Thomas Leigh Hunt, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

The Leader.

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

Contents.

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News of the Week.

THE Eastern question has been presented to the Czar in such a form as to invite his immediate choice, either of settling the matter on peaceable terms, or of going forward. There is indeed, as usual, a middle course, that of delaying the decision by renewed negotiations; but it must be doubtful both whether the simplicity of the European Powers can be carried to such an extent as to permit that new "dodge," or whether the impatience of the Emperor would suffer him to recommence delays. Indeed, the movement of armies on the Danube forbids the supposition that a dilatory course would any longer answer the purpose of either side.

Some little explanation is still necessary to understand the position to which the affair has arrived. The Note of Count Nesselrode, showing that Russia put upon the Vienna Note the same interpretation as the Porte, and considered it identical with the demands of Prince Menschikoff, had not reached Constantinople when the Sultan summoned his Grand Council. The representatives of the Four Powers were at that time still engaged in urging upon him the acceptance of this Note, with the supplemental explanation of the Four Powers. The Sultan does not appear to have been averse from that arrangement; but the Grand Council thought it necessary to recommend a formal declaration of war. This is explained, we observe, as being a form due to the feelings of the Mussulman population, and to the dignity of the Sultan; but it was more probably dictated by the genuine anxiety of the Porte to obtain a "material guarantee" for that evacuation of the Principalities which was not stipulated in the Vienna Note, and which formed so important a part of the Turkish reply. Still, however, the Sultan remained in thorough accord with the representatives of the Four Powers. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe appears to have foreseen the next stage of the affair, and hence, probably, his somewhat separate position. The result of the resolution adopted by the Divan, upon the recommendation of the Grand Council, was communicated to Prince Gortchakoff; with the explanation, however, that if he required instructions from St. Petersburg, fifteen days would be allowed before the commencement of actual hostilities. The "Eastern question," therefore, will now be put to the Emperor of Russia by Prince Gortchakoff. His reply may be anticipated, from the fact that he has appointed Prince Menschikoff "to superintend" the government of the Principalities—a new step in the Russian endeavour to establish a permanent position in the Turkish territory on the left bank of the Danube.

The position of our own Government was explained by Mr. Gladstone in that portion of his speech at Manchester which possesses the most public interest. Ministers, he said, would abstain at all possible sacrifice from war; and he gave a description of the horrors of war which might satisfy Mr. Cobden himself. Hoping that the matter might be settled by negotiation, Ministers would endeavour to arrive at a settlement by that path; and here he made an admission of the delay, intrigue, and chicane of such negotiations, which we must confess perfectly to satisfy ourselves. Nevertheless, considering that war deprives nations of their subsistence, and interrupts the progress of industry, Ministers would persevere in negotiations as long as possible. They did not strive to maintain the "integrity and independence" of the Ottoman Empire, as against dangers resulting from the constitutional state of Turkey itself, or from circumstances over which the combined Powers of Europe have no control: for such a result the British Ministers are not responsible. But when a great potentate endeavours to absorb a Power which would give him the supremacy of the continent, and which would be to a great extent accomplished by the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, it is incumbent upon England to set herself against that result. If a settlement checking the advance of Russia cannot be obtained by negotiations, with honour, then England will not shrink from extremities, for which she is prepared by every condition, political, financial, and military. Such is Mr. Gladstone's explanation; and it perfectly accords with all that has been stated respecting the position of the British Government. For our own part, we shall not be displeased if the British Government should be forced into a more strenuous and positive course of action, rather than negotiation; believing, as we do, that the long-protracted peace has had its own evils, in many respects resembling those of protracted war, and that a breaking off of the false relations of Europe will help to place the intercourse of nations on a more sincere footing. The choice, however, no longer depends upon our own Ministers, but upon the Emperor of Russia; and his most probable election, we think, will be to go forward.

Should he do so, our Ministers are correct in saying that they are prepared. The aggregate income of this country, as indicated by the trade returns, the revenue returns, the income-tax returns, the rate of wages, and, indeed, by every fiscal index, exceeds that which we have possessed in any former period of our history; one reason being that our trade, in manufactures and exchange, now rests upon a broader base of production in foreign countries as well as our own, than ever it has rested upon at any former period. That the credit of the Government is of the highest kind, is proved by the fact that, notwithstanding probabilities now verging on the actual outbreak of war, the funds, although reported to be "fluctuating and agitated," remain above 92, and nearly two per cent. above that rate to which they were forced down a few weeks back by causes and operations within the Stock Exchange itself. Thus we have more means than ever we possessed before, at the same time that we are not likely to be called upon for any such outlay as we incurred during the last war. This subject, however, we have discussed in a separate paper. It is announced that six regiments in Ireland have been placed under orders for the Mediterranean; a report which somewhat corroborates the statement that England and France are to supply auxiliaries to Turkey—England to the extent of 10,000 men, France 30,000. It seems to be the fact that the allied fleet has been ordered to the Dardanelles; and it is not probable that that fleet would remain idle in the event of actual hostilities. On the contrary, the commanders of the crazy Russian gun boxes in the Black Sea may be called upon to give an account of the tubs in their charge; and since Russia has threatened those Powers which interfered between her and Turkey, it will probably become necessary to meet Russia elsewhere; which we are quite prepared to do.

The report that a Persian army, officered by Russians, had occupied Herat, coupled with the uncertainty of the hollow peace in Burmah, and the doubtful pacification of other border territories in India, would seem to threaten a diversion in the Far East, to facilitate Russian designs in Europe. We shall never effectually stop Russia until we deal with her in the Baltic as well as the

Black Sea—at home as well as on the borders of the world.

The extremely interesting documents from America show the admirable feeling which prevails in the Republic, and corroborate our own assertion, that the force of circumstances, as well as the increasing friendship between America and England, is drawing the United States to the side of constitutional freedom in Europe. Although Mr. Everett has retired from office, he naturally feels responsible for sustaining the admirable paper which he addressed to the British Government on the subject of Cuba, and which Lord John Russell had answered in a spirit of lawyer-like "reply," rather than of friendly statesmanship. Mr. Everett declines the conflict of wits; and with admirable calmness supports the historical force of the previous documents, proving how natural has been the extension of the United States hitherto, and how beneficial it has been, not only to the Union, by rounding off its territory and preventing disturbance of its internal development, but how beneficial to the annexed States of Louisiana, Florida, and Texas. Indeed, Mr. Everett might have pressed this argument much further, and might have shown that, if England had exercised the same spirit of conquest which she has to a certain extent wasted in the East, upon the more congenial territory of Europe, not in the shape of direct annexation, but in the shape of combat for constitutional freedom, she might have secured the most valuable outposts for her own institutions. This has yet to be done.

The other paper is one by Mr. Marcy on the Kossta affair. It is a very judicious survey of the laws of the United States, and of international laws. Virtually, Mr. Marcy represents that if Kossta, who appears in a double character, as an Austrian with a constructive American citizenship, had been within the jurisdiction of either America or Austria, he might have been deemed within the possession of either power; but being, as he was, in a state not within either of those jurisdictions, assailed as he was by unwarranted violence, his rescue at the hands of Captain Ingraham constituted that species of succour which any bystander may give where lawless violence is inflicted. The law-breaking was entirely on the part of Austria, whose officer pretended to act under treaties which the Porte has formally denied, and which have lapsed since 1849, at least.

This document of Mr. Marcy is interesting in many respects, but in one especially, as showing the position of the writer. The English public is likely to be misled by information supplied from America to the most extensively read English journal, by a writer whose antecedents, perhaps, forbid his viewing affairs as they really stand. He represents General Pierce as deserted by his party, and Mr. Marcy as having become unpopular for the vigorous course that he has taken in office. Now the facts are the very reverse. General Pierce may have disappointed particular sections of the great national party of the Union, because he has not, in a spirit of political favouritism, placed the thousands of offices at the disposal of a clique. But not only does he represent the great body of his countrymen; not only is the policy of his government the policy which has been spontaneously organized by the citizens of the Union themselves, but his appointments in the superior offices represent every conceivable section, except the high Conservatives. It was at first considered that Mr. Marcy was too moderate a man for General Pierce's administration, and the fact that he is viewed with favour by the Whig party was a circumstance popularly in his disfavour. He was supposed, therefore, not to go ahead enough; and hence, at first, some degree of unpopularity, and some desire, that in retiring from office, he might make way for Mr. Cushing, the present Attorney-General, in the post of Secretary of State—Mr. Cushing being about the most advanced politician of the whole Union, and thoroughly, we believe, participating the sentiments of the "Lone Star," to which Mr. Soulé has so eloquently responded. The course actually taken by Mr. Marcy, however, has completely satisfied the most advanced party of the Union; it necessarily proves that the President is on the same track; and thus, while the Government continues to represent the whole country in its active policy, Mr. Marcy has fully recovered that confidence and popularity which he enjoyed as Secretary at War during the Mexican conquests. It is natural that the author of the *Glory and Shame of England*—who entertains, for some reason which we do not know, so bitter a feeling against this country, and whose peculiar petulancies are not obeyed by the American Government—should represent that Government as vile, and should write in such way as to create ill-feeling between the two countries if he could. Luckily, it is impossible for him to succeed. Events are too strong for any individual writer; and the only result is, that the principal journal of England is supplied with American news which almost any one of its readers can refute from his own knowledge of contemporary events.

The speech in which Mr. Gladstone gave his Turkish explanation, was made on the occasion of setting up the statue of Sir Robert Peel, in Manchester, with the usual ceremony of speech-making strangely called inaugural. If anything could add to the interest excited by the event itself, it would be found in the circumstances which attended it. Not only did the two millions of Manchester pay honour to the memory of Peel, but they pronounced an emphatic sentence in favour of his policy. They invited the presence of one who had gathered wisdom from the lips of that statesman, and had been entrusted with the proud task of developing his financial schemes. Mr. Gladstone may justly congratulate himself on the cheers which greeted him, for they were the spontaneous cheers of men who are too honest to express what they do not feel. Few will doubt the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's remarks, when he spoke of the manifest disregard of all party considerations which formed the basis of union among Ministers, and of the influence which Peel had exercised in sundering the mere ties of party in the House of Commons. We can sympathize with the language used by a Cabinet Minister on the confidence which should subsist between a Government and a people. Such confidence has hitherto been accorded to Ministers, and we trust that future events may not show that it has been misplaced. Chancellors of the Exchequer are forbidden to reveal their measures before the time. But Mr. Gladstone did not hesitate to say that the Paper Duty might as wisely be laid elsewhere—for instance, on the commodities which were packed as well as on the paper used in the package. The announcement was received with cheers, and was taken as a fresh proof that the Financial Policy of Ministers is in a right direction.

Miss Margaret Cunninghame has been liberated. As yet we know nothing of the details of her release. But as Lord Clarendon's remonstrance would have reached Tuscany before the present news came off, it is fair to attribute this event to his intervention.

The gentleman whose unadorned eloquence was so handsomely acknowledged by Sir Robert Peel, did not now lend that eloquence to the occasion of erecting the statue of his approving patron, the great statesman, nor were either of the members for the city present: Mr. Bright being absent in Scotland, with Mr. Cobden, to lead the Peace Congress at Edinburgh. The proceedings of the first day were remarkable. Mr. Cobden made a great speech, intended to show, first, that there was no occasion to increase our defences for fear of an invasion from France, because we are now in alliance with that power. Secondly, that it is unchristian to support Mahomedanism in Europe, and we should have been better Christians if we had aided Russia. Thirdly, that it is the foolish and ignorant prejudices of venomous writers, of Lord Palmerston, and other persons, which attempt to lead this country into war. Mr. Bright followed up this speech with the standing arguments against standing armies, militia, or warlike proceedings of any kind. In short, the peace doctrine, with its customary language and sentiments, and customary disregard of facts and the existing state of Europe, was amply developed. It would be a fair reply if Ministers were to withdraw all the troops from the manufacturing districts during the present strike, although, indeed, such a retort would be unfair: since it is evidently not Manchester or Lancashire which speaks in the person of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, for the gentlemen have been obliged to leave their favourite county, and to seek a remoter field for their tee-total fanaticism and peculiar views.

The strike in Lancashire approaches a crisis; the men have made two new movements. At Preston, they have issued a prospectus to establish a co-operative workshop—a factory for self-employment, and they have sought to obtain a meeting of delegates and of the masters. The masters decline all accommodation, and there is every probability that, at the end of this week, the factories of Preston and Burnley, Bacup and Padiham, and other towns of the district, will be closed. Although we have in a separate paper distinctly recognised the pressure upon the cotton trade which checks the masters in acceding to the rise of wages, we cannot too strongly express our regret that they continue to maintain towards the men a hostile spirit of reserve.

Three new accidents—as offences of a certain kind are now called—have been reported this week. A building on the Great Western Railway has fallen down under the process of building, killing one man, and wounding twelve others. Various causes are assigned, but at all events there was one cause—no sufficient precautions were taken to support the weight of the building while it underwent the chances incidental to the elevation of heavy girders and the use of a machine called a derrick—a sort of temporary crane. On the same railway, a flap, negligently suffered to protrude from a goods' train, has cut down the pillars of a handsome station-shed at Reading, and destroyed the value of £2000; the safety of the building being thus left at the mercy of the incessant attention of the persons whose duty it was to fasten up these flaps. And thirdly, while charges of great cruelty are brought forward against the officers of Leicester Gaol, it turns out that the visiting justices never knew anything about it, and could not really answer any questions on an additional inquiry which they themselves invited. So much has the spirit of "accident" taken possession of the unpaid bench.

Cholera still casts its black shadow over England. In the metropolis, and its suburbs, we hear of a gradual increase, though the deaths do not exceed the average mortality from other causes. The pestilence has not yet left its favourite haunts in Newcastle, Gateshead, and neighbourhood, in earlier visitations so fatally marked out for the fiercest attacks of the disease. But we may safely conclude that, for the present, we need not fear any decided spread. It is more important to observe the conditions under which it has been manifested with greatest virulence. Among the chief causes are mentioned the criminal cupidity of builders—the desire to obtain the largest possible rental from the smallest possible surface. It strikes every one that the awful destruction of human life was all but entirely preventable. Another notable circumstance connected with the cholera visitation, is the moral effect discernible in the devil-may-care indifference or pitiful terror which prevailed in Newcastle and Gateshead. Moral degradation has gone hand in hand with the terror or the actuality of death. Caution must be observed in the application of remedies so freely, and too often so unwisely suggested. Medical advice should be taken on the first appearance of symptoms. Vigilance, manly resistance, and self-denial, may still preserve us.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

NOTTING HILL.

A MEETING was held at Notting Hill on Monday, to "consider the present aspect of affairs in the east of Europe." Resolutions for inquiry into the conduct of Ministers were passed; and in the speeches of the evening their conduct was loudly denounced. Mr. Nicholay spoke, urging, that "public opinion, calmly expressed in this country, was equal to a revolution in any other." Mr. Urquhart also spoke at length:—

"It was said, that 30,000 French and British troops were to be sent to Constantinople, and if that rumour were true, they would be a partitioning power of Turkey. If such an expeditionary force were sent out, how was public opinion to control its action, or effect its recall. Public opinion counted as nothing in the scale in the determination of events that affected the fate of nations. In France, committees of the Chamber were appointed to investigate foreign transactions; in Prussia they found a different state of things, but one equally rational; but if they looked to England, they would find no body of men that knew anything of the acts of the Foreign Minister except the Cabinet. No committee of either House of Parliament was appointed to investigate foreign affairs, and the consequence of the system at present in operation was, that the Crown was left without prerogative, and the people without liberty. The Queen was qualified, by penetration, information, and courage, to fulfil her task and if

the royal prerogative was not hampered by clubs, forced upon the Sovereign by a family compact, or a majority in Parliament, there would be no such daring as they had witnessed on the part of a Calmuck prince, and no danger of the overturning of Europe."

These statements were received with loud cheers.

MR. BRIGHT'S VIEWS.

Mr. Bright has written a letter to the promoters of a Manchester meeting against Russia. He says:—

"I can conceive nothing more unwise than to endeavour to excite public opinion to drive the Government into a war with Russia in defence of Turkey. If such a war should be undertaken, I believe our children and posterity will judge us precisely as we now judge those who involved this country in war with the American colonies, and with France—with this difference only, that we shall be held to be so much more guilty, inasmuch as, having had the blunders and crimes of our forefathers to warn us and to guide us, we shall have wilfully shut our eyes to the lessons which their unfortunate policy has left us. Manchester and the two millions of people in its district will, I hope and believe, regard those men as their worst enemies who by any act at this moment shall weaken the efforts of Lord Aberdeen to preserve the peace of Europe. If men would let their reason guide them rather than their feelings, I am sure the pressure of public opinion would be for peace, and not for war. War will not save Turkey, if peace cannot save her; but war will brutalise our people, increase our taxes, destroy our industry, and postpone the promised Parliamentary reform, it may be for many years."

A memorial to Lord Aberdeen "against war" has been signed, of all places in the world, in Sheffield.

Finsbury is to have a meeting on next Tuesday, to pronounce in favour of the independence of Turkey.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

IN the handsome Music Hall of Edinburgh the English friends of peace held their annual meeting on Wednesday, to take counsel together and talk over the question. All the leading gentlemen of the sect were present; Cobden, Bright, Cowan, Miall, J. B. Smith, Hadfield, Hindley, and Bell—all Members of Parliament. Joseph Sturge, Elihu Burritt, and Henry Vincent, were also present. Ladies were in the gallery and clergymen in the body of the hall. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh took the chair; the Reverend Doctor Brown read a "prayer;" and the Secretary read letters from sympathising persons. Mr. Hume wrote that international arbitration was the proper course; Sir David Brewster that war would die out like duelling; and other public men expressed sentiments in a similar strain. The Lord Provost then made a short opening speech, and the Secretary told how the Society had distributed half a million tracts, and had held its meeting this year in Edinburgh purposely to counteract the warlike frenzy of the English people. Professor M'Michael made the first set speech; he denounced war as inconsistent with Christianity, and characterised the soldiers' trade as "damnable" and dishonourable. "Better be a shoeblack, a chimney-sweep, a scavenger, than a soldier." Mr. Miall, M.P. was the next speaker. He justified his part in the proceedings as obedience to the call of duty, even against the rising temper of the times; denied that the press (which is "gregarious" and follows the *Times*) is on this question a representative of the people's will; stigmatised the late "war" meetings as "seedy affairs," and refused to consider the "vague sentiment" in favour of Hungary as the sign of a positively warlike spirit. Touching the present question, the Czar was doing in Turkey what some people wished to see done in Tuscany.

Mr. Cobden then rose to speak, and was received with loud cheers. He plunged boldly into the middle of the argument. No one ever meant to attack our shores—not even Napoleon the Great; but we have an idiosyncrasy of seeking quarrels in the remotest quarters of the globe. We have been successively fighting the battles of almost every people on the face of the earth; but we have missed our objects and loaded ourselves with debt. "I do not wish you to bow down your necks to an invader. Nobody wants or intends to attack you." The speaker then referred triumphantly to the change from the former writings of the press on the subject of the French aggression; and attributed to those writings the present situation—the Emperor of Russia having believed that England and France would not unite to resist him. But he now finds that he was misled. Mr. Cobden then gave a lively illustration of the change in public opinion.

"Now, I have often thought, suppose an individual had been ordered, as many persons are, for the benefit of their health, to leave our shores last January, take a voyage to Australia, and return home again at the end of nine months—he would have left England preparing her militia and fortifying her coasts; he would have left general officers writing to me, offering to lay a wager that the French were coming—(laughter and cheers); he would have left artillery and other military officers holding consultations, sketching plans, and inspecting our fortifications; he would have left deputations from the principal railway companies waiting upon the Admiralty and Ordnance to see how soon the commissariat and advance supplies might be transmitted from the Tower to Dover or Plymouth; and he would have left in the minds of all a dread of a French invasion. Well, he made the circuit of the globe, he saw no newspapers—for one reason why invalids are ordered abroad for the benefit of their health is that their minds may not be harassed by politics, and what they read in newspapers—and the month of September saw him landed again in England. The first thing he reads when he takes up a newspaper is that the French and English fleets are lying side by side in Besika Bay. He immediately says to himself, There is going to be a great battle. (A laugh.) He turns to the first article in the very newspaper which told him in January that the French Emperor was a brigand and a pirate, and that the French people were coming to attack us without notice or declaration of war, and he finds it declared that England and France are now so cordially united that their joint fleets in Besika Bay are under the command of Admiral Dundas, and that we are prepared to place an army under the command of a French general, with the view of acting against the forces of the Emperor of Russia. The first question he naturally feels inclined to ask is, can you trust the individual of whom you were saying, when I left England, that he was a brigand and a pirate? If so, you are bound to admit that the friends of peace were right, and you were wrong. What security have you that the Emperor of the French, when the joint fleets go into action in the face of the Russian navy, will not, in accordance with a recent engagement with the Emperor of Russia, demolish your fleet with his guns instead of turning them against the Russians? Moreover, having thus destroyed your ships of war, what security have you that he will not attack your coasts, sack your towns, burn down your houses, seize the Bank, carry off the Queen, and commit all those nameless atrocities with which you frightened the people nine months ago." (Cheers.)

Mr. Cobden proceeded to denounce the Turkish Government for their general treatment of their Christian subjects, and denied the reported progress of the Turkish nation. We who have shut up the Grand Mogul in Delhi, and have attacked the Burmese empire with as little cause as a ruffian walks into a market place and kicks down an apple-stall—we have no right to object to the Emperor of Russia's quarrel with the Turks. Besides, there is no treaty binding us to fight for the maintenance of the Turkish territory.

Mr. Bright was the chief speaker in the evening sitting of the Conference. His speech was a rapid and pithy summary of the expense of war, with a current exposure of the absence of all necessity for it, and an indication of the family interests which cause military armaments in this country. He first pointed out how peace was yearly proclaimed from thrones, and daily preached from pulpits: how that peace had lasted for thirty years; and yet the nations of Europe are now spending 100,000,000*l.* a-year on preparations for war. These expenses have driven Russia to frequent loans, and had caused a yearly deficiency in Austrian finance. But we—having had no *coup d'etat*—having no Lombardy, and no Hungary—spend more on military preparations than any nation in the world, independently of the 28,000,000*l.* we pay for the policy of our fathers—a burthen that, in our coming race with America, will tell against us. Not content with this, we now spend 17,000,000*l.* a-year on our army and navy. We take from India 29,000,000*l.* of taxes, and spend 12,000,000*l.* in warlike preparations there. When this expense is stated in millions, the people do not know anything about it. Arthur Young, writing *before* our last French war, put it thus:—"A very little calculation would show that the expense of our three last wars, which had no other effect whatever but to spill blood and fill gazettes, would have made the whole island of Great Britain a garden—her whole coast a quay—and have converted all the houses in her towns into palaces, and her cottages into houses." Or we may use another illustration. The value of Lancashire, at twenty years purchase, would be 140,000,000*l.*; but take the 17,000,000*l.* a-year that we are now spending, and throw it into a principal sum at the rate of three per cent., and it represents a principal sum of 560,000,000*l.* In short, every four years we appropriate the whole income of all the land and all the buildings in England to support our military expenditure. All this money comes from the taxes of the people:—

"But what are taxes? The gold with which you pay your income-tax, your succession-tax, your imports at the Custom-house, and your double price of many of the things you consume, is not picked up in the streets. No, it is the labour of all this population that you meet day by day in town and in country, many suffering under bad health and adverse circumstances. What class is it that the pestilence sweeps down? Why, not the class that is comfortably off, but the class which is the lowest in society, whose labour is most severe, whose toil is least rewarded, and which passes from the cradle to the grave, knowing little of those many comforts, which many of us every day enjoy; that is the class who are pressed by poverty, by misery, by ignorance, by crime, and by all the evils to which men can be subject, and pressed by infinitely heavier screw when the Government extorts from the people any amount of taxes, which are not absolutely necessary for the service of the State. Every man who knows what Christianity is, who knows the character which Christianity gives to the Creator of the world—wonders at times why there is so much misery and wretchedness, and guilt in the world. But men can only be happy in so far as they follow out those great, and just, and Christian principles which are laid down for their guidance; and if we, who are the more comfortable, the well-to-do, the educated, and the influential classes of society, shut ourselves up in our comfortable houses, and fancy that all goes well—if we imagine that we have no need whatever to take any care or thought of politics—if we allow a monarch or a Parliament to trifle with the wealth and industry of the country—we may be well assured that below our feet there is a vast mass of sorrow and of misery which we might alleviate, if we could not remove, and which, if we neither alleviate nor remove, will, some day or other, become an element in society dangerous to our own peace and comfort, and dangerous to the institutions under which we live. (Cheers.) Well, then, why should not we look at this question as a great practical question? Our forefathers did many things in their time, and we have done some. Why cannot we do this? The Emperor of the French may say, 'I cannot reduce my army to 200,000 men; my position is not very secure; I have not the *prestige* of a venerable and ancient monarchy like England.' The Emperor of Austria may say, 'I have Lombardy on one side and Hungary on the other;' but we can say none of these things. We have a Government which we respect (hear, hear); we have a monarch who, perhaps—yea, certainly—will bear comparison, and a favourable comparison (cheers), with any or with all of her predecessors upon the English throne; and we have a people more united, I undertake to say, at this moment, in regard to the law, and as a nation, than we have had at any former period of our history. (Cheers.) We have no necessity for an armed force to keep down the people, or to enforce obedience to the law; and yet our Government, by a succession of tricks—by cajoling the people—by persuading them to be frightened by one story after another—has induced them to permit them to raise the military expenditure from 11,000,000*l.* in 1835, to 17,000,000*l.* in 1853."

Instead of defending the Peace party, Mr. Bright then attacked the war party, and compared this country with America:—

"I am ashamed to belong to a country that conducts itself as if it were a tribe of Red Indians. We never bury the hatchet. We never give up war. We have fleets prowling about on every sea, and bullying somebody on every coast. (A laugh.) We cannot be as rational as the United States. The population of the United States is about 24,000,000, and by the time of the next census it will be as large as that of this country. Now, it is a fact that, taking into consideration the expenditure of the Federal Government, the expenses of all the States, the cost of education, the payment of the debts both of the Union and of the separate States, and the expenditure for military purposes, the whole income and expenditure of that great country is not more than 14,000,000*l.*; so that we spend on the army and navy alone, after thirty years of peace, and apart from our expenditure in India, 3,000,000*l.* more than a nation of nearly equal population, of far greater extent of territory, and of a trade nearly approaching to ours, expends in every department of government, education included. I would like to ask you now, if you ever met an American who believed himself less safe in the world than an Englishman? Did you ever know an American cause pleaded before any Royal Court in Europe which met with less respect than an English one? Did you ever know, whether in Austria or Tuscany, of an American less secure than an Englishman? Is America a country less peaceful, or is it making less progress than we are?"

He asked for a public opinion against the war cry:—

"Now, I ask you, citizens of Edinburgh, and gentlemen from all parts of the country, if this should not be remedied even in our own day to some extent? I ask you whether, with the freedom of the platform which we enjoy—with the partial freedom of the press, and I hope ere long to see it entirely free—with the freedom and universality of the pulpit—with publications pouring out from every press, and nowhere to a greater extent than in this city—I ask you whether, with all these elements for ascertaining truth and spreading information, it is not possible for us to create a sounder opinion in this country; to say to the Government, govern wisely, govern well; we require no military force to keep the peace in England; treat all foreign nations courteously, kindly, and honourably; adhere to the great principle of non-intervention, and you may then cut down to an extent, which I will not now stay accurately to describe, the army and navy of this country. Having but twenty miles to cross the channel to a nation more populous, and as powerful and wealthy as our own, I have no hesitation in saying that a Government which was honestly disposed to take the course we advise would make some definite and tangible proposition to the Government of France, by which the rival navies of the two nations might be diminished in amount, and therefore in cost; and every diminution of the navies of France and England tends to promote peace between those two countries, while every diminution of our army at home tends to permeate the minds of the people with the love of peace. We should then see a pure, enlightened, and Christian love of peace among the people of this country; and when that is the case I believe there never will come an occasion in which an honest, intelligent, and patriotic Ministry may not adjust our differences with foreign countries without involving us in the horrors and calamities of war." (Great cheering.)

He thus ended a speech full of facts and figures, and spoken with great fluency and emphasis. The speeches by other persons are very shortly reported in the daily papers, and do not deserve note.

Mr. Henry Drummond has answered with effect a letter inviting him to the Conference. After tartly repudiating the tone of exclusive love of peace assumed by the members of the Conference, he says:—

"You endeavour to cast obloquy on the profession of arms, and are indignant at 'successful warriors occupying posts of distinction in Courts and Cabinets.' Take the army and the navy as a class, and take any other class of men in this country—merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, savants, lawyers—compare them together for talents, patriotism, honour, virtue, disinterestedness, kindness, self-devotion—for, in short, every quality that ennobles man, and I assert that the military class is, beyond measure, superior to any other. You would prefer to see statues erected to those who have been most eminent in the money-

making arts of peace; and instead of statues to Marlborough, Wellington, Duncan, and Nelson, you would prefer to see statues to the inventors of spinning-jennies and railroads, or to Kant and Jeremy Bentham. You think a broadbrim in bronze more picturesque than a cocked hat. You are severe upon Mars and Moloch, and prefer Mammon to both. Idolatry, like statuary, is an affair of taste, but Milton, who seems to know as much about devils as you do, tells us that Mammon was the basest and meanest of all."

After pointing to an invasion of England by Louis Napoleon as a thing not done because we are ready for him, Mr. Drummond says:—

"You state that 'the flower and strength of European manhood is living in coerced idleness at the expense of the rest of the community, in order that they may be ready to fight;' it would be more true if you had said, in order that the rest of the community may be able to spin cotton and grow corn in quiet.

"Agreeably to the cant of the age you try to mix up some fragments of Holy Writ to sanctify your folly; and imagining that you are to be the means of introducing the millennium, you ask, 'if there is nothing which Christian men can do' towards that end? You want an universal peace without the Prince of Peace; you want the world more quiet, that men may be left more undisturbed in the enjoyment of selfish gratification; and you think that no one can penetrate the darkness in which you have enveloped history, both sacred and profane. Yes, you can do something to bring in universal peace; join together to beseech the Prince of Peace to come again, as He has promised to do, in the same way as that in which He was seen to go, and He will come and bring peace with Him; but without Him ye shall do nothing.

"At this moment every sovereign on Continental Europe has usurped over the rights of their nobles and of their people: the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Pope and his priests, the King of Naples, and all the minor absolute German princes. For this usurpation the people are vowing vengeance; and from England their leaders have issued proclamations calling on all subjects not to war with each other, but to unite in warring on all the reigning families, and put them to death. If you have any honesty and sincerity amongst you transfer your conference to Moscow, Vienna, or Constantinople, in all of which I can venture, though unauthorised, to promise you a reception much more consonant with your deserts than the urbanity of the Scotch are likely to give you in Edinburgh; and when the inhabitants of that city, and of Manchester, have been brought to dismiss their magistrates and police, and to rely upon the pacific disposition of the rabble in those towns, it will be time enough to begin to think about what may be done with the rest of Europe."

GLADSTONE IN COTTONOPOLIS.

MR. GLADSTONE has had his principal holiday demonstration in Manchester, suited by its greatness in trade to receive with honour the manager of the national money. The inauguration of the statue erected by the town to the memory of Peel made this oration of his greatest pupil very timely. The speeches and actions incident to the proceedings were all tinged with a tone of healthy triumph.

On Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone visited the Exchange. He entered by the main doors in St. Ann's-square, amid the loud cheers of a large concourse of persons. He was accompanied by the Mayor, Mr. R. Barnes, who introduced him to the commercial body, and walked through the room with him. The greatest anxiety was manifested to gain a sight of his person, and there was considerable cheering as he reached various points of the room, or returned. He appeared deeply moved by the great cordiality with which he was received, and bowed repeatedly as he went along. He departed shortly after two o'clock, and was again cheered as he left the building. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. J. C. Harter, whose guest he is, were with him. It was remarked, that he looked careworn.

On Wednesday, the ceremony of inaugurating the Peel statue took place. The site of the statue is on the open space facing the Infirmary, and looking down Market-street. At twelve o'clock, the spaces round this were filled by crowds of working people, as the majority of the artisans of the town had made holiday for the occasion. The houses were also decorated with large flags; and the festive nature of the proceedings was evident in the cheerful bearing of the crowds, and the well-dressed appearance of the working men. When the corporation came on the ground, the scene was diversified by the red and blue cloaks of the members of the corporation. The principal persons of Manchester society were also present; the Bishop of Manchester; Mr. Brown, M.P. for the county; Mr. Brotherton, M.P.; Mr. Bazley, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. Aspinall Turner. The housetops were crowded with people, and the windows filled with ladies. Altogether the picture presented was very gay and striking. Mr. Gladstone came on the ground, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, the Bishop of Oxford, and some other friends. He was received with enthusiastic cheering.

The first speech of the day was made by Alderman Potter. He referred with warm praise to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and stated the statistics of the money subscribed to build the statue. Over five thousand pounds had been contributed; a thousand firms had contributed, and many thousand working men had added their individual subscriptions. Sir John Potter then formally presented the statue to the Mayor—the statue being at this moment uncovered amid the cheers of the people. [The statue is colossal, and of bronze. It represents Peel speaking in "the House." The attitude is reported as good, but the features are said to be unlike.] The Mayor spoke, in accepting the trust, praising the statue highly as a work of art. Mr. Gladstone then came forward to speak. He pointed out, how Peel was not alone the chosen and beloved servant of the sovereign, but was, also, the favourite of the people; how he "thoroughly understood the working of our noble constitution," and appreciated the character of "that great, deliberate and popular assembly—the British House of Commons." Mr. Gladstone then calling himself a "pupil" of Sir Robert Peel's, praised him for "his purity of conscience;" and referred happily to the site of the statue—not in a gilded hall, but in the thoroughfare of a mighty city—in the centre of the heart of English trade.

The Town Hall was the scene of the next act. Addresses were presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer from three of the highest public corporations in Manchester—the Town Council, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Commercial Association. The addresses were more than usually warm and unreserved in their laudation, and Mr. Gladstone's private character was especially praised.

He rose amid cheering—very loud cheering—to speak in reply. With a very easy flow of natural oratory, he diverged from the usual expression of personal thanks to a very complete and pleasing picture of the industrial greatness of Manchester, and to the union of art and labour in its production. He then surveyed the present political situation. Party distinctions are much abated: and though there shall always be in all likelihood party machinery, yet it is gratifying to note, that there never was less of party feeling than last session; and yet, with many Government defeats on questions of secondary importance, there was a great amount of public work and business transacted, and many measures of great weight and importance were passed into law. Also differences had been softened, and political opponents had learned to think kindly of one another. He then referred at length, and with great clearness of pronouncement, to foreign affairs:—

"You have been pleased—I speak now of the address of the corporation, which I know represents the sentiments of the inhabitants of Manchester—you have been pleased to express your confidence that the Government which is now charged with public affairs will give effect to such measures as will conduce to the honour of the Crown and the benefit of the community. I value peculiarly and supremely—every member of the Administration must value as I do—this expression of your feelings. I am sure I do not misinterpret this reference to the honour of the Crown, when I interpret it with reference to the question in which, at the present moment, the honour of the Crown, as well as various other interests, are deeply involved—namely, the question of peace or war, which holds the mind of Europe in agitation and suspense from one extremity to the other. If you are persuaded that the honour of the Crown is safe in the hands of her Majesty's present advisers, I am sure that no testimony can convey to them a more gratifying feeling—I am sure that no testimony which can reach them will contribute more to strengthen their hands in the discharge of their public duty, and in bearing that conspicuous part which must belong to England in the consideration of every great European question. It was perhaps to be expected that the delays and vexations incident to these protracted negotiations would lead to a sentiment of impatience among a portion of the community. Undoubtedly it was to be expected in this free country that the measures and motives of the Government—especially while covered in some degree with a portion of necessary reserve—would not receive from every one an absolutely favourable construction. It was to be expected that the general sentiment on the present relations between Russia and Turkey, where there has been an overbearing aggression on the part of the former, would be that of eagerness and anxiety for some marked and positive demonstration on the part of England against the aggressor. But I venture to say that her Majesty's Government do not feel in the least degree disposed to shrink from any portion of the responsibility they have assumed in making every effort—in hoping, if that were necessary, against hope and beyond hope, which I am happy to say it is not—in hoping to the uttermost that their efforts would be successful in warding off the frightful calamity of a general war. No doubt the blood of Englishmen is up when they see oppression and aggression going on. No doubt a contest carried on between a stronger party and a weaker appeals forcibly to those feelings which we are accustomed to think eminently national. No doubt the lapse of time which has already passed without any apparent result, is calculated to try the patience of the community. But trust me, gentlemen, the measure of the real greatness of a people lies in their power of self-command and self-restraint. (Loud cheers.) That self-command and that self-restraint, whether exercised by a nation or by individuals, is always liable to be mistaken, and its action to be charged as indifference, feebleness, and cowardice. We know, I trust, the difference between them. We know that a dignified patience, and a sense of the duty which we owe as men and as Christians, will not be wanting in readiness when the time comes to vindicate the honour of the country. (Cheers.) What do we mean when we speak of a general war? Certainly there is a glare and a glory about the operations of war which appeal to some of the noblest elements of human nature, and which render us too little mindful, I fear, of its accompaniments. When we speak of a general war we do not speak of a real progress on the road to freedom—of real progress in the advancement of human intelligence. These may sometimes be the intentions—rarely, I fear, are they the results of war. When we speak of a general war we mean the face of nature stained with human gore—we mean the bread taken out of the mouths of millions—we mean taxation indefinitely increased, and trade and industry wofully diminished—we mean heavy burdens entailed upon our latest posterity—we mean that demoralization is let loose, families are broken up, and lust stalks unbridled in every country which is visited by the calamity of war. (Loud cheers.) If that be a true description of war, is it not also true that it is the absolute duty of the Government to exercise for themselves that self-command which they recommend to others, and that they should labour to the uttermost for the adoption of any and every honourable expedient which may be the means of averting that frightful scourge. (Loud cheers.) I am certain—I might have anticipated it before, but at this moment I can have no doubt, after the expression of your feelings which you have just given—that these are the sentiments which animate the peaceful community of Great Britain, associated as they are in the works of industry and enterprise, and who, as practical men, come into close contact with questions of public policy. They know the dangers we have to encounter, the difficulties we have to meet, and by their generous confidence I am sure we shall be supported. In Parliament Ministers have repeatedly admitted, as you are aware, that it is their duty to maintain what is called—and with some qualification truly called—the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. But we know when we speak of that integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, that we do not use the terms exactly in the same sense in which we would speak of the integrity and independence of England or of France, because the Ottoman Empire describes a sovereignty which is full of anomalies, the source of much weakness and difficulty, the affairs of which, from five years to five years, ever since we were born, and long before, have been the subject of European discussion and arrangement. We do not mean to express any opinion upon those deep questions which develop themselves out of the peculiar internal organization of the Ottoman Empire. So far as the European dominions of the Sultan are concerned, we know that it presents this extraordinary political solecism, that three millions of persons professing the Mussulman faith, exercise—I will not call it despotism, but I will call it by the mild name of dominion and sovereignty—over twelve millions of our fellow-Christians. We don't intend to enter into the various questions which arise out of this state of things. But what we say is this, that it is necessary to have some regulation in the distribution of power in Europe, and that the absorption of territory, by one Power in the government of Europe, which would follow upon its conquest of the Ottoman Empire, would be so dangerous to the peace of Europe, that it is the duty of England, at whatever cost, to set herself against it. That principle has been fully recognised in all discussions and all measures taken in connexion with the great Eastern question. But, having made that recognition, and having laid down the condition that the absorption of the Ottoman Empire by external force cannot be permitted—subject to that condition, and to any reasonable interpretation which that condition involves—her Majesty's Government have adopted, and have acted upon the principle that it is their duty, if necessary, against or beyond hope, at all events as long as a rational hope exists, to labour for the maintenance of peace. (Loud cheers.) Now, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, that is what the Government has desired to do. There has grown up in Europe of late years a practice of combining the great Powers for the settlement of difficulties arising in different parts. Many benevolent persons have been most desirous that a system of international arbitration should take the place of war, with all its frightful consequences. This is not the opportunity to discuss the theory of those gentlemen, considered as a theory, but it is an opportunity on which we may observe, not without satisfaction, that some degree of real progress has been made and exemplified within the last twenty years in the history of Europe towards the substitution of arbitration for war. The miseries of war between Belgium and Holland were prevented by the intervention of some of the great Powers of Europe, not by a perfect machinery, but by a machinery that was better than no machinery at all. That influence of the great Powers was used to bring to a termination the civil war that afflicted Spain, and on other European questions a similar influence was exercised with similar effect. In the case of the Ottoman dominions themselves, in the year 1840, a war between the Pacha of Egypt and the Sultan was brought to a determination by the agency of the European Powers. The kingdom of Greece, which we may live to see, or at all events our children may live to see, playing an honourable part in the affairs of Europe—that kingdom was relieved from the consequences of war by a similar action on the part of the great Powers of Europe. It is well that so much has been done; and these are cases in which the effusion of blood was prevented, or its continuance was stopped, by pacific intervention. That intervention is to be distinguished from a meddlesome intervention, that would involve us in particular quarrels; because it is not an intervention of an officious State undertaking to settle the affairs of its neighbours, but it is the intervention or agency of States that represent the combined force of Europe, and have a right to say to Europe, with something like authority, that a particular corner or portion of Europe shall not break the general peace, or set us all by the ears on account of petty local arrangements, and to recommend to them to enter into arrangements that will be for the interest of and satisfactory to all parties. Such an intervention is devoid, I know, of the heroic and romantic appearance that belongs to achievements in war; it is clogged with intrigue, vexation, and delay and chicane. That is true; but as the result contemplated is the saving of the effusion of human blood, and the averting of a calamity that would disturb the operations of industry, and deprive nations of their subsistence, surely the sacrifice is small, and surely the reward is great. (Loud cheers.) Now, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, I have detained you much longer than I thought I should have done, but I have been led

onward, I must say, by your kindness and indulgence, to speak to a greater extent in regard to matters of foreign policy than I had intended. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, you must know, gentlemen, in his official capacity, is opposed pretty nearly to all wars—(Laughter)—but at the same time the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in his official capacity is also of opinion that good financial arrangements are amongst the most important preparations for war, when a war is necessary; and so far as finance is concerned, I do not think that England has ever been better prepared for a war than at present. (Loud cheering.) Matters have been reduced to a state of simplicity; and in adverting to certain persons who have been more anxious to resort to arms than I could wish, I must say I really suppose those gentlemen are so satisfied with the present legislative acceptance of the income-tax by the masses of the people, which has been embodied in an act of Parliament for a term of seven years, that they think it would be convenient to bring in a bill to double or treble the income-tax—a simple operation, so far as the House of Commons is concerned. (Laughter.) Twelve months ago we heard much of a measure that would produce a good deal of money, namely, the doubling of the house-tax; there may be a portion, but surely not a large portion of the community, with which that measure would become popular. (Laughter.) But I can assure you that it is not only as charged in my official capacity with the finances of the country that I deprecate war—because we all, advisers of the Crown, and responsible in this great question of European policy, entertain the same sentiments—whether as a Minister, a Christian, or a man, I cannot but entertain from the bottom of my heart those principles; and, moreover, those are the principles on which her Majesty's Ministers have endeavoured to secure the honour of the Crown and the best interests of the country. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. Gladstone then adverted to questions of domestic policy. He drew attention to the fact, that although we had repealed two millions of taxes in the last session, and although the new taxes imposed in lieu were but very partially in operation, still the quarter's revenue showed increase—a sure sign that the country is prosperous. Adverting to the expectation of other taxes being repealed, he referred the question entirely to financial exigencies, and caused some laughter by speaking of the paper duty being repealed "when the proper time arrives, and when circumstances permit it." The income tax he characterized as impossible of reconstruction, and not suitable as a part of our ordinary taxation. Ministers, therefore, had in the last session passed measures which would enable the Parliament of 1860 to freely judge whether the income tax should be continued or not. Mr. Gladstone then drew his long speech to a worthy close. In a fervid spirit of gladness—yet grave from much thought—he spoke of what free trade had done in lightening the task of labour and adding to the comforts of the working man, and expressed a hope that the example set by England would pass over the surface of the earth.

A banquet to a select party of one hundred then succeeded. Mr. Gladstone spoke briefly in proposing the Mayor's health. The Bishop of Oxford also happily spoke, urging the necessity of educating the people. Manchester, which had spent 1,200,000*l.* in bringing pure water from the distant hills to supply the physical necessities of the people, should not withhold its aid when the question was to bring waters of a higher and purer nature to the countless multitude. With this worthy sentiment the happy proceedings of the day fitly ended.

On Thursday, Mr. Gladstone was present at the consecration of a new church at Denton, a village five miles from Manchester. The church was built mainly through the generosity and zeal of the Reverend Mr. Greswell, a personal friend and old acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone. There were two bishops at the ceremony—the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Manchester. After the consecration, a luncheon took place. Speeches were made, showing the personal character of the clergyman of the parish, and illustrating other local notabilities. Mr. Gladstone also spoke briefly, and on the topic of the day. At a later period of the day, Mr. Gladstone assisted at laying the foundation-stone of a new school.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LETTER XCIV.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Oct. 13, 1853.

A RIDICULOUS concoction of rumours from Germany, emanating from the prints in the interest of Russia, had, at the beginning of this week, led public opinion astray. The *Journal des Débats* and the *Assemblée Nationale* in France, the *Independance Belge* in Belgium, the *Journal de Frankfort*, in Germany, the *Times* in England, had maliciously propagated, or stupidly adopted the report that the Czar consented to accept the Vienna Note with its new interpretation. The gaping public was the dupe of this fabrication. It forgot that the *rôle* of the Cossacks of Russia, as of *the Cossacks* in France, Germany, and Belgium, and England, is to arrest by false rumours of peace the general movement of public spirit.

To throw uncertainty into public opinion, to chill the Governments, to suspend the effect of the meetings in England—such is the evident object of these manœuvres. Had not the despatches brought by the British steamer *Fury* arrived opportunely, they would have been crowned with success. On the Bourse of Paris there was a rise of three francs just before the *Fury* arrived with the official declaration of war by the Sultan. Private letters came to confirm and explain this fact.

The standard of the Prophet has been unfurled on the mosque of St. Sophia; that is the signal to all believers of the holy war. Gold and silver amassed by the Ulemas in the recesses of the mosques, devoted by the piety of the faithful to this eventuality, have been placed at the disposal of the Sultan. When the decision of the Sultan was known, the entire population of Constantinople, which thronged the gates of the palace where the council was assembled, welcomed it with acclamations. An enthusiasm impossible to describe prevailed. On the other hand, Austria, that pretended *neutral* power, has betrayed by its prudential orders its secret designs. Orders have been given at the Austrian legation, to all Austrian subjects, to leave Constantinople; and the whole of the residents of that nation in the Turkish capital embarked on board the *Custozza* steamer in consequence. Surely this step is significant; it proves clearly enough to the least acute vision that Austria is disposed not to observe neutrality, but rather to assist the Russian operations against Turkey. Large bodies of Austrian troops are concentrated on the Servian frontier. These movements are so serious that they have decided Omer Pacha to send into Servia a detachment of his forces to act as the nucleus of a corps to resist the Austrians. Meanwhile hostilities have begun on the borders of the Danube. Besides some stray shots from island to island, in parts where the river is divided into several branches, Omer Pacha has given orders to sink every boat which appears on the Danube. As long as peace was preserved the Russians made use of the river to transport their provisions and ammunition. Now they can no longer do this. This order of Omer Pacha's explains the cessation of the packet service of the Danubian Company, which had thirty-five boats employed in running to Galatz. Imagine the effect of all this sudden news on the Bourse. The funds fell a franc and a half in three days. Countless rumours were flying about. Some English journals had talked vaguely about the despatch of a portion of the Channel Fleet in some direction or other, a hint which our jobbers improved upon with infinite inventiveness. A movement of troops in the neighbourhood of Marseilles having been observed, it was concluded that two armies were being formed; one, the army of the Alps, to cross Piedmont and revolutionize Lombardy against Austria; the other, the army of the East, to go to Constantinople to protect that city against the Russians.

At length, we are assured, the united fleets have left Besika Bay, and actually entered the Golden Horn on the 7th inst. All this is possible enough; for my own part, I take the liberty not to believe a word of it.

No more than I do the announcement of the *Times* that our two Governments have presented a new ultimatum to the Czar. One must be a simpleton not to understand that the Czar will think twice before he answers "yes" or "no" to any ultimatum of that sort: he will simply avail himself of the occasion this indefatigably blundering diplomacy offers him to wear out, by renewed delays, by false hopes and shuffling expectations skilfully proposed and opportunely withdrawn, the patience and public spirit of Europe. The question will, I say, remain after such an ultimatum, or a volume of Notes, just what it was before. It will be little to the honour of your country if such a *denoument* has been imagined by the brains of your aristocratic bunglers.

Our Grand Emperor is amusing himself, nevertheless. He goes out shooting. The other day he informed us, through the *Moniteur*, that in a day's sport in the park of Versailles he had shot 117 head of game from his own gun. One must allow that the game was very obliging. On Wednesday the great man left for Compiegne. To day he goes a hunting. A very select circle of visitors is invited to form the imperial circle at Compiegne. Perhaps it is that a great many have declined the indispensable condition of an invitation to the Chateau—namely, to don the gold and green livery of Bonaparte. Only your Ambassador, I believe, submits to this pleasantry without a scruple.

Some arrests have been made again of late. About thirty journeymen hatters were arrested last Saturday night in the Faubourg du Temple. The police will make it out to be a political affair, while, in truth, it is nothing but a question of wages. The working men wanted to strike: their chiefs were arrested on the pretext of political plotting. That is the secret of the whole affair. The trial of the conspiracy of the Opéra Comique was fixed for the 27th inst.: it is now deferred till November 7. The police have made no further discoveries. They don't even know to what parties the men already arrested belong. There are 17 accused. Jules Favre is to be one of the counsel for the defence.

We are enjoying the luxury of miracles hitherto unknown in this blessed land of France. Every Bishop aspires to work a little miracle on his own account. The Bishop of Amiens has recently returned from Rome with an entire corpse; he alleges it to be the body of a Saint of the second century. Why not? The national guard of Amiens has been convoked to escort this new (and very old) saint to her last resting-place (if she can be supposed to want rest at this time of day) in the Cathedral. The Saint's name is, or was, Theodosia. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, who is anxious about the prospects of his vintages, threatened with the oïdium, a fungus which rots away the grape in less than a week, has lately favoured us with a remarkable receipt for getting rid of this blight; it is simply to attach to each bunch of grapes a medal of the Virgin Mary. If the medal has been blessed by the Pope, need I say? the cure is infallible. Pray make this singular experiment known to your hot-houses in England. If those fine fellows of Irishmen want to save their potatoes, they have only to tie a medal of the Holy Virgin to the stalks! Shade of Voltaire! This is what we have come to in France in the latter half of the nineteenth century!

S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE literary event of the week at Paris has been the publication of the first volume of the *Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris*, by Doctor Veron, Doctor of the Faculty of Paris, ex-director of the *Revue de Paris*, ex-director of the Opera, ex-director of the *Constitutionnel*, ex-adviser of the Elysée, inventor of the Pate Regnauld, &c. &c. These memoirs were looked for with some curiosity, as it was known that Dr. Véron had enjoyed peculiar opportunities of knowing every phase of the world of Paris, from an Emperor to a *danseuse*, including statesmen, representatives, financiers, stockbrokers, journalists, men of wit, of pleasure, of politics, of science, of art, of the Bourse; besides the world of actresses and *lorettes*.

The latest intelligence from Constantinople is to the 6th ult. On the 1st inst. the Sultan, acceding to the unanimous voice of the Grand Council ordered Omer Pasha to declare to Prince Gortshakoff that unless the Russian troops should evacuate the Principalities within fifteen days, war would be considered to be declared. Omer Pasha was instructed to give Prince Gortshakoff time to communicate with St. Petersburg if necessary, and in the meantime to be ready to commence operations, but not in any case to cross the Danube. Until he receives fresh orders his operations will be confined to harassing the enemy by impeding the communications which he keeps up by means of the river, and by opposing any attempt which may be made by the Russians to cross it. The Sultan had addressed a manifesto to the nation, and had called upon the Western Powers (France and England) to afford him their moral and material support. On the 27th ult. orders had been sent to the Admirals to enter the Dardanelles. The combined squadrons are now before Constantinople. A fresh levy of 150,000 men was decreed, which would raise the effective force of the Turkish army to 300,000 men. The Black Sea is closed to vessels under the Russian flag, but remains open to neutrals. All the remaining Russian Consuls and officials have left Tnrkey.

After the declaration of war the representatives of the various Powers had paid a visit to the Sultan. His Highness requested them to assure their respective sovereigns that his wish was to settle his differences with the Emperor of Russia amicably; but he added, that his ancestors had captured Constantinople with sword in hand, and that if fate ordained that it should fall to another master, the Turks would quit the country sword in hand, or die as soldiers for their national faith.

Prince Menschikoff has been appointed Governor (*exécuteur des hautes œuvres de l'Empereur*) of the Moldo-Wallachian Provinces, with *surveillance* of the movements of the fleet in the Black Sea. This appointment does not look like an intention to evacuate the Provinces. It is also reported that the aged Prince Paskiewitz, who lately figured at Olmutz, and is best known as the man who restored "order" at Warsaw, has been appointed Generalissimo of the troops in the Provinces. A private letter from Moldavia states that the reigning Prince of Moldavia had resolved to resign his functions, but had been opposed in his anxiety to abandon his discreditable position by Prince Gortshakoff.

Prince Sterbey, the Hospodar of Wallachia, having requested of Prince Gortshakoff 60,000 ducats (28,800*l.*) on account, to pay the contractors for the army, received no direct reply to his application, but on the following day the Russian Consul General forwarded a polite note to the Hospodar, demanding the discharge of the debt due by the Province to the Russian Government for the expenses of occupation, in 1848.

The movement of Russian troops in the Provinces increases. Fifteen battalions of infantry, and a park of thirty-two pieces of artillery had passed through Bucharest. General Luders had arrived there. The Russian army occupy four camps—one at a short distance from Bucharest, the second at Majorela, the third at Kalonkaren, and the fourth at Serbanetski. Prince Gortshakoff had inspected them.

The accounts from Persia are contradictory. On the one hand, they are reported to be unfavourable to Turkish interests. The Shah has gathered together an army of from 50,000 to 60,000 men on the Turkish frontier. An attack had been made upon the town of Coual, and also upon a Turkish village, by the Persians, who had occupied them. Russian influence is known to be very powerful at Teheran. The Emperor of Russia is stated to have signified his willingness to make the most lenient conditions with regard to the forty millions of the Russian loan. All the members of the Persian Embassy have been decorated at St. Petersburg, and it is said that these acts of kindness are to be remunerated by a grateful display of hostility towards the Turks. On the other hand, a letter from Erzeroum, of the 18th ult., announces, the Court of Teheran warmly supported by the British Minister, had rejected

the propositions of the Russian Government to commence hostilities against the Turks.

The Indian Mail reports, that the Persians have occupied Herat. But this requires confirmation.

The three Sovereigns have met at Warsaw. On the evening of the 2nd inst., the Emperor of Austria left Vienna for Warsaw; and on the same evening, the King of Prussia, persuaded at last by a third and pressing invitation from the Czar, started from Berlin, attended by two aides de camp.

On the 7th inst., the King of Prussia returned to Berlin, accompanied by the Emperor of Russia, and proceeded to Potsdam, where he remained in retirement with his Imperial guest at Sans Souci. On the 8th, the *Zeit*, the organ of M. de Manteuffel, the Prussian Prime Minister, came out with a declaration of Prussian policy in the event of war—as that of a "commanding neutrality." This article appearing during the stay of the Czar at Sans Souci, created a sensation, and was regarded as an official demonstration. It appears to us, that the article of the *Zeit* is rather favourable to Russia than otherwise. According to the treaty of 1841, the part of Prussia would be to join the Western Powers in resisting Russian aggression on Turkey.

On the night of the 9th inst., the Czar departed for St. Petersburg. He was accompanied to the railway station by the King. The Sunday, we are told, was spent at Potsdam in the quietest and most unpretending manner. The King attended Divine service in the garrison Kirch in Potsdam; the Emperor in the Greek chapel of the Russian Colony Alexandrewska, near Potsdam. At eleven o'clock, there was Church parade of the 1st battalion of the First Regiment of Guards and Hussars, and their Majesties repaired to the Palace in Potsdam, and subsequently to Sans Souci. There were no guests invited, beyond the Russian Generals in the Emperor's suite and Baron Budberg, in addition to the more immediate Royal circle At Potsdam, as at Olmutz and Warsaw, the Czar expressed himself most emphatically in favour of peace, and of the independence of the Porte.

M. de Manteuffel, who had been commanded to Potsdam for a conference, was retained to dinner by the two Monarchs.

The Grand Duke Alexander was expected at Odessa in the beginning of this month.

The presence of the Duke of Nemours in the neighbourhood of the Turkish camp, travelling under the name of Samblon, and accompanied by a distinguished officer named de Reillez, excited many conjectures and some uneasiness. The Duc de Nemours had previously visited the Russian camp, where he was treated with marked distinction.

Russia has, it is known, secured the neutrality of Austria and Prussia; but in the case of the former Power it would be a neutrality useful to Russia, and injurious to Turkey, and would involve the occupation of Servia. Prussia would be content with checking any movement in Poland.

A letter from Trebizonde, of the 21st September, gives some interesting details on the situation of the surrounding country. The city, it says, was well fortified, and perfectly secure from any attack by sea. The Turkish army in Asia Minor was numerous, in excellent order, and well commanded. The Russian troops were infeaior in number, and almost entirely concentrated in Georgia and Circassia, and the Russian Commander-in-Chief, who resides in Tiflis, had found it necessary to send an officer of his staff to St. Petersburg to demand reinforcements.

The Turkish Government has resolved upon increasing the army in Asia, and it is the general opinion that hostilities will commence there. The Turkish forces in Asia are stationed along the line stretching from Erzeroum to Batum. This army is, however, chiefly composed of irregular soldiers, and at present does not exceed 40,000 men. Measures are being taken for its immediate increase, and on the offensive being taken by Turkey, an endeavour will be made to carry the seat of war as near to the Caucasus as possible, a junction with the Circassians being naturally considered very desirable.

The regular packet service of the Danubian Steamship Company in connexion with the Austrian Lloyds at Galatz, is suspended between Orsova. Thus communications between Austria and Turkey are interrupted. The Company possesses as many as thirty-five steamers on this service. It is probably, therefore, the threatening attitune of the hostile armies which has causen this suspension of the river packet service.

All furloughs have been suspended in the Austrian army.

Martin Kossta has been finally liberated, and has sailed for the United States in a Baltimore brig.

It is reported that Generals Dombinski and Klapka have accepted commands in the Turkish army.

Numerous arrests have taken place in Austrian Italy, and even in Piedmont, of refugees.

General Goyon and the other French officers who visited the camp at Olmutz, were, as we mentioned last week, invited to Warsaw by the Czar. They received permission by telegraphic message to accept the invitation. Eight hours after, counter-orders reached General Goyon to return to Paris. It is said that when Louis Napoleon found that no English officers were invited to Warsaw, he would not countenance an evident insult to England, designed to create distrust and jealousy between England and France. It has been the unceasing aim of Russia to render an alliance of the two Powers impossible.

The import duties on grains into the States of the Church have been suspended until February, 1854.

A decree by the Piedmontese Government reduces the duty on corn to one-fourth, and that on other grain to one-half of its present amount.

The *Madrid Gazette* of the 5th, publishes the royal decree for the convocation of the Cortes, with the Ministerial report on the same subject presented to the Queen. The new Cabinet condemns its predecessors for governing without a Parliament, declaring the co-operation of the Cortes with the Government to be necessary to legalise the existence and action of the Cabinet. It was reported that Narvaez would be President of the Senate.

THE FAR EAST.

THE American squadron, under Commodore Perry, reached Japan on the 8th of July and left again on the 17th. It was well received, but the opening of Japan was postponed to the spring of 1854.

The rebellion in China continued to progress, and Pekin was expected to fall soon, and with it the Hien-foung dynasty.

The accounts from Burmah are unsatisfactory. The war party at Ava was increasing in strength. The King alone prevents war. Our new provinces are overrun with large bands of robbers, who lay them waste, with the view of driving the inhabitants into Burmah. These bands are so strong that it has been judged prudent to increase the force at Prome. Our troops are sickly.

The Persians have obtained possession of Herat.

OUR SEAMEN IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

THE despatches from the commanders of the vessels sent with the object of finding Sir John Franklin, or traces of him, are very interesting in every point of view.

Lieutenant Inglefield was sent from home in the *Phœnix*, to land stores on Beechy Island, and to give despatches to Sir Edward Belcher. The ice prevented his approach to Beechy Island, and he left the stores on Cape Riley. He then went by land from Cornwallis Island to Cape Rescue, and there found that Captain Pullen, of the *North Star*, his companion ship, had already communicated with Sir Edward. His land voyage was very trying, but the ordinary perils of the ships are thus indicated:—

"On the 17th of August a heavy gale from the south-east set the ice on to the Cape so suddenly and with such violence, that both ships narrowly escaped being lost. The *Phœnix* was severely nipped, the ice bearing down upon her with such force that the six hawsers and two cables laid out were snapped like pack-thread, and the ship forced against the land ice, lifting her stern five feet, and causing every timber to groan. The hands were turned up to be ready in case the ship should break up, though there would have been small chance, in such an event, of saving a man, as the wind blew so violently with snow that it was impossible to face it, and the ice in motion around the ship was boiling up in a manner that would have defied getting a safe footing to the most active of our crew."

In another part of the report he describes the handling of the ship when blocked up in the ice—

"In the evening a small crack along the north shore to the eastward was observed, and we immediately shipped the anchor, and steamed up, but it closed ere we could reach it; we therefore returned for the night, but in the morning I was glad to find it again opened, and we proceeded under full steam and sail with a light northerly wind, towards the eastward. Nothing but a powerful steamer could have effected her escape at that period, and now with one or two slight detentions for a couple of hours, we made out of the Straits."

In the *Investigator*, Captain M'Clure has effected the North-West Passage. When at Cape Parry open water to the northward induced Captain M'Clure to push for Banks' Land, and when about sixty miles from this cape they fell in with an unknown coast, which was named Baring Island. Passing up a strait between this island and a coast that was called Prince Albert's Land, they reached the latitude of 73 deg., where ice impeded their further progress. The season suddenly changing, the ship was beset, and forced to winter in the pack. On the 14th of July, 1851, the ice broke up, and freeing the ship, an endeavour was made to push to the northward towards Melville Island, but an impenetrable pack precluded their completing what their autumn travelling parties had proved to be the north-west passage. An attempt was now made to round the southern shore of Baring Island, and proceed up the west side, and with great peril to the vessel they succeeded in reaching as far as latitude 74.6, and longitude 117.12, where they were frozen in on the 24th of September, 1851, and have never since been able to move the ship. But from this point he sent on Lieutenant Cresswell, who crossed by land, and came home with Lieutenant Inglefield in the *Phœnix*.

There are two remarkable discoveries mentioned in Captain M'Clure's journal, viz., some smoking hillocks and a petrified forest. He also states that during his intercourse with the natives, he only once met with any hostile demonstrations. This occurred at Point Warren, near the Mackenzie, where, on attempting to land, two natives with threatening gestures waved them off; it was not without much difficulty that they were pacified, and then they related that all their tribe but the chief and his sick son, had fled on seeing the ship, alleging as a reason that they feared the ship had come to revenge the death of a white man they had murdered some time ago. They (through the interpreter) related that some white men had come there in a boat, and that they built themselves a house and lived there; at last the natives murdered one, and the others escaped they knew not where, but the murdered man was buried in a spot they pointed out.

The following is the principal part of Captain M'Clure's despatch. The coolness with which the gallant adventurer contemplates the danger of his position, and warns followers against a search that may be fruitless, is worthy of remark.

"Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief, and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left at the door of the house on Whaler's Point, or on some conspicuous point; if, however, on the contrary, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may be at once surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from being carried into the Polar Sea or smashed in Barrow's Straits, and no survivors left; if such should be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further westward for our relief, as by the period that any vessel could reach that port we must, from want of provisions, all have perished; in such a case I would submit that the officer may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more. As, however, it may occur (as was the case with Sir John Ross) that the ice may not break up in Prince Regent's Inlet during the whole summer, it is as well to provide against such a contingency. If such should happen, it would be necessary to winter at Port Leopold, unless apprised of the locality of any ship that might be sent to our relief, which I think might be accomplished without any very great difficulty, as, although such vessel may not be enabled to get far up the straits, yet, as Admiralty Inlet would be pretty certain of being clear of ice, she might proceed thither, and in some secure bay freeze in, and when the Straits are firmly frozen over about the middle of October, a small travelling party could be despatched with the intelligence; the whole would then proceed to her, and although rather late in the season, men working for their lives are not likely to be discouraged by a little cold. Whatever may be the final termination of this long, tedious, but, I hope, not unimportant voyage, I hope, sir, that you will assure their lordships that in every stage I have been guided entirely by what I have considered to be my duty in prosecuting to the utmost the object for which the expedition was fitted out, although we have not succeeded in obtaining any information which could throw the slightest clue upon the fate of our missing countrymen. I hope that the services performed in the tracing of a very great extent of coast line, the discovery of much land—a portion inhabited by a simple and primitive people not hitherto known, and, above all, the accurate knowledge of that passage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans which for so many hundred years has baffled maritime Europe—its very existence being almost considered sceptical—will, I trust, be considered events sufficiently interesting and important to elicit from their lordships a favourable consideration of our services."

Sir Edward Belcher examined Wellington Channel, but found nothing of importance. He says:—

"I think I may safely say, that not the most distant hope of any communication by sea exists in this direction with Jones's Sound. Although, from the fogs and vapours which were particularly noticed from the crow's-nest on board, and by myself from the deck, exhibiting at times the appearance of smoke from fires, I am inclined to suspect extensive lakes or arms of the sea, &c., running parallel to the northern land, and possibly connecting by some very narrow neck, but westerly much, as it would otherwise materially influence the tides in this region. Throughout this very interesting search not a particle of drift wood has been noticed since quitting Village Point, and not a trace of human beings. Animal life seems to fail after quitting Exmouth Island. It is possible that the snow may have covered many objects, but we noticed them even when heavier snow had fallen on Table Island. If our unfortunate countrymen have 'taken the floe and drifted with it,' their case is hopeless. If we may judge from the aspects of the floes, where they had come into collision, or where they piled themselves in layers over forty feet on the north-western extremities of the islands, the feeling was disheartening. We noticed nothing equal to it in Melville Bay. Our only resource now is the close search of the coast line west and south-westerly and north and easterly for any traces of vessels or crews.

"From our examination of this northern sea, I now feel convinced that the so-termed Smith and Jones's Sounds are connected immediately with this northern sea. If Franklin passed easily through Lancaster Sound to try the opening of Jones's or Smith's outlets, we may yet fall upon his traces, as my own spring movements will carry me in that direction. Commander Pullen or Mr. M'Cormick may have already, in part, settled this important question; they were fully impressed by me with the importance of that course of search."

A sad story is added to these northern tales. The gallant young Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who volunteered to accompany the expedition, was sent by Commander Pullen, from the *North Star*, across land to the *Assistance* with despatches for Sir Edward Belcher. Four men accompanied him. One of them tells the narrative.

"We got the provisions on shore on Wednesday, the 17th. After we had done that there remained on the ice David Hook, A.B., Lieut. Bellot, and myself, having with us the sledge Macintosh, awning, and little boat. Commenced trying to draw the boat and sledge to the southward, but found the ice driving so fast; left the sledge and took the boat only, but the wind was so strong at the time that it blew the boat over and over. We then took the boat with us under shelter of a piece of ice, and M. Bellot and ourselves commenced cutting an ice-house with our knives for shelter. M. Bellot sat for half an hour in conversation with us talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American expedition were driven up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, 'I know they were; and when the Lord protects us not a hair of our heads shall be touched!' I then asked M. Bellot what time it was? He replied, 'About a quarter

past eight A.M.' (Thursday, the 18th), and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, 'M. Bellot!' but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his 'south-wester' being tied down, he could not rise."

The man was asked, "Do you think M. Bellot was afraid?" and he answered "No, Sir; he was a good officer." Another man of the party states that Lieutenant Bellot made a remark to him a short time before he was lost, saying nothing made him more happy than to think that he was not on shore, for knowing his duty as an officer he would see the last danger, adding that he would rather die here than be on shore to be saved.

A very interesting letter describes the meeting between Lieutenant Pim, of the *Resolute*, and Captain M'Clure:—

"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Captain M'Clure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's making the Harbour of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryat, were he alive.

"M'Clure and his first lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face as black as my hat); this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

"At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on M'Clure asking him, 'Who are you, and where are you come from?'—'Lieutenant Pim, *Herald*, Captain Kellett.' This was more inexplicable to M'Clure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light; he says:—'He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jambed there, in their endeavour to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency; in fact, all was changed on board the *Investigator*.'"

The whole narrative shows us that the Arctic Seas have afforded a naval school, in which our brave sailors have learned their old lesson of doing their duty with cheerful courage.

[It appeared by our report last week as if the *Investigator* had completed the North-west Passage. This was an error. Lieutenant Cresswell, sent with despatches from the *Investigator*, completed the passage by a transit partly across the ice.]

AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP.

MR. EVERETT ON THE CUBA QUESTION.

A VERY good specimen of the state papers, issued by American statesmen, is Mr. Everett's reply to Lord John Russell's letter on the Cuba question. Mr. Everett, being no longer a Minister, writes in his private capacity, but expressly in answer to Lord John Russell's despatch. After stating calmly that American state papers, sneered at by the English newspapers for their length, are extended because American ministers expound their views in this way and not by speeches, the writer defends the matter of his former despatch.

"That sketch of the territorial changes which have taken place on this continent during the last century, was intended as an illustration of the proposition, that our entire history shows it to be chimerical to attempt, in reference to specific measures, to bind up for all future time the discretion of a Government established in a part of the world of which so much is still lying in a state of nature. I had another motive. The public opinion of Christendom, created in a good degree by the press, has become an element of great and increasing influence in the conduct of international affairs. Now, it is very much the habit of a considerable portion of the European press to speak of the steady and rapid extension of the territory of the United States as the indication of a grasping spirit on the part of their Government and people. The subject is rarely alluded to by one school of transatlantic public writers for any other purpose. Thus the public mind of the civilized world is poisoned against us. There is not only manifested on the part of these writers an entire insensibility to the beauty and grandeur of the work that is going on—more beneficent if possible to Europe than to us, in the relief it is affording her—but we are actually held up at times as a nation of land pirates. It was partly my object to counteract this disposition; to show that our growth had been a natural growth; that our most important accessions of territory had taken place by great national transactions, to which England, France, and Spain had been parties; and in other cases by the operation of causes which necessarily influence the occupation and settlement of a new country, in strict conformity with the laws of nations, and not in violation of them."

Mr. Everett then points out that the organization in the United States of the Cuban expedition is fully paralleled by the permission accorded by the English Government to Mazzini, Kossuth, and other refugees, to direct from London aggressions on foreign power. He does not defend the conduct of the expeditionary parties, and shows how they were discouraged by the President of the United States. He describes the actual state of Cuba:—

"There is, no doubt, widely prevalent in this country, a feeling that the people of Cuba are justly disaffected to the Government of Spain. A recent impartial French traveller, M. Ampére, confirms the impression. All the ordinary political rights enjoyed in free countries are denied to the people of the island. The Government is, in principle, the worst form of despotism—viz., absolute authority delegated to a military viceroy, and supported by an army from abroad. I speak of the nature of the Government, and not of the individuals by whom it is administered, for I have formed a very favourable opinion of the personal character of the present captain-general, as of one or two of his predecessors. Of the bad faith and the utter disregard of treaties with which this bad Government is administered, your committees on the slave trade have spoken plainly enough at the late session of Parliament. Such being the state of things in Cuba, it does not seem to me very extraordinary or reproachful, that throughout the United States a handful of misguided young men should be found ready to join a party of foreigners, headed by a Spanish general, who was ready to persuade them, not as you view it, 'by armed invasion, to excite the obedient to revolt, and the tranquil to disturbance,' but, as they were led to believe, to aid an oppressed people in their struggles for freedom. There is no reason to doubt that there are at this moment as many persons, foreigners as well as natives, in England, who entertain these feelings and opinions, as in the United States; and if Great Britain lay at a distance of 110 miles from Cuba, instead of 3500, you might not, with all your repressive force, find it easy to prevent a small steamer, disguised as a trading vessel, from slipping off from an outport in the night on an unlawful enterprise."

Mr. Everett then characterizes the former conduct, in respect of aggressions, of France and England—the two Powers who now ask the United States to refrain from taking Cuba:—

"Consider, too, the recent antecedents of the Powers that invite us to disable ourselves to the end of time from the acquisition in any way of this natural appendage to our continent. France within the present century, to say nothing of the acquisition of Louisiana, has wrested a moiety of Europe from its native sovereigns; has possessed herself by force of arms, and at the time greatly to the discontent of England, of six hundred miles of the northern coast of Africa, with an indefinite extension into the interior; and has appropriated to herself one of the most important insular groups of the Pacific. England, not to mention her other numerous recent acquisitions in every part of the globe, has, even since your despatch of the 16th of February was written, annexed half of the Burman Empire to her overgrown Indian possessions, on grounds—if the statements of Mr. Cobden's pamphlet are to be relied upon—compared with which the reasons assigned by Russia for invading Turkey are respectable. The United States do not require to be advised of 'the utility of those rules for the observance of international relations which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the law of nations.' They are known and obeyed by us under the same venerable name. Certain circumstances in our history have caused them to be studied more generally and more anxiously here than in Europe. From the breaking out of the wars of the French Revolution to the year 1812, the United States knew the law of nations only as the victims of its systematic violation by the great maritime Powers of Europe. For these violations on the part of England, prior to 1794, indemnification was made under the seventh article of Jay's treaty. For similar injuries on the part of France we were compelled to accept an illusory set-off under the Convention of 1800. A few years only elapsed before a new warfare upon our neutral rights was commenced by the two Powers. One hundred millions, at least, of American property were swept from the seas under the British orders in council, and the French, Berlin, and Milan decrees. These orders and decrees were at the time reciprocally declared to be in contravention of the law of nations by the two Powers themselves, each speaking of the measures of the other party. In 1831, after the generation of the original sufferers had sunk under their ruined fortunes to the grave, France acknowledged her decrees to have been of that character by a late and partial measure of indemnification. For our enormous losses under the British orders in council, we not only never received indemnification, but the sacrifices and sufferings of war were added to those spoliations on our commerce, and invasion of our neutral rights, which led to its declaration. Those orders were at the time regarded by the Lansdownes, the Barings, the Broughams, and the other enlightened statesmen of the school to which you belong, as a violation of right and justice, as well as of sound policy; and within a very few years the present distinguished Lord Chief Justice, placed by yourself at the head of the tribunals of England, has declared that 'the orders in council were grievously unjust to neutrals, and it is now generally allowed that they were contrary to the law of nations and our own municipal law.' That I call, my lord, to borrow your expression, 'a melancholy avowal' for the chief of the jurisprudence of a great empire—acts of its sovereign authority, countenanced by its Parliament, rigidly executed by its fleets on every sea, enforced in the Courts of Admiralty by a magistrate whose learning and eloquence are among the modern glories of England, persisted in till the lawful commerce of a neutral and kindred nation was annihilated, and pronounced by the highest legal authority of the present day, contrary, not merely to the law of nations, but your own municipal law."

The conclusion of the letter is very good:—

"You will not, I hope, misapprehend the spirit in which this letter is written. As an American citizen I do not covet the acquisition of Cuba, either peaceably or by force of arms. When I cast my thoughts back upon our brief history as a nation, I certainly am not led to think that the United States have reached the final limits of their growth, or, what comes to very much the same thing, that representative government, religious equality, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and the other great attributes of our Anglo-Norman civilization, are never to gain a farther extension on this continent. I regard the inquiry under what political organization this extension is to take place as a vain attempt to penetrate the inscrutable mysteries of the future. It will, if we are wise, be under the guidance of our example. I hope it will be in virtue of the peaceful arts, by which well-governed States extend themselves over unsettled or partially settled continents. My voice was heard at the first opportunity, in the Senate of the United States, in favour of developing the almost boundless resources of the territory already in our possession, rather than seeking to enlarge it by aggressive wars. Still I cannot think it reasonable—hardly respectful—on the part of England and France, while they are daily extending themselves on every shore and in every sea, and pushing their dominions by new conquests to the uttermost ends of the earth, to call upon the United States to bind themselves by a perpetual compact, never under any circumstances, to admit into the Union an island which lies at their doors, and commands the entrance into the interior of their continent."

The dignified tone of this letter is in contrast to the "shade of sarcasm" in Lord John's letter, the improper tone of which Mr. Everett calmly rebukes.

MR. MARCY ON THE KOSZTA AFFAIR.

The Austrian Minister at Washington made the expected official demand for the extradition of Koszta, claiming him as still a subject of the Emperor. It also protested against the breach of international law committed by Captain Ingraham, in "threatening the brig of his Imperial and royal apostolic Majesty, the *Hussar*, with a hostile attack." To this document Mr. Marcy replies at great length.

Koszta was one of Kossuth's companions at Kutayah. At the instigation of Austria he was exiled from thence, and came to the United States, selecting that country as his future home.

"On the 31st of July, 1852, he made a declaration under oath, before a proper tribunal, of his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and renounce allegiance to any other State or Sovereign. After remaining here one year and eleven months, he returned on account, as is alleged, of private business of a temporary character, to Turkey, in an American vessel, claimed the rights of a naturalized American citizen, and offered to place himself under the protection of the United States Consul at Smyrna. The consul at first hesitated to recognise him as such, but afterwards, and sometime before his seizure, he and the American Charge d'Affaires, *ad interim*, at Constantinople, did extend protection to him, and furnished him with a *tezkereh*—a kind of passport, or letter of safe conduct, usually given by foreign consuls in Turkey to whom they extend protection, as by Turkish laws they have a right to do. It is important to observe that there is no exception taken to his conduct after his return to Turkey, and that Austria has not alleged that he was there for any political object, or for any other purpose than the transaction of private business. While waiting, as is alleged, for an opportunity to return to the United States, he was seized by a band of lawless men—freely, perhaps harshly, characterised in the despatches as 'ruffians,' 'Greek hirelings,' 'robbers'—who had not, nor did they pretend to have, any colour of authority emanating from Turkey or Austria, treated with violence and cruelty, and thrown into the sea. Immediately thereafter he was taken up by a boat's crew lying in wait for him, belonging to the Austrian brig of war, *Hussar*, forced on board of that vessel, and there confined in irons. It is now avowed, as it was then suspected, that these desperadoes were instigated to this outrage by the Austrian Consul-General at Smyrna; but it is not pretended that he acted under the civil authority of Turkey, but on the contrary it is admitted that, on application to the Turkish governor at Smyrna, that magistrate refused to grant the Austrian Consul any authority to arrest Koszta."

Mr. Marcy then relates the endeavours made by the American Consul to get Koszta released, and states that while an inquiry was avowedly pending as to the disposal of the prisoner it came to the ears of Captain Ingraham that Koszta was to be surreptitiously removed to Trieste. He, therefore, threatened to use force in contravention of the removal, and the result was that Koszta was placed in charge of the French Consul General at Smyrna. Mr. Marcy then discusses the principles involved in the proceedings. First stating the old theories of "allegiance," indestructible or only changeable by mutual consent, he states "the sounder and more prevalent doctrine."

"The citizen or subject, having faithfully performed the past and present duties, resulting from his relation to the Sovereign power, may at any time release himself from the obligations of allegiance, freely quit the land of his birth or adoption, seek through all countries a home, and select anywhere that which offers him the fairest prospect of happiness for himself and posterity. When the Sovereign power, wherever it may be placed, does not answer the end for which it is bestowed—when it is not exerted for the general welfare of the people, or has become oppressive to individuals—this right to withdraw rests on as firm a basis, and is similar in principle to the right which legitimises resistance to tyranny."

The question, Mr. Marcy goes on to say, must be decided by international law. He points out how Turkey, in 1849, honourably refused to deliver up political refugees claimed by Austria, and how England and France approved of her refusal. This demand on the United States is but a revival of the same general claim on the part of Austria. He shows from the best authorities that there are no treaties between Austria and Turkey which provide for the extradition of political offenders; the Turkish ministers have denied the existence of any such treaties.

Koszta had virtually given up all allegiance to the Emperor of Austria. And further, the Emperor recognised the severance of the usual ties between sovereign and subject.

"By the consent and procurement of the Emperor of Austria, Koszta had been sent into perpetual banishment. The Emperor was a party to the expulsion of the Hungarian refugees from Turkey. The Sovereign by such an act deprives his subjects to whom it is applied of all their rights under his Government. He places them where he cannot, if he would, afford them protection. By such an act he releases the subjects thus banished from the bond of allegiance.

"The proposition that Koszta at Smyrna was not an 'Austrian subject,' can be sustained on another ground. By a decree of the Emperor of Austria of the 24th of March, 1852, subjects leaving the dominions of the Emperor without permission of the magistrate and a release of Austrian citizenship, and with an intention never to return, become 'unlawfully emigrants,' and lose all their civil and political rights at home.—(*Ency. Amer. Tit. Emigration, 2 Kent's Com.* 50, 51.)"

The statement that Koszta himself acknowledged his allegiance is "doubtful." He then declares the situation of all the parties at Smyrna. The Turkish civil authority was not called into action, therefore all the parties were as free as if they were placed in some unappropriated region lying far beyond the confines of any sovereign state whatever. In this view "Captain Ingraham would be fully justified." He then argues beyond this point that Koszta, having a domicile in America, was invested with the nationality of that country. He proves by fact and by law, that Koszta had acquired a domicile in the United States, and did not lose it by his absence in Turkey. A stranger establishes a domicile by showing an intention to reside permanently in a country.

"Fears are entertained that this doctrine offers a facility for acquiring a national character which will lead to alarming abuses; that under the shadow of it political agitators, intent upon disturbing the repose of their own or other countries, might come to the United States with a view to acquire a claim to their protection, and then to return to their former scenes of action to carry on, under a changed national character, their ulterior designs with greater security and better success. This apprehension is believed to be wholly unfounded. The first distinct act done by them towards the accomplishment of these designs would disclose their fraudulent purpose in coming to and seeking a domicile in this country. Such a development would effectually disprove the fact that they acquired a domicile here, and with it our nationality. Without that nationality they could not be considered as standing under the protecting arm of the United States, and consequently could have no right to claim, and no reason to expect, it would be exerted in their defence."

Mr. Marcy then defends Captain Ingraham, by showing the first aggressive act was the seizure of Koszta—that the Austrian national ship was used as a prison, and, therefore, not entitled to the privileges of a sanctuary, and that Captain Ingraham had reason to believe that Koszta was about to be taken away, pending the inquiry that had been instituted. Therefore the President cannot disapprove the course pursued by Captain Ingraham. "Captain Ingraham's interposition was, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, right and proper."

OUR SANITARY CONDITION.

THE cholera has abated in Newcastle, is increasing in London, and is slowly spreading in Liverpool, mainly among emigrants. From Dublin there are some cases, and a few from Leith. But both Ireland and Scotland are as yet almost free from the epidemic.

"Some four or five cases" of cholera are reported from Dublin, but no particulars are given.

A fatal case of cholera occurred in Poland-street, St. James's, after fifteen hours' illness.

A death, registered diarrhœa, five days, and English cholera, two days, occurred on the 8th inst., at 19, Carburton-street, Fitzroy-square. Six families reside in the house, which is dirty and dilapidated. The back yard is in a very offensive condition. There is a filthy open privy in the front cellar; the soil is on a level with the floor.

The deaths, daily, at Newcastle, have fallen to two. The total number of deaths from cholera and diarrhœa in Newcastle during the present outbreak has been 1477. In the same period (viz., the first forty-one days) during the prevalence of epidemic cholera there in 1831-2, the number of deaths was 280.

Of the total number who have perished by the epidemic in Newcastle, it appears that little more than one-seventh were under 15 years of age, while one-fourteenth were above 60 years of age. Up to this time it would appear from the returns that about 1000 able-bodied persons have been destroyed. The average age of all whose ages have been returned up to this time, is 33½ years.

In Gateshead the number of deaths, during the week, has been 16 or 18. "The total number of deaths from cholera and diarrhœa in Gateshead to the present date has been 498. During the like period (viz., the first thirty-five days) in 1831-2, the deaths amounted to 144."

In Liverpool, from the 8th to the 10th of October, there were 27 new cases of cholera—mostly among German emigrants, and some among the lower orders of the Irish living in the town. The later reports from the town have not been distinct in their statistics.

In Stockton the cholera has been almost abated, owing to the active sanitary measures taken by the local authorities. In Coldingham-by-Ayton the deaths, daily, have reached 3. In Dunse, N. B., they have averaged 1 each day.

In Berlin, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburgh, and, in general, along the shores of the Baltic, the cholera has declined.

THE REVENUE.

No. I.—AN ABSTRACT OF THE NET PRODUCE OF THE REVENUE OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN THE YEARS AND QUARTERS ENDED OCT. 10, 1852, AND OCT. 10, 1853, SHOWING THE INCREASE OR DECREASE THEREOF.

Years ended October 10.

	1852.	1853.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	18,713,510	19,075,029	361,519	...
Excise	13,370,305	13,743,073	372,768	...
Stamps	6,099,717	6,576,089	476,372	...
Taxes	3,143,892	3,171,051	27,159	...
Property Tax	5,409,355	5,613,546	204,191	...
Post Office	996,000	1,041,000	45,000	...
Crown Lands	220,000	402,888	182,888	...
Miscellaneous	292,295	182,262	...	110,033
Total Ord. Revenue	48,245,074	49,804,938	1,669,897	110,033
Imprest and other Moneys	608,070	742,550	133,880	...
Repayments of Advances	911,673	1,529,681	618,008	...
Total Income	49,765,417	52,077,169	2,421,785	110,033
Deduct Decrease			110,033	
Increase on the Year			2,311,752	

Quarters ended October 10.

	1852.	1853.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	5,036,809	5,157,476	120,667	...
Excise	4,303,755	4,309,229	5,474	...
Stamps	1,529,421	1,628,163	98,742	...
Taxes	159,215	129,219	...	29,996
Property Tax	1,915,581	1,940,048	24,467	...
Post Office	261,000	236,000	...	25,000
Crown Lands	40,000	50,000	10,000	...
Miscellaneous	17,799	40,199	22,400	...
Total Ord. Revenue	13,263,580	13,490,334	281,750	54,996
Imprest and other Moneys	137,996	121,757	...	16,239
Repayments of Advances	234,042	441,254	207,212	...
Total Income	13,635,618	14,053,345	488,962	71,235
Deduct Decrease			71,235	
Increase on the Quarter			417,727	

No. II.—THE INCOME AND CHARGE OF THE CONSOLIDATED FUND, IN THE QUARTERS ENDED OCT. 10, 1852 AND 1853.

Quarters ended October 10.

INCOME.

	1852.	1853.
	£	£
Customs	5,056,866	5,178,271
Excise	4,313,591	4,319,259
Stamps	1,529,421	1,628,163
Taxes	159,215	129,219
Property Tax	1,915,581	1,940,048
Post Office	261,000	236,000
Crown Lands	40,000	50,000
Miscellaneous	17,799	40,199
Imprest and other Moneys	51,425	36,517
Produce of the Sale of Old Stores	86,571	85,239
Repayments of Advances	234,042	441,254
	13,665,511	14,084,169

CHARGE.

	1852.	1853.
	£	£
Permanent Debt	5,424,557	5,406,821
Terminable Annuities	1,303,492	1,302,595
Sinking Fund	436,360	892,156
The Civil List	99,382	99,540
Other Charges on the Consolidated Fund	378,246	428,167
For Advances	388,835	814,947
Interest on Exchequer Bills, issued to meet the Charge on the Consolidated Fund	71	770
Total Charge	8,030,943	8,944,996
The Surplus	5,634,568	5,739,173
	13,665,511	14,084,169

THE WORKING CLASSES.

WE commence this week with a record of the peaceful solutions of differences between employers and men. The dispute between the Sunderland shipwrights and their masters has been settled by the fixture of 30s. a week as the regular wages. The Sheffield edge-tool workers have got an advance of wages equal, say the masters, to 10 per cent. The workers at Darwin's foundry, in Sheffield, have struck because a man not belonging to their body is employed there. The Somersetshire shoemakers have generally obtained an advance of 12 per cent. The London masons have got 5s. per day for short time, and 5s. 6d. for long time. The London carpenters have been generally successful in getting the advanced wages of 5s. 6d. per day. The London saddlers have succeeded in shortening their time of labour by two hours a day. As a step towards a final settlement, we are glad to note that the Preston operatives contemplate a Co-operative association. A circular issued by some of the men thus states the prospects of the proposed plan:—

"To show the advantages which may be derived from co-operative self-employment, even on a small scale, we will take the case of a Co-operative Weaving Company established by working men a few years since. This company has 300 power-looms, which, after clearing all expenses, realized a clear profit of £800 during the last half-year. This sum amounts to 4s. per week from a pair of looms, and when the wages and profits are added together, the co-operative weaver receives 14s. or 15s. from his two looms; while, under the present system of working for others, 10s. would be the amount of his earnings. This amount of money has been cleared by the weaving department alone. Had the company alluded to been able to spin their own weft and twist, their profits would have been treble, as it is well known that weft and yarn are dear, demonstrated by the fact that whenever the employers are asked to give an advance to the weavers, their reply is—'We are indifferent about our looms; we can make more by selling our weft and twist; and, were it not out of charity to the weavers, our looms should stand.' The co-operative company before-mentioned cleared 2s. per loom weekly, which, for 1000 looms, would be £100 a week: and if we suppose that spinning their own weft and twist would have been equally profitable, we have a concern making £200 per week, or £10,400 a-year, besides paying standard wages for labour. £10,400 a-year employed in the erection of manufactories would every four years build and stock a mill capable of preparing material for 1000 looms; consequently, at the end of that time, we should have machinery in motion which would clear £20,800 a-year, which sum would be doubled every four years: and would, in a few years, erect mills and workshops in every town and village, which would give the co-operative labourer a position in the markets of the world that would ultimately raise him from the degradation and wages serfdom which have too long been his lot. After long consideration, we have concluded to establish Co-operative Mills, as the only permanent plan of elevating the labourer in the social scale; the necessary funds to be raised in £10 shares, by weekly contributions of 6d."

The London basketmakers have formed a Co-operative Association.

Various facts proving general prosperity turn up. Pauperism has much decreased in Wales. There are scarcely any ablebodied paupers in the Union workhouses. As a note of those who will be working men, we record the success of a Ragged School at Cork. The pupils number 300, formerly very bad boys, and the promoters of the school are persons of different sects. As an instance of Irish advancement we gladly reprint the following from the *Galway Packet*:—

"It is with peculiar pleasure we notice the improved appearance of the peasantry on Sundays and holydays, the surest signs of returning prosperity. Instead of the ragged coat, the old hat, and broken shoes which marked the period of the famine, and stamped upon poor Paddy an appearance far from gratifying to his pride, a new suit from head to foot now rewards his long-tried patience and hard struggle with adversity. No one could fail to observe the strong muster of country people in our streets on Sunday last, and the cheering and gratifying appearance which they presented; the boys wearing new and comfortable frieze and corduroy, while the girls displayed their red and blue mantles, nicely trimmed caps, and new shoes and stockings—articles of comfort which the poor people were long deprived of. From inquiries which we made in various quarters, we received but one reply, that the country people were never in so prosperous a condition as they are at present; an assurance which is fully borne out by the cheering and comfortable appearance which they present in our streets when they come to town."

An English measure fit to follow in our records is that noted in yesterday's papers.—Industrial schools, for the reception and training of the criminal and desolate children of Middlesex, are recommended by the magistrates in a formal resolution, passed unanimously at their meeting on Thursday. The low wages of working men in some districts of England simply proceed from their ignorance of the value of their own services. In a village of West Norfolk the farm labourers are content to take 9s. a week, while the labourers in the next parish have struck for 10s. a week. In Lynn, Norfolk, the wages are also 9s. per week, while in Lincolnshire they are 11s. and 12s.

Unsatisfied demands are many. The demand of the colliers in the Birminghain district is an advance of 1s. per day, and a shortening by two hours of the hours of labour. Their present wages are 5s. per day. A *Times* correspondent complains that the collier's pitmen, finding that they can earn as much in four hours as formerly in six hours, work only four hours, and so make coal scarce. (The scarcity of tonnage—raised from 6s. per ton in the spring to 12s., the present rate—is another cause of the dearness of coal.) One thousand six hundred weavers and framework knitters at Hickley and the surrounding villages

have gone out on strike. They demand an advance of 6*d.* on "all hose," and 3*d.* on "half hose." The North Shields hand-loom weavers have given notice that in a few days they will go out on strike, unless their wages are advanced. The shoemakers of Norwich contemplate going out on strike, unless an advance is made. The plasterers of Kensington, near London, have struck, not for an advance of wages, but owing to the length of time they are kept waiting for their money on Saturday evenings. The dyers strike at Manchester still goes on. The London shoemakers persist in their partial strikes. When a master refuses the advance, they pay his men to leave town, and then watch the shop to prevent others getting work. The London bricklayers persist in demanding an advance of 6*d.* per day. The hairdressers are preparing a movement for short time and better wages. The cheesemongers, oilmen, and tallow chandlers, now shut up their shops at 9 instead of 10 o'clock.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

WHEN Sheridan's father threatened to cut him off with a shilling, he rejoined, "You do not happen to have the shilling about you, do you, sir?" A Yorkshire surgeon has carried the wit into a county court. William Theakstone, who is a surgeon, residing at Halifax, in Yorkshire, brought an action in the Liverpool County Court, against his brother, Henry Theakstone, of Linacre, to recover the sum of 5*l.* 1*s.* The shilling, it appeared, was the amount of a legacy bequeathed to the plaintiff by his father, and the 5*l.* was claimed for the trouble and expense he had been put to in professional services in applying for payment of the legacy. The defendant paid the legacy, together with 1*s.* 11*d.* costs, into court. Mr. Wilfred, on the part of the plaintiff, applied to the Court for costs, upon the whole amount sued for, which his Honour declined to grant, observing that he hoped it would be the last time he should be called upon to try a cause for a shilling. There was no pretence for the claim of 5*l.*, and the judgment must be for the defendant. The judge remarked, that he once tried an action of trover brought to recover a shilling, and nonsuited the plaintiff, who brought a fresh action for ninepence. The pleadings in both actions were drawn by counsel, and the cause ultimately went to the court above, at an expense of about 50*l.* on each side.

The inclosure of waste lands is aided by the General Inclosure Act, but the provisions are considered insufficient. A writer in the *Daily News* says—"What is generally complained of in the act is, that whereas two third parts in number and value of the parties interested are sufficient to carry any inclosure into effect, yet a power of veto is given to the lord, and he has the power of entirely staying the proceedings, even if (as in some known cases) he has not an inch of land, or any other interest in the parish. The consequence of this undue preference is, that many extensive and valuable wastes are doomed to a state of comparative perpetual sterility; or, in case of inclosure, the lord may secure to himself superior privileges by making them a condition to his assent, but to which he has no real right."

A working man has just recovered 5*l.* compensation for loss of time, from the South Wales Company, in consequence of detention arising from an irregularity in the arrival of the company's train at Chepstow.

The sale and use of the new penny stamp for receipts has been very considerable, and promises to more than realise the expectations formed of its probable operation. In some cases, its evasion, where practicable, has been adopted; but, in general, the stamps have been used quite as freely as was expected, and the result of this change in one of the sources from whence the revenue of the Government is derived will most probably be found to be eminently satisfactory.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

ON Saturday night a housebreaker stealthily broke into a jeweller's shop, in Manchester, and went through the premises, collecting many valuables. But he found a bottle of brandy, and, drinking it, fell asleep, until it was broad daylight, on Sunday morning. Then, coming out, he was caught by the police.

A "poor fellow out of work" stayed in St. Clement's Church, after service, last Sunday, and stole 5*s.* 11*d.* out of the poor box. He was caught by the sexton.

Mr. Hamilton and his family, living near Glasgow, came down to breakfast on Saturday morning, and to their surprise found the first floor parlour windows open, and a ladder standing upon the road, right against the casement. That the house had been burglariously entered was undoubted, for the floor bore marks of dirty footprints, and moreover, the carpets were strewed with lucifer matches. Mr. Hamilton was almost afraid to begin the investigation into his probable loss, for silver plate and other valuable articles lay within reach of the thieves, which they might have removed with little more trouble than that of putting forth their hands. Strange to say, nothing was removed, if we except a bottle of ketchup, which had likely been taken for brandy, and a china plate with confectionaries—the plate itself being found on the grass plat before the door. For a time the family was puzzled to account for this singular exemption, till it was agreed on all hands that their preservation from plunder was owing to a cockatoo which belongs to the house, and which has a voice of peculiar potency and harshness in the croaking line. It is accustomed to raise its notes whenever any unusual sound is heard during the night; and it is accordingly presumed that he had held forth the moment the stealthy tread of the intruders fell upon its ear. The thieves hearing sounds so wild and unnatural must have conceived that the evil one himself was denouncing them, and they made a rapid ordingly.

The Reverend A. P. Paterson, late minister of the Scotch Church at Gibraltar, went mad while staying at Madrid. He wandered about the country, and cut his throat. He is now in Glasgow, under surgical care.

In Birkenhead, a drunken husband caused much grief to his wife, a lady of respectability. Lately she has been almost driven mad by his conduct. One morning last week she got out of bed where she had been lying with her husband and child, got a razor, returned to bed, and plunged the razor in the baby's throat. She then took the bleeding child out of the room, and handed it to a person in the house. The child had two gashes in the throat, and is not yet dead. The event has caused a painful sensation in the town.

There have been five cases of woman-beating this week. Samuel Dakin struck his wife on the face, knocked her down, and pressed her chest with his foot. She rushed from the house covered with blood, and in a fainting state. (Some months ago her husband broke her arm with a poker.) Before the magistrate the husband excused himself by saying he was drunk: but he was sentenced to six months and hard labour. A most disgusting savage, named Barry, assaulted his brother's wife. He flung himself down and bit her on the thigh, and then bit her finger. "The finger had a sickening look as if it had been chewed." The bite on the thigh is pronounced dangerous. "Six months" was the sentence. William Howard flung a plate at his wife, and wounded her terribly on the temple. This was without any provocation. He also beat her severely. The surgeon said it was a miracle that the woman had not been killed; and on examining her, he found her one mass of bruises and cuts, from the crown of her head to her chin. "Four months" was awarded. Daniel Roach beat his wife about the head, and kicked her in the face with his thick heavy boots. When the woman appeared in court, "the right side of her face, from her eye to her chin, presented a most frightful appearance, and her head was one mass of bruises. She had a bandage over her right eye, round her forehead, and she seemed scarcely able to move her head." John Davis, an old grey-headed man, beat his wife, a decrepid old woman. The beating was slight, and partly provoked. He was fined twenty shillings.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECKS.

THE *Annie Jane* was a large vessel, and sailed from Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal on the 9th of last month, with some 450 emigrants, most of them Irish families. It is presumed that she had made some progress across the Atlantic, when she encountered the fearful south westerly gales, which disabled her, and rendered her unmanageable, and in that hopeless condition was driven back and dashed on to the terrible coast of Barra, one of the Hebrides. With a point called Vatersay, where the wreck occurred, the island is six miles in length, and two and a-half broad, and lies some five miles south-west of the next island, Uist. The inhabitants are mostly employed in the cod-fishing trade. There is a lighthouse on the heads, which is the highest in the United Kingdom, being 680 feet above the level of the sea. Such is the terrible character of the coast, however, that there is little chance of a vessel being rescued when once it is entangled amongst the reefs. Several of the survivors contrived to get a passage from the island over to Tobermory, a small seaport on the Isle of Mull, and from them the authorities learned that 348 passengers were drowned; 102, with Mr. Bell, the chief officer, and 12 of the crew, were saved.

The story of the wreck is very terrible. The ship struck on the reef during the night, when most of the passengers were asleep. Many rushed on deck in a state of nakedness; wives clung to their husbands, and children clung to both, some mute from terror, and others uttering appalling screams, and eagerly shrieking, "Is there hope?" In fact, the scene is described by the survivors as the most agonising which it could enter into the heart of man to conceive. The poor creatures had not long to wait for the catastrophe. After the first shock was over the passengers rushed to the boats, three of which were placed between the mizenmast and the poop, and the fourth lay on the top of the cooking-house forward. The life-boat had already been lost. But, as happens too commonly in such melancholy cases, the boats were of no earthly use, for they were all fixed down and secured, or lay bottom up. While the passengers were thus clustered round the boats, and within a very few minutes after the ship had grounded, she was struck by a sea of frightful potency, which instantly carried away the dense mass of human beings into the watery waste, and boats and bulwarks went along with them. The wild wail of the sufferers was heard for a moment, and then all was still. But the great majority of the women and children, as well as some of the male passengers, remained below, either paralysed by terror, or afraid that they would be washed away in the event of their coming upon deck. Their time also had come. The frightful thumping of the great ship, taken in connection with her cargo of railway iron, must have immediately beaten the bottom out of her; and while her fabric was in this weakened and disrupted state, another dreadful sea broke on board, and literally crushed that part of the deck situated beween the mainmast and the mizenmast, down upon the berths below, which were occupied by terror-stricken women and sleeping children. They were beaten to death rather than drowned, as was fully evidenced by the naked, mutilated, and gashed bodies which were afterwards cast on shore. The main and mizenmasts went at the same moment. The most of the remaining seamen and passengers now took refuge on the poop, which was a very high one, and each succeeding assault of the sea carried away its victim or victims. In short, within one hour after the *Annie Jane* struck, the remaining stumps of her masts went by the board, and she broke into three pieces. The remains of the mizenmast were still attached by the shrouds to the wreck of the poop, and by the help of the islanders it was placed so as to form a sort of bridge or ladder between the poop and the shallow water; and, as the tide had now fully ebbed, all the survivors got on shore without much difficulty by seven in the morning. Almost all the cabin passengers perished. Only one child was saved. It belonged to a humble Irishwoman, who, with her two children, was about to join her husband in America. She struggled hard to preserve them both, by binding one on her back, and grasping the other in her arms; but when the ship parted the one in her arms was dashed into the sea. Soon after reaching the shore the survivors repaired to a farm-steading, or cluster of houses, which was not far from the beach, and repaired their exhausted energies by rest.

Another wreck happened nearer home on Tuesday morning. The *Santipore*, a ship of 650 tons, left London for Hobart Town. The late severe gales drove her back into the Downs, and on Monday evening, after another attempt to get down Channel, she struck upon a reef near Folkestone and lost her rudder. Boatmen boarded her, and though the ship was fast filling, though the masts were bending like whipcord, and the danger very great, the captain would not give up the ship, but still worked on. Steam-tugs came to pull him off. The first succeeded, but the rope broke. A second then attempted, but it was too late. The ship, drifting rapidly inwards, scraped the ground, and directly afterwards stranded upon her broadside on the spot above indicated, heeling over to the seaboard with a tremendous list, threatening the momentary destruction of the vessel. Captain Jewell instantly gave orders to cut away the masts, each of which fell in rapid succession, and the ship, being thus cleared of her top weight, lay comparatively quiet on the beach, within 150 yards of the Pavilion Hotel. The cargo has been mostly saved.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Queen and her family left Balmoral on Thursday morning, arrived safely at Edinburgh in the evening, and were expected at Windsor on yesterday.

There have been four Cabinet Councils within the last eight days. The first was held on Friday. All the Ministers, excepting Sir James Graham and Sir William Molesworth, were present. The *Times* says, "Sir William Molesworth was not present, owing to an error of the officer whose duty it is to summon the members of the Cabinet." The Council sat three hours and a half. The second Cabinet Council took place on Saturday: the Ministers not present were the Duke of Argyll, Sir William Molesworth, and Sir James Graham. The Council sat two hours. On Monday a third Cabinet Council was held. The Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and Sir James Graham, were absent. The Council sat two hours and a half. On Wednesday a fourth Cabinet Council was held. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Gladstone were absent. The Council sat five hours.

An important declaration has,, during the present month, received the signatures of a large number of influential Dissenters of various denominations, expressive of a conviction that "more general and united action for the liberation of religion from State interference is imperatively called for by the present condition of parties and the character of events." Public opinion, it is said, "leans more decidedly than ever to a settlement of the ecclesiastical affairs of the country upon principles of Christian equity. The subscribers deem the forthcoming Triennial Conference of the British Anti-State-Church Association, to be held on the 3rd of November, a suitable opportunity for securing this *desideratum*, and accordingly recommend the utmost effort to make it as effective as possible, by the appointment of suitable delegates. There are attached the signatures of 300 persons residing in above 100 cities and towns of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and among them are the names of Mr. Kershaw, M.P., Mr. Hadfield, M.P., Mr. Scholefield, M.P., Mr. Pellatt, M.P., Mr. Heyworth, M.P., Mr. Biggs, M.P., Mr. Crossley, M.P., Mr. Crook, M.P., Mr. Bell, M.P., Mr. Miall, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Edward Baines, Dr. Harris, Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford, Dr. Hulton, P. A. Taylor, Esq., and W. H. Ashurst, Esq.

The Leicester gaol inquiry has been resumed at the instance of the visiting magistrates. They have produced evidence to show that the meals taken from prisoners have been only three per cent. of the full number; they impeach the accuracy of the jail books, and by themselves and other visitors they depose to entire ignorance of any cases of cruelty towards the prisoners. But they admit that their inspection was not "particular;" they made general inquiries of the governor and surgeon. One of the witnessing magistrates was Earl Howe, and when closely examined, he said he was "taken so much by surprise in being asked any questions, that he really could not speak accurately on the subject." Afterwards his lordship having recovered his surprise, he "wished to add, that he had been constantly in the habit of questioning prisoners, and that he had heard of no cruelty." Mr. Benfield, the sur-

geon, testified that he had "frequently" excused prisoners from crank-work. "Œdema was a frequent cause of his excusing them." That disease is produced by "thinness of blood, over work, and low diet."

The Department of Practical Art have closed its rooms in Somerset House. It thus gives up the task of direct teaching, and will confine itself, in future, to the training of masters, and to instruction in the higher branches of design. Courses of tuition, lectures, and access to the museum, are the means employed. For the masters already trained, sufficient provincial employment has been found, and in no case has the guaranteed salary of 70*l.* for the first year been required. The many elementary schools instituted have supported themselves, even in towns of no great wealth: such as Chester, Hereford, Swansea, Limerick, Waterford, and even the Welsh village of Llanelly.

The annual meeting of the senate of the Queen's University in Ireland, was held on Monday, at Dublin Castle, for the purpose of conferring degrees and honours. The Lord-Lieutenant was present. The Lord Chancellor presided as Vice-Chancellor of the University, in the absence of the Earl of Clarendon, who holds the rank of Chancellor.

The Maynooth Commission has been taking evidence during the week. The evidence is given in written statements, and oral explanations are added, if necessary.

The proposed Edinburgh banquet to Lord Palmerston has been put off "for the present."

A new iron yacht is to be built for the use of the Queen, the present *Victoria* and *Albert* not being commodious enough.

The local corruption is still remembered in Barnstaple, and the dissenting preachers of the town have taken an odd way to keep the people in mind of it. In several chapels they have appointed special religious services for humiliation, prayer, and exhortation, in reference to the recently-manifested corruptions in the borough." Meetings for prayer were accordingly held, and addresses delivered on moral purity.

The expected contest at Lisburn election is set aside. Mr. Birney has retired, and Mr. Jonathan Joseph Richardson, the Liberal candidate, has been returned.

In the West Kent registration division the Liberals have gained 603.

It is worthy of political note that the freeholders of forty shilling a year tenements, bought from the freehold land societies, have been admitted to the Middlesex electoral list, only on showing that they were under no mortgage to the society. It has been also held as doubtful whether a tenement bought for 25*l.* is worth forty shillings a year.

The "six regiments ordered to the Mediterranean" from Dublin, go to replace regiments at Gibraltar and Malta drafted to the West Indies.

A small Prussian squadron passed Dover, on Thursday. It consisted of a frigate, an eighteen-gun ship, a brig, and a fourth vessel. They sailed westward.

The South Devon militia has happily distinguished itself by a union, on parade, with "the fighting fiftieth." The men were drilled on Rusborough-down, near Plymouth. After the manœuvres, Sir Harry Smith thanked all the militia, artillery, and infantry, for their steadiness and acquirements, saying, "Now I have seen what I always foretold, and will say to the Secretary of State, that the Militia of England is a body to be depended upon, at any emergency." It is most praiseworthy to all members of these corps to have been able, after so short a drill, to take their stand by the side of tried troops; and the alacrity and steadiness under arms was very surprising to all officers who witnessed their operations. The "South Devon," marched into town with ranks as compact as if their drill had been for an hour on the Hoe; the 50th Regiment followed, with their splendid band; and the other troops defiled to Devonport.

Jullien has become a kind of idol in New York. One evening he struck up "Yankee Doodle," as if suddenly inspired, and threw the crowd in Castle-gardens into an added extasy by concluding with "Hail Columbia." But his "unwearied spirit in doing courtesies" has been shown in more solid form. He organized a concert on behalf of the suffering survivors of the New Orleans dead, and the proceeds have been handed over to the authorities—Jullien completing the benefaction by giving in a receipted note of the whole expenses, as his own addition to the 1500 dollars realized.

The Lord-Lieutenant and his countess have returned to Dublin from the west. A rather whimsical circumstance occurred on their journey home. An address from the Town Commissioners of Athlone was to have been presented to the Lord-Lieutenant in passing through that town, and a deputation was in waiting at the railway-station for the purpose of presenting it; but to their great amazement the special train conveying his Excellency whirled by them at full speed, and with mingled feelings of disappointment and offended dignity, they returned to their council-room. In a few hours after, however, a letter from his Excellency's private secretary arrived, informing them that some railway officer was to blame, and that the Lord-Lieutenant was, in fact, as much disappointed as they were on finding that the train passed without stopping. The explanation was, of course, quite satisfactory.

The Earl of Onslow has presented Mr. Morris Moore with the sum of 100 guineas, as a mark of the sense he entertains of the services rendered by Mr. Moore to the public and to art by his exposure of the proceedings at the National Gallery.

The *Argo* (one of the fine fleet of the General Screw Steam Ship Company) has made the voyage from England to Sydney in seventy days. This, allowing for the seven days spent in discharging her cargo, at Melbourne, makes her run to that port but sixty-three days! The vessel was also detained at St. Vincent, by severe gales, which prevented her coaling for five days. The Australian mail, despatched from home by the overland mail of the 4th of May, had not reached Sydney by the 20th of July, while the *Argo*, which sailed four days later, (on the 8th July,) had landed her cargo on the 18th of July. It is not unlikely that our next Australian news will come by the *Argo*, as the mail now due in London, from Singapore, and to be delivered to-day, missed the Australian mail ship, and so brings no Australian letters.

The fleet of the West India Royal Mail Packet Company numbers twenty-one vessels, of over thirty-four thousand tons. It has just declared a dividend of 2*l.* per share for the first half of the present year.

The *Golden Age*—a new American ship, of great size—has arrived in Liverpool. It has peculiar boilers, each forty feet in length, and with funnels at each end. The vessel is intended to ply between Panama and Australia.

The Boomerang screw was tried in comparison with the common screw, at Portsmouth, on Wednesday, and it was found that the common screw of the same pitch and extent, its action is much less than that of the Boomerang. Thus there appears to be an advantage in the oblique blade and leverage of the Boomerang.

Gravesend, London, Deal, and Dover, are now linked by telegraph wires, and messages of twenty words may be sent along the line for one shilling.

The railway locomotives of the kingdom number 3942.

The peculiar industry of the north of Ireland—the cultivation of flax—has been happily extended to the south. Flax markets have been opened in some towns: recently in Bandon, where the first sale last week was very successful.

A very pretty story was lately told of a sailor who became heir to a large fortune. The story was untrue. But Jack got his discharge on the strength of it, and borrowed considerable sums of money in his character of a wealthy heir.

The report from the *Limerick Chronicle*, that "the commanding officer of the 90th has been arrested for drunkenness" is unfounded.

An advertisement of a slave sale appeared in the *Times* of Monday, headed, "Sale of coffee plantation of Goossen, situate in the colony of Surinam, with its negroes, cattle, and other appurtenances." A correspondent writes to the paper, adding that "one right honourable baronet owned some black men in Surinam now, and but lately a Glasgow bank had a mortgage on such property."

Romances of Australian adventure are becoming common. One is told this week of a Rutland lass. Eleven years ago Sarah Bunning was engaged to be married to Samuel Kirby, but he was taken up for sheep-stealing, and transported. The girl then obtained a livelihood for herself and child by making stays, and latterly she had been in the habit of visiting the neighbouring villages for the purpose of receiving orders. One day last week she had been to Morcott on business, and entered a railway carriage at Luffenham station, to return to Stamford. There were several men in the carriage, one of whom fixed his eyes so intently upon her, that she was induced to change her position, with the view of escaping the apparent rudeness. The man had recognised the features of his new fellow-traveller, and again "catching her eyes," exclaimed, "I'm the man, I'm the man." The voice of Samuel Kirby, to whom she was to have been married eleven years ago, then fell upon her ears, and this extraordinary meeting led to her having hysterical fits in the carriage. She regained her consciousness, and the train approached Stamford; on alighting at the station both proceeded to the female's home in Water-street, where it was speedily arranged that the long-postponed wedding should forthwith take place. A license was procured without delay, and on Saturday last the marriage was celebrated at St. Martin's church. It appeared that, after Kirby obtained his liberty, he proceeded to the gold diggings, where he was successful. He then resolved to come to England, to offer his hand to his old sweetheart, and to return with her to Australia.

The jury which inquired into the boiler explosion at Leeds, fatal to six persons, has returned a verdict expressing blame to the owners of the mill, for the dangerous state of the boilers, and the want of proper superintendence.

If the Mayor of Liverpool "bee made fatherre in hys yere of mairoltee," the townsmen shall present "ane silverre cradle to hys faire ladye." So runs an old legend of the town. The custom was fulfilled last week; to Mrs. Littledale, wife of the late mayor, a silver cradle was presented, in commemoration of the birth of her last son, and in token of respect for her husband's civic worth.

The roof of a house in Pottifort-court, Strand, fell in, on Monday night. The next house was being taken down, and the shoring was imperfect.

A Sligo steamer was on its way to Glasgow; its rudder gear got out of order, and it had to throw overboard all the live cattle, which heavily loaded its decks. Some fifty cattle which remained on board were suffocated.

A debtor has died in consequence of the low diet given in Winchester Gaol. The Coroner, who inquired into the case, recommended an inquiry.

The county house of correction, at Brixton, is to be used as a general prison for female convicts.

On Saturday morning, on the Great Northern line, the axle-tree of a coal-train carriage broke, and much damage was done to the road. As no one was killed, no inquest was held.

Some miles off the Nore, the *Trident* steam-ship ran down the *Harewood* brig, almost running over it. Six men went down in the brig, and were drowned.

"A reduction of the United States tariff" is intimated as probable in a public letter of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The West India mail arrived at Southampton at two o'clock yesterday morning. The fever had abated at Jamaica. There is no political news of importance.

The yellow fever is raging fiercely in Bermuda. Colonel Phillips, the acting governor, many officers in the garrison, and whole families of the principal people at St. George, were swept off.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853.

Public Affairs.

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

THE SYSTEM OF FORTY YEARS.

FOUR propositions are repeated this week with unflinching pertinacity, in the hope, vain we trust, of arresting the word and action of England in defence of public justice. They are, that the Ottoman Empire is sinking past salvation; that however Russia and Austria may have behaved, it is not worth while to sacrifice daily and hourly hetacombs for the punishment of the Czar and the House of Hapsburg; that a new war would rekindle the revolutionary volcanoes of 1848, and that this country would incur a ruinous expenditure. As in the last European war, it is difficult to estimate the amazing faculty of voluntary dulness, or of fanatical impudence, which can sustain arguments like these. In some cases we ascribe it indeed to neither of these qualities, but to that obstinacy of habit which clings more to thought than to any other part of human nature. Mr. Bright, for example, has been brought up to wear a particular kind of clothing, and to entertain a set of opinions on the subject of physical arbitration which have been made to accompany the doctrinal hat and coat collar. Mr. Bright has found little difficulty in modifying the coat and hat collar; but to modify the thought appears to be far more difficult; and hence we imagine, rather than from any moral obliquity or defect of understanding, the impossibility under which he seems to labour of seeing the facts before his eyes. He considers it unwise to drive the Government of England into a war with Russia in defence of Turkey; that it would be as guilty, or more so, than it was to enter into a conflict with the American colonies and France formerly. Now the case is wholly different: the contest is not in behalf of Turkey, but in vindication of public law. If Turkey had committed a wrong, and had drawn upon herself the fate of lawlessness, when it is perpetrated by a weakly power in defiance of the strong, not a voice in this country would have been raised in her defence. But Turkey had done nothing of the sort. In every previous aggression, Russia has contrived to mask her aggressions under some show of pretext, or has at least secured the complicity of other nations, our own included. Thus Russia was allowed to appropriate whole provinces in the East with which we sympathized but faintly; to appropriate to herself, or to her Austrian accomplice, the lands and the laws of the Poles and the Hungarians, with whom we professed indeed to sympathize, if a clamorous enthusiasm at the name of Lord Palmerston can be considered sympathy. But now the Czar has discarded all pretexts save those which are more impudent from their transparency than sheer quarrel picking. He has invaded Turkish sovereignty by the simple exercise of will and force, implying in the face of Europe that there is no law on the Continent to restrain any state from taking all it will, and keeping all it can; he is persuaded to aggression by the impunity accorded to his incessant outrages; and the question now is, whether the public law thus violated shall be sustained once for all, or whether it shall be surrendered by those Powers who have the strength to punish, and the duty to resist. It is therefore not logically honest to represent the war, if war there is to be, as one in defence of the Porte. It is more properly one in defence of all the states of Europe who are threatened, and not remotely, with the fate of Poland and Hungary. It is an amende honourable to those nations whom our diplomacy has betrayed to the spoilers.

It is admitted by the *Times*, that such a war might be popular; "but we shall have," says that journal, "to pay the enormous bill of costs for the gigantic quarrel." Now the truth is, that we are losing by the present policy: losing every

year. We have repeatedly proved this to demonstration. We are losing exactly in the proportion of the commercial difference between the trade which we have with Russia and the Austrian States, and that which we have with Turkey. The actual state of our trade with those countries is in singular contradiction to the dogma of certain economists, that political amity does not lead to commerce. Our experiments prove the reverse. Sardinia has held out to us the commercial hand of friendship on entering into the list of constitutional states. France, which certainly entertains a more friendly feeling to us than has been the case for a long series of years, is also beginning to discern the advantage of free commercial intercourse. Turkey reciprocates with us the most complete freedom; Austria, our vacillating ally, is restrictive; Russia, our open enemy, is prohibitive. With the 15 millions of Turks we enjoy a trade of 3,000,000*l.* annually, or, taking it at the lowest figure, 2,500,000*l.* With the 150 millions of Russians, we have a trade of 500,000*l.* Let us exchange the political circumstances existing between us and Russia, and those parts of Europe which are locked up under the Absolutist Governments, for the state of circumstances which exists between us and Turkey, and we might have a trade with the rest of Europe proportionate with that which we have with Turkey. This is not speculation; it is fact. We know that Germany is devoured by standing armies, and incapable of commercial expansion through the obstructions to her political emancipation. We know that Italy is kept from trading with this country by Austria, Naples, and Rome. We know that Hungary is imprisoned by the Customs cordon. In short, we know that the whole of Europe which is under the Absolutist families, is prevented from employing its industry in the exchange trade with England. Liberate Europe from the Absolutist families, and we exchange for that prohibitive system the system that exists in Turkey, or, at all events, that progressive system which exists in Sardinia, and which is dawning in France. If we were to rate the commerce thus extricated for the country at 100 millions sterling, we should manifestly be taking it infinitely too low for any probable figure. Now, what investment of capital in a war of freedom is worth 100 millions in trade per annum? Thus we say, as we said last week, that if it were necessary to invest 1000 millions in the war, as we did in the last, it would pay *commercially*. We should then enjoy a trade equal to the sum now stated by Mr. Bright as spent annually on standing armies—100 or 150 millions sterling.

But independently of the ulterior commercial advantages to be won, there are special trading classes in this country who know very well the positive profits of a war. Sheffield and Birmingham, for example, have an eye to sword-blades and muskets; but it is a ludicrous quibble to pretend that these purveyors alone, or even the farmers exclusively, would reap the profits of an European war. Much of the industry of the Continent would be suspended, and we should have to supply its place. Coal, iron, carriage, and many other commodities and services, would be rendered by this country, at war prices, and many a fortune would have to be made during the interval.

But permanent advantages would accrue not alone to individuals. Let us take one example. War with Russia might to some extent suspend more than one great trade with that country. If it is observed by the timorous free trader that here we should lose in produce, let us reply at once, that we need never fear for any produce which Russia can hold back, while we have America and our colonies to support us—another instance of the facility of trade with friendly Powers and peoples whose industry is free. But amongst the Russian trades is a supply of flax, which might be suspended. Flax is already the subject of anxious cultivation in England and in Ireland especially, where it is beginning to be a staple. There are many reasons why the culture of flax, mingled with its manufacture, is excessively beneficial to a body of people, supplying work for the whole year, and conducing to a domestic form of industry morally beneficial. Suspend the Russian flax trade, and an immense impulse is given to the flax trade in England, and still more in Ireland; a trade would thus grow up, not easily to be superseded on the restoration of peace with Russia. The flax trade thus created would survive. Already in Ireland this contingent benefit from a just war is the subject of congratulation.

This is no new idea, adopted from an Irish feeling of the day, for we have ourselves anticipated the present occasion. Thus, nearly a twelvemonth back, we wrote,—

"At this moment, should a general European war unhappily break out, and Russia be found amongst our opponents, what would becoome of our supplies of material for sails, cordage, and other naval equipments, dependent upon a full supply of fibrous material? It is beyond a doubt that, with the exception of manilla hemp, which will not take tar, and is principally serviceable for running rigging, and wholly useless for wearing purposes, Russia almost exclusively supplies our marine with flax and hemp. This dependence upon foreign countries, and, above all, upon Russia, may one day involve us in much difficulty, and demonstrate, when too late, the folly of neglectiug our own internal resources."—*Leader*, Nov. 27, 1852.

Again,—

"Of some 150,000 ships and coasters employed in the marine of Great Britain, it is supposed that not one is fitted with stores manufactured from flax of home growth; that in order to supply necessaries for those vessels, and for domestic use, the produce, not of 400,000 acres, as stated roughly in our first letter, but of 700,000, as assumed by Sir James Graham, would be annually required to displace foréi4n importations of flax, hemp, and jute; and that to effect this, we only require to multiply the present growth of Ireland by five. Of the 150,000 acres supposed to be now grown in Great Britain, Ireland in 1851 contributed as much as 138,000; and with a further development of her resources, could herself increase the supply of flax beyond the requirements of the British empire."—*Leader*, December 4, 1852.

But nothing can be more suicidal in logic than to appeal to the recollections of the war with France or the American colonies; the circumstances are exactly reversed. At the close of last century we were at war with France against Napoleon, for the purpose of forcing upon Europe certain families which were hateful at the time, and which have justified the hatred of the people by their crimes and cruelties. These hated, cruel, imbecile families—such as the reigning houses of Austria and Naples—have obstructed commerce, destroyed national independence, suppressed political action of every kind, expunged education, imprisoned men and women in multitudes, generation after generation; have inflicted ignorance, slavery, pauperism of soul and body, death, and worse than death, upon whole races; and it was to force those families upon reluctant nations that we undertook the war against Napoleon. We spent a thousand millions in that holy alliance. The circumstances now are exactly opposite. We should act with the nations, and their resources would be for us, and not against us; we should have legions of volunteers flocking to our standards, instead of subsidized mercenaries and discontented conscripts. We have with us, not against us, the heir to the name and empire of Napoleon, and we can well dispense with the *Monsieurs*, the Ferdinands, and even the Alexanders, for whom we spent our money at the commencement of the century.

There is another incident of the distinction we are enforcing of such political and commercial significance, that the peace croakers ought to be among the first to sound the trumpets of this holy war. The armies of the despotic Governments may be reckoned at something like 2,000,000 of men, sustained at vast expense, to the oppressed nations, and at a disastrous loss to the victims of bankrupt bonds and fabulous loans, who rush like moths to a flame at the tempting baits of the Barings and the Rothschilds. The expense of sustaining these men is entailed, because they are hired for the purpose of acting against the peoples, and of keeping on high seats of emolument and power, some forty crowned and vicious Impostors. In free countries we have exactly the opposite state of things. Take America; there is no necessity to maintain a standing army there, because the people is its own army. There is no necessity either to pay the men, or to abstract so much manhood from the pursuits of industry, agriculture, and enterprise. By disbanding the anti-national armies of Europe, we should thus recruit the armies of industry and of peace. This is a commercial item on the credit side which we have a right to add to our previous calculations.

The recollection of our American colonies ought again to strengthen us, it is so apropos. We then thought to suppress national freedom: since that time we have found the necessity of conferring the same freedom for which the Americans fought, upon our colonies in North America, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australia. We are taking steps to confer the same upon our alien dependencies of India. We have made some progress, and are contemplating further developments in the same principles at home; in other words, we have admitted throughout the British dominions that our American colonies were right, and our Government was wrong. The question *now* is, whether we shall continue to fight on the side of arbitrary Government as we did against our American colonies, and as we did in the last European war, or whether we shall desist from that wicked, foolish, and losing policy, to take the same side which the Canadians have taken; which our present Colonial Minister has taken in the colonies recently added to the list of free countries; and to extend the same freedom, with analogous results, no doubt, to the broad field of Europe: having on our side and not against us those American colonies that have grown strong in the policy which they initiated and we have adopted. Our readers will perceive that this is not a straining of the circumstances, but a simple recital of the facts which they know as well as we do. We have only put them together for our readers to view them in juxtaposition, confident in the conclusion which they will draw.

It is said that we must pause before we give up "the system of forty years." What has the system of forty years been? It was established to sustain dominant and detested families against the nations; it was expected to preserve order. The families have only brought a few more imbecile tyrants into the world as worthless as those whom we re-established. They have so governed Europe, that the whole of the continent under their sway has for the last five years been virtually and in many cases literally in a state of siege. They prevent the trade which we should share; they check civilization both of commerce and of intellect; they prop up, at Rome, an apoplectic old Prince of Darkness, who insists that the science of the world shall start from the presumption that the sun goes round the earth; they imprison by multitudes, and they kill by slow tortures and lingering exhaustion. That is "the system of forty years!" In the ensuing war we should inevitably change these conditions, reverse these results. We should have freedom, commerce, peace, abolition of standing armies. In a word, the American system, which has been adopted with success in England and English colonies, would be brought home to Europe; a system of domestic order and tranquillity, of national liberty, of education, of social regeneration, of energetic production, active trade, advancing science, and of good will. That system which appears to us to be so good is exactly the reverse of the detestable "system of forty years" which has at last become so intolerable that it can no longer be sustained.

BELLOT'S MONUMENT.

"A MONUMENT to Bellot," is suggested, and the suggestion springs from an honourable impulse. The example of the gallant stranger has told upon the minds of those who stay at home; and the proof is furnished by this honourable desire to do honour to him. Let there be a tomb. For himself it is not needed, as tombs seldom are. It is not Shakespeare who is affected by the monument, but those who live after Shakespeare; and the monument **is not** needed to make us appreciate his works, but to tell each other that we are able to appreciate greatness. So likewise a monument to such a man as Bellot is chiefly for ourselves, and those who immediately succeed us. As for him, if his epitaph were engraven on the hummock of ice from which he fell; if it were writ in the water that was stirred for an instant with his last movements in life, it would still survive any structure of stone or brass; for it is imperishably associated with all that makes self-sacrifice sublime.

Arctic discovery has furnished this country, in piping times of peace, with that which used to afford opportunities for grand exertion in the days of chivalry. There is in the human mind an inextinguishable desire to try its capacity of pursuing good for its own sake; of encountering danger for the sake of the conquest; and, in short, of proving the immortal part of our nature—that part which cannot be subdued either by danger or death. It has been observed, that those who object to these Polar expeditions, as resultless, are not the persons engaged in them, but those who stay at home. It is the writer, sitting in his warm room, who shrinks in idea from the waste of life amid the ice and winds of

those terrible regions. But the men who stand there—whose best footing is the slippery and unstable ice—whose surest path is that directed by courage—whose command of life lies in their ability to conquer, day by day, hour by hour, the dangers around them—whose very home might be crushed in an instant, but for the extraordinary exertion of foresight, vigilance, promptitude, and strength—these men do not shrink from facing these dangers, from continuing to face them, from repeating the enterprise. It is not to be supposed that Bellot was ignorant of the fate which he had to encounter—that he was unaware how incessantly that fate watched his footsteps, to seize him on an unwary or hesitating step; nor was he alone. There never has been any difficulty in filling up the posts of these expeditions; and from the character of the men who have sought them, with perhaps one lamentable exception, it is to be inferred that they knew far better what they had to meet than any general reader can possibly do. Yet they competed for the post. Nay, when young Captain Peel was one of the competitors, it is to be supposed that a man of Peel's slow, but distinct and vigorous imagination, would thoroughly understand that to which his son proposed to risk himself; yet it is not recorded that the father impeded the son in his honourable ambition. Franklin, who is now gone, had encountered those dangers repeatedly before. Ross has been twice. In short, many of these officers knew their hardships and perils, personally and experimentally, and yet they have not hesitated.

What is it, then, that impels men to depart from a country where life is said to be rendered more comfortable than in any country of the world; where, with the opportunities commanded by men of ability and connexion, it is possible to attain distinction through paths of ease; and where indeed far greater ordinary distinction may be attained by easier paths? Was it the love of rank? There is many a noble family on the list of the Peerage whose history would show easier and lower paths to rank and wealth than those selected by the Arctic voyagers. Indeed, an Indian campaign presents but a comparatively small share either of endurance or mortal risk in comparison with an Arctic voyage. Is it the love of being immortalized? That might suffice for the leaders, but it cannot operate with all, nor can it operate with any man in the most trying hour. It is possible that the troubled dreams of Franklin and his companions, when, amidst that cruel climate their sufferings were aggravated by the feebleness of actual starvation, may have been alleviated by their dreams of a country's respect and gratitude for their endurance. But there is some motive more permanent still than any one of those, by which a man altogether withdrawn from the world, never expecting to return to it, hopeless of realizing the sense that he is recognised; fearing perhaps that accident may erase his name from the roll of history, is still upheld under those privations. It is not even the love of science, for although that will draw him on so long as an object remains to be pursued, it cannot sustain him when the pursuit of that object is ended, and when nothing remains before him but his own destruction—a fate which so many an Arctic hero has confronted, sometimes to survive it, sometimes to attest his fortitude even by undergoing the extremity. There is still, then, some motive which can sustain men at these last hours, and enable them to endure, in the icy solitude of an Arctic desert, the highest dignity of their nature. That motive, though unrecognised perhaps by themselves when they aspire to join these enterprises, is probably the most abiding and the strongest.

The sailor in the humorous song, who complains of the dangers which attend the traveller at home, utters a deep and beautiful truth. It is the converse of that sensation which every man of home-keeping life has felt, when he comes at first from his confinement, goes forth amid the purer elements, and is conscious of the indraught of life which he takes in with his breath. Human life is sustained by the same laws that sustain and direct the elements in their wildest moods. The fiercest wind that blows over hill and dale, land and water—over the tearing forest as well as the whistling ice pinnacle—and sweeps destruction to organic life, also conveys life to the living creation, removing the causes that abate that life, and renovating its sources. Organic existence has been formed to develope itself amidst the changes of the elements, and it derives its fullest strength where it is most healthily tried. Health, therefore, rather challenges this trial than avoids it; feels conscious of its own strength in meeting what it might conquer; and knows that it is increasing its strength by the contest. The same healthy life shrinks with a kind of sturdy apprehension from the baser causes that sap the vigour of existence; and the home-keeping writer, who doubts the utility of these Arctic expeditions, is felt by the voyager to be himself surrounded by poisons and enervating influences more terrible to a healthy love of life than any rude wind or slippery pathway in the wildest region of the north. It is a love of healthy life, therefore, that leads men forth from the midst of quietude, in order to try their nerve and strength in the midst of perils and endurances.

But if the motive stopped there, being a selfish one, it would be insufficient for any such sustaining virtue as we see in these enterprises. Physiologists have observed in the artificial changes which civilization introduces in abatement of natural types, that there is a constant tendency to return to the natural type; and that tendency appears to be as strong in the spirit as it is in the flesh. In the mutations of society, sects rise and fall, with the shifting tendencies of human knowledge, and the caprices of human presumption; but the one religious element at the kernel is constant, and is continually correcting these temporary and collateral aberrations. Artificial manners set up new objects, new laws of morals, new standards of virtue; but still in the midst of all these dictates, there is a constant tendency in the mind to go back to the instinctive standards, and to revolt against artificial substitutes. The human foot will ever to the most cultivated apprehension be more beautiful in its natural form, when developed by free exercise into full growth, than the broken foot of the Chinese woman, or the narrow flat in which English women prefer that the figure of Venus should terminate. So it is in morals. At one time society sets up the standard of rank to worship; at another, the possession of so much in Consols leads the general mind enslaved; but the nobler spirit, which is full of life, labours with the constant impulse to break away from these things, and to recognise as the qualities of the true nobility towards which it must work, the very simplest impulses of human nature—courage, love, obedience to the laws of life, exertion for the attainment of good. It appears to be the strongest impulse of that which has been called natural piety, to bring both body and mind into direct obedience to the laws of the Creator as they are themselves worked out with the least adulteration.

Amidst our own society man, guided by shifting standards of morals, may become the servile tool of a spiritual priesthood, or the slave of some "legitimate" fool; may be by turns a revolutionist against tyranny, or a traitor to the revolution. But in the rougher scene it is still the naked elements, and the primary qualities of human nature, with which men deal; and men seeking this enterprise, not only identify themselves with that which is noblest in their race, but become a practical evidence to their fellows, that that which is noblest ever seeks to identify itself with that which is most natural, most constant, and most simple. It is impossible for any living soul to look forward to the time when the narrative of the simple endurance undergone by Franklin, or M'Clure, or the devoted comrade whose death all the brave hearts of Europe now lament and envy, shall cease to possess its interest—shall cease to teach man the most generous and healthful emotions of which he is capable. It is impossible to suppose a day when both France and England will cease to look back with a common pride to the death of that young officer whose name henceforth belongs to both, and who could declare in the face of death, standing on the most unstable footing that the human imagination could invent, that he still desired to be where he was embodying a duty, still relied upon laws which perhaps might bring his death, but which ever sustain the life of mankind, as they do the government of the universe.

CO-OPERATION AND STRIKES.

WHILE defending the right of men to strike for higher wages, and the policy of not abandoning that right, we have never forgotten to point out to the working men, that, for every strike, there is a question of policy. The same may be said of co-operation. We believe that it is an admirable plan, and that, where it is really carried out, it is sure to bring benefit to all engaged in it, while it illustrates for others a sound principle, which may ultimately elevate labour to a rank infinitely above its present position. But the very reasons that make us regard the strike as a weapon not to be abandoned, and co-operation as the most valuable of principles for developing the returns of industry, make us also regret any abuse of a good weapon, or the mingling of co-operation with the heat and haste of contest.

We doubt whether the cotton trade can afford higher wages, because it has undergone serious disturbances, and there has been a progressive decline in the value of the manufactured article. But to press a demand which cannot be granted is to ensure defeat, and thus, while wasting the present resources of the men, and diminishing the very fund out of which they have to be paid, it is damaging the moral effect of well-conducted strikes.

The question of co-operation is still more serious. For working men, to collect their modest capital, to begin the work of production for themselves, and thus, while taking profits as well as wages, to become their own masters, is to show the way towards real independence. But the work is one that requires nice care in the planning, great prudence in making the commencement not on too great a scale, and infinite patience in carrying it out with zeal, pertinacity, and temper. A strike is not a favourable prelude to any such work; and to base a co-operative enterprise on a conflict, is to risk the failure of a conspicuous experiment, and so to add another instance to the many which make the public depreciate co-operation. It must, at the best, entail disappointment. A class of men depending on weekly wages, neither command the funds nor the connexions, to supply capital sufficient to absorb the labour of the whole; and hence the vast majority must be left out of the speedy benefits.

There are, besides, other modes in which the condition of the working classes can be improved. Better information has made masters aware that willing workmen are more valuable than unwilling; hence a growing disposition to court the good will of work-people, by attention to their wants and comforts. From a Birmingham master painter, who raises the wages of his men, on demand, to William Dargan, who volunteers to do so, and to Mr. Salt, of Bradford, who surrounds his new factory-palace with improved dwellings for his people, there are many degrees in this co-operation between masters and men; and it will advance, as the principle of concert advances, by favour of enlightenment and mutual good faith. A still more direct source of independence for the men will be to obtain *information* on the value of labour,—just as dealers in hides, or shares, or any other commodity, arrange their prices, by ascertaining the demand for the article, and the amount of stock on hand. Men have often neglected, through ignorance, to press demands which would have been successful; and, through the same cause, they have pressed demands destined, from the necessity of circumstances, to refusal. The corrective to these mistakes would be sound information. Dealers in labour ought to know the rate of wages, the supply of hands, and the state of employment, throughout the country, in foreign countries, and in the colonies; and commercial information, generally, would add to the value of that on wages. If they had such information they would not suffer their labour to be sold under a fair price; nor would they, as they now do, at times, refuse to sell it at the only price that can be paid for it.

THE GREEK EMPIRE NOTION.

SOME weeks ago we gave an outline of the "Greek Empire notion," as it is disseminated by its advocates. We then promised to discuss the question more fully as occasion might demand, and the time is come when silence would be culpable. It is useless to conceal the fact of the existence of a Russian bias in the Cabinet, and impossible to doubt that there is a party in this country who would be willing to purchase peace even at the price of dishonour.

Selfishness has grown up with wealth, and there are men who would sacrifice the faith of international engagements to the sordid interests of commercial gain—there are statesmen and politicians who do not blush to make the weakness of Turkey

an excuse for her degradation, and to pander to the ambition of Russia because Russia is strong and insolent. In furtherance of this policy every effort has been made to throw discredit on the Government of the Porte, to ridicule the religion of the Turks, and to deride the notion of a Christian crusade on behalf of a nation of infidels. To maintain the integrity of Turkey has been scouted as the dream of blind enthusiasts. The independence of Turkey is an idle theory, and the time is come for hurling back the Mahometan invaders upon their desert fastnesses in Asia. Vienna seeks to be avenged, for she still remembers the day when the shout of the Moslem was heard around her walls, and Russia seizes upon an opportunity for the completion of her ambitious schemes. The extinction of the Ottoman dominion has been regarded as an accomplished fact. Prophecy has been called in to the rescue, and we are invited to the contemplation of a Neo-Greek empire erected upon the ruin of a power whose fate was sealed at its birth. A party has been organised, letters have been written, a journal established, and no exertion has been spared in the promulgation of their views.

It is full time to consider whether the Greeks are worthy of the lofty honour thus graciously accorded them by their advocates. It is worth while to inquire whether the prospects of a new Byzantine empire are so brilliant as to outweigh the stringent considerations in favour of the maintenance of Turkey. It was in December, 1833, that the youthful son of the King of Bavaria was placed upon the throne of Greece. There is no question that the Greeks were indebted for their freedom to the necessities of a political crisis far more than to their own fitness for emancipation. It was in vain to connect the Greeks of 1833 with the Greeks of the age of Pericles and Aspasia—with the men who sat at the feet of Socrates; or, in days still later, were nerved by the eloquence of Demosthenes. It baffled the strongest efforts of imagination to recal in the subjects of King Otho the natural descendants of the poets, philosophers, and historians, to whom the nations of Western Europe are indebted for their earliest culture. The twenty years that have elapsed since that last crisis in their eventful history have failed to render them more worthy of our esteem. A Government supported by corruption—a State enfeebled and insolvent—a nation with whom piracy is a trade and robbery a habit—are the component elements of the kingdom of Greece. It is needless to dwell on the familiar details of mal-administration which have marked the Government of Otho. The difficulties which beset him were gigantic, and he has sunk beneath their weight. He has broken faith with the Powers who placed him on the throne, and with the people whom he was sent to govern. His finances are hopelessly disordered; his rule despotic; his subjects oppressed, and his court a nursery of backstairs intrigues. But this is not all. The worthlessness and incapacity of a monarch may be redeemed by the character of a nation. It is possible that the Greeks may still be mindful of the glories they have inherited—may still be worthy of political emancipation, still able to establish and maintain a new empire in the East. Such hopes, however noble and enthusiastic, are utterly without foundation. You might as well seek for grapes among thistles as for men of honour, integrity, and self-dependence among the degenerate and mongrel populations of Greece. If you travel through the country, it is almost at the peril of your life, and you witness or experience barbarities which are imagined to linger only among the savage tribes of Africa. The quickness and versatility which are the birthright of a Greek have been perverted to the lowest purposes. Cunning, fraud, and thieving are the arts by which they live. Their words are not believed, their honour is held as cheap as that *Punica fides* which has passed into a proverb. The roguery of the merchants and traders in the city is exchanged for open robbery in the country districts. The piracy practised in the Levant is undiminished. Every nation in its turn suffers from the corsairs of the Archipelago. Daring, unscrupulous, and never resting in the pursuit of their lucrative occupation, they become the masters of enormous wealth, and are scarcely lowered in the opinion of their countrymen because of the means by which it was acquired.

Such are the men whom Mr. St. John and his friends would fain regard as the regenerators of the East. A grand historic mission is given them to fulfil. For a third time in the history of the world they are to preside over the commencement of a new era, and to complete the civilization of the world. Europe is invited to assist in this glorious enterprise, and the opportunity is now afforded by the weakness of the Turk. It is almost incredible that such delusions should be fostered in the face of such facts as we have already stated. It can only be accounted for on one supposition: the theory is put forward by Russian gold, and forms a portion of an elaborate scheme for throwing discredit on the character of the Turk. It is easy to say that the "preservation of the Turkish empire" is an absurdity—to talk of the corruption of the Turkish Government, the condition of its finances, and the polygamy and immorality of the people. On the very lowest grounds, the Greeks are not a whit better, but rather worse in every one of these respects, and their immorality has sunk into a systematic and unnatural profligacy.

We are no blind devotees to "the faith as it is in Urquhart," but we are ready to go the whole length with him in denouncing the visions of Mr. St. John and his friends—liberal philanthropists—as a piece of Russian intrigue, of which they are themselves, we doubt not, the most signal dupes. Nothing would please the Czar better for the while than to see Constantinople in possession of a people quite as weak as are the Turks, and inspired with no deadly hatred towards the Muscovite. We must once more leave this subject; but we hope, before long, to enter, with more abundant details, into the question of the relative merits of the Greek and the Turk. Meanwhile, we feel sure that our readers will not suffer themselves to be deluded by the visions of enthusiastic schoolboys and flighty pedants, or the wild theories of purchased schemers.

MUSEUMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A good museum is reading made easy for the people. In the olden time, a picture pointed out the hostelrie, and the sign was quickly known by the common people. But it is wrong to say that the ignorance of letters alone caused the custom. Its origin lay deep in the nature of man, which always loves to come near the truth of things, and which sees likeness more readily in the painted image than in the mental representation by a set alphabet. To this day, those who can, get pictures instead of lettered representations. The wealthy cover their walls with paintings, and buy books rich in engravings. When they lose a great man, they are not content with reading of him—they put his portrait in their gallery, or his statue in their hall. The poor cannot do these things, nor even buy books. But pictures would, above all things, suit their habits and inclinations. Pictures, or models, or specimens, teach quickly through the eye. It requires no alphabet to make a boy know well the form of the mastodon when once he has seen the model of it. Show him a picture of Curtius leaping into the gulf, and the story is graven on his thought for ever. Let him learn geology from well-laid specimens of rock, and he bears it better in mind than if he read through treatises for days. The everyday habits of a man forced to toil hardly for bread unfit him also for that fresh application needful for the mastery of literary lore. But take him through a museum, and the untired eye catches at the new object, and of itself does the fresh task. From idle observance the mind comes round to curiosity, and at work he remembers the varied objects of the museum as a relief to his thoughts. The lecturers at the Museum in Jermyn-street noticed with surprise each Monday evening, that their hearers were mostly working men, and that working men were mainly their visitors. But they should not be surprised. A boy of the lower classes has been used to observe from his very youth. "Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books" have his days of young activity been passed. He has been out in the thronged streets, looking on the faces of men with the cunning eye of a vagabond living by his wits, and inspecting shops and goods with the distinctive glance of a purchaser to whom the buying of a cheap pennyworth is a financial operation of a critical kind. Such a man learns more in a museum than the mere scholar. He learns quickly, for his life has been spent in daily observation. It is a pity that anything should restrict his opportunities of reading the only books whose language he can easily understand.

The want of popular museums springs not from individual apathy, but from the want of organization. Mr. Lawson is not the only man willing to give private collections of instructive instruments and materials for the use of the people. There are, almost in every town of England, men who have spent zealous lives in amassing treasures of ancient interest and modern use. Some of these men are old, and would gladly see their curiosities in trusty hands. In more than one case the donations have been offered to Government, and refused for want of houseroom. Our local museums have the same excuse for no progress, but they have less excuse for their general want of proper order. Liverpool and Manchester have museums, in extent and arrangement utterly unworthy of the greatness of the towns. In Birmingham the names of the donors of the articles are the best shown portion of the exhibition. Newcastle is distinguished for its excellent local institution; Ipswich, York, and Belfast, have respectable museums, but deficient in arrangements for popular attraction. On the whole, there is not a single museum throughout the country to which we could point as a model of a good school for the people. Gardens to teach botany, and glad the eye, are equally wanted.

Good wages are now given to the worker; he is above the want of physical comforts; let us in time refine his thoughts and elevate his amusements. When God planted this world, he made it a museum full of beauty as of use. The man who has learned even instinctively to feel the loveliness of a landscape, will appreciate those curious beauties which likewise appeal to the eye from the cases and stands of a museum. Once win a popular liking for museums, and the people will come into them on wet evenings as naturally as they crowd the green lanes on a fine Sunday. Like those commons which adorn the face of England more than its widest parks—for they show the living respect for olden right of the poor, while the parks tell but of human pride—let the museums become, not the haunts of a few silent students, but the ready rendezvous of humble people. Let the homely wonder of the worker be awakened there, and the joyous exclamations of children at each new marvel be an audible catalogue of its contents. And if it be at first a meeting-place for idlers, or a resting-place for women with children in their arms, let us be patient. It is good for them to be there; and even if lovers' whispers are heard in the mediæval court, the precincts will not be profaned. By natural degrees men advance from humanity to learning, and the man of feeling becomes the man of thought.

THE EAGLE'S COAT AND WAISTCOAT.

Mr. Sandford, the American chargé d'affaire in Paris, has won great praise in his own country, for the decision with which he has taken his place amongst the diplomatists in the capital of civilization, with no armour more complete than that of a plain black suit of clothes with a white waistcoat. The effect of this subversive costume upon the gorgeous appendages of the representatives of other states, appears to have been alarming. The chargé of Venezuela, a small man apparently, with difficulty supported the golden embroidery that surcharged him; and the Swiss chargé drew comparisons between the gentleman *en bourgeois* representing the greatest Power in the world, and the gentleman in gold representing the insignificant government of Venezuela. Other ambassadors, however, were less agreeably touched. The Duc de Guiche, who represents the French Government at Turin, uttered some impertinences, and Vely Pasha, the Turkish Minister, a man held in high respect, appears to have been equally displeased at the innovation, and at the state of things which made that innovation a practical sarcasm; for, he exclaimed, 'Ah, what is this; you look like a crow in this crowd of golden birds." The Emperor, however, seized an occasion shortly afterwards to take Mr. Sandford by the hand, to send a friendly and private message to a mutual acquaintance in America, and, in short, to appreciate the institutions of the Republic, by not cutting Mr. Sandford, although he wore a white waistcoat and a black coat: upon which, an American contemporary, the *Cincinnatti Gazette*, lauds Louis Napoleon as a man of the world, a true statesman, who is acquainted with American institutions; a man, therefore, understanding the motive which dictated Mr. Marcy's order,—in short,

Louis Napoleon can appreciate the federation of States and a black coat, the sovereignty of the people, and the white waistcoat.

We understand all the effect produced by the "black crow," but, it is to be observed, that the same effect could not be produced without the contrast. Mr. Sandford is a young man, and, probably, looks *distingué*. Theatrical authors and managers know the effect of placing the principal hero amidst a crowd of golden nobodies, himself attired in the plainest garb,—it is one mode with a general audience, of emphatically fixing the interest upon personal qualities as contradistinguished from costume and such accessories; but then, the most beautiful verse, the noblest sentiments, and the most striking situations, are allotted to the coat without spangles, or to the rustic garb of the tenor. Dress all the persons on the stage on an equality of plainness with the hero, and the distinction ceases. It may even be recovered by the opposite process, and then again, gold and velvet shall make the distinguished statesman.

There is some confusion of cause and effect. A powerful country represented by an ambassador singular for his plainness, affects the beholder by force of contrast; but a powerful country represented by a man distinguished for his genius, for the nobility of his works, and for the splendour of his costume, would not be less worthily represented. Peter Paul Reubens might be as admirable a figure, with his chivalrous and magnificent aspect, as Mr. Sandford, in the coat and waistcoat of genteel comedy.

While the golden fashion lasts, the Sandfords will always have the advantage of a contrast. Carlyle says, that the fashion of a man's apparel is identified by the desire to typify outwardly the bent of his disposition. Venezuela, anxious to be wealthy, anxious to be noble and powerful, although it cannot find a very powerful porter for the purpose, will, notwithstanding, load its ambassador with weapons of state and golden embroidery to exemplify the aspirations of the republic. But the United States desire to show that they are independent of European court influence; stand apart from them, defy them, are in no degree bound by treaty obligations, etiquettes, or ambassadorial embroidery; and Mr. Sandford in a coat and white waistcoat, embodies that defiance in a very striking manner. Each to his taste. There is an advantage in these varieties. The Oriental ambassadors have always enjoyed the privilege of a special costume, and there is no reason why the Occidental ambassador should not have an equal privilege. It is only a pity that so much is made of costumes, for evidently our friends in America attach as much importance to this subject as ladies talking over their dress and knick-nacks. Would that something more really typifying the power of the republic, were devised than the costume in question. The bird of Washington does rightly typify the genius of that State whose power soars over land and water, and can defy the elements in their roughest moods; but we cannot for the life of us understand how the genius of America—how the meaning that could speak under the star-spangled banner, is peculiarly embodied in the shape of a gentleman with a white coat and waistcoat, such as might make his appearance in the *Belle Assemblée*, or the *Gazette des Modes*.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

No. VI.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.*

JUST now the British world is canvassing the advantages and the disadvantages of "secret diplomacy:" and just now, therefore, it may be worth while to consider the character and career of the most distinguished of Great Britain's very few diplomatists. Lord Redcliffe and Sir H. Bulwer are the only two of our diplomatists who have gained anything like European position: and Lord Redcliffe only, of the whole diplomatic service, has seen or done anything of European importance. He is a representative man of the system—the system of secret diplomacy.

What does "Secret Diplomacy" mean? It means the Government of Great Britain, in regard to all affairs not strictly domestic, irrespective of the wishes, ideas, or cognizance of Great Britons. Great Britons would not like that definition: but, on consideration, they would admit it is a correct definition. Great Britons are brought up to believe that they are a self-governed people: and it is with the utmost difficulty they can be induced to face the facts of their political organization. They are allowed to talk of their political affairs; and they fall into the error of supposing that, therefore, they manage their said political affairs. To some extent they do manage their domestic politics: that is, of the 30,000,000 of them, 1,000,000 are allowed to have votes for Members of Parliament, which votes they dispose of to the richest or most reckless candidate; that is, they have a press, which is permitted to be impertinent, and to bark without biting; that is, they have the privilege of public meetings, and can generally get what they want out of their Parliament, after about seven or ten years of agitation. But in regard to affairs not strictly domestic, they have nothing to do with the position in which the governing classes choose to place England in the universe. Their national notion of such affairs is translated in the phrase, "foreign affairs:" and the Governing Classes see so well the advantages to be gained by cultivating insular pride and insular indifference,—that is, ignorance,—that the statesmanship of sublime selfishness in respect to all other nationalities is not only the statesmanship of the governing classes, but the statesmanship of the popular tribunes,—the fact being, that Mr. Cobden has been coaxed into most of his recent follies by such subtle managers of democrats as Lord Aberdeen. For many generations in our history, our governing classes,—the classes who owned the land,—had systems, principles, and persons to sustain or crush abroad: and, perpetually, active intervention, with money, men, or maxims, had to be resorted to. And, in these times, appeals to the people were necessary, taxes being necessary; and the ignorant islanders were asked, now to conquer France, their inheritance, now to uphold Protestantism, now to crush an anarchical revolutionary propaganda. But the policy of the governing classes of England being now the policy of upholding crowned despotisms,—these classes being travelling classes, and liking easy admission to society in all the capitals,—their cue is to suggest the policy of non-intervention: these classes being tolerably safe in saying, "Let kings and peoples fight it out," since they know the kings have the best chance; and the ignorant islanders easily adopt the cant, and readily sustain the selfish and cowardly cry. The state of the national debt justifies, to a certain point, the terrors which find expression in that cant: and the governing classes, who caused the debt in order to establish continental despotisms, are still perfectly logi al in urging the people, sick from experience or tradition, of the last war, to be careful now to preserve peace—so far as they are concerned, peace being the condition of the continuation of those despotisms. Hence, despite a reformed House of Commons, and an intelligent, active, and, by interest, liberty-loving press, the deeply-rooted system of secret diplomacy. The country is not anxious about the details of the policy of peace, that policy having once been promised by the governing-classes; and the press and "popular members" attempt in vain to overcome that barricade which the Foreign Office is right to rely on,—public indifference. In a great war, in this day, there could be no secret diplomacy; the people would not then be indifferent, and the government would have to be *en rapport* with the people. But in "negotiations," as the history of the last six months illustrates, the secrecy of British diplomacy is impenetrable. The House of Commons—that is, the few who care to tease a Foreign Secretary—has the privilege of asking questions; but Foreign Secretaries have the privilege of not answering them; and though the House has the constitutional right of explanations when the negotiations are all over, a clever Minister has still the option of withholding more than he tells—for the sake of the public service. A Parliamentary explanation from the Foreign Office tells only so much truth as is convenient; and human memory cannot recal a blue-book which was not well edited by a practised Foreign Office clerk. Then who reads the blue-books? Who reads foreign affairs debates? The London newspapers throw away vast capital in attempting to collect information; and foreign correspondents are very punctual in notifying to their journals and the British public that "there is still a variety of rumours here." In fact, a newspaper correspondent, when sent to a foreign capital, is snubbed by the secret diplomatist representing his own country, and is elaborately *not* known by the diplomatists of the country to whose public he is very irregularly accredited. In London, the Foreign Office has its organs, whom it instructs to mislead; and the Opposition organs try to generalise their profound ignorance and ludicrous curiosity; and every now and then they do annoy the Foreign Office with a fact or a theory, which they have neatly translated from a Paris, Berlin, or Vienna journal. Thus "secret diplomacy" deludes the nation and has it all its own way; and this liberty-loving, and more or less free country, finds, year after year, great gratification in having to boast, "We are the only free country in Europe." Certainly, as now, the public arouses itself when it gets frightened;—when the secret diplomacy, after six months' negotiations to keep the peace, is bothered and breaks down, it is not much wonder that there are a few public meetings, which, of course, contribute greatly to the amusement of Lord Palmerston and a lively circle of governing classes in his country breakfast-room. And Great Britons think that they are very magnanimous in crying, "Let us stand up for Turkey," when they have positively ascertained that they cannot help themselves. That is,—taproom democracy apart,—the majority of Great Britons are decidedly still in favour of letting Lord Aberdeen let Russia do what she likes. A nation of shopkeepers cannot realize national honour: a fact amusingly illustrated this week in the columns of the shopkeepers' journal. In one column appears an attack on Nicholas for attacking Turkey: in another, an article to show that what Nicholas is doing in Turkey, Lord Dalhousie, like all other British governor-generals, is doing in Hindostan. The shopkeepers begin to perceive that Great Britain is an empire made up of plunder and oppression of nationalities: and if Nicholas can get hold of Constantinople, why they wish him "luck." Such a theory comes immensely to the aid of a Peace Society, and of the Governing Classes.

These are considerations which account for the scarcity of great men in British diplomacy; and for the moderate success and minor position of England's, at present, most distinguished diplomatist — Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The first thing for a politician to get hold of, said Fox to Canning, is—a policy. Our diplomatists, for the last thirty years, have never been quite sure that they had a policy; and hence their enormous and successive failures, personal and national. All our political literature and all our political gossip testify to the consistent and consecutive success of the Russian diplomatists: and a conviction has, of late years, been growing up that the Russians have some special aptitude for the political swindling termed diplomacy. Various reasons have been proffered to account for the phenomenon; we have been told that a Russian combines the Asiatic suppleness with the European tradition, the cunning of the savage with the wit of the *salons*. May not the reason be, that the Russian has a consistent policy, direct, clear, universal, to pursue and to strive after? Those who have studied the Russian system, and have got the key to present Russian politics, contend that the Russian diplomatists are, practically, the most straightforward of men. Diplomacy, when you know what you want, cannot be difficult; and if you are not ashamed of what you want, your diplomacy is frank, straight, decisive, and not secret. In late discussions, Cromwell has been contrasted by Great British idiots with Lord Aberdeen; and we are informed, "Ah, Cromwell would have done so and so, and not been long about it." These insular gentlemen, who are always wrong in politics, because they always take the wrong point of view, arising from an excusable belief that this is a self-governed country, do not see that Cromwell had two great advantages, as a statesman, over Lord Aberdeen: in the first place, he knew what he wanted; and, in the next place, he was not ashamed to say what he wanted. Had Lord Redcliffe been in the Russian service, he would have held as high a position among diplomatists as Baron Brunow holds; had he been in the United States service, he would have been as respected and envied among diplomatists as Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Everett. But because he has been a Great British diplomatist, he is an unsuccessful, an unhappy, and a mischievous man. Russia has a policy, the United States have a policy, and either policy can be proclaimed and pursued without subterfuge. But Great Britain has no policy; or, what is the same thing, she has one policy at one time, and another at another; and at all times the British

* His lordship enters in this series of papers, in his alphabetical aspect, as Sir Stratford Canning.

diplomatist has to attain the objects of the governing classes without offending the prejudices and the feelings of the governed classes. Above all, he is fettered in this respect: he cannot at a particular moment run risks and be bold, because he may be repudiated (as Colonel Rose was the other day) by the governing classes, or be hissed by the governed; at any rate, may be left without the fleet and the army to back him, and thus rendered the laughing stock, not merely of Europe, which he despises, but of the diplomatists, with whom he is engaged to dine, of other nations. When such a man as Lord Palmerston is at the Foreign Office, the British diplomatist is in a most impracticable position. Lord Palmerston talks the Bermondsey policy, and acts the Russian; and though a clever, agile man, like Lord Palmerston, with an easy, stupid, insular race to deal with, can contrive adroitly to combine the purpose of cultivating despotism, and yet pleasing the British people, very few of the diplomatists can do as much; for, granting that they are as clever, they may be more scrupulous and more honest—say, like Lord Redcliffe. Yet Lord Palmerston only does in a bold, dashing, daring way what every Foreign Secretary has to do; and thus the difficulty of our diplomatists is chronic and invincible. England is a constitutional country; therefore English foreign policy is to promote constitutionalism. But English foreign policy is also the policy of non-intervention, and therefore is a negative policy; and hence we have to pursue a negative policy, and talk positive principles—result, offending peoples and outraging kings; negative policy rendering England consequently a negation in Europe. Such is a broad description of English efforts abroad, and of England's position; but such a general description is subject to various modifications. England adopts the negative policy for the purpose of preserving peace; but, in certain cases, there may be a positive policy without endangering peace. That is to say, England has a negative policy with the big states—a positive policy with the little states. When France changes her government we accept the new government. Lord Palmerston, for instance, enthusiastic lover of freedom as he is, not only accepted but applauded Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. To Russia again we are very respectful, and the United States we take care not to offend—except through our leading journals. But our tone to the small monarchies is very different, and our theory of non-intervention amounts just to this—we will only interfere with the little states. We bullied Greece for a Don Pacifico; but we are perfectly polite to Russia, though the destiny of the East, and perhaps of the West, is in question. We accept a change in the French Government, and we do not recommend Louis Napoleon to be constitutional, but we recommend King Bomba to imitate the institutions of a country which glories in a House of Commons into which any man with 700*l.* can buy his way; and we warn the Duke of Tuscany that he must not imprison Protestant tract deliverers, though tract delivering is an impertinence offensive to Tuscan institutions. In short, we talk Liberalism, and act respectfully in favour of Despotism, with the big states, bullying insolence with the little states; and even these mere pretensions to liberalism we contradict in our policy towards our own colonies. With no real principles, then, to lay down, and with a contradictory policy to pursue, contradictory to our antecedents and contradictory to our contemporaries, what chance, in such confusion, has the British diplomatist? For the British diplomatist getting out of England, and out of reach of the Great Britons, gets a new point of view of his beloved country; and, hearing the startling sarcasms of foreign politicians, he begins to perceive that he has no right whatever to set up as the representative, *par excellence*, of a free country, as the natural propagandist of liberal institutions. He detects that England herself is not free, while enduring an electoral system which makes the land paramount, and a press system which gives a monopoly to one or two journals; and he ascertains that outside England, from Dublin to Madras, the British empire is an empire held together by a despotism—a paternal despotism. Conscious of the untenability of his position, the British diplomatist can never be a free agent or a successful man; he can never act without orders from home; and nine times out of ten he cannot accept those orders. And while he is bungling, twaddling, and trying to build up a false position, the Frenchman or the Russian is pushing on—and winning. That is the history of British diplomacy since the battle of Waterloo, and it accounts for the ludicrous attitude of Great Britain, in every capital in Europe, in 1848-9, and for the contempt for England which Czar Nicholas has manifested in 1853. A great Power ceases to be a great Power when she misses a policy; whatever respect remains to be paid her is paid to her material strength merely. On the other hand, the moral strength of Russia fights battles in advance for the Czar.

Were secret diplomacy an advantage for diplomatists, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe would be a very successful man. In Paris or Vienna a British Minister must negotiate to some extent publicly; for French and Austrian despotisms have this advantage over British constitutionalism—they confide more to their publics, having less reason for concealments in all foreign discussions; and the English diplomatist must, then, speak in society as well as write protocols, and must speak out. But Constantinople is the harem of secret diplomacy. There you have is no tangible public, no "society;" no newspaper correspondents to worry and bore out small secrets and suggest hints of great facts, which hints have, now and then, to be officially contradicted — the contradiction being a hit for the correspondent. In Constantinople, too, a British Minister meets no one to upset his theories about his free country, and may talk with enormous conceit at half-civilized Turkish secretaries and attachés. There is no one to deny his assumptions and his assertions; and it is taken for granted that a British Minister sent to the Divan represents the positive ideas, the fixed policy, of a consistent, great nation. And, in a large degree, Lord Redcliffe has profited by all his advantages. He has, in fact, ruled Turkey just as an English Envoy to an Indian Court rules the Indian ruler; and Abdul Medjid has an immense notion of Lord Redcliffe, as also has Redschid Pasha. At Constantinople there is this further advantage for a Minister sent out there: his airs as the representative of a free country do not interfere with English policy in Turkey; and English policy in Turkey is tolerably clear, definite, and precise. England is protector of Turkey; and her policy is supposed to be—Lord Aberdeen differs with others of the governing classes on this point—to keep Russia out of Constantinople; and the mission of Lord Redcliffe to Constantinople was to represent that idea to the Sultan. And as the Muscovite is not yet in Stamboul, Lord Redcliffe is concluded to have succeeded. But Lord Redcliffe does not think so: Lord Redcliffe believes that England has gone down, and that Russia has gone up in the East; and he might find the reason in the fact, that the policy of England in the East was too closely confined to the technical preservation of Constantinople—as if Russia would not be tolerably content with the key of her house being in her own lodger's hands. Lord Redcliffe is not a man of startling strength of mind: but the faults he has committed are less personal, than attributable to his weak position—with no determined Government, or instructed people, behind him, to act his advice in the East. Inspired by a conscientious detestation of Czar Nicholas, who once refused to receive Sir Stratford Canning at St. Petersburg, an honourable, well-informed, clear-headed man, like Lord Redcliffe, could have conquered Russia in the East, had he ever felt the certainty that he would be sustained. But he never had this consciousness; and the result is, that indirectly Lord Redcliffe has been the ruin of Turkey. The present Sultan has followed him blindly, and has cultivated "reforming" Viziers upon his counsel; and has all but emasculated the empire. Lord Redcliffe, doubtful about Lord Aberdeen, still more doubtful of the Peace Society, did not dare to advise the Sultan to declare war against Russia when Russia entered the Principalities; and Turkey will never recover that blow unless she conquers in a war, which is not likely. Whether Lord Redcliffe has at last advised the declaration of war by Turkey is not yet known; but let us hope that he did not deprive himself of the only honours which could redeem the calamities he has caused. At a certain point, we do know the genius of the Sultan asserts itself, and he tramples upon the feeble technicalities of such a politician as Lord Redcliffe—wise only to the extent of being cautious, not wise to the degree of courage. Lord Redcliffe advised the Sultan not to shelter Kossuth; and in the same circumstances Lord Redcliffe would give the same advice for the same reasons—because, though representative of a great Power, the great Powers insist that he is only an individual. That is the fate and perplexity of all British diplomatists.

What Lord Redcliffe would do in a new capacity (he was spoken of once as Foreign Secretary), or on a nearer European mission (his former ones were unimportant), we may infer from two facts: he is an admirer of Lord Derby, and he is a "Protestant champion." Both these faiths are disqualifications. Long resident from his native country, Lord Redcliffe may be excused for his ignorance of Lord Derby; while, at the same time, such an ignorance unfits him for a master of English politics. But the man who has had so many opportunities of seeing that the Turk is a nobler fellow than the Christian, and yet considers that Turkey would be improved by nasal meeting-houses, declares his complete incapacity for the comprehension of the century.

NON-ELECTOR.

A HERO IN THE CAUSE OF HEALTH.

MR. GODWIN, of the *Builder*, is a man to be honoured. His first taste has been for art, and his labours have seconded a love of what is natural and beautiful, in every way, and to use happily a pleasant pen has been his duty for years. Yet he steps from the sphere of such quiet duties, to encounter the ugliest and most unwholesome terrors of London. He goes about doing good. He has been among the dens of Agar-town, and the courts round Drury-lane, and in many another place where dirt abounds, and he goes to show why pure abundant water should refresh homes squalid for its want, and how the cheerful light of day should be made to pierce into dark cellars and reeking yards. He has chosen to preach the virtue *next* to Godliness, but if, as Leigh Hunt tells in his tale of Abou-Ben Adam, those who love their neighbours well are first of those who love God, the task our fellow-labourer has taken up is second to no human duty. Many a peril and a bitter cross are in the path of the sanitary soldier. There are arrows of death flying around him, unseen. Minute enemies steal up from the standing pool, and through that opened door comes the fevered breath of the poor child, gasping for pure air, where there is none. Men fight duels when insulted, or face a single enemy, in battle, when the blood is roused to mere animal heat, but he who exposes himself to feel what wretches feel, must do so by an impulse not common, and with a thought as noble as it is kind. We step out of our way to praise Mr. Godwin. We do so deliberately. We think it right now, while the good work is being done, and while our true-hearted brother is doing well his chosen task, to tell him, from our heart, that there are many who, without even a knowledge of his person, honour him for his good intent and useful action. Better thus than reserve our praise for set occasions of "silver', testimonial, or for empty words, to "soothe the dull cold ear of death."

NEW SOCIETY OF REFORMERS.

UNDER the somewhat grand title of "The London Confederation of Rational Reformers," a new society has sprung into existence, composed, we believe, of seceders from an Ishmaelitish body of politicians, headed by a well-known anti-pacific agitator, Mr. J. B. O'Brien. We are not surprised that there should be seceders from the National Reformers, who have seceded from everybody; but we were not prepared to find them professing to pursue their ideas of reform in a genial, earnest, and friendly spirit. In an initiatory tract published by them, they define "liberty" as "the realization of the sovereignty of the individual,"—a definition derived from the school of Josiah Warren. The policy and patient good sense of the American reformers of Modern Times, will be found an improvement upon the impulsive agitations of Denmark-street. Proceeding by a method the reverse of the communistic, this new London Confederation seeks reform by a *segregation* instead of *aggregation*. Their little tract on the *Science of Society* deserves a word as a novelty in English democratic literature.

Open Council.

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

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

THE MORMONITES AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—In my hasty sketch of Mormonite doings in Somersetshire, to which you kindly gave a place in your last week's paper, I promised, with your permission, to recur to the subject, in the hope of deducing from it a few thoughts not altogether unserviceable in the present state of public feeling towards the converts o the new faith.

The "pious fraud" of the Nauvoo prophet, every one knows, dates scarcely so far back as a quarter of a century. Whatever, therefore, was meretricious in himself, or at present pertains to his system, stands before the world in bold and striking relief. We who live in the babyhood of the new candidate for spiritual

suffrages possess, in this respect, at least, some advantage over a possibly more oblivious and credulous posterity; for it is just very possible, though the comparison may be unequal, that it may be easier for all of us now to be Christians, than it would have been at a much earlier period in the history of Christendom. As in physical nature, so is it very much with certain of our mental and moral perceptions of things, especially those at all associated with the marvellous, "distance lends enchantment to the view." Time gives them, more or less, the stamp of authenticity.

However despised, therefore, may be this new faith of the nineteenth century, whether caused by its low origin, or by the extravagances of its founder, it is very certain, judging from past experience, that no inconsiderable success awaits it. At present it is estimated that the sect numbers somewhere about 300,000. In the Salt Lake City alone there are upwards of 30,000. The "Book of Mormon," for which, like the Bible, they claim inspiration, is now in print in the English, Welsh, French, German, Danish, and Italian languages; and preparations are being made to translate it in the Chinese, Burmese, Spanish, and other languages.

It is obvious that there is in and about Mormonism many points that will be ever and increasingly attractive to a large class of human beings; no doubt almost exclusively confined to those who, like the followers of Mahomet, are to be influenced in their religious convictions, in proportion as their credulity and animal appetites are ministered to and consulted. The supremacy and numerical strength of the priesthood will be useful and powerful in restraining and keeping together the people; the institution of the priesthood itself to serve as a stimulus to avaricious and ambitious devotees. The government of the Mormons is the most absolute theocracy. It consists of the President, the twelve apostles, the high priests, priests, elders, bishops, teachers, and deacons. In truth, the new religion is one of the "great facts" of our time. The rapid growth, and grossness of the imposition, is one of the most marvellous events of many centuries. "It is," says a sensible authority, "a great practical comment on the so-called intelligence of the age."

In the face of these facts it becomes the civilized world, and especially the more enlightened portions of Christendom, calmly to consider the best means of staying the progress of this moral scourge, the just retribution it may be of an offended God, for the deplorable ignorance and superstition that for ages have been cherished, and now permitted to rise up with rank luxuriance in our midst.

The question, then, naturally occurs to us, how and in what manner is this crusade to be carried on? Is it to be by following the practices of the priest-ridden county of Somerset, by hooting, yelling, stoning, ducking, and assaulting those who differ from us? Or is it to be by more gentle and Christian means, in the spirit of "loving those who persecute us, and spitefully use us?" By raising up the broad standard of universal love and truth? Or by uplifting the standard of bigoted sect and party, a mutilation and distortion of the truth? Persecution at all events will never do. If history will supply a solitary instance of misguided power ever permanently and satisfactorily serving the cause of the persecutor, then I shall be willing to abandon my position. The instances to be found in the history of the world are all the reverse way.

But without going further, let us take Mormonism itself to explain the operation of this panacea for all the heterodox evil that "flesh is heir to." Notwithstanding the known profane, lying, profligate character of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, he succeeded, step by step, in raising and establishing a church out of the weakest, most corrupt, and unaccountable elements, at first consisting only of six interested members of his own family and friends; and which, as we have already stated, now numbers upward of 300,000 persons —its influence threatening to spread over the whole western continent of America. In the supposed zenith of the Church's strength the prophet ordered "that all property should be consecrated to the Lord;" and with no greater rapacity than has been always manifested by the sacerdotal order—a tenth part of all things for himself and priests. No sooner did this Mormon bull go forth than his spiritual empire began to decline, and the number of "the faithful" to diminish. But fortunately for the Zion of Joseph a violent persecution arose, and the inhabitants of Jackson county drove out, amid remorseless cruelties, the converts from Missouri, and from that instant Mormonism drew fresh life. The prophet and a devoted disciple subsequently were shot, and "their innocent blood on the floor of Carthage gaol," says an authority, "is regarded as a broad seal affixed to Mormonism that cannot be rejected by any court on earth. His name now goes down to posterity as a *gem* for the sanctified."

So well understood and established is the foregoing view of the case, that I feel in some degree under obligation to apologise to your intelligent readers for offering so elaborate an illustration of my proposition. Persecution is the result of ignorance and bigotry, and it may be well always to regard it as such. It is peculiarly the weapon of the priesthood. No one who has ever sincerely and patiently sought after the truth—who has vainly led his soul through the tortuous avenues of every species of theological dogma, leading to the obscurities of so-called "belief"—will ever feel any desire to resort to such a practice. It is truly humiliating to know that nearly all the evils recorded in the history of the world—the wars of nations, the cruelties and persecutions of sects and individuals—are more or less to be attributed to the baneful influence of a proud, ambitious, and tyrannical priesthood.

Do we wonder at the extension of error and superstition? With what reason can we wonder? Is it not notorious that, with very rare exceptions, the whole efforts of the Christian priesthood are at present directed to the curbing and restraining of mind, if not the absolute suppression of conscience. Reared, many of them, in the musty cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, they know comparatively nothing of the state of feeling and opinion beyond the narrow circle in which they move. There they have been taught that it is a dangerous thing to *think*, a sin to *doubt*, and a damnable thing to *believe*, other than that which is stamped by the authority of their own church. Such being the teachers, no wonder at the character of the taught. Yet these are the men who are trained, and turned out to feed the hungry souls of the neglected millions. "The people ask for bread and they are given a stone," for equally indigestible are their dogmas. The mind is first excited by the marvellous in doctrine, and then stultified by the inconsistent in practice. The Christ —whose kingdom was so emphatically declared to be not of this world—is mocked by the pomp and pageantry of state profession. The Christ "had not where to lay his head":—his chief disciples now live in palaces, enjoy princely revenues, and claim, by a sort of "apostolical succession," all this splendour and greatness of the world. The people meanwhile are taught to "despise riches," to be "jealous of human wisdom," and to be satisfied that such is the mechanical power of consecration given to the hands of bishops and priests, that the most unholy thing "may be consecrated pure and holy to the Lord."

Thanks, however, be to God, these things cannot long be perpetrated with impunity. Such are the laws by which the Creator governs his universe that evil is a purblind thing, and is in itself suicidal. "When the worst comes to the worst things must mend."

Yours respectfully, A SPECTATOR.

October 6.

NATIONAL HISTORIC STATUES.

SIR,—I have observed, with considerable surprise, that the statue of Isabel of France, the wife of Edward the Second, is, or is to be, among the ornaments of the Westminster Palace; and as some visitors to the twelfth-cake show shop may be curious to know who she is, I beg leave, by means of your columns, to suggest that her title, from Gray's *Bard*—

> "She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
> Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate,"

be engraved upon the pedestal.

In addition, Sir, I would ask, upon what principle is the statue of such a woman to be introduced into a building in which the picked men of the most moral and thinking nation of the world assemble for the sole purpose of making laws for this nation? There should not be a picture or a statue in that palace that is not suggestive of the good, the great, and the becoming. Private wealth may encourage mere manipulation, and cover its walls with dogs, horses, and bad women; but the nation pays for these adornments, and can afford to pay for nothing that has not a tendency to purify and exalt their representatives—nothing that has not *mind* in it, and that rightly directed. I could write a volume on this subject. I will not suppose that the persons ordering this statue went so deeply into the matter as to say, "We will place it there as a beacon or warning;" no, Sir, she was a queen; and ermine, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. It is true, she was as infamous as a woman as she could be, and through her arose the accursed claim of England to the throne of France, which desolated both countries with a war of a hundred years; but she was a queen; and though Cromwell, "*l'usurpateur digne de regner*," as Voltaire says, be excluded, her effigy must have a place of honour.

Whilst upon this subject, allow me to advert to the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, about to be erected in the metropolis. In ancient times, no doubt, statues were erected to keep people in mind of their benefactors; when Roman wealth, luxury, and vanity extended the practice to the heads of parties, families, and royal favourites, the principle was destroyed; when bad men and women in the flesh obtained marble immortality, that which had been originally good, became morally evil. The same remark I have made upon the "she-wolf" statue holds good with respect to this famous Cœur de Lion; being beautifully wrought, it would be fitly placed in the gallery of some eminent virtuoso; but it has no business to stand as a public monument in a great city, in the year 1853. Such points of honour should only be occupied by that which would stimulate the public mind to worthy action, and in accordance with the aims of the existing world. Richard can only stand as a symbol of brute strength, ungoverned passions, and indomitable self-will. He was a bad man and a bad king; as much below his great rival Saladin as possible, for, notwithstanding the fictions of painters and poets, he never even overcame him in personal conflict; and why, then, is this statue to be thrust daily before the eyes and thoughts of a people who now, thank God, have nothing in common with the character of which he is the type? Its skilful workmanship is nothing; it is time that the arts and artists were informed they are wrong in their aim; that art alone is worthy of public encouragement which, in addition to the efforts of the eye and the hand, proves that mind appeals to mind.

W. R.

Stockwell.

[Although contrary to our custom to discuss with writers the opinions which we allow to find a place in our Open Council, we must in this case, merely to protect ourselves from further correspondence, enter a protest against what is said of Richard Cœur de Lion, whom we regard as a man of his age, and distinguished in that age; worthy therefore, as all distinguished men of all ages, of national respect.—ED.]

THE GREEK EMPIRE MEETING AT CROSBY HALL.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane,
October 6th, 1853.

SIR,—With considerable expectation I attended a meeting at Crosby Hall on Thursday week, a meeting called for the purpose of sympathising with the Christian Greeks of the Turkish Empire. It was a great strain on my patience to sit and hear the half-hour speeches of the St. Johns, interlarded as they were with Christian cant. It seemed as if Christian bigotry was pitched against Mahomedan fanaticism, and I must confess I have little sympathy with either. No policy was enunciated. Wild and unlimited denunciation of the Turk supply the place both of policy and principle. This is not the way to move the English public. If the St. Johns aim at rousing Exeter Hall and its imbecility, at reaching the old women, the inhabitants of teadom, they are going the right way to work; but I take it, impotence is not what they seek. Mr. Nicholls, who made a speech that went home to the hearts and the heads of the audience, spoke quite apart from the Christian furor and silly depreciation of the Turks of the other speakers. He stated he was a stranger to the gentlemen on the platform, and knew nothing of the league, which he advised the audience to judge by its fruits, neither to accept it without caution, nor to condemn it on bare suspicion. Mr. Nicholls seemed to think there was danger in the attempt to form a new empire, with the colossal power of Nicholas confronting it, ready to take advantage of the dissensions and the weakness that always accompany a new state. One expression does him honour, and the audience, and the clergyman in the chair who heartily applauded it. It was to this effect,—"Tell him there were 90,000,000 of human beings oppressed, trodden under foot, outraged; and he would not wait, nor did he believe the public would wait to inquire whether they were Christians before he raised an arm in their defence, or made his voice heard in sympathy." I should not have troubled you with this, had not the daily papers neglected to report anything said by Mr. Nicholls, and the *Eastern Star* omitted to repair the oversight of its daily contemporaries.

Your obedient servant,
W. ROBINSON.

AN UNHAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—King William IV. was one day inspecting a militia regiment, with the Duke of Buckingham on one side, and a sun-burnt Indian veteran on the other. The King suddenly found it necessary to make a speech, and the natural topic was the glorious contingencies of a military career. By way of illustration, he pointed to the Duke on his left, and said, "You see me supported here, on one side, by a descendant of the Plantagenets—one whose lineage is equal to my own; while, on the other, my side is pressed by a man *sprung from the very dregs of the people*.—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field," "the rest of the trees of his forest are few, that a child may write them." The cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space equal to two acres of ground! But Lebanon is a fruitful field; the mulberry tree yields its luscious fruit, and its more useful leaves, with graceful luxuriance; and in its valleys the harvests wave spontaneously in autumn.—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

STATISTICS OF LONGEVITY.—1751 persons were taken, all of whom had attained an hundred years, and were all living at the same time. In one year they had diminished to 1587, in the second year to 1442, in the third to 1280, in the fourth to 1126, and so on till, out of the original 1751, only 143 reached the age of 120; 44 survived to 130, 12 to 140; and one tough old gentleman actually resisted the effects of time and weather, till he had completed his ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH year!—*New Quarterly Review* for October.

Literature.

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

AMONG the "prospects of the season" we cannot refrain from making particular mention of the new *Scientific Library* to be published by Mr. HIGHLEY. Works of a high character are so ill supported in England that it is doubly incumbent on journalists to give publicity to the fact of their existence, that those who would purchase them may hear of them. The works already announced are by such men as UNGER, SCHACHT, KÖLLIKER, GORUP BESANEZ, &c. We shall take opportunities of mentioning the progress of this series.

In France, there are signs of activity. GUIZOT'S *Cromwell* is daily expected, and LAMARTINE, after announcing three different historical intentions, has finally settled upon the history of the *Constituent Assembly*—we say "settled," because, as the volume will be out in a few days, there is little probability of a new vacillation on the part of his historical muse. If you consider seriously what history is—the Geology of Humanity, so to speak—what a profound and almost awful thing it is, LAMARTINE'S florid pamphlets, written not for history but for money, with the haste and recklessness of a pamphleteer, will strike you as somewhat unworthy of the man who held the highest rank among the poets of his nation in this nineteenth century, and who once had upon his shoulders the solemn responsibility of that nation's affairs! Happily for publishers and for LAMARTINE, the mass of men do not so consider it. The mass desires to be amused.

"Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt,
Allein, sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen."

"It is true they are not cultivated to the highest point, but they have read so much, they are up to all the tricks of writers." And LAMARTINE will have need of all his long-resounding periods—of all his French spangles and tinsel—all his rouge and powder, to amuse them with this *Assemblée Constituante*.

ALPHONSE KARR has given us another volume, and one that *can* be placed in the hands of young ladies. It is called, *Lettres écrites de mon Jardin*, and forms a volume of charming botanical gossip, in a style which the readers of his other works, especially the *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, will readily imagine. Other readers, of a graver kind, will thank us for informing them that the eminent zoologist, POUCHET, has just published a *Histoire des Sciences Naturelles au Moyen Age*. It is devoted to ALBERTUS MAGNUS, and the group of thinkers who illustrated his epoch. Among German books we may mention Professor KLENCKE'S *Mikroskopische Bilder; Naturansichten aus dem Kleinsten Raume*, in a series of letters forming a good companion to LIEBIG'S Chemical Letters.

From books to gossip we may pass with the announcement, that DUMAS the elder has had his comedy on the youth of LOUIS XIV. stopped by the Censor, cause unknown. But the great DUMAS is not to be stayed by a Censor, be he even an Imperial Censor, and accordingly *this* is the letter in which he declares his intention to give Fortune back her buffets with unconquerable will; it is addressed to the Director of the *Théâtre Français*:—

"MY DEAR DIRECTOR,—I have just arrived from Brussels, hearing that the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* is stopped by the censor.

"This is Tuesday; on Monday next I request a reading.

"I shall read you five acts.

"What it is I shall read you I do not yet know, for the news has reached me unprepared, but these five acts will be entitled *Jeunesse de Louis XV.*

"I will so arrange it that the scenery you have prepared shall all be available.

"It is needless to add, that in the *Jeunesse de Louis XV.* there will not be a single word, not a situation, to be found in the former piece on *Louis XIV.*, which will remain intact, in case the censor should one day restore that work.

"Should I be ready before Monday, you shall hear from me.

"Yours, ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"Tuesday, three o'clock. With a little activity on your part, the piece may be out in three weeks."

Is it not incomparable? He only demands a week for a five-act comedy, the very subject of which is not thought of! The style of this letter is delicious!

DUMAS the younger also, some time ago, had his drama of *La Dame aux Perles*, stopped by the censor, but has once more brought it into what he considers a presentable condition as a drama. It is now in rehearsal. Readers of the novel *La Dame aux Perles* (noticed by us recently) will marvel where a drama is to be found in its pages, but nothing is impossible to an adroit dramaturge; and the care which the French bestow on the *reality* of their *mise en scene* renders many a piece effective which would be utterly lost with us. It may be mentioned as an illustration of the low tone pervading French morals respecting women, that young DUMAS is said to have taken his own mistress—a lady of high rank, and perfectly recognizable in Paris—as the original of his *Dame aux Perles!* It may not be true—but that it should be said, and said without disgust, is sufficiently indicative.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S. By G. Macilwain, F.R.C.S. 2 vols. 21*s.* Hurst and Blackett.
Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D. 2*s.* 6*d.* Thomas Constable and Co.
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Electoral Reform. By W. J. Isaacson. Butterworths.
True Account of the Horrible System of Discipline at the Borough Gaol, Birmingham. By Mr. Joseph Allday. 1*s.* F. Pitman.

RUSKIN'S LAST VOLUME.

The Stones of Venice. Vol. III. *The Fall.* By John Ruskin; *with Illustrations drawn by the Author.* Price 31*s.* 6*d.* Smith, Elder and Co.

THE volume now before us completes Mr. Ruskin's last, and, in the opinion of many of his admirers, greatest work. It is not our purpose to examine closely into its technical details, nor to enquire how far he has succeeded in proving what he arrogantly informs us (p. 254) it has been the object of the book to prove, "that all the architects and all the architectural teaching of the last three centuries, have been totally wrong." There could be little doubt that a theory so comprehensive in its condemnation, would find critics and antagonists enough; and Mr. Ruskin can probably boast of fiercer opponents and warmer partisans than most writers. The technical objections of his adversaries do not, at present, concern us: the charges of dogmatism and intolerance, of hasty generalization and arrogant self-assertion, cannot so lightly be set aside. They proceed, in great measure, from the strength of the faith that is in him. "Genuine belief," says a very eloquent writer of our time, "ended with persecution;" a notable saying! Few men have looked more lovingly into Nature, and listened more reverently to Art, than Mr. Ruskin; and it is hard for him to believe that eyes and ears which do not receive interpretations so clear and palpable to him, are not wilfully closed.

The present volume is, perhaps, not so rich as its predecessors in those wonderful *word-paintings* for which the author is celebrated, and which fairly dazzle our mental vision, as we read. To our fancy the style is somewhat shadowed and subdued, in accordance with the period of which it treats: no longer Venice in her prime, and in the glory, and brightness, and magnificence of her prosperity,—but Venice in her decline, in the decay of all that was great and noble, the moral no less than external—moral, *therefore* external—decadence, set forth sadly and simply in this title-page, as her "Fall."

The volume contains two great divisions, Roman Renaissance and Grotesque Renaissance. Many pages are dedicated to the consideration of the artist, his education, duties, and requirements; and others to an enquiry into the old, the inexhaustible, the ever-interesting subject—the causes of the decline of art. It is difficult to make extracts where the subject-matter must provoke criticism, without injustice to the author; but whether we are prepared to go all lengths with Mr. Ruskin, upon artistic education, or not, there is much to interest all readers, in his view of

THE ARTIST'S MISSION.

"The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade

from the book of record. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor at the bar, nor in the library. They are for other men and other work. He may think, in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping, or reach without pains; but none of these things are to be his care. The work of his life is to be two-fold only; to see, to feel.

"Nay, but, the reader perhaps pleads with me, one of the great uses of knowledge is to open the eyes; to make things perceivable which never would have been seen, unless first they had been known.

"Not so. This could only be said or believed by those who do not know what the perceptive faculty of a great artist is, in comparison with that of other men. There is no great painter, no great workman in any art, but he sees more with the glance of a moment than he could learn by the labour of a thousand hours. God has made every man fit for his work; He has given to the man whom He means for a student, the reflective, logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist, the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties. And neither of these men, so far from being able to do the other's work, can even comprehend the way in which it is done. The student has no understanding of the vision, nor the painter of the process; but chiefly, the student has no idea of the colossal grasp of the true painter's vision and sensibility."

We cannot afford to extract all we would; but we must hear Mr. Ruskin qualify his assertion:—

"What, then, it will be indignantly asked, is an utterly ignorant and unthinking man likely to make the best artist? No, not so neither. Knowledge is good for him so long as he can keep it utterly, servilely, subordinate to his own divine work, and trample it under his feet, and out of his way, the moment it is likely to entangle him.

"And in this respect, observe, there is an enormous difference between knowledge and education. An artist need not be a *learned* man, in all probability it will be a disadvantage to him to become so; but he ought, if possible, always to be an *educated* man: that is, one who has understanding of his own uses and duties in the world, and therefore of the general nature of the things done and existing in the world; and who has so trained himself, or been trained, as to turn to the best and most courteous account whatever faculties or knowledge he has. The mind of an educated man is greater than the knowledge it possesses; it is like the vault of heaven, encompassing the earth which lives and flourishes beneath it: but the mind of an uneducated and learned man is like a caoutchouc band, with an everlasting spirit of contraction in it, fastening together papers which it cannot open, and keeps others from opening.

"Half our artists are ruined for want of education, and by the possession of knowledge; the best that I have known have been educated, and illiterate. The ideal of an artist, however, is not that he should be illiterate, but well read in the best books, and thoroughly high bred, both in heart and in bearing. In a word, he should be fit for the best society, *and should keep out of it.**"

Mr. Ruskin feels, to its full extent, the responsibility of the artist. Much is given to him, much will be required of him; his duty is to speak out, as clearly, and forcibly, and persuasively as he may, the part which is entrusted to him of the great message to man. It may be a word only, a feeble and faltering word; it may be a volume, powerful and trumpet-tongued; but the true artist will not repine, because his own share in the work is a trifling one, and will feel that, provided something great is gained for humanity, it matters little if the doer be he or another.

To the end that the artist should execute his work efficiently, it is necessary he should conceive it in its true spirit. Let us hear, in Mr. Ruskin's words, what that spirit is:—

"Here, therefore, let me finally and firmly enunciate the great principle to which all that has hitherto been stated is subservient;—that art is valuable or otherwise, only as it expresses the personality, activity, and living perception of a good and great human soul; that it may express and contain this with little help from execution, and less from science; and that if it have not this, if it show not the vigour, perception, and invention of a mighty human spirit, it is worthless. Worthless, I mean, *as art;* it may be precious in some other way, but, as art, it is nugatory. Once let this be well understood among us, and magnificent consequences will soon follow. Let me repeat it in other terms, so that I may not be misunderstood. All art is great, and good, and true, only so far as it is distinctively the work of *manhood* in its entire and highest sense; that is to say, not the work of limbs and fingers, but of the soul, aided, according to her necessities, by the inferior powers; and therefore distinguished in essence from all products of those inferior powers unhelped by the soul. For as a photograph is not a work of art, though it requires certain delicate manipulations of paper and acid, and subtle calculations of time, in order to bring out a good result; so, neither would a drawing *like* a photograph, made directly from nature, be a work of art, although it would imply many delicate manipulations of the pencil and subtle calculations of effects of colour and shade. It is no more art to manipulate a camel's-hair pencil, than to manipulate a china tray and a glass vial. It is no more art to lay on colour delicately, than to lay on acid delicately. It is no more art to use the cornea and retina for the reception of an image, than to use a lens and a piece of silvered paper. But the moment that inner part of the man, or rather that entire and only being of the man, of which cornea and retina, fingers and hands, pencils and colours, are all the mere servants and instruments; that manhood which has light in itself, though the eyeball be sightless, and can gain in strength when the hand and the foot are hewn off and cast into the fire; the moment this part of the man stands forth with its solemn, 'Behold, it is I,' then the work becomes art indeed, perfect in honour, priceless in value, boundless in power."

But the whole responsibility does not rest with our teachers. They can do much for us, but they cannot do all. We hear a great deal of the inferiority of modern artists; but may not some of it be traced to the inferiority of modern audiences? Do we, in this age of restless activity, rapid invention, and fierce competition, often turn aside, to pause and ponder over art, in such a thankful and reverent spirit as the following?—

"We have just seen that all great art is the work of the whole living creature, body and soul, and chiefly of the soul. But it is not only *the work* of the whole creature, it likewise *addresses* the whole creature. That in which the perfect being speaks, must also have the perfect being to listen. I am not to spend my utmost spirit, and give all my strength and life to my work, while you, spectator or hearer, will give me only the attention of half your soul. You must be all mine, as I am all yours; it is the only condition on which we can meet each other. All your faculties, all that is in you of greatest and best, must be awake in you, or I have no reward. The painter is not to cast the entire treasure of his human nature into his labour, merely to please a part of the beholder: not merely to delight his senses, not merely to amuse his fancy, not merely to beguile him into emotion, not merely to lead him into thought; but to do *all* this. Senses, fancy, feeling, reason, the whole of the beholding spirit, must be stilled in attention or stirred with delight; else the labouring spirit has not done its work well. For observe, it is not merely its *right* to be thus met, face to face, heart to heart; but it is its *duty* to evoke this answering of the other soul: its trumpet call must be so clear, that though the challenge may by dulness or indolence be unanswered, there shall be no error as to the meaning of the appeal; there must be a summons in the work, which it shall be our own fault if we do not obey. We require this of it, we beseech this of it. Most men do not know what is in them, till they receive this summons from their fellows: their hearts die within them, sleep settles upon them, the lethargy of the world's miasmata; there is nothing for which they are so thankful as for that cry, 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' And this cry must be most loudly uttered to their noblest faculties; first of all, to the imagination, for that is the most tender, and the soonest struck into numbness by the poisoned air: so that one of the main functions of art, in its service to man, is to rouse the imagination from its palsy, like the angel troubling the Bethesda pool; and the art which does not do this is false to its duty, and degraded in its nature. It is not enough that it be well imagined, it must task the beholder also to imagine well; and this so imperatively, that if he does not choose to rouse himself to meet the work, he shall not taste it, nor enjoy it in any wise. Once that he is well awake, the guidance which the artist gives him should be full and authoritative: the beholder's imagination must not be suffered to take its own way, or wander hither and thither; but neither must it be left at rest; and the right point of realization, for any given work of art, is that which will enable the spectator to complete it for himself, in the exact way the artist would have him, but not that which will save him the trouble of effecting the completion. So soon as the idea is entirely conveyed, the artist's labour should cease; and every touch which he adds beyond the point when, with the help of the beholder's imagination, the story ought to have been told, is a degradation to his work. So that the art is wrong, which either realizes its subject completely, or fails in giving such definite aid as shall enable it to be realized by the beholding imagination."

We glance sadly from our still numerous extracts to our lessening space! We would gladly have culled a passage or two from the chapter on Grotesque Renaissance,—from the masterly and philosophical analysis of the true essence of the grotesque spirit, offspring of that playfulness, arising out of the necessity for recreation felt by human nature, in its highest and healthiest development.

"For man is not as God,
But then most Godlike, being most a man."

Such playfulness do we find side by side with the deepest and most serious thought, in the works of our greatest minds; or, to use Mr. Ruskin's own words, "from Plato to a very wise book of our own time, not unworthy of being named in such companionship, *Friends in Council.*

We had intended to conclude with an extract on the decline of art, but it is impossible to do so with fitting justice to Mr. Ruskin's views on that subject, in the space that remains to us. He states the two great causes to have been "pride and infidelity." He believes that art declined in proportion as religion, or as earnest conviction, faded out of the minds of men, shaken and weakened by the internal dissensions of the church, and dazzled, overwhelmed, and lost in the revival of letters, in the 16th century. Very eloquent, graphic, and interesting is the rapid sketch of this "Decline and Fall." We cannot trust ourselves to enter on it, but must refer the reader to the work itself. We would further direct his attention to the notes on modern education, printed in the Appendix. And we cannot quit the volume without noticing the excellent and copious "Indices," which greatly enhance the value of such a work. They are four,—personal, local, topical, and Venetian, which last is a perfect "guide" to the works of art in Venice, most valuable to the student, who may be so fortunate as to read Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice,* under the shade of her palaces, with the eternal murmur of her *Sea Stories* in his ear.

* "Society always has a destructive influence upon an artist: first, by its sympathy with his meanest powers; secondly, by its chilling want of understanding of his greatest; and, thirdly, by its vain occupation of his time and thoughts. Of course a painter of men must be *among* men; but it ought to be *as a watcher, not as a companion.*"

HANNAY'S NAVAL SKETCHES.

Sketches in Ultra Marine. By James Hannay, late of her Majesty's Navy, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy," &c. 2 vols. Price 20s. Addey and Co.

ALTHOUGH these *Sketches* are all republications, some having appeared in the *United Service Magazine,* and others being booklets published during 1848 and 1849, very well known both to naval readers and lovers of wit, we may squeeze in a word of recommendation, if merely to announce their republication in a convenient collected form, for the benefit of those who may want to make, or to remake acquaintance with Mr. Hannay's scenes of naval life,—viz., the *Personal Reminiscences of Percival Plug, Mr. Snigsby's Yacht, Pip's Cruise in the Violet,* and *King Dobbs.*

In one and all of these stories, we see an earnest spirit, under a light sarcastic mask; there is a purpose in his satire, and a real desire for naval reforms, which his experience at sea was long enough to make him feel, and not long enough to have blunted, by familiarity, his perception of the want. There are imitations of Thackeray's manner, here and there, natural to a young man with a satirical turn, but he has a style of his own—a clear, swift, trenchant, epigrammatic style, which will soon release itself from all traces of imitation, and make itself felt, as the style of an independent man. Critics will note, perhaps, a tendency in these volumes

to subordinate matter to manner, to think more of the writing than of what is written, and to allow the seductions of fancy and suggestion to carry away the mind from its direct narrative purpose. It is a very difficult temptation to resist, is that of following the thoughts which arise suggestively, collaterally, instead of following the subject; and hence what Hazlitt said of a dramatic writer may be applied to all writers: "The first great requisite is *fortitude of mind.*" It is not, however, many writers whose digressions are so well worth reading as Mr. Hannay's.

Portfolio.

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

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

XIX.

Seven Hills, April 29, 1853.

HOW impossible it is to convey in writing all the force and life of that which is said; for the force and life are made up by so many things that have passed too quickly to be retained, and yet have prepared the mind for what is uttered; and the voice, the eyes, the gesture, have added or qualified so much. True is it when the lover tells his mistress that he cannot set forth his meaning in words, because words have not the scope and strength to carry his meaning; and more sweetly true when she tells him that he needs not say it, for she knows already. Yet if we write we must try to say these unsayable things, or let the bare context go—the reproach of love without the kiss that makes reproaches so dear; the monosyllable of simple dignity without the music of the voice which clothes the truth in beauty. How false, then, must be the "moral state" of that country which derives any large proportion of its impressions from written words!

I say this, dearest Elena, because you should not suppose that what I write represents what is said in our conclave; and the more we have advanced, the more difficult is it to report, and yet the more I wish to report, because of many things in which you both would delight. You, who have often called yourself the sister of our Yseult with the midnight locks, would see a true sister to her in Margaret; only that Margaret, strangely, by her grave and slower movement, her deeper voice, and sterner thought, seems like the elder sister. You will not again be "jealous" that I speak in this way of Margaret.

Of all passions that jealousy most perplexes me. What am I worth that you should claim anything in me? And it is the more perplexing to me, since you can never have believed that Margaret "loved" me, in the sense especially given to the word at times. Indeed, the whole of this matter perplexes me; for women who have the most absolute truth, independence, and trust in themselves—who would hate the very suspicion of double meaning in themselves, are ready to suspect it in others. Why is this? You would, I believe, remorselessly consign to flames any witless wretch who could for a second suspect that you had a thought to draw you away from our dear and supreme Giorgio; and, in the perfect singleness of your heart, you vouchsafe to me—whom you have so served in ways dearer to me than if they had been for my *own* advantage, by serving our Yseult,—you vouchsafe to me the unreserved love which the dearest of sisters can give; and yet I could not tell you how Margaret had done the like, out of the directness and bounty of her nature, but you must shame Valperduta and yourself by telling me you are jealous. And why? "For Yseult!" And yet—— But I am sure that Giorgio, with his stout voice, has cleared away that mist from your mind. And when Stanhope brings Margaret to Valperduta, you will only tell me, as you have done of others, that I cannot love her enough. For with all your clinging to those foolish habits of the outer world, Elena sweet, you know in both head and heart, what friendship is possible between man and woman, not "although," but *because* they *might* love in another sense, if everything had fallen out otherwise than it had. I do not wonder at this perpetual readiness to suspect "love," in those whose sense has been perverted and perplexed by the perverted condition, and therefore perverted expression and depraved sense of poor "society," but I do wonder at any remains of the idle suspicion in the women of Valperduta.

I am reproaching you instead of recounting. Our great object was to make Margaret speak. The great grocer no doubt knew why; for he, as little as we, expected her to repeat to him what he knew by heart in the school books. When he called upon her, however, she turned to the physiologist and said, "Edward has given us a principle, but he has not told us how to apply it."

"The principle suggests its own application," he replied.

"To those who are masters of it," she rejoined.

"Study the laws of nature," he said, "and apply your knowledge."

"But *how*, Edward? That is the whole question. Give us a rule."

"There is none, Margaret. The rule must vary with the knowledge. Teach the child facts and natural laws as he becomes capable of understanding them, and as you find them out—for that must be done first, of course. Teach him how to know the stars, to name the beasts of the field, the plants, and the birds, and to know their uses; teach him to know how man lives, by food—must dig to grow it, must eat by the measure of healthy appetite, and not beyond—must digest, and therefore be healthy; how he must love that he may be mated, and being mated, must settle to the nest and provide for those that come after; and how if he does these things he shall live happy ever after."

"And if the mates jangle?" said Conway.

"Or wander?" said Markham. "Or how if the nest be broken in upon by violence and rapine; how if you describe a beau ideal, Edwardes, and a beau ideal resting on presumptive necessities. We are not now talking empirically; and yet you, a scientific man, are presuming the à priori wisdom of things as they are—presuming success where there *is* failure. After all, what do we know about man's 'mating?' We have traditions, and we have supposititious usages; but we have polygamy in the East, and in the West something worse, as London streets can testify."

"All because we depart from the laws of nature, and do not observe."

"By Jove, man, you talk as if we had found out the laws of nature, while we are only *beginning* to study them. Surely you do not think Rousseau or an imaginary Huron had discovered the obvious arcanum."

"What is an arcanum, Mr. Markham?" asked Julie.

"A secret."

"Well, then, I wish you would say secret; because you talk excellent sense when you talk English—sometimes. Chiefly, I think, when you object to each other's philosophy; because I notice that when each man gets upon his own philosophy, he talks about as wisely as a schoolboy dictating what Napoleon ought to have done to win the battle of Waterloo. You men make the laws—and a precious mess you make of it."

"Why, then," cried Markham, "do not you teach us how to make them?"

"Why do not canary birds teach how to make brass wire cages?"

"I do not know. I know that I for one," he continued, with earnest in his banter, "only await the gracious instructions of one intelligent canary, both as to a cage out here, and one also in any quarter of the British metropolis."

"Mark! do you not know that it is bad taste to make these vilain proposals in metaphor? I wish somebody would talk a little sense, if it were only for a change!"

"Ask Margaret, then."

But Margaret would not. She said she had no sense, and no language to disguise her want of sense. No, she would not—not then. Nor could we induce her that day. But yesterday, in Walter's study—and Markham has fitted him up one fit for a Raphael, with a magnificent forte piano, on which Margaret bases her own exercises—yesterday her thought flowed naturally out of the conversation; or, rather, Walter led up to it, unintentionally, I believe. Nobody had invited the painter to philosophize—why I know not; for he has seen much, and knows much. But, perhaps, we all felt how much the true artist subdues his mind to deal with impressions rather than causes. And his remark showed how much his has yielded to that process.

It is a noble room, with a skylight, and a high window opening to the south; for Walter, like Titian, will have the sun in his room, and the air. A few pictures are on the wall; a few masterpieces of sculpture stand forth, bright and pure, against the coloured background; robes, and weapons, and pieces of armour lie about. On the easel is the finished sketch for a picture of Pietro Candiano, the proud Doge, coming forth with his infant son to cut his way through the murderous crowd: a rough subject, which tells how passion survives all that resist it, and sacrifices everything—power, life, home, a country. And while Walter stands before the canvas, with his intent eyes, his bearded lips thrust out, his unsupported arm firmly planting the free strokes of power, the loud voice of Margaret fills the room until the very walls thrill—sustaining his half-conscious, absorbed mind with an atmosphere of strength and beauty. So well can two atmospheres like music and painting, like air and light, like goodness and beauty, fill one space. We had broken in to drag Walter away from his work: in vain; for he continued in silent pertinacity; and, waiting for him, while we watched his pencil with the painted life growing under it, Margaret was shaking forth the notes of "Non piu mesta," which sparkled against the sombre painting like a sunny shower falling upon the last of a battle.

"Yes!" cried he, suddenly breaking forth in the true artist fashion, with a boast, and the abrupt birth of a thought, "if you want a true rule of life that is it."

"What?' asked Conway.

"That!" pointing to the figure of Pietro. "If you want to know how to live, live so as to grow even like that."

"Walter is the Pigmaleon of dragoons!" cried Julie. "How insane painters always are about their own works!"

"Giber!" cried Stanhope, threatening to thrust his brush against her pretty cheek, which defied him to pollute it with coarse counterfeits of its own inimitable tender delicacy. "Do you not know, Julie, that the artist always sees what he never can paint? But if you won't have my work, take that, or that," pointing to Titian's Young Man with a Glove, in the Louvre, copied by himself, and then to the group sometimes called Sleep and Death, or Castor and Pollux. "Grow men like that. But then to do so you must give them parents—not ancestral shopkeepers, but lovers who bring life to life, and live again in their offspring; you must give them free play for their life—they must fear and hope, and conquer fear; they must have arms like that, made so by wrestling, and by striking, not in child's play, but with a will; they must love, not by registrar's licence and at set times, but as the will lists them; they must command and obey, and contend, and conquer; they must face crowds like that, and death like that, and come through if they can; and then you will see that deep intent in the eye, that air of command, that absolute repose of conscious strength, that supple grace, that full burst of love which can alone know life in its full, and is worth a thousand deaths. That is the rule of life, Edwardes, and you cannot beat it with all the drugs on your palette."

And he set to work again with the dogged intentness of a painter whose friends are waiting for him.

"But your own model refutes you, Stanhope," said Edwardes, "for you desire life, and you preach death. To make your rule perfect you must improve upon it. Let Peter Candiano devote his energies to useful purposes; let Castor subdue the peaceful victories over natural materials in industry, and you will attain the same ends without defeating themselves."

"You *can't*, my boy, you can't have it so; you ——." Stanhope did

not go on. He was touching the hilt of Candiano's sword, and the exquisite victory of making the metal relief tell wholly chained his tongue.

"Here is Walter's true rule of life," cried Julie, as Margaret stepped up to listen; "make her speak."

Yseult had laced her arm round Margaret's waist, as if to draw her into our circle, and neutralize Julie's impertinence, while Margaret responded by laying one hand on Walter's shoulder, and passing the other arm round Yseult. She did not now wait for urging. "You cannot have it, Edward," she said, taking up Walter's answer; "you cannot get out of mechanical activity, like that of the weaver, or even the rower, that sharpness and perfect line which springs from striking with a will; you cannot get that keenness of eye which comes from watching for life and death. Why, you cannot get music itself, neither the writing nor the voice if you have none but tutored ideas and school-girl passions. What *Semiramide* was ever bred in an establishment for young ladies; or ——"

"One, I think," said Edwardes, smiling.

"Or what life is there which will not indicate its force against resistance —against contumely, death, reason, everything?"

"Margaret!"

"Yseult, darling! why do *you* look surprised? I am sure *you* don't think that we can say to life exactly how far it shall go, and live by rule, and yet live."

"Then you, Margaret," said Conway, "would not live by rule, would have *no* rule—anarchy?"

"What tremendous revolutionists these women are," cried Edwardes.

"Don't *answer* her," said Markham. "I will tell you what, Edwardes, when a woman like Margaret speaks, we ought not to fall into the idle school habit of picking up their words and trying to refute what they say. Women are not trained to dialectics; they do not even *think* with exactness; but they come closer and straighter to the truth. If you stop Margaret's mouth with repartees you will break the bargain which I made."

I believe we were all astonished at the genuine passion of the great grocer as she spoke; and not less so when Julie put her mouth to his cheek, and gave him *un gros baiser*, and then hid her eyes on his shoulder.

"I feel I am an ass," said Edwardes, "as I always am! Go on, Margaret."

"Look you here!" said Stanhope, who was at last drawn off his work, "the whole story is this. If you want to have a type of man, take that—well, not that, if you smile at my conceit; but that and that. Well, there you have legs; but you can't have such legs by preaching. Look here—see how beautiful that is, how the outline waves like music visible, and comes melting into the knee and then to the foot; see how sharp that inner outline of the knee is, yet how gentle; how easy that leg sways, yet how ready to start—yes, as quick as thought. Well, you cannot have that without those legs are trained in *act* as quick as thought—often. Look at these dark eyes of Titian's: you cannot have eyes like those without a fiery intellect and a fiery heart behind—a heart to be roused. You cannot have that ample, sharp knit chest, which looks at once so full and so compact, without there are quick lungs beneath—quick blood; *you* know that. Well, if you have fiery heart, it will be roused; if quick blood, it will take fire; if arm like that, it will strike; and then there will be contest and death."

"There is some force in what you say; but still I don't see in all that a rule."

"A rule, Edwardes! What rule do you want? A man should be seven heads and a half high; and if men of only five heads high abound, there is something wrong. If most eyes look dull, with nothing particular behind them, there is death in that society, not more life, as you philanthropists desire."

"Granted—still that is no rule. Suppose I desire to be, or to make my pupil a Borgia, with tremendous eyes, or a Castor, with horrible arm—what is the rule to get at these results?"

"Evidently," said Conway, "there is the rule of art, which Stanhope means all the while. If society be true to art, it will relish those things which are the raw material of art—picturesque costume, picturesque customs, sports smacking of real contention, frequent occasions for honourable conflict, free growth of the nobler passions, and so forth."

"Yes, that is it," said Stanhope.

"But," continued Conway, "the flaw in the rule is this, that although it is very good for art, it is not good for society. If we permit the nobler passions, we open a door for the ignoble. If we indulge the angrier passions, we set aside the policeman; and our streets and street-doors would be less comfortably safe."

"That is the very thing I say," cried Stanhope; "you sacrifice *life* to comfort. Now, reduce society to a rule, to save life, and you stifle life. It is a case of overlaying."

"Besides," cried Margaret, "Edward begs the whole question, that the ignoble is more suppressed now, and that sacred things are kept more sacred. I deny that. I do not believe the policeman is an efficient guard of generous feeling. I do not believe that commercial principles test the happiness of men and women; I do not believe that meanness is put down by acts of parliament; or that patriotism is created by statutes against bribery. I do believe that trusting to such things breeds generations who tolerate the sale of the country's right for a soup-ticket, who permit baseness if the policeman cannot arrest it, and sap the very essence of life. It is an effeminate toleration that comes out of all this 'liberalism.' Truth is more absolute. If we imitate nature, we should not refuse to cry out against what is vile, to battle with what is bad, to deal destruction on what is mortal to life. It is part of God's work to sweep away corruption, and living force grows strong in that victory. The only use of the base is to be material for the victory of the noble. If a thing is vile, and you must bear it, endure without complaint; but if you can, efface it. It is by slaying dragons that St. Georges are trained."

"But your *rule*, Margaret, my dear girl," exclaimed Edwardes. "You challenged me to apply; now you must do so."

"Unluckily, Margaret," observed Conway, "in our artificial arrangements, there is no room to carry out your law."

"*Make* room, then; better break a window than be stifled for want of air."

"But you would have to break away people. In the overcrowded state of society——"

"Oh! never mind 'consequences,'" cried Edwardes. "If a rule is a sound one, the consequences are sure to be right; only, I want to know what *is* the rule."

Margaret paused; and Conway answered for her. "The rule appears to me to be this. As we are born with certain faculties, the possession of those faculties indicates the action of life. If we have, as the phrenologists would say, the faculty of acquisition, we must acquire; if we have the faculty of reason, we must ratiocinate; if of destruction, we must destroy; and so on. But the faculties are most powerful in their most generous and perfect shape; and the highest development of power tends also to strengthen the higher faculties. The ordinary precept is "to counteract those faculties which are the lowest," or the least desirable; but if you do that, as society tries to do, by a direct process, you only appear to abate the faculties of the type, and to that extent diminish the force of life. By the opposite process of developing all the powers, you overbear those of inferior grade, and perfect the type of life by completing it in all its parts. I take that to be the rule."

"But still," said Edwardes, "you do not give us the application. That was extorted from me."

"Let us apply it," said Julie, "by getting out of this workshop, as we intended to do, or my life will be abated very disastrously." And she ran out of the room into the garden.

The Arts.

THE DISCARDED SON,

(AND SOME SMALL GOSSIP).

ON Monday night the ADELPHI produced an adaptation of the *Fils de Famille*, by "the Actor, Manager, and Author too," Benjamin Webster.

What a cruel thing it is to hear so continually of the "decline of the Drama," when there never was a time in which "first-rate talent" was so abundant among actors,—if we are to take them at their own valuation,—when even failures, or such as appear failures to a simple-minded public, are "triumphant successes!" "immense attractions!" and draw "overflowing audiences nightly!" and when our managers,—besides being managers, which one would think was enough for any head of moderate capacity,—are actors also, good actors for the most part, and if not always authors into the bargain, like Buckstone, Webster, Mathews, and Wigan, at any rate are "pits of erudition" and libraries of learning!—men who read Xiphilin at breakfast, Sennacherib at lunch, and turn lightly over the playful pages of Strabo before closing their eyes in slumber! This is, however, probably a digression.

Well, this *Fils de Famille*, or *Discarded Son*, that I was telling you about, is a very pleasant, stirring, comic drama, which has been one of the great dramatic successes in Paris during the last year, and which promises to have a fair run at the ADELPHI, although not a run so long as the original, partly from the English mind having less of a military cast than the French, and consequently the English audience will feel less interested by a play so thoroughly military in its spirit and allusions as this *Discarded Son;* but mainly because a comedy of real life in a great measure depends for its success on the reality of its representation. To make a drawing-room scene, such as that of the second act, properly interesting to an audience, it should be represented with great attention to verisimilitude. When you have strong situation and strong language,—such as melodrama delights in—very little attention to verisimilitude is necessary; the audience, moved by the feeling, attends only to the feeling. But when you have the quieter expression and the less strongly marked position, such as every day's experience furnishes,—and such as comedy especially avails itself of,—then the interest of the scene lies in its reality, in its direct appeal to that daily experience. When two melodramatic rivals scowl and stamp, and express their respective opinions of each other in language more emphatic than polite, more sonorous than accurate, the spectator never once asks himself whether *that* is the way that lovers in real life express themselves. But when, as in this *Discarded Son*, a quarrel is represented between two rivals who are gentlemen, and who quarrel in the presence of ladies, unless the quarrel is conducted with something of the manner of gentlemen's quarrels, the spectator justly complains. Now the whole drawing-room scene, on Monday night, wanted verisimilitude. I except Leigh Murray, whose manner was quiet, gentlemanly, and effective. But all the details, all the little nothings which give an air of finish and reality to such a scene, were wanting. Selby, as the exasperated Colonel, was "stagey," and took up the insults in a most unreal manner. Miss Woolgar, who is getting more and more into the habit of speaking her part in private and confidential communications to herself, under the mistaken notion, I believe, of being natural,—had not, apparently, possessed herself of the meaning of the situation, and thus, a very fine part became as ineffective as it could be in the hands of one so great a favourite, so deservedly a favourite.

I am touching here upon the main points which seem to me likely to prevent the piece having so great and universal a success, as its original had in Paris. In justice let me say, however, that its success on Monday with the ADELPHI audience, was unequivocal. And the reasons of this success were, first, the ingenuity and movement of the story; secondly, and mainly as regards acting, the excellent performance of Leigh Murray, whose gaiety was unforced, whose manner was easy and gentlemanly, and whose seriousness was exquisitely real: the seriousness of a manly nature, never exaggerated, while the expression of physical agony controlled by

moral courage, as the Colonel gripes his wounded arm, endeavouring to detect his identity, was a fine bit of representative mastery. Keeley, in the part of a funny Lancer, corpulent and conjugal, was what Keeley cannot fail to be, no matter what the part; and Mrs. Keeley lent her immense popularity and inimitable way of fetching out the faintest colour of a joke, to a part neither interesting, nor altogether unfamiliar to the play-goer.

Besides this piece, there is a novelty in the shape of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, revived by Mr. Phelps, of which another hand will trace the description; and there is also the PRINCESS's theatre, re-opened for its season, with all the pomp and weariness of *Sardanapalus*, not to mention the *Rivals*, cast with the "entire weakness of the company." The ADELPHI, with its happy knack of *àpropos*, has also produced a new *pièce de circonstance*—a lively farce on *Hotel Charges*, written by the active and successful Selby. I couldn't get to see the farce myself, but hear that the audience "roared" at it. If you are desirous of converting yourself into a temporary "sucking dove," you can go and do so, and save me a criticism. Wigan opens the OLYMPIC on Monday next; and Mathews the LYCEUM on the Monday succeeding that. As a bit of theatrical gossip, you may be glad to know that Wright is engaged at the LYCEUM; and that G. V. Brooke has sold himself for four years to American speculators, who pay him 16,000*l*., and do for him what he would never do for himself, placard and puff him into a reputation. James Anderson, I hear, has also made a bargain of the same sort. You will see that Barnum will have Charles Kean at last!

VIVIAN.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT SADLERS' WELLS.

PROBABLY there were not a dozen persons in the crowded audience at Sadlers' Wells the other night who did not go there with a purpose, more or less distinct, of solving two problems—how the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, for many years known to mere playgoers as a musical spectacle, was to be restored to its original form by a conscientiously Shaksperean manager; and how Phelps himself would reach the *ultima thule*, the very stretch and nethermost *Bottom*, of Shaksperean farce. To say that the essentials of an actor include a power of personation, may seem about as original and profound a truth, as that an actor ought to know how to act. How often does he? This one quality is, beyond all manner of doubt, the rarest on the stage; and if we say that as many as half a dozen of our professional actors have it, perhaps we shall be contradicted. For our part, we were glad to find that such an actor as Phelps had undertaken to play *Bottom* the Weaver. Fuseli would not have dreamt of omitting the fools and clowns from his Shakspeare portraits; and, in an art which does not present many analogies with painting, we do recognise some parallel with the labours of a Fuseli in this movement of Phelps towards completing *his* Shaksperean series.

The piece was carefully, not extravagantly mounted. In the Athenian "sets" and groupings there was not so prodigal a display as Phelps gave us in *Timon of Athens*. It was in the fairy scenes that the liberal taste of his management was most conspicuous, and here, indeed, there is much to praise. The *Times*, in an excellent paper, has anticipated our remark, that an effect of mist was gained by the simple means of dressing the whole crowd of fairy forms in green, the exact colour of the foliage. This plan of rendering the objects in themselves indistinct, instead of obscuring them with a medium, will be recognised by practical artists as the more natural process, by which the common trick of "scumbling" is avoided. Could *Oberon* and *Titania* have been played by children, as were all the fairy court, we should have liked them better. The young gentleman, Master Artis, who played *Puck*, and played him so well that he gained a unanimous "call" at the end, was fearfully and wonderfully made up, looking as if he had tumbled out, a very loose leaf indeed, from Doyle "hys book of scraps." Down to his dormouse shoes, he was fairy born and bred. The other characters were, as *Falstaff* says, "mortal men, mortal men"—and women. It would be cheapening courtesy to notice any of them, beside Phelps. The picture he gave will be forgotten by no one who has once seen it. Bating a hardness we did not expect, such as one perceives when a painter of (technical) high art takes—not, indeed, to the grotesque, like Fuseli, but to what is generally understood by the "comic," his acting was a delightful surprise. This hardness may have been the result of a first night's anxiety; and nothing would seem more credible to us than that it has by this time disappeared. His most marvellous touch was in waking from the charmed sleep, during which his ass's head has been removed by *Puck*. We pass the technical minutiæ, admirable in their way, such as clutching dreamily at the space where the long ears have been, squinting down in search of the hairy nostrils, and drawing in his breath to try the effect of an involuntary bray. The struggle of stupidity to fix the receding images of a strange and dimly beautiful vision, was at once humorous and pathetic. Finely appreciated, too, was the very natural conclusion of *Bottom's* difficulty; his taking sudden refuge in the idea that it was "past the wit of man to say what this dream was." The downright nonsense of the "tedious brief tragedy" was, of course, quite in another order of fun. It set the house in a roar from the commencement, and kept them roaring till the end, which came so much too soon for an influential party in the gallery, that they were very near having it all over again. It should be observed, by the way, that the Sadlers' Wells gallery has grown rather formidable in its habit of audible criticism, and by no means appears to hold in opinion with the generous duke *Theseus* regarding actors, that "the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them."

Q.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

A THOUSAND AND ONE DEATHS were registered in London in the week that ended on Saturday. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 952, which, if raised according to increase of population, becomes 1047. The mortality from all causes, therefore, differs little from the usual amount at this season.

Scarlatina was fatal last week to 57 children, and in some instances it appears to have been aggravated by local causes. Diarrhœa carried off 71 persons, which is nearly the same as in the previous week; all the cases, except 20, were amongst children. Cholera gives decided indications of a disposition to increase; in three previous weeks the fatal cases were 16, 29, 47; last week they rose to 66, of which 29 occurred to males, 37 to females. The majority of the deaths were amongst persons of middle age; 26 occurred under 15 years of age, 36 at 15 and under 60 years, 4 at 60 years and upwards. In the corresponding week of 1848, soon after the epidemic of that period made its appearance in London, the number of deaths from cholera was 30; in the corresponding week of 1849, when it was passing away, the number was 110. The 66 cases of last week were thus divided over the metropolis:—In the West Districts 9, in the North 5, in the Central 2, in the East 8, and on the South side of the Thames 42.

It is admitted that diarrhœa generally precedes cholera, and that diarrhœa should never be neglected for a single hour in a time of epidemic cholera. If it be established that the latter disease is invariably, or almost invariably preceded by a well-defined stage of illness, which is amenable to medical treatment, it will at once allay alarm, and be a most important addition to the resources of the medical art.

Last week the births of 727 boys and 648 girls, in all 1375 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 the average number was 1276.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29·514 in. The mean temperature was 48.6 degs, which is 4 degs. below the average of the same week in 38 years. The mean difference between the dew-point temperature and air temperature was 3·6 degs.

With reference to the case of the mate of the *Anna Christina*, reported last week as a case of cholera without any premonitory symptoms, Dr. Macloughlin writes as follows:—"I have been to Blackwall; the vessel is gone; but I have seen the two medical gentlemen who attended the mate, and from them I learn that the man was taken ill at 2 o'clock in the morning, and that one of them saw him at 7 o'clock, prescribed for the symptoms which he noticed, but made *no inquiry into the previous state of health of his patient*. The second medical gentleman saw the mate at 10 o'clock; as the patient was a foreigner he questioned him through an interpreter, and he was told that the man was in perfect health up to 2 o'clock, but he did not ask him whether the spasms, vomiting, and purging had come on simultaneously at two o'clock, or whether there was first a painless diarrhœa, and after a few hours spasms, and then collapse."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th of October, at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, the Marchioness of Ailsa: a son.

On the 9th, at 26, Bedford-place, Kensington, the wife of G. H. Lewes, Esq.: a daughter.

On the 11th, at 32, Wilton-place, Belgrave-square, the wife of Giulio Buono, Esq.: a son.

On the 13th, at 108, Cambridge-street, Warwick-square, London, the wife of Captain George Elliot, R.N.: a daughter.

At Okehampton, the wife of the Rev. Horace W. Thrupp, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th of September, at Christ Church, Ealing, Captain E. Champion, of Lyme, United States, to Ellen, only daughter of the late Edward Bland, Esq., of London.

On the 4th of October, at Earl's Croome, John Gaspard Fanshawe, Esq., eldest son of the Rev. T. L. Fanshawe, of Parsloes, Essex, and vicar of Dagenham, to Barbara Frederica Beaujolois, third daughter of the Hon. William Coventry, of Earl's Croome-court, Worcester.

On the 6th, at the parish church, Clifton, Herbert Francis Mackworth, Esq., eldest son of the late Herbert Mackworth, Esq., of the Poplars, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, to Julia Henrietta, only daughter of the late Colonel Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart., of Glen Usko, Monmouthshire.

On the 11th, at St. Mary's, Hornsey, Charles Evans, Esq., of Gray's-inn-square, and Highgate, to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late James Hooman, Esq., of Franche, near Kidderminster.

On the 11th, at St. Mary, Magdalene's Church, Oxford, the Rev. C. W. P. Crawfurd, A.M., second son of Robert Crawfurd, Esq., of Saint-hill, East Grinstead, Sussex, to Mary, fourth daughter of J. A. Ogle, M.D. Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

DEATHS.

On the 13th of May, off Auckland, New Zealand, by the upsetting of his boat, Lietenant C. T. Hutchinson, Royal Engineers, eldest son of Captain Hutchinson, R.N., of Bedford, aged twenty-five.

On the 30th of September, at Monkstown-house, near Dublin, Katharine, Dowager Viscountess Guillamore, aged seventy-eight.

On the 2nd of October, Captain Leon Jablonski, of London.

On the 3rd, at Torquay, Margaret, wife of John Hornby, Esq., late M.P. for Blackburne, and daughter of the Rev. C. Bird, at Chollerton, Northumberland, aged thirty eight.

On the 6th, at Kensington Palace, Miss Charlotte Stephenson, youngest and only surviving sister of the late Major-General Sir Benjamin Stephenson.

On the 8th, suddenly, at Glenquoich, N.B., the residence of his brother, the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P., Captain Alexander Ellice, R.N., Controller-General of Coast-Guard.

On the 8th, at Leamington, Sholto Charlotte, widow, first, of the late Major-General Pringle, and, secondly, of the late Steuart B. Inglis, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir John Halkett, of Pitfirrane, Bart., aged seventy-nine.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 14, 1853.

THE settlement of the account has passed off quietly enough, heavy backwardations on Consols have been paid, which goes to prove that it is a heavy bear account. Yesterday, Consols were done for money at 92, but for the next account at 91: There was some belief during the early part of yesterday that the Bank directors might again raise the rate of discount, but the meeting passed off without any alteration in the present rate. Next week perhaps may tell a different story. All Railway Shares have been flat throughout the week—except French shares, and they hold their own. Money is still tight, but it varies from day to day, so feverish is the state of the market. The belief that some definite result must come of the Turkish declaration of war, and so settle things one way or the other, gains ground. In the foreign securities there has been but little alteration. Mexican and Spanish are a shade weaker. Russian Bonds show great firmness considering the ticklish state of matters. Peruvian 4½ per cent. Actives have been done at 71. Mining shares are still dull—same with Land Companies and Bank—save Oriental Banks, where there has been a rise of one or two pounds per share.

Consols close at four o'clock at 92⅝, 92¾; London and North Western, 102¾, 103¼; Great Western, 80¼, 80¾; South Western, 75, 77; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 100, 102; Eastern Counties, 11⅝, 11⅞; South Eastern, 58, 59; York North, 45, 46; Leeds, 62, 62½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 59, 61; Caledonians, 49, 50; Oxford and Worcester, 36, 38; Berwicks, 61½, 62½; Great Northerns, 74½, 75½; Northern of France, 33¼, 33½; Strasburg, 36¼, 36½; Lyons, 25⅞, 26⅞; Orleans, 45, 47; Rouens, 39, 41; Great Central France ¾, 1 pm.; Grand Trunk of Canada, 4½, 5½ dis.; Australian Agricultural, 31, 33; Peel Rivers, ⅜, ½ dis.; North British Australian Land and Loan Company, ½ dis., ½ pm.; Scottish Investment Company, 1⅜, ⅝ pm.; South Australian Land, 32, 34; Van Dieman's Land, 15, 16; Agua Frias, ⅝, ¾ pm.; Nowreau Monde, ⅝, ¾; West Maripora, ⅜, ½ dis.; Carors Creek, ¼ dis. par; Quartz Rock, ½ dis., ⅛ pm.; Union of Australian Bank, 65, 67; Australian London Chartered Bank, ½ dis., ½ pm.; Scottish ditto ditto, 2¼, 1¼ dis.; Oriental Bank, 44, 45.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, October 14, 1853.

During the last few days a considerable supply of Wheat has arrived from the Baltic ports, and the trade which during the week had been very quiet, was still more so to-day; buyers holding off in the expectation of prices giving way before the supply can be disposed of. The holders generally, however, entertain too good an opinion of the value of Wheat to press sales, and the consequence is that a very moderate amount of business has been done at prices 1s. to 2s. below those of this day week. There is also a good supply of Archangel Oats, and these are 1s. cheaper than last week. Barley, Beans, and Peas fully maintained the former value.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	*Mond.*	*Tuesd.*	*Wedn.*	*Thurs.*	*Frid.*
Bank Stock	.....	.....	245	247	248	.....
3 per Cent. Red.	.....	.....	91	90⅝	91	91
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	92⅛	92⅛	92	91⅞	91⅛	92⅛
Consols for Account	91⅛	92⅛	92⅜	91⅞	91⅛	92
3¼ per Cent. An.	.....	.....	92⅞	92⅝	92¼	93
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans. 1860	.....	.....	5⅛	.....	7-16	3-16
India Stock	245	.....	.....	.....	248	245
Ditto Bonds, £1000	.....	.....	10 p	.....	.....	.....
Ditto, under £1000	8 dis	.....	par	2 p	.....	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000	4 p	4 p	9 p	9 p	7 p	4 p
Ditto, £500	.....	.....	9 p	.....	4 p	4 p
Ditto, Small	6 dis	8 p	9 p	.....	4 p	4 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds, Small	97	Ditto 4 per Cent	93
Do. New, 1852, 4½ per Ct.	95	Russian Bonds, 1822, 5 p. C.	112⅝
Cuba Bonds, 6 per Cents.	100	Ditto 4½ per Cent	93¾
Equador Bonds	4½	Spanish New Def. 3 p. Ct.	21⅝
Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc.	23⅛	Ditto Passive (Converted)	
Peruvian 3 per Cent	51	Spanish Committee Cert. of Coup, not fun.	5⅛
Portuguese Bonds, 5 p. Ct.	44½		

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alfred Wigan.

Will Open on Monday, October 17, with an Introductory Extravaganza, called THE CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC, in which will appear Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, F. Robson, Cooper, and Galli; Mesdames A. Wigan, Stirling, P. Horton, Chatterly, E. Turner, and Wyndham. After which, an Original Drama, in Three Acts, called THE MASTER PASSION. Principal characters, Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, Leslie, Cooper, White, and A. Wigan; Miss E. Turner and Mrs. Stirling.

Box-office open from Eleven to Four. Doors open at Seven, and commence at Half-past Seven. Stalls, 5s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ZULU KAFIRS.—FINAL CLOSE ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17th.—This Extraordinary Exhibition will Positively Close on Monday, owing to their immediate departure for Paris.—Admission, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Two Shillings; Family Tickets, admitting Four, Half-price. Afternoon, Three; Evening, at Eight.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, consisting of more than 700 Models, is Now Open, at the PORTLAND GALLERY, Regent Street (opposite the Polytechnic), every day, except Friday, for Gentlemen only, from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten. On Fridays, however, the Morning Exhibition for Gentlemen will close at Two o'clock, when Ladies only will be admitted until Five o'clock. Dr. Leach will lecture at 12, 2, and 4, Morning; and quarter to 8 o'clock Evening; and for Ladies by Mrs. Leach.—Admission, One Shilling.

SINGING FOR SCHOOLS, HOMES, AND CONGREGATIONS.

THE TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION have pleasure in announcing the following Meetings at FINSBURY CHAPEL. ADMISSION FREE. The chair to be taken at SEVEN o'Clock each evening:—

Tuesday, October 18.—Illustrations of Psalmody, accompanied by remarks on the hymns and pieces sung. The Choir will sing a selection of tunes, chaunts, and anthems. The Rev. Wm. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, will preside.

Friday, October 21.—Brief Suggestions on the Musical Recreations of the People, and the Best Means of Counteracting the Baneful Influence of Public-house Concerts. Vocal Illustrations by the Choir. The Rev. J. Trevitt, M.A., Incumbent of St. Friar's-Mount, will preside.

Tuesday, October 25.—A Lecture on the Influence and Proper Use of Vocal Music in Education. This Lecture will be illustrated by a number of children from various schools, taught on the Tonic Sol-fa method, who have taken certificates of simple sight singing. The Rev. A Fletcher, D.D., of Finsbury Chapel, will preside.

Friday, October 28.—A Lecture on the Tonic Sol-fa Method of Teaching to Sing. With an Introductory Lesson. The Choir will sing several pieces at the commencement and at the close. Samuel Linder, Esq., Treasurer of the Association, will preside.

The Lectures and Explanations will be given by the Rev. John Curwen. Books of the words and music to be sung will be sold at the doors. Full programmes may be obtained of Messrs. Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

Donations and Subscriptions are earnestly solicited. They may be forwarded to Mr. Robert Griffiths, Hon. Sec., Plaistow, Essex.

THE REV. WILLIAM FORSTER preaches regularly at the TEMPORARY FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Hawley Crescent, Camden Town; in the Morning at Eleven, and in the Evening at half-past Six o'clock.

FILTERS for procuring a constant supply of PURE WATER.—RANSOME'S PATENT POROUS STONE FILTERS, from 6s. 6d. each.

"Be very careful not to drink impure water."—See *Times* newspaper of Sept. 26, 1853.

"Plain advice to all during the visitation of the cholera."—*General Board of Health.*

Agents: WARD & CO., Depôt, 71, Baker-street, Portman-square, London, where may be obtained, gratis, or by post for 2d., the Filter Book, of 16 pages; and also any number of the Plain Advice to all during the visitation of the Cholera.

THE PATENT SELF-ACTING IRIS FOUNTAIN, for PERFUMED and other WATERS.—The Iris Fountain is complete in itself, requiring no fittings or water-pipes for supply or waste whatever; the water once supplied to the Fountain, and ejected by its action, returns to be again thrown out; the only loss of water, therefore, will be by evaporation.—Price, from Four Guineas upwards.—For further particulars, see Filter and Fountain Book, of 16 pages, gratis, or per post, 2d.—Agents, WARD & CO., Depôt, 71, Baker-street, Portman-square, London.

FIVE GUINEAS.—Mr. WM. H. HALSE, the Medical Galvanist, of 22, Brunswick-square, London, informs his friends that his FIVE GUINEA APPARATUSES are now ready.—Send two postage stamps for his Pamphlet on Medical Galvanism.

TEETH.—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.—Newly-invented and Patented application of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Gums, and Palates.—Mr. EPHRAIM MOSELY, Surgeon-Dentist, 61, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, Sole Inventor and Patentee. A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of their most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided, no springs, wires, or fastenings are required, a greatly increased freedom of suction is supplied, a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit, perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured, while from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no [illegible] on the chemically-prepared White India-rubber, and, as it [illegible] no conductor, fluids of any temperature may with thorough [illegible] be inhibited and retained in the mouth, all unpleasant[illegible] of taste and smell being at the same time wholly provided [illegible] by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at

61, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, LONDON.
22, Gay-street, Bath.
[illegible]inger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LEADER

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

First—From the frequency and extent of his purchases; and

Secondly—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

DISH COVERS AND HOT-WATER DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherché patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 27s. 2d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 32s. 3d. to 57s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 73s. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot-water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 13s. to 19s.; Britannia Metal, 20s. to 72s.; Sheffield plated, full size, £9 10s.

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

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

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

COLT'S REVOLVERS.—NOTICE.—Now Ready.—COLONEL COLT is now ready to supply the ARMY and NAVY or BELT PISTOL (six shots) of British manufacture, of the best material and finish, in any quantity. Government agents, dealers in fire-arms, merchants, &c. &c., supplied on favourable terms.—Address, Colonel Colt, No. 1, Spring-gardens, London.

HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, sent free by post, contains designs and prices of upwards of One Hundred different Bedsteads; also of every description of Bedding, Blankets, and Quilts. And their new Warerooms contain an extensive assortment of Bed-room Furniture, Furniture Chintzes, Damasks, and Dimities, so as to render their Establishment complete for the general furnishing of Bed-rooms.

HEAL & SON, Bedstead and Bedding Manufacturers,
196, Tottenham-court-road.

TEA!

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY.—The advantages, both in quality and price, to be derived from purchasing at a first-class City house must be too apparent to every one to need comment.

We are now selling

The very Best Black Tea, at	4s. 0d.	the pound.
Good sound Congou	3s. 0d.	„
Finest Pekoe ditto	3s. 8d.	„
Fine Gunpowder	4s. 0d.	„
Choice Coffee	1s. 0d.	„
Finest Homœopathic Cocoa.....	1s. 0d.	„

This is the most pleasant and nutritious preparation of Cocoa.

For the convenience of our numerous customers, we retail the finest West India and Refined Sugars at market prices.

All goods delivered by our own vans, free of charge, within eight miles of London. Parcels of Tea and Coffee, of the value of Two Pounds sterling, are sent, carriage free, to any part of England.

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY,
Tea-merchants and Dealers,
27, SKINNER-STREET, SNOW-HILL, CITY.

THE TEA DUTY IS NOW REDUCED, and we are enabled to sell

Prime Congou Tea at	3s. 0d.	per lb.
The best Congou Tea at	3s. 4d.	„
Rich rare Souchong Tea at	3s. 8d.	„
Good Green Tea at ...	3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.	„
Prime Green Tea at	4s. 0d.	„
And delicious Green Tea at.....	5s. 0d.	„

We strongly recommend our friends to buy Tea at our present prices, as Teas are getting dearer. Those who purchase now will save money.

The best PLANTATION COFFEE is now 1s. per lb. The best Mocha, 1s. 4d.

Teas, Coffees, and all other goods, sent carriage free, by our own vans and carts, if within eight miles; and Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent carriage free to any part of England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS AND COMPANY,
Tea and Colonial Merchants,
No. 8, King William-street, City, London.

SUPERIOR TO COFFEE, BUT LOWER IN PRICE.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE, 1s. per pound, or in packets, 6d., 3d., and 1d. each, a preparation from the choicest of Cocoas of the English markets, and manufactured by the most approved French method. Coffee is far inferior in nutritive qualities to Cocoa. And Chocolate, or properly-prepared Cocoa, is now universally recommended by the Medical Profession, as more conducive to health than any other vegetable substance which enters into the human dietary. The superiority of the above One Shilling French Chocolate over raw and unprepared Cocoas, may be judged of by the perfection attained in its manufacture, owing to which, it may be used either as food or beverage.

PARIS CHOCOLATE COMPANY, distinguished by the Patronage of her Majesty the Queen, and the unanimous award of both "Council" and "Prize" Medals at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Manufacturers of Breakfast Chocolate, Bonbons, and French Syrups.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by the principal Grocers, Confectioners, and Druggists in the kingdom. Chocolate Mills, Isleworth; Wholesale Depôt, 35, Pudding-lane, City; West-end Agent, Mr. John Hatfield, 221, Regent-street.

NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, 14, Moorgate-street, London.

The remaining Lots on the Estates at Bushey, Barnet, Clapham, Croydon, Sutton, and Merton, may be taken on payment of ten per cent. and the balance, with interest, in twelve months. Any lots unsold on the 26th instant will be withdrawn, and not again offered on the same terms.

(Signed) W. E. WHITTINGHAM, Secretary.
October 12th, 1853.

NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, 14, Morgate-street, London.

Comparative Progress from 1849 to 1853:—

Quarter ending July.	Received.	Shares Issued.
	£ s. d.	
1849	883 4 9	1270
1850	6010 19 7	704
1851	22,595 5 11	2400
1852	54,296 19 1	4649
1853	76,282 19 7	7207

Total Receipts, £589,716 5s. 5d.
Shares Issued, 64,697.

The Estates at Hornsey Rise, Enfield, and Royston will be ready for Sale on Monday, the 24th inst. Members entitled to Priority of Choice will have the option of choosing in their order from either of those Estates on the 24th, 25th, and 26th inst. Should any lots be left after that time, they may be taken by any person paying the price or possessing or purchasing the right to borrow the money, and if the whole should not be sold during the first week, the remaining lots may be taken by any person on payment of ten per cent. and the balance, with interest, in twelve months. Persons not having Rights of their own, but wishing to obtain early Choices, can do so by purchasing the Rights of others; and a Register of Rights offered for Sale, with Prices, is kept at the Office.

Plans, with Conditions of Sale, will be ready on the 17th inst.

(Signed) W. E. WHITTINGHAM, Secretary.
October 12, 1853.

WHITTINGTON CLUB AND METROPOLITAN ATHENÆUM.

Library, Reading, and News-rooms; Lectures, Classes, and Entertainments; Dining, Coffee, Smoking, and Drawing-rooms.

On THURSDAY Evening, October 20th, a Lecture on ENGLISH COMIC AND SATIRIC ART, with Pictorial Illustrations, by Mr. R. W. BUSE.

Subscriptions, £2 2s. the Year; £1 1s. the Half-year. Ladies, half these rates, payable on the 1st of any month. No Entrance Fee.

37, Arundel-street, Strand. H. Y. BRACE, Secretary.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.—A LADY residing near Russell-square wishes to RECEIVE FOUR YOUNG LADIES INTO HER FAMILY, to be EDUCATED by her Daughters. They would have the benefit of a Superior Education, with maternal care and the comforts of a home, on moderate terms. The highest references will be given.—Address, F. E. G., care of Mr. Shaw, 27, Southampton-row, Russell-square.

STEAM to INDIA, viâ the Cape.—The following Ships of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company will leave Southampton for CALCUTTA, calling at Plymouth for the mails, and touching at the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, and Madras:—

Dates.	Ships.	Tons.	Captains.
1853.			
November	Indiana,	1800	Lambert.
December	Mauritius,	1800	—
1854.			
January	Calcutta.	1800	S. Seeales.

Applications for freight and passages to be made at the Company's Offices, 1, Adelaide-place, London-bridge. Parcels will also be received by Messrs. Balfour, Laming, and Owen, 16, St. Mary-axe; and by Messrs. Grindley and Co., 9, St. Martin's-place, Charing-cross.

FIRE at the GUTTA PERCHA WORKS.

RESUMPTION OF BUSINESS.

The Gutta Percha Company beg to inform their Customers and the Public, that they have resumed the Manufacture of Tubing, Sheet, Soles, Round and Flat Bands, Chamber Vessels, Talbotype Trays, Galvanic Batteries, Union Joints, Bosses, Flasks, Bottles, Bowls, Curtain and Cornice Rings, &c. &c. Numerous Fancy Articles are also in progress.

Submarine and Subterranean Telegraph Wire insulated with Gutta Percha.

Orders to be addressed, as previously, to the Gutta Percha Company, Patentees, 18, Wharf-road, City-road, London.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.—Best Quality, Six for Forty Shillings; Second Quality, Six for Thirty Shillings. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining Shirts in the very best manner in which they can be made, are solicited to try FORD'S EUREKAS. "The most unique, and the only perfect-fitting shirt made."—*Observer.*

Country residents purchasing in any provincial town are requested to observe on the interior of the collar-band the stamp—"Ford's Eureka Shirts, 38, Poultry," (without which none are genuine.) Agents are now being appointed in all towns. Terms, &c., forwarded on application.—RICHARD FORD, 38, Poultry, London. Manufactory, Hay's-lane, Tooley-street.

EUREKA.—PATTERNS of the New Coloured Shirtings in every variety of Colour, upwards of 200 different styles for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, including sprigs, spots, stripes, &c. &c., sent post free on receipt of six stamps, price 27s. the Half-dozen.—List of Prices and Mode of Self-measurement sent post free.—RICHARD FORD, 38, Poultry, London.

N.B.—Agents are now being appointed in all towns. Terms, &c., forwarded on application.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

DEPARTURES OUTWARDS.

INDIA and CHINA, viâ EGYPT.—For Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong on the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and on the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

AUSTRALIA, viâ SINGAPORE.—For Adelaide, Port Philip, and Sydney (touching at Batavia), on the 4th November, and 4th of every alternate month thereafter from Southampton, and on the 10th of November and 10th of every alternate month thereafter from Marseilles.

MALTA and EGYPT.—On the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE.—On the 27th of every month from Southampton.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—For Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, from Southampton, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

CALCUTTA and CHINA.—Vessels of the Company ply occasionally (generally once a month) between Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghae.

For further information and tariffs of the Company's rates of passage money and freight, for plans of the vessels, and to secure passages, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, London, and Oriental-place, Southampton.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.

The Court of Directors grant Letters of Credit and Bills at 30 days' sight upon the Company's Bank, at Adelaide. The exchange on sums above £10, is now at a premium or charge of two per cent. Approved drafts on South Australia negotiated, and bills collected.

Apply at the Company's Offices, No. 54, Old Broad-street, London. WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.

London, October, 1853.

SAVINGS BANKS' DEPOSITORS and other INVESTORS

are informed that the ROYAL INVESTMENT SOCIETY is allowing Depositors 4½ to 5 per cent. interest on Deposits, which are all invested on real security by this Society. No partnership liability.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton.
The Hon R. E. Howard, D.C.L.
Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.

Prospectuses free on application.

23, Pall Mall. W. BRIDGES, Secretary.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY,

3, Crescent, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.

DIRECTORS.

Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., Chairman.
Thomas Devas, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

Charles Bischoff, Esq.
Thomas Boddington, Esq.
Nathaniel Gould, Esq.
Charles Thos. Holcombe, Esq.
Richard Harman Lloyd, Esq.
Joshua Lockwood, Esq.
W. A. Peacock, Esq.
Ralph Charles Price, Esq.
Thomas G. Sambrooke, Esq.
William Wybrow, Esq.

ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.—Charles Jellicoe, Esq.

The business of the Company comprises Assurance on Lives and Survivorships, the Purchase of Life Interests, the Sale and Purchase of Contingent and Deferred Annuities, Loans of Money on Mortgage, &c.

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

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

The Directors have availed themselves of the more accurate information recently obtained as to the rate of mortality among assured lives, and have modified the Tables originally constructed for the Company accordingly.

The rates now charged are lower than those required by many of the Offices, and, as compared with them, a Bonus is in fact at once secured by effecting an assurance with the Eagle Company. Thus the Premium required by one Office in particular for assurance of £1000 at the age of 20, would secure, in the Eagle Office, no less than £1250,—that is to say, a Policy for the same amount, with an immediate addition of 25 per cent. to the sum assured.

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

The amount at present assured is £3,000,000 nearly, and the income of the Company is about £130,000.

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

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

Deeds assigning Policies are registered at the office, and assignments can be effected on forms supplied therefrom.

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

SOLICITORS' AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

52, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.

This Society presents the following Advantages—

The security of a Subscribed Capital of ONE MILLION.
Exemption of the Assured from all liability.
Premiums affording particular advantages to young lives.
Participating and Non-Participating Premiums.

In the former, EIGHTY PER CENT. or FOUR-FIFTHS of the Profits, are divided amongst the Assured TRIENNIALLY, either by way of addition to the sum assured, or in diminution of Premium, at their option.

No deduction is made from the four-fifths of the profits for interest on Capital, for a Guarantee Fund, or on any other Account.

POLICIES FREE OF STAMP DUTY, and INDISPUTABLE, except in case of fraud.

At the General Meeting, on the 31st of May last, A BONUS was declared of nearly TWO PER CENT. per annum on the *amount assured*, or at the rate of from THIRTY to upwards of SIXTY per cent. on the *Premiums paid*.

POLICIES share in the Profits, even if ONE PREMIUM ONLY has been paid.

Next DIVISION OF PROFITS in 1856.

The Directors meet on Thursdays, at Two o'clock. Assurances may be effected by applying on any other day, between the hours of Ten and Four, at the Office of the Society, where Prospectuses and all other requisite information can be obtained.

CHARLES JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ON SALE BY D. NUTT, 270, STRAND,

COURS DE PHILOSOPHIE POSITIVE,

par AUGUSTE COMTE. Six vols. 8vo, sewed, price £3 10s. A few copies of this important work (which has long been exceedingly scarce and dear) have just been completed by the reprint of one of the volumes, and can be supplied at the original price.

Also, by the same Author,

COURS DE POLITIQUE POSITIVE.

Vols. 1 to 3, 8vo, price £1 1s.

CATECHISME POSITIVE. One Vol.

12mo, 3s.

NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS.

—All the best New Works may be had in succession from MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, by every Subscriber of One Guinea per Annum, and by all First Class Country Subscribers of Two Guineas and upwards. For Prospectuses, apply to Charles Edward Mudie, 510, New Oxford-street.

ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

39, Throgmorton-street, Bank; and 14, Pall Mall.

Chairman—Thomas Farncomb, Esq., Alderman.

Deputy-Chairman—William Leaf, Esq.

Richard E. Arden, Esq.
Edward Bates, Esq.
Thomas Campline, Esq.
James Clift, Esq.
Rupert Ingleby, Esq.
John Humphery, Esq., Alderman.
Thomas Kelly, Esq., Alderman.
Jeremiah Pilcher, Esq.
Lewis Pocock, Esq.

Physician—Dr. Jeaffreson, 2, Finsbury-square.

Surgeon—W. Coulson, Esq., 2, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Consulting Actuary—Professor Hall, M.A., of King's College.

ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS COMPANY.

The Premiums are on the lowest scale consistent with security. The assured are protected by an ample subscribed capital—an assurance fund of £350,000 invested on mortgage and in the Government Stocks—and an income of £77,000 a year.

Premiums to Assure £100.						Whole Term.					
Age.	One Year.			Seven Years.			With Profits.			Without Profits.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
20	0	17	8	0	19	1	1	15	10	1	11	10
30	1	1	3	1	2	7	2	5	5	2	0	7
40	1	5	0	1	6	9	3	0	7	2	14	10
50	1	14	1	1	19	10	4	6	8	4	0	11
60	3	2	4	3	17	0	6	12	9	6	0	10

MUTUAL BRANCH.

Assurers on the Bonus system are entitled, at the end of five years, and afterwards annually, to participate in four-fifths or 80 per cent. of the profits.

The profit assigned to each Policy can be added to the sum assured, applied in reduction of the annual premium, or be received in cash.

At the first division a return of 20 per cent. in cash on the premiums paid was declared; this will allow a permanent reduction in the future annual payment for life of from 3½ to 11 per cent., according to the age, and a reversionary increase varying from 16 to 28 per cent. on the premiums, or from 1 to 3 per cent. on the sum assured.

One half of the "Whole Term" Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the Premium may remain for life as a debt upon the Policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Claims paid in one month after proofs have been approved.

Loans upon approved security.

The medical officers attend every day at Throgmorton-street at a quarter before two o'clock.

E. BATES, Resident Director.

THE INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,

No. 72, Lombard-street, London.

TRUSTEES.

Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.

J. Campbell Renton, Esq.
Richard Malins, Esq., Q.C., M.P.
James Fuller Madox, Esq.
William Wilberforce, Esq.

The POLICIES of this Company being INDISPUTABLE, (in terms of the Deed of Constitution duly registered,) are TRANSFERABLE SECURITIES, their validity not being dependant, as in the case of ordinary policies, upon the import of past and perhaps forgotten circumstances, and office documents. Used as FAMILY PROVISIONS, they relieve the Assured from all doubt and anxiety as to the future.

Owing to this important improvement in the practice of Life Assurance, the progress of this Company has been rapid from the commencement of its business, and is steadily advancing.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Manager.

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