

The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

AFTER receiving innumerable and very diverse accounts, we are able to collect the general fact, that the Turks have not only crossed the Danube in four places, and established themselves in considerable force on the left bank, but, if they have taken the fort of Giurgevo, it seems probable that they possess the whole line from Silistria to Widin. They have also, it would appear, beaten a much larger force of Russians, in a battle of some duration, and they have defeated their invaders in every encounter. This statement is subject to confirmation or correction; but, in the main, it is that which is most probable. Our waiters on Providence, at home, are charmed at the prospect, that Turkey will settle her own question for herself, prove her strength, and be, in fact, as well as by courtesy, a Power in Europe.

It also appears probable that the Russian force which is in Asia Minor, to the South-West of the Caucasus, is hemmed in between Schamyl's forces, which have crossed the mountain, and a hostile Turkish force, and is maintaining its position with difficulty.

It is at this time that we receive from St. Petersburg a direct and defying declaration of war. Hitherto the Emperor has maintained a considerable degree of reserve, on the subject of his own reverse in diplomacy, and of the necessity for taking more extreme measures. He appears, now, to have thrown off this reserve, both towards his subjects and his allies, as he calls those states which act as his allies, although he acts as their enemy.

The position of the other Powers is scarcely so satisfactory as optimists profess to find it. The Note which the Baron de Brück, with the concurrence of Prussia, endeavoured to force upon the Porte, has been published, and it is anything but a creditable document. In general terms, it professes to declare that the Vienna Note was innocuous, and not susceptible of the interpretation put upon it by the Porte and the Czar; but since, by common consent, all parties have put that interpretation upon the text, this simple negative is either cajolery or a miniserie, and it could have no force whatever as a guarantee for the Porte. But the endeavour to force such a fallacious guarantee upon the Sultan, coupled

with the interpretation of the Note to which Austria adheres, shows that the neutrality of the Emperor Francis Joseph is by no means so veracious as it has been considered. Whatever side he may profess to be on at the present moment, in opinion and aim he still is on the side of Russia. That fact is disclosed in the Note of the Baron de Brück; and Prussia, to all appearance, follows in the wake of Austria.

While the Emperor Napoleon is understood to be losing his patience, and is known to have sent out a General Officer as Ambassador, much against the wish of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, it is certain that our own Government still lags behind. Not, indeed, departmentally; for there is every reason to suppose that the instructions actually issued enable our officers to act in concurrence with France. Lord John Russell has not yet recanted his manly declaration; Lord Palmerston's views are known; but it is reported that Lord Aberdeen once saw some dead bodies, and he has a consequent and invincible repugnance to war. He is a most unfit man, therefore, to be the Chatham of his day; and it can only be hoped that when we have arrived at a more advanced stage of action, Lord Aberdeen will consult his own conscience, and relieve the Ministry of War from the encumbrance of a Peace Minister.

For we are not inclined to suppose that Russia will so readily accept the judgment suddenly adopted by English politicians, that Turkey has established herself as a Power in Europe, and that Russia must submit to withdraw her forces from the Principalities, and accept terms dictated by the Porte. The Emperor Nicholas is not the man to yield so promptly as that implies, and it is likely that he will throw away a few more Cossacks, if not a few more seasons, before he succumbs. It is the more likely that he will do so, since he has the British Minister to turn upon; and hence, by the joint effect of Russian perseverance and British repugnance, we may expect a prolongation of the Russo-Turkish campaign. The only release from such an embarrassing and disgusting incumbrance of dilatory war would be an open and vigorous action on the part of our Government and that of France. But we have no prospect of any such aggressive vigour while we have a Peace Minister at the head of affairs. We carry the sword to war with a cork upon the point; we shoot with blank cartridge, and endeavour to get through a campaign

with *feux de joie*. It will of course be slow work while our gunpowder is thus administered; and as Russia will have many opportunities of working upon her nearer allies, there is no probability that we shall have done, before Austria and Prussia have taken sides, and are arrayed against Turkey, France, and England. It is the dilatory policy which will drag us into a European war, and even then we may anticipate that the tender scruples of our Ministers will prevent their handling such a war so as to bring it to a prompt conclusion. They might well do it, if they were prepared to rattle the houses of their opponents about their ears; and as the houses are ill-built incongruous edifices of ill fame, no one would regard the demolition, except, perhaps, our Peace Minister and our Anglo-Russian statesmen.

There is an ugly movement going on in Washington, which we do not understand, and with which as yet we cannot quite sympathize. The *Union* is actively endeavouring to persuade the Americans, that the English Government is working with the help of France and Spain to establish a free Black population in Cuba, for the annoyance of the United States. Now, although we have no great confidence in the American policy of Lord John Russell's colleagues, although we totally differ with Lord Palmerston in his Abolitionist notions, we do not believe that any project so mad and suicidal is entertained by the present Government. We recognise the story as the repetition of an older one from which it scarcely differs, and which runs to the effect, that the importation of Africans, either as slaves or free emigrants across the Atlantic, was to be encouraged by any means whatever; that the blacks were to be set free, endowed with universal suffrage; and thus established as a free nigger state just off the shores of Florida. That report we know to have been a mere invention, and we suspect this of being nothing better than a renewal of it. There is one ground which may give it a shadow of plausibility. Since the futile attempt at an appropriate treaty between England and the United States, to secure Cuba to Spain, the Spanish officers in Cuba have committed gross outrages on our anti-slavery warships, have been detected in sharing in the slave-trade, and have in short behaved with such gross impropriety as to have called forth strong remonstrance from our Government, and a responsive promise from the Spanish Government to

behave better in future. We believe that amongst the provisions of these treaties is a stipulation to encourage gradual emancipation in Cuba by means of apprenticeship, with a very long term. It is quite possible that that might be contemplated; but if so it would imply no animosity in our Government, nothing hostile to the United States. We agree that the fulfilment of such a project would be inconvenient, and we have always expressed our opinion that the sooner Cuba belongs to the Union the better. Surely, however, it would be easy for the United States to accomplish that junction without a quarrel with England and France; which would be more damage to the liberty of the world than any other conflict.

Another story of the "cock and bull" order, is specially prepared for English readers. The President has recently made certain appointments, and he is represented as having done so without the advice of the Senate, contrary to a fundamental usage of the republic. No representation could be more delusive. When the President is inaugurated, the session of Congress is usually approaching a close, and the Senate generally sits a week to confirm the appointments made by the President. In the interval, other appointments have to be made, and they are always made upon the understanding that they await the confirmation of the Senate. President Pierce has made such appointments, and it is more than probable that they will be confirmed when Congress meets, on the usual ground of confidence in the chief magistrate and his selection. In the recent cases General Pierce has strictly followed the ordinary routine. In the United States, the author of the letters in the *Times* has already been mentioned by name, and taunted with the extraordinary imaginative colouring given to his correspondence; which is ascribed to the supposition that he is deeply disappointed because General Pierce has not discerned in him the qualifications for office. For our own part, we cannot withhold an expression of regret, that the English journal of the widest circulation should consent to derive its American news through a channel so distorted, and to publish what purports to be intelligence, but which discreditably fails to convey to the English reader the slightest information of American politics as they are.

While the new Lord Mayor Sidney ascends his throne with the usual pageant and banquet at the Mansion House, the late Lord Mayor Challis resigns the throne with a peculiar device for immortalizing his one-year reign; and the Royal Commission keep up an accompaniment obligato of inquiry into the ways and doings of the Corporation. The device of ex-Lord Mayor Challis, is to set up a statue to Prince Albert, in commemoration of the great Exposition of 1851; and thus, when posterity looks upon the statue of the comely Prince, and calls to mind the greatest event of "our reign," it will perceive that the memorial is erected by the immortal Challis; so that, chronology notwithstanding, Challis will somehow or other be associated with the Prince and the Exposition. Ridicule has made much of the mayoral device; but the noblemen and gentlemen who were invited subscribed freely. Statues are becoming a drug, and who could refuse one to the Prince? Publishers advertise Christmas presents; from a guinea Bible to a *Keepsake* or Chateaubriand's *Atala*, you may suit yourself with an appropriate gift for a bride or ward. Sculptors will soon be advertising memorial busts and immortality statues, suitable for Princes, noblemen, M.P.'s, &c. It will be easy to keep a stock of bodies on hand, with classic legs, to be headed with a cast from the original, on the shortest notice.

Besides the improvements promised in the great cardinal improvement of the City Municipality, there are some others already proceeding or commencing. The society for the amendment of the law, which has already secured such an immense amount of practical improvement in the statutes and in the practice, has opened its session by nominating a committee to procure the appointment of a Minister of Justice, to preside over the legislation and conduct of justice on behalf of the Executive Government.

A smaller improvement, but one of the deepest importance, is the establishment of an infant nursery, where the children of the poor may be received in charge. This is an innovation appropriately introduced into the parish of St. Martin's, under the immediate superintendence of

the Rector, Mr. Mackenzie, an active and benevolent man. Amongst the ladies who take a foremost part in this excellent institution are Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Goderich.

The strike in the cotton fields continues with no immediate prospect of an accommodation. While the North country seamen are giving up their strike, the masters in the cotton districts are in more than one place adding to their demands a retractive to the ten per cent. where it has already been allowed to the hands; and they appear to have done so at Glossop. We have already expressed our opinion that they could not afford that rise commercially; but that circumstance does not render it less deplorable that they should have been so foolish as to grant what they must retract; that they should throughout manage so ill as to have given to a difference already sufficiently vexatious, all the aggravations of disappointment, perversity, and bad feeling.

The cholera still advances in its aggregate numbers, though it does not show itself with great virulence at any particular spot. The recently published report of the Registrar General has one interesting fact, in addition to the well-known fact, that the pestilence flourishes best amidst crowded habitations and squalor: the virulence of the disease is very nearly in an inverse ratio to the elevation of the ground on which houses stand. At an elevation of a hundred feet as compared with twenty feet, the deaths are as 2 to 30.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE new Lord Mayor, Mr. Sidney, had a fine day for his mediæval progress through and about his domains. Wednesday was rather bright for the season, and the atmosphere was just chilled enough to be bracing. The civic procession set out from Guildhall at noon, in grand array. Mr. Cooke, of Astley's, had been called in; and everything that an experienced dealer in show and theatrical effect could do was done.

There were the mounted police and the lancers to clear the way; beadles and school-boys, and pensioners and boats' crews, fire brigades, heraldic banners, watermen, and a host of officials connected with the companies and the corporation. Then the Common Council of the Lord Mayor's ward, the Sheriffs, and the higher legal officers of the City; then the Aldermen, a portly crew; then the late Lord Mayor, followed by the "banner of justice" and "Justice" herself; the "nations," an Australian trophy, divers allegories, and the Lord Mayor himself. Of this procession the more remarkable features were the emblematic cars and cavalcades, so peculiar to the burgher class all over the continent, but only recently introduced in our civic processions. The standard bearers were particularly noticed, especially the Russian and Turk; the former being dreadfully hissed; the latter, heartily cheered.

Having gone about the City, the Lord Mayor and train went to Westminster by water, and appeared before the Barons of the Exchequer, according to the ancient custom. When they returned, they landed at Blackfriars Bridge, and thence to Guildhall.

In the evening the old civic hall was gay with preparations for dinner, to which there came troops of guests. Amongst them Sir James Graham, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Canning, Lord J. Russell, Earl of Clarendon, Earl of Aberdeen, late Lord Mayor, Marquis of Salisbury, Viscount Mandeville, Sir C. Wood, Sir W. Molesworth; Sardinian, American, and Paraguayan Ministers; Danish Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Cardwell, Lord Hatherton, Sir J. Patteson, Mr. Baines, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Cornwall Lewis.

The speaking was below the average. Lord Mayors are seldom orators, and Mr. Sidney is no exception. Sir James Graham, in reply to the "Navy," spoke the usual commonplaces. The British navy is ready to fight, to protect commerce—in short to do its duty in peace or war. Mr. Buchanan, from America, represented the foreign Ministers, but not with any oratorical display. Then came Lord Aberdeen returning thanks for the flattering toast—"to her Majesty's Ministers."

On my own behalf, and on that of my colleagues, I beg to offer my acknowledgments for the flattering expressions with which our healths have been proposed, and the mode in which they have been received by the company. It is not too much, I trust, for us to hope that in the difficult position in which we are placed we may receive a favourable consideration for the motives which influence us in the discharge of our duty. (Cheers.) It is true that we are the servants of the Crown, but happily in this our day such service is not incompatible with a sincere desire to promote the welfare and happiness of the people. (Hear, hear.) Notwithstanding the wonderful progress of this country in science and in art, I am aware that much yet remains to be done, and that the success of future efforts may be greatly either promoted or retarded by the conduct of the Minister who may happen to be in office. (Hear, hear.) My lord, I know that much is expected from us by the country, and I hope that we shall be found ready and willing to answer to the call. In a country such as ours,

and in a height of civilization such as that in which we live, the real triumphs of a Minister must consist in promoting the progress of industry and the development of the natural resources. Such a course is the object of her Majesty's present government. I trust that nothing may happen to impede our onward progress, and that whatever reforms may be necessary will be carried on in the absence of any disturbing causes, whether foreign or domestic. (Hear, hear.) When last I stood up in this room, as the guest of your lordship's predecessor, I declared that the policy of her Majesty's government was a policy of peace. I desire now to repeat that declaration, and I go further, and say that no other principle of policy will ever be announced by me. (Loud cheers.) But, emphatic as these words may be, let me not be understood as conceiving the impossibility of war, because the occasion may arise when war cannot be avoided, except at the expense of our country's honour. (Hear, hear.) All I can say is, that as far as I am concerned war will never be undertaken except with reluctance, and when imperatively demanded by the honour and interest of the country. Such I believe to be the duty of an English Minister, as I am sure it is that of a Christian man. (Cheers.)

As for the rest, it was not worth much. Lord Clarendon was as commonplace as Sir James Graham, in defending the Peers when not attacked; and Lord John Russell only escaped from truisms about the Commons by referring to the City Commission. He said he was gratified to find that the corporation did not shrink from that inquiry, but manfully courted the most searching investigation. He believed that by promoting useful reforms the corporation would best promote their own stability, and their efficiency as an element in the government of the country.

Lord Palmerston and the "Lady Mayoress and the ladies," Lord Campbell for "the Judges," and Mr. Sheriff Wire for himself, brought what seems to have been a dull evening to a close.

THE CITY COMMISSION.

As yet the evidence of Mr. Acland, taken before the Commission, has called forth nothing but indignant disclaimers. He was again examined, on Tuesday, but he added nothing to substantiate the charge previously preferred against the Court of Common Council, of bribing the press. He showed, however, that the accounts of the Corporation are in a state far from intelligible.

Sir George Carroll has denied some of the evidence, respecting bribery, point blank; and Mr. Alderman Wilson, in his place in the Court of Aldermen, has begged the public to hear both sides before it decides. He promises a satisfactory answer on the part of the Court.

The Commission sat again on Thursday. Mr. Fisher, a solicitor of Combe, Delafield, and Co., narrated a case of hardship suffered at the hands of the City. Messrs. Combe hired a wharf for landing malt on the Westminster side of Waterloo-bridge in 1833. The City put in claims for the portage and mileage of the malt. As the claim was resisted, bills were filed in Chancery in 1835. The firm were advised to apply for leave to inspect the documents under which the claim was made, and in 1842 Vice Chancellor Knight Bruce made an order to that effect. The City appealed; Lord Lyndhurst confirmed the order. The City took the appeal before the House of Lords. It has not yet been decided, and all the suits are at a stand. This litigation has cost the firm 2000*l*.

Mr. Hubbard, governor of the Bank of England, stated that he conceived the reason why merchants will not accept civic offices to be that conscientious scruples prevent them from performing judicial functions for which they have neither the requisite time nor inclination. The next witness, however, Mr. John Dillon, of Morrison and Dillon, thought that the merchants affected to treat civic honours with contempt because they desire to neglect the public duties attached to them. Mr. Dillon would not abolish municipal institutions in the City. He would give corporate institutions to the metropolitan boroughs; and then he would place the police, the sewerage, and the lighting and paving under federal boards formed of members of these corporations. Mr. Dillon confirms Mr. Acland's view of the City accounts. "In vulgar phrase you can neither make head nor tail of them." They ought to be made intelligible. For instance, he had never been able to get an answer to the question—what is the income of the City of London?

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Nov. 10, 1853.

THE trial of the affair of the Opéra Comique commenced on Monday last. The disclosures have anxiously occupied public attention. Some are thinking of the dangers they have incurred: others are discussing whether the conspirators were backed by any real organization. Many are surprised at the lack of men of any importance in the principal conspiracy. There has even been a whisper in Paris, that the chiefs of the plot were actually shot on the very night of their arrest, and that the men now before the Court are mere puppets, or, at best, *doubleurs* of the leading actors in the business.

I don't believe this last report, for my own part: what occasioned it was, probably, the threats of the

Prefect of Police, to terrify the prisoners into confession: indeed, the threats have come out in the trials; but from threat to execution there is a chasm which has not yet been passed. At all events, the examinations have proceeded, and with the exception of two or three men who had been intimidated into betrayal of their accomplices, the accused remained immovably firm. One fact has struck everybody—I mean the attitude of the prisoner Commès. This man denies nothing. He avers, without naming any person, that he was at the door of the Opéra Comique, within a foot of Bonaparte; and that, if the signal had been given, he would have killed the Emperor with the greatest ease. This avowal has made many shudder. One of the three who have confessed is a man named Martin. He plays a singular part. He calls himself a man of letters, and he is religiously disposed; he goes to confession; he writes in the *Univers*; he corresponds with Father Lacordaire. On the day following the affair of the Opéra Comique, at the instance of his superior he delivered himself up to justice; he betrays all he knows of the plot. At first he is silent about the names of his co-accused; but as soon as he is face to face with them, and challenged whether he knows them, or any of them, the fear of hell-fire overpowers him and he tells all he knows about them. It is an enigma how such a man could have gained admittance among republicans. He was acquainted with the illustrious historian Michelet; and that name alone was his passport in all societies of the students. This man, Martin, however, made one declaration which equally horrified and enlivened the whole audience. When asked what fate was reserved by the conspirators for the Emperor, he replied that Bonaparte was to have been killed, and his bleeding corpse dragged through the streets of Paris; as for the Empress, she was not to have been killed, *mais on la réservait pour toute autre chose*. At these words the whole Court tittered; the gendarmes looked at the judges, the judges at each other, and none could repress a smile. The result was a general explosion, scarcely repressed. Such is the true respect for imperial Majesty in France—in emergencies! Such is the true faith in the duration of dynasty No. 5.

Disapprobation has been expressed at the manner in which the presiding judge conducts the trials. He treats the accused like men condemned already, and, what is far worse, he has indulged in perfidious insinuations against one of the most honourable of men, M. Goudchaux the banker. He asked one of the accused whether M. Goudchaux had not given him money to buy pistols. The question raised a murmur throughout the audience.

The affair of Charles Delescluze engages the anxieties of the whole republican party.

Arrests are still going on throughout the country. The examining magistrate, charged with the investigation of the affair, is going to Orleans to interrogate the numerous prisoners arrested in the departments of the Loire, Loire et Cher, Maine et Loire, Mayenne, Sarthe, l'Indre et Loire, and Loire Inférieure. The prisons of Paris being crammed, the *juge d'instruction* is obliged to make a circuit of the provinces, as the prisoners cannot be removed to the capital. It is the discovery of arms which particularly occupies the researches of authority just now. Concealed arms have been found at Angers and in the neighbourhood of Tours. The severity of the police increases daily. Passports are demanded of travellers on all the great roads. Travellers from England are subjected to special surveillance.

In the Governmental circles a sort of panic prevails. The scarcity of food has declared itself only too decisively. The public functionaries are at their wit's ends. The press is forbidden to speak of the question with any particularity. Prices of food are getting up, and the retail trade lacks purchasers.

Nevertheless, the preparations for the Coronation are being hastened. It is even proposed to collect the eighty-two bishops and archbishops of France for the occasion. All the Prefects and chief functionaries in the departments will be convoked to Paris. The second of December is still the day fixed.

Meanwhile Bonaparte is going to hunt at Fontainebleau. The costume of Louis XV. again has been prescribed for the hunt at Fontainebleau, as for that of Compiègne. None are admitted save in the costume *de rigueur*. Grave diplomatists are bound to disguise themselves as personages *à la Louis XV.*, in order to figure in the imperial cortege. To Compiègne, M. de Kisseleff and M. de Hubner, the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, were not invited; they are on the list of present invitations to Fontainebleau.

The Bourse has shown symptoms of rallying from its panic of late. The funds have been getting up little by little—from 71 to 74. True, the same system of coercion is practised towards the Bourse as towards our other institutions. A merchant, who was talking of a fall in an audible voice, was arrested in the midst of the Bourse by the agents of police, and taken to prison: there he remains. As this was not encouraging to the other "Bears," the Bulls had it all their own way from that moment.

We have important news from Turkey. The Turks crossed the Danube on the 3rd of this month, at a

third point between Toustouk and Olteniza; 12,000 men effected the passage of the river, and were attacked by 9000 Russians. After a brisk cannonade, the two armies charged with the bayonet. The Russians were repulsed, and the Turks remained masters of the field, and fortified themselves in their position at Olteniza. The corps of 5000 men which passed the Danube on the 28th of October at Widdin, marched from Kalafat on Craiova, the capital of Little Wallachia. Covered by that advance guard, the reserve formed at Sophia passed the Danube at Widdin, and marched also on Craiova. When this reserve, which is marching from west to east upon Bucharest, comes abreast of Giurgevo, Omer Pasha will debouch with his whole force on Bucharest, to drive out the Russians, who it is said are already decimated by pestilence and marsh fever. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

THE Turks have gained the first victories. So much is certain amidst the contradictory flashes of stockjobbing telegraphs. Before the declaration of war, the main body of the Turkish army lay at Schumla, a detached corps at Rustchuck, and a strong body at Sophia, south of Widdin. The numerical force of this army has been stated at from 70,000 to 100,000 men. There are also forts along the right bank of the Danube—Silistria, Rustchuck, Turkatal, Rahova, Nicopolis, and others. The communication between this extended array was maintained by a chain of posts stretching from Schumla to Widdin; and videttes were stationed along the bank of the Danube, watching the Russian forces. We have seen that the first movement was made from the corps stationed near Sophia, a portion of which, reported at 12,000 strong, passed the Danube and occupied Kalafat on the 28th October. Between that day and the 5th November, other bodies of Turks passed the Danube at Giurgevo, Olteniza, and Kalarache. We are not accurately informed as to the numbers of these bodies of troops. Those who passed at Giurgevo are set down at 2000; those at Olteniza at from 12,000 to 18,000, and those at Kalarache at 4000. The troops at Kalafat, therefore, form the left wing of the Turkish army, while the right wing extends as far east as Kalarache. The centre is at Olteniza. Opposed to the troops in Lesser Wallachia was the corps of General Dannenberg, estimated roughly at from 30,000 to 40,000. This corps were disposed *en echelon*, between Krajova, in Lesser Wallachia, and Slatina, on the left bank of the Aluta. According to the latest accounts, Dannenberg has been defeated in an encounter with the Turkish left wing, and driven off towards Bucharest. In the centre, the corps of Turks which crossed at Olteniza were assaulted at once by a division of Russians, 9000 strong, under General Perloff; but after a smart cannonade, the conflict was ended by a bayonet charge, and Perloff driven back on Bucharest, which lies about sixty miles from Olteniza.

Now the head-quarters of Prince Gortschakoff are at Bucharest; and a glance at the map will show that Omer Pasha commands the Russian position. The Russians are in want of supplies; their troops are sick; they have been twice beaten. A vigorous advance from Olteniza on Bucharest would cut off the retreat of General Dannenberg on the Russian head-quarters, and leave him at the mercy of the left wing of the Turks, reinforced probably by a fresh force from Sophia; while the Turkish centre, supported by the right wing from Kalarache, probably also reinforced from Schumla, would enable the Turkish General to operate at once both on the front and the left flank of the Russians disposed around Bucharest. Such would seem to be the plan of the Turks; and as far as can at present be judged, Prince Gortschakoff is out-maneuvred, and must retire on the Pruth.

Nor are Turkish successes confined alone to the Danube. Selim Pasha has defeated a body of Russians on the Asiatic frontier. Schamyl is in the rear of Prince Woronzoff; and there is every probability that the Russian army in Georgia will be cut off.

It is said, that, on the 20th of October, Massa Bey sent a reconnoitring party in the direction of Cirock-dere. The Russians surprised and attacked this detachment on its march. Selim Pasha, attracted by the noise of the skirmish, advanced with reinforcements, and encountered a corps of 15,000 Russians, from Redout Kalé, and other points. An engagement took place; the Russian forces were routed, and Selim Pasha established his headquarters at Orelly, at the distance of six leagues from Cirock-dere.

Letters from the Persian frontier state, that Mr. Thompson, the British Chargé d'Affaires, was present at the manoeuvres in the camp of Sultanieh. The Ambassadors of Russia and Turkey were not in the camp. Another story is, that the Afghans have sent an Ambassador to the Shah, entreating him to take the part of Turkey, and threatening him, in case of non-compliance, to march upon Hamadan. This news is confirmed by despatches which have arrived from Shiraz.

THE RUSSIAN MANIFESTO.

The following Declaration of War is published in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of the 22nd October (3rd Nov.): "By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russians, &c., make known as follows: "By our manifesto of the 14th (26th) of June of the present year, we made known to our faithful and dearly beloved subjects the motives which had placed us under the obligation of demanding from the Ottoman Porte inviolable guarantees in favour of the sacred rights of the Orthodox Church.

"We also announced to them that all our efforts to recall the Porte, by means of amicable persuasion, to sentiments of equity, and to the faithful observance of treaties, had remained unfruitful, and that we had consequently

deemed it indispensable to cause our troops to advance into the Danubian Principalities; but in taking this step we still entertained the hope that the Porte would acknowledge its wrong doings, and would decide on acceding to our just demands.

"Our expectation has been deceived.

"Even the chief Powers of Europe have sought in vain by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman Government. It is by a declaration of war, by a proclamation filled with lying accusations against Russia, that it has responded to the pacific efforts of Europe, as well as to our spirit of long-suffering. At last, enrolling in the ranks of its army revolutionary exiles from all countries, the Porte has just commenced hostilities on the Danube. Russia is challenged to the combat, and she has no other course left her than, putting her trust in God, to have recourse to force of arms, and so to compel the Ottoman Government to respect treaties, and to obtain reparation for the insults with which it has responded to our most moderate demands, and to our legitimate solicitude for the defence of the Orthodox faith in the East, professed also by the people of Russia.

"We are firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will join their prayers to those which we address to the Almighty, beseeching him to bless with His hand our arms in this just and holy cause, which has always found ardent defenders in our ancestors. *In te Domine speravi, non confundar in eternum.*

"Done at Tzarskoe Selo, the 20th day of October (1st of November), in the year of Grace 1853, and the 28th of our reign. "NICHOLAS."

The *Moniteur* of yesterday says—"By letter from Constantinople we learn that the French and English divisions anchored in the Bosphorus on the 2nd, and Admirals Hamelin and Dundas were at Constantinople. Hostilities have commenced on the Asiatic borders as well as on the Danube. In Asia the Turks have gained advantages."

The following conditions are insisted on in an *ultimatum* presented by Omar Pasha to Prince Gortschakoff:—

"All the strong places in the Principalities to be given into the hands of the Turks immediately; the complete evacuation of the Principalities as speedily as possible, and a guarantee of all the Powers against similar invasion."

The Russians, as the representatives of "order" and of the rights of property in the Principalities, have made extremely free with the public funds, not only of the central but the district treasuries. The military authorities, too, fixes the price of provisions, and those who attempt to sell at the market price are flogged by the soldiery. It is said that bands of young Wallachs have taken to the Carpathians, and intend to act as a guerilla.

A private letter from Bucharest, dated October 18, thus describes the conduct of the orthodox Christian invaders of the Principalities:—

"The hatred of the Russians is universal. Their conduct has aroused a terrible propaganda against themselves. Almost every house in this city has been compelled to billet soldiers, and those which are exempted from this nuisance are subjected to a very heavy impost. All the large houses except those of the chief Boyards have been converted into military hospitals. An epidemic prevails among the Russian troops; about 30,000 are sick. The Russian general has laid hands upon the national treasury. The employes have not been paid their salaries for a month past. The night patrols are served entirely by the Russians.

"The very Boyards who sympathised with Russia at first now detest our invaders."

Martial law has been proclaimed in Moldo Wallachia. Both the Hospodars have left the Provinces.

M. de la Cour, the present ambassador at Constantinople, is to replace M. de Maupas at Naples. The diplomatic career of M. de Maupas has been a short one.

It is indicative of the progress of public feeling in Paris, relative to the Eastern question, that at the Grand Opera, during the representation of *Guillaume Tell*, the audience eagerly seized on some of the allusions scattered through the piece in favour of liberty and independence, and applying them to the present contest between Russia and Turkey, loudly cheered the Turks, adding the cry of "*A bas les Russes!*" on each occasion. The account received of the victory gained over the Russians led to the demonstration.

The French Government organs present a marked contrast to our leading journal. According to the *Times* the Russians can do nothing wrong, and the Turks nothing right. The *Pays* and the *Constitutionnel* denounce the arrogance of Russia, and extol the dignity and courage of the Porte.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, returning to his own country, opens the Legislative Chambers. The royal speech, as royal speeches go, is a satisfactory document. The king speaks of the height to which the prosperity of the nation has been brought by past legislation; and he sets before his people a full and varied list of improvements which shall carry on that prosperity, and consolidate Belgian nationality. The new military organization has augmented the means of defence. There is to be a bill for the reduction of imports on raw material. And altogether the prospects are very cheerful.

From Germany we got little political news; so little indeed that the *cuning* of Hassenpflug, the scoundrel Minister of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, which exploit was performed in the street by the son-in-law of the Elector, is considered an event.

Spain has suffered a loss in one of her more liberal statesmen—Senor Mendizabal—who, whatever his shortcomings, has the merit of having fought with Riego, and having suffered banishment for his patriotism. He was a firm friend to England.

The ex-Queen of the French, the Duke of Nemours, the Duke d'Aumale, and Prince de Joinville, with their wives, have been visiting Victor Emanuel at Turin, and are now at Genoa.

MR. ROEBUCK ON EDUCATION.

OUR readers will be glad to see the following, which Mr. Roebuck has recently addressed to the Mayor of Sheffield, in reply to an invitation to attend a *soirée* of the Mechanics' Library:—

"Milton, October 31, 1853.

"My dear Sir,—I am sorry to say no to any request of yours, but as my great object is now to take my place in the House of Commons next year, I rigidly observe every rule of conduct prescribed to me, by which I am told I shall be able to obtain my wish. Among other things, all excitement is forbidden; and I was blamed for making my appearance at the cutlers' feast. All speaking and public meetings are especially proscribed; and I am ordered to be as quiet and calm as my nature will permit. To be absent from your gathering will be to me a subject of great regret. I say this sincerely, and without affectation.

"Education has ever been with me a subject of the greatest interest. My first efforts as a public man were to promote it, and my last wishes will be in its favour. All other subjects in comparison with it appear to me insignificant, and could I see the people of this country once impressed with a due sense of its importance, I should then have no fear as to our future. But at present I see sectarian differences, and the private interests that thrive upon division in the way of all improvement; and it would seem that to some minds ignorance of everything appears better than a creed differing from their own. Those people seem to forget that morality among the various sects of England is the same, and that a man may be honest and a good citizen, no matter to what sect he belongs. But the fact is that it is not religious belief that stands in our way so much as human pride. What is feared is the top of power, not error in belief. But whatever may be the cause of opposition, the opposition itself, to all attempts of legislative aid in support of education, is at the present time so formidable as really to be a complete obstruction. In this state of things I look upon mechanics' institutions as neutral ground, and one of our chief means of educating the people. By this means the people will, I hope, be able to do for themselves what the State ought to do for them, and they, therefore, have my warmest support.

"Again I say, would that I could be with you; but my first duty is to be again, if possible, in Parliament—to that I make everything yield; and I therefore most reluctantly deny myself the pleasure of being at your *soirée*. I hope this my excuse will appear to you sufficient, and that you will not think me lukewarm in the good cause."

We heartily hope that the next session will see Mr. Roebuck strong enough to take part in the discussion not only of education and Parliamentary reform, but of the *foreign* policy of the Aberdeen Ministry.

ANOTHER IRISH ROW.

MISS CANTWELL'S trial is no sooner over, than Dublin is all agog about another trifle. Not long since John Smith presented a handbill, containing a gratuitous refutation of Romanism, to a Mr. Brennan, a Roman-catholic schoolmaster. Indignant at the insult, Brennan crumpled up the paper, and gave the offending Smith into custody. Mr. Brennan alleged before the magistrate, Mr. O'Callaghan, that the handbill had been "thrust violently" into his hand, such conduct being calculated to make Brennan break the peace. Then the dramatic action in the court continued thus:

The magistrate, Mr. O'Callaghan, said, in giving his judgment.—It strikes me, to say the least of it, to be exceedingly indiscreet and improper for any man, whatever may be his religious opinions, to thrust them upon another man, who, as in this instance, is of a different way of thinking. If a paper put into a person's hand contain anything that is likely to make him angry, or to disturb his feelings, it is, in my judgment, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, and it is the province of the magistrate (who is termed a justice of the peace) to take care that it is efficiently preserved. I cannot entertain a doubt that conduct such as the prisoner has been guilty of is greatly calculated to lead to a breach of the peace; but, as no actual breach has occurred in this instance, I will only require the prisoner to enter into his own recognisance to be of good behaviour for the future.

Prisoner: I have no witness to speak for me; but, as sure as I stand before your worship, I did not "thrust" the bill into Mr. O'Brennan's hand. I simply offered it, and he took it without the least pressure on my part.

Mr. O'Callaghan: I am a justice of the peace, and I am determined to preserve it so far as I can in all these cases. You must enter into bail, or be committed for fourteen days.

The prisoner accordingly entered into the required bail, and was discharged from custody.

This decision outraged all proselytizing Dublin, and they held a meeting in the Rotunda, to devise measures for redressing the wrongs of Smith. They agreed to a memorial, which was presented by Mr. Martin and a deputation to the Lord-Lieutenant, on Monday. After reciting the facts of the case, the memorial broke forth as follows:—

"Your memorialists submit to your Excellency that the judgment thus attributed to the magistrate would appear to be natural and suitable if pronounced in Spain by an *alguazil*, *corregidor*, or *inquisitor*, or in Turkey by a *basha* or *vizier*, but that it was utterly unconstitutional, tyrannical, and intolerable, from the mouth of a magistrate in the administration of English law. That it compromises the liberty of the press, the liberty of publication, liberty of conscience, and the liberty of the British subject. That Protestants would not complain of any papers thus circulated, however much opposed to their religion, and such are, in point of fact, frequently circulated, without complaint of any sense of insult on their part whatever; for

that if the papers thus circulated are untrue, they (the Protestants) feel required to explode them; whereas, if they be true, they may learn wisdom from them. That we submit to your Excellency that the magistrate was bound to tell the complainant in this case that, as a guardian of public liberty, of the rights of conscience, and of the cherished rights of British subjects, he could not make his unreasonable and contemptible sensitiveness the ground for trampling upon the rights of freemen; that if the handbill told falsehoods, he should laugh at it or answer it, and if it told truth, he should learn from it; but that he should not presume to think that the tribunals of British majesty could be made the allies of silliness and intolerance. That, however, instead of this, Mr. O'Callaghan audaciously, daringly, unconstitutionally, bigotedly, lent himself to sustain the intolerance of a bigot, and to crush the rights of British subjects, which rights were bought with the blood of their fathers, and shall never be surrendered but with their own. That we, therefore, in the exercise of constitutional prerogative, come thus before your Excellency with our complaint, and do most humbly pray that your Excellency may be pleased to cause official inquiry to be made into the premises, and if you find them to be true, and that this Mr. O'Callaghan has yielded to the suggestions of his Romanist principles, and severely dealt with an humble citizen for praiseworthy zeal, instead of, in the spirit of noble and free England, rebuking a narrow-minded and intolerant bigot, your Excellency may forthwith dismiss him from an office which he is disqualified to fill, and thus teach society in general that the British Government will not, directly or indirectly, become the supporter of tyrannous, enslaving, and unconstitutional intolerance."

To this outburst the Lord-Lieutenant coolly replied:—

"Gentlemen,—I have listened with much pain to this memorial. It is a matter of deep regret that the meeting on whose behalf you present it should have sanctioned the use of language which appears to me to be inconsistent with Christian charity, and to be calculated to prejudice in public opinion the right of free discussion.

"The memorialists impute to the magistrate gross misconduct in his office. They say that he 'audaciously, daringly, insolently, and bigotedly lent himself to sustain the intolerance of a bigot, and to crush the rights of British subjects.' They describe the judgment pronounced by him as being 'utterly unconstitutional, tyrannical, and intolerable;' and they suggest that in pronouncing it he was actuated by improper motives. Having thus stated the case, they pray me to institute an inquiry into the facts of it.

"I will not advert further to the language of this memorial, but will proceed at once to remind the memorialists that if the charges which they prefer against Mr. O'Callaghan be well founded, his office can afford him no protection, that he is amenable to the law, and that the Court of Queen's Bench, which is open to all aggrieved persons, can inquire not only whether the judgment was erroneous, but also whether the motives by which the magistrate was actuated were improper. That tribunal can correct an error, and it can punish an offender.

"For these reasons I must decline to comply with the prayer of the petition."

Mr. Martin said he had been advised that the Queen's Bench was not a competent tribunal. A conversation ensued, in the course of which the Lord-Lieutenant said:—

"I think the case can only be satisfactorily dealt with in the Queen's Bench. I don't think any gentleman I might appoint could take upon himself to lay down law for such cases. He could only advise me as to Mr. O'Callaghan's motives, which are apparent. I could not remove Mr. O'Callaghan from his office unless it was proved that he had acted from corrupt or improper motives; and even if he committed an error in law, that would not be a sufficient ground upon which to remove him."

This opinion being sustained by the Attorney-General, the deputation retired.

THAMES IMPROVEMENT.

THE following prospectus, of a design for the improvement of the Thames, has been put in circulation.

The present unsightly and offensive condition of the River Thames, especially that portion which extends from London bridge to Lambeth, has for many years been the subject of complaint, and has at different times attracted so much attention, that several plans have been brought forward and carefully examined and inquired into by select committees of the House of Commons; but up to the present moment none of these projects have been carried out, owing either to imperfections in design, or to the difficulty of dealing with the existing interests along the river. Suffice it to say that no one design has yet been suggested sufficiently comprehensive, or embracing all the requisite provision for sanitary improvements and the requirements of the public.

For some time Mr. Lionel Gisborne, C.E., has carefully studied the subject in all its phases, and after a great deal of consideration brought forward a plan.

Before explaining the nature of the improvements contemplated, it should be stated that the principle on which they are based is strictly self-supporting, and that it is not intended to apply for pecuniary aid either from the Government or Corporation.

The proposed design is as follows: viz., to confine the water-way of the river to a width of not less than seven hundred feet (the width already sanctioned by Parliament for the new bridge at Westminster) by means of quay walls, to be built on both shores, each laid out with reference to the best direction for the uninterrupted flow of the water, at the same time being suited to those bridges

at present spanning the river, and which are likely to remain there for years to come.

The present wharfs are to be accommodated with floating basins, the minimum width of which is to be one hundred feet, and will be provided with entrances at suitable distances, that can remain open at least three hours each tide, to admit of the ingress and egress of barges.

On the ground to be acquired by filling in, to a height of four feet above high water mark, between the river wall and floating basins, the following works are to be executed:

MIDDLESEX SHORE.

The quay wall on this side of the river is to extend from Westminster bridge to London bridge, and is to be twenty-one feet over Trinity high water, thus avoiding the necessity of draw-bridges over the entrances to the tidal basin. At that level and as far as St. Paul's wharf, where a new bridge is in contemplation by the Corporation, Mr. Gisborne proposes to have a covered esplanade for foot passengers, next the river, twenty feet in width, alongside of which the ground, for fifty feet back, will be let for building, except at those points where buildings would be objectionable, as opposite Whitehall Gardens, the Temple, &c. Parallel with the esplanade, and extending from Westminster bridge to London bridge, a railway will be constructed at a very trifling additional expense.

Next the railway is to be a street, forty feet wide, extending from Westminster to the proposed bridge at St. Paul's, and passing under each of the bridges, with approaches leading to the Strand at intervals, wherever found most convenient.

The remaining portion of the embankment, having an average width of about sixty-five feet, will be let for building ground, suitable for large stores, one side of which will face the new street, and the opposite side the floating basins.

In addition to the foregoing, large cellars are to be constructed under the esplanade, railway and road, which will connect the river with the stores next the floating basin, and by that means greatly facilitate the unloading of barges at any time of the tide.

Opposite Whitehall, the Temple gardens, &c., as well as from St. Paul's bridge to London bridge, the quay wall is only to be built four feet above Trinity high water; and the esplanade, railway, &c., are to be carried on columns, about twenty-five feet apart, so as not to shut out the present view of the river, or to interfere with the existing wharfs between the proposed bridge near St. Paul's and London bridge. For this distance, an additional width of about forty feet will be added to the present wharfs.

SURREY SIDE.

The quay wall on this side of the river is to extend from Lambeth Palace to London bridge, and for nearly the greater part of this distance it will be about twenty-one feet in height above Trinity high water.

The existing wharfs are to be accommodated in a similar manner to those on the Middlesex side—and the ground acquired by the improvements is to be laid out as follows:—next the river, a road seventy feet wide is to be made, alongside of which the ground is to be let for building purposes, where large stores and shops can be built according to approved designs.

At each of the bridges it is contemplated to divide the road in two, half forming an approach to the bridge, the other half accommodating the through traffic, and therefore passing underneath.

Cellars similar to those before described, and for similar purposes, are to be constructed under the road. Immediately behind the quay walls on each side of the river a large outfall sewer is to be constructed, which will be available for any future system of drainage.

The many public and private advantages to be gained by these proposed improvements are obvious. Bearing in mind that the City is now fast becoming one large store and emporium for trade and commerce, and that its resident population is yearly decreasing, owing to the many facilities offered by railway communication, &c., to the merchants and other business men to live at a distance from their offices, and at the same time to be able to attend daily to their respective duties, it becomes a matter of great importance to perfect as much as possible a rapid and safe mode of transit between the east and west end of London. It is therefore with this object in view that a railway has been combined with the proposed improvements, which can be made at a trifling additional cost.

By the proposed plan, a street forty feet wide is provided, which, lying between two rows of buildings, will answer all the purposes of trade, and be the means of clearing the Strand and other overcrowded thoroughfares. Should the much-required bridge near St. Paul's be built, it will then become necessary to make a wide approach to it from the west-end of New Cannon-street, which will at the same time serve as a connecting link between that street and the one proposed by this plan for the Thames Improvement, and thereby complete a perfectly new and wide thoroughfare from Westminster bridge into the heart of the City. The esplanade, covered as proposed with a Paxton roof of glass, will form a most delightful as well as healthful promenade for thousands, who live at too great a distance to enable them frequently to enjoy the recreation afforded by the parks; and now that, by a recent act of the legislature, all steamers plying above bridge must, after August next, be smokeless, the very great and only objection to such a walk has by that means been removed, and the shops facing the river may with the greatest safety expose any goods for sale, without fear of injury from such a cause. In fact, there exists no doubt that when that act comes into force, the atmosphere on the river will be as pure as in the best streets of the west end.

At present from the state of the river banks, barges can only approach the existing wharfs when the tide is nearly at its full height, and very soon become stranded, and remain so until the next tide rises sufficiently to float them away; the consequence is, that many of them are obliged to be unloaded at a distance from the wharf, at the expense

of a great deal of manual labour. This inconvenience and expense will be altogether obviated by the floating basins, which will at all times of the tide contain from seven to eight feet depth of water, and will therefore enable barges already unloaded to be replaced at any time by others, to be brought alongside the wharf while their cargoes are being discharged.

The gates to the entrances of the tidal basins can remain open for an hour and a half or two hours before and after high tide, so that from three to four hours will be available to clear the basins of all empty craft, and replace them by others laden. The entrances are to be thirty feet wide, to give ample room for barges to pass in and out at the same time. The floating basins are to be connected throughout the entire length, from Westminster bridge to St. Paul's bridge, so that the water opposite each of the wharfs will always stand at the same level, and all tidal entrances can be open at the same time and for a similar period.

In addition to the advantages to be gained which are briefly stated in the foregoing description, the storage and wharfage room along the river will be considerably increased on both sides, where it is much required, and has become most valuable.

The design for the Surrey side is so simple that it requires no further explanation than that already given, as it consists only of a broad road, the river lying on one side, and on the other a fine row of dwelling-houses and shops, with stores and wharfs connected therewith; and at the same time the distribution of the property will not in any way injure the existing interests, but by means of the proposed floating basins will tend to place the present proprietors of wharfs in a far better position.

With regard to the effect these works will have on the river itself, it has been clearly proved before the several commissioners appointed to inquire into "The Embankment of the River Thames," that the navigation and scouring power will be materially improved, and that it will be the means of making the river maintain a more uniform depth, and prevent the formation of shoals, which are constantly making their appearance, and obstructing the free navigation of the river at low tide.

Should it be found desirable to have a minimum depth of water for the entire width of the river and along the quay walls, it can easily be effected by dredging. Ample provision is made in the plan to found the quay walls, at a sufficiently low level, to admit of such a deepening of the river.

The cost of the works necessary to complete these improvements has been carefully gone into in detail, and, allowing more than ordinary prices for the different descriptions of work, the total amount of the estimate, including every contingency, is under 1,500,000*l.*

The annual ground rents of shops, warehouses, wharfs, &c., with the receipts derived from the railway, on a moderate calculation, amount to 100,000*l.* on 1,500,000*l.* of outlay.

It is needless to say anything further at present as to the merits of this design for the "Thames Improvement," as it attains the object in view, viz., that of beautifying the river, without interfering with any vested interest, or without requiring any pecuniary aid from Government, and in addition will be the means of purifying the river, and tend considerably to improve the healthiness of a large district of the metropolis.

A "GENTLEMAN AT LARGE" IN AUSTRALIA.

THE following extracts from a private Australian letter have been placed in our hands. We print them in the belief that they convey a striking and salutary moral to that large class of "fast" young men at home to which the much-suffering writer himself belonged. The writer of this letter was one of the numerous victims of an artificial society and a defective education—one of those gentlemen for whom, like Sir Harry Lester in the *Game of Speculation*, "society has created no employment," who "feel themselves fitted for everything, and so in reality are fitted for nothing."

However, our young friend has found out his own good qualities of heart and bone on that broad and rugged field of pitiless competition, where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, and where a master of five or six languages is a poor match for a bullock-driver. Verily, in the working man's dominions straw-coloured kid gloves and patent-leather boots are at a sad discount, and the fine gentleman is a sorry substitute for the *man* without the gentleness.

Melbourne, July 31st, 1853.

Dear —, I write this letter on board the *Sir William Ffolkes*, and purpose having it finished ready for immediate postage on landing, for I expect to have but little spare time on my hands, it being my full intention to go to work as soon as possible after my arrival. I know you will be glad to receive my scrawl, so I shall make no apology for it, disconnected, patched, and jumbled as it is. I think I may say that on the whole I manage to pass my time pretty agreeably, although a long sea voyage is necessarily very monotonous, and although I am labouring under the great disadvantage of sailing in an "equality" ship, that is, all the passengers fare the same as to grub, although there may be a difference as to cabin accommodation. Each individual has to take his own rations to cook, and wash up, &c., for himself. Each man knows he has paid as much as another, *ergo*, he is as good as another. This leads to constant unpleasantness, and sometimes to pugilistic encounters. One great source of discomfort is, that we have but one small galley stove to cook all our meals at, the apparatus for culinary purposes of 111 emigrants being about the size of an

ordinary stove, as used in any private gentleman's house in France. You will easily imagine the confusion attendant on such an arrangement. Our various scanty rations of flour, raisins, sugar, suet, and so forth, are dealt out to us, and as often as we can we indulge in the luxury of a cake or a shouter pudding, by way of varying our diet of salt junk, pork, and miserably inferior preserved meat. I am become a proficient in the culinary art, but more particularly in making bread, cakes, and puddings. Should I ever return to England, (which I pray God I may!) I think I shall be qualified to take the situation of "Dolly Mop," as I am able to wash up dishes, plates, &c., make beds, clean boots, knives, forks, and spoons, mend clothes, wash and iron shirts, darn stockings, and go through a variety of other little accomplishments too numerous to mention. I am sorry to say there is no discipline on board our ship, either amongst sailors or passengers, consequently might makes right, and the weakest goes to the wall, for we have a terrible rough lot on board. I can give you no idea of the filthy, dirty manner in which our food is served out to us. Things are incomparably better conducted in any decent kennel or pigsty at home. Should you have any friends coming out, caution them against "equality" ships, and at the same time against the "Telegraph Line of Packets." Intending emigrants should always take care to look out for a vessel whose agents are respectable men. Our accommodation generally is very bad. During rainy weather the water comes into my cabin at all parts, not only wetting me, but rotting everything in the place, bedding, clothes, &c. At times I am obliged to sleep with a Mackintosh over me, so badly is the ship's round-house put together. The captain refuses to have anything done, notwithstanding that I am a quarter-deck passenger, and have a right to a dry bunk; *malgré tout cela mon cher ami*, my cabin is the rendezvous of all "good fellows," on board. Here I might hold my levee. We smoke, chat, sing, and drink, not brandies and waters, but lime juice and water, for the *Sir William Ffolkes* is a teetotal ship, and there are no alcoholic beverages to be had. At the time I write this, the 4th February, it is scorching weather, such as you have never experienced; nevertheless I find no inconvenience therefrom, further than a slight irritation of the skin from prickly heat. We are within ten days sail of the Cape of Good Hope, and expect to be at Port Philip the latter end of March. * * * * *

March 18th.—I cannot write to you so fully as I could wish, for nearly all my time is occupied taking stores, cooking, washing, mending, &c. I would that I could have given you a detailed account of the voyage, and various little incidents connected therewith, which, although trifling in themselves, would, I know, have been interesting to dear old —, but I find it impossible. Besides, we have run down southward to catch certain currents of wind, always blowing in a favourable direction, and I assure you it is no easy matter to write with a heavy sea on.

During the passage we have had but little amusement in the way of fishing or shooting. We have seen several sharks, but only succeeded in capturing one. The said animal was taken with my hook. He was not very hungry, and played with the bait, a 3lb. piece of pork, for some time, consequently we had plenty of time to examine him in his native element. He measured six feet in length. Several of us caught albatross and Malay hawks, and both these birds are good eating. Two flying fish fell in the rigging. We saw myriads of them.

Here we are within 350 miles of Port Philip, and, to our great annoyance, becalmed. It is time, however, we arrived, for our provisions are running short. The fresh meat, salt fish, butter, tea, and raisins, are gone from our gaze "slick entirely." The beef, rice, flour, and biscuits are bad. I assure you many of us are in a half-finished state! Some of us carry the signs of starvation very plainly written on our faces. I now think I fare well, ay, sumptuously, if I have one mouldy biscuit and butter for breakfast, ditto for dinner, and rice or a piece of salt pork for supper. Now that we are so near the place of destination I am full of disbelief and despondency, although I am assured by those on board who have been to Australia, have returned to visit the old country, and are now on their way back again to Australia, that I shall fare badly if I do not make a fortune in five years at the most. The bugbear continually haunting me, is the doubt as to whether the immense tide of emigration that is now setting in will not materially change the state of things. I go, however, determined to work, and shall take any situation, or set about any kind of work by which I can honestly gain a living. So far as self is concerned I am not ambitious, but I do wish to realize enough to enable me to return honourably to dear old England, or to be in a position to send for those who are near and dear to me. Of my perseverance I have no doubt, for already I am considered by both passengers and sailors to be one of the most industrious on board. I assure you I am quite vain on this score, I have been paid so many compliments. One old Irish gentleman said I should make a "fine thrasure of a husband" for any woman, I was so "industrious." You cannot think, my dear friend, how I am changed. At one time I thought myself incapable of any real

exertion, but circumstances have brought out the latent energy, and I feel equal to almost any undertaking.

None but those leaving the Fatherland can ever know the feelings created by meeting a vessel homeward bound. It was a lovely day as we floated along nearly becalmed. We were crossing the Line, and it was then we spoke a ship on her way to Liverpool. Amongst all those of an affectionate and sensitive disposition there evidently existed a most intense excitement as we approached each other, and when we lay with our yards laid back, broadside to broadside, I had the most painful struggle to prevent myself from openly shedding tears; indeed I never remember experiencing such a trial. Had I possessed the sole and exclusive right to any hole or corner I should have rushed in and cried bitterly. The remembrance of this meeting is and will for a long time be fresh in my memory. It is a grief not to be described. It must be felt to be appreciated. . . .

Now for Australia. When I was at the mines of Korong I heard a digger express his opinion that Australia is a country "damned at both ends, and cursed in the middle." Now, although so far as I have seen I dislike the country, yet I cannot go so far as this man, for Australia, like every other country, has its good as well as bad qualities. I find there exists a very general dislike of the place, and with many a positive feeling of disgust. The cruel misrepresentations that have been told have much tended to create this latter feeling. We have heard of people sleeping *all* the year round without any other covering than a single blanket. It is a well known fact here that hundreds of strong healthy, hardy men are injured for life through this mode of living, and many die therefrom. I assure you I have felt frost here quite as intense, if not intenser, than at home, and have been rather expressive in my language when marching through the Black Forest in a storm of snow, hail, rain, and *icy wind*. Here one is never safe from the bite of centipedes and scorpions, even close to the town of Melbourne, and in the bush venomous snakes abound, not to speak of lizards and guanos. This latter "love of an animal" is in shape like a lizard, only much larger, sometimes measuring four feet in length, and as large round the body as a cat.

With regard to the climate I am assured by an old resident, and indeed by many others, that the thermometer often varies thirty degrees in the course of twenty-four hours. Indeed this must be the case, for the nights are often very frosty, and the sun shines out almost intensely at noonday. As to *Victoria* being a healthy place, I know that the medical men of Melbourne ordered a friend of mine to leave it, and go to some spot where the air was drier, and the temperature more even. Dysentery is very prevalent here; many die of it, and many suffer repeated attacks. The hot winds are dreadful. The flies also are a great nuisance. It is wonderful the annoyance created by these insects; each one seems bent upon making his way right under the eyelid to the ball of the eye. Fleas and lice abound. As for mosquitoes, to see the result of their bites on the physiognomy of some people, you would declare the *bitee* to be in a bad stage of small-pox. Another pleasing appurtenance to the colony is what the "old hands" term the Brick Fields. My word, this is certainly delightful. It consists of a cloud of flinty sand, gravel, and dust blown about by fierce winds to the height of some thirty feet, and is so dense that a man walking a yard distant from any object, say a bullock dray, is unable to see either cattle or dray whilst the "brick field" is raging. At all times the dust is dreadful, and in summer the heat is intense. In the province of *Victoria* one may journey some thirty miles without finding a water hole, and when found, probably the water is bad, being salt, sweet, brackish, and altogether very unpalatable. Although a good supply of water may be had from holes during winter, in consequence of excessive rains, yet in summer these are dry. It is a curious fact that hitherto it has been found useless to sink wells at this district, notwithstanding that at Sydney, Adelaide, and other places in the colony, they are common as at home. In consequence of the scarcity of water, sheep stations, cattle stations, and townships, are necessarily far distant. Indeed, with the exception of the gold fields, *Victoria* seems to be the least favoured part of Australia. At Melbourne, as at the diggings, we are obliged to buy water, and at a very dear rate. At Korong the price is 3*s.* 6*d.* per bucketfull, and has to be fetched a distance of six miles. On my way to and from the diggings the water I used for tea (the universal bush drink) was generally taken from a wheel-rut, or a hole made by the traffic of horses or bullocks, the colour of the said beverage being a deep rich brown, the component parts being rain water, mud, gum leaf, rotten sticks, liquid manure, strongly flavoured of cattle guano. The proportions necessarily depend on the wetness of the season and distance of encampment from the roads. I am not aware that any chemical analysis has yet been made. Information on this subject would be very interesting to intending emigrants. "They say there's bread and work for all." I know there's flour, at any rate if a man does not go too far into the bush, and has the wherewithal to purchase the same. I knew one party at the diggings who lived (from necessity) on meat for three weeks. I know many

at Korong existed on tea for a length of time. What will loving mammas say when assured that it is a common occurrence for men to be without food for two or three days? Nobody thinks anything of it here. Pity and sympathy are words not to be found in the colonial dictionary.

Formerly men were not content to find gold by the half-pound weight, even in many instances per diem. Now, a man who gets his twelve ounces in the same time is considered to be making good wages. Where one is doing this, hundreds are only getting that sum per week. All diggers are complaining. Men save up their earnings to take them to the diggings. They go! they dig! they come back beggars.

Emigrants are flocking in by thousands almost daily. Capitalists, mechanics, and the really hard working of the labouring classes, are alone wanted here. The market is overstocked with others. Literature and education are at a discount. A master of five or six languages is a poor match for a bullock-driver! One great evil of this district is, that the lands are in the hands of "lags" (convicts) and squatters. These men are, for the most part, very wealthy; consequently, they carry the sway. "Unlock the lands," is the universal cry, and unless this appeal be responded to, there will be a fearful amount of misery; and, indeed, this may lead to a revolution. At the present time, land up the country for agricultural purposes is sold in sections of not less than a square mile. Again, no man can take a sheep run without a capital of some thousands. How different things would be if the land were sold at a low rate, and in small allotments, as in America. Land in the neighbourhood of Melbourne fetches from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 12*l.* per square foot. The average price is 7*l.* per foot! An acre of land was sold for 7000*l.* by public auction. It was unbuilt on, and, I believe, uncultivated. The country around is very woody. On my way to the Korong diggings, 170 miles up the country, the road, after the first twenty miles, is nearly all bush. The Black Forest is thirty-five miles in breadth, and I doubt not originally ran to the Bendigo (properly Bandycosh), a distance of 110 miles from town. The forest, passing by Bullock Creek, the Soddon, and MacIntyre's, is nearly forty miles through, and the scrub is pretty thick. A nice prospect to have to clear a square mile of this land. Land at Sydney, and other civilized places, is sold in reasonable quantities.

Whilst on board the *Sir William Ffolkes*, I made one of a party of five who proposed to go to the diggings. After being on shore some fourteen days, I found no prospect of starting. The pack could not be got together. I, therefore, set off by myself to walk to Korong, a distance of 160 miles. I will give you a faithful account of my journey. I left Melbourne about three o'clock, p.m., on a Saturday afternoon, carrying my swag, consisting of my calico tent, blankets, hook-pot, pannikin, axe, &c. &c.—in all, weighing 50 lbs. I arrived at Keilor, a distance of ten miles, about dark. There I could get no bed; so, by advice, I pushed on a mile further, where, I was told, I could get a shake down for the night. By this time it had come on to rain. There was no moon, neither were the stars out. I blundered along, however, over a partly-finished colonial road. I reached the place where I flattered myself I was going to roost, and civilly asked if I could have a bed. Apropos, a bed means room to lay on the ground. Blankets are not found, or covering of any sort generally. Every digger carries his own. I must tell you, that before leaving Melbourne I had been assured, that once fairly out of town, I should meet with kindness and hospitality everywhere. The sequel will show you the truth of the statement. My inquiry had a marvellous and unaccountable, although by no means agreeable effect; for I was saluted with such abuse, such blasphemous oaths, and such a tirade of epithets as a Billingsgate fish-fag, or a St. Giles's costermonger, might have blushed to have heard. True, rich, racy, genuine colonial swearing—and colonists can, and do, swear "a few." Finding that if I did not at once move on I should be made a target for revolver practice, I steered for some lights in the distance. Trusting to the Fates to befriend me, I shortly found myself in the midst of tents of men working on the roads. I went up to a camp fire, and having stated the above circumstances to those round about, I asked if there was any place where I could get a bed. I was told there was none. Well, thought I to myself, if this is the beginning of my experience of the delights of Australian life, I should certainly wish to know what the wind-up will be. Here I am in the midst of Keilor plains, the rain is coming down pretty heavily, and has commenced at an hour which promises it will continue all night. It is pitch dark; I don't know an inch of my road. The plain is now one huge swamp; there is not a tree near, or a pole to be had—ergo, I can't pitch my tent. I am cold, hungry, wet, and tired. If I go on I shall, in every probability, be worse off: am likely to be "stuck up" (colonial phraseology for being stopped and robbed by bushrangers). Cortes, I am in a pretty pickle; I may not even remain here and sit by this fire all night.

Whilst I was thus chewing the end of reflection over all my troubles, my packet of tea came undone, and out fell the contents. Dame Fortune was determined

to spite me, for not only had I to lament the loss of my tea—a very necessary part of my evening meal and the morrow's breakfast—but this accident was the cause of my meeting with a second edition of abuse from an old convict, who was in a pleasing state of liquor. After some parleying, I was told that I might sleep in one of the tents. I joyfully embraced the offer. I was shown into my abode for the night, and a lovely place it was: an English horse would die of influenza or grief in a month with such accommodation. The only occupant of this apartment was a broken-down Liverpool linen-draper: he kindly offered me some cold tea and dry bread, after partaking of which, I made my bed on the ground. I had just turned in, and had promised myself a few hours' rest, when in comes another lodger, as drunk as hosed colonial liquor could make him—and all liquor retailed is well loaded here. This individual, according to his own account, had imbibed some forty "nobbles" (half glasses) of alcoholic stuff, and after picking a quarrel with his "mate," he began at me. He was a Scotchman, and in the genuine lingo gave me edition number three. However, to cut the matter short, I managed to remain there all night.

The effects of having been so long cooped up on board ship, without exercise, began now to be felt. My feet pained me exceedingly; I had no clean things of any kind with me, having left my knapsack to be forwarded per dray, consequently, when I abandoned what vestiges yet remained to me of my socks, I felt it the more. After various mishaps, I reached —, of which place I knew the Commissioner and J. P. A nice object I looked, to present myself to any one—dirty, ragged, unshorn, unwashed, and uncombed. My boots, of course, had been cut all over to ease my torn and lacerated feet. I stayed some time with my friend at the diggings—just long enough for me to learn that few were doing any good there. I left on the 17th of May (my birth-day) to come down. I had 2*s.* in my pocket to take me a distance of 160 miles: no bread to be had, and flour 14*d.* per lb., tea 6*s.* per lb., sugar 2*s.* per lb., mutton 6*d.* per lb., the latter article being the same price all over the colony, and at three stations out of every four not to be purchased in less quantities than a hind or fore quarter. Australian mutton is generally tough stuff to tackle, being scraggy, grisly, ill-fed, and tasteless. One pound weight of good English mutton is worth two of Australian. Meat keeps no time here, and is quite commonly put on the bush fire whilst yet warm with animal life. I myself have eaten it thus, and what is worse still, have unwittingly partaken of a sheep that has died of the rot, and of a bullock that has been worked to death on the roads. Such meat is often sold up the country.

But I am digressing; so here goes again to my story. When I had come some eighty miles on my way down I found myself without so much as would purchase a loaf (a 4*lb.* loaf costs 4*s.*). My mate and I were thinking we should have to take a stroll round our little tent and a smoke by way of dinner and supper, when providentially we obtained a job to unload a dray bogged in a crab hole. So far so good, but the morrow. The morrow came, however, and with it work on the roads—quarrying! At it we went, from sunrise to sunset. We were encamped on a bleak plain, the rain fell heavily, mixed with sleet of hail and snow. A cold rain wind blew incessantly a perfect hurricane. It froze sharp for some days. The nights and mornings were very cold, and, to add to our misery, our tent blew down in the middle of one of these tempestuous nights, and the remaining portion of our grub, purchased from proceeds of unloading the dray, was soaked in mud and water, having been dragged out of the tent by a possum, who must have been a lunatic to have taken up his abode in such a wild neighbourhood. Our lucifers were wet, we could raise no fire, not even a pipe to be done; and during the time we were working this quarry, four days and a half, we were for the most part without the means of cooking any food, the rain fell so incessantly as to render it impossible to light a fire except at intervals. As far as the actual work goes I rather liked it, although sand and ironstone is hard stuff to peck. Ask, in England, if quarrying is not hard work? Ask if quarrymen are not paid high wages, and then you can answer those who would say I am lazy, or not strong enough, and so forth. Water was in our quarry, and ice on it, when we went to work, wet, cold, and hungry. It is sickening to work on an empty stomach. It is hard to endure cold under such circumstances. I suffered much during this four days. My mate and myself were very wretched. We pushed on for Melbourne amidst more snow, hail, starvation, and misery. On one occasion the rain had fallen so heavily that the ground was like a swamp; we managed, however, to get a fire, and sat by it all that night. For two days we had only one pound of bread between two of us, and this whilst I was walking from fifteen miles upwards daily, and carrying a swag weighing fifty pounds, with my feet torn and lacerated in a dreadful manner. (I have now been down two months and my feet yet show the marks of sores.) When I reached Melbourne I pledged some clothes to pay for beds and food. I was days before I felt at all strong. Circulation was so slow I could not get warm for a long time. During two months I never once took my clothes off; during six weeks of that time my feet were

never once dry. Since I have been down to Melbourne I have been working at quarrying, at sinking a well, at rough carpentering (making a pigsty), gardening, and so forth.

Most of the Government employes here are very gentlemanly fellows. We have a few from the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square and from Cadogan-place, rather fast men, but all in a correct way, nothing loud, all in good taste. There is as good society and as much amusement at C—, in the way of balls, music, soirées, &c., as in any country town at home.

OUR SANITARY CONDITION.

THERE is nothing new to report on the progress of the cholera, except that at Dundee, where, since the outbreak, sixty-four persons have died, it seems on the increase; and that two emigrant ships, the *Kossuth* and the *Guiding Star*, put into Queenstown and Belfast, early in the week, with cholera on board. We still hear, indeed, of cases, here and there; the most notable localities in England being Soham, in Cambridgeshire, where thirty-seven persons have died, and Luton, where seven have perished. On the whole the violence of the epidemic has abated, although it occupies a larger territory than ever.

The health of London has not improved, as regards cholera. The results are summed up in the usual report of the Registrar-General.

"The number of deaths from all causes registered in London in the week that ended on Saturday was 1112; in the previous week it was 1144. In the ten weeks corresponding to last week of the years 1843-52 the average number was 1001, which, with a correction for increase of population, becomes 1101. Hence it appears that the mortality of last week slightly exceeded the estimated amount.

"Cholera continues to make progress, though its rate of increase is not rapid. The deaths referred to it last week were 102. In the last four weeks the numbers rose as follows: 45, 83, 99, and 102; in the same periods diarrhoea and dysentery were fatal in 55, 48, 43, and 42 cases, showing a constant decrease. Of the 102 deaths by cholera, 11 occurred in the West Districts, 9 in the North, 2 in the Central, 21 in the East, and 59 in the South districts.

"London is situated in a basin, through the bottom of which the Thames flows; and it was discovered during the epidemic of 1848-9 that the rate of mortality by that disease was nearly in the inverse proportion of the elevation of the ground on which the dwellings of the inhabitants stood. The same relation between the rates of mortality at different elevations, though the deaths have been comparatively few, has hitherto been observed in the present epidemic.

"The mortality from cholera in the districts at an average elevation of less than 20 feet above Trinity high water-mark has been 31 in 100,000 inhabitants; in the districts of an average elevation of 20 and below 40 feet (20—40 feet) the mortality has been 16 in 100,000; at an elevation of 40—60 feet the mortality has been 11 in 100,000; at 60—80 it has been only 4; at 80—100 only 3. Marylebone at an average elevation of 100 feet is the only exception to the law; the mortality has been there 13 in 100,000. At Hampstead, where the elevation may be put at 350 feet, there has hitherto been no death from cholera. Exceptional circumstances disturb the average in particular districts; but it is a general rule that the danger of dying of cholera, and of all plagues, diminishes within certain limits in proportion as the dwellings of the population are raised above the level of the sea."

A table is appended to the report, which shows this at a glance.

Mortality by Cholera in the Houses of London at various elevations.

Average Elevations in feet.	Population, 1851.	Deaths from Cholera in the Ten Weeks ending October 29.	Deaths to 100,000 Inhabitants.	
			Observed.	Calculated series.
350 feet	11,986	0	0	2
100 "	157,696	20	13	5
80—100 "	202,285	9	3	6
60—80 "	118,092	5	4	8
40—60 "	513,588	55	11	10
20—40 "	438,193	70	16	16
20 "	859,496	204	31	31
Under 350 feet	2,362,236	423	18	18

The series, col. 5, was obtained by dividing 31, the rate of mortality in the lowest terrace, successively by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 17, in conformity with the law laid down in the Report on Cholera.

Last week the births of 847 boys and 811 girls, in all 1658 children, were registered in London. The average number in eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 was 1428.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.833 in. The mean temperature of the week was 48.9 deg., which is 2.8 deg. above the average of the same week in 38 years. The mean daily temperature rose above 52 deg. on Tuesday and Wednesday, which is about 6 deg. above the average. The wind blew from the south-east.

THE STRIKES.

THE vast population of factory operatives in Lancashire are still out on strike, and at present there is no fair prospect of a settlement. Indeed, at Glossop, the

masters talk of revoking the 10 per cent. advance which they had given. There has been no strike at Blackburn yet; but it is thought the masters would not fail to take advantage of any victory which might be gained at Preston, and the other towns. The colliers have not returned to work at Wigan. In Manchester the dyers and fustian workers have gone back to work at old prices. The operatives gallantly support their brethren on strike.

The Preston men received 300% more last week than in the preceding week; the contributions having amounted to 2000%.

The seamen at the northern ports have hitherto been held back from a strike. They have entered into amicable communication with the owners, and a friendly settlement of differences seems probable. Here the struggle is not for wages; but for a certain control over the manning of the ships.

THE BURNHAM ABBEY MURDER.

MOSES HATTO, the groom of Mr. Goodwin, has been committed to prison on the Coroner's warrant, the jury having found a verdict of "wilful murder" against him.

The closing sitting of the jury was held on Tuesday, and the various circumstances were stated to them which warranted the verdict. Thus, Mr. Goodwin stated that neither his bed-candle, nor the rushlight from which he lit it, had been prepared for him on the night of the murder; clearly showing that the housekeeper had not completed her day's work when the attack was begun. Then the plate had not been taken up stairs. Dr. Roberts, a medical man, showed that there was a bruise on Hatto's forehead, and several wounds on his hands; but the former, Hatto said, had been caused by a stick springing up, and the latter by naphtha. Both his assertions were sustained. A broken poker with human hair on it was found under the fire-grate in the bedroom. There were spots, probably blood, on Hatto's wide-awake, and on his trousers, but then he had been employed to fetch water to extinguish the fire, and he had helped the next day to carry down the fragments of the body. Bunce said, that aroused by the noise in the yard, he went out, and thinking some one was there, posted Hatto outside the gate while he went round the yard. Hatto left his post, and most unaccountably got into a pool of water, the drainings of a dung-heap. This led, of course, to the washing of his trousers. These trousers were found to have spots on them, and Dr. Taylor, the well-known chemist, said they were spots of blood; but appeared to have been there some time; he added, that the manure water would make them look like old spots. It also came out that Hatto had ridden his master's horse on the Thursday night after the murder over to Maidenhead. Why, was not known. It was thought, to destroy some inconvenient proofs. The articles stolen from Mr. Goodwin are insignificant.

Perhaps the most important evidence against Hatto is, that the murder must have been either completed in the kitchen, or begun there, and finished up stairs; but under any circumstances, it is a matter of certainty that, unless the victim did not scream through fright, Hatto must have heard the struggle, as his bedroom was near at hand.

This is all the material evidence at present collected, and on this evidence Hatto has been sent to prison.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

THE police courts furnish the usual stories of crime, and illustrate fearfully the habits of the lowest classes.

There have been three cases of wife-beating—one almost amounting to murder. A loud quarrel in the lodgings of Patrick M'Namara is succeeded by a heavy fall. The neighbours, who know the fellow habitually ill-uses his wife, are alarmed. At length an old woman, oppressed by the quiet, knocked at the door. Receiving no answer she tried the door and found it locked. Hearing a faint moan inside she burst the door open and found the wife dreadfully wounded and apparently dying. M'Namara was arrested at a beershop, with the blood on his hands. He said it had all happened through his wife's tongue that she had got what she had, and if she had got as much more it would have served her right. Mr. Yardley remanded the savage.

In the second case, John Wilson, a wood-cutter, seized hold of his wife by the hair and dragged her up and down the place, she having at the same time her infant, only three months' old, in her arms. He kicked her upon the side and punched her upon the head, and taking off the thin shoes which he had on, called out for his heavy boots. On the previous night he (prisoner) ill-used her in a very serious way, by beating and kicking and smashing nearly everything in the room, for no other reason than that of her having expended a few pence out of 5s. which she had obtained on pledge for his coat. She had been recently confined, and was still suffering from the ill-usage which she had suffered from her brutal partner. The two daughters of the brute made similar charges. Maria Jones interferred—"For God's sake, don't murder her; you'll kill your wife, and you know she has only just been confined." He continued to drag her along, and called for his nailed shoes and a chopper. At length a policeman hearing that a woman was being murdered in Burn's-place, went there, and found a mob of nearly 200 persons assembled. He saw Wilson standing over his wife as if in the act of striking her with his clenched fist. For the assault upon his wife Wilson was sent to hard labour in the House of Correction for four months, in each of the other cases 25 or 16 days.

Mr. A'Beckett surprised a coffee-house keeper, named Reason, by sentencing him to six months' hard labour for breaking a chair over the head of his wife. It was his custom of an evening.

In the district of the Thames over which Mr. Yardley presides, two shocking cases occurred on Monday. Two American sailors quarrelled, whereupon one of them,

appropriately named Stickman, stabbed his adversary three times. Mr. Yardley said, if the two seamen had exchanged a few blows with the fists, that would have been most probably excused, or passed over with a slight fine; but persons could not be allowed in this country to be using knives against each other. It was a most savage and atrocious practice. He fined the prisoner 5% and, in default of payment, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment.

Margaret Adams, an unfortunate, broke a thick tumbler over the face of Casey, a sailor. The woman first attempted to rob him. Two months' imprisonment.

David Sullivan has been committed for trial, on a charge of biting off the lip of Timothy Leaky. It was done in a drunken row, at a public house in Rosemary-lane.

Robert Langley married a young woman of Odiham, in Hants. She brought him 100%. He had not been married seven weeks before he left his wife penniless. Found again, she preferred a complaint to the police. The magistrate was the Honourable George Capel Norton; and feeling to the full the impropriety of deserting a wife, he ordered Langley to give up 40% out of 45% found on him, or go to prison. Langley gave up the money.

Two swell mobsmen have been charged with committing robberies at railway stations. One was James MacGregor. William Fisher, a detective officer attached to the railway, said, that on Monday afternoon last, he was on duty on the railway, near the terminus, King's-cross, when he saw the prisoner attempt to pick a lady's pocket. Fisher watched him, and on the arrival of the train from York, the porters removed the luggage from the carriages, and the prisoner proceeded to a portmanteau, and was about to take it away when Fisher seized him, and took him to the station-house. On his road thither, the prisoner said, "I suppose we can settle this business on the quiet; I don't mind a dragger; I'd rather do that than spout you in the court." In answer to a question from the bench, Fisher said the term "dragger" meant three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, in the house of correction. The prisoner said nothing in his defence, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. The other was Charles Williams—a more ingenious professor. Williams was in a crowd at the Eastern Counties Railway station. Suddenly a woman called out to her husband that Williams had just picked her pocket. The husband seized Williams, but assuming a dignified air he said, "she must have dropped it," and the husband let him go. But Charles Rees, a railway porter, saw his left hand at the lady's pocket, and seized hold of him. Whereupon he said, in broken English, "That he was a gentleman and going to Lea-bridge." He struggled hard, and said, "he would not go with Rees," who, however, while dragging him away, saw him drop the purse. Committed for trial.

An impudent thief, who gave the name of Henry Devine, but withheld his address and occupation "out of regard for his family," was brought up at Bow-street on Saturday, charged with stealing a quantity of plate from Mr. J. Chapman, the bookseller, 142, Strand. About two o'clock one day the housemaid saw the prisoner coolly walk down from the drawing-room, and out into the street; she called out to her master, who at once set off after him. The prisoner ran off at full speed, but Mr. Chapman, attracted by the glitter of his own plate, with which the thief in his flight was now strewing the street, ran faster after him, and eventually tripped him up on his face on the pavement. On appearing before the magistrate, prisoner said, with the greatest effrontery, he "merely took the plate to enable him to raise money sufficient to go to Australia, and intended to reimburse Mr. Chapman when he got to the gold diggings." He considered he had been very badly used by Mr. Chapman, who, instead of offering him a glass of ale after his fall, had seized him by the throat, and nearly choked him. He considered "such conduct anything but gentlemanly, but was willing to forget and forgive, if Mr. Chapman on his part would do the same." Mr. Henry committed him for trial.

A little girl has been murdered at Loscoe, Derbyshire, by her grandmother, an old woman of sixty, by name Ann Martin. She took the child from its young uncle, who was nursing it, and threw it into a well at the back of the garden. The old woman said, on being questioned, that "the devil had tempted her to drown the child," and began to cry, saying, "Oh, dear! whatever made me do it?" A verdict of wilful murder was found against her at the coroner's inquest. The murdered infant was an illegitimate child of her daughter.

A little girl, twelve years old, was left in the care of a lonely cottage, near Dunster, Somerset. A young man, named Bailly, was in the house. When the girl's mother and brother returned, the daughter was not there. A search was instituted, and the body of the girl, with the throat cut, was found in an adjoining barn. Bailly has decamped.

"DOVERING," AND OTHER CITY MYSTERIES.

At the close of the night charges at the Guildhall, on Thursday, about twenty waiters, who were engaged to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet, applied to Sir P. Laurie for his assistance and advice under the following circumstances:—They stated they were engaged by Mr. Burrell (who held the contract), of the Bridge House Hotel, to attend the banquet at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day, on the understanding that they were to be paid 6s. each for their services, but, after performing their very arduous duty, Mr. Burrell's brother had paid them only 5s. each, which they received in part payment, and, on expostulating with him, he told them to summon Mr. Burrell for the balance, which they were unwilling to do if they could avoid it, as it would entail an enormous expense upon Mr. Burrell, besides causing them to lose much of their time.

Sir P. Laurie.—How many are there of you in this position?

A Waiter.—There are eighty of us in all; but the pecu-

liar hardship of the case is this—we had to go up to Mr. Burrell on the day previous to the dinner to be engaged, and to come up the day after to be paid, besides being in attendance from 8 o'clock in the morning until 12 at night at the banquet and in the hall; so that we have lost three days for 5s.

Another Waiter.—And there was not the slightest complaint against us, for we were all sober.

First Waiter.—Sober! I should think so, for all we had during the 16 hours we were there was one half-pint of beer and some meat; but we had no knives to cut it with. (Laughter.)

Sir P. Laurie.—But had you no wine?

Second Waiter.—Oh dear no, Sir; they looked too sharp after it for that. (Laughter.)

Sir P. Laurie.—What became of the opened bottles, then?

Third Waiter.—Oh, they were collected by the winemen, and went into the cellar for what we call "Dover."

Sir P. Laurie.—What do you mean?

Third Waiter.—Why, Sir, the half bottles are used to fill up others, which are sent up to table again as unopened bottles; and that is what we call "Dovering." (Renewed laughter.)

Sir P. Laurie.—Well, I believe Mr. Burrell is a very honourable and upright man, and I do not think he would break his word; so you had better apply once more to him personally.

Fourth Waiter.—He promised us a good dinner, but we never got it. (Laughter.)

Sir P. Laurie.—What was the number of waiters there on Wednesday?

Second Waiter.—There were 80; and it is customary to have 100; but we had less on this occasion and a great deal more company.

Fifth Waiter.—And we all had distinguishing collars to our coats, and because some of us did not return them, which is a very unusual thing, a shilling was deducted for it in each instance.

Sir P. Laurie.—I am sorry you should have had any dispute with Mr. Burrell, but as it is not a criminal case I can only recommend you to apply again to Mr. Burrell, or go at once to the County Court.

The waiters then retired.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Queen, living still at Windsor, opened the theatrical season, on Thursday, with *Henry V.* A gay company were present at the performance, Mr. Phelps being the hero of the night.

The King of the Belgians, the Count of Flanders and his sister, left Windsor Castle, on Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of Brabant remain.

The meeting at the Mansion House to organise a machinery for erecting a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and making a statue of Prince Albert, a "principal feature" in the monument, was held on Monday. Some three hundred persons attended—the chief person present being the Bishop of Oxford. The speaking was not worth reporting. A committee to carry out the objects of the meeting was appointed. Nearly 5000% is already subscribed. Among the subscribers are the Earl of Aberdeen, 50%; the Duke of Norfolk, 100%; the Duke of Sutherland, 50%; Lord J. Russell, 50%; the Lord Mayor (treasurer), 50%; Marquis of Breadalbane, 50%; Earl Spencer, 50%; Lord Ashburton, 50%; the Duke of Bedford, 50%; the Marquis of Westminster, 50%; the Duke of Argyll, 30%; Mr. W. Beckett (Leeds), 100%; Lord Campbell, 10%; Mr. Brunel, C.E., 50%; Sir J. Bayley, 50%; &c.

We understand that a meeting of the English residents and visitors will be held on Tuesday next, the 15th, at Meurice's Hotel, for the purpose of contributing to the testimonial to the memory of the late Lieutenant Bellot. Subscriptions are already being collected by a provisional committee, and there is every reason to believe that the meeting will be both numerous and influential.—*Galignani.*

The statuettes sent in by the artists who had been invited to compete for the execution of the Wellington Memorial at Manchester, have been on private view for two days at the Royal Manchester Institution. The committee have selected a square pedestal and statuette sent in by Mr. Noble, the sculptor who produced the Peel statue in Salford. The Duke is attired as a civilian, and the greatest simplicity of treatment pervades the whole, both pedestal and statue. There are four figures upon bases that are projected from the corners of the pedestal, and bas-reliefs will ornament its four faces, two representing the Duke's victories, and two great civic scenes in his life—the Congress at Vienna, and his appearance before the Commons at the Peace of 1814.

At a General Assembly of Royal Academicians, held on Monday, Mr. John Everett Millais was duly elected an Associate.

Mr. R. Handyside, Solicitor-General for Scotland, is appointed one of the Lords Justiciary of the Outer Court, in the room of Lord Anderson; Mr. James Craufurd, Sheriff-Depute of Perthshire, is appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland, in the room of Mr. Handyside.

The office of Ulster King-at-Arms has been conferred on the distinguished genealogist, topographer, antiquarian, and general scholar, Mr. John Bernard Burke.—*Globe.*

It is said that instead of allowing the Earl of Eglinton to remain Lord Rector of Glasgow for two years, the usual practice, Mr. Alfred Tennyson will be put forward to oppose his formal re-election.

The Duke of Norfolk has accepted the office of President of the Surrey Archaeological Society. The Earl of Ellesmere, the Bishop of Winchester, and Mr. Freshfield, M.P., have become vice-presidents. It is proposed to hold the inaugural meeting in Southwark during the month of January next.

The foundation stone of the monument about to be erected to the memory of Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh

("Delta") was laid on Tuesday on the site at the end of Bridge-street in that town.

The residence of the late Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, at Albany, recently converted into an hotel, was burned down by the act of an incendiary on the 21st ultimo.

M. Michelet being in a bad state of health, arising from close application to his literary labours, is about to leave Paris for Nice, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. James Wilson, the member for Westbury, and the Secretary to the Treasury, has been, during the week, on a visit to Mr. William Brown, M.P., at his seat, Richmond Hill, Liverpool.

The late Mr. H. Nicholson, of St. Mary's-road, Islington, and Furnival's-inn, has by his will bequeathed the sum of 100*l.* to the Law Society for the Benefit of the Widows and Children of Professional Men, and a similar sum to the Law Clerks' Society in aid of the objects of the association.

Catherine Hayes has been very successful on the Pacific shore, and it is stated that she has sent home 50,000 dollars for the purchase of an estate.—*New York Herald.*

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the old lady who travels round the world, is now in San Francisco.

It is stated that General Arista, as he had recovered from his malady, purposes proceeding to the Danube to witness the military operations between the Russian and Turkish armies.

Dr. Pertz, the head librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, has returned from his tour in England, undertaken for the purpose of examining if the principal libraries contained any materials that might assist him in the further prosecution of his great work, *Monumenta Germanie Historica*. The most valuable result of Dr. Pertz's inquiries in England consists, we understand, in his having obtained a transcript of the *Chronicon Placentinum*, which is of great importance, for the times of the Emperors Frederick I and II., and the original of which is in the British Museum.

Several deaths of persons more or less known to the public have recently occurred. The Honourable Cecil Lawless, Member for Clonmel, unable to recover from the shock occasioned by the death of his father, Lord Cloncurry, died on Sunday. Mr. Bickham Escott, once member for Winchester, died on the 4th instant. Lady Langford, bathing in the sea at Balbriggan, was drowned last week. Admiral Nesham, aged 85, who, when a midshipman, saved the lives of more than one Frenchman in the Revolution, is also dead.

Lady Power, widow of Sir John Power, and niece of Henry Grattan, died at Kilkenny yesterday se'nnight, in her seventy-seventh year.

An inquiry, with a view to the framing of a new scheme for the Free Grammar School at Hemsworth, Yorkshire, has been ordered by the Master of the Rolls.

Vice Chancellor Page Wood has decided that the Methodist Chapel at Birstal shall be under the control of the Conference. The case is very complicated. It would seem that the Reform party thought they had a right to nominate preachers under an old deed; but it is held that, like other chapels, this one at Birstal comes under the general system.

Signor Cioci, a young Italian, and a teacher of languages, married an elderly lady, named Jemima Bacon Frank, in 1851. They soon separated, and lived apart; and Mrs. Cioci now sues for a divorce, on the ground of adultery and cruelty. Medical testimony, and that of unfortunate women, is adduced to prove a ground for divorce. The trial is pending.

The people of Langloft, in vestry assembled, have refused a church-rate. When the rate was moved an amendment adjourning the meeting for twelve months was put and carried.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* of Genoa announces that a song by Dante, hitherto unpublished, has been found in the library of Prince Barberini, at Rome.

An admirable institution has been opened in Green-street, Leicester-square, under the superintendence of Mrs. William Gladstone, Viscountess Goderich, and others. It is intended to provide proper nursing for infants whose parents are too much engaged by day to attend to them.

A plot of freehold ground has been obtained in Saffron-hill, and workmen are now engaged in preparing for the foundation of a new Roman Catholic church and schools, intended for the exclusive use of the poor of the district. The church is to be dedicated to the Holy Family. The cost is estimated at 2000*l.*

Letters for the *Enterprise*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Plover*, in Behring Straits, must be sent to the Admiralty on or before the 31st of December.

The Captain of an American whaler, lately arrived at San Francisco, has had several conversations with Esquimaux within Behring's Straits about Sir John Franklin. He regards further search as "useless." He describes the past winter as very favourable. Few whales were captured.

A great increase is observed of late in the number and size of the vessels built in the ports of the county of Devon.

Mr. W. H. Webb, the shipbuilder of New York, had been awarded a contract by the Emperor Nicholas to build a line-of-battle ship for the Russian navy, of 100 guns, and double engines of 500-horse power, to be propelled by the screw.

The Steamers owned by the Mail Packet Companies at the port of Southampton, including those which are building, are 101 in number, viz., 33 screw and 68 paddle-wheel steamers. The tonnage of these is 109,419, and the horse-power, 32,638.

A Mr. Richardson is maintaining in New York that it is entirely practicable to build an atmospheric tube from that city to Boston (200 miles), through which mail bags or parcels of any description may be regularly, certainly, and safely sent in fifteen minutes. He has perfectly obviated the most apparent difficulty, which consisted in the

collision of the parcel despatched on reaching its termination. This he has accomplished by the counter-pressure, arising from the elasticity of unexhausted air, thereby reducing the shock until it becomes absolutely imperceptible. A considerable part of the stock for the building of his mail-tube has already been subscribed by American capitalists.

Mr. Parratt has invented a tubular life-raft. It was tried on the Serpentine on Wednesday. It is composed of vulcanized India rubber tubes, enclosed in canvass cases and nettings, so arranged and lashed to cross spars as to form, when extended, an excellent contrivance, not only for floating on the water, but being rowed like a boat, and capable of being conveyed with safety through a surf or heavy sea. The object of the inventor, when he turned his attention to the subject, was to provide an apparatus which, in the case of disasters at sea, could be made quickly available for the saving of human life, which could be easily lowered into the water, and when there, capable of sustaining a great number of persons, without danger of sinking.

It is stated that an Ipswich artisan, named Stannard, has invented a machine which will keep in motion as long as the materials will last. This is the nearest approach to perpetual motion ever made.

In the month of October there were 5159 tons of guano imported, against 3590 in the preceding month.

By a return, officially prepared, it seems that in the month ended the 10th ult., the value of beer and ale exported was 43,299*l.* In the preceding month the value was 36,985*l.*

In the month ended the 10th ult. there were as many as 83,857 cwt. of potatoes imported, being a great increase on the preceding month, when only 36,803 cwt. were imported. They are free of duty.

It appears from a Parliamentary paper just issued, that the number of electors of all classes on the registers in Ireland for the years 1852-53 is 179,488; of these, 149,854 belong to the county constituencies, 29,634 to the cities and boroughs. The county registers include 8,521 freeholders, 1,098 leaseholders, 638 rentcharges, and 139,088 rated occupiers. The registers of the cities and boroughs number 19,179 rated occupiers, 6,530 freemen or burgesses, and 3,385 of other qualifications.

A specimen of the metallic compound paving, which appears to have given so much satisfaction in the United States, on account of its being free from mud, dust, noise, or danger to horses, is now being laid down in Thread-needle-street, a trial having, we understand, been already made at a coal merchant's wharf at Greenwich, where it has been exposed to heavy traffic during the last summer, and where the reputation it acquired in America has been fully sustained.

An American ship was totally destroyed by fire on the Clyde on Friday week. Two negroes and some of the crew are suspected of incendiarism.

A French schooner was lost on the Goodwin Sands, on Tuesday; all on board, save one, perished.

The *Sapphire*, a Scotch ship, bound for Melbourne, went ashore, on Friday week, near Belfast. She became firmly fixed in the rocks, and on the recession of the tide, the passengers were saved.

During the heavy rain of Friday morning last, between nine and ten o'clock, two or three large fire-balls fell near to the St. Giles' farm on the Langworth-road, Lincoln, which exploded with a loud noise and caused considerable alarm.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

Incendiarism has commenced in Berkshire. A farm belonging to Mr. Robert Palmer, the county member, was burnt down on Thursday.

There was a gas explosion in the house of Mr. Buckstone at the back of the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday. Three painters at work were much burnt. Although it was observed that gas had escaped, one of the men incautiously lighted a lucifer, and so caused the explosion.

The people of Exeter have recently burnt the effigy of the Pope, and sometimes some noted Puseyite parson, in the Cathedral yard, on the 5th of November. This year the authorities tried to stop them; but the mob triumphed, and a riot ensued. The mayor had attempted a compromise by getting up an elegant display of fireworks; but it was of no avail. Many persons were arrested.

During the Lord Mayor's procession, a man and his daughter were walking on the roof of the Coal Exchange. It was thick glass, but gave way, and the man was killed; the girl's leg was broken.

An accident occurred on Monday night on the Great Southern Railway, between Straffan and Sallins, near the scene of the recent catastrophe. The train from Cork was stopped by the breaking of the cylinder of the engine. The passengers quitted the train, which was delayed some hours. Assistance was obtained, and the train and passengers arrived safely in Dublin at one the next morning.

There have been two more accidents on the Midland Railway this week, and one on an Irish line. The details have no interest; but if these catastrophes continue at this rate, we shall have to resume our journal of railway accidents.

The yellow fever at Bermuda has committed great havoc, but seemed to be decreasing in force on the 10th of October. The deaths up to the 5th had been 350 at St. George's, 150 of whom were infantry soldiers. At the hulks 64 convicts, and 8 officers have died.

A soldier has been tried and convicted of insubordination of a serious character at the St. John's Wood Barracks. He received fifty lashes on Wednesday.

A pig-dealer, whose offensive piggeries are situated partly in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and partly in Kensington parish, has for some time defied the efforts of the guardians to compel a removal of the nuisance; as soon as one parish served a notice, he drove the pigs into the other. At length it was arranged that notices from both parishes should be presented together on their respective sides of the sty, and thus the authorities were enabled to bring him before the Kensington petty sessions on Saturday.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. What is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 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.*

DR. JELF AND PROFESSOR MAURICE.

No man can predict the end of the theological contest now raging throughout the Church respecting the eternal or everlasting punishment of the damned. Dr. Jelf and the council of King's College have deposed Professor Maurice, and both parties have appealed to the public. Thus an immense discussion is raised, permeating through all religious circles, and having peculiar fascinations for two classes of minds—the refined and the controversial; and thus the great dogma of utter damnation will have to bear the severest test of modern times—public examination. But although this is the central fact in the contest, there are other and subsidiary facts not less liable to damage the Church of England.

For instance, where is lodged the authority which shall determine what is and what is not the doctrine of the Church? Has there arisen a Sorbonne in the halls of King's College? Does Dr. Jelf play the part of Pope in this matter, and is the Council a College of Cardinals? The Bishop of London is a member of the council, and the superior of Mr. Maurice. What is his function in the matter? He concurred in the decision of the council; will he take away Mr. Maurice's license, and prevent him from preaching unsound and unsettling doctrine in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, as well as in the lecture-rooms in Somerset House? Then there is the Court of Arches. Once we saw a high dignitary of the Church compelled to go into that court and ask Sir Herbert Fust what was the doctrine of his Church on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration; and we can imagine the archbishops and bishops trooping to Sir John Dodson, imploring him to state, authoritatively, what the Church really predicates respecting eternal punishment. Formerly Sir Herbert Fust had to play the part of Mother Church, and the judicial committee of the Privy Council that of the hyper-church. Nobody now seems to know whether King's College is a new tribunal of heresy; or whether Mr. Maurice can take his case into the Arches Court, or whether there is in the Church any competent authority whatever to decide the question. The fact is there is no such authority.

The case itself is extremely intricate. As far as we can make out, from the papers published on both sides, Dr. Jelf upholds, on the authority of the Scripture, that the damned are damned to "never-ending" torments. He believes in a real substantial pit of Hell, where the impenitent are "tormented with fire and brimstone, in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb;" while "the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever." He speaks of the Lord taking everlasting "vengeance" on the wicked; and he believes that the "fear of hell"—"by God's grace," turns men from sin. Mr. Maurice does not believe this; what he believes we are at a loss to say. We can only make out that he professes the most absolute trust in "the love of God"—"without any limitation;" that he calls a knowledge of this love "eternal life," and the want of it "eternal death;" that whoever "has not the Son of God has not life;" and that he will not say whether all will be raised out of eternal death, "because he does not know." We

have carefully read Mr. Maurice's letters, and we must honestly say that his belief is too subtle, too refined, for our comprehension. In this Dr. Jelf has an advantage over his opponent, because he sets forth a gross, an inhuman belief, in the existence of a hell of fire. Such, he says, is the doctrine of the Church of England.

Which is right? Mr. Maurice appeals to the formularies and the Scripture; Dr. Jelf appeals to the same authorities; and each obtains a different interpretation!

It may be useful here to tell a few plain truths about the Church of England. All men know that she has certain documents, articles, creeds, and what not. These form a fixed standard of belief; a fixed test of faith. Every person who subscribes to them, or accepts them, is a member of the Church. But although the standard is fixed, the interpretation is the *chance of the hour*! In the present case, Mr. Maurice says, *this* seems to me to be the interpretation; Dr. Jelf says, *that* seems to me to be the interpretation. Is it not obvious that, if Mr. Maurice had been Principal of King's College, and Dr. Jelf Theological Professor, Mr. Maurice might have dismissed Dr. Jelf? Again, Mr. Gorham said, I believe *this* to be the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; the Bishop of Exeter said, I believe *that* to be the doctrine. All the time the standard remains the same, and each of the gentlemen is a member of the Church of England.

What is a creed? A provisional convention, to enable those who agree to declare their sentiments in common. The same rough definition applies to articles and formularies. Those of the Church of England were framed avowedly to comprise the largest possible number of persons. They are the results of an elaborate compromise, therefore as capable now, as when they were adopted, of different interpretations. They assume to be the expression of the whole truth "revealed" to man respecting his spiritual relations—all that is necessary to save him from the torments of that hell which Dr. Jelf believes to exist—yet, as we have shown, four men, all accepting the standard test, shall put incompatible interpretations upon the doctrines embodied in that test!

All these conflicts show that the Church is not content with its creeds, its articles, and its formularies; and what we really behold is the strife of a sect to reconcile itself to truth. There is no unity; the Act of Uniformity is a mockery; there is no organization on the basis of belief in the Church; only an organization on the basis of property and social convenience. The sects cast away unity and consistency when they cast away the Catholic system; and these struggles are the night-mare evidences of the perturbed conscience of Protestantism.

VILLA VOLPICELLI.

ALTHOUGH the charge advanced by Mr. H. B. Hamilton, the director of an English school at Naples, bears chiefly against Lord Malmesbury, the English Government is concerned in the fact that a great wrong has been perpetrated upon an English subject, who obtains no redress. At Villa Volpicelli, on the slope of the Vomero, Mr. Hamilton had established a school, principally intended for the children of English residents in Naples, but open also, it would seem, to the children of other foreigners. Part of his pamphlet, just published, is devoted to explaining the character of the instruction given; and while it appears to have been very amusing to the children, while it may suggest useful improvements upon the common routine of education, it will at the same time provoke a smile at the oddity of some portions, and will, perhaps, be accounted an impolitic exhibition of at least unusual proceedings in the art of schoolmastery. It is, at all events, candid, and helps to prove that Mr. Hamilton made no attempt at proselytizing.* He was confessedly a Protestant, but all religious instruction was given to the pupils by clergymen whom their parents selected out of the school. Thus, Mr. Hamilton put in force, and apparently with success, a plan suggested for public education in this country; and it is not surprising, after the objection felt against "divorcing instruction from religion" here, that Naples should exemplify the same objection in a more positive form. It is true that school instruction for Protestant children would be as

impossible in Naples under direction of the clergy of that place, as popular education proves to be in this country, under the conflict of our sects. But, somehow, Mr. Hamilton managed to get his school into working order, and then the Government began to oppress him. The clergy set on the Government, and took the lead. Members of the black-robed body called upon him; and, although there was nothing in his school which could challenge theological objection, they discovered an easy point of attack, in the plain fact, that he was a Protestant. They could not call him to account for the easy deportment which he imparted to his pupils, as preliminary to the more mechanical instruction in dancing. They could scarcely have jesuitical ingenuity enough, although that would go far, to find fault with his teaching geography in an artificially sunned room, by means of card-board mountains and glass oceans, to little students, who traversed imaginary routes, by drawing little railway cars and toy ships upon the mimic territories. They could scarcely discover anything heretical in the novel course of *whistling*, which formed one of the branches of education in his establishment for young gentlemen. But he was a British subject, and therefore a Protestant, so they attacked him with suggestions, that it would be better for him that he should join their own church; and here, again, pops out, through Mr. Hamilton's naive candour, more of his want of policy. He quoted the Bible to them, and confesses that he "did a little redden them;" for, perhaps, through their having read the sacred writings only in Latin, their acquaintance with those compositions was "very limited indeed, for clergymen." A more effectual means of pursuing the controversy was sought, and a new power intervened. Occasionally a pale servant rushed into his school-room, and announced "the police," to the terror of tutors and pupils. From 1850 to 1853 this persecution was carried on; thus, surrounded by an armed police, the school was prematurely closed; and the schoolmaster, after distributing his pupils to their parents, or to some other safe custody, found himself minus 500*l.*, for which debtors were clamorous.

He had in fact the sanction of the British embassy in claiming the right to carry on his business under the international treaty of 1845, which stipulates that the Neapolitan police shall not enter any British subject's domicile unless furnished with a warrant from one of the regularly constituted courts of law. One of the attachés of the Embassy told him that he had an undoubted right to keep in his house and educate English children, and that the police could not interfere with him for so doing. But they *did* interfere; and although he had the assurance from the Embassy that nothing was meant, the end proved serious, as we have seen. He invoked the protection of the Marquis Fortunato, Neapolitan Minister for Foreign Affairs; but that statesman was silenced by the notorious Peccheneda, Director of Police, who avowed orders from the clerical Ministers of Public Instruction.

The matter advanced from bad to worse, and in an unfortunate day for Mr. Hamilton, as well as for some others, Lord Palmerston, after a brief interval, was succeeded by the Earl of Malmesbury. To the Earl, Mr. Hamilton addressed himself for compensation at least, after the Neapolitan Government had stripped him of his means.

"At the end of seven or eight months' urgent and incessant application to his Lordship, I was surprised to be called one day to his Excellency the Neapolitan Minister for Foreign Affairs, who requested me to accept the sum of *fifty pounds* as a present from his Majesty the King, in proof of his Royal sympathy and respect for me personally. When I stated that in the face of my obligations such a sum was wholly useless, and that I had hopes that Lord Malmesbury would obtain wherewith to pay the School-creditors in full, his Excellency was pleased to laugh immoderately. 'Why,' said he, 'you must be dreaming! You think, perhaps that Mi-lord Malmesbury is like Mi-lord Palmerston, ready to listen to every complaint, and obtain redress for every grievance! But, thank God! he is not quite so Quixotic as that. Why, only look at this letter which we have just received from 'Prince Carini,' our Ambassador at London;—see what he says: 'I had a long conversation with Lord Malmesbury. I did not fail to try to impress on his mind the necessity of his taking every opportunity to prove his sympathy with the Sovereigns of Italy and Austria, more especially by discouraging the complaints of British travellers, and other persons who might consider themselves aggrieved. His Lordship quite agreed

with me that Lord Palmerston, in seeking to protect individuals, had almost ruined the nation. And when I adroitly turned the conversation upon the case of Mr. Hamilton, I had the satisfaction to hear his Lordship say: 'You can give him anything you like,—it does not matter what it is, so long as I can say that you have given him SOMETHING.'"

"When his Excellency had finished reading this extract, he said emphatically, 'And remember, Sir, that this is a *private* letter from the Ambassador, and not an official one; and I suppose you know that the truth of any subject or sentiment is always contained in the *private* correspondence.'"

Is this Earl of Malmesbury the same statesman whom the young Tory organ calls the Foreign Minister *par excellence*, the same of whom that journal boasted that he would have done more for Miss Cunningham than Lord Clarendon. What has he done for Hamilton? But indeed we must not ask only what Lord Malmesbury did; we may ask what *any* British Minister has done? There are some very ugly circumstances connected with this case. Mr. Hamilton points out, that although the known departure of Lord Palmerston from office gave a new tone to the Neapolitan police, it had already exercised an unjust and lawless oppression upon a British subject by the sufferance of the British minister who has so long adorned the Neapolitan court. Well may France doubt whether England ever means to act. Well may Russia conceive the idea that England is but a scarecrow whom no sparrow of spirit would dread, since subjects of Queen Victoria and subjects of persecution, whom any paltry government may molest, are synonymous terms. If Mr. Hamilton had been an American citizen!—

But we need not pursue that point. There are two races of men, speaking the English language with a slight diversity in the intonation. The Austrian police well know the distinction. Those who speak it with a more listless smoothness may be molested; those who speak it with a more marked accent must go free. Nay, let a man but have a documentary right to be regarded as an American, let him be actually an Austrian subject bearing an American certificate, and the two-beaked eagle will surrender him to the Bird of Washington. If Mr. Hamilton could have applied to the American Minister, perhaps he would not have been molested; but if he had been, most certainly Naples would have seen a vessel enter into her lovely waters with a star spangled banner at her peak. But, alas! he is only an Englishman.

TURKISH DEGENERACY!

AGHAST at the slight, but not insignificant, successes of the Turks, the *Times* prints an article to show that the Russians ought not to be beaten; and to prove, that if the Ottomans alone can drive the Russians beyond the Pruth, we may give up the Turkish alliance. The leading journal states this with some bitterness; and insinuates, that the Turks, knowing that the Western Powers must support them, are merely attacking the Russians to gratify vindictive and blood-thirsty feelings, with the certainty of ultimate defeat before them. For, says the writer, "surely all the lessons of experience, all the presumptions of reason, and all the proofs of conviction, lead us to believe, that this partial success cannot be maintained." In proof of these assertions, the writer declares, that though we do not accurately know what the Russian armies are, we know that they *were* powerful in Europe forty years ago; that when Turkey was stronger and Russia weaker than they are at present, the latter were superior to the former; that Russia robbed Turkey of the Crimea, Kherson, and Bessarabia, and the mouths of the Danube, when the Czars had fewer resources than Nicholas has now; that the Russians were at Adrianople twenty-five years ago; and that, as late as 1839, the Pasha of Egypt, but for European interference, would have overrun the Ottoman Empire! All this is to show that Turkey cannot prove a match for Russia.

This is plausible argument; but what is it really worth? From the accession of Peter the Great, up to the present time, Turkey has been considered fair game. She worsted the founder of the Russian power in Europe. Catherine owed her successes, in 1772, to the short-sighted policy of Lord North, who permitted a Russian fleet to be officered by British subjects, and fitted out in British waters. She owed her success, in 1787-91, to the important alliance of the

* Villa Volpicelli; or, the Shut School. By H. B. Hamilton, late director thereof.

Emperor Leopold, the timid policy of Pitt, and the strange support which the Whigs of that day, with Fox at their head, gave to the Messina of the North. Pitt failed to support the King of Sweden, who was reconquering Finland, while his brother was hunting the Russian fleet, again officered by Englishmen, from port to port, and while the Turks were contending against five or six armies, operating on the whole line of their frontier from Servia to Ismail. It is true that Leopold abandoned the Russian Empress before the close of the campaign, but by that time Turkey had been crippled; nevertheless, the Crimea was finally won only by the assistance of the Crim Tartars. All this time the Russian armies had the advantage of European discipline, and they were under officers like Potemkin and Suwarrow, who cared not a straw for human life. Turkey has been weakened by the repeated attacks of Europe, and Russia has reaped the fruits. In 1828, when the Russians penetrated to Adrianople, the Turks were in the lowest state of national abasement: Europe had just destroyed their fleet; and the Sultan had just slaughtered the Janissaries. Even then, Turkey kept Russia at bay with raw troops for two campaigns. Now, according to Sir Charles Shaw, Captain Nolan, Sir Charles O'Donnell, and several other British officers, Turkey has a strong and regularly disciplined army. For the first time these four hundred years Europe is with Turkey, not against her; and we may fairly expect proportionate results.

As to the power of the Russian armies forty years ago, before we admit that they were powerful we must be shown some of their exploits. Tacked on to the continental armies they went to Paris and elsewhere; in their own country, it is true, they stood to be shot down and sabred by Napoleon's soldiers, and they harassed very gallantly the retreat from Moscow.

But of all the arguments used to show the weakness of the Turks, commend us to the stifled rebellion of Mehemet Ali. Was England proved to be a weak kingdom because Cromwell conquered and beheaded Charles I.? Is France a powerless nation because the mob of Paris has driven out two kings within twenty years?

Far from Turkey being weak, this is the first time, since Peter the Great accepted the terms dictated by Baltaji Mahomet, on the Pruth, that the Turks have had a fair chance against Russian troops and European tactics.

Without laying too much stress upon the reported successes of the Turks in Wallachia, as proofs of the efficiency of their army, let us note how the news from Asia supports those proofs. Selim Pasha has actually defeated a Russian army under the south of the Caucasus; and if reinforcements do not speedily reach Prince Woronzoff, whose head-quarters were at Teflis, the Russians in those parts will be assuredly cut off; for Schamyl is behind, and Selim Pasha before the Russians. And as reinforcements and ammunition can arrive by sea alone, a few ships of war could not be better employed than at Batoum. They would break the blockade of Circassia, and intercept the reinforcements sent from Sebastopol to Woronzoff.

TOUCHING THE RUSSIAN COMMISSARIAT.

ACCOUNTS are conflicting and contradictory as to the relative military value of the Turkish and Russian forces on the Danube, but all accounts agree in representing the Russian army as disaffected, disorganized, diseased; decimated by sickness, the result of "short commons" and miserable equipments. The fact is, that with the exception of the Imperial Guard and the troops stationed in Poland—the flower of the Russian army—the soldiers of the Czar are nothing better than herds of soulless and mindless brutes, trained to stand fire, and dogged in daring death as human animals may well be who have no home, no country, and no God—save Nicholas. But these wretches are the victims of that corruption which is the gangrene of the Russian system—social, political, and administrative. The Commissariat is farmed by contractors who are public robbers, to a man. Every now and then some grosser case of peculation than usual is unkenelled; down swoops the Czar upon the delinquents who have had the clumsiness to get found out, and a batch of unpronounceable notabilities are packed off to Siberia, *pour encourager les autres*. But the warning is never taken, and the example is never felt. To extirpate the disease you must

kill the patient, and in this case the patient is the whole empire. In the highest Russian society cheating at cards is *the correct thing*, not the exception. If a whist-player is so clumsy as to be found out he is not kicked as a scoundrel; he is only stigmatised as *maladroit*. Corruption, we repeat, pervades all Russian society, all Russian administration. As to the Commissariat, ask that distinguished gentleman who has so long represented the Czar at the Court of St. James's with so much astuteness and efficiency that we felt disposed to put his name at the head of our series of the "Governing Classes." Ask Baron Brunow! A better authority could scarcely be found on the probity of Russian statesmen, ambassadors, and army contractors. We invite journals falsely accused of Russian predilections to apply to Ashburnham House for an authentic statement on this interesting subject. M. de Brunow (we will not call him Baron, a title only worn by Jews and bankers in Russia) will, doubtless, be able to inform the eager British public how a certain army contractor, by name Brunau (a more Russian and less diplomatic termination than *now*), was at Odessa in 1828, blessed with a beautiful wife, and caressed by the favours of the Governor-General of the province. Alas! it is a delicate task to write Russian biographies. So many reticences, such a careful adjustment of light and shade, are required. How can M. de Brunow speak, without offence, of M. Brunau, who, in 1828, was imprisoned by superior orders for the frauds he had committed on the commissariat department in the campaign against the Turks. Implacable history compels us to state that M. Brunau was in a sorry plight indeed when Count Orloff arrived to sign the Treaty of Peace. How fortunate that Count Orloff was dissatisfied with the incapacity of all his secretaries! How lucky that one man of capacity was to be found! True, he was in gaol; but a certificate of morality was not desired. No hand so adroit and ready to pen deftly and rapidly a glozing report as that of Brunau, the army-contractor, in gaol for fraud. After all, his offence was not strictly political, and the Russian Government wants men of conviction. The rest of the story of Brunau is soon told. He was whisked off in the carriage of Count Orloff to St. Petersburg, and there pardoned by the Emperor, and, in virtue of his capabilities, appointed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Many years passed: he received the *cordon* of St. Anne; and to one of the employés who congratulated him on this new distinction, Brunau replied: "My happiness consists in having received a greater honour than all—the Emperor has spoken to me for the first time these twelve years." Soon after, Baron de Brunow appeared at the Court of one of the Great Powers, to sign the treaty of July 15, 1840; and ever since, he has represented at that Court the policy of Count Nesselrode, with an influence and authority which Lord Aberdeen will not be the first to dispute. Now, we believe this story of Brunau might be told, with change of names, of half the distinguished officers in the civil or military service of the Czar. A capacity for fraud, a genius for robbery, is the best passport to political, especially diplomatic, eminence. And here a reflection occurs: how shall our honest English gentlemen, born to diplomacy like lap-dogs to blue strings and milk,—how shall our indifferent aristocratic fiddlers compete with Russian *convicts* in the trickeries which are the soul of the system by which Europe is mystified and bullied? Compare the education and the morality of a Stratford Redcliffe or a Westmoreland with that of a Brunau. But this digression would lead us too far at present; we shall return to the whole subject of diplomacy.

Perhaps the Emperor of Russia, autocrat as he is, is often the blind instrument of his own subordinates. There is the weak point of that tremendous political and administrative unity which, from a distance, looms like the perfection of despotic will. In the campaign of 1828, against Turkey, the Emperor thought to crush the revolutionary spirit in his army which had burst around the steps of his throne in '25, and inaugurated his accession in blood. What if he was only the tool of bureaucrats who neither could nor would hand in their accounts, and for whom war conveniently embarrassed with fresh complications the difficulty of detection, and was, in fact, a delay of settlement? So enormous was the robbery of the

State by the army contractors in that campaign of '28-29, that entire cargoes of corn were thrown into the Danube, utterly unfit for use. The army almost perished for want of provisions! Sixty thousand cavalry horses a fortnight without forage is one of the reminiscences of that campaign. The chief malefactor is now at the head of one of the most important embassies in Europe. Ask Baron Brunow, we repeat, how the Russian commissariat is managed. If we mistake not, that distinguished diplomatist will be disposed to whisper confidentially into your ear, that if the English Government offered to purchase the *officers of the commissariat department* of the army of the Danube, Nicholas, who knows the *morale* of those gentlemen, would instantly sue for peace, and lay down his arms. A "pacific solution" we have the honour to recommend to the indefatigable impotence of Western diplomacy.

PROGRESS OF OPINION RESPECTING STRIKES.

THE facts connected with the strike in the North establish some important truths. It appears that neither side can permanently coerce the other, however a present victory may appear to crown coercion. "A child may take a horse to the water, but a thousand men cannot make him drink;" and a hundred thousand men cannot make a master continue to pay in wages more than he receives in prices; but they may make him close his mill. On the other hand, masters may combine to put down the combination of the men, and they may make them give up some particular union if they starve them long enough; but it appears that in point of fact they cannot prevent unions. Attempt has been made ever since the black Combination Acts, which were repealed, and which have been succeeded by the present equivocal law. There have been verdicts and judgments declaring combinations illegal, as in the case of the Wolverhampton tin-plate workers. By greater length of purse, masters may disperse an union, as in the case of the Amalgamated Engineers. And they may resolve, as in the case of the iron-masters, not to admit workmen to their shops save upon condition that they belong to no union. Nevertheless, unions have again sprung up; and masters in pursuit of their own interest drop off from the combination against combination. The masters in the iron trade have done so; and there is no reason to suppose that after conquering in the present struggle of the cotton districts, the masters will succeed in their object of permanently putting down the combination of workpeople.

The men will not suspect us of flattering their predilections; they will be more ready to feel anger at our not having supported their movement through thick and thin; but in the end, the more thoughtful among them will recognise the sincerity, and perhaps the soundness, of our advice. Briefly expressed that advice is, first, not again to commit themselves to so extensive and momentous a movement as a general strike, without a more minute and comprehensive knowledge of the facts upon which their demand is based, especially the facts relating to the means of complying with their demands; and secondly, not to abandon their union. Let them read the fable of the Lion and the Four Bulls; but let them learn to unite well, and to direct their union well.

Two important steps have been marked in the progress of opinion on this subject. Several of the morning papers have been sending their own reporters to give accounts of the strike; for riots are always good food for newspaper readers. Now it is remarkable that these reporters generally agree in admitting faults on the side of the masters—in allowing that union cannot be permanently put down amongst the men, and in insisting that the thing wanted is, not coercion on either side, but more complete information. Notwithstanding the fact that the strike of the masters appears to be making progress, the correspondent of the *Times* puts some points with great distinctness and force. He shows that there are combinations on both sides. A master's association has virtually remained in action since 1836. He admits that the masters preserve a stern and unbending demeanour towards their operatives, which lays the groundwork for their suspicion, and occasional violent ruptures.

In the complicated details of factory life, however, the relations between masters and men

cannot possibly be settled by individual bargain. Some kind of general consent on each side is necessary; and we cannot put our own view on this point more clearly than by adopting the language of our contemporary, the *Globe*; which, while speaking with great strength against strikes, has preserved an impartial consideration throughout the movements of the working classes.

"Factory operations extend over a great extent of time, of numbers, and of ground. The manufacturer purchases a quantity of cotton; he must work it up in machinery of great size, employing a number of hands; he must collect those materials and instruments together, and be prepared to continue his operations for some months, before he can have accomplished all his orders, and have turned forth the predestined amount of shirting. During this period, prices which ordinarily regulate each other, will have undergone many fluctuations; the calculations of the master must not only take into account such fluctuations, occurring probably in more than one country—for his material, his labour, and his market lie separate—but he must do so prospectively. If he wants to do his work well, he must have the best machinery, must keep it going regularly, and must have willing men. In the case of the amalgamated engineers, to which the correspondent of the *Times* refers, a great and not an unfounded complaint of the men was, that by systematic overtime the masters kept a certain number out of work, and set one party of men against the other to reduce wages. It was against that system that the men combined. They tried to turn the same tactics upon the masters in the Preston strike; directing their coercion upon individual mills, and thus attempting to force a rise of wages upon the masters one by one. It was to resist that system that the masters combined.

"If combinations cannot be prevented they might be used. No combinations can force wages or prices permanently above the level set by the public market. To discover that level is a question of fact, and if, instead of using the combination to coerce each other, masters or men were to employ their 'concentrated power' to discover the commercial facts by which every bargain must be regulated, they would do more to attain a profitable solution of the dispute between them than by any hostile combination. In fact, they would settle the wages question as other questions in trade are settled, without the expense, the trouble, the loss, or the calamity of a strike on either side."

It is quite true, as the *Times* reporter says, that the master likes to have about him hands who are attached to his mill, and who work with an *esprit de corps*. It is true that the rate of wages by the piece may be reduced, yet the hands reap an advantage, if the machinery be more productive. But to attain those ends, the master must make his workmen feel that they share in the general prosperity of the establishment; and hence his arrangements in regard to distribution of work, to the comfort of the mill, the allotment of hours, and other circumstances that bear upon the material well-being of the people, must be such as to incite the motives that he desires. It is no breach of political economy, because the very object is, to place the human part of the machine in that state of thorough efficiency and unison which results in the largest proportion of produce out of a given number of hands and a given horse-power.

If there are any difficulties, they can be better settled by consent than by contest. If there are too many hands, let the married women be sent home, and let the husbands be better paid for attending improved machinery. If the hands are not intelligent enough, encourage them to educate themselves, and give them the time to do it in. If the season will not admit of high wages, show the people the reason why; speak to them in a friendly tone, with a sincere purpose, and they are sure to entertain the reasons with candour. But to do these things is not to break down union, or to pursue separate interest on one side at the expense of the other. Union is self-defence; but it needs not be mutual attack. On the contrary, it may be the means of concentrating opinion on either side, of collecting information on both sides, to enable both sides to understand their reciprocal relations, and so to settle their dissensions on the firm basis of ascertained facts and common interests.

GOG, MAGOG, AND AGOG.

Gog and Magog are reduced to the level of the pauper. The pauper is called upon to justify his existence, when there is no cover for him on the board of nature. Gog and Magog are called upon by a Parliamentary Commission, to explain what right they have to be. When the subversive Sheriff Wallis has introduced a plainer

fashion into his state coach, and the Lord Mayor, who only once a year travels from the City in a coach as cumbersome and ugly as any out of a fairy tale, is threatened with a prohibition to spend three times his civic allowance in hospitalities, the omens are bad. The City Corporation is worse off than John Barleycorn; for not three kings, but Mr. James Acland, has sworn that it shall die. It has been accused before Parliament of corruption, of antiquity, of uselessness, of tyranny, and over-taxation. It finds small help in some of its friends. After the revolutionary accuser before the Commission succeeds one of the great City magnates—an exquisite of such water that he ignores the Corporation, and therefore everything municipal. It is, he says, the trade and plaything of shopkeepers; no man of rank in the City will attend to it; no man of station takes part in it; and he cannot conceive any use in any City body save a Chamber of Commerce.

Thus the great and the wise now make the rule of pounds, shillings, and pence the test of everything. The object of life is to buy and sell, and the City politician recognises no legislature but a Chamber of Commerce. The City resident complains of a Lord Mayor's show that it obstructs his street, and hinders his customers for a day. To us it appears that if shopkeepers can feel an ambition, if they can take an interest in the municipal business of their community, they are the more likely to be elevated above mere shopkeeping, and the community will be the better for that higher degree of self-government.

But the few who are loud in their complaints that the annual pageant interrupts their trade, cannot be of the ambitious race that rejoices in Aldermanic titles, and troubles itself with Ward business. It is evident from the facts that the leading shopkeepers take part in the Corporation, and that the great bulk of the residents take an interest in the election of aldermen and councillors, so that the existence of the Corporation and its annual pageant cannot be displeasing to the real staple of society within the walls. Again, the immense concourse, certainly composed of something besides "riff-raff," collected to witness the pageant, disproves the implication that the public at large is either indifferent to the pageant or dislikes it. The broad facts confirm what we also know, that many of those who first turn their attention to municipal affairs in the City, with a bias against the Corporation and the ancient usages, discover in the manner of conducting local business many incidents too valuable to be abolished. The inquests, for example, to ascertain the accuracy of weights and measures, while they have the effect of a useful inspection, are also good, in bringing the citizens together and making them acquainted with each other, and inspiring that spirit of solidarity which is akin to patriotism—is, in fact, a local patriotism. The very abuses of the Corporation—the tendency to benefit particular persons who acquire a general liking, spring in part from this united feeling. If we look round the whole metropolis, although it is easy to criticise the taste displayed in some public works, yet we do find that no portion of the whole community has been more active in local improvements, has done more to give effect to opinion on that subject, than the City.

If the City inherits its privileges from ancient times, the fact affords a reason for continuing an authority which has taken so long in the growing, and we may remember that if we were to abolish some of these usages and institutions we could not restore them for future generations, who may perhaps prize long enduring things better than it is the fashion of our day to do. Most of those who take part in the Corporation are commercial men, and if they find that they can spare time for local business, and can afford to take a day for a holiday and a pageant, we may presume that trade does not suffer very seriously from that sacrifice to public affairs or to public gratification.

The necessity for attending to something besides trade, the habit of public debate upon general as well as private interests, tends to make men feel that there is more in life than the shop and individual welfare—a truth manifest enough to many of us, but too far forgotten by great numbers, who appear to think that a country can be safe after it is broken up into individuals, each looking after his own purposes, and taking no heed for the general welfare of his neighbours.

It is probable that in the City we shall find more genuine public spirit than in any equal space of ground. The very pageant, decried as it has been, reminds the great multitude of the public, by its gross and palpable signs, that there are other things besides the objects and business of our day—that there have been times when soldiers wore metal clothing, that there are distant countries typified by costume and the arms paraded before us—that there have been ancient Britons and ancient Romans, whose effigies are a species of local idol. There is more in all these than the mere "reformer" can brush away with his Utilitarian maxims. Disappointed candidates for place in the Common Council, exquisites who are too exalted to care for the statesmanship, centralizers who would merge the government of the metropolis in the general government, may think that a few words of ridicule or indiscriminate statistics will suffice to abolish the Corporation; but there is many a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft to wish for the immortality of Gog and Magog. The citizens like their Corporation, and their liking will come out in the process of inquiry. Ministers who know what London has done, would not care to cause an aching void by tearing the Corporation from its place. The Throne itself would begin to feel uncertain of its foundation, if the civic throne were razed. But above all, the great idea has seized the civic mind, that it is possible to harmonize the Corporation with the age, by reforming it. That is the plan, that is the true conservatism. If Gog and Magog be made to understand that they had better not derive their income from coals in Hertfordshire; if they can apply themselves with increased assiduity to the improvement of the metropolis; if they can rake out the filthy abodes which breed pestilence for the poor and spread it for the rich; if, above all, they can assist other districts in the metropolis in shaping out self-government for the whole of this great capital, then they may not only continue their immortality or acquire a domain really rivalling that of many a European State. But Gog and Magog had better "look sharp" to seize the opportunity; for the enemy, too, is all "agog."

ARISTOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

THERE is no country under the sun in which man does not like to be certified of his own estimate, to the effect that, in some respect or other, he is superior to his fellows; and one quick mode or getting that certificate is by bearing a title. Hence the love of titles, more or less reasonable in proportion as the title indicates a practical function. There is no objection to the American titles for Senators, officers in the army, and all public functionaries, since they mean something, and, more or less, point out that which is really worthy of estimation—that the bearer of the title is the bearer, also, of a public trust. The strong innate desire, however, prevents men from reasoning so closely; and hence there is a love of title for its own sake, without reference to the rationale of the matter. Notwithstanding the democratic feeling in our colonies, including the American Union, this feeling is nowhere more strongly displayed than in those communities. And in Australia it has been recently distinguished in a very remarkable manner, in the proposal of a committee of the Legislative Council for New South Wales, to establish a local hereditary peerage, whose members should have the privilege of electing the Upper Chamber from amongst themselves. This has been likened to the election of representative Peers for Scotland or Ireland; but inasmuch as the representatives would in themselves form a complete Chamber, they more resemble, on an extremely minute scale, the councils elected by the Venetian nobility.

Some surprise has been excited at this proposal in New South Wales, where the democratic feeling was supposed to be very strong, recruited as it had been by the most democratic of all classes, working emigrants and gold diggers. The colony, not long since, showed considerable disaffection to the mother country; and hence, again, a cause of surprise, since the Legislative Council is of opinion that the titles should be created by the Crown. There is, however, no just cause for astonishment. The principal reason for the disaffection of the colonists was, that the mother country tried to force her convicts, and the creatures of her penal law, upon the colony.

In Vice-Chancellor Page Wood's court the other day an illustration was given of the base use to which Australia has been put. The master of a ship which returned from Australia to England, sued a passenger for 43*l.*, the balance of an account due for the conveyance of the man's wife and family. The passenger had landed at the Cape of Good Hope, against the rules of the ship and the leave of the master, and had been left behind, and he therefore declined to pay the passage-money. The master, however, insisted that the man had been troublesome, and had lost his passage by his own fault; and he sued him in the County Court. There were not enough goods and chattels to pay the demand; but the man had house property in London, and proceedings were taken in Chancery in order to take that real property. This raised an important question for the first time—whether the Vice-Chancellor's Court could entertain a question of debt so far settled in a County Court; and the Vice-Chancellor took time to consider of it. It is not our purpose, however, to pursue the point of law; it is with the personal circumstance of the case that we have to deal.

Sometime since, in 1848, some Chartists were convicted of sedition and conspiracy, and one of their own body turned informant against them; this was Powell, the defendant in the present case. It appears that he had received from Government 300*l.*, on condition that he should go to Australia; where, it is said, he also had a grant of land. But after he had got to the colony he had a desire to return home; and hence the case. Now, it is persons of the class of Powell and his victims, besides ordinary offenders against the penal laws, that the Government has forced upon Australia; and thus the same process that has excited disaffection of the mother country, has also provoked a reaction against "low" society. It is partly to mark the distinction between the Powells of the colony and its Wentworths, that the committee of the Legislative Council propose to establish a local Peerage. Whether the project will be sanctioned by the Legislative Council or the Crown, we know not; but at all events it indicates a strong desire on the part of the upper classes of the colony to have amongst them an institution which has been too unreasonably thought incompatible with self-government and democracy, and which would bind the superior classes of the colony to the empire.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE BLUE BOOK.

THE Parliamentary literature of this country has lately been enriched by the addition of a ponderous blue book on the subject of public houses. The sources of information are various, and the evidence embraces all the subjects which demand the interference of the Legislature. More than sixty witnesses have been examined, and the facts are furnished by a fair proportion of magistrates, town clerks, brewers, and publicans. The question has been sifted from every conceivable point of view. Statistics and arguments have been produced in favour of and against the existing system; and the public is now in a fair position to form an impartial judgment.

Monopoly dies hard. The great victory of 1846 was only the commencement of a long struggle, in which the advocates of a restrictive system will fight the battle, inch by inch. The kings of Burton, and their royal brethren, exhibit no signs of flinching. They voted for free trade in corn: they are liberal—very liberal, up to their own notions of liberality; but they maintain the licensing system, as if it were the key-stone of our national prosperity. For our own parts, we believe that the kings of Burton might be defeated, and that Britannia would continue to rule the waves. We do not think that the licensing system has the remotest connexion with the empire of the sea, or the personal safety of Queen Victoria.

Let us look at the facts. The licensed victualler is dependent on the magistrate. He receives his license on certain conditions. He binds himself to sell none but the purest liquors, to use no weights or measures but those of the legal standard, to keep order in his house, and to close his premises during the hours of the morning and afternoon divine service in the parish church on Sundays, Christmas Day, and Good Friday. Here are two points to be considered—the reasons which guide the magistrate in granting the license, and the power which he possesses for enforcing the conditions. With reference to the

first point, it is obvious that the only reasons which ought to guide the magistrate are the wants of the neighbourhood and the fitness of the applicant. On the other hand, Mr. Wyburgh tells us (and his evidence is abundantly confirmed) that the decisions of the magistrates are frequently "irregular, arbitrary, and capricious." How could it be otherwise? How can a magistrate decide on the exact number of public-houses that are required for a neighbourhood? We do not find that bakers, grocers, and other tradesmen, depend on any other laws than those of supply and demand. Why should people be hindered from trading in beer? There is no proof that the number of public-houses falls short of the demand, but the prevalence of a restrictive law occasions an enormous amount of dissatisfaction, and holds out numerous temptations, which it would be infinitely wiser to prevent. It is needless to enumerate the motives which may influence a bench of magistrates in deciding upon the claims of candidates of whose personal fitness no doubt exists.

But it is maintained that the licensing system is the guardian of sound morality. Nay, is not the very publican enlisted on the side of virtue? Does he not hold his licence on the understanding that he will check disorder? This argument would be all the stronger if it were supported by facts. The police have power to enter a public-house—"subject to the restriction that it would be improper to enter unless there was reason to suppose that there was an offence or disorder committed at the time." But no reason can be discerned why the same power should not be entrusted to the police if the licensing system were abolished. Supposing the only condition of obtaining a license were fitness of character, there is surely nothing to prevent the maintenance of police restrictions, which apply even to private houses.

Mr. Alderman Wire believes that the licensing system is an effectual check upon drunkenness, and brings forward the instance of Scotland, where, he tells us, the evil is of a twofold character—the increase of drunkenness, and the encouragement of illicit distillation. Again—"in the State of Maine, so great were the evils resulting from the sale of spirits, that they had enacted a law that there shall be no spirituous liquors or intoxicating liquors sold in the State." All this may be very true, and we are mortified to find that morality is so ill able to protect herself. Society has always been infested with a good sprinkling of reprobates and monsters, whom it is necessary to treat as wild beasts or madmen. But no licensing system in the world will prevent occasional outbreaks; and if English society is still infantine or brutish, the more restrictions we enforce the better.

Nothing, indeed, is more evident than the whole system provokes much greater evils than those it was intended to cure. We maintain it, because it has existed since the reign of Edward III., and because the kings of Burton delude the public into the belief that it tends to sound morality. It is established beyond a doubt, that the people who gain by the system are the brewers and wealthy publicans, while the public suffer.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

No. IX.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.

BUT that it is considered, in England, extremely indecorous to put into print what every one of those who would read the print say perpetually in private, a very interesting chapter might be written to show how curiously personal appearance affects public life. There are men who owe everything to their "looks;" and there are men who never get over their "looks." It has always been my opinion that the regime of the Three Days fell in France because Louis Philippe, as he grew old, grew so ridiculously like a Pear; and many instances might be mentioned, only that it would be impertinence, of eminent Great Britons who have risen or declined because of a mouth, or because of a nose. This is the result of a political system which permits of caricatures; no constitution can stand an H. B., or a John Leech, who bring all political heroes into contempt. The mischief is very serious when the populace judges of a character by a contortion—as, for instance, in Ireland, where Peel could never make way because O'Connell gave this picture of him to the

multitude,—“A big-bellied man, with two left legs.” Mr. Disraeli, a man with a splendid countenance and a graceful figure, was kept down for years in this country because of the cruel caricatures of *Punch*; and Lord Jocelyn, one of the handsomest men of the age, has failed in life because he never had the courage to cut off his moustache. These are instances which may be referred to without offence, even to the individuals; and the cases serve to suggest what is meant.

In regard to many statesmen, living and dead, you think of their policy and not at all of their persons. But Sir James Graham is so intensely associated with Sir James Graham, to the exclusion of any other association, that, in turning attention to him, you consider only the statesman—there being indeed little statesmanship to consider. The impression he has made on his time is altogether an impression of physique: and the epitaph which one of his present colleagues proposed should be written on him, in due season—"He had the largest appetite of any man of his day"—explains to the philosophical, nearly all his celebrity. As John Kemble said, when asked his opinion of the new Hamlet, "Why, sir, he seems a remarkably tall young man"—so the usual enquiry made about Sir James Graham, when an habitué of the House of Commons goes down to his cousins or his constituents is, "a very big man, isn't he?" Sir James Graham is a very big man; and he has got to a first place in politics, just as he would get to the first place in a crowd—by weight and breadth: becoming Peel's lieutenant, as Little John became Robin Hood's. That is to say, born into the Governing Classes, and having only mediocrities to compete with, he got first among the mediocrities—in other words, next to the champion Peel—merely by the greater force and stronger endurance derived from a massive chest and an animal head. That is, by work: for a great administrator is only a great worker; and the great workers are only found among the strong men. "Perseverance" is the virtue recommended to young men by their friends; but perseverance means simply endurance: and it would consequently be as rational to recommend, "Large lungs, my boy."

That Sir James Graham's chest without Sir James Graham's acres would not have sufficed to make him a right honourable and a ruler, is evidenced in the different career of Mr. Ford, of Doncaster, Sir James's image, as Sir James knows to his cost; and it is said even a cleverer man—the Dromio of the *Antiphilus*. But with such acres and such a chest, a good name and a smooth voice, the success of Sir James Graham in public life was assured; and the success would have been more complete, had Sir James learned soon enough to rely simply on those natural advantages, instead of endeavouring to become a man of genius. Not content with the reputation of being a great administrator, he has ever aimed at the position of a great statesman; and though he knows the tendency of the multitude to confound the one character with the other, he has ever been discontented that not one of the many parties whom he has joined would accord him chieftainship. In public life in England, an investment of labour is always certain of its results. Government is a profession—a guild, monopolized almost entirely by the land—and when a man with a title and an estate gives himself up to the House of Commons, the House of Commons gradually gives itself up to him, sooner or later. No man has worked harder than Sir James Graham in legislating; and let the governed be grateful. In this country, every heir to a large estate goes to Parliament, as he goes to a good club; and all the best of the heirs, after a season or two, in which they destroy their stomachs, and discover that society is a delusion, stick to their seats, and take to governing the self-governed country as the best-going excitement,—more gentlemanly than the turf, safer than the table, easier than the sessions.

Sir James Graham, born in 1792, reached his majority and his property in due course, and by the same system which suggested beef and bonfires, a borough returned him in celebration of the important event, and from 1826 to 1853 Sir James Graham has incessantly devoted himself to his country. He must in his thirty years of government have sat about 100,000 hours in the bad atmosphere of the House of Commons, have sat twenty years in Government bureaux, seen 1000 deputations, written many millions of letters, and made speeches so numerous, that if col-

lected they would fill several libraries. You cannot remember a sentence, not a saying, not a thought of those speeches; but that consideration does not lessen our astonishment at, and our admiration of, the work. Our political constitution might be improved, and our electoral machinery might be improved, but no system could turn up a better workman, a more splendid administrator, than Sir James Graham; and such a reflection may influence us when we reach next session and the Reform Bill. And our admiration of the athlete is enhanced in observing, that thirty years of work have not made the slightest change in mind or body. The thirty years have been a perfect circle. That giant frame is as fresh, and that copious countenance as complacent, as when first in 1826 the Knight of Netherby went in for the British Lion! And, singular completeness of a felicitous career, he is now sitting for that Carlisle which first wooed and won him; and he holds at sixty-one precisely the office which was given him—his first—about thirty years ago! The young Tories who think that they are serving the cause by representing that the Conservative leaders of '41-'46 were all rogues or fools, are partial to the depicting of one of the shallowest of men as a Talleyrand; and they may take the hint to suggest the Chaldean serpent for the Netherby crest, if only as the symbol of—nothing.

For a great clerk—otherwise a great administrator—is always a great clerk: experience only diminishes the clerk's chance of being more than a clerk. In a nation of settled society and established principles, Sir James Graham would have been a statesman; but in England, which is a nation where class eternally wars against class,—which is a pity, but a fact,—a Sir James Graham inevitably becomes confused, and, if he aims at statesmanship, assuredly makes a mess of it. Sir James Graham's career, as a statesman, is one of the most marvellous messes even of modern British politics; and it is a painful proof of the paucity of genius in the Governing Classes, and of the ignorance of the governed classes, that this eminent and worthy gentleman is still in high office, and still supposed, by many, to be a reliable leader of a great people.

Sir James Graham has lived through the long war between the middle class and the landed class, and he is a complete failure at last, because, attempting to *finesse* between the two, he has lost the confidence of both. A cleverer man might have failed in such an attempt, but Sir James Graham's failure has been ludicrous, for nature never fitted him to be an intriguer. He attempted to reconcile the theory with the practice of the Constitution, and that was a hopeless undertaking. A Liberal-Conservative is a possible politician only to the man who is Liberal one year, and Conservative another year; but the danger is that, in the third year of the transformation, both sides find him out. And Sir James Graham has passed his life in getting found out—in candidly inviting discovery. The honest man solicited the notice of Diogenes: wherefore Diogenes passed him by.

You can, in England, serve two masters, Crown and Parliament, like Lord John Russell. But you cannot serve Crown, Parliament, and people. You can be a Conservative Minister and talk Whiggery to Mr. Speaker. But you cannot be a Conservative Minister and talk Democracy to the mob at a hustings. Sir James Graham has tried this, and has not succeeded: is hated by the land, not trusted by Manchester, and not known to the people. This is because Sir James Graham always lives so completely in the present. His political past is last week, his political future, next week—at furthest, next Session: he looks, therefore, neither backwards nor forwards, is, consequently, always vehement, and is generally, therefore, foolish. Perhaps, on the whole, he is the indiscreetest man who ever lived; he is always burning his ships behind him, and always escaping in a cock-boat. To give one among a thousand illustrations; for instance, his sillier explanations of his silly hustings' speech, against Louis Napoleon. He is always willing to please, but as to whom he pleases, who comes first, or who speaks loudest. He goes down before a league; but he is very resolute until the league comes up. He takes care of to-day, and trusts to to-morrow to take care of itself—in legislation. He hopes the Constitution will last his time, but, if not, and he is pressed to lend a hand, why he will work hard at its demolition. As in the Admiralty, the Duke of Wellington is an incomparable Screw, while

her superior is on the stocks, so, in the House, everything is perfect, until the time has come for a change. That is Sir James's phrase—"The period has now arrived, Sir." No revolution takes him unawares. If the Day of Judgment were to arrive during his term of office, he would be prepared to suggest "the exigencies of the occasion, Sir." Hence, though he is supposed to be a Talleyrand, he is always simple and sincere. He defended the Corn-Laws with sincerity,—with pathos: and he attacked them with as good faith—still with plentiful pathos. He grew red in the face with hearty British indignation when he assaulted Louis Napoleon: and he opened Mazzini's letters, to oblige Austria, with unflinching complacency. He insisted that the paupers of Andover got on capitally on bone-dust; and he wept when Peel, in his resignatory oration, talked of the bread that was to be eaten by the poor man, "unleavened, &c. He has unsaid everything he ever said, and indeed everything he ever did,—and remains an honest squire, still—being only a dull man, not a dishonest one—an ambitious man, not a tricky man. It is not his fault that he has an animal head, only, and not an intellectual head. If he had principles, he'd be glad of 'em: but he hasn't; so he works: and when a difficulty turns up gets over it as well as he can: talks gently at the House, and leers at the nation—and doesn't regret his choice of a profession, particularly not when in office. He'd feel pleased to be considered a Talleyrand; but there's an awful fear at his heart that men are just, and only suppose him to be stupid.

What Sir James Graham's future is to be—for he'll stick to the House ten years more—it is easy to delineate; it will be like Sir James Graham's past—athletical dodging between perplexities, as they present themselves. That he does not comprehend his time or his country is very clear; and now he is not so well placed as he was in '41-'6, behind Peel; he is in a Coalition which has no chief—and there is great danger when Sir James has to take an independent course. Perhaps in a career of consternations, Sir James was never so puzzled as at this moment: for at this moment he is not only without a chief to command, but he is in presence of a country without a cry. Yet Sir James is pledged to Reform: he bid as high as Lord John, on the spur of the moment, one evening in the House of Commons; and very likely he will continue to pass the same word to the Peelites which he passed from '46 to '51, "always top Lord John"—Lord John to propose, and Sir James to dispose. But what statesmanship! Our public heroes must be tested in that way. Let any Great Briton of good memory sit down and endeavour to realize his vague impressions about his crack statesmen. For instance—what are Sir James Graham's principles, his policy, his convictions, his intentions? Sir James Graham stands at this moment unpledged to everything but cutting down salaries at the Admiralty, and Parliamentary Reform; and his pledge on Parliamentary Reform amounts to this:—that he would extend the suffrage, but only in such a way as would be "consistent with the conservation of all our institutions." Are there not a few other questions of the day for a great people? Sir James hopes that there are; he likes work; and has no weak shame about inconsistency; but he is not going to answer them until he can hear them distinctly when sitting in his bureau. No man will be more frank or more energetic, when he is spared the trouble of thinking by an explicit national order to act. Even if the order be directed against any one of the institutions he now considers ought to be conserved. Did he ever refuse to obey the popular will? He has been the tool of the middle class since 1830; and now that the middle class have got all that they want, and are turning conservative, why Sir James will be the tool of the working class, when they're ready. Mr. Crowe, in that brilliant political novel, "Charles Delmer," makes the profound observation that henceforth the democracy of England has to play the middle class against the aristocratic class, and to see which will bid most for the popular support: in such tactics would not Sir James be an excellent democratic leader?

NON-ELECTOR.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE rustic labourer (*prolétaire*) is not, generally speaking, a revolutionist, like the operatives of great cities. In those dense hives of monopolized industry, in those huge Pandemonia of luxury and starvation, of beggary

and debauch, of famished ignorance and *blasé* corruption, of squalid pauperism and insolent gold, of colossal financiers and blazoned Macaires, of whirling wealth, and maddening want, and cruel contrasts,—in great cities, no doubt, the working man becomes a revolutionist; not so in the solitude of the fields. It requires long centuries of suffering and a religious struggle to create a war of the peasants, as in the sixteenth century.

Talk of dissolving the Russian COMMUNE! I should like to know whether the few Russians who propose such a measure have ever seriously reflected on the scheme. What would remain, I ask, if we tore out this vital nerve of our national existence? The Russian people has endured every loss, and has only preserved the *commune*. Is it at a time when it occurs to so many of the thinkers of Western Europe to deplore the excessive subdivision of the soil, that we should, with a blind levity, root up an institution which we have only to conserve passively, for it maintains itself spontaneously in the people and by the people, attached to it by interest and by tradition, as to the one sole right which rapacity and oppression have not yet wrung from their hands.

The *commune* is, I am aware, accused of being incompatible with individual liberty. Was this liberty wanting before the abolition of the day of Youri (St. George)? Did it not create, beside the permanent village, the moving *commune*, the voluntary association of *Artel* (artisans) and that other purely martial *commune* of the Cossacks? That fixed rural *commune* left to individual liberty and initiative a part quite large enough, since it never ceased to provide for and to nourish its twin legitimate offspring—one the mounted and moving rampart of the country; the other, hatchet in hand, transporting himself wherever work invited him.

True, the members of the Cossack *communes* were not individually absorbed or effaced by them. Even those who may have read Gogol's novel, *Taras Boulba*, have little idea that a similar story occurred in the time of Alexander I. An aged Cossack, who refused to submit to the ferocious discipline of the military colonies, after receiving himself a few thousand blows with a stick, witnessed in silence the barbarous punishment inflicted on his eldest son, and only opened his lips to inquire how it was that his younger son was spared. When he learned that the latter had purchased impunity by submission, the old father embraced his eldest son, cursed the son who had recoiled before the punishment, covered himself up in his *casaque*, and perished on the spot.

Cossackry (*la Cosacquerie*) is a palpable proof that the popular life in Russia contained in itself the complement of the peaceable existence of the rural *commune*. *Cossackry*, in fact, threw open an escape for all reckless and impatient spirits thirsting for adventure, hungry after excitement, panting for dangerous exploits, and a wild independence. It corresponded perfectly with that principle of unrestrained turbulence which we express by the word *oudal*, and which is one of the characteristic features of the Slavonic race.

The Cossacks, indefatigable sentinels at the most exposed frontiers of their country, founded at these perilous outposts military, republican, and democratic communities, which were still in existence at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Theirs is a brilliant history. The *Zuaporogues* were the knights-errants of the democratic commonalty. Unyielding, indomitable brigands, rather than subjects of any authority whatsoever, they seemed to inherit those vague presentiments, those prophetic instincts which distinguished the Norman races. Under Ivan IV., a band of Cossacks conquered Siberia. Their chief, Yumak, not content with having penetrated as far as Tobolsk, reared with a dying hand his standard at Irkousk. After him, another Cossack pushed on across icy wastes, as if he were drawn by some magnetic influence, to the Pacific Ocean: perhaps by a presentiment of the immense significance of Russia advancing her bounds to the very frontiers of America.

Nothing but the imbecility of the German Government at St. Petersburg could have failed to comprehend such an institution as that of the Cossacks. Peter the Great was the first to oppress them, too happy to be furnished with a pretext by Mazeppa. Catharine reduced millions of them to slavery. Nicholas destroyed their democratic organisation by making nobles of their elected officers, and he tried even to corrupt their popular ballads. Such an institution was, of course, scarcely reconcilable with the military code of Russia. It was thought far wiser to create out of brutal violence those absurd military colonies than to permit some developments to a flourishing and profoundly popular institution.

It is not to be disputed that the communal life of the Russian villages and the republicanism of the Cossack camps would ill satisfy the aspirations of later European theorists. All was embryonic in their constitution. Individual liberty was everywhere sacrificed to a democratic and patriarchal brotherhood. But who pulls down an unfinished house in the idea of rebuilding it on the same plan? It is no merit of ours to have preserved with an immutable quietism that communal institution which the German peoples had long lost amidst the vicissitudes of their history. But

it is an advantage not to be thrown away. And we may surely profit by the dear-bought experience of our ancestors.

Western Europe sacrificed its communal institutions, and with them the peasants and the artisans, when it entered upon a richer and larger existence by a long and glorious struggle for the emancipation of an aristocratic and middle-class minority. It has had Catholicism, Protestantism, its chivalry full of poetry, its *tiers-état* renowned for pertinacity, its Reformation, and finally its Revolution, which half destroyed the Church and the Throne. Russia alone has remained aloof from the conquests and glories of her neighbours. Her people, utterly incapable of following, still less of attaining the European developments, has languished in misery ever since the era of Kiof. The yoke of the Mongols, Byzantine Tsars, Germanized Emperors, lords like slaveholders, such have been her masters. Yet this people, while it has gained nothing, has at least not lost the *commune*, with the equality of all its members in the possession and in the distribution of the soil.

If, indeed, the Russian peasant has been reduced to serfage it has not been without severe struggles. The facile success of the spurious DMITRI, the enthusiasm of the people for him, his imitators crushed, but ever reappearing with formidable armies encamped before Moscow, all this story would be inexplicable but for the undercurrent of a strong, wide, deep popular movement. These protracted struggles of an entire people may not disturb the reign of the House of Romanoff; but the falsified chronicles of the Government could not pass over in silence the wars of the *Brigands*. Stenko Razin, one of their chiefs, was at the head of 200,000 men. During the reign of the Tzar Alexis more than 12,000 peasants were hanged. A century later the Empress Catherine more than once turned pale at the reports of her generals on the insurrection of Pugatcheff. PUGATCHEFF committed a fatal error, since repeated by Kossuth. After the decisive capture of Kasan he did not march straight on Moscow, where, according to the evidence of Castéja, 200,000 serfs awaited his army with breathless impatience. The common people (*mozjik*) were decimated in the name of civilization, and Voltaire congratulated the Semiramis of the North on the victories of Bibikof and Panine.

It was by proclaiming the freedom of the peasants that PUGATCHEFF raised the standard of revolt. He had for device, *Utor et redivivus*. Taken prisoner and loaded with chains, he replied to the ignoble General who struck him with his hand, and to that facile outrage added words of insult:—"I am but a little crow, and the vulture is still hovering in the air."

After a contest of a hundred and fifty years the people abandoned the struggle. Pugatcheff was the last of its leaders. It has never made its appearance since except in the commotion of Stararâia Rousso in 1831. In that revolt it was horribly sanguinary; but what was to be expected in reprisal for the terrorism which founded and maintained the military colonies? As was the seed so must the harvest be.

Insurrection is at all times difficult among a people scattered over immense plains, inhabiting villages exposed and patched up of mere wooden huts. The only refuge of such a people is in the forests, and Count Woronzoff has shown in the Caucasus how to deal with that refuge.

Besides, the irregularities of the administrative Government confuse the popular notions. The peasant serf of a rich proprietor rejoices to find in his powerful master a sort of buckler against the vexations of *employés* and of the police. The condition of the serfs is not one of uniform hardship and degradation; hence the difficulty of any simultaneous insurrectional movement, or of any united organisation; hence the rebellions of the peasants remain isolated, local, and limited to single communes, rarely extending even to two or three.

According to the last census the number of male serfs in Russia was 11,380,000 (the women are not reckoned). Two-thirds of this number belong to lords who possess at least a thousand peasants a-piece, and who generally demand nothing of their serfs but *l'obrok*, a pecuniary rent-service, for which they give them up the land entirely.

These peasants, and all who belong to rich lords, are usually, it may be imagined, far less miserable than those who are dependent upon petty gentry, and subjected to the *Robot* (*à corvée*, or forced labour). Scarcely ever do the great lords live upon their lands; never more than a few months of the fine season, while the petty seigneur lives all the year round upon his estate, and strives to economize the forced expenses of his sojourn in the metropolis. Mean and restless by position he meddles with everything, turns all to profit, exacts all sorts of *rendez* beyond the rent actually due, in the shape of eggs, mushrooms, linen, fruit, butter, milk, and poultry. And to solace his *ennui* he amuses himself in poaching on the conjugal manors of his dependents.

These small properties are dispersed at random over

* The general called Pugatcheff a "brigand" *Vor*, a word which with the addition of the letters *on* signifies "Vulture."

the whole extent of Russian territory in Europe. Siberia has the happiness not to know serfdom. Surrounded by vast domains, or by large free *communes*, the poor serfs remain utterly isolated from their neighbours. Not but that the Russian peasants feel intense commiseration for one another, but when has a mere mutual sentiment of pity ever armed the oppressed masses for the vindication of their rights? In 1839 and 1840, we saw, indeed, the beginnings of a coalition among the communes. In the districts of Simbirsk and of Tombon, the massacre of the lords looked like the execution of a plan. But usually matters do not take that course. The peasants of a commune are dumb and patient for years and years: they suffer and endure all miseries without a murmur. Suddenly, without a note of warning, they burst out, massacre the lord, butcher his family, burn his house; receive with dogged endurance the punishment of the *Plet*, and are hurried away to perish in the mines of Siberia. They know the result beforehand; but their situation was no longer tolerable. The causes of insurrections are worthy of serious attention. They generally spring from the encroachment of the lord upon the rights of the *commune*. The peasant feels himself victimized, without protection or redress: he is overworked, overtaxed, continually liable to excessive punishment from a hard and cruel taskmaster: but all this seems transitory and remediable. What he never does put up with, never submits to without a bloody protest, is the intermeddling of the lord in the division of the communal lands, in the rights of pasture, in the affairs of the *commune*; then he feels himself struck in his last refuge, beyond which he sees nothing. Then the peasant murders his lord. But why, it may be asked, does not the peasant demand redress sooner? To complain of the violation of a right, one must have legal ground to go upon. Now the *commune* exists by itself, because it is ineradicable; because it alone of itself constitutes the whole moral life of the peasants. The Government found it ready made; the noblesse submitted to it, and became accustomed to its existence.

According to the law, a peasant can address himself only to the Marshal of the noblesse of the district. This Marshal, the elected officer of the nobles, is their natural defender, both against the Crown and against the people. The police never receives complaints against the lords, except in extraordinary criminal cases, which do not interest directly the peasant. The serf is allowed to inform against his lord, if the latter belongs to a secret society, or has committed a crime. The law permits three days' work only in the week to be exacted of the serf on the lord's land; and it is to a police elected by the noblesse that the duty of maintaining the execution of this legal prescription is confided. From time to time the Government starts up in sudden amazement at abuses, displays astonishing courage, and punishes a lord or two. Then follows a long dreary interval of abuses, unpunished and unredressed.

ALEXANDRE HERZEN.

(To be concluded in our next.)

[ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—Page 1069, second column forty-ninth line, for "peasants de la commune," read "peasants de la couronne." The passage refers to the serfs of the Crown, as distinguished from the serfs belonging to the lords.]

LORD BROUGHAM'S "VALETE."

A LETTER from Cannes states that Lord Brougham has had inscribed over the gate of his chateau this farewell to the world—

"Spes et fortuna Valet.
Sat me lusiſtis; ludite nunc alios."

It was Lord Brougham, we believe, who confessed that the Edinburgh party, who hit upon a line from Publius Syrus for a motto for the cover of their *Review*, had never read that author; and, in this instance, his lordship seems again to have plunged at a felicitous expression without very well knowing where it came from. Can he be aware that the inscription over his portal was the very one adopted by Gil Blas when that versatile person retired to Arragon upon the profits of political rascality?

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 controversy, 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.

NEW MOVEMENT IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Your liberal advocacy of all measures that have a tendency to promote the public good, induces me to request from you an opinion as to the eligibility of Life Assurance as now extended to large masses of the community. I am desirous, as the secretary of an institution that enjoys unprecedented success, to see its principles confirmed, or otherwise, at that ultimate bar—the public press of England. And I am urged thereto by the attacks of rival and interested parties, who, finding it impossible to allege anything against

the characters of the directors (wealthy and long-established tradesmen), or against the conscientious economy of their management, turn round and attack the principle of such institutions. They seem to forget, or, what is probable, do so wilfully, that an eminent actuary has stated before a committee of the House of Commons, on being asked whether, on public grounds, "this sort of business should be encouraged"—he replied, "Undoubtedly, because it reaches the people themselves—the bulk of the community." And further, when asked, "Is it not the fact, that security, or at least one element of security, is obtained by the largeness of the transactions of the society?"—he replied, "Not only by the largeness of the number of lives assured, but also by another element of security in such business—viz., an average of the amount of sums insured upon each life. The assurances amongst the industrial classes will generally be found to be more uniform in amount than in the ordinary business of an assurance office."

It would appear that the people of England see the matter in the same light, and that they are far beyond what is generally imagined, solicitous to protect themselves against death and casualty. Of this the "British Industry" society is a convincing proof: as, since the latter part of 1852, it has issued over 7000 policies. It is significant to contrast this with the fact, that up to 1852 all the policies issued by all the offices in the three kingdoms amounted only to 250,000!

And now, sir, in conclusion, let me pray of you to give the public the advantage of your own opinion on a subject which is to them of such vital importance.*

I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servant,

MICHAEL O'GRADY, Secretary.

300, Regent-street (Offices of the "British Industry Life Assurance Company, and Family Friendly Society"), Nov. 3, 1853.

THE USE OF INVENTIONS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Permit me a word or two of rejoinder to your correspondent "Pistis," of the 26th ult.

He says there are printers who have paused and reflected, but still continue to throw heavy blame on all discoveries which diminish labour, so long as no provision is made by society for those thus supplanted.

To expect such compensation in all cases seems to me futile. And if not got in all cases, where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? A patent shoe is a monopoly of advantage to the buyer and seller; I, who can't purchase the improvement, catch cold more readily than my neighbour, so my comparative commercial and other value sinks. What exquisite judge or very perceptive society is to count my compensation and place me on an equal footing with my neighbour?

In the invention itself we must seek for amelioration, both as regards society and the particular class affected. For cheaper supply creates demand as readily as demand enhances the value of supply. Reach goods, by cheapening them, to ten times the number of persons, and you, perhaps, require double the number of workmen to do so. Sometimes, indeed, the article may be quicker finished without the market needing more; but even here a conquest has been gained over space or time: given space, and you have room for more guests—given leisure, mother of new wants and arts.

"Direct help," says an American, "availeth me little, I am helped more through the intellect and the affections." Hence the potency of example—another's success stirs my blood and rouses new energies—another's success widens the horizon of possibilities. If the printers (as "Pistis" hints) be awakened to the idea of a new social endeavour, if they already aspire by unity of purpose to capture the big cylinder and make it their slave (always supposing it successful) then the introduction of this new invention already promises more than the old system has yet done for them.

It is but justice to the inventor, who requests it, to say that Cumming, Melville, and Co. in my first letter ought to have been James Melville. TIM.
Nov. 9th, 1853.

* We have only to say, at the first glance, without expressing any opinion about the particular company in question, of whose circumstances we know absolutely nothing, that we have always considered the better future of the working-classes, economically speaking, to lie in the direction of the principle of assurance universalised. But principle is one thing, practice another. The particular operation of the principle depends on the personnel of the office.—ED.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Two Owls"—an Apologue, by Vivian, in our next.

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*.

THE current number of the *North British Review* is scarcely so interesting as usual, but there is never a number without matter worthy of attention. *Protestantism in Italy* will be read with eagerness by a large class. The paper on *American Novels* contains a passage we quote elsewhere, and applies a rather startling canon to fiction: starting from the fact that now-a-days the novelist and poet rival the preacher in influence, the corollary is that their responsibility is equal to that of the preacher, and therefore that their teaching must be as narrowly watched.

"If a minister of the gospel deviates a hair's-breadth from the well-defined convictions of his congregation, his audience falls away, and he will never hear the last of it; and, as for an error of practical morals, it would be regarded with such horror if it came from the pulpit, that the occurrence of such defalcations is absolutely unknown among us. But, as many of us keep our best suit of clothes and conduct for the Sabbath, so we have our Sunday and week-day doctrines; and to be orthodox one day is regarded as salt sufficient for the seven. In our Sunday sermon we demand a bright and spotless reflection of revelation, and on Monday we fall to recreating ourselves (mark the etymology!) with some novel or poem, which, if we had character and courage to set its secret sins in the light of God's countenance, would horrify us with its profound infidelity and insane perversion of moral truth."

A startling canon this, yet who shall deny its rigorous justice? For our parts we think that the discordance between clerical and lay teaching, points to the radical discordance between doctrine and belief. There was no such discordance in the ages of faith. An elaborate article follows on Dr. VAUGHAN'S *Wycliffe*—a work we have not seen—but the article of the number we should select is the one on *Domestic Service*, a subject of great importance treated in a thoroughly Christian spirit. How well the writer characterizes the bugbear of "familiarity":—

"But we cannot expect class-prejudices, the growth of more than a century, to yield to the kindness of a day. The fact is, that it would be a much easier thing than it now is to do good, if the desire to do good were more common. We can hardly be surprised that the poor should look with some suspicion on the rich,—that they should be slow to believe in the genuine kindness of the latter, when the rule is one of exclusiveness and indifference, and the exceptions are so very rare. We are afraid it cannot truthfully be denied that if the general feeling of the lower orders is one of distrust, it is because their superiors have done little or nothing to gain their confidence and affection. The distrust is generally mutual. Even in grave didactic books, published by religious tract societies, young people are warned against being 'familiar' with their servants; and the warning is generally fortified by some stories illustrative of the evil habits of domestics,—of their trickery, their duplicity, their dishonesty, their use of bad language, &c. &c. Now, what are we to expect, if they who conceive it to be their mission to teach, thus wilfully and systematically endeavour to widen the breach between the employers and the employed,—to make each regard the other with distrust,—to array them, indeed, one against the other, openly, undisguisedly, as enemies, instead of bringing the master and the servant side by side as friends? Now, 'familiarity' between the employer and the employed, rightly understood, so far from being a bad state of things, is that which, above all others, is most desirable to bring about. If 'familiarity,' in the writings of which we speak, means levity of conduct and looseness of speech, doubtless it is to be eschewed, whether it belong to the behaviour of a nursery-maid or a duchess. That is not a matter which we are now called upon to consider. If such writers, however, mean to instruct young gentlemen and ladies to keep themselves aloof as much as possible from domestic servants, because the daily life of such people is ordinarily marked by levity of conduct and looseness of speech, all we can say is, that it had been better for them if they had never learnt to write. There is no surer mode of making our servants unworthy of our confidence and the companionship of our children, than by thus holding them up, even in our lesson-books, as reprobates and outcasts."

Then again as to "followers":—

"If we admit, as every rational person must admit, that our domestic servants, like other people, must have friends and desire to associate with them, is it not far better that it should be an understood thing between the employer and the employed, that the latter should be visited at seasonable hours, by respectable relatives and friends, and that even if there be something more than mere common acquaintance, it should not be a thing denied? Why is not Ruth, or Kate, or Fanny to have her 'followers,' as well as Miss Amelia Maria, after whom Captain Sabretash is always dangling; or Mrs. Plumb, the wealthy widow, who is perseveringly 'followed' by the Reverend Isaac Pew? Amelia Maria expresses her horror of followers, even to the Captain himself; and the widow lives in a state of excitement regarding them, which seems likely to shorten her days. If one of their pretty serving girls has been seen shaking her cherry-coloured ribands, at the back gate, as the carpenter's son goes by after his day's work, or has actually had the audacity to invite the grocer's assistant to sit down and take a dish of tea in the kitchen, there is no end to their lamentations and revilings. The unfortunate girl is denounced in the harshest language; she is impertinent and immodest, bold and artful—perhaps she loses her place. How much better, under such circumstances, would it be for the mistress of a household to endeavour to win the confidence of her domestics, and to be the depository of their most cherished secrets? Why a comely parlour-maid, or housemaid, or even a buxom cook, should not receive the honest addresses of a worthy young man, and, in due course, have the banns put up in the parish church, we cannot by any means conjecture. They do not vow themselves to perpetual celibacy when they advertise for a place. But we know very well that the concealments forced upon them by the harsh, grudging spirit in which too often the gratification of their natural instincts is regarded, are laden with a world of evil. It is a melancholy fact, that a very large proportion of the unhappy young women who are tried every year in our criminal courts, for the murder of their illegitimate children, are domestic servants. This is not to be attributed to the peculiar depravity of the class, but the peculiarly disadvantageous character of their social environments. How much of it comes out of those three well-known words, 'No followers allowed,' it is difficult to say. If young women are afraid of their admirers being seen within the shadow of their own rightful homes, they will meet them abroad, where no restraints and impediments exist, and the tempter, Opportunity, is at their elbow."

Our own experience is decidedly in favour of the utmost liberty to followers as a *practical* good, quite apart from its abstract justice. If your servants are respectable their followers will be so; if they are not, you get rid of them.

The *British Quarterly* is excellent. In spite of some queer philosophizing about man beginning in the highest state of civilization, and subsequently degenerating into barbarism (all with a view of "reconciling" Scripture with history,) the opening paper on *China* will be read with interest; so also that on *Ludwig Tieck*. In the paper on *English Fens: their origin and improvements*, there is amassed much piquant detail; in that on *Maurice's Essays* the reader will find a lucid analysis of a book now exciting so much attention from its furnishing the pretext for the professor's expulsion; he will also find there some of those brave, wise words which ROBERT VAUGHAN is strong enough and wise enough to utter in defence of true religion against religious cant. Speaking of the treatment MAURICE has received at the hands of certain "religious newspapers," such as our dearly-beloved *Record*, Dr. VAUGHAN (we assume the authorship) says:—

"When religious truth is not embraced to its proper end, it is not unnatural that the moral state in which it leaves men, should sometimes be a worse state than that in which it found them. Mr. Maurice may feel assured, that he has hardly a worse opinion than we have of *irreligious spirits* often to be found in what is called the religious world. It is anything but agreeable to be obliged to observe the subtleties, the frauds, the slanders, the cruelties, to which such spirits will often commit themselves. They are good haters,—and the strength of that feeling is too often, in their estimation, the best evidence of their spirituality and enlightenment. This hatred has reference to something accounted the contrary of religion, and it is therefore regarded as religious; and the zeal allied with it has reference to something accounted religious, and therefore the feeling is regarded as religion. Notions, dogmas, commonly supply their watchwords to such people. Echo these, and your praise will be upon their tongues; fail to pronounce their shibboleth, and you have to lay your account with all the possible forms of persecution. On these grounds, we look with a degree of sympathy on any man who diverges from the beaten path, however much we may think him mistaken. For we are obliged to remember, that in the case of not a few who pour their censures upon him, the great recommendation of orthodoxy, as of a thousand things beside, has been, that it does not expose a man to any sort of cost or inconvenience."

We have said the same things, but not with the same authority. From us the accusation has been treated as if springing from doctrinal differences, whereas it sprang from moral differences. No one can deny that in this journal every religious conviction, from that of the Catholic to that of the missionary, has met with the respect due to sincerity; but irreligion masking itself under religion we have exposed and ever will expose.

In the same Review there is a suggestive paper on *Portrait Painting in History*, in defence of the anecdotal and personally picturesque, which sin so gravely against the "dignity of history." Incidentally touching on craniological indications, the writer says:—

"If any part of a man's body is more emphatically symbolical of the whole man than another, it must be the nervous mass of his brain; and, while a man is alive, his brain can be studied only from the outside. True, from the outside examination of the skull all that we can know (and this only approximately, for the skull may be thick or thin, and its surface not at all points equidistant from the surface of the brain) is the absolute size of the brain, and the relative dimensions of its parts. As this leaves out entirely the considerations of density, and of what may be called quality, regarding which craniologists vaguely try to be a little more certain by calling in temperament to their aid, and as, moreover, there are two kinds of matter in all brains, a grey and a white, whose respective functions are not settled, and whose proportions cannot be externally ascertained, the most eminent anatomists and physiologists of the present day, with all their respect for the tentative generalizations of Gall, Broussais, and others, are agreed that the claims of external craniology as a practical science of cerebral manifestation, want the necessary basis. More unanimous and more vehement is the rejection which the learned give to the actual science of the thirty-five 'bumps' into which craniology itself has degenerated in too hasty hands."

To this we may add, that even could the absolute size of the brain be ascertained, the test would be fallacious, for size (and the phrenologists recognise this, though not distinctly aware of the reasons,) is only an index, "other things being equal." Temperaments—in the vague use of that term—will not solve the problem. Nervous tissue differs from nervous tissue in its chemical composition, (as, indeed, all organic substances do, their composition being *non-definite*, thereby distinguished from the definitely composed inorganic substances,) and although these variations may be very slight, yet they baffle appreciation, and only leave the simple fact in our hands, that one man's nervous tissue is more active than another's. Further, it has been ascertained by BAILLARGER to be far from true, as commonly taught, that the intellect of animals bears any direct proportion to the extent of cerebral surface (the grey matter of the brain.) He dissected out all the white substance, and unfolding the convoluted grey matter, took casts of it; on comparison, he found that the human brain has less superficial extent in proportion to its volume than that of many mammalia. Hence there is less difficulty in the fact, which has puzzled many, of the grampus possessing a brain with deeper convolutions and more extensive surface than man, without, however, manifesting any signs of superior intellect. We should require to know first, whether the extent of cerebral surface is the index of intellectual power; second, whether the nervous tissue of the grampus is of precisely the same structural composition as that of man; a trifle more or less say of phosphorus will produce indefinite variations.

Having briefly indicated these physiological points, let us return to our author, for a curious passage on heads, large and small:—

"With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working-man who died in University College Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was, that he was said by his neighbours to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom); and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that his hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. Leigh Hunt's hat going over them too. Raffaele had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the church-historian; so, also, if we recollect aright what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound lighter than her husband's. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mahomet; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches, a largish head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size. About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from the Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modelled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work, entitled *First Impressions of England and its People*, describes the head, from personal inspection, as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare, that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head. In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers, and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down, if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudent, and weighty men, with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental activity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears, that if to the two dimensions of length or depth and height, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of breadth, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall have as tolerable a system of practical cranology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much farther. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgments. We have seen 'foreheads villainous low' on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and quoramuses."

These discordances are all intelligible as soon as we understand the fact that size is only an index "other things being equal"—that there is nervous tissue and nervous tissue, or as MOLIÈRE says, *il y a fagot et fagot*.

Among the serials of this month let us note that the magnificent *Poultry Book*, edited by the Rev. W. WINGFIELD and G. W. JOHNSON, is completed with this, the seventh part. We have already expressed our opinion on the utility and interest of this work, and have only to add, that the execution of the coloured lithographs has not fallen away from the promise of the early numbers. It may not be superfluous to remind the lover of natural history that the *English Cyclopædia*, now in course of publication, contains as a separate division, purchasable separately, a complete Cyclopædia of Natural History, executed by men of eminence, and profusely illustrated with woodcuts. We have twice spoken of this re-issue of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, but we return to it, because we know of no other dictionary in the language wherein natural history is treated with such completeness and excellence. The plan of issuing the *Cyclopædia* in separate divisions is a boon to the public.

A new serial has been started by JOHN CASSELL, called the *Historical Educator*, in which history is treated with care, but in a somewhat miscellaneous style, as if "information" were the only thing desirable to be impressed on the reader. It comprises a history of America, Herodotus's description of Egypt, Hanno the Carthaginian, Discoveries, Geography, Manners and Customs of the Greeks, and History of English Literature.

A new serial, not of the most fascinating literature, but of undeniable

utility, is the *A. B. C. Railway Guide*. Those who have lost themselves in the systematic incomprehensibility of *Bradshaw*, need only glance at this rival to perceive the enormous superiority in point of facility of reference. It is truly as simple as A. B. C., but it only shows you how you can go to and from London to the various stations. Some plan is necessary for exhibiting cross roads.

The erotic correspondents of the *Record* continue their prurient crusade. One emphatically informs the Editor that he quite agrees with every word on the "public exhibition of indecent figures and nasty pictures." Why nasty pictures, O reverend sir? Greek Slaves and Ariadnes are nasty only to "nice" minds, and what such minds will prove to be nasty may be gathered from the following:—

"To the Editor of the *Record*."

"Sir,—While directing the attention of the public to the indecency of naked statues, you will oblige a few in the North by speaking of the impropriety of improper pictures in churches.

"In the parish church of Ulverston there is over the communion-table a picture of Christ being taken from the cross, in which the body of the Redeemer is represented as being very scantily covered. Indeed, it appears more than half naked."

"L. T."

"November 7, 1853."

This is really significant. Here is a man whose thoughts run so readily in the erotic train, that not even the most sacred figure his eye can rest upon fills his mind to the exclusion of such suggestions, unless the clothing be abundant. How vain of us to expect that Art should fill such a spectator's mind, when even his Redeemer cannot! We, in our simplicity, believed that a statue being intended to excite the emotions attendant upon beauty, and not to stimulate the erotic imagination of *Recordites*, would necessarily effect its purpose by filling the spectator's mind; and so far from exciting any voluptuous thoughts, would be absolutely powerless to excite them. That, as far as we can learn, is the effect on all minds less "nice" than *Recordites*; but we now learn that to the thoroughly "nice" mind, not even the partial nakedness of Christ can prevent a blushing sense of impropriety. Well, this at any rate is consistent. We like consistency—even in dirt!

Among the crowd of books and brochures fast issuing from the Press on the question of the day, there is one which on all accounts deserves special mention. To all those who desire to know Russia as she is, not as she seems, we recommend M. HERZEN'S *Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie*, of which he has, in compliance with a wish expressed by the Democratic Society of Poland, published a second edition. The essay contains a rapid sketch of Russian history from the ninth century down to the year 1825, and an account of the subsequent growth of public opinion, as exhibited in the literature of the country. The future of Pan Slavism is ably discussed, and the concluding chapter glances at the influence exercised by the revolutions of Western Europe upon the condition of the Russian serf. In the introduction to this edition, M. HERZEN has added a striking picture of the miserable degradation in which the Livonian peasantry are sunk, and of the contrasts between the pure Russians and the Russo-Germans of the Baltic provinces. The re-publication of this essay has the merit of opportunity. M. HERZEN has supplied us with a mass of useful information on a subject which is engaging public interest; and his writing is glowing, vivid, and picturesque.

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RUSSIAN SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA.

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852. With a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks. By Laurence Oliphant. Price 14s.

THIS is a book of travels distinguished from the majority of such books by the freshness of its matter, the importance of its political information, especially at this time, and the unusual simplicity and trustworthiness of its treatment. Mr. Oliphant has not only travelled where few European travellers have been before him, but he has wandered amid scenes of which every one is anxious to hear. He writes in a direct, unaffected style; the graphic style of one who has an eye for the picturesque, without the rhapsodical disposition which so frequently makes us fervently wish there were no such thing as the picturesque, since it produces such hysterics. His drawings and clear, rapid descriptions, set objects before our eyes with unpretending vividness; and the notes he jots down are always worth attending to. From Cronstadt to Orsova is a tour of sufficient extent and interest for a work twice the size of the present, as the reader, on turning to the map, will perceive; including, as it does, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Novgorod, Kazan, Simbirsk, Saratov, the Don, Crimea, Sevastopol, Ismael, &c. Mr. Oliphant galloped through the country; but he observed well, as this volume shows.

Very curious is it to wander with him through this barbarous and corrupt empire, more radically and viciously barbarian than any other empire we have to deal with:—

"Nothing bears looking into in Russia, from a metropolis to a police-office: in either case, a slight acquaintanceship is sufficient; and first impressions should never be dispelled by a too minute inspection. No statement should be questioned, however preposterous, where the credit of the country is involved; and no assertion relied upon, even though it be a gratuitous piece of information—such as, that there is a diligence to the next town, or an inn in the next street. There is a singular difficulty in getting at the truth, probably originating with subordinate officials, whose duty it seems to be to deceive you, and whose support is derived from bribes which you give them for their information. Whatever may be the cause, the effect certainly is, that a most mysterious secrecy pervades everything; and an anxious desire is always visible to produce an impression totally at variance with the real state of the case."

Mr. Oliphant furnishes abundant evidence; we shall borrow a passage or two from him. Here, for example, is something for the teetotallers:—

"Men, while in a state of intoxication, have, in this country, an especial claim upon the protection of the government, since the sums drawn from the monopoly of Vodka form an important item of the revenue. That there was a due appreciation of the obligation conferred by either party, I learned from a Russian gentleman, who told me that the police had strict orders not to take up any person found drunk in the streets. The numbers of tipsy men who reeled unnoticed about the large towns seemed living testimonies to the accuracy of this statement."

While tolerant of drunkards, Russia is severe on smokers:—

"But while every encouragement is given to an extensive and public consumption of the juice of the grape, the fragrant weed enjoys no such immunity; far from it—a most determined war is waged against all smokers. A policeman will regard with complacency the besotted mujik, stumbling up against every passenger he meets; but if perchance he detect the aroma of tobacco, or see the end of a cigar lighting up some dark dismal street, he pounces down upon the luckless wayfarer, who has trusted to the shadows of night to conceal his unlawful act, and barbarously demands from him the sum of three rubles."

"The mujiks certainly show themselves sensible of the consideration which prompts this exception in favour of their besetting vice, by behaving in a most inoffensive manner while under the influence of their potations; nor, after they become sober, do they seem possessed with any other feelings than those of gratitude and self-satisfaction."

This again is worth notice:—

"Whatever may be the morals of the peasantry in remote districts, those living in the towns and villages on the Volga are more degraded in their habits than any other people amongst whom I have travelled; and they can hardly be said to disregard, since they have never been acquainted with, the ordinary decencies of life. What better result can indeed be expected from a system by which the upper classes are wealthy in proportion to the number of serfs possessed by each proprietor? The rapid increase of the population is no less an object with the private serf-owner, than the extensive consumption of ardent spirits is desired by the government. Thus each vice is privileged with especial patronage. Marriages, in the Russian sense of the term, are consummated at an early age, and are arranged by the steward, without consulting the parties—the lord's approval alone being necessary. The price of a family ranges from 25*l.* to 40*l.* Our captain had taken his wife on a lease of five years, the rent for that term amounting to fifty rubles, with the privilege of renewal at the expiration of it."

Turning from the moral to the "comfort" side of civilization, we select, out of a fearful array, the following graphic account of

TRAVELLING IN THE COSSACK STEPPES.

"And now, for the following night and day, our journey presents one unwearying monotony; one undulation is as like another as are the post-stations: generally, on arriving at one of these, not a soul is to be seen—a solitary chicken, perched on the wheel of a broken-down cart, is the only visible sign of life. At length, after sundry ineffectual attempts to open the door of the wooden cabin, a slovenly woman looks out, followed by three or four ragged brats. One of the children immediately disappears upon the steppe, returning in about half an hour with a bearded sullen-looking man, who, without deigning a remark, mounts one of the last team, and gallops away as if he never meant to come back: presently, however, half-a-dozen horses are seen rattling at full speed down a distant slope, followed by two men—our sullen friend and his sullen friend, whom he seems to have picked up somewhere with the horses. By this time our yamschik, or driver, from the last place, has succeeded in loosening the rope, which serves as a pole-

strap, and which has hitherto been continually breaking on the side of every hill just when it was most wanted; upon the last occasion, however, he had apparently succeeded in getting it into a most permanent knot. Meantime three horses are selected from those which have just been driven into a sort of kraal—the work of harnessing begins, and occupies another half-hour. Notwithstanding all the experience which the driver brings to bear upon the subject of the pole-ropes, they prove a dreadful puzzle, and are evidently quite a modern and hitherto unseen invention.

"At length everything is ready, The last driver is thrown into ecstasies at receiving a vodka of fourpence, after having driven us fifteen miles; the new driver is no less enchanted at the prospect of a similar magnificent remuneration; while the original sullen-looking man, who has been engaged inspecting and writing on our padaroshna, emerges with a grim smile on his countenance, and charges a ruble, by way of a good round sum, for the next fifteen miles, instead of the proper price, which is only eighty copeks (2s. 8d.) The yamschik then mounts the box in high spirits, and after having thus wasted an hour or two we are off again *entre à terre*, down one pitch and up another, regardless of the ditch at the bottom, over which the carriage and horses take a sort of flying leap, much to our discomfort. Our delays, however, are too long and numerous to admit of any remonstrance affecting our speed, and the yamschik continues to earn his vodka by undergoing the most tremendous exertion. He shouts, and curses, and applauds, and whistles, and yells without ceasing, flourishing his whip over his head, by way of a hint that the lash may come down, which, however, it very seldom does; for the horses, being without blinkers, invariably take the hint, and seem not to require much pressing. He is a picturesque figure altogether, this Don Cossack yamschik, with his huge red mustache, the ends of which are visible protruding on both sides of his head, as we sit behind him. He wears a grey fur cap, and a blue tunic reaching halfway to the knee, bound round the waist with a red sash. A huge pair of jack-boots, into which his loose trousers are thrust, complete a costume which, though not altogether unlike that of the ordinary Russian peasant, somehow invests the wearer with a greater degree of independence. In an hour and a half he has jolted us to the end of our stage, where the same delay occurs, and the same scene is re-enacted."

Of these Cossacks Mr. Oliphant has no lofty opinion, and regards even their bravery as somewhat mythical:—

"One thing is certain, that, whether springing from the same stock or not, the Cossacks cherish a most unmitigated hatred toward the Russians. They have been insidiously deprived of almost every privilege which they once possessed, and from being a free republic, responsible to no one but their own Hetman or President, they have sunk into the same condition of slavery as the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces. In former days the distinction of rank was unknown—now, there is a Don Cossack aristocracy; then, there was a community in landed property—now, the whole district has been divided into estates, and serfdom established; and those who, as crown peasants, would be comparatively free in other districts, are here subject at any moment to be pressed into the army. Indeed, it is a most unfortunate thing for these poor Don Cossacks, that they have obtained that character for bravery which the Russians are at the greatest pains to attribute to them. In the course of my later travels I fell in with a Hungarian officer who had been present at many of the skirmishes in the Caucasus, and who assured me that the valour of the Don Cossacks was one of those popular delusions which the government is most anxious to encourage; for it answers the double purpose of flattering the vanity of a discontented race, who are thereby rendered more easily subservient to their designs, and of inspiring a wholesome dread into other nations, who have hitherto been accustomed to regard them with a mysterious awe, and to conjure up monsters of appalling ferocity, and of a terrific aspect, as representatives of the high-sounding title by which they are distinguished. The Circassians have, by dint of frequent contact, learnt to estimate these formidable warriors at their true value, and hold them in almost as great contempt as they do the ordinary Russian soldier. It must be remembered that, in those campaigns in which the Cossacks have distinguished themselves, it was only by contrast with other Russian troops; and it is rather for their barbarity and cruelty in harassing a retreating army that they are celebrated, than for any satisfactory displays of real valour."

Mr. Oliphant accomplished the exciting, but perilous feat of entering Sevastopol, and getting out again without being detected. His inspection of the Russian navy did not inspire him with terror. Indeed, like all well-informed persons, he declines to accept the bugbear idea of Russian power:—

"The wages of the seamen are so low—about sixteen rubles a year—that it is not unnatural they should desire to increase so miserable a pittance by any means in their power. The consequence is, that from the members of the naval board to the boys that blow the smiths' bellows in the dockyard, everybody shares the spoils obtained by an elaborately devised system of plunder carried on somewhat in this way:—A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, government issues tenders for the supply of the requisite amount. A number of contractors submit their tenders to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with the timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game, and perhaps the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood."

"His agents in the central provinces, accordingly, float a quantity of green pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bog to Nicholasoff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbour. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe seasons it, and the government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the 120 gun-ship, of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years."

"The rich harvest that is reaped by those employed in building and fitting her up is as easily obtained; and to such an extent did the dockyard workmen trade in government stores, &c., that merchant vessels were for a long time prohibited from entering the harbour. I was not surprised, after obtaining this interesting description of Russian ingenuity, to learn that, out of the imposing array before us, there were only two ships in a condition to undertake a voyage round the Cape."

"If, therefore, in estimating the strength of the Russian navy, we deduct the ships which, for all practical purposes, are unseaworthy, it will appear that the Black Sea fleet, that standing bugbear of the unfortunate Porte, will dwindle into a force more in proportion to its limited sphere of action, and to the enemy which, in the absence of any other European power, it would encounter. There is no reason to suppose that the navy forms an exception to the rule, that all the great national institutions of Russia are artificial. The Emperor and the army are not to be regarded in that light, though the latter will doubtless be glad of an early

opportunity of redeeming its character, which has been somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory displays of prowess daily exhibited in the Caucasus, and the absurd misadventures of one of the divisions, which ultimately failed in taking part in the last Hungarian campaign, for lack of a properly organized commissariat."

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

"The accounts I received of the war in the Caucasus, from those who had been present, exceeded anything of the sort I could have conceived possible. The frightful mortality among the troops employed there amounts to nearly twenty thousand annually. Of these, far the greater part fall victims to disease and starvation, attributable to the rapacity of their commanding officers, who trade in the commissariat so extensively that they speedily acquire large fortunes. As they are subject to no control in their dealings with contractors for supplying their requirements, there is nothing to check the ardour of speculation; and the profits enjoyed by the colonel of a regiment are calculated at 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a-year, besides his pay. It is scarcely possible to apprehend at a glance the full effect of a process so paralysing to the thews and sinews of war; or at once to realize the fact, that the Russian army, numerically so far superior to that of any European power, and supplied from sources which appear inexhaustible, is really in a most inefficient condition, and scarcely worthy of that exaggerated estimate which the British public seem to have formed of its capabilities. It is not upon the plains of Krasna Selo or Vosnesensk, amid the dazzling glitter of a grand field-day in the Emperor's presence, that any correct notion can be formed of the Russian army. The imperial plaything assumes a very different appearance in the remote Cossack guard-house, where I have scarcely been able to recognise the soldier in the tattered and miserably equipped being before me, or on a harassing march, or in the presence of an indomitable enemy.

"We have only to remember that the present position of Russia in the Caucasus has remained unaltered for the last twenty-two years, notwithstanding the vast resources which have been brought to bear upon this interminable war, to perceive that the brilliant appearance of the Russian soldier on parade affords no criterion of his efficiency in the field of battle; while no more convincing proof could be desired of the gross corruption and mismanagement which characterises the proceedings of this campaign, than the fact of an overwhelming force of two hundred thousand men being held in check for so long a period by the small but gallant band who are fighting for their snow-clad mountains and their liberty."

The perusal of Mr. Oliphant's volume may go far towards correcting two tendencies in our public writers—one, that of exalting the might of this hideous and corrupt empire; the other, that of conceiving it desirable for the "degraded" Turk to be swept away, and the northern races to infuse their vigour into the decrepit nation.

We cannot part from this volume without giving at least one illustration of its "manners and customs." Here is a

TARTAR EATING-HOUSE.

"We were so long moving about from one set of these affable shopkeepers to another, that it was late in the day before I began to wonder whether we were never coming to a food quarter. Hitherto, since leaving Sevastopol, we had feasted our eyes only, while Richter had subsisted entirely on pipes. Upon his now suggesting that we should go to a cook-shop, we willingly proceeded in search of one, and were attracted, by sundry whiffs redolent of mutton, to a large corner house, whence arose a cloud of fragrant steam. Here a number of people were standing in the open street, diving into huge projecting caldrons of soup, from whence they extracted square pieces of fat, which they devoured with great relish while strolling about among the crowd. Not entirely approving of this *al fresco* mode of dining, and fearing that we might stand a chance of being run over while discussing an interesting morsel, we were glad to discover that it was not necessary to present a ticket of admission to a Bagtchê Serai soup-kitchen; so we entered, and seated ourselves on a narrow bench, behind a very filthy plank intended to serve as a festive board. Being fully exposed to the street, we were in a most convenient position for the loungers in it to satisfy their curiosity regarding us, and accordingly we were mutually edified by staring at one another.

"Our attention, however, was soon diverted to the head cook, who brought us a boiled sheep's head in one hand, while with the other he attempted to catch the gravy that trickled through his fingers upon a loaf of black bread. These he set down before us on the cleanest part of the plank we could pick out, and evidently considered that our every want was supplied. We forthwith proceeded with our penknives to discuss the sheep's head, which seemed to have been previously stripped of everything but the eyes; and with the addition of some kibabes (square pieces of fat strung upon a reed), succeeded in accomplishing a meal, which sustained us for the rest of the day;—not that it would be possible to starve in Bagtchê Serai; the heaps of delicious fruit with which the street is lined for some hundreds of yards, would always furnish an abundant, if somewhat unwholesome meal. Grapes, figs, pomegranates, peaches, nectarines, and apricots, tempt the passenger to refresh himself at every step; while, as if in gentle remonstrance with his imprudence, innumerable fountains of the purest water gush out of the hill-side, murmuring invitations to the thirsty soul which it is difficult to resist."

This was in Bagtchê Serai, the ancient capital of Crim Tartary.

A GLANCE AT NEW BOOKS.

WE are forced by the quantity of new publications, and the demand on our space, to give a rapid summary of several works claiming notice. The office of critic must give place to that of indicator—instead of discoursing on the book or author, we confine ourselves to a few words which may guide the purchaser and reader.

The reader will like to know, for example, what he is to expect in Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* (Chapman and Hall). Not another *Scarlet Letter*, no *Blithedale Romance*, not even tales resembling those Hawthorne has published before; yet a book both readers and parents should welcome for its beauty and purpose. It is a collection of ancient legends, the myths of the antique world, purified from everything that is abhorrent to our Christianized moral sense, stripped of the parasitical aftergrowths, and presented "in the shape which they may be supposed to possess in the pure childhood of the world." The old stories are told as Hawthorne can tell them. Children are fascinated by them; and, if the philosopher will smile over this misconception of the true nature of myths, he will, at any rate, thank Hawthorne in his children's name for the stories themselves. In the new and cheap edition of *Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings* (Chapman and Hall), Bulwer replies to his critics, and justifies himself for the anachronisms and errors imputed to him. It is not in our power, *tantas componere lites*. Still more beyond our judicial competence is the *Manual of French Cookery, by one who has tested the receipts* (Chap-

man and Hall); but as far as our ignorance carrieth, we are disposed to pronounce it a treasure for families, the directions being so plain and intelligible. What the *results* would be can only be intimated by us after an extensive examination of the publishers' kitchen; and we suggest that a series of Banquets to Reviewers would be the most effective way of securing solid and impartial criticism.

The same publishers have added to their excellent Railway series "*Reading for Travellers*," a narrative of the *Hungarian Emigration into Turkey, by a Homed*, which has an interest of *à propos* besides its own lively pictures. It has been translated by Bayle St. John, from papers given to him by a young Hungarian soldier. From Turkey to the Caucasus is now the obvious route in Literature, and therefore we pass from these sketches to the *Sketches of Russian Life in the Caucasus*, published in the "Illustrated Family Novelist" (Nathaniel Cooke), and preceded by an introductory sketch of Russian Literature. The tales are amusing enough, as setting forth national peculiarities; but the illustrations are very poor. The same publisher, in his daring scheme of *An Universal Library*, gives us a marvel of cheapness in *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, complete, a newly edited text, with illustrative notes by Thos. Wright, and a full length portrait for—two shillings! We really think this stands alone, even in these days of cheap literature. In the excellent series of educational works which that publisher is bringing out, there are three worthy of general acceptance, not for their cheapness only—although that is a consideration—but from their careful compilation and exposition. The first is, *The Illustrated London Astronomy*, by no less a person than Mr. J. R. Hind, a name well known as that of a discoverer. It is intended for the use of schools and students, and is admirably adapted as an introduction to Astronomy; price two shillings. The second is *Electric Science: its History, Phenomena, and Application*, by Mr. Bakewell, who treats very briefly the historical portion, confining himself to generalities and results. He omits several interesting electric phenomena—passing by Matteucci and Du Bois Reymond's researches in Animal Electricity without even a glance; but although there are some deductions to be made from the work, it is a very useful and popular exposition, well illustrated: price two shillings. The same may be said of Mr. Jabez Hogg's compilation—the *Elements of Natural Philosophy*: price four shillings, embracing Animal Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Acoustics, Optics, Caloric, Electricity, and Magnetism.

In the *Traveller's Library* (Longman and Co.) we may read that delightful *Love Story* which setteth forth the courtship and marriage of Dr. Dove. It is extracted from *The Doctor*—the quaintest and most erudite pleasantries of modern times, and by many regarded as Southey's *opus magnum*. Thousands who would never open the *Doctor* will read this episode; and of the thousands, many will be doubtless incited to go to the volume itself. In the same series there is an interesting account of *The Chase in Brittany*, by Mr. Hope. As they do not "preserve" in Brittany, the chase there is truly a chase, and hence the stirring life of Mr. Hope's pages.

There have been many histories of France, and many abridgments of the history for schools; without drawing invidious comparisons, we may declare that the *History of France, by Emile de Bonnechose* (Routledge and Co.), which Mr. Robson has translated with care, though occasionally with too literal an adherence to the original idiom, is an excellent work, clear in style, methodical in arrangement, brief, yet not dry. It has a high reputation in France, which it deserves. Students will do well to possess themselves of it. In seven hundred compact pages it contains the story of France from Clovis to Louis Philippe.

Few will dispute the title of Kossuth as that of the greatest living orator; we think, indeed, that few orators in the history of the world can be placed beside him, due allowance being made for the enormous disadvantages under which he laboured when speaking a foreign language. But without opening the question of rank, it is enough to say, that here is a volume of his *Selected Speeches* (Trübner and Co.), condensed under his express sanction, by Francis W. Newman, who has done it as a labour of love. Whatever may be thought of Kossuth's conduct or opinions, that man must be insensible to eloquence who does not prize this volume.

We have delayed noticing the *Report of a Public Discussion between the Rev. Brewin Grant and George Jacob Holyoake* (Ward and Co.) so long, that the thousands upon thousands which have been sold (testifying to the deep and wide-spread interest in the subject) render our mention of it almost superfluous, the more so as, during the discussion, the subject was treated in these columns; nevertheless, by way of reminder, it may be noted, for the benefit of all interested in the secularist question, that here, in a small volume, they will find reported the whole of the discussions, the proof-sheets of which have been read by the two disputants, and therefore are to be accepted as their deliberate statements. Mr. Holyoake's courtesy is as superior to that of Mr. Brewin Grant, as his reasoning is more direct and sincere.

Mr. Barnard's *Handbook of Foliage and Background Drawing* (Nathaniel Cooke) is a little work emphatically to be commended to all who are learning to draw from nature. The plan is to teach the student to notice and copy the characteristic lines of each leaf, branch, and trunk, so that having mastered the details, let us say of an oak leaf, when viewed as a leaf, he is enabled, when sketching the oak tree, to give, even in the freest touch, the characteristic of the leaf. The book is profusely illustrated.

Now Christmas is approaching, and Christmas books are to tempt the parental purse, let not George Cruikshank's *Fairy Library* be passed over. In the *Hop o' my Thumb* (Bogue) we have our old friend strangely altered for tectotal propagando, but we have illustrations such as none but Cruikshank could give. They are in his happiest and most fantastic style. We doubt whether he has ever surpassed them; and in urging him to continue the series, we are almost unanimous in begging him to leave the stories as he finds them, and let his genius be employed only on the illustrations.

Portfolia.

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

A SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER.

[We think it right to impress upon our readers that the following reflections of our "Scotch Philosopher" were uttered with the utmost solemnity of voice and manner, as became the subject of his doubts and difficulties. In transcribing this half of a dialogue from memory, we have not, to the best of our belief, deviated a word from the actual expressions, except in one passage, which, in all its rugged frankness and austere simplicity might, we feared, offend the susceptibilities of that large class of the "religious world," whose faith is best described as *Grundysism*: in other words, who reverse the spiritual condition of those who "believe and tremble," by trembling *without believing*. No intolerance is so furious and fanatical as that of dishonest and indifferent sceptics towards sincere doubters.

Our Scottish interlocutor on this occasion is a man of the most blameless moral life, and, what is more, a faithful worshipper, *struggling to believe*. These fireside musings of his were uttered in that peculiarly intense whisper which seems like an unconscious and involuntary outpouring of the most secret troubles of the soul. His countenance, as he spoke, slowly and sadly, wore the look of profound humility, and even dejection. From first to last there was not the faintest approach to a smile: no curling of the lip to indicate any sense of the humorous which may be found in the words themselves. The momentous questions discussed seemed to him, as to all, questions of life and death; and he probed his reason and his conscience with the implacable severity of a dying man, not predestined to perish without having at least exercised his free will and his right of private judgment.

The same questions have been handled with even greater familiarity in many religious novels, where most certainly no thought of scoffing has been suspected. We hold irreverence in religious matters to be not less unphilosophical than offensive. The man who can accuse this poor inquirer of a thought of mockery, is only to be classed with the pure and virtuous school of pietists who find impurity in the "human form divine," idealized by Art. Our day is one of supreme impatience of shams and formularies. Denunciative epithets answer no questions: they do but add obstinacy and indignation to unbelief.]—ED.

"About the resurrection o' the body, am no doubtin' but what the Kirk is right i' the main; but, ye ken, as the minister said last sabbath-day frae the pulpit, this subject, like mony mair, has its difficulties. Noo, am no constitutionally like Jamie Davidson; I dinna like mystery aboot a matter. Jamie has long been o' opinion that its wi' a subject as wi' a man; when he's a' smooth-faced an' fair spoken, its like he's deceivin' you than no. So, you see, he likes a wheen mystery aboot a gran' subject, as he likes a wheen mist aboot a mountain; an', by a figure o' speech, he comes to credit that there is aye a tap and a doup to baith, tho' he canna see them.

Passing the kirk yaird the ither day, I saw Tam Polson diggin' a grave; so speirin' o'm whose turn it was, and findin' it was Lucky Wilson's, wha leaved in our butt twa year syne, I was a wee melancholy ye may suppose, and set down on a grave-stane, reflectin' on the vanity o' a' earthy happiness. Roun the grave the grass grew waesomely thin, ilk blade staunin' alane by itsel' like ane lookin' for its frien's; an' the poetry o' the prospect gaed roun my heart as I saw them look sae lonesome wi' their eyes o' dew maistly turned to the grun', neath which, I recollected, my auld crony Jock Pirie was rottin'.

It's a fearfu' consideration for a man sittin' a' tap o' his frien's, to think there be others livin' who'll soon sit a' tap o' himsel'. But I couldna suppress my ridiculousness when I fancied 'twas the day o' the resurrection, an' that I saw auld Jock risin' frae his grave wi' his left leg, which he lost at the saw-mill when a wean, danglin' frae his hip where used to be his breeches' pocket! I wonder, says I, wi' what leg will Jock come; for I couldna think that Providence wad look after his wooden ane, that was pawned for the whisky which we drunk at his late wake. An' if no after that, then gude, says I, but frien' Jock will cut a waesome figure on that gran' occasion, whether he'll hae to hop to glory or to damnation, accordin' to the dispensation o' the eternal decrees!

It's a kittle question too, is that o' predestination,—what Jamie and me ca' the Divine Prerogative question—involved, as Saint Paul remarks, i' the right o' the potter to make a vessel for glory and anither to hold dirty water in! There's mystery enow' aboot that, I se warrant, since a body cannot see sae far intil't as intill a mill-stane. I often puzzle mysel wi' the consideration o' the metaphysics o' this subject, but wi' sma' edification. Gude, it's a queer reflection that there was naething ava' in the Universe ane, but ae Gran' Intellect settin' down in his imagination ae pair creature, that He intended to mak, for eternal torment, and anither for the contrary. In the beginnin', as I read, He made light, an' the sun, an' the moon, an' the stars, an' the muckle whales, forbye the faither an' mither o' the human family; but it was afore the beginning, I se warrant, that He made the muckle Deil, unless indeed He made him on the seventh day (as Jamie Davidson opines), when, ye ken, He had verra little to do. Sic a mystery, however, is the hale business, that I fear to show ye half o' ma mind on't. It must be the imperfection o' our facul-

ties that we canna conceive o' Deity makin' a Deil! Of course when He made ane, He made a right gude ane, ane for a'. He could say when done o'm, I doubt na, that "he was a' verra gude." An' gude o' his kind, I se warrant, He's found him. Lord Byron (wha was born i' Aberdeenshire) used to keep a bear for his amusement; but hoo Ane that sall be nameless, cam to keep a deil, passes a' understandin'. It's no but there's a way o' gettin' out o' the difficulty; ye see, He did'na at first mak a Deil o'm, but a fine angel misifear, wha was, by the eternal decrees, fore-ordained to opposishun o' his ain free wull. So wi' our first parents too; they were free to stan' or fa'; and if they did fa' twas a' o' their ane wulls, in accordance wi' the decrees we were speakin' aboot.

Am afeerd to trust ma' instincts wi' the next part o' the problem. Original sin is like the blood-stains in Holyrood that canna be washed oot; an' am afeerd that as the showman maks siller o' the stains, an' wadna blot them oot if he could, so the kirk's marrow-banes are fu' o' original sin, an' a gey cripple she wad be without it. There are, it is true, phecical, what they ca' parallels on this subject, ane o' which is the king's-evil, that descends frae faither to son in ordinary generation. The auld sins live in the blood, it is true, and its mair's the pity. Its a fearfu' consideration tho', and am no sure o' the justice o't. You see we dinna get sin by the measure, as we get talent or a genius for poetry, to be accountable for the use we mak o't; but we get it in immeasurable quantum, ane and a' o' us, to be damned in the seethin' furnis by it 'gen we canna get rid o't. An' there's Darkie aye ready to strap it on your back, 'gen you shake it aff; and the kirk tellin' you ye canna shake it aff o' yoursel; that ye maun get grace afore ye try it; and pray for grace afore ye get it; and be "warked on" afore ye can pray; and be elected afore ye can be warked on; and a' along, a' along, that ye be 'sponsible free agents! Ah, Jamie, Jamie, here's mystery enow'—mystery enow'!

It's a gran' plan what they ca' the plan o' salvation; but am thinkin' there's ae ither plan to match it—the plan o' damnation; an' it's worthy o' consideration, that accordin' to the kirk the latter has been the mair successfu', as it was the mair comprehensive o' the twa; an' may be the reason for this is, that it received the first attention, for ye ken till damnation was determined upon, salvation was a' oot o' the question.

I hear a gude deal noo a days frae the south o' the doctrine o' Atonement, and on the subject o' the Incarnation. Far be it frae a simple body like me to pretend to hae an opinion on sic high matters. Ae professor that I hear tell o'—a gude man, an' skilled in the learnin' o' the auncients—has just got into difficulties frae writin' a buke on sic topics for the general edification. Jamie Davidson has been readin' the man's buke, wi' nae sma' profit, as he says. The warst o't is, that Jamie, wi' a' his subtilty, canna put into wurd what he learn't oot o't; an' am a wee afeerd that it has turned Jamie's noddle;—don't interrupt me, Jamie, for wi' this observation am terminatin' what I hae to say. Ma' advice to ane and a' is, to fash themsels a wee less wi' sic matters than I hae been doin'. There's nae greater fact than a man himsel', an' am sure there's nae greater mystery. May be ither things that are mysterious are facts also. It's at least true that the world presents enow' for us on our ain level to engage oursels wi'; and if in lookin' low ye aye see dirt, am o' opinion that in lookin' high ye'll aye be walkin' intil't."

The Arts.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

WHEN I read that title on the LYCEUM Playbill, my natural exclamation was,—“How to make home happy? nothing can be simpler: keep late hours,—be sarcastic on shopping,—admire the way Mrs. Jones dresses,—think Mrs. Brown's children are ‘perfectly managed’,—bring a friend home suddenly to dinner on Saturdays,—discover that ‘other people’ manage to get whatever cannot be got at home, and you will infallibly make home happy.”

None of these remedial ingenuities are adopted in the LYCEUM farce. In fact, after laughing through that farce, I am still as wise as ever respecting the proposed means for making home happy. I wish Mr. Brough would explain. As I have no home, and that home is not happy, I really stand in need of his secret. Does he mean that I am to invite to my home that terrible Mrs. Frank Matthews, majestic on domestic “rights,” and copious in tears? Does he mean that I am to engage Wright—and at his own price too? What am I to do? Why? when? wherefore? I could stun him with queries, which he would find it difficult to answer.

His farce doesn't teach me how to make home happy. And yet is not the stage “a lay pulpit”—a kind of chapel of ease (and very free and easy they are in it too)—and if so, why am I to be laughed out of my “moral” instead of being laughed into it? “*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat*—what's to prevent my telling the truth in a joke?” asked the satirist. To which the answer is,—“Nothing, except the want of truth, and the want of a joke to tell it in.” Now, Mr. Brough, I call upon you as an august clericus of the easy order to answer me why, with such a moral before you, “so useful in families,” as that of “how to make home happy,” you cast aside your surplice and preach no moral at all, sir, except that Mrs. Frank is jealous, and ought not to be so. It is of no use your telling me that a dramatist is not bound to supplement the parson. I deny it; I revolt—*απορρημ*! If you maintain *that*, you will have to deny that the stage is a “lay pulpit;” and if you do,—look out for squalls from Syneretics and other luminous parties!

Leaving Mr. Brough to the Syneretics, I may briefly tell you that his farce is of slender and ancient materials, pleasantly put together, and very humorously played by Wright and Mrs. Frank Matthews. The revival of *Patter versus Clatter* was welcomed almost as heartily as if it had been a novelty; and in one sense it always will be a novelty in the freshness of surprise created by Charles Mathews's varied volubility.

VIVIAN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

THE third of a series of weekly concerts, under this title, was given at Exeter Hall, last Wednesday. As the entertainments are professedly of a popular character, and the rates of admission are low, we had not expected to find that portion of the music which is of a higher class performed in the style in which it was given by the orchestra, which numbers about seventy performers, is conducted by Mr. Benedict, and is in every respect excellent.

The execution of Mozart's Symphony in G minor might have pleased the most fastidious, but the audience generally were not fastidious; and although the Symphony and the piano-forte concerto of Beethoven in C minor, which followed, were well received, and the latter warmly applauded, all enthusiasm was reserved for some weak songs in the second and "miscellaneous" part. Mademoiselle Clauss played as she only can play; the difficulties of the concerto (and there are passages of immense difficulty) were surmounted with the finest ease; the execution of the whole was masterly; but it is in a slow movement that the genius of Wilhelmine Clauss is felt, and in the beautiful "Largo" the delicate lingering touch, and a sort of airy tenderness peculiar to herself, were irresistibly enchanting. "Batti, batti," "Il mio tesoro," and "Vedrai carino," were very creditably sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Miss R. Isaacs. "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," by Miss Alleyne, and the overture to *Euryanthe*, by the band, concluded the first part, when Mr. Benedict retired in favour of Herr Meyer Lutz, as conductor. A miscellaneous collection of songs, &c., followed. Mr. Augustus Braham sang "Oft in the still night," with so much genuine taste, that he was encored; he substituted "The Bay of Biscay," which was received with an Exeter-hall storm of applause. He possesses a remarkably powerful tenor voice, rich in quality, and extremely sweet in the upper notes. He sings without affectation, and with perfect ease, and was deservedly successful. The march from *Le Prophète*, vociferously encored; songs by Miss Thirlwall, Miss Cicely Nott, and many others, with Mozart's overture, *Clemenza di Tito*, concluded the programme, which, although somewhat of a medley, was well suited to the audience, and very well executed.

THE THEATRES IN PARIS.

THE "FÉRIE" AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.

WHEN you go to take your place in the morning at the little pigeon-hole on the stairs in the entrance hall of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and find a queue waiting there, as though the performance was going to commence; and when, after much struggling, you reach the aforesaid pigeon-hole, and on asking for a *stalle d'orchestre*, with a pleasant expression of anticipative enjoyment, for that evening, are received with derisive laughter by the people you have pushed through, and told every place is gone for the next five days, you may be sure there is "unprecedented attraction!" And so there is; for the new fairy piece, *Les Sept Merveilles du Monde*, in twenty tableaux, by Messrs. d'Ennery and Grangé, has turned Paris mad.

The fairy pieces at this house have always formed epochs in the French dramatic world. The play-goers talk now of the gorgeous beauties of the *Peau d'Ane*, and *La Belle aux Cheveux d'Or*, and *La Chatte Blanche*, and *La Biche au Bois*; but nothing has ever been done to compare, in elaborate splendour of *mise en scène*, with the present spectacle. The piece itself is very bad; and playing from seven until after midnight singularly wearisome, looking to the story; but the groupings, the effects, and, above all, the singularly beautiful costumes and *travestissements*—*moyen âge*, angelic, demoniacal, lunar, mythological, animal, vegetable, and mechanical—keep the audience fixed in their places until the final descent of the curtain.

The plot is commonplace enough, and not of the newest. *Prince Fortunio* has fallen in love with a sylph, named *Miranda*, who is the eighth wonder of the world. To endow her with mortal attributes he must subdue the other seven: these are the Temple of Diana, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Jupiter, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Lighthouse of Alexandria, the Colossus of Rhodes, and the Mausoleum; and each is represented by a spirit. There is of course an opposing influence, a stupid rival, a silly princess, and a good genius; and the plots and counterplots of all these characters form the action, about which there must of necessity be a certain sameness in each venture; but it must be regarded as a mere vehicle for the effects, and nothing more. Of these the most striking is the plague of flies, in Egypt, which this Wonder calls up to deter the Prince from his object. An enormous number of children appear in every conceivable entomological dress—beetles, dragonflies, wasps, moths, and blue-bottles—and produce a strange effect by always keeping their backs to the audience, as we are familiar with them pinned out in a collection. A fight between a huge humble-bee, in a suit of fine hairy fabric, like a guardsman's bearskin, and a daddy-long-legs, who, being on stilts, takes the stage in three strides, is admirably managed. Then there is also a congress of the principal lighthouses of the world, to assist the Phare d'Alexandrie. Their dresses are most artistically marine, and each carries a model of the lighthouse represented as a staff, with the lights shining in the lantern; the only dark one being the Lantern of Diogenes at St. Cloud, played by Colbron, who is capitably dressed out with galette, macaroons, *mirlitons*, gougères, and other popular productions of the St. Cloud fête days. A dialogue between the lighthouses of Calais and Dover is happily introduced. In the Temple of Jupiter, the gods are introduced in extreme poverty, nobody now believing in them, and Love being the only one who retains his position. He is a "fast" Cupid, speaking Lorette slang; and when the Prince arrives, and Jupiter tries to repulse him, Love lights his worn-out thunderbolt with his cigar; but a miserable squib without a bang is all the result. The scene of hell, to which Diana drives the intruders from the moon, is a very grand "set;" and a wild dance of girl-furies is one of the best ballet affairs that has been seen since the *Pas des Poignards*. The last tableau

represents the spirits of the Seven Wonders flying in the air, with very little support, by means of some fine steel mechanism, such as the wizards used in the ethereal suspension, and the hippodrome people in the car of Industry and the Arts. The effect is excellent.

The most fabulous sums are reported to have been expended on the getting up of the piece; but its vogue will repay any outlay. No theatre in England has shown such rich costumes except the Lyceum, at which house, also, the scenery is superior; for there is nothing in the *Sept Merveilles* that can stand by the side of William Beverley's masterpieces, in the way of painting and setting. The transformations, too, are clumsily managed, and all evidently borrowed from our pantomimes, except one, where all the living bridal party are changed into chairs, toilet table, clocks, and chiffoniers, to furnish a bare room. The deception here is complete, and most elaborate.

The best character in the piece is *Prince Broccoli*, the stupid rival, admirably played by Gil-Pérez, whose *St. Gaudens*, in the *Dame aux Camélias*, may yet be in the recollection of some of our readers. Beyond this, none of the parts are of much importance, and most of them might even be rendered less prominent with advantage. The piece, however, is a great success: and when, in addition to the attractions noticed, we may see a grand dancing festival in the Babylonian Gardens; a banquet of husbands and wives of every nation in the world in the Mausoleum; a storm at sea, with the destruction of the mighty Colossus of Rhodes; a review of the rival armies of Greeks and Trojans, represented by nearly two hundred infants; a scene in the interior of the moon, with a grand meeting of "lunatics;" and a general *mêlée* of lights, flowers, fountains, spangles, legs, and all manner of other attractions, it may readily be imagined that the rush for places is not overstated. The *Sept Merveilles* is recommended to "travellers on the continent," if it be only to see how far lavish outlay, ingenious disposition of groups and properties, and faultless taste in colour, costume, and detail, can be carried. The greatest wonder of all is, however, that the Parisian dramatists could not furnish a piece of proportionate excellence.

BROWN.

PENCIL NOTES.

ALTHOUGH the election of John Everett Millais as an Associate of the Academy does not affect our opinion of his powers (*that* was avowed, when to see genius in his pictures was to incur the scorn of all who looked through Royal Academy spectacles), we feel an interest in this act which forbids our silence on the occasion. The act, precisely as it is honourable to the Royal Academy, confers honour on Millais. Undoubtedly so; and he, who has manfully stood his ground against severer criticism than has crushed numbers of promising men before him, will feel the honour, we are sure. We hope our readers, both those who hold with us in opinion concerning Millais, and those who do not, will give us credit for a better motive than the mere feeling of triumph, when we say, that this choice of the Royal Academy has afforded us real delight.

Mr. Jennings, the printseller, of Cheapside, is seldom without a good picture to make his gallery worth a visit. Now it is a Boddington, and now a Pyne. For some weeks there was the best sunset over a corn field, by the best of the Williamses, that we ever saw from that accomplished hand. A stone cabin, dropped into a perfect nest of foliage, is there still. The picture is by Green, one of the New Water Colour Society men, and one of the ablest, though he does not exhibit half enough. A card from Mr. Jennings, bearing the name of Landseer, took us to Cheapside the other day, and we there saw two finished crayon drawings executed with inimitable force and facility. They are called "Free Trade" and "Protection," the one representing a well-fed dray-horse, the other a beaten racer. In the last we have, as groom and jockey, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. But the joke is too feeble to stand against so much art as Landseer brings to bear upon it. He will find a lighter style than that "come handier," if he be desirous of emulating Gilray.

There is also at Jennings's a picture by Le Jeune, one of his most ambitious subjects, the "Parable of the Lilies." It was in the Royal Academy, last season, or the last but one. The lilies are obvious. We are not impressed with any other fact about the work, except that it is painted with the mild prettiness for which Le Jeune is so extensively unknown.

The National Gallery re-opens with an important change in the disposition of the pictures, which are now brought to an angle suiting the eye, and, in effect, into better lights. The idea is taken from the new arrangement of paintings at the Louvre. We have not yet had time to go and judge of the result, but we speak from good report.

Henry Cole has published his observations on the expediency of carrying out the proposals of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, for the promotion, rather by the public themselves than by Government, of institutions of science and art. We will notice these observations more fully next week.

Q.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

NIEPCE, latterly the fellow-labourer of Daguerre, is fairly to be credited with the practical invention of heliography, or that branch of it at least which takes its name from the better known of the two experimentalists—the Daguerreotype—called the "dry process," to distinguish it from the process of solutions, discovered by Fox Talbot. Niépce gave to his invention the name of *Heliography*, a name retained by us as preferable to that which we are accustomed to hear—*Photography*. Before the time of Niépce many important experiments had been made on the action of the violet rays on the salts of silver, the details of which experiments will be found in Hunt's volume—an indispensable guide to the practical student of heliography. In the present paper we give a sketch of the progressive series of discoveries, and of the art developed by Niépce, Daguerre, and Talbot in recent times.

Scheele was the first to note the special power of the violet rays in changing the colour of certain chemicals. His first experiment dates about the year 1770; and the sensitive object he employed to demonstrate his theory was chloride of silver, a combination first hit on by the alchemists, who called it *luna cornua*. This very substance of "horn-silver," despised by the alchemists of old as a valueless discovery, is one of the most important of the salts used in the latest process of heliography. Scheele published, in 1777, the result of his examination into the laws of actinism, showing that the discoloration of the salts of silver was effected neither by heat nor light, but by distinct rays perceived in the highest portion of the spectrum. Dr. Priestly followed Scheele with remarks on the influence of these chemical rays on vegetation; thus sounding the note for an important advance into an almost new field of discovery.*

Senebier varied the experiments of Scheele by testing the power of the violet ray in bleaching wax. He also furnished some valuable data which Scheele had omitted from his treatise.

The division of the spectrum, as regards the separate influences of the rays, into three spectra, was generally adopted from the period of Scheele's discovery. But, in 1801, Ritter demonstrated the existence of rays beyond the spectrum. For a space of about equal to two-thirds of the whole spectrum there are rays, above the visible blue rays, possessing chemical power; while, again, heat-giving rays exist, though to a less extent, below the visible red. It is, nevertheless, observable that the greatest chemical radiant power is found in the visible violet; and also, that the chemical, luminous, and heat-giving rays overlap each other in a way that we will endeavour to make plain, taking each influence separately. The chemical power, then, residing in the invisible rays above the spectrum, increases towards the violet, where it is at its height. It then diminishes down-

* Professor Hunt's own remarks on the colouring matter of flowers not only possess a great collateral interest for the student of heliography, but promise valuable aid in bringing the art to perfection, inasmuch as the same train of experiments has led to a speculation on the possibility of reproducing *natural colours* on the sensitive tablet, by a modification of the means now used to obtain an image in one tint. Stepping aside for a moment from our regular course, we may glance at a few interesting results of the latest experiments in actinism, affecting the juices of plants and flowers. Sir John Herschel, whose observations Hunt quotes at length in Chapter V. section 6 of his treatise, first gives directions for expressing the juice of flowers, which may be easily done in most instances, by crushing the petals in a mortar, adding alcohol, and straining the pulp in a linen cloth. A few flowers, such as the *Echolzia* and *Calceolarias*, must be excepted from these directions. They require the addition of alkalies; and others again of acids. The colours extracted differ—in most cases very considerably—from the natural hue of the flower. To take a few instances named by Herschel; the red damask rose, of that intense variety of colour commonly called by florists the black rose, yields a dark slate blue; as do the clove carnation and the black hollyhock; a fine dark-brown variety of the sparaxis gives a dull olive green; and a beautiful rose-coloured tulip a dirty blueish green. But the most striking case of this kind is that of a common sort of poppy (*Papaver Rhoeas*), the expressed juice of which imparts to paper a rich and most beautiful blue, one of the most sensitive to ray-influence of all vegetable colouring fluids, and differing from most others in its chemical peculiarities. The heliographs taken by Herschel on paper stained with the juice of this poppy (a semi-cultivated variety was used), are described as having a wonderful brilliancy and sharpness. Mr. Hunt's own researches convinced him that the juices taken from leaves and flowers in the spring are more sensitive than the juices expressed from the same plants in the autumn; and that those plants which have been forced, or protected by artificial means, are more readily acted on than such as have grown in the open air. The paper read by Mr. Hunt at one of the recent meetings of the British Association at Hull contained some curious details of his experiments.

ward through the indigo, blue, and green, and is at its minimum in the yellow, or luminous, rays. Still downward, it revives slightly in the red, or heat-giving rays, and then again diminishing, becomes imperceptible a little below the spectrum. The luminous quality belongs to the whole spectrum, but is chiefly found in the yellow rays. The power of heat also exists throughout the spectrum, being faintly perceptible in the extreme violet rays, but only moderate even in the yellow, and intensified in the extreme red.

The same year in which Ritter published his discovery, much attention was newly directed to the subject; Desmottiers giving the result of his experiments with Prussian blue; Böckman remarking the different action of the chemical and heat-giving rays on phosphorus; and Dr. Wollaston confirming the statements of Ritter, respecting invisible rays acting on chloride of silver. The following year Sir Humphrey Davy, in conjunction with Wedgwood, succeeded in obtaining fixed images by the agency of radiant power. This was effected by the solar microscope, the image produced being extremely faint. Moreover, these experimentalists could hit on no plan of arresting the after influence of light on their sun-pictures. So, having made them the subject of curious and interesting papers, they gave up the practice as unavailing.

Until Niépce, all experimentalists failed in surmounting the obstacle which had brought Wedgwood and Davy to a stand-still. Berard's researches, in 1812, were the most important; but they rather tended to confirm and reconcile preceding discoveries, than to advance any especial branch of actinic science. In 1814, Niépce, of Chalons, began to see the possibilities of the heliograph.

He was not fortunate in realizing them at first. He did not lose sight of them, however; and so he went on, alone, for ten years, keeping in view what must have often seemed to him unattainable at last.

There was a countryman of his, one Daguerre, who had turned to profitable account a rare skill in pictorial effects, combined with a knowledge of optics, which enabled him to heighten those effects into positive illusions. London, Paris, and, indeed, many European cities, contained specimens of his marvellous power. Natural changes of atmosphere, light, climate, and season were imitated by Daguerre with a truth that could almost deceive. We may imagine the man to have grown sick at last of these transitory results, only productive of gaping wonder, and quite opposed to the ends of true art. We have heard a story of his wife watching the changes of his mind, and fearing that he would go mad. It is said, that after a scientific lecture, she sought an interview with the professor, and, telling him that her husband had conceived the possibility of fixing shadows upon a tablet, asked anxiously whether such was not the dream of a madman.

Daguerre and Niépce at length came together. Niépce had then achieved some qualified success, and sent a paper, accompanied by specimens, to the Royal Society of London. As he kept his process a secret, however, they could not, agreeably with their laws, receive his paper. But his heliographic specimens, on metal and glass, were distributed among collectors, and exist to this day. Two years after Niépce sent these specimens (some in the state of advanced etchings) to London, he and Daguerre signed a deed of partnership, and the Daguerreotype in its perfected condition came of their joint endeavours.

INNS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—To the Hercules Pillars Squire Western sent his chaplain to fetch his tobacco-box. At an inn did dear old Parson Adams fall into one of the most dreadful of his dilemmas. Don Quixote and inns are inseparable: in an inn he was drubbed; in an inn he was tossed in a blanket. Gil Blas received many lessons of practical philosophy in inns. In one did the sycophant praise him inordinately, and devour his fish and his omelettes; telling him afterwards never to place confidence in any one who told him that he was the eighth wonder of the world. The first provincial letter of Pascal was written to a friend supposed to be lodging at an inn. Beaumarchais, the famous author of the *Marriage de Figaro*, was arrested at an inn in Vienna by order of Maria Theresa. To step centuries back, it was also in a Viennese inn that our Richard the Lion-hearted was discovered and captured by his perfidious enemy, the Duke of Austria. The author of *Manon Lescaut* died at an inn; and in an inn (or at least a private hotel) in Bond-street died Laurence Sterne. It was his wish to die so, tended by the hands of strangers, and his wish was accomplished to the letter.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

Stoke D'Aborne, Surrey, to Giulia Isabella, younger daughter of the late Colonel Maceroni, of Weybridge.

On the 8th, at the parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Richard Vickers Boyle, Esq., son of Vickers Boyle, Esq., of Leeson-street, Dublin, to Eleonore Anne, relict of the late Senor Don Jacinto de Salas Quiroga, and daughter of William Hack, Esq., of Dieppe.

On the 8th, at St. Pancras Church, William Mortimer Buck, Esq., of Kilm Hall, Garsdale Sedburgh, Yorkshire, to Fanny, third daughter of Edward Macdougall, Esq., of Camden-town.

DEATHS.

On the 4th of September, Charlotte Amelia, wife of Captain Charles Arthur Moore, First N. V. B., and daughter of the late William Oliver Shakespear, Esq., Madras Civil Service.

On the 26th of October, of cholera, after an illness of only two days, Charlotte, the wife of Otto Baron D'Ende, Chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Saxony, and eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Forster Fitzgibbon, K.C.B. and M.P.

On the 5th, at his late residence, No. 3, Brudenell-place, New North-road, of consumption, Mr. Henry Thomas, for nearly twenty years secretary to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, leaving a widow and young family to deplore their loss.

On the 8th, at St. Leonard's-on-sea, Matilda, wife of the Marchese Brancaloni, of Gubbio, in the Roman States, daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., and sister of the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, November 11, 1853.

THE Consol account has just closed, and was very heavy, for the last two days having occupied almost the entire attention of the jobbers. Most of the Stock was carried over at about 95, and since then the price has declined, closing yesterday (Friday) at 94½, for money, and 94½ for 6th December account. Exchequer Bills 2 and 5 per.

As much as 3-16 was paid per cent. by the bears for carrying over to next account, but a great deal of Stock was continued at ½; the public have largely bought, and created a scarcity in the market.

The Waller Mining Company has published a report of a satisfactory nature, and the shares have been dealt in at ½ dis. The Polkmore Gold and Copper Mine has improved in public opinion, and have been dealt in at 3-16 and ½ pm. The following list of prices, compared with that of last week, will show the fluctuations in railways, and other securities.

Caledonian, 54½; 3; Cork and Brandon, 13, 15; Eastern Counties, 12½, 13; East Lancashire, 64, 66; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 60, 61; Great Northern, 82, 83; Great Southern and West (Ireland), 102, 104; Great Western, 81½, 82½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 66, 65½; London and Blackwall, 8, 8½; London and Brighton, 96, 97; London and North Western, 109, 103½; London and South Western, 73, 75; Midland, 61½, 61½; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 38, 40; Vale of Neath, 15½, 16; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, 64, 65; York and North, 47½, 48½; East Indian, 3½ to 4 pm.; Great Indian Peninsula, 3½ to 4 pm.; Grand Trunk Canada, shares and bonds, 3½, 3½ dis.; Luxembourg, 9, 9½; ditto Railway, 6, 6½; Northern of France, 33½, 34; Paris and Lyons, 15½, 16 pm.; Paris and Strasbourg, 37½, 37½; South-Eastern of France, 1 dis. to par; Western of France, 7½ to 8½ pm.

Aqua Frias, 5, 5½ pm.; Anglo Col, ½ dis. par; British Australian Gold, 5, 5½ dis.; Colonial Gold, 5, 5½ pm.; Nugget, par, 1 pm.; Linars, 11 to 13; Waller, 5, 5½ dis.

Australian Bank, 75, 77; Chartered Bank of Asia, 1½, 1 dis.; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 1 to 1 pm.; Oriental Bank, 48, 49; London and Westminster, 35; Union Bank of Australia, 72, 74; Union of London, 19½.

Australian Agricultural Land, 41, 43; Crystal Palace, 3, 15 pm.; North British Australian, 5, 5½ pm.; Peel River, 4, 4 pm.; Scottish Investment, 1½, 1½ pm.; Van Dieman's Land, 14½, 15½.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, November 11, 1853.

The supplies of wheat and oats are again liberal, but the holders of the former ask higher rates; and though buyers are unwilling to comply, the business done is at the full prices of Monday, and in some cases a slight advance has been realized, barley is 1s. cheaper. No alteration in the value of oats.

The prices of wheat are firmly maintained in the Baltic ports. The French markets are rising, and the demand for Black Sea wheat is increasing. Out of 96 ships which left Odessa by the last report, only four are to the United Kingdom.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	217	215	217	217	217½
3 per Cent. Red.	94	94½	94½	94	93½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	95	95½	95½	94½	94½
Consols for Account	94½	95	95½	94½	94½
3½ per Cent. An.	96	96½	96½	95	95½
New 5 per Cents.
Long Ans. 1860	5	5-16	5-16	6½	6½
India Stock	253	254	251
Ditto Bonds, £1000	3 p	3 p	2 d
Ditto, under £1000	3 p	2 d	par
Ex. Bills, £1000	2 p	2 p	2 p	2 p	2 p
Ditto, £500	5 p	5 p	2 p	2 p
Ditto, Small	5 p	5 p	2 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian 5 per Cts., Accl.	Portuguese 4 per Cents.	41½
Nov. 16	Russian 5 per Cents., 1822	113
Cuba 7 per Cts. (Matanza)	Russian 4½ per Cents.	98½
and Sabanailla Bonds	Sardinian Bonds, 5 per Cts.	42
Ecuador Bonds	Spanish Passive, Conv.	4½
Guatemala Deferred	Spanish Committee Cort.
Mexican 3 per Cents.	of Comp. not fin.	5½
Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	32

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th of October, at 6, Baywater-hill, the wife of the Lord Bishop of Cape Town: a daughter.

On the 3rd of November, at Hodroby, the Hon. Mrs. E. Monckton: a son.

On the 4th, at Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Madame Le Cocq: a son.

On the 7th, at 7, Princess-gate, Hyde-park, the Lady Fanny Howard: a son.

On the 7th, at Ballymore Castle, Ballinasloe, the wife of Henry M. Daly, Esq.: a son.

On the 10th, at New Ferry, Liverpool, the wife of Clarke Aspinall, Esq., Solicitor: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th of September, at Nyne Tal, East Indies, Jocelyn Pickard Cambridge, Lieutenant Second Grenadiers, third son of the Rev. George Pickard Cambridge, Bloxworth Rectory, Dorsetshire, to Adeline Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Captain J. C. Lamschme, (Fifty-eighth B. N. I.), late Commandant Second Cavalry, Scindiah's Contingent, and grand-daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir William Richards, K.C.B.

On the 15th of September, at Kurnahsee, Scinde, W. L. Morewether, Esq., second in command of the First Regiment Scinde Irregular Horse, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late John Dale, Esq., Colchill, Warwickshire.

On the 8th of November, Albert Vallant, Captain Bombay Army, second surviving son of the late Rev. Philip Vallant, rector of

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

On Monday, November 14, and during the week, the new 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 **PLOT AND 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.

HUNGARIAN PROMENADE CON-

CERTS at the ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE, Adelaide-street, West Strand, EVERY EVENING, at Eight, introducing the performance of **KALOZDY'S HUNGARIAN BAND**. First week of a New Selection from "Der Freyschutz" by the Brothers Distin and the Hungarian Band. Brilliant success of Miss Julia Warman, the celebrated Pianist. The favourite Malta Quadrille every evening. Nightly change of Programme.

Vocalists—Miss J. Brougham, Miss E. Brougham, Miss Josephine Braun, and Mrs. Theodore Distin; Mr. William Distin, Mr. Theodore Distin, and Mr. Henry Distin.

Dress Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Lower Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Balconies, 1s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s. Private Boxes and Stalls may be secured at Mitchell's, Andrews', and Sams's Libraries.

Afternoon Performance on Wednesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock. The whole of the Music performed by the Hungarian Band is published by Distin, and may be had at the doors of the Theatre.

THE RUSSELL FAMILY

at the LITERARY INSTITUTION, John Street, Fitzroy Square.

It is respectfully announced that on MONDAY NEXT, the 14th, those highly gifted and unsurpassed Vocalists, **NICES** or **MR. HENRY RUSSELL**, the celebrated Composer, will give their grand **MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT**.

The very enthusiastic reception they have met with from crowded audiences wherever they have appeared, and the disappointment felt by those unable to obtain admission on Thursday last at the Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, fully substantiate the opinions expressed of them by the public Press, that they rank amongst the first vocalists of the day.

Tickets: Hall, 1s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Members Half-price. Tickets, Places, and Programmes to be obtained of Mr. Goddard, Bookseller, adjoining the Institution. Commence at Eight o'clock.

WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, from

Two till Five o'clock, a part of Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM is open for Ladies only, when LECTURES will be delivered by Mrs. LEACH. On those days Gentlemen will still be admitted from Eleven till Two, and from Seven till Ten, while on other days the Museum will be open for Gentlemen only from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten. Lectures by Dr. LEACH.

Admission, One Shilling. Portland Gallery, Regent-Street, opposite the Polytechnic.

EVENING PUBLIC DRAWING for

RIGHTS of CHOICE at FREEMASON'S HALL. The TWELFTH PUBLIC DRAWING for Priority of Selection on the Estates of the CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY will take place on Thursday Evening, the 17th inst., at Eight o'clock, at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street: Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. Rights of Choice on the valuable Estates for Allotment amongst the members of the Society, may be acquired by completion, that is, paying up a share in full at once, by drawing amongst the uncompleted shares, by seniority according to date of membership, and by purchase of shares already on the order of rights. Whilst the lot confer the Freehold Franchise for the counties in which the land is situated, the advantages of the commercial investment are undeniable. Interest is allowed on all payments of a year's subscription and upwards. There is no partnership liability, and withdrawals of subscriptions promptly made. For Prospectuses and Shares apply to

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

33, Norfolk-street, Strand.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 52, FLEET STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

52, FLEET STREET.—At home from Ten till Five.

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 agency on the chemically-prepared White India-rubber, and, as it is a non-conductor, fluids of any temperature may with thorough comfort be imbibed and retained in the mouth, all unpleasantness of smell and taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at

61, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, LONDON.

22, Gay-street, Bath.

34, Grainger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

SALE BY AUCTION OF ROBERTS' "HOLY LAND."

SOUTHGATE and BARRETT beg to announce that they have received instructions TO SELL BY AUCTION, at their Rooms, 22, FLEET-STREET, London, on THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15th, 1853, and following Evenings, the entire remaining Copies of "ROBERTS' HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, IDUMEA, AND ARABIA."

The Work is complete in Forty Parts, and was published by Mr. Alderman MOON (who has retired from business) at Forty-one Guineas, under which price it has never yet been sold.

The DRAWINGS were made on the spot by DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., and have been executed in the first style of Lithography by M. LOUIS HAGHE. They are accompanied by HISTORICAL and DESCRIPTIVE Letterpress, written by the Rev. Dr. CROLY.

The ARTIST, whose fame has mainly resulted from pictures of this class, entered into the work with a deep and earnest love of his great theme. The subjects embrace every variety. Among the 250 Prints of which the Work is composed, are found Views of JERUSALEM, the HOLY SEPULCHRE, the MOUNT OF OLIVES, BETHLEHEM, the SEA of TIBERIAS, LEBANON, TYRE, and other places of interest in the HOLY LAND; of the RUINS of PETRA, MOUNT SINAI, &c., in IDUMEA; and in EGYPT and NUBIA, the reader is presented with the most faithful illustrations of their celebrated antiquities. The entire series form a work of rare attraction, not only in point of art, but affording also a rich fund of enjoyment and instruction to all who regard these spots as hallowed with the scenes and recollections of the past. The Artist has depicted the "EAST" as it is TO-DAY. These countries are becoming anew the centre of EUROPEAN interest and anxiety, from the position of the "Eastern Question," and the Work about to be offered for sale comprises undoubtedly the best, and, indeed, the only, complete series of pictorial illustrations relating to those localities which have ever been the subjects of dispute, and even now threaten to be the seat of war.

SOUTHGATE and BARRETT beg also to call PARTICULAR ATTENTION to the circumstance, that the copies which will be included in the forthcoming Sale will be the Last that can ever be obtained, as the DRAWINGS from which these impressions have been taken will all be EFFACED FROM THE STONES in the Rooms, and During the Progress of the Sale, thereby furnishing the only sure guarantee that no inferior impressions can ever be issued, and securing to the purchasers at the sale the rarity and enhanced value of the present copies.

It is also further announced, that an entire SET of this beautiful work is now on view at the OFFICES of Messrs. DAY and SON, Lithographers to the Queen, 17, GATE-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS, LONDON; and that a DESCRIPTIVE LIST of the PLATES (which will give free Admission to visitors) may be obtained of **SOUTHGATE and BARRETT**, at their Temporary Auction-Rooms, 393, STRAND, LONDON, who will be happy to furnish any further information that may be required.

In conclusion, **SOUTHGATE and BARRETT** feel it a duty to urge their friends and the public not to lose the present and ONLY opportunity of obtaining the above important and interesting work at a reduced price.

Catalogues of the Sale (when ready) will be forwarded by post, on the receipt of Six Postage-stamps.

CAUTION.—TO TRADESMEN, MER-

CHANTS, SHIPPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c. Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge that some unprincipled person or persons have for some time past been imposing on the Public, by selling to the trade and others a spurious article under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK, this is to give notice, that I am the Original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said article, and do not employ any traveller, or authorize any person to represent themselves as coming from my establishment for the purpose of selling the said ink. This caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the public, and serious injury to myself, E. R. BOND, sole executrix and widow of the late John Bond, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit **WILLIAM S. 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 1s. 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 recherche 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.

DAVIES'S YELLOW SOAP, 38s., 44s.,

48s., and 52s., per 112 lbs.; Mottled, 54s.; Brown Windsor, 1s. and 1s. 9d. per packet; White Windsor, 1s. 4d.; Plain Windsor, 9d.; Honey, 1s. 4d.; Sperm Oil, 8s. per gallon; Argand or Vegetable, 4s. 6d.; French, 4s. Sperm Candles, 1s. 7d. and 1s. 8d. per lb.; Transparent Wax, 1s. 10d.; Best Wax, 2s. 3d.; British, 1s. 5d.; Botanic, 1s.; Composite, 8d.; 9d., 10d., and 10½d. Store Candles, 7½d.; Moulds, 8½d. for Cash, at M. P. DAVIES and SON'S Old-Established Warehouse, 63, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

ITALY, GENOA, LEGHORN, FLORENCE, ROME, NAPLES, and MALTA.

Travellers and Families about to visit Italy, &c., are informed that the **PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S** two new Steam-ships "VECTIS" and "VALETTA," of 1,000 tons and 400 horse-power each, fitted up with superior passenger accommodation, and already proved to be the fastest ocean steamers afloat, now run from Marseilles to Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Malta, departing from Marseilles on the 15th and 30th of every month; also from Malta to Naples, Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles, departing from Malta on the 1st and 15th of every month.

Particulars of fares, accommodation, &c., may be obtained on application at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, London, where also by timely arrangement separate cabins for families or parties may be secured.

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, PATENTERS**, 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.

HEAL and SON'S EIDER DOWN

QUILTS are made in Three Varieties—the Bordered Quilt, the Plain Quilt, and the Davet. The Bordered Quilt is in the usual form of bed quilts, and is a most elegant and luxurious article. The Plain Quilt is smaller, and is useful as an extra covering on the bed, or as a wrapper in the carriage, or on the couch. The Davet is a loose case, filled with Eider Down, as in general use on the Continent.

Lists of Prices and Sizes sent free, by post, on application to Heal and Son's Bedding Factory, 196, Tottenham-court-road.

ARRIVAL of the NEW SEASON'S TEA.

Our FIRST CONSIGNMENTS of the NEW SEASON'S TEA are now on SALE at our Warehouses, 8, King William-street, City. We beg to call attention to the strong CONGOU TEA, at 3s. and 3s. 4d. per lb. The prime SOUCHONG TEA, at 3s. 6d., and 3s. 8d. The best LAPSANG SOUCHONG TEA, at 4s. The prime GUNPOWDER TEA, at 4s. and 4s. 8d. The delicious GUNPOWDER, at 5s. All who purchase at these prices will SAVE MONEY, as TEAS are getting DEARER.

We are still selling prime COFFEE at 1s. and 1s. 2d. per lb. The best MOCHA and the best WEST INDIA COFFEE, at 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, 8, King William Street, City, London. A General Price Current sent post free, on application.

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 Homeopathic 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.

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 diet. 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, Ice-works; Wholesale Depot, 35, Pudding-lane, City; West-end Agent, Mr. JOHN HAZELDE, 221, Regent-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 Camplin, Esq.
James Cliff, 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.

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.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, M.P. for Manchester.
John Walbank Childers, Esq., Cantly, Doncaster.
William Bulkely Gasse, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's Inn.
William Ashton, Esq., Horton House, Wraybury, Staines.
Charles Hulse, Esq., Hurst, Reading.
Richard Griffiths Welford, Esq., New-square, Lincoln's Inn.
F. D. Bullock Webster, Esq., 40, New Bond-street.

This Company is framed to meet the desire of those who seek, without speculation, safe and profitable investment for large or small sums, at a higher rate of interest than can be obtained from the public funds, and on as secure a basis.

The investment system, while it offers the greatest advantages to the public, affords to its members a perfect security, and a higher rate of interest than can be obtained elsewhere.

The capital of £250,000 is divided, for the convenience of investment and transfer, into £1 shares, of which 10s. only will be called.

The present rate of interest upon the paid-up capital is 5 per cent., which will continue to be paid until a higher rate can be judiciously declared.

Applications for investment are received between the hours of 10 and 4.

R. HODSON, Secretary.

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 TRIENNIALY, 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.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

DEPARTURES OUTWARDS.

INDIA and CHINA, via 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, via SINGAPORE.—For Adelaide, Port Philip, and Sydney (touching at Batavia), on the 4th January, and 4th of every alternate month thereafter from Southampton, and on the 10th of January 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.

MARSEILLES, ITALY, and MALTA.—From Marseilles to Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Malta on the 15th and 30th of every month; and from Malta to Naples, Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles, departing from Malta on the 1st and 15th of every month.

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 Shanghai.

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, November, 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.

W. BRIDGES, Secretary.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,
7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

Established May, 1844.

Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.

The Interest is payable in JANUARY and JULY, and for the convenience of parties residing at a distance, may be received at the Branch Offices, or paid through Country Bankers, without expense.

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