try and revive an Egyptian one also. In Egypt, when a king died, it was the custom to have a jury sit to decide whether his reign had been good or bad, and whether, accordingly, he should be buried with respect or infamy. In the same way every five years an *iconoclastic* jury of wise men should be held in London to decide upon what street statues should be removed, destroyed (and washed). Five years would wonderfully open men's eyes to the merit or demerit of a statue, as well as to the worth or the reverse of a great reputation;—the verdict would be accordingly. Then might we hope to see the Stylite YORK toppled from his column, and GEORGE IV. helping to pave Trafalgar Square. Then would JAMES II. be off to the Museum gallery, and CHARLES I. to the quadrangle of the same fine building. Then might black-browed FOX of Bloomsbury hope once again to go with clean hands, and scotchy CANNING to wear a decent coat on his back.

CAKES AND ALL.

WHAT! no more toothsome Banburys? No more Tipper? Will you leave us nothing, O ye regenerators of mankind, to make our lives comfortable withal? You have denounced our fecund cups, which HORACE says make us pleasantly *disertos*, but which you aver make us brutal. You have bid us eschew butchers' meat as an *irritamentum malorum*. You have banned our salt as the forbidden fruit. You have quoted the only passage in DANTE you know over the doors of our theatres and ball-rooms. You have leagued yourselves with publicans and sinners to prevent us washing down our humble bun with a draught of innocent claret. And now, unkindest cut of all, you attempt to put our pipes out. Truly, Philanthropy must be hard-pressed for a new field in which to pursue the labour of good works, when it sets itself to organize an Anti-Tobacco Society. Where will the sort of thing stop? The month of May is not long enough for all the May meetings as things stand. They are actually obliged to begin them in April and run them into June. When will they begin, and when will they end when the Anti-Beef and Mutton Society is started? When it is found necessary to guard society against mustard, white waistcoats, parsnips, toothpicks, and water-gruel? Shall not life, then, be one everlasting May meeting, with the Dean of CARLISLE as Perpetual Grand? Far be it from us to sneer at any good work, or to utter a single word in disparagement of any movement tending to benefit or ameliorate the moral or social condition of the community. We have, therefore, not a word to say against the arguments of those who advise the rising generation not to smoke tobacco. We say with them, "Young man, don't learn to smoke; it is a bad habit, and if you don't learn to indulge in it, you will never miss the gratification the practice affords. It is quite another thing, however, when we are brought face to face in the light of day, and, let us add, in the nineteenth century, with a society which actually aspires to put down smoking by Act of Parliament! We have, then, to consider not whether the work is good or not, but whether those who propose doing it are setting about it in the right way. It is a good thing to endeavour to prevent people from stealing, but gravely to petition Parliament to pass an Act to put stealing down, like weed pavement, or Sunday trading, is something to make us laugh catright. Yet this is in effect exactly what the British Anti-Tobacco Society aspires and hopes to do. A meeting of the Society took place the other day at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Dean of CARLISLE. The

report of the Secretary, we must say, was highly satisfactory. He reported that Sunday-school teachers and clergymen were adopting the Society's opinions, and were putting their pipes out accordingly. Dr. CLOSE had delivered a lecture which had done much good; Dr. HODGKINS's paper against tobacco had been well received—rather a mild phrase—by the Social Science meeting at Bradford; and it was hoped that the example set by her MAJESTY in causing Prince ALFRED to be prohibited from smoking on board the Euryalus would have an excellent effect. It was also a matter for congratulation that a memorial to Lord PALMERSTON, requesting him to appoint a committee of the House of Commons to examine into the medicinal effects of tobacco, had received numerous signatures. In the whole report there is nothing which all sensible men will not be glad to hear, with the single exception of the fact that, whereas the expenses of the Association since November, 1858, had been £355 0s. 2d., the income had been short of that sum by £14 1s. 8d. One must necessarily regret that a movement which has been so well supported by signatures, has been so indifferently backed up with subscriptions.

But now hear Dean CLOSE and Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY. The Dean takes advantage of the presence of some ladies to appeal to them. He seemed to presume that they were unmarried ladies—possibly a girls' school out for a treat—and assured them that if they married gentlemen who drunk and smoked, they would get sallow-faced and lantern-jawed husbands. He did not, however, deem it necessary to mention if they married gentlemen who ate too much pudding, they would have husbands who would suffer from surfeit or indigestion. He mentioned, as the result of his observation, that the young boys in these days had not so much colour in their faces as many old boys he knew. The absence of colour in the young boys was owing to smoking, and the presence of colour in the old boys was *not* owing to port. He mentioned, also, that in 1820, when he left college, he did not know of a single collegian who had smoked. King JAMES may also have stated in his *Counterblast* that he did not know of a single person who smoked previous to the return of Sir WALTER RALEIGH from America; or possibly Lord CHESTERFIELD may have remarked in his "Letters" that no man in his circle of acquaintance wore a beard and moustache. Finally, the Dean brought his logic to a climax by declaring that he made it a rule never to pay any attention to arguments against his own view of the question put forward by "anonymous journalists, who, like Irish assassins, shot from behind a hedge." So that, apart from bird's-eye and short-cut, arguments are worth nothing if you don't know who uses them. Commend us, however, to Mr. MORLEY for a real downright tobacco stopper. He had had great experience among young men. There were 150 in the house to which he belonged, and he never lost an opportunity of giving them a friendly warning against smoking. Such was his horror of the practice that he would not take into his service any young man who was a confirmed smoker; for he was satisfied that *fifteen out of every twenty young men who smoked came to grief and ruin*. We are positively horrified when we think what might have been the fate of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON had CAVE of St. John's Gate been of Mr. MORLEY's opinion on the tobacco question. Would that dictionary have ever been written? It is evident that Sir ISAAC NEWTON would have been looked upon by Mr. MORLEY as a very bad boy, and his contemplation of pippins regarded as a first indication of a tendency to rob orchards, and come to the gallows. No doubt Mr. MORLEY ascribes the bad end of Sir WALTER RALEIGH and Lord BYRON to cheroots. And this opens the gate upon a wide field for inquiry. Did Mr. MANNING smoke? Did Mrs. MANNING chew snuff after the fashion lately introduced among the fair sex in America? Did Mr. PULLINGER first meditate his embezzlement of the profits of the Union Bank over a pipe of latania? Was it pickwicks that first precipitated BILL SYKES into crime? It is an awful thing, when a score of us are sitting together placidly puffing our cigars after the toils of the day, to think that fifteen of our number are doomed to perdition. If you are right in your figures here, Mr. MORLEY, nothing short of an Act of Parliament will meet the case. Go to Lord PALMERSTON, as you propose, and say that, your consideration of this question, blended with the conviction that the subject lies within the province of the Legislature, has induced you to suggest to his Lordship that in order to obtain the object you desire, some act ought to be passed to put out every pipe in the nation. We must warn you, however, that when your deputation waits upon the noble lord, he will have at his elbow the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, one, who, we are sure, never ran up a wine or cigar bill at college, or who was ever known to smoke even the humblest of cubas by any Dean *in posse* of his acquaintance. We must warn you also that this model young man will whisper to his chief, "This is all very well, my dear Lord PALMERSTON, but how is the QUEEN'S revenue to be kept up? The duty is so much, you know; and if we are to prohibit the importation of tobacco, or raise the duty to a figure which only a few can afford to pay, we must put on another tennence upon income, or something." How about that, anti-tobaccoists? Are you prepared with that other tennence?

So much for fiscal exigency as against morals. But now as to justice. Is this a free country, or is it not? Are we who use our pipe and don't abuse it to be utterly deprived of our whiff because some boys known to the Dean of CARLISLE and Mr. MORLEY indulge in the weed to excess? Let Master JONES or TOMKINS have the freedom of the store-room for half-an-hour, and he will make himself as pale and ill with black currant jam as he will with

a penny pickwick. Shall we, his elders, then, have no more black currant with our jugged hare? Shall there be, in fact, because ye are virtuous, O ye Vegetarians, O ye Anti-tobacconists, O ye Teetotalers, no more beef and mutton, no more birds'-eye and caviendish, no more "Cakes and Ale?"

MALONE, THE SHAKSPERIAN COMMENTATOR.*

THERE is little excuse for the man who writes a dull biography. The most uneventful life may be invested with an interest, if the writer have but ordinary sympathy with humanity; and if he have not, he had better let his task alone. Edmond Malone, scholar, editor, and critic, was not, perhaps, a very promising subject for a memoir, but it promised something. The reader might expect fresh pictures of that literary society which comprised Johnson, Sir Joshua, Burke, the Warton, Isaac Reed, George Steevens, and a host of others, whose names still linger about Covent Garden and the courts of Fleet Street—new contrasts of the hard laborious scholar and the social man—more curiosities of literary warfare, such as Shaksperian critics only know how to wage. Little of these things, however, will he find in Sir James Prior's book. It is singular, indeed, after going through the pages of the memoir, to find how little it contains of real flesh and blood. The world does scant justice to men of Malone's class, obstinately persisting in believing them to be all mere Dryasdusts, fellows whose hearts are shrunken and colourless as the ancient papers and parchments which they love to pore over. Sir James Prior will not, in this case at least, have helped to destroy the prejudice. A gentleman with a mother and father his hero certainly is. He has also other relatives and friends; but the chief attributes of the gentleman here presented to us are prefaces and marginal notes, parochial registers and legal records, scarce copies and *éditions principes*, new readings and felicitous emendations. We do not say that this is altogether the author's fault. It is possible that the "books, papers, and memoranda" which furnished Sir James with the materials for writing the private life of Malone would yield nothing better; but in this case, the reader may ask, why write a life of Edmond Malone?

The story of Malone's life is soon told. He was born in Dublin, on the 4th of October, 1741, being the son of Edmond Malone, a conspicuous man at the Irish bar, and his wife the daughter of a London merchant, named Collier. The future editor studied at Trinity College, Dublin—was destined for the Bar—removed to London, and entered of the Inner Temple in 1763; became introduced to Johnson—made a tour on the continent—returned to Dublin to pursue the practice of the law, but soon showed a decided preference to contributing articles to the newspapers, and corresponding on literary subjects with his friends Chetwood and Southwell, and Lord Charlemont, the patron of Burke—and finally blossomed out an editor in a new collection of Goldsmith's works, published in Dublin. His father and mother both died about this period; and his uncle Anthony Malone also dying, left his estate at Baronsdown and elsewhere to Edmond's elder brother, afterwards Lord Sunderlin; and now, "having none whose wishes it was necessary to consult," Edmond returned to London to cultivate the acquaintance of Steevens, and men of his class—to plunge into the battle of Shaksperian criticism then raging, and to set up as professional editor, annotator, and critic, in which characters he is well known to the world. There is, indeed, some mysterious talk of a "Miss B—" and a lady with "thick legs;" but beyond those strong tokens of material existence here and there brought forward, the ladies might be merely allegorical figures representing that ardent study of old authors to which the Irish barrister was now about to be wedded for life. His correspondents discourse far less of men than of books and manuscripts: one conveys to him the awful intelligence of the destiny of a learned friend's books, "the ship in which they were embarked" having "foundered off Breehy Head," and "all his first editions gone to the bottom!" What wonder that the writer avoided the danger of an anti-climax by omitting to say whether any human lives were also sacrificed? This, with the mention of the various publications put forth by Malone, positively "makes all the history," unless we except that event which gives to the close of all biographies such a terrible sameness—the death of its hero, which took place on the 25th May, 1812.

Malone's life must have had more of romance in it than here appears. A pursuit which led him away from a money-making profession, recompensed him for the loss of the lady with the "thick legs," as well as "Miss B—," and engrossed his daily thoughts throughout a long life in a degree which to men of the world seemed like some strange madness, could not have been so "harsh or crabbed" as dull souls believe. Malone was one of the earliest of that school of literary antiquaries who sought, with something like painstaking accuracy, for facts, not only literary but biographical, concerning the writers of the past. We say "for something like accuracy," because the character which he enjoyed in his lifetime for this quality must now receive some abatement by comparison with the higher standard of editorship and literary research which has since grown up. Nowhere is this truth more conspicuous than in the number of anecdotes, Popiana, Maloniana, &c., from Malone's manuscripts, which Sir James Prior has incorporated with his work, and which, though welcome as enlivening an otherwise dull book, must be read with caution. They abound, indeed, in errors and mis-

statements, so glaring that it is incredible that his biographer could have published them, as he has in nearly every case, without remark. Sir James Prior more than once dwells upon Malone's accuracy, and quotes in the outset of his narrative one of his letters, in which he justly says, "Give me but time, place, and names, and the genuineness or falsehood of any story may be easily ascertained." Tested, however, in this way, what becomes of Popiana, Maloniana, and of half the stories with which Sir James Prior has filled out his book?

Scarcely less unjustifiable is the way in which he has reproduced, from Malone's rough memoranda, stories which have, since Malone's time, been rendered familiar to every reader. Why should we be confidentially let into the secret of how Sir Spencer Compton (Lord Wilmington) being unable to draw up the first speech of King George the Second, called in the aid of Sir Robert Walpole, and so lost his post, which Walpole then regained, when we have long had the whole story in Horace Walpole's well-known "Reminiscences?" What can now be more absurd than starting a disquisition upon Junius with the remark, that "It has long been a question who was the author of the letters which appeared under the signature of 'Junius,' in 1769 and 1770," and then unfolding the absurd theory that Junius was Burke's friend, Samuel Dyer? What reader has not already met with the anecdote of Thomson justifying his not getting out of bed till midday on the ground that he "had no *not-tice*?" Who has not heard that "Sir Joshua Reynolds once saw Pope," and that it was at an auction of books or pictures? Why, the last popular edition of Pope's works has, we think, an engraving representing the auction-room, Sir Joshua, and the poet. Again, why should we be told in 1860, as a piece of curious intelligence, that "Swift made several observations on the margin of Burnett's History of his own Time," that Lord Onslow had another copy "filled with the remarks of his father the Speaker"—with the additional observation, "they are short, he says, but very pointed and characteristic," &c. Everybody who has read Burnett knows that both Swift's and Speaker Onslow's remarks have been long printed with the "History," in the form of marginal notes. Surely it is too late in the day to be told that "Mr. Walpole remembered" Pope's Patty Blount "walking to Mr. Bethell's, in Arlington Street, after Pope's death, with her petticoats tucked up like a sempstress;" for what reader interested in the literary life of the last century does not remember Walpole's inimitable description, in his letters, of Pope's Patty Blount, in her pattens on a rainy day, with nothing of her beauty remaining but "her blue eyes," going up to visit "blameless Bethell," who was ill "at the end of the street?"

We could quote a score of such cases of stale anecdotes given as new; but the number of those which, though "new," are "not true," is unfortunately no less.

Take one or two. Malone, in a letter from Avignon, now published, gives the following anecdote of that town:—

"Avignon is very far from being a place one would wish to settle in. It has no sort of trade or business, no public entertainments, and is besides an old, straggling, ugly town. It was rendered famous for some time by the residence of the old Pretender, and in the year 1746 his son retired thither after the rebellion. He lived very magnificently, but so void of gratitude, or even common decency, as to give a grand ball, at which he danced, at the very time he well knew his party, Lords Balmorino and Kilmallock, were losing their heads in London."

This is a grave charge against the young Pretender, who, whatever he may afterwards have sunk to, was at this time a fine, dashing fellow, of really manly qualities. Fortunately, this is one of those cases in which "time, place, and names" enable us to test the story, and pronounce it decidedly spurious; for Kilmallock and the brave Balmorino were executed on the 18th of August, 1746, at the time when Charles Edward was still a wanderer and a fugitive. The young Pretender, in short, did not dance at Avignon on August 18, simply because he did not get away and arrive in Paris till October, and did not go to Avignon till long after. Here, again, we find the old story of Lord Oxford's letter to the Duke of Marlborough, which led, as is alleged, to the suspension of proceedings against the former, and which has again and again been shown to be inconsistent with proved facts; and, among a score of blunders and absurd mis-statements concerning Lady Mary Montagu, we have the remarkable piece of information that on her deathbed she gave seventeen large volumes in manuscript of her letters, memoirs, and poems, to the clergyman who attended her, with an injunction to publish them, "but that Lady Bute, to prevent this," prevailed on her husband "to give the clergyman a good Crown living;" and that "for this bribe he broke his trust." This was, no doubt, the vague story floating about in Malone's days; but Sir James Prior ought to have known that the true version has been before the world ever since Dallaway's edition of Lady Montagu's works in 1803. He may there, or in any of the numerous editions since published, see that there is scarcely one particular in which he has not ridiculously exaggerated and misrepresented the whole story.

Some of the anecdotes are new to us, and one or two may be worth quoting. Here is a new paragraph of Walpoliana:—

"Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, well known for his collection of pictures, statues, &c., was a natural son. On his marriage with the daughter of Lady Schaub, who had been very gallant, Horace Walpole said very happily, 'Then everybody's daughter is married to nobody's son.'"

Here, too, is an anecdote of Johnson, which represents the sturdy lexicographer in an entirely new character:—

"Johnson, it appears, was willing to change the air of Bolt Court for that of a suburban palace. He therefore applied for a retreat, where several parties of small means, and of some public claims, turn their eyes with similar expectations of finding a home. He failed, whether with the knowledge of his Majesty is doubtful. The following is the letter of application and reply:—

* *Life of Edmond Malone, Editor of Shakspeare. With Selections from his Manuscript Anecdotes.* By Sir JAMES PRIOR. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"My Lord,—Being wholly unknown to your lordship, I have only this apology to make for presuming to trouble you with a request, that a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused."

"Some of the apartments are now vacant, in which I am encouraged to hope that by application to your lordship I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favour; and I hope that to a man who has had the honour of vindicating his Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily allowed."

"I therefore request that your lordship will be pleased to grant such rooms in Hampton Court as shall seem proper to."

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most obedient and most faithful, humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

"April 11, 1776."

"Indorsed, 'Mr. Samuel Johnson to the Earl of Hertford, requesting apartments at Hampton Court, 11th May, 1776.' And within, a memorandum of the answer."

"Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hands many engagements unsatisfied."

The following paragraph concerning Swift is somewhat startling:—

"The following sarcastic lines on William III. (which I believe have never appeared in print) are so much in the manner of Swift, and agree so exactly with his political Tory principles, that I strongly suspect him to have been the author of them:—

"On King William III.

"Here lives a man who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise;
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how should such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas! it was decreed?"

Malone's speculation is, of course, possible; but how does Sir James reconcile it with the accounts of Swift's biographers of his early life? Was the protégé of Sir William Temple—who dedicated his patron's works "To His Most Sacred Majesty," the "wretch" here satirised—really the fierce Jacobite who must have penned these lines? Here is an anecdote of the "wretch" which is at least more *raisonnable*:—

"When King William found himself much pressed and harassed by the Whigs, who had put him on the throne, he one day exclaimed to Lord Wharton, that after all the Tories were the only true supporters of an English king. 'True,' replied Wharton, 'but, please your Majesty, you should recollect that you are not *their* king.'"

These will serve as a specimen of the best portion of the volume. Sir James Prior, in more than one instance, informs us that he omits passages on the ground of their having already been published in substance elsewhere. We would recommend him, if his book reaches a second edition, to carry this necessary rule a great deal further. Meanwhile, in justice to Sir James's hero, the reader should bear in mind that though Malone wrote, he did not publish, these stories. He may have regarded them as crude memoranda—may have withheld many, knowing that they were superseded by better information. The responsibility of putting them forth at the present day, without warning, rests entirely with his biographer.

PREACHING.*

THERE is a prevalent cant—though not so rife as it recently was—about the substitution of the Press as a popular instructor for the Pulpit. A puny provincial paper will fulminate loudly about the "mission" of its order, and assert that the era of powerful preaching is gone by. There is just surface justification enough for this sentiment, to furnish it with that grain of feasibility which you will find in most errors. The limit of the truth is this:—The press is more efficient, more painstaking, more influential, *in its field*, than is modern preaching in its special region, so much higher, so much more embracing than any other public function in a free state. But the impassable difference between the respective scope of the two agencies remains unalterable; the inherent superiority of the duties, opportunities, and responsibilities of preaching over journalism is equally permanent. While thus limiting the efficacy of our own weapon, and by this moderation increasing its force, instead of neutralizing it by absurd pretensions, we take it upon ourselves to assert that modern preaching is under considerable obligations to modern journalism. We do not mean this in any very peculiar sense; journalism has improved and continues to elevate the standard of modern preaching, just as it undertakes the same office with regard to modern acting, modern political leadership, modern mercantile arrangements, or modern anything else in the whole arena of public matters.

Journalism has exercised a beneficial influence upon preaching, not by teaching ministers how to preach, but by passing its favourable verdict when they have preached well, and by pointing out the defects of inefficient, bigoted, or mere theological preaching. It has been the censor, not the original instructor. The latter task is beyond its functions. All will have been accomplished if the critical office has been justly discharged. This general train of observation is suggested to us by the welcome presence once more on our table, of another posthumous volume of discourses by Frederick Robertson. Anything more hearty, spontaneous, and significant in its unplanned unanimity, than the approbation accorded by the well-conducted periodicals of this country to the previously

published volumes, could not be conceived. The sympathy engendered by somewhat kindred labours enabled those used to popular and appreciated writing, to see intuitively that this must be popular and appreciated preaching—preaching for the age. The minds to be reached by press and pulpit are the same; and their mental characters are the same. And newspaper and magazine critics saw this—"The mode taken by Robertson in the presentation of sacred truth to the kind of minds we have to address, has evidently been chosen by him for the same reasons as induce us to adopt the style and method we have chosen." And the representatives of the young and growing institution, the fruit and specialty of the century, saw with delight the clearest evidence of the adaptability of preaching, the old and venerable institution, to every newest necessity and every most artificial craving of an age without previous parallel in human history.

Preachers—those of them who can look over their surplice sleeves or Geneva bands at an outside-world of seething energy and fact—have marked this. The learners and docile among them have pondered on the significance of the warm and friendly approval accorded by the press to these unambitious, unaffected daily ministrations of Robertson, reproduced after his death for so wide a circle of readers. Two facts they have learned—one, the nature and method of his preaching; the other, that "his warmest admirers are to be found among that class of serious and thoughtful minds, beyond the pale of orthodoxy, which can so seldom be reached from the pulpit." The causal relation of the one fact to the other, could not but be inferred. Frederick Robertson attained that which all the best men in the Church are trying to attain—the abolition of that divorce between intellect and faith which is ready to arise in every age, but in none so much as when clerical pretensions are contrasted with religious dearth and empty churches; and when the disciples of the Nazarene are divided into fierce factions, struggling about responses, copes, and chasubles, or the exact import of an Article of the Athanasian Creed.

This exposition of Corinthians is published from slender notes left by the preacher, elated out by others taken by members of his congregation. As a finished theological or even literary production, it cannot be criticized. Nor is this desirable. The good that Robertson's works are doing is altogether apart from, and quite uninfluenced by any considerations of formal theology or literary finish. The occasional crudeness and the frequent repetitions in the pages before us, will not abate the influence of the truths taught to thoughtful readers of the volume. Of the general character of the work, we can only say that it displays again all the merits of the former publications. The extremely apposite criticism on Mr. Robertson's former volumes published in the appendix to a Consecration Sermon by the Rev. Hampden Gurney, equally well applies to this volume. "He is fresh and original without being recondite; plain-spoken without severity; and discusses some of the exciting topics of the day without provoking strife or lowering his tone as a Christian teacher. He delivers his message, in fact, like one who is commissioned to call men off from trifles and squabbles, and conventional sins and follies, to something higher and nobler than their common life; like a man in earnest, too, avoiding technicalities, speaking his honest mind in phrases that are his own, and with a directness from which there is no escape."

There is a special feature about this volume of Expository Lectures which requires somewhat more particular reference. The editor's preface informs us that "the Epistles to the Corinthians were selected by Mr. Robertson because they afforded the largest scope for the consideration of a great variety of questions in Christian casuistry, which he thought it important to be rightly understood. It will be seen that those Lectures were generally expository of the whole range of Christian principles." What Paul taught the Corinthians, is applied by Robertson to the modern English. And the transfer of teaching is not difficult. No wrestling is required to apply the old precept to our practice. Our condition was foreshadowed in Corinth by these, among other, circumstances—in its Roman practicalness and Greek refinement, in its mingled aristocratic and democratic sentiments; in its trading and sordid character; in its liability to cosmopolitan influences; in its party divisions, one saying "I am of Paul," another, "and I of Apollos;" in its thirst for "wisdom," or intellectual speculation; and in its feverish appetite for rhetoric and "tournaments of speeches."

That all preachers should preach like Mr. Robertson we do not expect. We believe that if preaching were more in his spirit, that is to say, more human, less theological,—and that is possible to all—there would be no longer any use for the extraordinary, and often ludicrous, lures with which both church and chapel are at present engaged in baiting their hooks. One man, a Manchester dissenting juvenile, announces such subjects for discourse as, "What's the time of day?" or "Wait for the waggon!" Our own transpontine Cockney orator treats his audience to a mixture of the legitimate historical brimstone of his creed and legitimate hits of the Adelphi calibre. If we rise a few steps higher, we find temperate divines hiring theatres to preach in, apparently because their churches are not filled. And the great spokesman of *unfulfilled* prophecy, undeterred by his having outlived the date which he fixed for the advent of the Millennium and the end of all things, showman like, unfolds to his yet unsated, yet credulous audience the panorama of the Great Tribulation coming upon the earth. To us it seems that Christianity and its preachers have to do with the ineffable tribulation always to be found upon the earth. So thought Mr. Robertson. We can heartily say Amen to Mr. Gurney's prayer:—"Oh! that a hundred like him were given us by God, and placed in prominent stations throughout our land!"

* *Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.* By Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN the days of the War of Independence, when Germany rang to the clank of the sword and the rhythm of Körner's melodies, when every voice was raised to swell the chorus of execration against Napoleon and Napoleon's country, the greatest and wisest of German poets alone was silent. A cry of treachery to his Fatherland was raised against him, and elicited no answer. It was only long years afterwards, when Goethe was sinking into his grave, full of days and full of honours, that he thus explained his silence:—"I never wavered in my love to this dear German land of mine; but I loved then and love now so truly, all that is great and noble in France; I feel so deeply that French and German are all members of one family, that I could not join my voice to those who set one country against the other. It was not in my heart to write patriotic war songs, and therefore I was silent, and bore blame silently."

Writing as we do, at a distance from books and libraries, we know not if we quote correctly the words of this speech, which are to be found in the "Conversations of Eckermann;" but the sense thereof we remember well. Somewhat after this fashion, we think, would be the justification of a true English poet, who has lately sinned in like manner against her country's creed. In this day, when all England is arming against France, when every county and every town is full of volunteer corps and amateur militiamen, when in Parliament, in the pulpit, and in the press, one voice is raised against the greed of France and the designs of another Napoleon, when Poet Laureates write war songs to order, and even Martin Tupper blows a blast upon their penny trumpets, when every one who utters a word in palliation of the Imperial policy is accused of want of patriotism—at such a time,

"I cry aloud in my poet passion,
Viewing my England o'er alp and sea;
I loved her more in her ancient fashion—
She carries her rifles too thick for me."

So sings the authoress of "Aurora Leigh," and the burden of her song throughout is that France is right and England wrong. The confession is a bold one, and requires a bold spirit for its utterance. The German poet was wiser than the English one. He knew, in his own words, that those who

"Thüricht genug ihr volles Herz nicht wahrten
Dem Pöbel ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,
Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt,"

and kept silence in his own heart. Out of the fulness of her heart Mrs. Browning has spoken, and must answer for her speech.

Still, before we condemn utterly the "Poems before Congress," before we write them down in the *Index Expurgatorius*, and consign their writer to moral flames, let us hear what she has to say. We have few real poets enough amongst us to abjure at once communion with one who can write even as this little book is written. Stop one moment, reader of ours, volunteer though you be, and mark the wondrous beauty of this passage. There is nothing in it to offend your patriotic principles; and having read it, you will judge perhaps more kindly of the authoress:—

"But Italy, my Italy,
Can it last this gleam—
Can she live and be strong,
Or is it another dream
Like the rest we have dreamed so long?
And shall it be, must it be,
That after the battle-cloud has broken
She will die off again
Like the rain,
Or like a poet's song
Sung of her—sad at the end,
Because her name is Italy—
Die and count no friend?
Is it true, may it be spoken,
That she who has lain so still,
With a wound in her breast
And a flower in her hand,
And a gravestone under her head,
While every nation at will
Beside her has dared to stand
And flout her with pity and scorn,
Saying, 'She is at rest,
She is fair, she is dead,
And leaving room in her stead
To us, who are later born:
This is certainly best.'
Saying, alas! 'she is fair,
Very fair, but dead,
And so we have room for the race.'"

Is it true
That she has not moved in a trance,
As in Forty-eight,
When her eyes were troubled with blood
Till she knew not friend from foe,
Till her hand was caught in a snare
Of her corement, and baffled so
From doing the deed she would—
And her weak foot stumbled across
The grave of a king,
And down she dropt at heavy loss,
And we gloomily covered her face, and said,
'We have dreamed the thing—
She is not alive, but dead.'"

Such words could not be written save by one to whom Italy was something more living than a name, something dearer than a sentiment. It is so, we believe, with Mrs. Browning. Though her heart is sound English still, yet Italy has been for many years the land of her adoption. Having thus two countries, she feels, we

fancy, much as a mother might who having two children, one of whom was strong, healthy, and prosperous, while the other was poor, sickly, and oppressed, though she might esteem the elder-born the most, yet in her heart of hearts could pine and yearn after the wayward and the suffering one. However unpleasing the fact may be to us, there is no use denying the simple truth, that Louis Napoleon has made Italy free. The deed, we ourselves say boldly, was a noble one; and even if we do not agree in her conclusion, we cannot wonder that one who loves Italy so well would fain believe herself, and lead others to believe, that the doer of the noble deed was himself noble also.

This conclusion is what the English public will most object to. To speak the plain, honest truth amongst ourselves we, as a nation, do not care much about Italy. If the French retired to-morrow from their self-imposed task, and the Austrians reconquered Italy, we might and should protest; but most certainly we should not go to war to hinder them. Things might have gone on for centuries as they went on for the last half-century in Italy, and we should have done nothing except recommend moderation to all parties concerned. We did nothing for Italy; we never should have done anything; and we don't intend to do anything. Poor Cuffey and the Chartists, if they did nothing else, exploded the old imposture of "moral force," and deserve some gratitude for their services in this respect. We don't really believe that by our moral support we have done much good to Italy, and we should not care much if we had; and if the French like the credit they deserve it, as they had the work. This, or something like this, is our English feeling; and we don't know that it is not a right one after all. What we cannot get over is Louis Napoleon. We have made up our minds so completely about him, we have written him down so confidently as a scamp and an adventurer, that we don't like anybody to assert the contrary. Supposing he is not the man we take him for, we have been wrong all along. The mere hypothesis upsets all our received doctrines about constitutional rights, and middle class legislation and general respectability. *Coups d'état* and universal suffrage, and wars for an idea, and regard for facts in preference to laws, are all equally antipathetic to us. Given that the Emperor Napoleon is a mere vulgar-tyrant, something more crafty and far more successful than most of his class, then we are at liberty to pursue our present policy, without hesitation to arm against him, to make use of him while we can, to discard him when we can get an opportunity, and to hold him up always to reprobation. If, however—mind, we only say if—this should all rest on a false conception, to speak of no other consequences, we should feel small, very small indeed. We should feel much as an old Spartan might if some one had shown him that the Helot whom he had been used to see reel drunk before him was a being of another and a higher order to himself.

For our own part, we know not what to say about Mrs. Browning's version of the Napoleonic character. We are of our own generation, and our generation has no great faith in the existence of modern heroes or of modern prophets. When Mormonism first came before the world, we all felt an unalterable conviction that the whole thing was a humbug, not from any intrinsic inconsistencies in the revelation, but from the simple fact that the prophet was called "Joe Smith." The thing could not be. There was an inherent impossibility in a new faith being revealed by a Mr. Joseph Smith, which at once settled the question. Just in the same way, we cannot credit a "heaven-born" ruler turning up in the present degenerate times, more especially when he first hails from the slums of Leicester-square. Still we plead guilty to a lurking qualm as to whether the wider may not be also the wiser view. Indeed, we defy any one, laying but for the time his principles and his prejudices aside, to read through Mrs. Browning's poems and not feel something of a like qualm, something also of a suspicion that, after all, there may be a higher creed than that of non-interference, and that even the wrongs of a strange people may be worth fighting for. When we read that:—

"He stood sad before the sun!
(The peoples felt their fate!)
'The world is many. I am one:
My great deed was too great:
God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
Men's souls are narrow; let them grow.
My brothers, we must wait!'"

we cannot but doubt whether our souls may not be narrow also.

We have spoken first of the political aspect of the book because it is the most important one, and the one most liable to censure. Mrs. Browning's fame is too well established to require us to say much more than that the poetry is worthy of her past. For us, indeed, it has a peculiar charm. We are somewhat weary of poems about King Arthur, or other ideal personages, and feel as if poetry were a new thing to us when it sings in living passion of a living time. There is every now and then a carelessness about Mrs. Browning's rhymes, such as making "passion" rhyme with "domination," and we wish that a poem on America at the end of the collection were omitted in another edition, not from any intrinsic inferiority to the rest of the volume, but as marring the unity of the work. This, however, is all that, as critics, we could suggest. The book, indeed, is full of beauties. We have not space to quote more than one out of many passages, which we have chosen rather as possessing a peculiar charm for ourselves, than as better than its fellows:—

"The Pope on Christmas day
Sits in St. Peter's chair;
But the peoples murmur and say:—
'Our souls are sick and forlorn,
And who will show us where
Is the stable where Christ was born?'"

"The star is lost in the dark;
The manger is lost in the straw;
The Christ cries faintly—hark!
Through bands that swaddle and strangle—
But the Pope in the chair of awe
Looks down the great quadrangle.

"The Magi kneel at his feet,
Kings of the East and the West;
But, instead of the angels (mute
Is the 'peace on earth' of their song),
The peoples, perplexed and oppressed,
Are sighing, 'How long, how long!'

"Cardinals left and right of him,
Worshippers round and beneath,
The silver trumpets at sight of him
Thrill with a musical blast;
But the people say through their teeth,
'Trumpets!—we wait for the Last!'

Single hand, Mrs. Browning has to fight an up-hill fight; but while she writes like this she will not be worsted.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY.*

IT is a great pity that the people who have good ideas so generally lack the ability to carry them out. How many men we all know, with the most brilliant schemes—nay, with plans which seem promising even to the coolest and most sceptical of us—who, if they venture upon the attempt to execute them, infallibly make a terrible bungle. The truth is—we say it with all respect for our imaginative friends—that a clever conception is infinitely easier work than its embodiment. A man may sit down and spin out taking projects by the bushel, without any labour; but the attempt to work out any one of them would necessitate an amount of toil, care, and patience, which he cannot or will not give. Especially is this the case with the bookmaking craft. What is easier than to hit upon a good subject for a book? What more difficult than to make a good book upon it? We are not speaking *à propos de bottles*. GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON, the authors of *The Queens of Society*, have provoked these most philosophical reflections. Wanting to make a book, they have chosen a taking theme. They have even gone further, and collected a mass of materials;—those materials, however, they have been unable, or unwilling, to complete, still less to sift or digest; and the result is a book which, stripped of irrelevant digressions and unnecessary homilies, corrected as to dates and names, and compressed within one-third of its present size, might have been very readable, but in its existing form is by no means so.

The lives of the famous women who by the magic of their wit or beauty have gathered round them the rank and intelligence of their day, and exercised over the tastes, fashions, and even politics of the age an irresistible influence, must always possess a remarkable interest. But the story of those lives is not often an easy one to read. Little light is thrown upon it by the authentic records and official documents, which serve as the ordinary material for history; it has to be gathered from numberless sources—the correspondence of contemporaries, the lampoons of satirists, the dedications of flatterers, and the meagre notices of newspapers, if newspapers there then were. And then, after all this necessary research and comparison, the general result will mostly be, simply that they lived and were admired. Of the queens of society who have not written their own history, it is impossible to know much, and after all, perhaps the knowledge is not very desirable. We like to note the development of genius in the poet, painter, or statesman, and trace him from his boyhood to the close of his career. But there is little to interest us in a narration of the progressive manifestations of a young lady's beauty, although it may be pleasant enough to watch them in the living specimen, and little in the story of her flirtations, unless—we grieve to confess it—a little scandal attaches to them. A writer, however, who pretends to tell the story should at least tell it accurately. GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON, both, or whichever is the *Ego* speaking throughout the book, seem to think this a small matter. We can better endure this fault, however, than their own prosing. Innumerable are the profound platitudes which they inflict upon the reader. If they have cost the writers anything like the pain they have cost us in that perusal which we have undergone in the faithful discharge of our critical duty we can well understand that they speak from melancholy experience in affirming that, "Those who are not in the habit of writing, cannot conceive the exhaustion, the effort, the dejection of mind and lassitude of body, which exertions of this nature, when continual, produce."

The queens of society selected by our authors are the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, Madame ROLAND, the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, L. E. L., Madame DE SEVIGNE, Lady MORGAN, the Duchess of GORDON, Madame RECAMIER, Lady HERVEY, Madame DE STAEL, Mrs. THRALE, Lady CAROLINE LAMB, Mrs. DAMER, Madame DU DEFFAND, Mrs. MONTAGU, the Countess of PEMBROKE, Madame DE MAINTENON, and Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Some of these ladies are undoubtedly entitled to the crown conferred upon them; but others, such as poor L. E. L., were certainly not queens of society. They were probably included to gratify the great purpose which the authors seem to have had in view, of passing, under one pretence or other, a judgment upon every man or woman of mark in France or England since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Every one of these notoriety is lugged in upon

**The Queens of Society*. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. Two Vols. James Hogg and Sons.

some pretext, has his or her measure taken, and some of them get in different pages two or three very different measures. There is a complete farrago of names, and an awful confusion of dates. We are told that Madame DU DEFFAND was a sceptic as a girl, because VOLTAIRE had turned revelation into ridicule, and ROUSSEAU had inaugurated a poetical deism; VOLTAIRE being at the time a youth without influence, and poor ROUSSEAU not having even been born. We are also informed that about the year 1653 the Court of LOUIS QUATORZE, then a boy of fifteen under the rule of MAZARIN, was in its highest glory, and a goodly number of great men are enumerated as its ornaments who were still schoolboys. We might go on with such specimens for any number of columns, but we don't care to break butterflies upon the wheel; and we will only protest against being called upon to go into ecstasies of enthusiasm at the spectacle of Mr. JERDAN looking out of his Brompton window at L. E. L. trundling her hoop, and profess our utter inability to comprehend the depth of misery involved in being linked as was the fair DEVONSHIRE to "a noble expletive."

Still, with all these faults, the *Queens of Society* has as good a claim to a place on the drawing-room table as many volumes to be found there. It should not be read; of that, however, there is little danger. It cannot be relied on; but an idle half-hour may be well enough spent in turning over its pages, and picking out its anecdotes and gossip. The book is handsomely got up, and although two or three of its illustrations are absolute caricatures, the majority are very well conceived and executed.

TOOKE'S DIVERSIONS.*

THE fitness of the late Mr. Taylor to edit and supplement what Tooke wrote will be at once acknowledged by every one who knows anything of either of the two men, or who has paid any attention to comparative grammar and philology. And yet there is a strange incongruousness and contrast in the association of these two names upon the same title-page. Both, it is true, were scholarly men; each of them was best known to his contemporaries in other capacities; each had his energies most largely engaged in fields foreign to the writing and the annotating this book. Tooke the philosophic grammarian, was subordinate to Tooke the foremost friend of freedom and sufferer in her cause. Taylor the ardent and competent philologist, was subordinate to Taylor "the learned printer," who was responsible and illustrious for the accurate production of the best learned and scientific publications produced in his lifetime, not long since closed. But the contrast appears and forces itself upon the mind, when you regard more closely the lives of the two men whose names are placed in this juxtaposition. Horne Tooke was in the thick of the fight with Junius, and Wilkes, and Churchill; he upheld the cause of the American colonists against infuriate English bigotry; he suffered for that courage. Again, later in his life, the recurring, anti-Jacobin, bigotry once more made him the victim of imprisonment and fine. His whole life bore the embitterment of his early enforced ordination. The congenial ambition, which selected the legal profession for its ladder, was frustrated by the refusal of the benchers of the inn at which he had entered to call to the bar one who was yet in indelible "orders." Wishful to enter Parliament, although debarred the exercise of the profession to which he had aspired, perhaps as much as a step to political distinction as for the sake of its money gains; and although popular, and polling a large number of votes at least at one Westminster election, he had at last to accept as the only inlet to the senate, a seat for Old Sarum, most notorious of the old rotten boroughs. Even when that was attained, his membership provoked Addington's declaratory law, which excluded all who had been clergymen from Parliamentary seats, and thus, at the very crisis of ultimate success, effectually drove him from all hopes of power or political preferment. And, as if to increase the sense of strange and regretful interest which attaches to our contemplation of his life, the last prominent notice we have of him is this. In the last year of his life Chantrey, then young and unknown, modelled his bust, and placed it in the Academy exhibition of the season. The effigy was an excellent transcript of "the old man, wasted by sickness, with a nightcap on his head, totally unlike his former self, but fearfully like him at the (then) present moment." It was the feature of the artistic show of the year. A few admired, because they admitted the likeness, yet were appalled by the *unlikeness* to their recollections, which only demonstrated the more the likely *resemblance* to the old man as he then appeared. More spectators wondered and gazed, because, although they had not seen the face, they recollected the daring and self-possession evinced at the Queen's Bench trial, remembered the man's name as a name of power and popularity, and read, wittingly or unwittingly, the old homily of human decay and the vanity of human wishes in the cold and clammy representation of the wasted features. Minor incidents of the event were these. The eccentric Nollkens, an academician, with most unacademic liberality, removed a bust of his own that the young artist might get a better place for Tooke's head. Chantrey's success in this work was his first step to fortune, and brought him ten thousand pounds worth of commissions.

To all this picture, meagrely enough sketched, and capable of much congruous detailed filling up, Mr. Taylor's life presents a

**ETIENNA PITEPOENTA; or, the Diversions of Parley*. By JOHN HORNE TOOKE. With numerous Additions prepared by the Author for republication; to which is added, his Letter to John Dunning, Esq. Revised and Corrected, with Additional Notes, by RICHARD TAYLOR, F.S.A., F.L.S. London: William Tegg. 1860.

contrast as remarkable as could be conceived. Strange to say, he, too, like the author on whose work he comments, was destined for the clerical profession, but in connection with one of the dissenting communities. Luckily for literate typography, and the advancement of learning, this design was not carried out. He, unlike Tooke, found early his vocation. The undisturbed yet enthusiastic tenor of his life proved that. The well-known motto of the hand pouring oil upon the flame, and the explanatory legend, "Alerne flammam," were really verified. But as calm and unostentatious as the steady flow of the allegorical oil was the current of his successive labours; nothing more stirring occurring, to correspond to Tooke's excitements, than the collating of his proofs with Museum manuscripts, the founding or promoting learned societies or records of their doings; or, at most, than the discharge of his duties as Common Councilman for Farringdon Without, the city ward in which his printing-office was situate.

This "new edition" contains less new matter than we expected, until we opened it. So early as 1829 Mr. Taylor published an edition of "Purley." A second issue was called for in 1840. A note to the preface of 1829, here reprinted, informs us that there are given in this edition some addenda to the prefatory "additional notes" which Mr. Taylor prefixed when he first undertook the task of commentator. He was then possessed of Horne Tooke's interleaved and glossed copy of his own work; and from that manuscript he had printed the author's new matter. That is designated here, as in the 1829 and 1840 editions, by brackets. This is the more desirable, as many of Tooke's supplementary notes were removed by some pages from the passages in his original text to which they appeared apposite—and they were associated, as explanatory context, to those passages of the text to which, in Mr. Taylor's accurate but not infallible judgment, they seemed to refer. By this precaution each reader is enabled to estimate the correctness or incorrectness of the editorial surmise which has given to each of the author's addenda its special place. We are left to infer, or at least assume, that the editorial addenda in this edition, i. e., Mr. Taylor's new matter, occupy the same relation to his first annotations as the author's manuscript matter did to the original text of his work as published in his lifetime; for it would seem that what appears here for the first time from Mr. Taylor's pen, is furnished posthumously, as in the author's case. It is to be regretted that the representative of Taylor, who had to see the work through the press, has not taken the same means to distinguish new from old editorial comment as Taylor took to discriminate new from old auctorial text; for we are entirely at a loss to determine, unless by tedious collation with the former editions, how much matter in this one has not before met the public eye. There cannot indeed be much new, for the "additional notes" of Mr. Taylor in the aggregate only amount to a fifteenth part of the total number of pages.

Practically, therefore, we can regard this as little if anything more than a re-issue of the edition of 1840. We can testify, as far as occasional and random search entitles us to vouch, that the ample citations are presented with an exactness and care that would have befitted the editor's own press. The equally reliable imprint of "Nichols," indeed, prepared us for that discovery. We are glad to see that the old and respectable house of Tegg is not bitten by the cheap literature mania so irretrievably as to induce it to a forgetfulness of its old distinction as the producer and promoter of sound and valuable literature. The slender amount of novelty in the work before us precludes our discharge of our usual office of detailed judgment and criticism of its qualities. It is far too late in the day for that. The high place of "the Diversions of Purley" is now recognised, even by those who most dispute the justice of its general or detailed views. In not a few particulars its pages are now obsolete, controverted, or overlapped by further research. But Tooke has himself been the efficient cause of his own obsolescence; for to his opening up the ground, and enticing followers into the fields apparently barren, but shown by him to be most fertile, are we most indebted for the amount and eagerness of philological research, of which he gave to England at once the "New Organ" of method and the "New Atlantis" of promise. The book can never die, even were it to cease altogether to be an authority or a reliable guide. Its personal allusions, and digressions into ground of direct human interest, must always embalm it in English literature. When the author tells his reader that he was incarcerated in the King's Bench, "the miserable victim of two prepositions and a conjunction!" a foreign interest is shed over his inquiries that no mere love of grammar could inspire. Lord Brougham justly says, "Nor did any one ever take this work up and lay it down till some other avocation tore it from his hands."

That this re-issue of this unique work may increase largely the acquaintance with it of the young and ingenious among us is our hope. The experience of all competent to testify endorses the exclamation of Dean Trench, in his excellent little book on "The Study of Words,"—"What an epoch in many a student's intellectual life has been his first acquaintance with the 'Diversions of Purley!'"

TEMPERANCE, AND OTHER NOVELS.*

WHY should all temperance novels be constructed after the same model, dull, fanatical, and improbable? We do not deny that abstinence from vicious habits and strict religious feeling

* *After Many Days; a Tale of Social Reform.* By SENeca SMITH. W. Tweedie.

Harry Birkett; the Story of a Man who Helped Himself. W. Tweedie. *Leonore and the Little Countess.* By the Author of "The Myrtle and the Heather." Richard Bentley.

are necessary as well for the health and vigour of the outward frame as the well-being of the inner life. Every man should become familiar with his conscience, and listen to its "still, small voice" as his only faithful guide and unerring monitor. Obstinate to repel this great moral power, and shut up all the avenues of our mental faculties against its purifying influence, thereby crushing it into complete subjection to our mere carnal appetites, is to dash from our own lips the cup of life and happiness, and place in its stead a poisoned chalice. This we believe to be an universally acknowledged truth, and one to which we most heartily assent. But we do not see in what way such works as the one now under our inspection can benefit either the cause of religion or the great work of social reform. We have conscientiously read the contents of the whole volume, a task we are afraid that few readers will have moral courage sufficient to accomplish, without being able to discover its possible utility in exercising a beneficial influence over the mind of the habitual drinker and confirmed wrong-doer, or even of preventing the yet young and guileless-hearted from being led astray and precipitated into the depths of physical excess and moral abasement. In fact, such works as Seneca Smith's "After Many Days" rather retard than accelerate the cause which they so strenuously advocate. This is the immediate result of the merging of sound common sense and zealous argument and entreaty into the spirit of intolerance and fanaticism. The mind of the reader, on imbibing one of these far-fetched stories, naturally sickens at the assumption of superiority and somewhat contracted circle of ideas therein presented. Moreover, there is in productions of this class an eternal repetition of the same wise saws, an incessant dunning into the brain of certain maxims and propositions, which jar upon the mental system in much the same manner as the continual knocking of a sledge-hammer does upon the outward senses, and the reader soon wearies of a subject which has nothing to recommend it but its tediousness and tautology.

"After Many Days" is by no means superior to the general run of temperance novels; in some respects it may be even considered as inferior to many. The author possesses considerable power of language, and every now and then surprises us with a real display of genuine eloquence; but all his characters are gloomy, sickly, and unsatisfactory, and evidently drawn after any model but that presented by Dame Nature. There is not the smallest probability in any of the incidents which he has strung together in order to illustrate his theory of the necessity of entire abstinence and teetotalism. Mrs. Barton, his first example of the fearful consequences ever following in the footprints of excess, is scarcely a woman likely to be led astray by the seductive influence of wine. Intellectually far above the majority of her sex, endowed with a deep poetical appreciation, an ardent and loving disposition, and more than usual refinement of taste, with a mind ever thirsting after knowledge, and slaking itself at every obscure fount whose living waters gave signs of fertilizing power,—it is not probable that one so enriched with the highest and fairest gifts of nature would lightly miss her footing from the exalted pedestal on which she has been placed by an all-bounteous Providence, and lose her bright supremacy of soul in the gratification of mere sensual desires. It is in vain that the author pleads her passionate temperament, her brilliant but dangerous attainments, her absence of sufficient religious zeal and temporary abandonment to sorrow, as the causes of her thus falling into error; none of these would have had the effect of levelling an originally pure and spiritual-minded woman with the coarsest and most self-infatuated of her species. Nature has here been evidently perverted and exaggerated in order to heighten the colouring of the picture; and in the case of the mother, as well as in that of the son Charles, the writer has defeated himself by overshooting his mark. This is the case with too many such works as the present, and until our temperance writers admit of a less bigoted and more enlightened view of the subject on which they expatiate, and clothe their heroes and heroines in a less artificial and purposely devised covering, we cannot see what benefit can accrue from them to society in general.

"Harry Birkett, the Story of a Man who Helped Himself," is much more likely to aid in facilitating the progress of principles of self-denial than the work above mentioned, though the present can scarcely be classed under the head of what we call temperance novels, the history of John Birkett, a man who sacrificed his own interest and those of his family to the indulgence of animal appetites, being rather an accessory than the principal and all-engrossing feature of the book. For this very reason, and the fact that all the circumstances connected with his short life and sudden death are perfectly in accordance with nature, the impression conveyed to the mind of the reader is likely to be beneficial. The hero of this volume is, of course, Harry Birkett, the "man who helps himself," and his story is intended to convey an universal lesson on the importance of educating children in habits of self-reliance. The author advocates the early instilment of the principles of independence in the mind of youth, and the accustoming them from the tenderest age to fall back upon their own resources. We are happily enabled conscientiously to echo the writer's sentiments upon this subject, having ourselves a firm conviction that the present system of training children, both male and female, especially the latter, in a state of mental and physical imbecility, is an act of unconscious cruelty on the part of guardians and parents, and the source of much evil and misfortune in future years. In the present volume all the examples in support of this wholesome doctrine are chosen from the lower orders, but the doctrine itself is equally applicable to any caste or grade of society. And we can candidly recommend the heads of families, and all those to whom

the instruction and development of the infant mind is especially intrusted, to follow some of the excellent advice which the author of this little volume has so liberally administered.

"Leonore and the Little Countess" is one of those delicate and refined stories, which convey the impression of perfect simplicity and purity to the mind of the reader, begetting for itself a calm and steady interest, which, perhaps, the most elaborate and high-toned romance would fail in eliciting. One of the chief charms of the present volume is the tone of deep feeling and genuine religious sentiment with which the author has invested it. There is, however, no tendency to sermonizing, no long dissertations on the force and value of the true spirit of Christianity, embracing arguments which have ever and anon been brought forward and descanted on, till they have become "familiar in our mouths as household words." The authoress wisely endeavours to instil her precepts into the minds of others by the force of example rather than of protest, and in order to accomplish this she has created out of her fertile imagination two of the most delightful and fascinating heroines that ever graced the pages of fiction. Leonore, an orphan of low extraction, and who, at the commencement of the story, is dependent on the charity of two somewhat cross-grained relatives, is sent for to the castle of Lichtenthal, that she may help to lighten the weary hours of the little ailing Countess Nadine. Thereupon springs up between the two girls, notwithstanding their difference of rank, a sincere and lasting attachment. The guardians of Nadine, who is also an orphan, resolve to try the effect of change of climate upon the person of their suffering ward, and she is consequently sent upon a long visit to a dotting grandmother resident in Paris, her little companion of course following in her wake. After a lapse of many years the two return to Germany, and the generous little Countess, not content with having bestowed upon her protégée a liberal education, determines to raise her to her own level in society, and presently introduces her into the most aristocratic circles as her friend and equal. In the accomplishment of this loving resolve, she encounters only too effectual opposition, the prejudices of caste being too deeply rooted for her unaided efforts to overcome. She then fosters an attachment existing between Leonore and her cousin Adalbert, thinking that by allying her adopted-sister to the younger branch of her own noble family, to throw a permanent covering over the meanness of her parentage. In the forwarding of this project, however, she meets a formidable opponent in the person of the Countess Justine, Adalbert's mother. Through her machinations, and the treachery of one of the young Count's friends, Leonore is ultimately induced to break her engagement, and take refuge for herself and bitter sorrows in one of the religious houses of Germany. Both these characters are beautifully conceived, especially that of the high-born damsel, whose generous sacrifice in behalf of her friend is not fully appreciated till the conclusion of the narrative, when we discover that at the same time the Countess is negotiating a marriage between Leonore and her kinsman, she herself is heroically combating a secret attachment for the latter, and with true nobility of soul, worthy her exalted station, resolving not to advance the golden temptations of her own brilliant possessions against the solitary chance of her more humble companion. Ultimately, however, she is rewarded for her exemplary forbearance, and five years after Leonore's assumption of the veil the afflicted Adalbert receives some compensation for his first inconsolable loss in the person of his gentle and loving-hearted cousin.

NEW POEMS.*

POETRY is distinguishable into form and essence. With the first poet, the essence must have preceded the form, and the form been absolutely the normal expression of the essence. The spiritual impulse must have been felt, and the natural manifestation followed. But the order may be reversed, when the example has been once set; as a matter of fact, we know that it is reversed. Homer sings the wars of Greece, and sets the fashion of epic narrative; his successors adopt that fashion, and regard the excellence of their work as consisting in its likeness to the imitated original. The laws of epic composition are deduced from the Homeric practice, and Virgil even can do little more than combine the formulae of the Iliad and the Odyssey in his Latin epopee. Modern poets are apt to be overridden by the form, and to limit arbitrarily the manifestation of the inner life by a preconception of its laws, so that an eternal sameness in the vehicle is presented at each new effort to sing, the spontaneous being precluded by the prevalence of the mechanical. Some writers, such as Owen Meredith in his "Lucille," therefore, seek for a free media, and leave the mechanism of verse dependent on the inspiration and even the development of the story on the poetic mood. In this way a largeness and breadth are obtained, and a possibility of expansion to any extent. But there is danger in untried experiments; and there are unexpected difficulties also which only genius can surmount, in the development of operations which are at liberty to spread themselves in every direction, without goal or guidance, save what are involved in their own exhaustion.

No such danger or difficulties beset Dr. Mackay in his new

metrical venture, entitled "A Man's Heart." This eminent singer to the popular apprehension has conspicuously paid attention to the form of verse, and has ever been careful to write with accuracy and elegance. Daring violations of poetical diction are not in his way, and aberrations from the recognised standard are his aversion. On the licenses of a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Dante, he looks with no favourable eye, and is content with a monotony of effect, so that it can be proved to be within rule and compass. His ambition is to achieve the reputation of a correct writer in forms generally acknowledged. If the form be poetic he is satisfied; he is less regardless of the essence. He cares little whether this be poetic; indeed, we think he plumes himself upon treating themes not poetical in themselves in a poetical manner. He takes politics and social science, and, adopting from them a topic, commences spinning stanzas that shall point the moral in musical cadences, with more or less of passionate utterance, and a conventional metaphor or two, and thus produces a result which has the advantage of being generally intelligible, and may be as easily read as a newspaper leader or a prize essay. He does not look into the obscure places of the soul, and catch what gleam of light he there can, and then suffer it to expand and enlarge itself according to its own inherent laws, until it becomes a revelation to himself and others. And yet we might expect something of this from the title of his new poem, which has great merit, but not exactly the merit implied in its appellation.

Charles Mackay has sought in his new poem to depict in heroic blank verse, with lyrical interpositions, the outline of our modern manners. He shows in opposition our aristocratical and manufacturing interests, with an undercurrent of that artistic and mechanical intelligence which it is the present instinct of the age to encourage. He shows how little regarded by these are the first affections of man and woman, and how easily they are sacrificed to convenience or ambition. But though sacrificed, they are not always extinguished; and the immediate turn served, they are found to survive, and sometimes make a way of their own to happiness and peace. But the spectacle is not then in accordance with the worldly environment, and the mysterious powers appear to be in haste to dissolve it. Death meets the party on a pleasure-trip, and the heroine perishes by an accident while exploring the beauties and sublimities of mountain scenery. The hero, who has artistic instincts, lives to complete the portrait of the loved and lost, which being finished,—

"Breathing the one name,
He laid his head upon his father's breast,
And clasped the sympathizing hand, and died."

We note in the composition of this poem many curious felicities of diction, and much tenderness of thought and feeling. The delineation of Scottish scenery, with its mists and tempests, is also exceedingly graphic, and will add deservedly to Mr. Mackay's reputation as a descriptive poet.

It is seldom that among the new volumes of verse with which the press is daily teeming, we have to report of any either likely or deserving to secure the smallest degree of popularity. The greater is our pleasure in giving prominence to a poem by Miss Power, which possesses elegance and grace and a musical cadence. The theme of the story is artistic. The hero is a sculptor, whose early tastes are thwarted by the vulgar family, whose aversion to the nude is extreme, among whom he is educated. The heroine is a little girl brought up with him, whose mind sympathizes with his aspirations, and who remembers him long after he leaves the roof of her father, with all the constancy of a first affection; and, though she does not hear from him for years, seeks and finds him in a critical hour and becomes his wife. The poet describes the inner life of the lovers, and the æsthetic refinement associated with natural sensibility, in a spirit that demonstrates the possession of like feelings in herself. But she is not careful to provide the external circumstances which should serve as links of connexion between the earlier and later parts of her narrative. She neglects to tell us how the heroine became acquainted with the condition of her lover, and leaves it to the imagination of her reader to guess the means by which she discovered his retreat. She gives us the stage-situation of their meeting, but makes no effort to account for it; satisfying herself with an effective *denouement*, and at once bringing down the curtain. This certainly evinces a lack of invention, and deteriorates so far the value of the work; but the author has descriptive powers which richly embellish the progress of the narrative, and a meditative vein that will reward the pensive reader who surrenders himself to its guidance.

Mr. Norman's verses are less simple in their character; and, though not without merit, less intelligible in their aim. The "Echoes from Dreamland" are disposed to the noisy and vehement. Mr. Norman, even in his lyrics, is declamatory, and has not yet learned "in the torrent of his passion," to "beget a smoothness." His metrical construction is sometimes exceedingly violent. Who does he think can tolerate four such lines as the following?—

"But now no longer can withstand the power of sweet repose
Be, even by those love-lit orbs (which seem but made to shed
Their light to gladden man on earth); and now Sir Richard rose
Up from the table, loaded still, and, 'midst the silence, said—"

There is, however, force and vigour in the writer; and, hereafter, he may be more successful.

Here, too, we have a volume of Moorish verses by a writer who calls himself "Idea"—why we know not; his "Lyrics and Legends" aiming rather at the actual than the ideal. He writes like a man of the world rather than a poet, and not always with the elegance and accuracy required by "the style of thing" which he has attempted. Nor can we give a much more favourable opinion

* *A Man's Heart*. A Poem. By CHARLES MACKAY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Virginia's Hand. A Poem. By MARGUERITE A. POWER. Longmans.

Echoes from Dreamland. By FRANK NORMAN. Ward and Lock.

Lyrics and Legends of Rome. With a Prologue and Epilogue. By IDEA. Chapman and Hall.

War Songs. By Captain NOAKE. Myles Macphail.

of Mr. Noake's "War Songs," though devoted, as well as partly dedicated, to the volunteer artillery and riflemen of Great Britain. It would have been better if the writer had elaborated one good song, than hurried through a volume of indifferent lyrics, in which the war spirit is more obvious than the poetic.

SECULAR ROMANCES.*

THE author of "Wildflower," and several other popular stories, has again appeared in a new work, entitled "Grandmother's Money." We do not think we shall be far wrong in stating the present to be one of the most perfect of this author's productions. There is throughout more than ordinary discernment in the delineation of human passions and emotions; every individual in the story stands out from the majority of characters by some peculiarity or eccentricity of its own; and the story itself is conveyed in language at once fluent, natural, and graceful.

My Grandmother, Mrs. Tresdaile, is introduced in the prologue to the book as having attained her seventy-seventh year, possessing much wealth, and suffering under a disease, the nature of which is not alluded to, but from which no hopes are entertained of her recovery. A bevy of relatives, grandsons, granddaughters, nephews, nieces, grandnephews, and cousins four and five degrees removed, besiege the residence of the supposed dying *millionaire* with affectionate inquiries and offers of condolence. The old lady, however, who is somewhat soured by experience and contact with the world; and who, moreover, is endowed with the provoking faculty of reading the hearts of others, and has acquired the unpleasant knack of separating outward expressions of affection and regard from the selfish motives which actuate their utterance, remains perfectly stoical and unconcerned amid the numerous solicitations for her eternal welfare, which might easily have overwhelmed a less hardy temperament, and answers each earnest and beseeching countenance with a significant grunt and growl. Ultimately she submits to a surgical operation, and the anxious group of expectant watchers are suddenly startled by the intelligence that "grandmother" has fallen into a sound sleep, and is "out of danger." Here ends the prologue. Six years elapse, and the curtain again rises upon the scene, presenting to us in full costume one Miss Barbara Boyce, the hired companion of Mrs. Tresdaile, now grown very old and somewhat infirm, but as snappish, suspicious, and ill-tempered as ever. In fact, this old lady, who, through the greater portion of the first two volumes occupies a prominent position, is the most ably-drawn character in the book. The author evidently possesses a large fund of humour, the resources of which he has by no means spared upon this eccentric specimen of a strong-minded, independent, and self-willed old lady, whose peculiar idiosyncrasy of speaking her mind upon all occasions, and speaking it, moreover, without any consideration for other people's idiosyncrasies and natural shortcomings, would drive from her the whole race of erring mortals, were it not that her wealth presents a formidable and all-sufficient counter-attraction. All the affections of this singular individual are concentrated upon her grandchild Alice, a somewhat capricious and self-willed little damsel, but possessing withal a true woman's heart, as is fully proved in the sequel. On the other hand, all grandmother's hatred and enmity are directed against a luckless individual, one George Keldon, who has the misfortune to be the only son of that lady's undutiful daughter, whose runaway marriage with a penniless adventurer has drawn upon herself and offspring the eternal malediction of her august parent. Concerning the ultimate fate of this same George Keldon, Grandmother Tresdaile has been endowed with the spirit of prophecy, in obedience to which she has every morning for twelve years read patiently through the list of criminal cases in the *Times* newspaper, in expectation of finding her grandson figuring notoriously therein. Grandmother Tresdaile is also remarkable for the number of wills executed and destroyed during her lifetime, amounting in all to fifty-two; the last of which is on the eve of sharing the fate of its predecessors, when death steps in and releases the old woman from further trouble and irresolution. It is not our intention to spoil the reader's enjoyment of this excellent story by detailing the whole plot. Suffice it that we have given the above sketch of one of the most original and amusing characters in the novel. We have merely to add that the subsequent development of the two next important personages in the drama, Alice Tresdaile and Andrew Boyce, is in the highest degree artistic and true to nature. Alice, being the heroine, has an especial claim upon our sympathies; and her first heavy trial of constancy and self-sacrifice is met with all that nobility of soul and true devotedness of heart, of which woman's nature is so peculiarly capable. We can safely predict for this novel a great and permanent success.

"Steyne's Grief" is a story evidently intended by the author to show the evil effects of self-indulgence. It is cleverly written, though the accumulation of horrors presented to the reader as the readiest means the author could devise of impressing him with a due sense of his morals, is somewhat beyond our appreciative faculties. We confess to deriving no enjoyment from mere scenes of brutal drunkenness, men wantonly wringing the necks of unfortunate members of the cumb creation, throttling their wives, and cutting

their own throats in fits of insane desperation. Neither do we feel much sympathy with discarded mistresses, who, anxious to revenge the infidelity of their sometime flatterers, deal summary retribution upon themselves and paramours by the aid of charcoal. There may be a certain class of readers for whom this melodramatic development of incidents possesses a peculiar charm. For ourselves, our taste runs in quite a different direction, and we think that a much greater effect would be produced, and more proselytes won over to the cause of temperance and sobriety, if these stories, which are intended as so many moral lessons, received at the hands of their respective authors a more refined and judicious treatment. There is, however, much in "Steyne's Grief" worthy of commendation; the language is good, and the characters are drawn with much ingenuity. The trials and sufferings of Philip Steyne, the drunkard's son, deprived at an early age by a father's infirmity of the comforts of home, are well depicted, and entitled in a large degree to the interest and sympathy of the reader. There is, in fact, sufficient in the present production that is thoroughly good to make us sincerely wish that the whole had not been marred by an ill-judged straining after unnecessary effects.

A series of tales, entitled "Revelations of a Catholic Priest," are, we believe, sufficiently well known to require but little criticism at our hands. These Confessions of a "Catholic Priest" are of course the concoctions of a disciple of Protestantism, and consequently the author is somewhat prejudiced against his brethren of the Romish faith. We are, however, expressly informed in the preface that such is not the case, especial care having been taken to exclude all sentiments calculated to irritate either of the two great branches into which the Christian religion is divided. In one sense this is literally correct; but though all controversy upon theological subjects is in the present volume studiously avoided, yet the specimens presented to the public of the followers of catholic and papal doctrines are by no means complimentary to the individual members of that venerable community, and we have a shrewd suspicion that these stories, clever as they are, will scarcely meet with due appreciation from the staunch adherents of an old and un-reformed system of belief.

SERIALS.

IN the *North American Review* for April we find a dozen very ably written articles upon a diversity of interesting and important subjects. Biography, poetry, law, literature, and science are severally reviewed and criticised in a manner that gives to the opinions of this Review considerable weight and authority. We have merely to instance the first article in this number, on the "Memoirs of William Beckford, Author of *Vathek*," as a specimen of the great ability displayed in all, and of the good taste and acute discrimination by which the higher American criticism is characterized. "Money and Credit," "The Letters and Times of Basil of Caesarea," "The Law of Divorce," and "Darwin on Species," show equally the ability and learning of the Review, and we trust it may find numerous readers in England.

Blackwood for the current month opens with an excellent article on "War and Progress in China." The next, on "Munich and its School of Christian Art," is very interesting. "Captain Speke's Narrative of his Adventures in Somali Land" will be read with great interest, as revealing to us the ways of a people and the aspect of a country hitherto unfamiliar to the generality of readers. "Judicial Puzzles" and the second part of "Wellington's Career" afford much instruction. In this number there is also a rather lengthy and very favourable review of "The Mill on the Floss." There are, too, an amusing feuilleton, and a capital article on "Switzerland and French Annexation."

Fraser's Magazine, which stands conspicuously among the foremost of the monthly productions of the Titans of modern literature, has for May brought forth as goodly a collection of things new and old as can well be conceived. "Compromise; the Terms on which Everybody Surrenders" is a masterly article, the moral of which is that, whatever we wish for or attain in life, we are sure to find ourselves at last pleased and benefited by that which was our chief source of pleasure and benefit at first. "Gryll Grange" proceeds cleverly and with unflagging interest. There is also a very valuable article on "Ceylon;" and among other papers we may mention as extremely interesting the following: "Concerning the Dignity of Dulness;" "On certain Aspects of Toleration;" "Wheat and Tares, a Tale;" "Phrenology and Psychology;" and "The Life and Writings of Madame Swetchine." The article on the wearisome discussion about Mr. Collier's *fallo* Shakespeare is written with more moderation than most of the dissertations on this subject; and concludes with a kind of overture of peace between the contending parties.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for May has the bloom of its own spring fragrant enough about it, and gives promise of a very rich harvest. In its May number, it exhibits, in no small measure, the ability of the ripe intellects at work upon it. "The Framley Parsonage," which commences the present number, evinces so deep, clear, and true an insight in human life and affairs, that we wonder how all that worldly experience and observation ever got into so quiet a place as the parsonage. Following this, is a capital article, with an illustration "On Campaigning in China." Next is a truly delightful paper upon "Little Scholars." Then, after some beautiful lines beginning

"Trust me, no mere skill of subtle tracery,"

we find a clever and elaborate fourth chapter concerning the "Pro-

* *Grandmother's Money*. By the Author of "Wildflower," "Wooleigh," &c., &c. Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

"Steyne's Grief," or, *Lossing, Seeking, and Finding*. By the Author of "Bow Garrett's," "Frank's Madonna," &c., &c. William Tweedie.

Revelations of a Catholic Priest. By the Rev. MAURICE MORTON. Charles H. Clarke.

gress of William Hogarth," by a pen quite worthy of that inimitable master of the pencil. We next observe "Lovel, the Widower," which is a good deal more interesting than the title may indicate. But even more valuable and interesting than all these may be some readers be considered "Studies in Animal Life," which are certainly composed in a new and most popular and attractive style. Ending with No. 3 of the "Roundabout Papers," the *Cornhill Magazine* for this month is, indeed, truly excellent.

Macmillan's Magazine for May is rich, both as to the quantity and quality of its contents. The "Three Vices of Current Literature," by the editor, is an article that may be read to advantage by any careless or commonplace writer. It would be difficult to find in the Magazine literature of the day the ordinary faults of composition more ably criticised than in the present article. The "Annals of an Industrial School" is likewise a paper of considerable interest. "Our Father's Business, Holman Hunt's Picture of Christ in the Temple," are lines of exceeding vigour and beauty. Michelet, in the article "Spiritualistic Materialism," gets more severely, yet, we think, justly, criticised than he has lately been. Along with these we have only to mention that "Tom Brown at Oxford" is continued, chapters xvii. and xviii. containing as pleasant a sketch of village life and the character of Harry Winburn as we have ever met with.

The *Dublin University Magazine* is so old and true a friend, its contents being always so satisfactory, that we are necessarily spared the time of looking deeply into it before we speak of its undoubted merit. Only that we feel it to be a duty to look before we offer an opinion, we would almost be disposed to recommend it upon its name alone. However, we can confidently tell our readers that in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May there is a variety of intellectual entertainments for them. To begin with, there is an admirable article on "Prior's Life of Malone." And Part I. of "A Legend of the Golden Fawn," "Sterne in the Stereoscope, Voyage sentimental," "Savoy from the Top of Mount Cenis," "The Reform Bill and the Working Classes," "May Morning," and "Present Politics," are all excellent, and yet they are but half of the contents of the current number.

The *Universal Review* for May contains several articles of sterling merit. The first, on "Chili," may be very profitably read. The second article contains much curious and learned information in "Notes on Names and Nicknames," by Dr. Doran. "Sir Everard's Daughter: Unfairly Played and Falsely Won," is concluded in the present number. The article on "Amateur Financiers" is to the purpose, and well worth attention. "Kyploff and the Russian Fabulists," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," and "Dark Sayings and their Interpretation," contribute greatly to the value of this number of the *Universal Review*. The last article is on "Mr. Disraeli," and it is, certainly, an able estimate of that great statesman's character, and a lucid review of the principal acts of his political career.

"The Eclectic"—this long-established review and miscellany—contains for the present month a very able article on "Owen's Palaeontology," another on "The Great Armada Fight," "Home Tourists" is also an article of much merit by a popular writer. A question which is now exciting European interest, namely, "The Annexation and the History of Savoy," will be found well sketched in a brief article; and "The Month of May," by its poetical writing and sweet verses, culled from the poets, is an article that adds to the beauty of the Review.

In the popular miscellany *Once a Week*, we have "Evan Harrington; or, He would be a Gentleman," and "Divorce à Vinculo; or, the Terrors of Sir Cresswell Cresswell," continued. "Your Vote and Interest," "The Science of Matrimony" and "The Statesman," are well written articles. There is also some good poetry and very nice illustrations in this number, which closes the first volume of *Once a Week*.

The *Welcome Guest* for May contains continuations of "Give a Dog a Bad Name," and "Light Literature," "An Artist's Story," "German Wines," Part I., "Lady Chesterfield's Letters to her Daughter," and "A Search after Misery," "The Fisherman," &c., with illustrations, which are calculated to make the *Welcome Guest* a general favourite.

Kingston's Magazine for Boys continues the story of "The Old Schoolfellows," "The Rambles of a Naturalist," and "My Travels."

"Recreative Science," a monthly record and remembrancer of intellectual observation, by Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, contains for May unusually clear and popularly written chapters for young people, upon the following subjects:—"Geological and Planetary Structure of the Earth," "Roberts's Test Lines," "Practical Photography," "The Odours of Flowers," "Coal and Coniferous Wood under the Microscope," "Lead in the Furnace," "A Meridian Line," "The Vegetation of a Decayed Nut," &c.

The first number of a new serial, entitled *The Englishwoman's Magazine*, is just published by S. O. Beeton. It is a cheap publication, and the quality of its literature and engravings is excellent. It contains a good steel plate of the fashions, and a curious Berlin wool-work pattern of slippers, &c. "The Family Secret," with which it opens, is a spirited and entertaining tale. "The Domestic History of England" gives also every indication that it will be throughout deeply interesting. "Amongst the Americans," "The Son-in-Law," and "Poetry of the Months," show, too, that this new serial is in no incompetent hands. We think there is a special place for it in its particular sphere of magazine literature, and we wish it success.

"The Art Journal" in its new series, containing the Royal Gallery, has a very fine number for May. The three chief engravings

are—"Simplicity," "The Ommeganck at Antwerp," and "Gany-mede." The literary portion of this part is also of excellent quality. "Lombardy and its Capital," being in story and description very good; and the "Journey (illustrated) in South Wales," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, is particularly interesting.

We have received No. VI. of Mr. Charles Lever's interesting story, under the title of "One of Them," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The May number, we have no doubt, is eagerly desired by its readers.

"The Englishwoman's Journal" for May, published by Messrs. Kent & Co., contains well-written articles on the following subjects, specially interesting and advantageous to every reading and intelligent Englishwoman:—"Medicine as a Profession for Women," "Elizabeth von Brecke," Part I., "Tuition a Trade?" "Two Chapters about Charwomen," &c.

Part XVI. of the "English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences," conducted by Charles Knight, and published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, extends from Hy to J. Under the latter letter we have a very good historical sketch of the Jews.

The present part of the "Popular History of England," by Charles Knight, published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, ranges from 1760 to 1784, and contains portraits of Pitt, Fox, and Grattan, with illustrations of buildings, gardens, and costumes of the period. It has also portraits of Garrick and Smollett.

We have received Part X. of "Plain or Ringlets," which contains an illustration of Appleton Hall by John Leech.

Le Follet for May, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., is a publication that well sustains its character for fashion, polite literature, &c.; and while, in the present number, the "style" for ladies appears to be faultless, we fancy, though it is a point about which we are not hypercritical, that the artist has improved the prettiness of face, if not of form, of his models.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS:*

THERE never was, we think, anything great achieved, or a readable book produced, except of course that which comes from the pen of a privileged medium of spiritualism, without a good deal of painstaking and premeditation. Now, the book which we have just been reading, entitled "Anecdote Biography," is, to our thinking, a proof of what we say. It supplies us plentifully with anecdotes about the celebrated statesmen, William Pitt Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke, both names so deeply ploughed into English history, politics, and literature, that so long as these shall survive the names of Pitt and Burke will be familiarly remembered; nay more, they must have a positive intellectual existence and influence in the nation. Mr. Timbs has given the biography of the great men we have mentioned pleasingly and instructively, in a series of anecdotes, in chronological order. He has done his task well, and the reader will, we doubt not, rise from the perusal of the volume satisfied that he is well acquainted with Pitt and with Burke, and also with the affairs of the age in which they lived and were chief workers.

The volume is very handsomely got up, with portraits of its great subjects, the Earl of Chatham, Edmund Burke, &c.

Whoever may be fond of legendary law, and few, we think, even in these matter-of-fact and utilitarian times, do not like to listen to the tales of witches, sprites, and goblins, and the mischief they have done "poor mortals," may find some good stories in the *Lectures on the Mountains; or, the Highlands and Highlanders*. They who desire more solid stuff than legends are composed of, will find it in a series of chapters on the agricultural, social, and moral statistics of Strathspey and Badenoch, which render this work as useful as it is entertaining. Moreover, it contains some useful military statistics, and the history of the family of Grant and collateral branches of the family,—battles, seats of families, eminent men, and warriors. There is also a chapter on ecclesiastical statistics. By this second series of lectures, sufficient interest is thrown around the "Highlands and Highlanders" to call for another series from the same pen. The reader will be amply rewarded by the perusal of the present lectures.

* *Anecdote Biography*. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. London: Richard Bentley.

Lectures on the Mountains; or, the Highlands and II anders of Strathspey and Badenoch, as they Were and as they Are. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.

The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion. By ARTHUR LEARED, M.B., M.R.I.A. London: John Churchill.

On Consumption; its True Nature and Successful Treatment. By GODWIN TIMMS, M.D. London: John Churchill.

The British Volunteer of Yesterday and To-day: a Bulwark for Europe's Peace. By MAJOR WALTER (of Fourth Division of Lancashire Artillery). London: W. O. Mitchell.

The History of the Unreformed Parliament, and its Lessons. An Essay. By WALTER BAGEHOT. London: Chapman & Hall.

Books and Libraries. A Lecture. By Sir JOHN SIMON, Bart., M.A. London: John Parker and Son.

Criminals, Crimes, and their Governing Laws, as demonstrated by the Sciences of Physiology and Mental Geometry. By FREDERICK BRIDGES. London: George Philip and Son.

Declaration of the Clergy against Alteration of the Book of Common Prayer, &c. London: Bell and Daldy.

Broton Legends. Translated from the French. London: Burns and Lambert.

Evenings with Grandpapa; or, Naval Stories for Children. By HARRIET M. CAREY. London: Dean & Son.

The work on *The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion* contains some well-written chapters on the physiology and symptoms of dyspepsia. It is a subject about which nine persons out of ten have more or less some experience of. Habits of intemperance tend perhaps more than any others to impair the digestive organs, or, more plainly, tend to weaken the stomach, and hence, as a matter of course, habits of temperance will strengthen and restore the debilitated functions of the stomach. It cannot be too much impressed upon the mind how absolutely essential to the enjoyment of life is the healthy and vigorous action of the organs of digestion and assimilation; and how much the mental activity and vigour of man depend upon their perfect and undeviating operation. In order to show on what permanently depends the golden possession of health, we have but to refer any one careless of it to the statement of the causes and treatment of imperfect digestion by Dr. Leared. The physiology of digestion is so clearly and ably stated, and the symptoms and varieties of dyspepsia are so fully given, together with the best treatment of it, that this work must be invaluable to the sufferer in any of its painful forms.

The new work on *Consumption; its true Nature and successful Treatment*, by Dr. Godwin Timms, bears ample evidence of being the production of one who entirely understands the subject and is able to treat the disease, under circumstances which render it possible, with success. That there should be a hope, nay, even a possibility, of arresting a disease so common in England, and fatal to so many thousands annually, is an invaluable boon. According to Dr. Godwin Timms's showing such may be the case, and the young and fair of our land may bloom and grow strong in spite of the ravages of pulmonary consumption. His arguments are both plain and convincing, and we believe implicit confidence may be placed in his judgment; and we doubt not that his mode of treatment is as satisfactory to members of the faculty who are competent to judge as it will be eagerly sought after and pursued by the invalid.

The British Volunteer of Yesterday and To-day is a little work that has enough intrinsic merit to recommend it to the volunteers of the country. Major Walter writes earnestly and vigorously, and with perfect knowledge of what constitutes our great bulwark of peace. We cannot but say that we owe our acknowledged superiority as much, indeed more to the intelligence of our army than to their mere display of what is erroneously called "brute force." As the only element of victories achieved by our armies we object to the use of the epithet "brute force" by the peace-at-any-price party. The sheer force of vast numbers was never known to accomplish and permanently to sustain the higher objects for which battles are sometimes inevitably fought. But the manly force of the English army, which, when thoroughly disciplined and ably commanded, has at no time yielded to armies immensely superior in point of numbers; neither do we think it ever will, provided the unrivalled courage of the soldier is guided by the superior intelligence of his commander. Scientific knowledge and historical information relating to war should by all means be diffused in the army. We therefore recommend the *British Volunteer*, and such-like works, to the attention of every man who is engaged in the present military movement of the nation, while, at the same time, we hope that the art which they tend to perfect, and the army which the science renders invincible, may rarely, if ever, be tested by the collision of nations.

It is well for the essayist that the *History of the Unreformed Parliament* has its lessons to instruct or warn us, otherwise so little interest have the public to-day in its political antiquarianism, that we fear the most elaborate essay on the subject would fail to excite curiosity. It so happens, however, that the question is interesting, inasmuch as the system of Parliamentary representation attained its sluggish acme of progress before the Reform of 1832. Since then the principles of representative government have undergone so great a change, and the moulding and reforming spirit of progress has yet to accomplish so much more in the direction of true representative government, that all the good we can do now by calling public attention to the Unreformed Parliament is to let them see how little practical benefit it produced to the country at large. This is the great lesson which it teaches. The doctrine of experience has so little to do with our higher liberties and privileges, that we do not know where to look for facts or precedents for our guidance. In a state of retrogression, whether of politics, religion, or science, we should find plenty of facts of experience, as it is called, for we should be sinking year by year into the precise conditions of what we have, as a nation, historically been; but in a state of progression, based upon the moral and intellectual advancement of the people, how can we be guided by the experiences of a social and political condition which have never obtained prior to the present time? As a proof, however, how interesting the subject of the practical working of our system of parliamentary representation before 1832 may be made by elaborate and enlightened criticism, and how useful may be the lessons derived from an inquiry into the Unreformed Parliament—for is it not still a part of our old English constitution?—we refer the reader to the essay in question by Mr. Bagehot. That it may be more generally known and read, as it deserves to be, it is reprinted from the *National Review*, and though our system of parliamentary representation still requires to be reformed, that "Unreformed Parliament" before 1832, while its lessons will undoubtedly survive, can never be repeated.

The Lecture on "Books and Libraries," by Sir John Simeon, is, we venture to say, one of the most interesting and instructive that

has ever been delivered before the members of a literary and scientific institute; the value and usefulness of the learned lecturer's researches may be appreciated when we state that he has recorded the history of the best books and libraries in the world, from the time when Plato, the chief of heathen philosophers, and the earliest collector of books, gave £300 for three books, to the present time, when the library of the British Museum contains six hundred thousand printed books, and when three good books may be bought for three shillings. This lecture is very neatly printed and bound, and is inscribed to the members of the "Ryde Literary and Scientific Institute," before whom it was recently delivered.

In a little work on "Criminals and Crimes," Mr. Bridges certainly proves himself to be an able expositor of the sciences of physiology and mental geometry. Much sound and important knowledge may be gleaned from this treatise, and we therefore commend it to public attention.

The Declaration of the Clergy, &c., is simply a list of names of thousands of the clergy against alteration of the Book of Common Prayer.

The series of Legends translated from the French contains, to a certain extent, a good deal of interest. Every story, however, appears to be damaged by a fault common to the whole, and the moral lessons intended to be taught are vitiated by an excess of the marvellous which is interwoven with them. To inculcate the precepts of morality and to encourage the practice of them is certainly commendable; but if it be held that the fabrication of occurrences which are utterly beyond all rational notions of what constitutes the marvellous adds to the authority or beauty of moral or religious truth, then we must say that we think that the writer, translator and reader who are of that opinion have very seriously deluded themselves. We are not averse to reading the lives of pious and charitable persons, of their deeds of mercy and compassion, but if it is wished to maintain the characters of such men perfectly free from suspicion, and their influence from being weakened, it is better not to tell us, as we are told in these legends, that they changed horse-hair into necklaces of pearls, dead-leaves into gold, and sand into diamonds. Omit such miracles and others of a more foolish and extravagant kind, and the publication of works like the present will be more successful, and the *morale* of the tales more wholesome and effective.

"Evenings with Grandpapa" is a series of very pleasing tales in prose and verse, and admirably adapted to interest and instruct the young, and, what will make these stories still more attractive to the young reader are the appropriate illustrations.

Messrs. Dean and Sons' publication of the prose works of Longfellow, which being very finely printed, and beautifully illustrated by Birket Foster, must, we think, command a large sale.

From the same publishers we have received two numbers of a publication entitled "Notable Women and Remarkable Men," being the stories of their lives, intended as books for the young. Lady Russell and John Frederic the Magnanimous are the subjects of the present parts. They are written in a style exactly to suit the understandings of those for whom they are designed.

In the "Magnet," or "Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights," Messrs. Groombridge and Sons have just published a very pleasing little tale entitled, "When we were Young," by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam." It is nicely illustrated, and is certain to be read with great pleasure by the young—ay, or by the old, in this pleasant month of May.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(SPECIAL.)

HANOVER, April 30th, 1860.

EXPERIENCE shows, that when princes pay each other apparently friendly visits, consequences, in some way or other affecting the interests of their subjects, are sure to ensue. An instinctive belief in this causes the people now to attach more importance to the visit of the King of SAXONY to the Prince Regent of PRUSSIA, than the simple fact itself seems to justify. It is supposed that the King of SAXONY, who has held always a more neutral position between Austria and Prussia than most of the princely partisans of these two States, has been selected as the best instrument to effect a reconciliation between the contending powers in particular, and to bring about, if possible, a unity of action among all the petty States. The reciprocal guarantee of their respectively threatened territories of Venetia and the Rhine Provinces, is said to be the basis of the reconciliation and union. Time certainly presses for an understanding of some sort between the two great German nations, but whether the present moment is opportune for the object the King may have in view, is rather questionable. Besides, the King of SAXONY, notwithstanding his probable impartiality as regards the two houses of HOHENZOLLERN and HANNOVER, is not the man to stamp the successful result of his mission with the approbation of the liberals of Prussia and the rest of Germany. This King's Government is certainly very calm, but utterly subversive of all individual liberty. I doubt whether any people in the wide world are more completely under the thumb of the police than the people, more especially the peasantry, of Saxony. They make no noise, like the Hessians and Holsteiners, because in those countries so much liberty does exist, that their wrongs can find utterance; but in Saxony all is silence and passive endurance. This King's visit is, therefore, not viewed with an eye of satisfaction by liberals, and a close union of Prussia with Austria under his auspices would be rather abhorrent than welcome, much as the

Germans yearn for union. The Austrian press evinces as little desire as do the Northerners for the success of the King's supposed mission. The anticipated reconciliation, they think, must be subordinate to concessions, which neither power will be disposed to grant. Austria cannot adopt the liberal ideas of Prussia, nor can Prussia accede to the demands and despotic tendencies of Austria. Before any approach can be made, both must openly avow a surrender of pretensions, of which there are no signs at present. The *Austrian Gazette* proves its wish to conciliate in the following terms:—"Can any one be surprised at the audacious menaces which keep Germany and Europe in constant alarm? Since that day when a breach was effected in the bulwark which Austria had raised and maintained for the protection of Europe, there has been no reason to appear astonished at such menaces. It was the hope of Prussia, that Austria being humiliated abroad, and torn in pieces by internal dissension, she would have gained an increase of power. Where now are those who, when called upon by the whole nation to stand by their brethren and confront the common enemy, turned against Southern Germany, and endeavoured to trip Austria up from behind? What has become of that great German power, which, as long as it was safely ensconced behind the line of battle, boasted so much of its ancient courage, and stunned all Germany with its loud trumpetings? Changing fortune has now placed it in the front rank to bear the brunt of the foe's attack, a favour, indeed, which a FREDERICK the Second would have gladly accepted. What now has become of that power, when the menace of 'natural boundaries' is addressed to her directly, and when a bold advance would be cheered by the whole German race? Where is she? But, except by blind partisans, what else could be anticipated? The great German power is as she has ever been, in times of peace everywhere, in times of danger nowhere. However, let bygones be bygones, says the *Gazette*, becoming frightened at the sound of its own voice, and may the Spree and the Danube heartily embrace, before it is too late, and stand shoulder to shoulder to resist the danger that threatens them both."

The telegraph has already made your readers acquainted with the painful tidings connected with the end of the Austrian Finance Minister, Baron VON BRUCK. It is singular that the truth was known in this distant quarter before the falsehood. The very first report that found its way hither was, that VON BRUCK had been dismissed from his post, and had thereupon committed suicide by cutting his throat. The telegram contradicted this report, attributing his death to apoplexy. The Southern papers confirmed this, and entered into details of the progress of his illness. Two days after, the first report was confirmed by letters from Vienna, and the authorities finding that the truth could not be stifled, instituted, with much pretended openness, an inquest upon the body. The result has been, that the fact of suicide has been officially acknowledged. This melancholy event has been rendered more important to every thinking man, by the contemptible efforts of the Southern press and telegraph officials to smother the truth. To lie like a telegram is becoming a proverb in countries where the authorities are in possession of the telegraphs; and in this instance, more especially, the saying has been justified. The management of the finances has been confided *ad interim* to M. VON PLENER, formerly Director of Finance in Galicia.

The *Vienna Gazette*, of the 27th instant, publishes the following details upon the death of VON BRUCK:—"On the 20th M. VON BRUCK was heard as a witness in the affairs of EYNATTEN. His deposition led to the conclusion that it would be necessary to confront the minister with the other witnesses and the parties accused. Under these circumstances, the Emperor wrote an autograph note, in which he said to M. VON BRUCK, 'I accept your temporary resignation, and transfer, *ad interim*, the management of the finances to M. VON PLENER.' This note was put into M. VON BRUCK's hands on the evening of the 22nd, and on the morning of the 23rd the minister was found dead in his bed, bathed in his own blood. An inquest was instituted by the authorities on the 25th instant." The official *Gazette* publishes the result of this inquest.

According to letters from Hungary, the late Imperial decree, which holds out hopes of a restoration of the ancient rights of the Hungarian people, has not made any favourable impression. The decree is, in fact, merely a promise to change the present state of affairs with another of transition. The Constitutionalists are no more deceived by this than by the pretended abolition of the guilds. The Hungarians will probably offer the same opposition to it as they did to the Patent touching the organization of the Protestant Church. Some of the reasons advanced by the opponents of the Austrian system are, that the decree abolishes the five subdivisions of Hungary, but leaves untouched those of the Banat, of Temesvar, Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania. The pretended restoration of the Constitution thus commences by an exercise of an arbitrary power in dismembering the kingdom, against which the provinces detached protest, as well as the country, to which the name of Hungary proper has been applied since 1849. The decree proclaims the desire to re-establish the "autonomy" of the "comitats," and it intrusts the carrying out of this not to the "comitats" themselves, but to a military governor, who, though an Hungarian, is better acquainted with military regulations than with the constitutional liberties of Hungary. By this assumption of the right to appoint functionaries to organise and give laws, as it were, to the "comitats," the first principle of self-government is violated, and even on this account alone the decree would meet with the opposition of the people. The decree further ordains the carrying out of the communal law, which every commission of inquiry appointed by the Government itself

has objected to do, declaring that the Representative Assembly is competent to discuss this law. These and many more reasons are brought forward to induce the people to resist the decree. The Cabinet of Vienna has hitherto been most unfortunate in the selection of means to regain the loyalty of the Hungarians.

The question of the emancipation, or rather the extension of natural rights to the Jews, is the subject of debate in Prussia. The Prince Regent lately granted an audience to Count BOBO STALBERG and M. VON SENDEN, as deputies of the Conservative Association. The deputies expressed in the name of the Association deep concern at the apparent anti-Christian sentiments of the Prince with respect to this question. The object sought by these gentlemen was to exclude the Jews from any share in the representation of the country, by debarring them from the privilege to acquire the possession of landed property. On the other hand, they expressed their satisfaction with the proposed reform of the army, which will open to their sons an easy opportunity of advancing their fortunes at the expense of the people. The Regent referred them upon the Jewish question to the Constitutional Charter. The rights which the Jews have just obtained in Prussia were promised to them by WILLIAM III., when he was in difficulty, and appealed to their patriotism in 1813. More than forty years have elapsed between the royal promise and the fulfilment. With regard to the military estimates, the Prince pointed out to them that if they wished sincerely the reform to be accomplished, they must hasten to settle the question of the land tax, which created so much ill-blood, and upon which the reform depended. He hoped the feudal landholders of the Upper Chamber would not allow their personal interests to interfere with the passing of a measure so necessary for the defence and honour of the country. The deputations hereupon retired.

The Hanoverian Chamber of Representatives has lately displayed a resolution to resist the attempts of the Government in its endeavour to concentrate all power and influence, by purchasing all landed property, mines, and foundries, with the public money. Notwithstanding the repeated blows aimed at constitutional liberty in this country, so much patriotic independence does still exist, that the Government is obliged to proceed with cautious and slow steps in its encroachments, particularly since the defeat of Austria in Italy. On the 23rd inst. a sharp discussion took place in the Chamber, the Grand Duke of OLDENBURG and many of the representatives of foreign States being present, respecting the purchase of the "Duster" Coal Mines. The conduct of the Government in this affair has been so extraordinary, that even the most faithful adherents of the Minister VON BORRIES thought it prudent to side with the opposition, that is, with the Constitutional party, and to deprecate any concern in the matter. Judging by the language of the Ministers, a very suspicious mystery hangs over their transactions, and their employment of the public money. It is but natural that the people, seeing the close connexion between the Governments of Hanover and Austria, and the frauds and suicides committed by the highest officers of State in this latter country, should be ready to lend an ear to the worst reports. I fear, if another 1848 should shortly burst upon us, M. VON BORRIES' life would not be worth twelve hours' purchase, so unpopular has this man rendered himself, and not only himself but his King. It is asserted that the Government sought to purchase with State money, without the consent of the Chambers, the Foundries known as the Georgs-Marien-Hüttenwerk, the shares of which are nearly all in the hands of Members of the Government. The Chamber almost unanimously—only six voting in favour of the Government—condemned the acts of the Ministers, and, upon the motion of the Budget Committee, struck out the estimate for the purchase of the coal mine of Barsinghausen.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

THE underwriters at Lloyd's have within the last few days, paid the insurance on four ships, supposed to be lost with all hands, nothing having been heard of them since they sailed—the first in December last.

Mr. John Wray, who has been Receiver of the Metropolitan Police from the establishment of the force, has resigned, and is succeeded by Mr. Maurice Drummond.

The total cost of public works and buildings during the financial year on which we have entered is estimated at £621,990. The second estimate, that of the salaries and expenses of public departments for the year 1860, is £1,413,503. The most considerable item is £335,285 for "printing and stationery." The cost of law and justice in the United Kingdom is to be £2,565,301 during the present year. The expenses for advancing education, science, and art, £1,305,912. The colonial, consular, and other foreign services will require £484,012, half being paid to consuls abroad. The superannuations and retired allowances requires £117,713, and the donations to charitable institutions raise the vote to £263,910, a greater sum by £10,000 than the equivalent in 1859.

On Saturday a Parliamentary Paper was issued relating to brewers, victuallers, and beer retailers in the United Kingdom. There are 2497 brewers in the United Kingdom—2268 in England, 120 in Scotland, and 109 in Ireland. Of victuallers the number is 93,066 in the United Kingdom. There are 40,537 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, and 2898 not to be drunk on the premises. All the beer retailers are in England. The brewers consumed 28,334,141 bushels of malt. The declared value

of beer exported from October, 1858, to October, 1859, from the United Kingdom, was £2,420,670.

On Sunday evening last there were the usual disturbances which have for months past disgraced the parish church of St. George's-in-the-East.

On Saturday morning last, at Mincing Lane, Tom Sayers was presented with a purse containing one hundred sovereigns by the sugar brokers, indigo dealers, and other members of the Commercial Sale Rooms.

Most of the volunteer rifle corps in the metropolis had their march out on Saturday; that day being, as regards the majority of members, the most convenient for practice, and the performance of military evolutions.

It is understood that the Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal, will undertake the duties of Postmaster-General in the absence of the Earl of Elgin, now on a mission to the Court of Pekin.

Reform Meetings have been held during the week in various parts of the country, in support of the ministerial measure.

On Tuesday morning last, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen took place at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, for the purpose of promoting a communication between the districts lying north and south of Hyde Park; the Right Honourable Earl Grosvenor, M.P., in the chair. The necessity for a new road across Hyde Park was recognised by a Committee of the House of Commons in 1855. Resolutions in favour of the object were made, and that petitions be presented to both Houses.

The members and friends of the Church Missionary Society held their Annual Meeting at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday morning.

A brilliant volunteer ball took place last evening, in the magnificent room of the Whittington Club, under the patronage of the Right Honourable Viscount Ranelagh and other distinguished officers.

On Tuesday night a ball and concert, under the patronage of the general committee for the benefit of the superannuated members of the Royal Standard Society, was held in St. James's Hall, Regent Street, and very largely attended by the members and friends, there being somewhere about 700 present.

At a meeting of the Governors of Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, on Monday, Dr. Wade was unanimously elected a physician, in the room of Dr. Waller, resigned.

The annual meeting of the Protestant Reformation Society was held on Monday in the Hanover Square Rooms.

The anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society of London, for the election of council and officers for the ensuing year, was held at their House in Hanover Square, on Monday, the 30th ult., Professor Owen in the chair. Reports from the council and auditors were read, detailing the proceedings of the society since the last anniversary.

On Wednesday evening about five o'clock, a fire broke out in the Euston Hotel, Euston Square. By eight o'clock the fire was extinguished, but not until sixty-two rooms were partially destroyed, and the roof right round the building burnt off. The origin of the catastrophe is not precisely known.

All the persons who were in the Sailors' Home at Liverpool on the night that it was destroyed by fire, have been found, with the exception of two, who are, however, supposed to be alive somewhere in the town. With respect to the building itself, it is feared that the walls have been so seriously injured, that they will have to be entirely rebuilt.

The trial of small bore rifles proposed to be made at Hythe by the Council of the National Rifle Association took place on the 2nd inst. The result of the trial showed the superiority of the Whitworth rifle, as Mr. Goodman and the united gunmakers withdrew from the contest before the appointed number of shots had been fired at 800 yards range.

London General Omnibus Company (Limited):—Traffic receipts, week ending April 29th, £10,789. 19s. 1d.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th Anniversary Meeting of the friends and supporters of the Field Lane Refuges and Ragged Schools took place at St. Martin's Hall. The report stated that upwards of 10,000 of the poor and destitute had been participants in the benefits of these charities, and of this number 1,580 had been removed from the streets and placed in positions where, by the exercise of their own industry, they were enabled to maintain themselves respectably and independently.

The quarterly return of the Registrar-General shows that 101,000 persons married in the last quarter of the year 1859. The births of 183,206 children were registered in the quarter that ended on the 31st of March last. 122,612 deaths were registered in the winter quarter.

FOREIGN.

From Vienna, April 30:—Count Apponyi and Messrs. Murmann, Schoelles, and Vay will, it is said, be appointed Councillors of State.

From Naples, April 27:—After the destruction of the town of Carini, the royal troops returned by steamer to Palermo. A fight between the insurgents and the soldiers has taken place at Alcanio.

More ambulances have been despatched to Sicily.

Letters from Naples to the 28th inst., confirm that Carini had been taken by assault after three days' fighting. The town had suffered greatly.

From Turin, April 30th, we learn that the treaty of the 21th March will be discussed after the boundaries of the two States have been regulated with France.

The *Patrie* and *Pays* of May 1 state that despatches have arrived from Spain, confirming the statement that Count Monte-

molin and his brother have proposed to recognise the sovereignty of Queen Isabella.

Prince Chigi, colonel of the Papal Guard, has tendered his resignation; in order to take service as a simple gunner.

The clipper ship *Ocean Chief*, Captain Brown, which sailed from Melbourne on the 24th January, has arrived at Queenstown, and brings 32,000 ounces of gold.

By telegram, April 21st, we learn that great misery prevails in Palermo.

Letters assert that within the last twelve months successive levies have raised the Neapolitan army to 160,000 men.

The intelligence from Naples, April 24th, is that tranquillity prevails. The head quarters of the royal troops have been removed to Aquila. It is rumoured that they are destined to co-operate with General Lamoricière.

Vienna, April 29th. The official *Weiner Zeitung* of to-day, publishes an Imperial decree, annulling paragraph 29 of the Civil Code, according to which "it was necessary for foreigners, who were the proprietors of any business requiring a regular domicile in the country, to become Austrian subjects."

The same paper also publishes an autograph letter of the Emperor, dated the 22nd instant, decreeing the dissolution of the provincial governments of Cracow and Czernowitz.

Berne, April 28th:—The *Bund* contains a statement to the effect that a communication had been made by France to Switzerland, asking the latter power to relinquish her right in reference to the neutralised districts of Savoy, in consideration of an indemnity of 50,000,000f.

Letters from Rome to the 24th inst., state: "The Bishops of the Romagna" have received a prohibition against taking any part in the reception of King Victor Emmanuel.

The correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, whose expulsion from Rome had been commanded by His Holiness, has obtained a delay of twenty days.

The *Moniteur* of Wednesday, May 2nd, publishes a note of M. Thouvenel of the 7th of April, relative to the neutralization of Savoy. In this note M. Thouvenel contests the pretensions of Switzerland, and declares that France fully accepts the execution of Article ninety-two of the Final Act of Vienna.

From Bologna we learn that the inhabitants of Central Italy have everywhere given the king an enthusiastic reception during his progress.

From Berlin, May 2nd:—The Military Commission of the Chamber of Deputies resolved, at its last sitting, to propose the granting of a credit of 5,500,000 thalers for one year, to be applied to army reforms.

In Tuesday's sitting of the Hanoverian Diet the Military Committee moved that the plan proposed by Government for the fortification of the coast should be rejected, and the necessary supplies refused.

A decree granting a general amnesty has been published at Madrid. Count de Montemolin and his brother will take their departure from Spain.

News from America, to the 21st ult., has arrived. A resolution had been passed in the Senate, at Washington, for inquiring into the expediency of raising the Sardinian Mission to one of the first class.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Black, had received and declined a challenge from ex-Governor Walker.

The Charleston Democratic Convention was the topic which absorbed public attention. The treaty which had been concluded with Spain provides for the ascertaining and settling of all pending claims. The steamer Roanoke will land the Japanese Embassy at New York.

The town of Sorisburg had been entirely destroyed by fire. The Bank of Tennessee had suspended payment.

Madrid, April 28. The official *Gazette* confirms that the treaty of peace between Spain and Morocco was signed on the 20th inst.

The mail steamer Niagara, which reached Queenstown on Sunday, brings the following latest intelligence: New York, April 19.—The Arago arrived here yesterday. Stocks active and better. Cotton market dull; sales in three days 4000 bales. Bread stuffs quiet, but firm. Provisions firm.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

At the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, Madame Miolan-Carvalho has added to her reputation among us, by her delightful singing in Auber's popular opera "*Fra Diavolo*," and her admirable dramatic personation of its heroine *Zerlina*. The effect of her first air, "*Quell uomo al fiero aspetto*," was dimmed by the reserve of the numerous amateurs who thronged the house on Tuesday, and who were reluctant to award the applause they had been used to lavish upon her predecessor, Madame Bosio. As the opera progressed, however, she gained the sympathy of all, displaying, particularly in the bedchamber scene, all the delicacy and brilliancy of singing which has made her fame at the Opéra Lyrique at Paris. The *Lord Alcazar* of the east is Ronconi, who enters with immense spirit into the comic business of the part. Gardoni is the brigand chief, *Fra Diavolo*; and Zelgar his *aide-de-camp*, *Giacomo*. A full and extremely fashionable house were so liberal of their demonstrations of approval on Tuesday, as to render the run of this delightful work an almost certainty.

On Monday evening, when for the benefit and last appearance of Madlle Piccolomini, Campana's new opera of "*Almida*" was given, a thin house, considering the former *furor* excited by this charming lyric netress, attended HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The lovable

little *prima donna*, who, it is said, intends to reside permanently in England, was very warmly bidden good speed. If not worthy as a singer to be ranked with Grisi, Bosio, Titiens, or Csillag, Madlle Piccolomini leaves us to the full as pleasing recollections of her dramatic power as we have derived or can expect to derive from the performances of any of those artists. We have seen more to admire than have most of our contemporaries in her *Zerlina* and *Leonora*, but all have owned the force of her impulsive genius in the "Traviata," a performance which created a far greater and more enduring sensation than any other of its order within our time, or, we might say, within the memory of contemporary critics. The Piccolomini has, we believe, reaped a golden harvest of such amount from the great public, that she retires with the good will of all into a privacy, where too hesitating critics and too indiscriminating a public are alike unknown.

The dramatic news of the week is small. Mr. Leigh Murray has re-appeared at the ADELPHI in "To Parents and Guardians," apparently as well as ever; and Sir William Don, Bart. has been playing successfully in farce at the LYCEUM.

At the CITY OF LONDON THEATRE a Mr. T. C. King, a first-class actor, who has gained a considerable reputation in Dublin, made his appearance in *Hamlet*, and has since played *Othello* and *Claude Melnotte*. He is more accomplished than passionate; he has, however, considerable merit, and if his class of drama were in vogue, he would establish himself on the metropolitan boards.

At the STANDARD Mr. Dillon is starring, and plays his famous part of *Belphegor* with great spirit and pathos. Miss Marriott is also here, and has become a great favourite with our east-end friends.

PARLIAMENT.

ON Friday their Lordships transacted no business of public interest, though several important pieces of legislation were forwarded a stage. On Monday Lord EBURY moved a humble address to Her Majesty, praying that the present site of Smithfield be appropriated in a manner to conduce to the health and recreation of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The way his Lordship proposed that these matters should be effected was to convert the open space into a place where grown people and children could recreate themselves. Earl GRANVILLE said, though part would be converted into a dead meat market, a portion would be left open, but what its destination was to be had not yet been determined upon. On the question of the National Education System in Ireland, the Earl of CLANCARTY moved for certain returns connected with the subject, in order to bring before their Lordships his opinion that the system had failed, and that it was necessary, therefore, some change should be made. The Earl of CORK said all the old arguments had been reproduced by the noble Earl, who wished to overthrow the entire national system, and, of course, to throw more power into the hands of the Roman Catholic priests. The system had not failed, nor was the necessity for change at all clear. The Bishop of CARLISLE thought the proposition of the Roman Catholic Bishops on the subject was insidious, and had been properly rejected by Government. The Earl of CARLISLE said Government intended to adhere to the national system. Viscount LIFFORD approved of that system, and hoped the clamourers for change would be disappointed. After some further discussion, in which the Bishop of DERRY, the Earl of DONOUGHMORE, and the Earl of BELMORE took part, the motion was agreed to. In reply to a question Lord WODEHOUSE said, the proposition for a European Conference on the annexation question had been finally agreed to.—On Tuesday Lord LYNCHURST called attention to the important question of keeping up a sufficient naval reserve. His lordship, referring evidently to the unsettled aspect of European politics, and drawing a comparison between the naval strength of France and England, declared that as a defensive measure only, it was essential that we should keep up a larger reserve of seamen than we had at present. The Duke of SOMERSET, on the part of Government, assured the noble lord that all sides were agreed as to the necessity of making the navy as efficient as possible. The Earl of HARDWICKE pointed out the difficulty in the way of manning the navy suitably. The LORD CHANCELLOR said the law of impressment was still in force, but he hoped there would never be any necessity to resort to it.—In the Commons on Friday, the business was of a varied character. In reply to Mr. BUXTON, who wished to know what steps Government had taken with reference to the traffic in coolies, Lord JOHN RUSSELL replied that measures were actively in progress to put a stop to the traffic. Mr. MILDMAI brought under notice certain allegations of gross misconduct on the part of Indian Cadets, in a mosque at Cairo. Colonel SYKES believed the accusation was totally unfounded. Sir CHARLES WOOD, however, said he had received an official statement of facts from the Consul General, and he regretted to say that the charge against the Cadets was in the main correct. The Government had ordered an inquiry into the circumstances, with the view of bringing offenders to justice and of preventing such scandals in future. The electoral returns, about the accuracy of which so much doubt has been created, was referred to by Mr. VILLIERS, who reasserted their general trustworthiness. Sir J. PAKINGTON strongly impugned the accuracy of the returns, and this gave rise to a discussion, in which members took opposite sides. Savoy and the Conference were brought forward by Mr. D. GRIFFITH, the object of which was to ascertain whether Government intended to acquiesce in the taking possession by France of the neutralized provinces as well as the ceded portion of Savoy. Lord JOHN

RUSSELL, in an undecided explanation, said a Conference would no doubt take place, but previous to which, he regretted to say, that it was very likely France would absorb the neutralized provinces. The Church Rate struggle then commenced. Sir J. TRELAWNEY having moved the third reading of the Bill, Mr. WHITESIDE immediately moved an amendment that the Bill be read that day six months. After a lengthened speech against the Bill, Mr. BRIGHT replied to Mr. WHITESIDE, and instanced Ireland, Scotland, and Wales as proofs of the advantages of the voluntary system. He considered that it would strengthen the position of the Established Church if the source of ill feeling created by Church Rates was abolished. Mr. DISRAELI did not think the instances of the voluntary system, adduced by Mr. BRIGHT, worth much. The case of Birmingham was opposed to Mr. BRIGHT's conclusions. He emphatically warned the House against weakening our social fabric at such a moment by diminishing the authority of the Established Church. The House divided, and the third reading was carried by 235 to 226, a narrow majority of 9.—Monday saw the resumption of the adjourned debate on the Reform Bill. Mr. BENTINCK condemned the Bill on account of its inefficiency, and its dangerous tendency. The Bill had been brought in by the noble Lord without the concurrence of any of his colleagues, and had given satisfaction to no party. Mr. WALTERS believed that the Bill would disappoint the expectations of friends, and the anticipations of enemies. If the Bill passed he trusted it would not be without suitable amendment and improvements. Lord J. MANNERS in a long address alleged various reasons why the Bill was not a good measure in itself, and not such as was wanted by the people of England, or needed as essential to the just working of our Constitution. Mr. HODGKINSON said both sides were pledged to Reform, and the sooner the question was settled the better. Mr. HOPWOOD considered that Government would do well to withdraw at once such an imperfect measure. Mr. CAIRD would support the Bill. Mr. B. COCHRANE would oppose it. Mr. URQUHART was rather more for than against the Bill. Mr. CLAY thought that amendments might be made in Committee. Mr. MILLS said the statistics of the debate were that twenty-nine speeches had been made against the Bill; two for and twelve neutral. Mr. LOCKE was in favour of a lodger franchise. This closed the debate for that evening.—Sir C. NAPIER, on Tuesday, drew attention to the necessity of a properly constituted manning the Navy commission. Lord F. PAGET replied to the covert censure implied in Sir C. NAPIER's motion for an address to Her Majesty, and after explaining the position of our navy, and what was in contemplation in order to add to its efficiency, the motion was withdrawn. The other portion of the evening was occupied with a discussion on the Berwick-on-Tweed election.—Wednesday Lord RAYNHAM moved the second reading of the Bill for adding corporal punishment to the penalties for aggravated assaults on women and children. After an animated discussion the second reading was carried by 139 against 85.

THE COLLEGE OF DENTISTS OF ENGLAND.—The following gentlemen were admitted members by examination on the evenings of April 25th and 26th:—William R. Wood, Brighton; Henry R. Kimpton, Princes Street, Hanover Square; Henry Fowler, Gloucester; George Williams, Notting Hill; Thomas C. Vidler, Sussex Gardens; J. Hawkins, Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road.

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