

Wm Edmund Galloway, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

SEBASTOPOL has not yet fallen; that is the news of the week.

But Sebastopol is to fall. The Allies are busy before it: English, French, and Turks, with seamen and marines, who are to work at the guns; they now number, calculates General Canrobert, 80,000 men. Well placed southwards of Sebastopol they can be assailed—the presumption is that long ere this they have been assailed—only on one flank; and they are therefore safe. After Sebastopol there will probably be a second pitched battle; and as that will doubtless exhaust all the possible Russian reinforcements, the Crimea, we may rely on it, will be soon clear of the Czar. That is to say, if Omar Pacha, on his side, can supply a "Siege of Ismail." On all sides the great requisite is speed. The cholera is raging in the Crimea, and is more dangerous than the Russians.

In anticipation of a complete military conquest in the Crimea, German diplomacy is making further overtures to the Allies. Of the cautious but crafty Austrian Emperor they may now consider themselves secure; and they are reported to be taking means to accelerate the rationality of Frederick William—the means being a new regulation, that neutral bottoms do not make neutral goods. Of course a reaction of this kind to the wisdom of our ancestors would expedite the disgust of Russian politicians with the Prussian Cabinet. But we still have great doubts if it be determined on by our Government; in the first place, because one or two members of the Cabinet, Sir Wm. Molesworth in particular, have been eloquently indignant with the barbaric conditions of former maritime warfare, and, in the next place, because we doubt if the Government would offend the "mercantile world" by stopping trade in order to spite Prussia. The whole report may be a *canard*; but it came from a Government office *via* the City,

and as Russian produce went up under the stimulus of the story, the reporter ought to be found out. We cannot forget how Mr. Gladstone's private secretary speculated in Exchequer bonds; and the history of the last war supplies many instances of clever money-making by minor ministers.

It is wonderful how the public view of the possibilities of this war is expanding. In France the Emperor is feeling his way by silently authorising the address to him of a pamphlet-letter, in which the writer, "a distinguished personage," points out that Russia can only be suppressed by repairing the oversight of the great Napoleon, and re-erecting a Kingdom of Poland. And in England it is likewise Louis Kossuth, who, with Mr. Spooner, is supplying some simulacrum of a policy to the Tory party—"Poland" being now the cry, superadded to the cry of "Protestantism." This we gather from the speech, this week, of Sir John Trollope, who represents the best class of squires—prejudiced yet moderate, Tories, but scholarly and well informed—and who seldom ventures to offer an opinion in which he is not likely to be sanctioned by his party. Sir John has been travelling in Germany, and has come to strong conclusions, that the German peoples and the German dynasties are different things, and that Germany would be Russia unless Poland stood between the two. The suggestion was loudly cheered by the farmers present; and it is likely to be taken up generally by the Farmer's Friend—more particularly as the No Popery conspiracy is rather a failure. Let the Government look to it that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli be not left to take the popular view of the war. Our Government can remain our Government, in this war, on one condition only—that it *lead* in the war.

Does the Government's evident disinclination to a Christmas Session indicate that it is also indisposed to take a popular course? The Danes are bringing the wholesome machinery of impeachment into fashion; and constitutional ministers must begin to be careful in a period excited by a

great war, in which are risked great principles. The Danish Ministry was beaten on the 14th by the surprising majority of eighty to six—a state of things so hostile to the King, that even the throne comes into danger. The Ministry refuses to resign: there is a question of who is to impeach them; and meanwhile the anti-Russians obtain nothing but what they call a basis for the refusal of taxes.

Our public opinion as to the holiness and justice of the war has been manifested for the behoof of ministers in the unexampled magnanimity of the public subscriptions for the sick and wounded in the military hospitals on the Bosphorus. The generosity is so profuse and so indiscriminate, that upwards of 6,000*l.* is sent through the hands of an inevitably unfit person for the distribution—viz., the Editor of the *Times*. However, he will do his best, generously too; and the sum, with other resources being collected, will not only serve to heal wounds and alleviate sickness, but encourage the hale and stimulate the strong. Our soldiers and sailors will see that their country is worth serving.

At the same time, it would be well if public criticism upon the chiefs of our forces were more accurate and more severe. Mr. Disraeli has remarked that we never won a great naval victory until we had shot an admiral; and the sneer is so far true that the "service" is all the better when the process of "pulling-up" is in constant resort. The courts-martial on the officers of the last Arctic expedition were very desirable; and despite the vagueness of the Admiralty instructions, under which he acted, Sir Edward Belcher, though acquitted on technical grounds, stands condemned before his countrymen and his profession for a lax discharge of the duty expected of him. May there not at this moment be other admirals and commanders taking advantage of lax Admiralty instructions? Byng was shot for not facing an enemy; and traditionally our navy detests the prudent admiral who never makes an experiment.

THE WAR.

SEBASTOPOL.

ACCOUNTS have reached England from the Crimea down to the 3rd of October. It appears by the operations of the allied army, that the campaign is treated with due seriousness, and that the preparations for the siege of Sebastopol are combined with a proper care for resisting any attempts of the Russian forces to relieve the place. By the assistance of marines, seamen, and guns from the fleet, a sufficient force will be found for carrying on the immediate business of the siege, while an allied army of between 60,000 and 70,000 men, happily supported by at least 6000 cavalry, will be disposable for opposing any attack on their entrenchments, or, if necessary, for meeting the enemy in the field. It would seem as if the quiet attitude of the allied troops was intended to coax the Russians, when they have got together all their boasted reinforcements, into a movement in force, which would end in a pitched battle, and which need not in the least interfere with the operations at Sebastopol. A victory of that kind would be more decisive than that of Alma, would hasten the fall of Sebastopol, and probably end in the driving the Russians out of the Crimea. The narrative of events which have occurred since last week we supply from various sources.

On the 28th of September the Second, Third, and Fourth Divisions of the army were ordered at once to move up to the heights about Sebastopol, where they encamped, the First Division remaining at Kadikoi, behind the port of Balaklava, for the protection of that important post, while the Light Division rested on the heights above the harbour, which it had occupied before the surrender of the fort. At the desire of General Brown, however, the Light Division also moved forward on the following day, and now occupies a position in the line of the besieging army. The Engineers and Artillery proceeded at once to land the siege-train, and on the 29th some of the guns were already dragged up the heights, and temporarily placed in a field about one mile in the rear of the position occupied by the troops. From this elevated encampment, which was occupied by our troops without any opposition on the part of the enemy, a view may be obtained of the whole port of Sebastopol, with its harbours, arsenals, ships, and forts lying within a circle of three or four miles, at the feet of the vast armament which already threatens the devoted city. In the military harbour the Russians had moored a three-decker so as to direct its fire up the ravine which descends to the arsenal and the docks. They were also busily engaged in throwing up works of earth round the south of the town, which sufficiently denotes the absence of any regular line of fortifications or bastions impassable by an enemy until a breach has been made by artillery. On the east of the town, however, and consequently immediately in front of the British lines, a strong horse-shoe redoubt has been constructed, which we do not find marked in any of the maps now before us, and this will be the point against which our attack must first be directed.

The Duke of Cambridge's division, consisting of the Guards and Highland Brigade, remained in the rear of the army near Balaklava until the 2nd of October, in order to cover the base of operations from the possibility of an attack. Meanwhile, the roads and tracks through the hilly country south of Khutor Mackenzie, by which the allied armies made their flank march on Balaklava, have been broken up and put into a state of defence by the British forces. The right flank of the army is effectually covered by the defile leading into the valley of the Tchernaya, by that stream, and by the marshy ground about it; and so satisfied was Lord Raglan on the 1st of October of the strength of this position, that he caused the First Division to advance to the right of the army, and to take up the position it will occupy during the siege.

The Valley of Inkerman is a deep ravine about one mile in breadth, formed by the stream of the Tchernaya before it falls into the western extremity of Sebastopol harbour; this valley is, in fact, the continuation of the deep inlet by which the harbour itself is formed. On the eastern side of this valley the ruins of Inkerman still retain traces of the fortifications erected by the Greeks or the Genoese on this position; and, for the defence of Sebastopol against an attack by land, these heights ought to have been crowned with strong batteries, which would have rendered the place almost impregnable, since they would have enfiladed the whole position now occupied by the besieging armies. This precaution appears, however, to have been neglected. Along the course of the valley, and parallel with the stream of the Tchernaya, runs the aqueduct which supplies the docks and part of the town with fresh water; and so abruptly do the rocks rise over the ravine on the western side, that, on turning towards the harbour, this aqueduct is carried through a tunnel in the freestone rock 300 yards in length. Rather more than a mile to the south of this tunnel, and upon a height which rises almost perpendicularly above the valley, the first division of the British army has taken up its position. It forms, therefore, the extreme right of the whole allied forces, and it is protected by a steep

wall of rock, which is inaccessible to the enemy. We presume that the ground thus occupied is beyond the range of any guns which the Russians might be able to mount on the opposite side of the valley, which is still for the present in their possession. The French army occupies the left of our position, and extends to the coast immediately south of Sebastopol, where the deep and navigable bays offer the greatest facilities for landing the siege-train and the stores of our allies; some delay has, nevertheless, taken place in this operation. On the 3rd no regular attack had begun on any part of the place, but the booming of heavy guns from the forts of Sebastopol sounded like the prelude to the tremendous struggle which was about to commence, and showed that the enemy was resolved and prepared to offer a strenuous defence of the place on every side.

On the evening of the 3rd October the following order of the day regulating the commencement of the siege was issued. The names of the regiments supplying the first detachments at work were not ascertained:—

ORDERS TO THE ARMY BEFORE COMMENCING SIEGE OPERATIONS.

"The trenches will be opened this evening against Sebastopol; a working party, consisting of —, furnished by the —, will be marched to the engineers' dépôt at — P.M., where they will receive tools and directions from the engineers' officers and sappers, who will guide them to the works; they will be without arms and accoutrements. The guard for the protection of the working and ground will consist of —, furnished by —, and will parade in their camp at — P.M., be conducted to their positions, posted, and receive instructions from staff officers who will be assembled for the purpose.

"All the movements of the parties must be, if possible, kept out of view of the place.

"After moving from their last place of assembly, which will be after dark, the utmost silence must be preserved, and the least possible noise of any kind made. The working parties will be arranged in proper order by the engineers, but will not commence work till ordered, after which it must be carried on with the greatest energy.

"The engineers will be charged with the arrangements, but the officers of the troops must be responsible for the maintenance of order and attention to the directions given by the engineers, and for the amount of work done; on diligence and regular conduct of the working parties will depend more rapid and complete success of the enterprise. The working parties must not quit the works on slight alarms. If the enemy make a sortie, the guard will advance and drive them in, and before they reach the work, if possible; should the working party be absolutely obliged to retire, they will take their tools with them, and reform a short distance in rear to return to the work when the sortie is repulsed.

"The guard will be posted in rear of the working party, and near to it, if possible, under cover from the fire of the place; if not, they must lie down in order of battle, with accoutrements on, and each man with his firelock close by him—one party, not less than one-third of the forces absolutely on the alert all through the night, taking it alternately, ready for an immediate rush on the enemy.

"A sortie is out and on the works in a very short time, and therefore the guard must be in immediate readiness to attack it without hesitation; nothing is so easily defeated as a sortie if charged without delay.

"After the repulse of any sortie, the guard will return under cover as soon as possible, and resume their position.

"All working parties and guards will be composed of entire regiments, or parts, and not of detachments made up of different corps."

Detailed accounts full of interest are not wanting. One writer states the following:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 3.

Since the hostile forces have been face to face, no time has been wasted on either side. Day and night have the Russians laboured to strengthen the neglected land fortifications of the town. Fresh redoubts have been thrown up, breast-works constructed, and the stone towers most exposed to our balls have nearly disappeared in the earth thrown up against them. The enemy deserve the greatest credit for the energy they have shown in the last few days, but it now remains to be proved if their activity be inspired by determination or by despair. A spirit of dissimulation and falsehood seems to lurk in everything Russian; and in the inner harbour of Sebastopol, with her guns elevated to command the plain above, lies a 74 gun-ship, painted to resemble a three-decker. This paltry artifice, however laudable in a Chinese mandarin, is certainly unworthy of a Russian admiral. On our side, at Balaklava, the greatest activity has never ceased to reign. The stupendous task of landing the heavy siege-guns has been concluded without accident. Forty-two 8-inch guns and mortars are already within a mile of the positions they will occupy. Sixteen others, with sixty 32-pounders landed from the ships, follow up to-day. This night ground will be broken, and probably to-morrow, or the day after, one hundred and twenty guns will open their fire upon Sebastopol. Much will, of course, depend upon the nature of the

ground where the parallel lines will be drawn, and our engineer officers describe the same as most unfavourable, being rocky with little earth. Ground will be broken at 540 yards from the town. There can be little doubt that, our guns once placed in position, a breach will soon be effected, and then British bayonets will clear the Russian batteries and entrenchments, but I fear that before they can be brought efficiently to bear we shall have a heavy loss of life to deplore. That Sebastopol will fall before six days have passed is certain. The ship guns will be worked by sailors; and about 600 blue jackets, landed from the Agamemnon and Sans-Pareil, encamped last night on shore. Jack anticipates with great glee his participation in the honours of the day. Above a thousand marines—and magnificent fellows they are—have volunteered to storm the breach, and last night they were landed and bivouacked near Balaklava. Carts and arabas charged with ammunition, shell-cases, and enormous round shot, slowly transport their murderous loads to the rendezvous or dépôt of the heavy guns.

The quay at Balaklava presents an exciting appearance. Strings of soldiers line the shore, passing the cannon-balls from hand to hand, as they are landed from the ships' barges. The heavy ship 32-pounders are being swung by cranes from the same launches, constructed at Constantinople, which landed our artillery and cavalry in Kalamita Bay. As each gun touches the earth, fifty blue-jackets dart forward and drag it up the steep road with the noisy cheers peculiar to Jack. The gunpowder stores will be landed to-morrow, and five farm-houses on the heights have already been destined as magazines.

Owing to the fire opened by a Russian battery, rapidly erected for the especial purpose, the British second and fourth divisions retired a few hundred yards to the rear of the position they occupied. Not a shell told, but it was properly deemed inadvisable to risk the men's lives with no advantage to gain. This battery might easily have been silenced, had three or four of our siege guns been brought to bear upon it, but not a shot will be fired until all the cannon are in position. The practice of the Russians was bad, and most of the shells burst in a small quarry about fifty yards in front of the fourth division. The range was about 1800 yards. A few round shot passed over the division, and one fell in the midst of the 68th Regiment, but no one was hurt. The men looked upon the whole firing as a spectacle got up for their especial amusement, and expressed their approbation or disapproval, according to the merits of the case. If a shell burst within twenty yards of the group, it was hailed with a universal "Bono Johnny;" but if, on the contrary, the projectile chanced to burst in the air (as often occurred), the men appeared even disappointed. Yesterday afternoon the 4th division changed places with the 3rd, who took the van, the regiments composing it being all armed with the Minié rifle, whilst the 4th still shouldered the old musket. It is expected that the honour of the assault will fall to the 4th division, supported by the 3rd. The other divisions, who have already plucked their laurels, and right gallantly, too, at Alma, will act as reserve. Our divisions now occupy the following positions:—Nearly turning the town is the light division; to the left are the 3rd and 2nd divisions; slightly to the rear of the 3rd is posted the 4th division.

The first division lies at Balaklava, between which place and the remainder of our force are piequetered the cavalry. The strength of the latter arm has been materially increased by the arrival of the fourth, fifth, and sixth Dragoon regiments from Varna. The passage was, unfortunately, very severe, and the horses have suffered a great deal, and look very wretched. The men appear in good condition. The fourth regiment, landed from the Simla, alone lost fourteen horses.

The French are still engaged in landing their guns, a work which seems to proceed rather slowly. Their ships are anchored in a bay slightly to the north of Balaklava, near Chersonese point. It was originally intended for our gallant ally to occupy the extreme right of the position, but this plan has since been altered, and the French guns will open to the left of the British. The Turkish division will, I imagine, form the centre. A Mr. Upton—son, I believe, of Col. Upton, the constructor of the Sebastopol inner harbour—was taken prisoner a day or two ago by our men. He occupied an extensive farm near the town, and imagined himself at liberty to remain there. Mr. Upton declined at first giving any information about Sebastopol, stating himself to be a naturalised Russian subject; but he was given to understand that, according to English law, once an Englishman always an Englishman. Nothing of importance could, however, be gained from him. A curious adventure happened a few nights since to two of our Sappers. Wandering about in the evening, they completely lost their way to the camp, and suddenly found themselves inside Sebastopol. A sentinel challenged them, whereupon the men, perhaps under the impression that it was good Russian, replied, "Bono Johnny." The consequence was that the alarm was given, and the men pursued. A volley was fired without effect at the two indiscreet Sappers, but one of them soon received a bayonet in the body, and was thrown over the wall into the trenches as dead. The other, though slightly wounded, escaped. Towards morning

the man who had been thrown in the ditch concentrated all his energies, and dragged himself into the British camp, from whence he was conveyed to Balaklava. It appears he was enabled, from personal experience, to give some valuable details concerning the height and breadth of the outer walls.

The French are to occupy the hills of Cherson, which command the outworks and fortresses on the south; the English storm the outworks and detached forts which cover the town and shipping at the end of the harbour. As yet it seems that the north side is to remain untouched. Directly the fourth division came in sight of the fortress a tremendous fire was opened on it from shot and shell. Our men, however, were completely out of range, yet the enemy kept up their fire almost the whole day, firing some 1000 rounds of ammunition. Sir John Burgoyne, who was present, seemed delighted. He laughed, and said, "This is what I like; they show us their range, and waste their ammunition." A perfect cordon has been established round three parts of the fortifications. I do not believe it is intended to extend it further, as it would weaken our line, and expose it to much risk in case of reinforcements coming up. As it is, we command all the three roads leading to Sebastopol—that from the south by Balaklava, and that from the north from Simpheropol—with our troops. The road from the north-east by Eupatoria runs by the sea-shore, and not a wheelbarrow could pass along it unless with the consent of our fleet. The latter has been of invaluable service to us throughout this campaign; in fact, without the vessels we could have done nothing. They have been firing incessantly at Sebastopol, and, I am informed, have quite crippled and destroyed an important fortress which interfered with our siege operations. One of the long-range Lancaster guns has been mounted on the Arrow, and for the last few days has been trying its range upon the fortress. Its success has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and there is no doubt that, had we more of them, we might, in a fortnight, destroy the whole town, shipping, and fortifications of Sebastopol, without the loss of a man on our side. The first few shots fired by the Arrow at three miles, the gun being too elevated, the ball passed far over the whole place. Afterwards the range was precisely taken, and for three hours shot and shell were thrown into the nearest battery until it was completely destroyed. For the last half hour of the firing it never returned a shot. But this, it appears, is by no means the sole merit of the gun. It weakens the resources of Sebastopol still more fatally than by knocking up batteries. Under the natural belief that because their works were in range, the vessel which fired must be in range also, the Russians returned a tremendous fire, but every shot sank in the sea at about three-quarters of a mile distance from the Arrow. Unless there are incredible stores of ammunition in Sebastopol, such a mode of fighting must soon leave them without a shot.

From some deserters who have come over to us, and from prisoners who have been taken, it appears that Prince Menschikoff succeeded in effecting his escape from Sebastopol with 21,000 men; so that our forced march to intercept him was, after all, ineffectual, except in so far as it cut off most of his baggage and 30,000. He has left a garrison of 30,000 picked troops in Sebastopol, with instructions to Bodakoff and Gortschakoff to defend it to the last stone, as he will be able to come to its relief. A courier was sent on the 15th instant, to Ostensacken, at Odessa, with orders to spare nothing, but move 30,000 into the Crimea at all risks, and with all speed. But armies are not moved with a word; and supposing the message to have reached by this date, it will be at least five weeks before the Odessa contingent can arrive, and even then must make such forced marches as will not leave them above 15,000 effective men.

In Sebastopol they are evidently determined to fight hard. All the sailors have left the ships of war to man the walls, and most of the heavy guns have been taken to assist in the defence of the outworks. All stores of every kind not absolutely necessary to the besieged are being burnt.

The first parallel is to be commenced to-night. About 30 siege guns have been landed, and we shall hear their music to-morrow. Each night a fresh parallel will be opened, till within 150 yards, when the breaching battery will be placed. A few think that the actual siege will last three weeks, but the majority say that the whole will be over in a fortnight.

On the 3rd of October the first division of Guards and Highlanders took up their allotted position outside the fortress. The French occupy Cape Cherson. Then the fourth, third, second, and light divisions, disposed in line, complete the investment of the fortress on the south side. Here the troops are about two thousand yards from the walls of the town, but concealed by the brow of the hill under which they are arranged. Were the Russians aware of our near neighbourhood they would give us lively days and nights. As it is, they never cease throwing shot and shell over the hill, but the range is mere guesswork, so they do not do much damage. No one is allowed to ascend to the brow of the hill, as the instant he is seen he is fired at, and the troops exposed to the risk of the falling shot. As a favour, I was permitted, in charge of an officer, to ascend to an abandoned Russian guard-

house on the top of the hill, which can be approached under cover of some low stone walls. From the windows of the building I had a perfect view of the town and fortifications, which lay beneath me about three-quarters of a mile distant. Only nine sail of the line remain in the harbour, five having been sunk across the entrance. The others, which are principally two-deckers, are moored stem and stern, so as perfectly to command the ground where our trenches must be opened. Fort Peter and Fort Nicholas, the large works which abut upon the sea, are almost out of range of our guns, and I think we are equally safe from their annoyance. The places where it seems our attack will be commenced are to the rear and north of the town, and high up the creek. Here we have opposed to us a long redan wall, mounting some sixty or seventy guns, and crenelled between the embrasures for musketry; and on the north extremity is Fort Constantine—a low, blunt, circular mass of masonry, with three tiers of guns, which I imagine will give us some trouble. This latter fort is also commanded by a stone battery of considerable strength, situated on the other side of the harbour, and called by our sailors the "Wasp," on account of its protected situation and the length and weight of its guns, which are perpetually blazing away at any ship that strays within range. To the north, Fort Constantine is again protected by Fort Paul, and three or four ranges of batteries, covering the Quarantine Harbour. Such are a few of the fortifications which a mere glance enabled me to discover.

Fort Constantine will evidently be the chief point of attack, and to render it impregnable the enemy are using their utmost efforts. They have about 25,000 men at work round it and in front of the redan wall, throwing up intrenched works and stockades of the most formidable kind. As the men work day and night, before our batteries are in position the enemy will have doubled their fortifications.

While surveying their preparations yesterday evening, between 8000 and 10,000 fresh soldiers entered Sebastopol from the opposite side. These were, no doubt, the detached garrisons, which have been collected from different towns in the Crimea. Unless our commanders take some measures for stopping these reinforcements, we shall commence the siege to little purpose.

From what we hear from deserters, it seems that the whole of the aristocracy, and, indeed, all the Russian population of South Crimea, have sought refuge in Sebastopol. So great is the concourse of inhabitants, that thousands sleep in the streets each night. As a preliminary operation, we have turned aside the little stream of water which supplied the town, so that the garrison must soon begin to suffer. I expect that as the siege is pressed, the great mass of the inhabitants will be removed by the north side, and most likely with their escape we would not interfere, as we have no idea of starving out the fortresses, but storming them.

Most of the siege guns have been landed, but they still remain at Balaklava, and it will certainly take some days to get them into position. Fifty heavy guns, with 1000 seamen gunners, and 1000 marines, have also been landed from the fleet. If these guns are to be used as well as our own and the French siege train, we shall have upwards of 220 heavy guns attacking the place at once, exclusive of our field artillery.

Two Russian officers, one of Engineers and one of Artillery, deserted to us this morning. The information they bring is said to be most valuable, but its nature is kept a strict secret.

The Vesuvius went in last night and poured five broadsides into Sebastopol before a shot was returned. The enemy appeared to be quite taken up with watching the land side, and it was some minutes before their batteries answered. The Vesuvius was not touched.

Balaklava is to be general head-quarters during the siege. The 98th Highlanders stay with the Marines as rear and baggage guard.

The 5th Dragoons landed yesterday. They have gone out to-day with the rest of the cavalry in pursuit of a strong force of Cossacks which have appeared in our rear.

The screw gun-boat Beagle joined us on the 30th ult., but has not been engaged yet. Both she and the Arrow seem to be effective boats, but draw 12 feet of water, which is a great deal.

The forts and gun-boats have just commenced playing at long ball, but unless they run in much nearer they will do no damage.

The cholera, unhappily, still continues its ravages and seems rather to have increased in virulence.

There are two hospitals established at Balaklava, and one of them alone contains 216 cholera patients. Several valuable officers have fallen victims to the scourge, and amongst others are Colonel Hoey, of the 80th; Captain Freeman, of the Scots Greys; and Lieutenant Grant, of the 79th. The Rev. Mr. Morley, chaplain to the third division, expired a few days since at Balaklava. The death of this exemplary young minister is greatly lamented.

The very latest accounts state that—

The two armies were established in excellent military positions.

The French army will take the left in the attacks

from the sea to the Southern Fort. The English will take their position from the Southern Fort to Inkerman.

The French army is divided into two corps. The third and fourth divisions, under General Forey, will undertake the siege; the first and second divisions, under General Bosquet, will form the corps of observation and reserve.

The English army has made analogous arrangements. These arrangements leave no doubt of the issue of the siege.

Deserters say that the Russian army is demoralised. Their loss at Alma was 8000.

Up to the 10th, nothing of importance had occurred in the Crimea.

According to the *Soldaten Freund*, Prince Menschikoff left 20,000 men in Sebastopol, and intrusted the command of the army there to General Chomutoff.

He left on the 1st for Perekop, where three infantry divisions, three cavalry divisions, and eight Cossack regiments had been concentrated.

On the 7th Prince Menschikoff left Perekop with reinforcements, and it was expected that, with the reinforcements advancing from Cherson, the Russian army would, on the 20th, be 76,000 strong.

The northern forts of Sebastopol, and not Batkschisera, now form the base of the Russian operations.

The engineers thought that the place might be taken about the 18th.

There was a report of a sortie by the garrison, which had been vigorously repulsed.

It is also said that the French Government have received a despatch from General Canrobert, in which he says that the allies occupy an impregnable position, defended by 80,000 men and 200 guns, and that they could repel the attack of 200,000 Russians.

A Vienna despatch, published by the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Indépendance Belge*, states that General Ostensacken has entered the Crimea at the head of 40,000 men, and that he was marching upon Sebastopol. As usual with Vienna despatches, no date is given, and it is not stated where these 40,000 men came from. If they were detached from the Russian army of Bessarabia—and, assuming for a moment the whole story not to be a fiction, it is difficult to suppose that they can have been brought from any other quarter—the movement will greatly facilitate the offensive operations which we have been told Omar Pacha is about to commence.

Paris, Friday Morning.

The *Moniteur* confirms the intelligence of a sortie attempted by the garrison of Sebastopol.

It says, the Chargé d'Affaires of France at Constantinople, writing on the 10th, informs the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the captains of the steam transports just arrived from the Crimea state that the besieged had attempted a sortie against our siege works, and that they had been vigorously repulsed.

THE BALTIC.

All doubts as to the cessation of operations in the Baltic, are now at an end. The large ships of the combined fleets are gradually withdrawing; and the blockade will be maintained by steam frigates until the ice compels them to retire. Much speculation is afloat as to whether anything more could have been done, and if it could, why not? It would be premature to state the shape which rumour takes with regard to the real agency which has caused the inactivity of the fleets. A writer, who is evidently favourable to Sir Charles Napier, has made a statement in the *Times*, which is to be taken for what it is worth. He says:—

"It is said that some short time since, in consequence, perhaps, of the disappointment which it was thought would be felt in England and France at the combined fleets not having effected more in the North than the destruction of Bomarsund, a meeting of the Admirals, Sir Charles Napier and Parseval Deschênes, and of the superior officers of the fleets, was held, when the question was discussed as to the propriety and possibility of attacking and taking Helsingfors and Sweaborg. The question was examined in all its bearing, and the reports of the officers who had been sent to take soundings on the coast were of course laid before this naval committee. I am not aware of the relative proportions of those who were in favour and those who were against the attack of these two places; but it is certain that the decision of the majority was against it, and it is affirmed that Sir Charles Napier did not dissent from that decision. In answer to those who considered that an attack was both feasible and necessary, it was observed that, though there was little doubt of Helsingfors and Sweaborg meeting the fate of Bomarsund, yet that it was impossible for the allies to keep these places, and that when after the capture they were obliged to abandon them, a pretext would be afforded for the Emperor of Russia to announce another victory, and to proclaim to his subjects that the English and French were beaten out of the Gulf of Finland. Other reasons were alleged, but the one I allude to was the principal. The minutes of the proceedings were drawn up in due form, and signed by all the officers present. The meeting then separated, it having been previously agreed that copies of the minutes should be forwarded to the English and French Governments. Owing, however, to some cause,

not very clearly explained, no copy was that day sent by the French Admiral to his Government, he having received an assurance from Admiral Napier that the report of the meeting should be communicated by the English Government to that of France through the Ambassador. Before transmitting the minutes to England, Admiral Napier is said to have added a postscript, or written a separate despatch to the Admiralty, to the effect that the minutes contained the opinions of the officers of the squadron, but that these opinions were not in conformity with his own; and that, on the contrary, he thought the attack on Helsingfors and Sweaborg ought to be made at once. This despatch, or postscript, is stated not to have been communicated to the French Admiral. This officer became acquainted with the fact soon after; and without loss of time sent to his Government the minutes, which it appears he drew up from memory, aided by the officers who were present. In the meantime, the Imperial Government received from London the communication of the report as transmitted by Admiral Napier, with the Admiral's separate postscript, and the result was, that orders were at once sent by the Minister of Marine to Admiral Deschênes to commence the attack forthwith. Before anything could be done the communication made directly by the Admiral, and which contained the decision of the meeting of officers against the attack, reached the Government, who, no doubt convinced by the reasons submitted to them, at once sent counter-orders; and these counter-orders were in all probability those to which I alluded a few days since. This matter has, it is said, produced an unpleasant feeling among the officers of the fleets, though not by any means against each other."

At any rate the fleets are coming home without having gained anything in the Baltic except Bomarsund, and, perhaps—experience.

ANECDOTES OF ALMA.

EVERY day brings with it its budget of information of the "Battle." The contributions of intelligence from private hands are not among the least interesting histories of the events of the day. Every man of course has a personal history to tell; and many of them have a value outside the circle of families. We subjoin some selections:—

A SON'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.—The Honourable Hugh Annesley, of the Guards, was severely wounded, and he writes thus to his mother:—"The Light Division advanced to the attack, supported by the first division (Guards and Highlanders). They got across the river, and then advanced against the entrenchments. The 23rd was in column when the brigade of Guards charged in line. My company (4th) was next to the colours, and in the very centre of the line. We got up to within fifty yards of the ditch, when the regiment before us (which has had the three senior officers killed) turned right about, and came down in our face, thus breaking our line. We were about thirty paces then from the ditch, and the fire was so hot that you could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed. I kept on shouting; 'Forward, Guards!' to the few men that were not swept away by the —, when a ball came and stopped my mouth most unceremoniously. It entered the left cheek, and went out at the mouth, taking away the front teeth. I instantly turned to the rear, feeling it was about 100 to 1 against my ever getting there, as the bullets were whizzing round me like hail. I tripped, and thought it was all over with me. However, I got up again with the loss of my sword and bearskin, and at last got into the river, and out of fire. I had then another struggle on the other side, where grape and round shot were ploughing up the ground, and shells bursting; however, I stumbled on, and at last got out of fire, and sat down among wounded and dying soldiers and horses. The doctors gave me some water, and then were obliged to go to others; so when they left, I sat there for above half an hour before I could find out where our hospital was. At last an officer of the 10th, though wounded himself, gave me his arm, and took me to the Fusilier Hospital, where I got some water, and sat down to bathe my face. There were six or seven of our fellows there; one with five balls in him, another three, and a third with his leg broken. My servant got me some blankets, and then we got a stable, half-burned down, cleaned out, and five of us lay there for the night, very wretched as you may suppose, operations going on all round us. Some weak brandy and water and some tea were all we had. The shed we were in was a horrid thing—the heat, and dust, and flies intolerable; so in the morning four of us came down to the fleet, and I with two others am on board her Majesty's ship London. I had a hot bath and some arrowroot. I was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat since four o'clock A.M. the day before. The doctor says the swelling will soon go down; it's rather painful, of course, at present. . . . Poor B— came to see me in the hovel we were lying in, and burst into tears when he recognised me, I was so altered. Of course one cannot have an ounce of lead through one without swelling, and my face is like a good-sized turnip; my mouth much larger than I have any desire to see it in future. I do not suppose the ball could have hit me in any other part of the head where it would not have been attended with more danger—a most summary dentist

the ball was, to take out all my teeth at one smash, except four grinders (there was a decayed one, which I hope has gone with its brethren, but I can't make out yet if it has or not). There is a good bit of tongue gone also, but the doctors say that will not signify, and that I shall speak as plain as ever, or, at most, only with a becoming lisp; so, altogether, I think even you must allow that I have every reason to be thankful, and I hope you will not allow yourself to fret the least about me. Just as we were charging the great redoubt, I prayed 'O God! spare me!' and I really no more expected to return alive than if I had been tied to the cannon's mouth. Only fancy grape and canister being fired at us within thirty yards, besides a whole battalion letting drive as hard as they could into us. . . . I was close to Lindsey when the Queen's colour was smashed in his hand; there were twenty bullet holes in it, yet he was not touched. The doctor cannot say how long I shall be unfit for duty, but I shall try for leave to go to England soon. Strange, Jocelyn was the only officer commanding a company who was not struck by a ball. Seymour was not wounded, but hit in the watch, which saved his life. The Russian soldiers are savages: fancy their firing at our poor men when they were lying wounded on the ground—they even tried to stab some of them with their bayonets. One of our doctors was actually binding up a Russian's wound, when the man turned round and fired at him. Tell B— I shall, perhaps, have some shooting with him, this winter, after all. I shall, at least, try to get home. * * *

THE FUSILIER GUARDS' COLOURS.—Among the many daring exploits of the intrepid men by whose energy and unshaken courage the allied arms have been carried to the heights of the Alma, we have not heard of an instance which surpasses in cool daring the conduct of Lieutenants Lindsey and Thistlethwaite, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Queen's colour being carried by the former, and the regimental colour by the latter gentleman. At the moment before the heights were gained, and when the deadly struggle raged so fiercely as to make it almost impossible to tell friend from foe, the two lieutenants became separated from their battalion, and found themselves, with the four sergeants whose duty it was to support them, attacked by a body of Russians, whose commanding officer had led them against the colours. A desperate conflict ensued, the four sergeants quickly fell under a shower of balls. The Queen's colour, carried by Mr. Lindsey, was torn into stripes, being pierced by a cloud of bullets. The staff was shot in two; still the gallant officers persevered, and succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy who surrounded them. They were ably assisted, and at the right moment, by Captain Drummond, the adjutant of the regiment, whose horse was at that moment shot from under him. Captain Lindsey, seeing the danger to which the colours were exposed, rushed to the relief, and, with a revolver pistol, shot three of the assailants. The successful bearers of the standard escaped almost miraculously, and succeeded in planting their colours on the heights, which had been then but just won from the Russians, Mr. Lindsey having actually climbed the steep face of the hill with the aid of the broken staff, while he exultingly waved what remained of it, with her Majesty's colours, over his head. Neither this gallant gentleman nor his equally distinguished companion, Mr. Thistlethwaite, received any hurt.

A FIGHTING MILITARY SECRETARY.—Colonel Steele, Lord Raglan's military secretary, was for some time supposed to have fallen. Lord Raglan, in the heat of the fight, ordered him to ride to the brigade of Guards and give the order to advance, intending, of course, that, the order being given, he should return to his place with the staff. The moment was, however, too exciting for the hot blood of the military secretary, and, having given the order of his chief, he rushed forward himself with his old battalion, and did not again present himself to Lord Raglan until he came to announce that the field was won, and to ask forgiveness for the breach of orders of which he had been guilty in joining in the brilliant charge of the Guards which so largely aided in gaining the battle.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—A soldier of the 42nd Highlanders writes:—"After the battle, Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, and Sir Colin Campbell, the general of our brigade, with all the staff, came up to our regiment, and halted in front of the colours, which were unfurled, and complimented the regiment in a very gratifying manner, and said that we should be particularly mentioned in the Government despatches. The Duke also did us justice. Sir Colin Campbell was fairly overjoyed with his Highland brigade. He rode forward to Lord Raglan, and said that as he had been kind to him from his boyhood, that he wished to ask him one favour, and that was, that he would allow him to wear one of our feather bonnets, which request was granted him on the spot. Our Colonel Cameron declared afterwards that he did not know till then that he had such a regiment."

Another writer, a corporal of the 42nd, says:—"After the battle, the Duke himself came up the same as if he was one of our chums, and at the same time up comes a colonel on horseback—'I have to thank your Royal Highness for saving us to-day.' 'Oh,' says the Duke, 'you must not thank me, for these are the gentlemen that won the day, and saved you.' The colonel replied, 'And Sir Colin, too.' 'Ah,' says the Duke, 'Sir Colin

is a brick.' 'Ay,' says a sergeant of ours, 'and you are a brick yourself,' and so we gave them three times three."

LORD RAGLAN'S DEBT OF HONOUR.—A *mot* is attributed to Lord Raglan at Alma. When the armies were drawn up, the French officer who was in attendance on his Lordship for the purpose of communicating with the Marshal, made some observation upon the appearance of the French wing, to the right of the English. "Yes," said Lord Raglan, glancing at his empty sleeve, "France owed me an arm, and she has paid me."

UBIQUITY OF THE IRISH.—An Irish surgeon, writing to the *Freeman's Journal*, says:—"Very strange that every man I spoke to on the 21st was a countryman. I was often amused at their remarks—their elasticity and queer drollery never forsake them under the most trying or even awful circumstances. I observed to one fellow of the 23rd, who was looking among the slain for a lost comrade, 'You had hot work of it yesterday, my man?' 'Bedad, sir, you may say that; but we showed them as purty a bit of play as ever they had. I wish you were here to see us at them, sir; it would do your heart good.' I replied, 'That much as I admired the purty play, as he called it, I questioned if my heart would be a bit the gainer for being near them.' He agreed with me. And then to hear them in groups asking each other, 'Did you see Mick Connell or Thady Murphy this morning, or are they here? It was great to see Jim Sullivan walking into a lot of these *Rooshuns*!'"

ENTHUSIASM MAKES LIGHT WEIGHTS.—A private in the 7th Fusiliers writes home to his friends:—"The cannon shot came into our ranks in all manner of ways, but we advanced right through it, and through a river to get close to them. I was tired with carrying a load on my back before I got into the fight, but after I got through the river and into the fight, I did not feel the load at all, for I looked over my shoulder to see if I had it on my back, for it felt as if I had nothing on, and it was safe."

THE CONTENTS OF MENSCHIKOFF'S CARRIAGE.—A letter from an officer serving in the Crimea, dated Camp, Balaklava, September 28, 1854, states:—"Poor Menschikoff, who commanded, left behind him his carriage and horses, the former being full of boxes, containing most magnificent Hussar uniforms, and also portmanteaus of valuable articles. These were quickly ransacked. Watches and jewelry, arms, and fine clothing of every kind were found, which soon exchanged possessors in the persons of our men. The officers came in but for a small portion, though I deemed myself lucky in appropriating to my especial keeping a very compact and useful portmanteau, manufactured from the most esteemed Russia leather. Among the various articles found was a pair of white satin slippers, which made us suspect that the gallant chief was most agreeably attended in his campaign sojourning."

RUSSIAN ACCOUNTS FROM THE ALMA.—A Russian infantry officer, who fought at the Alma against the English, wrote an account to St. Petersburg thus:—"The battle (of the Alma) was discontinued on our side solely because our battalions would have been exposed to the fire of the English and French ship guns, which have a long range. The battle had for us no disadvantageous result, for the enemy required just as much time as we did to rally. The English, whom we had on our right wing, fought brilliantly; we could not deny them our admiration. The fire of the Minie rifles, with their long range, did us a good deal of mischief, and would have done us much more if the enemy had had better shots among them. Our antagonist has not as yet obtained the smallest advantage over us. The Prince (Menschikoff) is quite well, and the state of the troops very satisfactory. The Cossacks are constantly bringing in French marauders as prisoners, but it is a fact that we have as yet not taken a single English marauder. The old British Excellency (Lord Raglan) who commands up there must be keeping up good discipline."

THE FAMOUS FLANK MOVEMENT ON SEBASTOPOL.—An artillery officer gives a graphic description of the march toward Balaklava:—"We found ourselves on the 25th within a mile or so of the far-famed Sebastopol, when we all supposed we should encamp, and go to work in right earnest the day following. No such thing, however, took place, for we were ordered to move on, and at night we encamped in a dense bush, just two miles from the city. During the night came the thunder of artillery, as well as a sharp roll of musketry, which made us as active as squirrels; this, however, soon died away, and 'All's well' passed from one end of the camp to the other. The cause of alarm appeared to arise from some Cossacks having ventured somewhat near to the French lines, who found a warmer reception than they contemplated. When day dawned we were again on the march, turning aside from Sebastopol, our tactics being changed, as we were making a detour, so as to gain the other side of the city. To accomplish this engaged a two days' march, in consequence of the harbour taking a direction inland. On the first of these days we parted company with the French, and proceeded by a narrow road which led in a direction away from Sebastopol. This route led through the bush, ending in a long road which enclosed a large open space, where several roads meet. When within a mile of the above we heard several rounds fired from artillery, and presently an aide-de-camp rode through the wood and brought us the intelligence that the Russians were occupying the

space before us! This was a pretty fix for us to be in, for we (the Artillery) were alone, and no infantry to support us, and what rendered our position the more perplexing, we were in that part of the wood where we could not turn our guns. The firing, much to our relief, soon ceased, and we proceeded on as fast as possible, so as to clear ourselves from so unenviable a position, for had we been attacked by the Russian infantry or sharpshooters, nothing could have saved us either being shot down or made prisoners. We soon gained the open ground, and found that the enemy had retreated on our approaching them. It is said there were 15,000 of them going towards Anapa, for the object of bringing up reinforcements for the relief of Sebastopol. This intention was frustrated, and at the same time came in for some plunder; for, in their hurry to get away, they left behind them some waggons of ammunition, as also several bullock-carts full of meat and flour."

SIR DE LACY EVANS.—Extract of a letter from an officer in the Second Division, dated, Balakava, September 28th, 1854.—"Sir De Lacy Evans rode about in the thickest of the fire, as if he rather liked it. His arm is cut with a ball, but it is not serious."

RUSSIAN DESCENDANTS OF ENGLISHMEN.—The English troops have captured a Mr. Upton, an Englishman, resident in the Crimea. The gentleman is a son of an engineer employed on the works of Sebastopol, and resides in a comfortable country house in the suburbs of the town. Lord Raglan rode up to the house, ignorant of its occupant, and was much surprised at the appearance of one of his own countrymen. It was thought that much might be learnt from so intelligent and trustworthy a prisoner; he was accordingly carried off to the camp, where he will be treated with kindness in return for as much information as he can be induced to communicate.

EFFECTS OF A RUPTURE WITH AN OLD ALLY.—There is at this moment a curious exemplification of the consequences to individuals, of a breach with a Power with which we were so long on friendly terms. One of the bravest and ablest of the Russian admirals was the late Admiral Grieg, uncle of our respected fellow-citizen, Charles Grieg, Esq., surgeon. During the last war, as upon previous occasions, he served the Imperial House of Russia with eminent fidelity and courage, but being an Englishman he was never naturalised. Little dreaming, however, of a rupture with Great Britain, his sons have become naturalised subjects of the Czar, and hold high naval and military trusts: thus, one of them is at this moment in Sebastopol, serving as engineer there, while we believe English cousins of his are amongst the beleaguering forces holding commissions in her Majesty's army.

MENSCHIKOFF'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* contains the following intelligence in an extraordinary supplement:—

"General Prince Menschikoff gives an account to the Emperor, of the date of the 30th of September, to the effect that after having executed his flank movement from Sebastopol to Baktschi-Sarai, he was preparing to assume the offensive on the first favourable occasion. That plan promised so much the more success that the allies had divided their forces. Whilst the French were approaching the fortifications on the northern shore of the bay of Sebastopol, the English troops had proceeded by sea to Balaklava, where they had made a descent. Prince Menschikoff, on learning this, had advanced; but the French, avoiding the combat, had also abandoned the north of Sebastopol, and had proceeded to the south of the town to join their allies. On the 30th Prince Menschikoff had arrived with the greater part of his troops at the fortifications on the north, and had established himself there, waiting to see what the intentions of the enemy might be. Up to the 30th no operations had taken place."

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

PENDING the arrival of further accounts of the operations in the Crimea, a fertile source of controversy and discussion has arisen with regard to the duty which the country owes to those who suffer in their own persons in the war, as well as to the families of those who have perished in the conflict. No time has been lost in issuing a Royal Commission for conducting a Patriotic Fund, for the relief and assistance of those among our forces that need them. The members of the Commission are numerous, embracing men of every shade of political opinion, and every rank, comprising as it does the Prince Consort, the Dukes of Newcastle and Wellington, Lord Derby and Lord Aberdeen, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Nelson, the present and all past Secretaries at War, and the heads of departments of both army and navy; and the list is closed by the names of Mr. Hume, Mr. T. Baring, Mr. Hubbard, the Governor of the Bank, Mr. Wilson Patten, Mr. Peto, Mr. Burke Roche, and Mr. John Ball. Out of this body Executive and Finance Committees are to be formed, who are to assist in the organisation of Local Committees, and promote in every way the getting up of subscriptions, the application of which is to be entrusted to the Commission.

Meetings have been already held in St. John's

Wood, and at Windsor, and in a number of other districts; and Local Committees have been formed for carrying out the objects of the Patriotic Fund.

This fund has for its object only the relief of the orphans and widows of those who may fall in the present war; and the public sympathy has been actively roused for another object which is of the most pressing character. The accounts of the condition of the wounded, after the battle of the Alma, which have appeared in the various newspapers, have aroused a feeling of mixed commiseration and indignation, which has resulted in an active movement for their relief, and contributions are flowing in (at present only to the *Times* newspaper), while the journals are inundated with letters on the subject. All classes are coming forward. Rich men give their 200l., and 100l., and 50l., and 25l.; widows, their mite; workmen, their day's wages; soldiers and sailors, their day's pay; while accusations against the Government for neglect are loud and deep.

In our impression of last week we gave a full account, gathered from various sources, of the condition of the wounded, on the field, on board the ships, and at Scutari.

On the other hand, the Government has no lack of defenders. Mr. Guthrie, the celebrated surgeon, has protested against the misdirection of private benevolence to an object for which the Government have fully provided. It is stated that large additional numbers of medical men are on their way to the seat of war, and will be followed by more; and that the supplies of all that the sick and wounded could require are already ample on the spot, and that all necessities are continually being sent out. The Training Institution for Nurses is about to send out a body of nurses to Constantinople. Dr. Smith, the Director General of the Army and Ordnance Medical Department, has forwarded a lengthy document to the papers, in which he states:—

"As much misapprehension seems to exist as to the sufficiency of medical attendants, and of medical stores and supplies with the army and in the hospitals in the East, and as great anxiety has thereby been caused to the relatives of the sick and wounded, the accompanying papers show the numbers of medical officers, and the quantity of medicine and hospital stores, which have been forwarded from this country at different times since the 24th February last.

In a Memorandum, respecting medical stores supplied to the army in the East, the Director-General also states that:—

"The number of medical officers with the British forces in the East, at the time of the battle of the Alma, was 276—being 1 to every 97 of strength. In the Peninsula the number of medical officers was 1 to every 154 of strength.

"At the present moment there are 30 more medical officers on their way to Constantinople, and 15 more are waiting embarkation.

"Dr. Smith is happy in being able to state confidently that the medical officers at Scutari (he believes 21 in number) have at their command everything necessary to the treatment of the wounded soldier; hence there is no necessity whatever for any effort being made by the public to send out to Constantinople, lint, old linen, &c."

Here follows a list of requisite articles already sent out, immense in amount; to which is added another formidable list of more that is going. Dr. Smith also states the means for the conveyance of the wounded to be as follows:—

"Bearers, or stretchers, 780; spring carts, on two wheels, built according to the directions of Mr. Guthrie, 20; spring waggons, on four wheels, 20; Flanders waggons, 20.

"Each of the men employed in removing the wounded from the field is to carry a haversack-like bag filled with water.

"Each waggon is capable of carrying from the field, or from field hospitals to hospitals in the rear, ten persons, namely, four badly, and six slightly wounded men, each in a separate compartment. By this arrangement every individual will be insured against inconvenience or injury from his immediate neighbours, which would, did no partitions exist, certainly prove most detrimental, especially to weakly and severely wounded men who might have to be transported along an irregular broken or sloping road, or over a country where no roads exist.

"The Flanders waggons are intended for the carriage of bedding, stores, &c., to be used in field hospitals; and in the event of their not proving sufficient for the purpose, the waggons intended for the transport of sick and wounded are capable of being quickly dismantled internally, and made available to supply the deficiency. They, like the others, are placed on springs, and in case of necessity can also be used for the carriage of sick and wounded.

"In addition to the before-mentioned supply, each corps is provided with a regimental and with a detachment medicine chest, each chest amply furnished with medicines and surgical materials, according to the regulations of the service, also with a box of apparatus for fractures and dislocations.

"The surgeon of the corps has a full set of capital instruments; the senior assistant a portable set; the surgeon and three assistants each a case of pocket instruments, and a case of lancets: there are likewise, for general use, a set of cupping instruments and a stomach pump.

"The slightly wounded are accommodated towards the front of the carriage, placed back to back, separated from each other by wooden partitions, and prevented from falling outwards by each compartment being provided with a chain covered with leather, to be passed across the chest, when the seat is occupied, with a view as well to safety as support. The badly wounded, extended on elastic stretchers 6 feet 6 inches long and 2 feet wide, are placed behind, and, as already stated, in separate compartments, into or out of which the stretchers glide with facility, from their being provided with rollers. Each of the compartments is fitted with a ventilator from end to end, which can be closed or opened by the person lying on the stretcher.

"A waterproof roof, supported on wood hoops, covers the body of the carriage, and under it is a depository for firelocks, knapsacks, caps, accoutrements, &c. There is also under the seats for the slightly wounded men a large capacious locker, in which may be placed water sacks—for barrels soon become useless, especially if exposed to weather and sun—bedding, and other articles, which the medical officers of the army may consider as likely to be useful; and under the hinder part of the waggon is a convenient box, in which medicines, instruments, &c., can be carried if required.

"At the back part of each vehicle there are two iron brackets, which fold down to support a stretcher, and so afford the means of forming a convenient table. This plan I from the first preferred to one which was strongly urged on me, namely, to form a table by placing a stretcher across two panniers."

So much for the care of the Government, which is borne out by the testimony of Lieutenant Foster, of the 95th, who was himself in the military hospital at Scutari. He says:—

"I saw the wounded arrive from the Crimea. I went on board the *Andes* and the *Vulcan*.

"The wounded in both ships were very well cared for; there were awnings and screens to protect them from the weather, and each man had his cot, bed, and blankets. The wounded officers had also been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and I heard no complaints whatever. On the contrary, all, both officers and men, were ready to testify to the unremitting attention, and the extreme kindness and humanity of the overworked medical officers.

"Further, I visited the wounded after their removal to the hospital at Scutari. I spent hours with them, and I can safely say that, with the exception of those who were only slightly wounded, and who were assisting their less fortunate brethren in arms, every man had a comfortable bed, and all necessary attention and care bestowed by the medical officers and attendants.

"The wounded officers, in my hearing, frequently expressed their satisfaction with the arrangements made for them. When any one of them uttered a cry of pain, at once was a medical officer by his side.

"Nothing could exceed the devoted attention of the medical staff to the wounded, both officers and men. No distinction was made, all were treated alike (the officers being in separate wards), and all fared well—as well, nay, much better than might have been expected."

And he adds that there was a "profusion of medical stores of every kind at Scutari."

A public meeting to form a "Wounded Soldier's Aid Society," was called at Exeter-hall, for Tuesday last, but only three ladies and four or five gentlemen attended, and the meeting was adjourned. Major Powys took the opportunity of asking the public not to send large boxes of lint and rags to the office of the Association for the Relief of Soldiers' Wives and Children, as it was blocked up with such articles.

Accounts from all parts of the United Kingdom show that the movement in aid of the Patriotic Fund will be universal and hearty.

On Thursday evening the Polytechnic Institution gave the proceeds of a special entertainment to the Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Soldiers in the East. The Earl of Shaftesbury was the patron of the evening, and addressed a very large assembly. Major Powys and other gentlemen also spoke. There was an unusual variety in the entertainment provided, and the band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance. The addition to the Fund from this source will be considerable.

NURSES FOR THE EAST.—The following has appeared in the papers by authority:—

"We are authorised to state that Mrs. Nightingale, who has been for some time acting as superintendent of the Ladies' Hospital, at No. 1, Upper Harley-street, has undertaken to organise a staff of female nurses, who will at once proceed with her to Scutari at the cost of the Government, there to act under her directions in the English Military Hospital, subject, of course, to the

authority of the chief medical officer of the establishment. Mrs. Nightingale will herself select the persons who will accompany her, and will recommend them to the War-office for certificates, without which certificates, of course, no one will be admitted to the hospitals. After her departure, arrangements will be made for the granting of certificates upon the recommendation of persons to whom Mrs. Nightingale will have delegated the duty, to such additional number as may, from time to time, be forwarded to Scutari upon her requisition. By this arrangement it is hoped that much confusion and disappointment may be prevented, it being obviously impossible in any hospital, but especially in a military hospital, to admit as nurses any persons offering themselves, without any proof or evidence of their possessing the knowledge, experience, and general capacity requisite for duties so difficult and so responsible, and the willingness to submit implicitly to the regulations of one central authority."

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following list of killed and wounded of the rank and file of the regiments engaged at the Alma, has been published in an *Extraordinary Gazette*.

The following regiments were engaged:—

13th Light Dragoons, Royal Artillery, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Scotch Fusilier Guards, 4th Foot, 7th Foot, 19th Regiment, 21st Regiment, 23rd Regiment, 30th Regiment, 33rd Regiment, 41st Regiment, 42nd Regiment, 44th Regiment, 47th Regiment, 49th Regiment, 55th Regiment, 77th Regiment, 79th Regiment, 88th Regiment, 93rd Regiment, 95th Regiment, 1st Battalion of Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion of Rifle Brigade.

NOMINAL RETURNS OF CASUALTIES OF THE ACTION OF 20TH SEPTEMBER, 1854.

13TH LIGHT DRAGOONS.—No return received.
(No casualties appear to have occurred in this regiment. See *Extraordinary Gazette* of October 8, 1854.)

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

KILLED.

Troop or battery E, battalion 3, William Mortlock, corporal; G 11, Alexander Laing, wheeler; E 3, Samuel Beck, s. smith; H 11, Ezekiel Denny, gunner and driver; B 3, John Greatrix, ditto; B 3, George Beech, ditto; B 3, John Hamilton, ditto; W 11, William Crew, ditto; C R.H.A., Joseph Perkins, driver.

WOUNDED.

Troop or battery A, battalion 8, J. Wass, sergeant; A 8, Samuel Martin, ditto; A 8, James Paisley, gunner and driver; E 3, Henry Bradley, ditto; E 3, George Radcliffe, ditto; E 3, Patrick Brennan, ditto; E 3, Henry Harris, ditto; W 11, John Holland, ditto; G 11, J. Jones, bombardier; G 11, G. Poole, gunner and driver; G 11, D. Rea, ditto; B 3, James Reid, corporal; B 3, James Grilly, gunner and driver; B 3, John Wallis, ditto; B 3, Edward Wadsworth, ditto; B 3, Andrew Robinson, ditto; B 3, J. B. McCann, ditto; W 11, George Copeland, ditto.

GRENADIER GUARDS (3RD BATTALION).

KILLED.

Privates.—William Gordon, Charles Gillard, Noah Gosling, Daniel Palmer, James Baker, Henry Firman, Noah Fishlock, James Broad, Nehemiah Smith, William Rowe, John Champion.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—Henry Russell, John Cranfield, Joseph Coles.
Corporals.—Thomas Edmondson, William Rodger, Henry Martin, Benjamin Massey, Thomas Burrow.
Privates.—William Moore, George Felsham, Robert Baker, Henry Coles, James Moulden, Elijah Robey, John Durber, Thomas Cunliffe, John Powell, George Wheeler, James Hilton, Thomas Burrow, Henry Badcock, Joseph Gibling, Frederick James, John Ricketts, William Steel, James Varney, Thomas Harter, Robert Farmer, John Young, Henry Lamb, Abraham Willmott, Charles Shaw, James Buck, James Star, John Woodward, Austin Woodman, William Dury, Samuel Miller, James Kelly, Joseph Hill, Jeremiah Copley, James Naginton, William Stone, William Pointer, James Talbot, John Wood, Charles Goodenham, John Butler, William Farmer, Robert Gorrett, Samuel Little, William Moody, William Men, Samuel Nichols, William Robins, Thomas Riley, Robert Widdam, John Alexander, Giles Lewis, Thomas Leary, William Palmer, Thomas Shergold, James Pearce, George Maskall, Thomas Reading, John Harrison, Jacob Young, George Smith, Joseph Tomlinson, Thomas Rolfe, Charles Hatter, Samuel Barrett, Edward Griffiths, Isaiah Hawkins, Robert Smith, James Lingeson, Robert Pitcher, John Bevers, George Buck, George Marshall, James Smith, 1st, Laurence Hall, Edward Panting, William Carter, William Leat, James Smith, Thomas Smith, Henry Reeves, John West, William Fellows, John Martin, William Minter, Francis Wright, Joseph George, Thomas Banting, Henry Curzon, Robert Martin, Henry Salter, Thomas Stone, Henry Hope, Robert Drew, George Hett, George Brettan, William P. Skinner, James Rawlinson, William Alling, Elias Ball, William Boatson, John Entwistle, William Muffli, William Mitchell, James Martin, Richard Margutts, George Oates, Thomas Pithouse, George Spencer.

1ST BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

KILLED.—None.

WOUNDED.

Privates.—Charles Butcher, George Bess, David Clow, W. Clatworthy, William Farrant, Jonathan Flint, John Hatton, George Holland, Joseph Hopkins, Nebr. Jeffries, Edmund Jenkinson, James Lilley, Robert Winter, Robert Milburn, William Newell, William Nicholas, John Rutter, William Sprout, Fred. Southcott, William Smith, William Spark, William Scrutton, Charles Woods, William Warman, John Yeo, E. M. Creagh, John Groom.

1ST BATTALION SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS.

KILLED.

Sergeants.—Francis Robbie, Joseph Lane, Nicholas Lane.
Corporals.—John Blythe, James Seaton, Alexander Dickson.

Privates.—Alexander Aird, Frederick Blake, George Davis (3665), Robert Forbes, Thomas W. Hogg, William Miln, John Main, George Payne, John Richardson, George Satchwell.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Corporals.—Isaac Bond, William Bailey.

Privates.—Francis Cole, Henry Cobden, George Duff, William Martin (3429), Frederick Moore, J. S. Ogilvie, Thomas Phillips, Edward Pelham, John Stanley, William Stokes, Archibald Smith.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—Richard Bye, Peter Chalmers, Andrew Gair, George McLeod, James Seers, George Stewart, John Vatter, William McGregor, Morgan Jones, James McKeckine, William Frost, John Stratton, James Charleston.

Corporals.—James Adams, Daniel Cameron, John Craw, Joseph Falk, Colin Gilchrist, James Millard, George Smith, Joseph Poynty, William Stewart.

Drummer.—Alexander Anderson.

Privates.—Joseph Adkins, Stephen Ayling, David Anderson, Thomas Black, Thomas Balcanquhal, Charles Bowley, Andrew Brenner, Robert Bordon, George Biddlecombe, George Brown, Wm. Boyd, Andrew Brodie, Alexander Black, George Cross, Alfred Carpenter, Joseph Coulter, John Cameron (3rd co.), Wm. McChire, John Cameron, Peter Craigie, Robert Don, William Douglas, George Duncan, Daniel Dare, George Ester, Warin Eskins, Brice Frapp, James Findlay, Thomas Gordon, John Gatehouse, Robert Geddes, David Harris, William Hill, John Hobbs, Robert Holloway, Alexander Hannah, Robert Johnstone, William Joy, Richard Jones, Francis Loader, Edward Little, Wm. Lawrence, Henry Lawrence, jun., John R. Moore, William McLagan, Thomas McLeary, Thomas McRoberts, George McLeod, James Mesher, John Mitchell, Andrew Morton, Wm. McPherson, Patrick McKeero, James McGhee, John Morris, George Ower, Thomas Owen, Henry Organ, James Oak, James Payne, George Pulley, John Parker, Thomas Presdie, Joseph Page, Thomas Phillips (5th co.), Elijah Richens, Alexander Ross, Peter Raffil, Frederick W. Rogers, William Scott, John Slow, George Sked, Richard Smith, George Saywell, Alexander Shaw, Thomas Wood, Thomas Walters, James Wylie, George Watts, Thomas Willson, James Walker, John Ward, James Wilson, Charles Weller, James Warren, George Warner, Robert Whitton, James Young, John Young, John Austins, James Alexander, John Burns, Thomas Bywater, Sinclair Bruce, John Corben, George Clinton, Hugh Fergusson, John Flint, John Hiscok, John Johnstone, Daniel Lindsay, George Lindores, George Leslie, William McNeil, James Munsie, Thomas Parry, Charles Ross, Robert Smith, James Scott, Joseph Workman, Thomas Paine, James Gibson, James Henry.

4TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.—None.

WOUNDED.

Privates.—Leonard Warden, Michael Corry, Thomas Saunders, James Bright, John Silverthorn, Robert Hubison, Michael Meakle, John Williams.

MISSING.

Privates.—Garrett Cordon, Michael Curley, William Kennedy.

7TH ROYAL FUSILIERS.

KILLED.

Colour-Sergeant.—Joshua Purcell.

Sergeant.—Eli Everett.

Corporals.—Robert Wickfield, Charles Elliott.

Privates.—James Bowman, George Clinton, Jesse Jones, Henry Woolford, William Bennett, Christopher Calverley, Joseph Irwin, John Barstow, John Bisgrove, Joseph Chappel, John Dance, John Guest, John Harris, Henry Wilson, Hugh Ambler, William Ball, Robert Cooper, Richard Ilett, John Jackson, James McDonald, James McKearnon, James Parke, William Todd, Robert Bates, William McCloy, Alexander Bridges, William Crook, Rich. Green, John Robinson, James Swales, Mich. Tyrrell, William Brown, Abraham Thompson, William Barnett.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—John Kirkby, John Potham, James Whitaker, Chris. Barry, Arthur S. Charter, John Donnelly, John Mealia, Richard Newcombe, William Latimer, Simeon Mud, Fredk. Rowe, Joseph Buckley, William Hainsworth, George Vincent, John Coulter, Lemuel George, John Duggan, Owen Connolly.

Corporals.—William Maitland, William Senior, George Whittle, George Burrows, John Fawcett, Henry Williams, Philip Frost, James Downes, John G. Creighton, Chrstr. Severs.

Privates.—Whitfield Brett, Elliott Brook, George Broughton, James Carver, Peter Clarke, Manasseh Dennison, Paul Faran, John Goodhall, George Gouge, Andrew Hardacre, John Harrison, Thomas Hanley, Mark Hinchcliffe, William Hill, David Knight, John Lees, Patrick Bannan, Michl. McCarthy, Isaac Paice, John Painter, Patrick Sheridan, William Small, Charles Green, John Bath, Robert Burgess, Thomas Burke, Denis Cleary, Owen Curry, Charles Frewen, Thomas Hicks, Joshua Huggon, George Lent, Thomas Lovall, Patrick M'Hugh, Patrick McNamara, Michl. Meleady, Thomas Mead, John O'Connor, Richard Serjeant, Charles Winters, James Withers, Charles Boyle, Robert Cove, James Cumming, Michl. Dean, James Coussell, George Day, Francis Dowling, Walter Duffy, John Y. Fry, Archd. Garvin, William Gaynor, William Godding, Thomas Goldsmith, James Garmley, James Lang, John Lawrence, William Manham, Thomas Richardson, Patrick Boyle, William Britton, Joseph Carter, Thomas Court, John Harden, James Higgin, Richard Howard, Charles Hurling, William Ferns, William Kerr, Robert Luce, William Lynch, Thomas McGragh, James Rodman, Henry Sherlock, William Skeith, George Spoorth, Richard Staddon, James Tattersall, William Trainor, Charles Tyson, Charles Williams, Henry Pyo,

Daniel Bamford, Goodyair Bowles, Luke Bramwell, Henry Martin, John Driscoll, Thomas Gunter, Thomas Holmes, Henry Jenkins, Thomas Nicholson, William Sheppard, George Mawson, John Clarkson, Robert Clements, Ambrose Coleman, William Field, Thomas Harris, Charles Hammand, John Hart, John Lindsay, John Mason, James Moan, George Phillips, Samuel Sage, Adam Wilson, William Henry Wood, James Bartley, James Dempsey, James Giles, Henry Gardiner, Edward Lawrence, Patrick Martin, J. W. G. Peake, Francis Porter, John Ryans, Charles Smith, Joseph Timms, Benjamin Ward, Robert Williamson, Robert Wallace, George Battison, John Crawley, John Degnan, Thomas Gale, John Hardman, John Herd, William M'Vity, Joseph Hodson, John Nason, James Mole, Owen Smith, Thomas Hargaden, George Roach, John Sheridan, John Mullin, Joseph Johnson, William Dawson, John Carroll, Henry Jackson.

Drummer.—Michl. Huston.

MISSING.

Privates.—David Askwith, James Field.

19TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Corporal.—Robert Hines.

Drummer.—Joseph Calkin.

Privates.—William Stillwell, Frederick Giles, Thomas Pye, Patrick Gaynor, Thomas McNicholl, Thomas Furnival, Luke Spencer, George Bastion, Daniel Quinn, William Brown, Lawrence Griffin, Reese Jones, John Leara, William Thomas, Henry Allen, John Blackburn, John Doherty, Edward Scanlan, Thomas Baker, Charles Conway, Terence Downes, Aron Eatell, William Fitzpatrick, James Hanlon, John Hitchcock, Richard Avery, John Dobbins, Thomas Doyle, Michael Kelcher, George Luttrell, Peter Lynam, Joseph Scullen, William Walsh, Walter Ward, Alexander Young, Samuel Reeves.

WOUNDED.

Colour-Sergeant.—William Rawding.

Sergeants.—James Rawding, Patrick Daly, F. Arthur, John Carville, George Hardgrave, John Smith, Frederick Lee, Charles Price, Finlan Bergin.

Corporals.—Thomas Farrar, William Brombley, William Pope, John Fain, Matthew Young, Patrick Barlow, John Annon, John Alwell, John Brown, Thomas Cox, Michael Connors, John Fagg, Andrew Buchanan, John Lloyan, William Volsey, Thomas Maddigan, Francis Murray, James Dodds, Richard Adkinson.

Drummer.—Thomas McCarthy.

Privates.—Patrick Byrne, James Darsey, William Eade, William Jones, Stephen Farise, John Williams, Thomas Lacey, William Smith, 1st, R. Newcom, R. Roberts, John Rogers, John Butler, William Liddle, John Brennan, John Nicholson, John Parker, Michael Conolly, Michael Creswell, Richard Davis, James Harriss, Francis Lyons, Richard Morgan, William Collett, Patrick Cowan, George Grant, Denis Lyons, William Taite, Peter Young, James Sault, Maurice Donohoe, John Jolly, Paul Peel, Francis Armstrong, William O'Hare, Daniel Davis, Thomas Scanlon, James Carroll, James Goulding, Thomas Jones, Michael Neale, James Watson, John Jarvis, William Barrett, Charles Aistin, James Alderdice, William Andrews, William Bailey, Patrick Biggins, John Blythe, Michael Burke, Patrick Campbell, Robert Campbell, Henry Candling, Thomas Chadwick, John Clare, Joseph Clarke, Martin Doolan, Thomas Donoghoe, William Doran, William Gooch, Michael Horrigan, Patrick Kehoe, Hugh McNamara, Patrick McNamara, John McNearney, Michael Noonan, Michael Moroney, Thomas Bailey, George Jeffries, William Battison, William Harris, Lawrence Hickey, Thomas McElroy, William McGuigan, James Taylor, William Walsh, Edward Munell, John Camion, Thomas Wheatley, Philip Gaffney, Elijah Fenaher, John Hanlon, Patrick Hayes, James Henry, James Hurley, John Keating, James Leonard, Patrick Moloney, Andrew Murphy, Michael Morris, Henry Peacocke, Edward Rafarley, Michael Shannon, Thomas Williams, James Brophy, Patrick Carso, Edward Edwards, Richard Hearon, Michael Hurst, William Kelly, Peter Logan, Michael McCall, Thomas Martin, Richard Pitman, John Parker, John Salan, John Sweeny, Thomas Turner, John Vines, James Wall, Thomas McGuire, John Mullins, Jeremiah Houraghan, William Burke, Martin Doolan, James Carroll, Thomas Higgins, William Smith, Peter Quigley, William Turner, Michael Foley, J. Connolly, Wm. Harrison, Michael O'Brien, Charles Carroll, Aaron Smith, T. Downes, B. Raffles, J. Sullivan, J. Murphy, T. Murphy, T. Murdagh, P. Purcell, W. Rawson, G. Richards, John Sheppard, Jacob Solomon, William Twomey, John Walker, Thomas White, William Dubage.

MISSING.

Privates.—John Hennessy, Jas. Stephens, Bernd. Rourke, John Boland, Patrick Lawler, George Richards.

21ST REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Private.—Thomas Dorrick.

23RD ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

KILLED.

Sergeant-Major.—H. Jones.

Colour-Sergeant.—R. Hitchcock.

Sergeant.—F. Edwards.

Drummer.—J. Collins.

Privates.—G. Dobson, T. Maloney, J. Wells, O. Barnett, M. Cluck, J. Grooms, J. Handrahan, H. Hine, L. Kelly, J. Lynch, P. Peterson, T. Seymour, J. Harrington, J. Knightley, E. Jones, T. Lynch, H. Marsh, T. Owens, E. Williams, J. Badcock, J. Hall, John Fry, H. Husband, W. Lanes, W. Martin, D. Povey, J. Powell, T. Randall, J. Stevens, James Fry, J. Williams, S. Draper, H. Goddard, G. Lowman, T. Spiller, R. Walters, T. Conroy, G. Evans, J. Evans.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—J. Hill, J. Burke, E. Smith, J. Walsh, P. Norris, T. Lloyd, C. Bulford, L. O'Connor, J. Kerr.
Corporals.—W. Hall, H. Devonshire, J. Powell, S. Horner, J. Ludgate, J. Mason, D. Williams, S. Windsor, W. Cluck, J. Jones, D. Payne, T. Wills.

Drummers.—E. Cleville, J. Wooley, C. Bampton, J. Royal.

Privates.—J. Baker, J. Beechey, M. W. Clarke, W. Cross, W. Cruize, L. Curley, O. Davis, W. Dunnecliffe, T. Edwards, D. Evans, W. Horn, H. Hurlstone, A. James, W. Lampey, M. Maityard, E. Major, W. Milden, T. Mullins, T. O'Gorman, J. Rooney, J. Smith, W. Squires, P. Back, W. Batts, J. Clarey, J. Gibson, J. Gullock, E. Harris, T. Smith, J. Smith, W. Stone, J. Wilkinson, J. Allen, W. Allen, C. Baker, J. English, S. Gibbs, G. Goslin, T. Harrison, W. Hunt, W. Jordan, W. Newman, J. Poulton, G. Tee, C. Thrupp, J. Walker, W. Anderson, T. Archer, J. Bowles, J. Collins, W. Evans, W. H. Floyd, W. Fletcher, W. Gammon, R. Johnstone, T. Kinchen, A. Martin, T. Moody, T. Keycroft, D. Twinning, T. Webb, D. Birch, H. Chalk, T. Clulee, T. Conolly, H. Collett, T. Gittins, — Hodgetts, J. Hughes, T. Millington, J. Mitchell, W. Murray, J. Raily, C. Ryan, J. J. Shawe, R. Swadling, A. Walden, H. Wilton, C. Wotton, G. Howarth, W. Andrews, B. Blaney, T. Buntler, W. Burrows, C. Davies, J. Egan, T. Elliott, J. Keogh, J. Rielly, A. McDonald, A. McKeen, T. Murray, W. Neal, W. Pavey, J. Porter, G. Shields, T. Tuite, H. Wall, J. Walls, J. Brady, J. Glass, G. Lush, R. Baggs, R. Bennett, W. Braden, J. Burrows, J. G. Diccote, E. Ghent, T. Hall, W. Hill, S. Jones, W. Moore, M. Pudwell, H. Price, G. Rolf, W. Simpson, J. Sackett, T. Taylor, J. Geary, J. Harris, J. Ingham, D. Lillnord, C. Page, W. Patience, G. Brookland, T. Owens, G. Nicholls.

MISSING.

Privates.—T. Thomson, J. Warburton.

30TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Corporal.—Robert Emery.

Privates.—Alexander Beattie, Robert Bell, Henry Childers, Michael Gaffney, Joseph Henshaw, Robert Jackson, Donald McInness, Thomas McNally, George Mitchie, John Vokes.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—Nicholas Day, Dominick Lydon.

Corporals.—Samuel McFadden, John Page, James Sweeney.

Drummer.—John Bolds.

Privates.—Hugh Anderson, George Barker, Thomas Bookley, James Britt, John Burley, Martin Byrne, John Chamberlain, John Clancy, Thomas Clarke, 1st, John Conolly, John Connor, 2nd, Walter Cook, Patrick Corcoran, Thomas Davis, 1st, William Dean, Elijah Denton, Thomas Devlin, Peter Dyer, Samuel Elliott, David Ferrier, Michael Foley, Michael Carrahan, Henry Goddard, Patrick Grady, William Hale, Harry Hardy, John Hardy, 2nd, Martin Hartney, Thomas Healy, Patrick Higgins, John Hodson, Daniel Hogan, Thomas Isberwood, Thomas Judd, John Kershaw, David Laing, Charles Lockrey, William Luton, David McCabe, Francis Miller, William Moriarty, Edmond Murphy, Thomas Needham, James Newton, James Oxenham, William J. Pairson, James Payne, Francis Ready, James Brooke, 1st, Alexander Smith, John Smith, 14th, Samuel Stratton, Thomas Tindall, Robert Venn, Robert Walker, Richard Walsh, George Wilson.

33RD REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Colour-Sergeant.—Charles Byrne.

Sergeants.—Pharaoh Feather, William Ryan.

Corporals.—William Bates, Maurice Ward, Henry Crossley, William Bennett, John G. Lee, William Websdell, Alexander Haines.

Privates.—Francis Ball, Samuel Barnes, Patrick Grady, Joshua Shepherd, William Shackleton, James Sullivan, George Anderson, Mark Barber, Thomas Brown, George Crabtree, George Osborne, Robert Allune, Martin Mulkerrin, William Bassett, James Butcher, John Calnan, Charles Masters, Peter Horey, John Spencer, John Stebbings, George Bettie, Martin Carty, Edward Corrigan, Henry Fatters, Thomas Hogan, James Hoyle, George Hunt, William Mullen, John Riddle, Fred. Woolhouse, John Woodward, James Dare, George Skeggs, James Doyle, Martin Higgins, James Lacy, James Quin, William Smith, Thomas Suttie, Charles Beete, Thomas Hopkins, Robert Monaghan, Joseph Stott, William Smith, James Whitty.

WOUNDED.

Colour-Sergeants.—George Spense, William Mason, Thomas Bairstow, William Sugden.

Sergeants.—Robert Forsyth, Robert Vince, Thomas Checkley, Elisha Hancock, George Townsend, Richard Giles, Edward Morton, Herbert Gilbert, Robert Felmingham, Patrick Hoare, James Cockcroft, William Keane.

Corporals.—James Cairray, William Weir, Alex. S. Little, John Dagley, Richard Wood, William Sutton, John Webb, William Stewart, Charles Lawder, James Blake, George Newcombe.

Drummers.—John McHugh, John Cassidy.

Privates.—Thomas Banyards, Patrick Brazzell, William Denson, William Broome, William Clarke, Patrick Conroy, Charles Cotton, James Daley, Thomas Dermody, Andrew Davies, John Gillespie, John Giles, James Griffin, William Handslip, Michael Mara, Michael Moran, Michael Moriarty, Robinson Parker, James Russell, Charles Woodward, Patrick Finn, John Quinlan, James Cairns, William Austen, Joseph Merriott, Patrick O'Brien, Thomas Craig, James Anderson, Jeremiah Burns, Peter Cassidy, Henry Cassidy, James Green, Mathew Holloran, Henry Iredale, Charles Jackson, John Kelly, Patrick Kiely, John Mac Dermott, John McLaren, Edward Porter, George Rowell, William Rushworth, George Stainley, Andrew Seery, James Bryan, Thomas Benzley, William Burton, John Hilton, Sidney Edmonds, John Flahavan, John Glover, John Herson, Thomas Henderson, William Howarth, Richard Graham, Thomas Lyons, Henry Jones, William Philipps, Thomas Riley, Martin Riedy, Thomas Parnell, Daniel Fitzpatrick, Edward Stanton, James Shea, Thomas Caple, Aaron Richards, George Marshall, John Barrett, Patrick Fisher, John Green, Michael Fahey, Patrick Hackett, Robert Johnston, William Knight, George Lamb, Thomas Morrissey, Henry Miller, John O'Brien, Patrick McLaughlin, John Quinn, Wil-

liam Thompson, Michael Walsh, Michael Whelan, Richard Whitworth, William Brown, Michael Delamuty, Arthur Branagan, Patrick Clarke, Frederick Deaton, Thomas Fitzharris, George Killick, Thomas Kneale, Bernard M'Combish, James Robins, David Roberts, Stephen Rohan, Herbert Sunters, Thomas Spraggins, Robert Taylor, Joseph Rogers, William Ward, William Walkley, James Gilmartin, Alexander Purvis, Patrick Bond, Thomas Carroll, Michael Carty, Jeremiah Crowley, James Fitzgerald, Patrick Foley, John Foster, John Gascoigne, Michael Goode, Martin Hoey, Michael Hoolahan, William Lindsay, William M'Gaw, John M'Mahon, Job Mayer, Henry Peard, John Pearman, Isaac Nuttall, John James, William Aldred, Charles Biddle, Henry Bradley, Michael Gardiner, Patrick Hogan, John Jackson, William Keenan, Alfred Merriott, James Deerey, Mark Morris, William Pennfeather, George Penneston, Roger Whittaker, Thomas Woodhouse, Joseph Dunn, Thomas Whitehead, Henry Beebee, Jonas Briggs, Patrick Cranley, Thomas Connell, John Davis, James Gaffney, Patrick Hogan, 1st, Patrick Hogan, 2nd, James Hughes, Simeon Longstaff, John Ogden, James Power, Philip Power, John Quinn, Thomas Reader, Henry Smith, Allen Shaw, James Tracey, John Mayes, Robert Kirk.

SINCE DEAD.

Privates.—James Allen, Thomas Pelling.

MISSING.

Private.—J. Minneagh.

41ST REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Privates.—John Holmes, Michael Hughes, Joseph Lefevre, Samuel Putland.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant.—Philip Rees.

Corporal.—David Jones.

Privates.—George Brown, Michael Flannigan, Thomas Hannon, George Cox, John Pender, Stephen Bradley, Jesse Burtonsbail, Michael Cullinan, James Byrnes, James Johnston, Patrick Lawler, Wm. I. Walton, Walter Ewins, James Fowler, David Jones, Andrew Kelly, William Lamb, Wm. M'Goldrick, Denis Naughton, John Kennedy, John Skinner.

42ND REGIMENT HIGHLANDERS.

KILLED.

Privates.—John Macleod, David Hart, Neil Campbell, Richard Fadden, William M'Kenzie.

SINCE DEAD.

Privates.—Thomas Elliott, Donald M'Donald.

WOUNDED.

Colour-Sergeant.—James Louden.

Sergeant.—James Stewart.

Privates.—Thomas Lvall, Alexander Forbes, William Hunter, William Fraser, John Higgle, Andrew Lyon, William Taylor, Archibald M'Alpin, Benjamin Norfolk, Henry Hamilton, William M'Math, John Park, Thomas Leitch, William Barber, Adam Laidlaw, William Forrester, John Buchanan, George Butler, Alexander Duncan, James M'Donald, John M'Nish, Robert Michie, George Johnstone, Timothy Lynch, George Howinson, Alex. Robertson, Peter Fraser, Wm. Cruickshanks, William King, John Graham, James Skene, David Muir.

44TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Private.—Thomas Horsfall.

WOUNDED.

Corporal.—John Walsh.

Privates.—Thomas Mitchell, Robert Crook, Thomas Deigan, James Hoey, Thomas Hogan, Henry Suddy.

47TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Sergeant.—John Lomax.

Corporals.—Daniel Barber, Henry Crowe.

Private.—Samuel Huddy.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant-Major.—Young.

Sergeants.—Oneill, — Newport, Robert Court.

Corporals.—Twomey, — Lyon, John Haney.

Drummer.—Edward Bygroves.

Privates.—James Lacy, John Egan, Patrick Burke, Cor. O'Conner, James Kettle, Thomas Clutlow, Timothy M'Namara, — Sainsbury, Patrick Magee, Bryan Mahon, James Mara, Daniel Cowey, John Savage, John Allen, George Evans, Michael Mackey, Samuel Badman, Edward Boam, Charles Harris, Daniel Ivers, John Mannion, Patrick Hayre, Varner Mathews, John Oneill, William Reddy, John M'Namara, Edward M'Carthy, William Holland, George Jones, Samuel King, Charles Williams, Joseph Luft, Andrew Lohon, Michael Maher, John M'Guire, Henry Dennis, George Lee, Henry Byng, Michael Haverly, Joseph Mallett, William Paget, John Power, George Hayes, John M'Dermont, Daniel Barrett, Mathew Doherty, Daniel M'Lean, William Akers, Charles Langtree, Thomas Gough, Isaac Court, Joseph M'Kay, Christopher Kirwan.

49TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Sergeant.—John Hayes.

Private.—Charles Fraser.

WOUNDED.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.—William Holman.

Sergeant.—Benjamin French.

Corporal.—Michael Flannery.

Drummer.—John Blaney.

Privates.—Joseph Ashby, Isaac Longford, William Livock, Edward M'Grath, Joseph M'Kinlay, Daniel Roeman, John Smith, Thomas Willis, James Livock.

55TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Sergeant.—Michael Walsh.

Corporal.—Lewis Steltzer.

Privates.—Richard Reeves, John Berry, Michael Byrnes, Thomas Russell, William M'Cay, Edward Corr, Richard Darcy, Thomas Carty, Michael Foley.

WOUNDED.

Colour-Sergeants.—Michael Keeshan, William Parsons, John Flanagan.

Sergeant.—John Glynn.

Corporals.—Thomas Holohan, Robert Elms.

Privates.—James Baker, Michael Bray, Wm. Brinkworth, John Cooney, James Dally, Harold Dann, John Daniel, Robert Edwards, John Evans, William Fisher, Walter Hill, Lawrence Holman, Edward Hutchinson, Thomas Boag, John Barrow, John Connell, William Craig, John Givins, Edward Hughes, William Kenny, Jonathan Knopp, Archibald M'Nicol, John Mera, Edward Minoge, John Tindall, John Vanson, Thomas Aylward, Enoch Cross, James Guerin, James Hill, Norman M'Donald, George M'Nally, John Barry, Archibald Blair, Thomas Berry, Owen Carty, John Doyle, James Glasgow, Patrick Graef, Charles Harris, Henry Harman, Joseph Hill, John M'Alpin, Donald M'Leod, Peter M'Vean, John Murphy, John Nixon, William Sedgwick, William Sheaver, John Trimmings, Daniel Woods, John Hamilton, William M'Gregor, John Young, William Berry, Robert Colclough, Henry Godfrey, Michael Conway, John C. Hare, Thomas Henry, Thomas M'Mahon, Andrew Meara, James Oakley, William Rodway, Andrew Ryan, James Lawrence, James White, John Whitehead, James Marr, Philip Butler, Denis Broderick, John Flood, John Galway, Daniel Hillier, Samuel Miller, John O'Donnell, Enoch Pugh, Semer Potchary, Andrew Ramage, George Sales, Thomas Smith, William Townsend, Thomas Ayleward, James M'Garitty, James M'Nally, Philip Kingham.

77TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Privates.—John Connors, Thomas, Kennedy, John Bright.

Corporals.—Charles Richards, William Perry.

Privates.—Michael Hughes, William Lyons, Albert Hicks, Thomas Large, James Masterson, Richard Emery, Henry Clarke, John Wallace, Thomas Padden, James Sauce, George Hundley, Henry J. Williams, John Harris, James Thompson, Edward Pitt.

79TH HIGHLANDERS.

KILLED.

Privates.—James Watson, John Baird.

WOUNDED.

Corporal.—William Thom.

Privates.—John Browne, James Dunbar, Edward McLuskie, James Anderson, William Kilgower, Thomas Chapman.

88TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Privates.—James Kernon, Patrick Lyons, Maurice Scanlon, Edward Duffy.

WOUNDED.

Colour-Sergeant.—George McNally.

Sergeant.—James Fallon.

Privates.—Michael Grealy, Daniel Gwynn, Peter McNab, Peter Burke, John Higgins, Thomas Shearman, Thomas Killilea, Maurice Tangney, Patrick Farrell, Patrick Scheal, John Gallaher, Martin Day, Alex. McClerman, Constantine Smith, Thomas Horrigan.

MISSING.

Private.—Hugh Cameron.

93RD HIGHLANDERS.

KILLED.

Privates.—John Cameron, William M'Leod, Robert Paton, William Willie.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—David Phillips, Alex. M'Donald.

Privates.—Robert Adams, William Urquhart, James Bain, John M'Donald, David McPherson, Neil Flanagan, John Heggins, William Polson, William Ferguson, Alexander Todd, James Chalmers, James Burns, David Nichol, George Ross, George Aymers, James Gordon, George Garroty, William Paton, Alex. M'Donald, John McKinnon, John Torry, William Morrison, Donald Polson, John Burnie, Ramsey Robertson, Thomas Carson, George Feckney, Donald Melville, Hugh McGunigall, Alexander Paul, John Gordon, John Leslie, John McKay, James Shaw, Alexander Austin, William McDonald, D. Munro.

SINCE DEAD.

Sergeant.—David Stephen.

95TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

KILLED.

Sergeants.—William Blackshaw, Stephen Haggard, Robert Woolnough.

Corporals.—Alfred Rogers, Andrew Matthews, John Delaney.

Privates.—Thomas Avery, William Bakewell, Henry Branson, Henry Brooker, James Casey, William Chapinan, Michael Connor, Abraham Cross, Patrick Donoghue, Thomas Frost, Samuel Fry, Patrick Hagen, Thomas Hall, John Herr, James Hodelskinson, John Johnstone, George Jeggott, Peter Juff, Hugh Mugenis, John Martin, William M'Carthy, Thomas Murphy, Henry Moon, Hugh M'Cann, James Nelson, Goldsmith Oldring, Charles Pegg, Stephen Roddle, John Shea, Daniel Sullivan, Patrick Sullivan, Henry Skinner, William Sims, Thomas Timson, William Wells, Moses Woy, John Ring, James Reilly, Daniel Sullivan.

WOUNDED.

Sergeants.—R. G. Walker, Thomas Wetton, George Poulteney, Thomas M'Dowell, George Garratt, William Roulter, Joseph Whaley, George Davis, John Murphy, William Logan, Thomas Hodgson, James Baghurst.

Corporals.—Patrick Aldworth, George Seymour, Alfred Wilson, George J. Ganyon, Martin Larkin, James Dulahan, James Walsh, Thomas Death.

Drummer.—William McElwre.

Privates.—Daniel Atkins, Thomas Anderson, George Adams, Thomas Bonython, Morris Brown, George Boreford, John Bowers, William Bevis, William Bliss, Joseph Blythe, Henry Boon, Samuel Booton, Richard Barry, Eugene Brennan, Thomas Baxter, Joseph Barnett, Joseph Burgess, John Cooknell, Daniel Collins, Samuel Clarke, William Culbert, John Clarke, George

Cooper, George Carter, John Callaghan, John Crouch, Thomas Card, John Connor, Jesse Daw, Denis Daley, George Day, Thomas Delaney, James Downey, Jeremiah Donoghue, Matthew Flynn, James Fielding, Robert Farthing, James Golden, Thomas Goulding, Patrick Hayes, James Hale, John Hazeldine, John Harrison, Joseph Harrison, Martin Harrison, John Hill, Denis Herkaha, Thomas Healy, Arthur Holmes, John Jones, John Jacques, William Jones, Thomas Jones, Ephraim Karley, Francis Keeling, John Lamb, Daniel Leary, Jeremiah Lordon, Benjamin Levey, James M'Shean, Edward Mason, John J. Monger, Patrick Murphy, James M'Gillcuddy, Thomas Madden, James M'Ardle, Robert M'Court, John M'Castlin, James M'Kernar, Thomas Norris, William Donnell, James Osborne, Charles Philp, Benjamin Pearce, George Pollard, Thomas Pratt, James Ripley, Joel Rose, Charles Rose, Samuel Rawlins, James Reardon, Samuel Risby, John Russell, Thomas Rangden, James Taylor, Henry Seckington, Nicholas Smith, James Scott, John Seaborn, Frederick Shaw, John Smith, Frederick Hollybrass, Eugene Sullivan, James Stewart, William Shepperson, Darby Shea, William Trainor, John Turner, John Tunnicliffe, John Savin, Robert Ward, Robert Woodward, Patrick Ward, John O'Keefe, Joseph Murphy, Sydney C. Montague, James Irwin.

MISSING.

Corporal.—William Groomsell.

Privates.—William Clements, Walter Wright.

RIFLE BRIGADE—(1st Battalion).

WOUNDED.

Private.—Richard Rose.

RIFLE BRIGADE—(2nd Battalion).

KILLED.

Sergeants.—W. Simpson, James Swallow.

Corporal.—John Robinson.

Privates.—Henry Calton, William Kennedy, Thomas Pine, Michael M'Bride, Edward Hexter, Corn. Finnucane, George Robinson, Charles Rason.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant.—Lucas Lucas.

Buglers.—Isaac Dyre, George Ebetherte, John Davis.

Privates.—Thomas Allen, Henry Cooper, — Griffiths, John Sands, Alexander Stewart, John Owen, Samuel Woolf, James Bennett, Jesse Burchill, Augustus Beeton, James Gray, William Farrar, David Jones, William Mills, William Mulligan, Thomas Kally, Morris Nailon, Richard Hawkins, Richard Summers, Richard Marton, Elijah Coston, William Long, Henry Price, William Illman, Richard Lloyd, George Combes, Charles Rhodes, Joseph Hicks, George Warren, John Cooley, Charles Howell, Patrick Howley, William Taylor, Thomas Ford.

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

MR. WYLD has published a map and plan of the Battle of Alma, which is not only very admirably executed, but gives one a better notion of the position of the troops engaged on both sides than anything which has yet appeared. Mr. Wyld is usually an authority in his particular line, and no doubt this map is as deserving of credit as his publications generally are.

OUR CIVILISATION.

ELIZA WEBB is a boot and shoe-binder, and her business compels her sometimes to pass late at night through the Park-road, Old Kent-road. One evening Robert Rendall, a journeyman painter, met her, and made improper overtures to her, in disgusting language, which she rejected. Whereupon he threw her down and indecently assaulted her, tearing her clothes and bonnet. She was rescued by the police. Her assailant endeavoured to damage her character as a means of defence. He was remanded for further inquiries, and attempted to hang himself in his cell, but was prevented.

A man and his wife, named Game, lived in the village of Little Waldingfield, near Sudbury. The wife returned from nursing a sick person who had died, and was putting some clothes together, when her husband, a man of fifty, seized and stabbed her in several places with a knife, and she died instantly. The man then cut his own throat, and although he severed the windpipe, he did not die immediately, although he could not survive long.

At Manchester lived James Sumner, a man of sixty, who separated from his wife. She went to live with her daughter. The husband went into the daughter's house, and seeing his wife sitting at tea, threw his arms round her neck, and saying, "Now I have got you," drew a knife three or four times across her throat. She did not die on the spot, but is in danger.

William Tripp, an engineer, went with his wife to a public-house, in Bankside, to pay his club-money. One Thomas Gough, a moulder, used disgusting language in the hearing of the woman. The husband remonstrated, and the wife abused, and "made a claw" at Gough, who stabbed Tripp with a large Spanish knife in the side. His life is in imminent danger.

At No. 223, Regent-street, is the shop of Mr. Baumgart, an extensive jeweller and watchmaker. It is separate from the other parts of the house, and is secured at night, but no one left in charge of it. About a fortnight ago three well-dressed persons hired the upper part of the house. One morning last week, when the shop was opened, it was in the utmost disorder; watches, rings,

and jewellery being strewed about in all directions. The floor and ceiling of the first-floor had been cut away, and a space large enough for a man to pass made, through which a descent was effected by a rope, and valuables to the amount of 1500*l.* taken away. Swell-mobsmen had taken Mr. Baumgart's apartments. Did they give references?

Mr. John Lipscombe is a middle-aged person, of gentlemanlike appearance, but he committed an aggravated assault on Mrs. Atton, who lived next door to him. There was a squabble about the children of the respective families, one of whom Lipscombe threatened with a stick. Mrs. Atton remonstrated, he abused her in coarse language, and spoke in such offensive terms of her daughter, aged 14, stigmatising her as a prostitute, that the lady could not help slapping his face. In return he struck her a severe blow on the head, which partially stunned her, and broke the stick to pieces. He pleaded the "slap" in palliation, but the Worship-street magistrate thought it no more than he deserved for what he said of the lady's daughter, and fined him 10*l.*

An aged gentleman, Mr. Witham Cope, was accosted in the King's-road, Chelsea, by Ellen Ryan, who, with much apparent modesty of demeanor, made him the confidant of a series of misfortunes which had befallen her; she was a teacher of the pianoforte, with one pupil only at that time, and that one pupil was unhappily not in a condition to pay her, and as a consequence the teacher, sharing in the pecuniary difficulties of the pupil, was much distressed. This and other portions of her history occupied a quarter of an hour, during which time she walked by his side. Sympathising with her distresses, he gave her some silver from his pocket, recommending her immediately to go towards Islington, where she resided, and hope for some better change of fortune. At this moment she pressed, as he now remembered, very close to his person, when a man suddenly made his appearance, and inquired, in a bullying tone of the prosecutor, "What are you doing with that woman?" To which he replied, "Nothing," when the prisoners, both taking different directions, walked away, and in the next two or three minutes prosecutor discovered that his purse, with its valuable contents, which he had felt safe in his trousers' pocket while conversing with the woman, was gone. Both parties were arrested, but the man was not identified, and so discharged. The woman was remanded.

A "delicate-looking woman," with a contused and swollen face, complained of her husband, Thomas Locker, a journeyman cabinetmaker—an excellent workman, with liberal wages—firstly, of starving her and her children, while he indulged in habits of drunkenness; and secondly, of having brutally beaten her one night because she had not provided him with a hot supper. The woman stated that she had not tasted animal food for a month; her children were half-starved and half-naked, with nothing to cover them at night but an old piece of quilt. The husband's defence was, that he was provoked by his wife's following him to the public-house and disgracing him before his shopmates. Six months' imprisonment was the sentence on him.

Mr. John Kemp is described as a "gentleman," living at 21, Camden-cottages, Camden-town. He was in the house of a friend of his alone with Mary Taylor, the servant, a girl of sixteen. He made overtures to her, saying that if she refused he would murder her. She ran away till a late hour, when she barricaded herself in a room, into which, however, he forced his way and violated her. He was committed for trial.

Mary Thompson, a girl of fourteen, was placed in the service of Robert Thorman (a married man), a plumber and glazier, of Palace-house, Bromley, by the guardians of the West Ham Union. It is the practice of the guardians to visit all houses where parish girls under sixteen are put out to service; and one of those visits elicited that Thorman had endeavoured to debauch his young servant, treating her most indecently; and that during the confinement of his wife. The parish authorities prosecuted him. His defence was, first, that the accusation was false; and secondly, that there was no rape—nothing but "dalliance." Of course the prisoner received an excellent moral character, and was fined 5*l.*

TENANT RIGHT IN IRELAND.

It is stated in the *Nation* that "Kilkenny has already commenced the new struggle for Tenant Right, with her habitual energy and enthusiasm. She has determined upon carrying out all the resolutions of the recent Conference with heart and soul—and, as the first practical step, she has arranged the preliminaries of a great county meeting, to be held in Callan, on the 29th instant (Sunday fortnight). It will be recollected that this is the first of a series of county and parochial meetings projected by the Conference, for eliciting public opinion upon the Land Question during the recess; and the prompt, practical spirit in which it has been organised is a cheering augury of the success of the entire movement.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Knightsbridge, is often more before the public eye than St. Paul's Cathedral. Not very long ago there was a furious contest about the appointment of a churchwarden who was orthodox, in the Low Church sense of the term, and who was re-established in his office with renewed zeal for putting an end to the Popish practices which the Rev. Mr. Liddell left to the decision of his congregation, and about which the Bishop of London could not interfere. The battle has been renewed on the vexed question of "Intoning." Mr. Liddell yielded, like a constitutional Englishman, to a majority desiring its discontinuance. Two of his curates, who place priests far above citizens, resigned. The laity of the church took the matter into their own hands.

It seems that for three months St. Paul's has been beset by a number of persons, principally youths and girls from the purlieus of St. Barnabas, and members of that and other tractarian congregations, who, under the leadership of a youth named Fitzroy (said to be a member of the Collegiate School at Durham), have persisted in chanting or intoning the Litany, in defiance of the expressed wish of the incumbent, the orders and advice of the bishop, and the rubrics and practices of the Church of England. Their mode of action is as follows:—They assemble before the church doors are open and rush into the church, occupy the most prominent places of the free seats, which, from their proximity to the choir, afford them the best chances of most effectually impeding the latter in the discharge of their duty. When the curate commences reading the Litany, which he does in a monotone, and the choir attempts to respond, these self-styled choralists burst in by chanting, and thus overwhelm the choir, causing confusion, dismay, and disorder. To prevent this, Mr. Liddell ordered the choir, when so interrupted, to discontinue the responses, and thus the perpetrators of these discreditable acts have had it all their own way. Not content with this, the following advertisements have appeared in various newspapers:—

"ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—FULL CATHEDRAL SERVICE ON SUNDAYS, AT 11.—On Wednesday (Feast of St. Luke) the Litany will be chanted by the choir. Churchmen, assist those struggling for their rights by your presence. 'I have said that the priests read the Litany, and a miserable effect the reading has, contrasted with the full body of sound arising from so many voices chanting the responses in unison. The great majority of the people from the first took up the chanted response—long may they continue to do so, in spite of the deplorable timidity of the Bishop of London, and the opposition of the purifying committee of Protestant champions.'"

Mr. Liddell does not interfere; the churchwardens become active. When the curate commenced reading the Litany, the choir responded, when the choralists again interrupted in such a manner as to produce such confusion and discord as to induce a number of persons in the congregation to leave their places, and retire in disgust from the church. The churchwarden now felt he was bound to interfere. He accordingly left his pew, and went up to Mr. Fitzroy's, the "Hon. Sec." of these disturbers, and stated that unless he discontinued this disgraceful interruption he would have him removed. This produced no effect, and Mr. Westerton called upon the beadle to remove him. Having fetched his constable's staff he proceeded to do so, but Mr. Fitzroy having left his place, retreated higher up the pew, and placed two of his friends between himself and the officer; he was allowed to remain, having promised Mr. Westerton not to interfere again. The service, which had been continued during this disgraceful interruption, was then carried on to its close without any further interference by the choralists.

Great indignation, of course, among all parties in the congregation; and matters are not let to rest.

Shortly after the conclusion of the service Mr. Fitzroy and two of his youthful companions waited on Mr. Westerton, and having no cards, wrote their names and addresses, which were as follow:—Richard Bullock, Esq., 50, Wilton-crescent; Edward Jackson, the same address; and Ernest Fitzroy, Esq., 5, Eaton-place South. The latter stated his object in calling was to know whether Mr. Westerton was going to prosecute for brawling in the church; and on the latter stating such was his intention, Mr. Fitzroy asked whether he was going to proceed against Mr. Bullock? Mr. Westerton said he had no intention of doing so, when Mr. Fitzroy replied that, as that was the case, Mr. Bullock would take out a warrant against the churchwarden for an assault.

Accordingly Mr. Fitzroy applied to the magistrate at Westminster police-court for a summons against Mr. Westerton for assault. The magistrate argued very learnedly that it was a matter for the Ecclesiastical Court, which alone had cognizance of all "brawling" in churches; but on being much pressed by the outraged applicant, granted the summons, which stands for next week.

PROFESSOR MASSON'S INAUGURAL LECTURE.

On Tuesday the session of the Faculty of Arts of University College was inaugurated by an introductory lecture on college education and self-education, by Professor Masson, A.M. In addition to the students present, the theatre was graced by the attendance of a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

Professor Masson (whose eloquent discourse was listened to with marked attention) commenced by observing that education, in the truest and widest signification of the term, was co-extensive with our life; and involved not only the acquisition of knowledge or ideas, but the formation of habits. On the present occasion, however, he proposed to consider it in a somewhat more restricted sense, namely, as comprising only the processes of acquiring knowledge during the early period of our life—a period ceasing at the age of 20 or 25 years of age. Supposing, then, that he had before him 300 students, he should see in them 300 young men, all exhibiting more or less strongly marked constitutional differences of physical conformation, and of mental powers; and he should also see in each case the separate results of those different forms of schooling which they had all undergone, and which, working upon that substratum of constitutional differences, had made them each what they were. The first school to which we were subjected was the school of family; and happy were they to whom it had been a school of kindly influences. But there might also be a home education of revolt imparting no small degree of culture—albeit a culture of strength at the expense of symmetry. The next school which we entered was that of local circumstance—the school of neighbourhood or parish—a school which our political system would do well to respect, to use, and to consecrate. Although it was right that a man's connexion with parish or neighbourhood should merge into the larger one of district or country, yet that his closest relations should be with his parish or neighbourhood, and that the apparatus for supplying all the elementary wants of life should be provided there, seemed to him (the lecturer) to be sound doctrine. It might be quite true that persons often quitted at an early period of their life the scene of their birth, but, generally speaking, there was always some locality which every one learned to regard as his native place; and there was no patch of habitable earth but furnished the materials for a very considerable natural education. There was no spot of earth in which there might not be found a general epitome of everything in life. Every British parish had its mineralogy, its geology, its botany, its zoology, its meteorology, and hydrology. Every British parish had its wonders of nature or art; and, at all events, when night set in, every British parish had a splendid image of our common origin in its sapphire concave studded with stars. There was no British parish which did not possess its gossip, its customs, its oracular individual, its oddities, and its whimsicalities. Finally, every British parish possessed its traditions and its local histories; and there could be no doubt that every man acquired a vast deal of all the information he possessed in the school of local circumstance. It appeared to him (Mr. Masson) that in our educational theories we did not sufficiently attend to this matter. He thought that our schools ought to possess some means for the systematic development of this kind of learning, for this he considered was the true theory of "common things." Meantime, healthy boys did contrive to acquire a considerable acquaintance with concrete local fact. They might be seen everywhere, alone or in company, prying into places where they were allowed, and where they were forbidden, and illustrating in the most literal sense of the phrase, "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." Although every place possessed, as he had said, a general epitome of everything in life; yet no two were exactly alike; and this diversity of local circumstance was one of the causes of the different styles and habits of thought which prevailed amongst men. Adam Smith drew the illustrations whereby he proved his theories first to his own mind, and afterwards to the world, from the petty circumstances of a small fishing and weaving community close by. Even Shakespeare himself would be found to have made a large use of his early recollections of his woody Warwickshire. There were three other schools in which we acquired knowledge—the school of travel, the school of books, and the school of friendship. By change of residence, we enlarged the field of observed circumstances; and in books we reversed the case, for we had the circumstances of other localities and of other times brought to our very doors. The school of friendship exercised a very powerful influence upon a young man's modes of thought. The young were often told to think for themselves, and no doubt there was good sense in that; but the most fortunate thing that could happen to a young man, and that which would in the end tend most to his independence of thought, would be his voluntary subjection for a time to some powerful intellectual tyranny. The greatest of all these schools was no doubt that of books. Teach a man to read perfectly and with ease in the vernacular, and you place all other knowledge within his power. He was no longer a Helot or a slave—you had put him in possession of the franchise of books. Perfect and easy reading in one's own language really made the distinction between the educated and the un-

educated classes. If we would not have national schools in which all the young members of the community might be instructed in these accomplishments alone—other things being reserved—but if we insisted on their being instructed in certain other things, then we might be engaged in a very noble labour, but it would be a very long one. On the other hand, if we pitched our ideal lower, if we would be content with a national school system provided with an apparatus for thoroughly accomplishing one object—the object, namely, of teaching all the boys and girls in the community to read and write with ease, then he saw hope. But we debated and wrangled; we would have this and they would have that, and we would have so many things, that we did nothing. It was our disgrace as a nation again, and again, and again to have done this; but if only twelve of our leading men would but give themselves up, as to the work of their lives, to the object of establishing in all our parishes such an apparatus as would render it impossible for any child born on British soil to grow up untaught to read and write, the thing would be done before twelve years had passed. Oh, had it come to this? That a nation which by cash and courage exported to the other end of the earth could blow up a colossal citadel or re-organise a foreign peninsula, should not be able to educate its own little ones! Mr. Masson then proceeded to discuss the tendency which had recently manifested itself to depreciate the college system. No doubt many very able and distinguished men had been what was called self-taught—that was to say, had not had any academic education. Even the unapproachable king of our literature himself was one that had been taught "small Latin and less Greek," and, perhaps, no mathematics at all. But regarding the proper function of the school to do the drudgery of simply teaching to read and write, very many private seminaries were really and truly colleges. Shakespeare was taught at a grammar-school, where the boys at this day wore the square academic cap. But still there were many persons of eminence who had received absolutely nothing from pedagogy; but who, starting from reading and writing (if that) had carried on their education themselves. Such persons, however, generally manifested too great a propensity to dwell upon the labours they had gone through, and too much of the spirit of the private soldier, whose recollections of the battle-field were recollections only of his own movements. They were, likewise, generally speaking, too much disposed to remain contented with mere proximate knowledge, and to shrink from the exact, the elaborate, and the profound. Colleges had a valuable effect in marshalling young men before the mass of learning, in directing their efforts, against it, and in preventing them from shrinking from the attack from mere love of the pleasant in preference to the lofty and difficult. After all, however, education must be self-education in the strictest sense of the word, but he trusted that while admitting that truth, they would, nevertheless, have reason to acknowledge that colleges were of some use.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

The most recent accounts from Australia are full of interest. The condition of the colony is very singular, a sort of Midas starving on a pile of gold. The Session of the Legislative Council of New South Wales was opened on the 6th July. Its attention was directed to the defence of the colony by fortifying Sydney Harbour and raising volunteer corps. The finances of the colony are very prosperous, there being a large increase of revenue. A number of social measures were contemplated, such as facilitating immigration, and the transit by railway, providing for the public health and education, and amending the law of marriage, which is on a most unsatisfactory footing. All this sounds well, but when one looks a little deeper that practically the condition of the colony is most deplorable. We learn—

"That all regular industry is suspended. On a moderate computation, half the sheep in the province are infected with a disease which spoils both the flesh and the wool, and, though an effectual cure has been discovered, there are not hands to apply it, and no one knows how far the pest will go. Hay is sold by weight at the price of lump sugar. Vegetables of all kinds are a luxury confined to the rich. Wheat is very dear. There is no milk to be got. The rising generation are sickening and pining on a diet of beef and brandy-and-water. The hospitals are as ill off as the nurseries, and appeals are made to the charitable public to send a few vegetables for the patients who most require them. A railway, of which only 16 miles have been attempted, can scarcely be finished so far from the difficulty of obtaining sufficient funds in the present high price of labour. The carriage of goods 180 miles to the diggings costs eight times as much as their freight from London to Sydney. There are found in the country, at every accessible distances, coal, iron, and copper, and vines and olives will flourish there; but coals are from 7*l.* to 8*l.* 10*s.* a ton—a price that puts steam navigation from Sydney to England out of the question; and all the other Australian products mentioned exist only in name. They are not actually extracted from the soil, or grown upon it, for want of hands. The garden vegetables and fruit consumed in

the country are in cases marked 'Pavement, Finsbury.' Meanwhile the difficulties created by gold reach the diggers themselves. The majority are unsuccessful, and starve under the dearth produced by the abundance of the metal. Hence there is actually pauperism at the diggings, and a poor-rate will soon have to be collected from the very mouths of the pits. In the midst of fabulous wealth there is the direst destitution, and Bendigo and Ballarat contain as much misery as our own union workhouses. There is to be a grand display of Australian produce at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition; but the Parisians are warned against concluding that Australia actually does what it can do. It can do everything, but the only thing it does is finding gold, and that in a manner so clumsy and rough that the Chinese immigrants, of whom there is an immense number, make their fortunes out of the refuse thrown aside by British diggers."

This in Sydney! a city that has claimed to rank with the capitals of the Old World.

In Melbourne things are of course worse. Trade is depressed, the markets over-stocked, the rates of discounts high, goods are sold by auction at ruinous prices. Socially things are not much better. As a specimen take the instance of the marriage state:

"I fully believe," writes a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* at Sydney—"half the marriages here are contracted on the spur of the moment, or that all that is sacred in the matrimonial tie has been annulled before the ceremony takes place. It is useless to mince the matter—the marriage law in this colony is a mere farce. A digger rich with gold, which he does not know what to do with, comes down the country; he meets a girl who suits his fancy—not his judgment or his taste; he takes her into a public-house—acquaintance is formed. The account of his possessions inflates the vanity of the girl, and without any preliminary courtship—that great protection to morality which English etiquette has provided—the parties are married after a day's intercourse, and again, probably, after a month's society, are parted for ever."

It is a relief to turn from such a picture to an account of a meeting of the operatives of Sydney held for the purposes of establishing a weekly journal to be called the *Operative*, and to be devoted exclusively to the interests of the working-classes. The proceedings were characterised by great good sense and practical knowledge of what it was about. It was stated that—

"The operatives required a popular organ whose teaching should direct, lead, and elevate the minds of the labouring classes. There was another great reason for the establishment of such a paper, and that was the absence in this country of anything like a national literature. He had been very much surprised to find that nothing but the knowledge of trade was inculcated in the minds of the people of this colony. There were no intellectual works published, and the newspapers seemed to have no higher object than to encourage competition among the classes,—to teach them to cheat, to juggle, and to carry out the principles of gain. The *Operative* would supply this intellectual want, by publishing in its columns a cheap and wholesome literature for the people."

One of the speakers said:

"If here, in Australia, they should be so fortunate as to start the *Operative*, he would like to see it become such a paper as the *London Leader*. It (the *Leader*) was the great exponent of the British democracy, and there was not in the whole range of the press a paper that stood higher in the esteem of men for its high manly tone, its profound philosophy, and its stern love of justice for all. The men who wrote for it are those noble spirits whose names have made Europe shake to its centre, whose names make the hearts of oppressed Italians and Hungarians throb with hope—men who have given expression to their sentiments in 'words that burn, in thoughts that breathe.' He hoped the Australian *Leader* would, ere long, come into active operation, and become the organ of democracy here."

A plan was arranged for starting the paper by means of shares, the number of shares being 2000 at 1*l.* each.

As regards the gold-harvest, the mining accounts are favourable; gold is increasing very much in private hands; the price is 4*l.* per ounce, and the market has not been affected by the news from Europe.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

The long-suspended constitution of this colony has been called into operation. The event took place on the 24th of May. The General Assembly was convened at Auckland by Colonel Wynyard, the officer administering the Government, three days after the departure of Sir George Grey, the late Governor, who had declined to put the Constitution in force. Great complaints were made of the inconvenience of the locality for meeting; the distance from the other provinces being so great, and means of transit so difficult; the representatives of Otago were nine weeks on their passage. The Governor's speech

went into all the details of proposed policy with the minuteness of a President's message. But a difficulty immediately arose. None of the responsible officers of the Government had been able to obtain seats in the Assembly, and it soon became apparent that no business could be got through without any organ of communication with the Government in the House. The first question, therefore, brought forward was that of ministerial responsibility; and an address to the Governor was carried with only two dissentients, praying for the establishment of a responsible Government. The Governor replied that he would take the matter into his "early and serious consideration." This he literally did, for in an hour afterwards he sent for the mover and seconder of the address, and offered them seats in the Executive Council, on the tenure of ministerial responsibility; and other steps were taken which would result in the entire establishment of "Responsible Government." It was a revolution; but is described as "eminently conservative." The acting Governor has become the idol of the colony, and a subscription was on foot for presenting him with a lasting testimonial of its gratitude and confidence.

THE COURT.

THE Queen and the royal family visited Hull and Grimsby on Friday and Saturday on their way from the North. On Saturday evening they arrived at Windsor. On Wednesday a Privy Council was held.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

In Denmark the Chambers have agreed to a motion for the impeachment of the ministry, by a large majority. An address to the king has also been carried, in which a demand for a free constitution for the whole state is renewed.

Lord Howden has addressed a note to the Spanish Government demanding that the slave trade shall be treated as piracy.

The King of the Belgians is expected to return to Brussels, from his tour in Switzerland, on the 24th or 26th.

Barbès is about to leave Brussels, where he has been staying, for Holland.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM NOT A COWARD.

THERE has been just a chance that the country might have been deprived of the "unrivalled administrative ability" of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Major Beresford, at Castle Hedingham, illustrating the purity of his political life, declared that he had never given but two votes in parliament of which he had repented. Of course one was on the affirmation of the principle of free trade, the other to assist in getting Sir J. Graham out of the letter-opening scrape in 1844. Being irate, he delivered himself of strong and expressive language towards Sir James, which there is no occasion to repeat, and the First Lord of the Admiralty resorts to the *ultima ratio* which is so strictly forbidden in the navy and army. He sends a letter by a "friend," which is not made public, but which must have been to the purpose, for it produces the following correspondence:—

Hampton-court, 14th Oct., 1854.

Sir,—In reference to your letter of the 12th, I have carefully read over the report of my speech at the anniversary meeting of the Hinchford Agricultural and Conservative Club, as published in the *Essex Gazette*, which I have just received.

I have consulted a friend on whose judgment I rely, and he considers that the language to which you refer is unduly offensive, in which opinion, on reflection, I coincide. One word—"coward"—slipped out unintentionally. I therefore retract it; and I beg to express to you my feeling of regret that I should have been betrayed, in the warmth of the moment, into transgressing the fair bounds of courtesy.

I remain, your obedient, humble servant,
(Signed) W. M. BERESFORD.

The Rt. Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P.

Admiralty, 14th Oct., 1854.

Sir,—I have received your note of this day, which relates to an inquiry, addressed by me to you on the 12th inst.

I am satisfied with the retraction of the most offensive word, which you say was unintentionally used by you; and when a gentleman expresses regret for having been betrayed into the transgression of the fair bounds of courtesy, I can neither ask nor desire more.

Such is the opinion of the friend whom I have consulted.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) J. R. G. GRAHAM.

The Right Hon. William Beresford, M.P.

After this, of course there is no more to be said.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

On Tuesday a Cabinet Council was held, which was followed by a Privy Council at Windsor on Wednesday, at which Parliament, which stands prorogued to 18th October, was further prorogued to 16th November next.

The formal ceremony of prorogation took place on Thursday.

POST-OFFICE REFORMS.

MR. ROWLAND HILL seems to be in his element. Post-office improvements have been a feature in the journals two or three times in the course of the week. It is stated that "the authorities of the General Post-office have had a scheme for some time in contemplation to facilitate the posting of letters in London by establishing 'pillar letter-boxes' in the most populous districts of the metropolis, and reducing the number of receiving-houses, which are attended with great expense." They are to be placed first in Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, and Piccadilly. The boxes will be fixed on the sides of the footways, so as not to interfere with the traffic, and the cost of construction is to be borne by the department.

The interior of the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand has been undergoing extensive alterations, improvements, and enlargement.

"The whole of the offices and galleries have been thoroughly cleansed, and for the most part, together with the central hall, are being repainted, the whole of the external wood-work and iron railings round the entire building being also repaired and painted. The new ventilating shaft, which is composed of zinc piping, full 16 feet square, will be carried to the top of the roof of the main building; the internal arrangements and communications which are being so constructed as to ensure a thorough ventilation in every part of the building, a *desideratum* much called for by the vast number of officials employed throughout the establishment."

There has also been a material alteration in the "personnel" of the establishment.

"The money order-office has been placed upon an entirely different basis, and the number of clerks therein materially reduced. Changes affecting the letter-carriers, messengers, stampers, &c., are in a considerable state of forwardness, and it has been determined to adopt a system of out-door detective inspection—a very necessary, entirely novel, but very valuable arrangement. The scale of salaries agreed upon is the same as that proposed by the Lords of her Majesty's Treasury—namely: Clerks—for the lowest class 80*l.* a-year, increasing at the rate of 5*l.* per annum to 150*l.*; for the class above it 180*l.* a-year, increasing by 7*l.* 10*s.* to 240*l.*; and for the highest class 260*l.* a-year, increasing by 10*l.* a-year to 350*l.* The class termed 'sorters,' 'messengers,' 'stampers,' 'porters,' &c., are to be merged in the common term 'letter-carriers,' the lowest in which class is to receive 19*s.* per week, and to rise by an annual increase of 1*s.* per week to 23*s.*; the next class to begin at 25*s.*, and to rise to 30*s.*; the class above them to begin at 32*s.*, and to rise to 38*s.*; and the highest class to begin at 40*s.*, and to rise to 50*s.* The number of clerks has been very materially reduced in the Inland-office, the total number being now limited to 130, or not much more than half the former number. The Postmaster-General has also fixed the future complement of each class according to the nature and amount of duty to be performed in it, and in consequence a re-distribution of the officers has taken place. The forming of the classes having taken place according to 'qualification and merit' in all cases, it has happened that some of the senior officers have fallen into the lower class, while some of the juniors have risen into the higher class. Pecuniarily the parties will not suffer. Arrangements have been made in some of the departments as to pensions for the future. In the London district-office, for instance, a letter-carrier of forty-five years' standing never received as superannuation allowance more than 9*s.* a-week. In future, however, this pittance will be altered into something like a liberal sum; for, as the men are to be pensioned in accordance with the terms of the acts of Parliament as to the superannuation of civil servants, an officer of such standing will be entitled to at least eight-twelfths of his 'salary and indemnity.' The title of 'Mail Coach-office' has been dropped, and that of 'Mail-office' substituted, for a reason sufficiently obvious. An inspector-general of mails has been appointed, and a chief clerk of the department. Four inspectors have also been appointed, at salaries commencing at 300*l.* a-year, and rising by an annual increase of 20*l.* to 500*l.*

THE IRISH MILITIA.

ACCORDING to the best information available, it is likely that no serious difficulty will be found in raising the entire amount of 30,000 men for the Irish militia force by voluntary enlistment, and without the necessity of resorting to a ballot in any of the counties.

FUNERAL OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

THE obsequies of Marshal St. Arnaud were not quite such a national demonstration as was expected. The Emperor was not present. The funeral took place on Monday, and the procession proceeded direct from the railway station to the Invalides, and the ceremonial at once took place. There was no lying in state. The display of troops was large, and the Imperial Guard appeared for the first time in their new uniforms, and attracted great attention. The Duke de Cambacères, Grand Master of the Ceremonies and Grand Equerry to the Emperor, Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of War, Marshal Magnan, Commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, the English and Turkish Ambassadors, Generals Hoste, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Levasseur, Lowestine, &c., and Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith and his aides-de-camp, Colonels Taylor and Holdich, and Lord Arthur Hay, representing the British army, and a number of other officers, were present. The scene, both within and without the church (which was superbly fitted up), was very imposing, and the crowd on the whole line of procession was immense.

DEPARTURE OF THE IRISH EXILES FROM AUSTRALIA.

THE departure of Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Martin, and O'Doherty, from Australia, was signalled by addresses presented to them at Melbourne and Sydney, to which they replied in a tone of moderation and good feeling highly creditable to them. The *Nation*, referring to the accounts of the proceedings at Sydney and Melbourne, and speaking of Smith O'Brien, says:—

"Six years of wearying care, of mortifying restraint, of the exile's sick heart, and the man's yearning love for those dearer to him than life—have cast their sad shade upon his brow since the spires of this city sunk for the last time from his view. But who can read his noble words—so manly and so generous, and think that Smith O'Brien's spirit has for one second sunk under that heavy cross—words in which there is not one syllable of vain bravado or of unmanly complaint. We do sincerely believe that there is not one man in all Ireland whose heart does not join with those generous and liberal citizens of Melbourne in their congratulations. Sad it is to think that, even for a day, it should be denied to the truest Irishman of our times to lay his weary foot upon Irish soil again. In some fair foreign city, his eyes resting on the face of the truest and most devoted wife that man ever had, and of children in whom his gallant spirit and his lofty mind are reproduced, he will still gaze westwards through the cloudy skies, and long, ere he dies, to look upon the iron cliffs of Clare, and the broad breast of the Shannon again. Surely, surely, this last hope shall not be denied him. Let the exile carry his shattered chains back to the hapless land over which his fathers' sceptre swayed. Ten thousand welcomes to him. With him will ever abide the proud consciousness of having borne himself without fear and without reproach, with modest magnanimity, with unpretending self-denial, through trials bitterer than death, and for which life offered no respite."

GENERAL CANROBERT AND THE CHARMED MEDAL.

IT has been stated, that at the battle of Alma, General Canrobert was struck by a ball, which did not, however, inflict any wound, being stopped by a consecrated medal, given him by the Empress. The *Dublin Weekly Telegraph* gives a special history of the affair, thus:—

"On Friday, the 6th instant, the Emperor received the despatch of the late Marshal upon the battle of Alma, and he immediately read it for the Empress, the Bishop of Amiens, and some other personages who happened to be at St. Cloud at the time. When he had concluded, the Empress said, 'I have also received a despatch which I will read to you.' She then read a letter addressed to her by General Canrobert, in which he tells her Majesty that a ball struck him upon the chest, and would infallibly have killed him had it not glanced against a medal of the Blessed Virgin which the Empress presented to him before his departure. It is therefore to her, he says, that he owes his life. And, beyond a doubt, the day that General Canrobert came to take leave of the Empress, before joining the army in the East, the Empress gave him a gold medal of the Immaculate Conception, the size of a two-franc piece, and General Canrobert promised to wear it. General Forey, who was present at the audience, and on the eve of his departure for the East, also asked to have a medal, gracefully complaining that General Canrobert should alone be deemed worthy of such a favour. 'Ah!' replied the Empress, 'it is because the General and I understand each other, and to wear the medal one must place confidence in it.' 'And I will place confidence in it,' General Forey replied; upon which the Empress bestowed a medal of the Blessed Virgin upon him and the other generals present at the audience."

The *Telegraph* in exulting terms refers to the account, and adds: "We shall be curious to see how 'sneerers,' who abound in Dublin, and 'infidels' that are to be found everywhere, will deal with a truth that cannot be disputed, and a fact too notorious to be denied."

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

COURTS-MARTIAL ON THE COMMANDERS.

COURTS-MARTIAL have been sitting at Sheerness for the trial of the officers commanding the different ships in the Arctic expedition. The first case was that of Captain McClure, of the Investigator, for having abandoned that ship; and the next that of Captain Kellett, for the abandonment of the Resolute, and then followed the trial of Commander Richards, for the loss of the Assistance and Pioneer. The proceedings were summary enough, all the officers simply pleading and producing the written orders of Sir Edward Belcher, the commander-in-chief. The sentences on each were the same, no blame whatever was attributed to them, and as they acted under the orders of their superior officer, they were "fully and honourably" acquitted, and their swords returned to them with complimentary addresses from the President.

The trial of Sir Edward Belcher was then proceeded with, and extended to some length. He was charged with the whole responsibility of the abandonment of the ships. His defence rested on the ground that he had acted to the best of his judgment under the circumstances, and he showed that his instructions from the Admiralty gave him the fullest latitude to act as he should deem most advisable. He was also acquitted, but not by any means in so satisfactory a manner as his subordinate officers. The sentence ran thus:—

"The Court is of opinion that the abandonment of her Majesty's ship Investigator was directed by Captain Kellett, who was justified in giving such order. The Court is further of opinion that, from the great confidence reposed in Captain Sir E. Belcher by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and the ample discretionary powers given to him, he was authorised and did not act beyond his orders in abandoning her Majesty's ship Assistance and her tender Pioneer, or in directing the abandonment of her Majesty's ship Resolute and her tender Intrepid; although, if circumstances had permitted, it would have been advisable that he should have consulted with Captain Kellett previously. And the Court doth adjudge the said Captain Sir E. Belcher to be acquitted, and he is hereby acquitted accordingly."

The word "honourably" was not used, and his sword was returned to Sir Edward Belcher in silence.

THE LATE SAMUEL PHILLIPS.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, one of the cleverest and most successful writers of the day, died at Brighton on Saturday last, in his 40th year. He had for some years suffered from an affection of the chest, which had more than once been accompanied with spitting of blood. A sudden attack of hemorrhage came on in the evening of Friday, and though checked by prompt medical aid and every appliance of skill, it returned with accumulated violence, and in a few minutes he sank exhausted. He was the son of a London tradesman, who died, leaving his business, which was unfortunately not a flourishing one, to be managed by his two sons, who were then mere boys. Samuel had no relish for the counter, and had already shown signs of a talent for the stage, having, when twelve years old, played *Richard III.*, at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Isaacs, father of the popular singer. He was considered by his friends a sort of juvenile prodigy. His feeling for the stage never faded; the theatre was his greatest amusement, especially the French stage, and he constantly spoke in the highest terms of admiration of Lemaitre, Bouffé, and Rachel. Regnier was his intimate friend.

His schoolboy days were passed at London University College School.

Though his family were Jews, he was induced to think of the English Church as a profession, and the means were found for entering him as a student at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Here, however, he seems to have failed in those qualities of hard study indispensable to a scholar's success, and he left Cambridge without taking his degree. He afterwards went to Germany, where he learnt the language, and acquainted himself with the writings of the German philosophy. Subsequently he received from the University of Göttingen the complimentary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Returning to London he soon found himself involved in all the pressing cares of married life, and turned to literature for support. His first essays appeared in *Blackwood*. His story of "Caleb Stakely" came out in Feb., 1842, and he contributed some shorter pieces; amongst them, "We're all Low People there," all of which have since been published in a separate form by Routledge. His first political writing was in the articles for the *Morning Herald*, in advocacy of the Tory party, to which journal he contributed regularly. At the same time, he endeavoured to increase his political influence by becoming a proprietor of the *John Bull* newspaper. He had reached the climax of political journalism when the Derby party came to power, and looked to his

intimate associate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for substantial acknowledgment of his good services to the party: to these, however, the official ear was insensible, and he was not included even in the batch of L.L.D.'s. This wound never healed; and Phillips, having at last gained his own powerful point of attack at the head of the literary columns of the *Times*, opened a perfect battery of revenge, in that memorable article upon Disraeli—an article written with all his peculiar force of diction, and at the same time with all the unrelenting bitterness of an enemy made out of a friend. The notorious "suppressed pamphlet" appeared about the same time (Feb., 1854) in the *Times*, and without the italics.

The literary notices by Mr. Phillips have been published in two volumes in Murray's series of "Reading for the Rail," called "Essays from the *Times*."

The Crystal Palace is indebted to Mr. Phillips for everything in the way of literature that has emanated from it. The small hand-books were entirely suggested by him, and had it not been for his untiring energy and determination, the place must have opened without any sort of guide or catalogue. The portrait gallery was also designed and carried out by him, and his book of biographies, written in a remarkable style of terseness and apt description of character, is really a valuable library book.

Mr. Phillips was a remarkable instance of a man attaining a very influential literary position, and a handsome money independence, without possessing a profound knowledge of the subjects upon which he wrote—to this, indeed, he never pretended. His literary capital was small, but his credit was first-rate, and his courage and enterprise undaunted. He was eminently a writer for the *Times*. Whatever he said and did, was with an emphasis. He was of a fiery temperament, and often had to regret the loss of friends by sharp and hasty words; but he was sensitive, and alive to generous promptings, and had a great sympathy for poor clever men. He loved praise, and was very impatient of blame. To the writer of this, he lately said, in reference to an article in which the *Leader* expressed their opposition to his views:—"I don't mind what the *Leader* says of me, they always speak like gentlemen."

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO ENGLAND.

It is stated with some distinctness by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* that the Emperor and Empress of the French will pay a visit to the Queen in the month of November, and that her Majesty will return the visit in May next, and witness the opening of the French Exhibition.

RESUSCITATION OF POLAND.

A PAMPHLET has recently appeared in Paris, entitled *Lettre à l'Empereur sur la Question d'Orient*.

It boldly and ably advocates the resuscitation of Poland as the best bulwark against Russian aggression in Europe. After showing that Finland, Sweden, and the Danubian Provinces are not adapted to the purpose of holding Russia in check, it is stated that at the end of the struggle now entered on in Europe, recourse will be had to the only real force that can be disposed of against Russia independently of military means, and that must be an appeal to the devotedness and patriotism of the Poles. It is said that—

In a struggle between right and justice, between Europe menaced and Russia menacing, there is but one alternative possible; either Poland will be for Europe, or she will be against her; to ask her for neutrality, for complete inaction, is to ask what is impossible. Placed, as she is, between two belligerent parties, and exposed to become probably the theatre of war, she cannot remain indifferent; she must be either friend or enemy. Consequently, there are two imminent dangers which it is alike essential to conjure away—1st, that Poland, impatient of her yoke, shall not rise too soon; and 2ndly, lest at the voice of Europe, she may not wish to rise at all. Deign, sire, to take the matter into consideration, and you will perceive that these two hypotheses are equally admissible. At a moment when all men's minds are agitated by a question of such marked interest, it is natural that the patriotic sentiment, so greatly developed in Poland, should be aroused amongst all classes with a new ardour; men whisper to each other their hopes, and rejoice in secret at the reverses of the Russian armies. A feeling of confidence in the future is the watchword which is circulating as by enchantment throughout the whole extent of the Polish territory; men are waiting for the appearance of the colours of France and England on the soil of the country to salute them with the old enthusiasm which has given birth to so many prodigies; these colours are awaited, for it is a sentiment so disseminated amongst the masses, that Russia cannot be conquered except in attacking her in Poland, that no one doubts that the decisive blows will be given on that side.

There is danger in not considering Poland from that point of view, as she might, in revenge for being held at a distance by Europe, throw herself

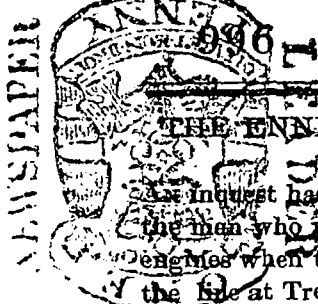
into the arms of Russia, and complicate a situation in which she will be called on, sooner or later, to play a part.

The second danger which I have pointed out to your Majesty has also its probable side. Poland, completely disarmed and occupied by a numerous army, could not make an effort, except on conditions so completely disadvantageous that every insurrection would, first of all, have against it the very numerous class of persons whose interests are menaced. But, if Russia, assuming the initiative, should offer such concessions and guarantees as might satisfy the national sentiment of all classes, it would be much to be feared that the whole country, so often deceived in its hopes on the side of the West, would place herself frankly on her side. That tendency of men's minds towards a Slavonian union is not of recent date, and continues to manifest itself by numerous symptoms. Pan Slavism is in Poland what the conservative party was in France; under a deceitful appellation it shelters all kinds of egotism and recruits itself with all the adversaries of liberty. That powerful party, which every progress and enfranchisement of the masses terrify, prefers the Emperor Nicholas to the invasion of what it calls the revolutionary doctrines of the West, because it sees in the Russian régime the best safeguard of its privileges and interests; possessing the greater portion of the soil, it exercises a very great influence on the masses, and would not be averse to sharing the destinies of Russia, at the price of some concessions on her part. It is for Europe to arrest that current of ideas which is in the inverse sense of the traditions and sympathies of the country; but it is not by following the course which she has hitherto followed that she will ever succeed in doing so. In fact, in obstinately leaving the name of Poland, as she does, out of every negotiation, in avoiding to make the slightest allusion to her, in fearing to arouse a cause at least as worthy of interest as that of Turkey or of Finland, in refusing the Poles any participation in the contest engaged in, and all hope to those who should wish to unite their cause to the regular march of civilisation against barbarism, she will only discourage good intentions, in place of gathering round her these which are doubtful. And yet Poland, thrown into the enemy's camp, might become a grave danger; for Russia, consolidated by the moral support of a country on which she could not reckon, would become invulnerable to all aggression.

In conclusion, the writer says—

France and England have an incontestible right to raise their voice in this great question, for they have always protested in favour of Polish nationality, and assisted with their money a numerous emigration; their part is noble and elevated; easy, because it is not contradictory; and generous, because it is disinterested. But there are other Powers which, after having joined in the partition of Poland, now find their own security threatened; they must at length understand that usurpation carries in itself its own chastisement. Their part, it is true, is more difficult, but it is only the more glorious and the more attractive. To make a striking reparation without violence and with good will for an act of injustice committed, is to introduce into the domain of politics the finest precept of the Gospel, and to inaugurate a new era. Everything tends towards this result; the will of men and the march of events; Providence even largely contributes to it by protecting in a peculiar manner nationalities which are only the political work of generations. In fact, the German powers, led away into a false path, and one contrary to their interests, appear to be eternally condemned to undergo the consequences of their complicity. Providence opens to them an easy issue from this position with glory and honour; never could a finer opportunity present itself for effacing, by a dash of the pen, the most untoward souvenirs. Austria, thanks to the personal influence of the young sovereign who directs her destinies, appears to comprehend it perfectly; she feels that an alliance with the Western Powers is not a heavy yoke, but a solemn adhesion to all the principles of right and justice; that the pledge which she has in her hands is more than sufficient to compensate amply for what on the other hand she might have to give up; and that by allowing to exist by her side a nationality incessantly aspiring to its independence she would only secure her frontiers and return gloriously within the limits marked out for her by nature. May she only free herself from all those ideas of routine which destroy the intelligence of things, and acquire the certainty that an independent Poland will never be a danger for her! Prussia, embarrassed by the family ties of her sovereign, appears to be more tenacious in her prejudices, but dynastic interests cannot long prevail against the evident interest of a country which would certainly have more to gain both in extent and security by a remodelling of the map of Europe.

To sum up: let Poland be re-constituted, and all those scattered elements which appear to be revolutionary ones, will blend themselves into one conservative party, offering every desirable guarantee, but which had no reason for being so in days of exile and of triple foreign occupation. This conservative party, tried by adversity, will be a much more solid pledge for the repose of Europe, than all those calumnies and persecutions which drive a great and generous nation to the most adventurous and desperate attempts.

THE ENNISKILLEN RAILWAY AFFAIR—
MURDER.

An inquest has been held on the body of John Mitchell, the man who was killed by being crushed between two engines when the Orange excursion train was thrown off the line at Trelick. A verdict has been found to the effect that Mitchell was killed and murdered in consequence of large stones being placed on the rails, and a verdict of wilful murder has been recorded against six men (navigators); they having placed the stones on the line with intent to upset the engines and carriages, and thereby to kill and murder those proceeding by that train.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE returns for the last week from the metropolitan districts furnish evidence of a steady, if not a rapid, improvement in the public health. The deaths, which numbered 1532 in the previous week, declined to 1394 in that which ended last Saturday; but the mortality still exceeds the average of former years by more than 300 deaths, and it is also greater than the mortality of the same week in 1849, when the number had fallen to 1075.

Last week cholera was fatal in 249 cases, diarrhoea in 102. The deaths from the former disease were registered in the two last weeks in the five divisions of London in the following proportions:—In the western districts 59 and 46, in the northern 26 and 14, in the central 31 and 24, in the eastern 95 and 50, and on the south side of the river 200 and 115. In the second week of October, 1849, the deaths reported as caused by cholera were 110.

Scarlatina prevails to some extent in London, and the mortality from it exhibits a weekly increase. In the last three returns this disease numbered 88, 105, and 112. This is considerably more than the average.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHY MDLLE. CRUVELLI RAN AWAY.—Some glimmering of light begins to be thrown upon the causes of the sudden disappearance of Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli. It is not true, as has been asserted, that she has taken to flight because her name did not appear on the bills *en vedette*; neither is it true that she has sacrificed her lucrative engagement in Paris for a still more lucrative engagement in America. She has bolted for other and far more feminine reasons—for nothing less than an affair of the heart. It appears that at the same time with Mdle. Cruvelli, and to all appearance at the same moment, has also disappeared the young Baron Vigier, a well-known Parisian, and it is said that the happy couple are now safely ensconced in that terrestrial paradise—Brussels. The wonder is why they should have thought it worth while to run away from Paris, that being the place which over-ardent lovers generally run to. The reason alleged is this:—The lady, who is as deeply enamoured as the gentleman, insisted that marriage should crown their mutual happiness; and as the lover is a mere youth—considerably younger, indeed, than the lady—it appears that they have gone to Brussels for the purpose of making their union indissoluble. The young man has an immense fortune.—*Globe*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of admissions for six days ending 20th October, 1854:—Number, including season tickets, 17,474.

MARTIAL LAW IN CALIFORNIA.—Some of the members of the volunteer corps at Yerba Buena made their appearance one day on parade in a state bordering on intoxication. They were ordered to fall into line. All obeyed the order but one, a Mr. P., well known to those who lived here in '46. Mr. P. backed up against one of the posts in front of the house before which Captain H. had drawn up his men. This was in Kearny-street, between Clay and Washington. "Fall into ranks!" cried the captain. "I could not entertain the proposition to fall," said Mr. P.; "can't leave this post, sir." "Fall into the ranks!" again cried the captain; "if you don't, I will take off your head, sir!" "Take it, sir," said P., "it is at your service." The captain stopped back and drew his sword, which happened to be a long dragoon sword. "I say once more," cried the captain, at the top of his voice, "fall in! If you don't, at the words one, two, and three, I will take off your head." Mr. P. remained immovable. The captain raised his sword in the face of the whole company, and in the most solemn manner whirled it around his head, pronouncing, "one, two," and at "three" he cut the huge uniform-hat of P. in two, just grazing the top of his head. "There, sir, is a specimen of what I can do. The next cut, off goes your head. Will you fall into the ranks now, sir?" "Yes, sir-r-r-o-o," said P., "I am perfectly satisfied." The hat was cut in two as clean as if it had been done by a razor, and P. never winked an eye when H. made the stroke.—*California Monthly Pioneer*.

THE COLLIERIES IN THE NORTH.—There are indications of strikes among the colliers in the North. Of course two or three sets of discontented pitmen will raise the price of coals 10s. a ton in London—there is such an absence of all other speculation. It is stated that symptoms of discontent at the amount of their present earnings, which, in many cases, as shown by the books of the collieries, have reached 5l. per fortnight per man, while putter lads, sixteen years of age, earn from 4s. to 6s. per day, are beginning to manifest themselves amongst the pitmen in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. At Sherburn, Sherburn-house, Littleton, the property of the Earl of Durham, and at Castle Eden Collieries, the hewers lately gave notice that they required the large advance of 2s. per score. To this demand the coal owners flatly refused to accede, but have since offered the men an advance of 8d. the score. With this the men are not satisfied, and have struck.

BELGIAN GOSSIP.—The *Indépendance Belge* notices the revival in Paris of two rumours that have been current from time to time—the one that Lord Palmerston is coming here on a visit; and the other that the English Ministry, by way of reciprocating the Emperor's free-trade measures, has resolved upon a very considerable reduction in the duties on French wines.

THE NEW RULER OF EGYPT.—Said Pacha, says a correspondent of the *Bombay Times*, is evidently impressed with a sense of his present dignity and importance, and desirous that it should neither be lessened nor forgotten. On some of his *ci-devant* acquaintance calling upon him in an every-day costume, and with a "Well, old boy, how are you?" Said Pacha drew himself up with much dignity, and asked whether they would presume to address her Majesty Queen Victoria in a similar costume and manner? He subsequently ordered that none should be admitted to his presence in shooting-coats, or other than suitable costume—i. e., full dress.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ABINGDON.—We are sorry to announce the demise of the Earl of Abingdon, which took place on Monday, at Wytham Abbey, about three miles from Oxford. His lordship, who was in his 71st year, was Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire and High Steward of the borough of Abingdon. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Norreys, who represents the borough of Abingdon in Parliament.

AN ILLUMINATION FOR ALMA.—On Friday night last Mr. Abdoullah Ydlibi, the Vice-Consul for Turkey, had his residence in Arlington-place, Oxford-road, Manchester, brilliantly illuminated, in celebration of the victory achieved by the allied armies at the battle of the Alma. In front of the house was a large painting representing the Turkish standard, with the English standard on the right and the French flag on the left. Innumerable variegated lamps, in colours appropriate to the background, were attached to the painting, and produced an attractive appearance. In large letters were emblazoned "Success to our Allies," the whole being encircled with a wreath of laurel. The gardens were decorated with Oriental lanterns, some of them being arranged in the avenue leading to the house. The illumination commenced at five o'clock, and closed at twelve. Some thousands of spectators were attracted to the locality.

CAPTURE OF A RUNAWAY DEBTOR FROM AUSTRALIA.—A German Jew, named Joseph Bernstein, absconded from his creditors in Australia, taking with him a very large sum of money. He left Melbourne in the ship Saldanha, having in his possession a large amount of the property with which he absconded, and arrived at Liverpool on Saturday morning. Upon Bernstein's flight from Melbourne, one of his creditors, named Maunder, immediately started overland for England, and arrived here some days prior to the Saldanha. He obtained an absconding debtor's warrant at the Bankruptcy Court here, signed by Mr. Commissioner Perry, armed with which Mr. Gaskell, the messenger of the court, aided by two assistants, succeeded in apprehending Bernstein at the luggage dépôt, Prince's Dock, where property to the amount of upwards of 2000l. was found upon him. Mr. Maunder's claim amounts to about 1800l., and a second detainer for 300l. has since been laid upon his person. Bernstein was accompanied from Australia by a young female, whom he left on board the vessel, promising to meet her at a certain place.

EXPORT OF RUSSIAN WHISKY.—There has been a most extraordinary falling off in the exports of whisky from Dublin during the past few weeks. The quantity, which was in 1853, 808 puncheons and 281 casks, dwindled down to 342 puncheons 175 casks in the corresponding six weeks of this year, a deficiency of two-thirds.

A DELICATE SEARCH.—The *St. Louis Herald* states a case of a young lady "of most undoubted respectability," who entered a store in that city and asked to be shown some gaiter boots; a number were shown to her, which she examined and tried on. While the attention of the storekeeper was occupied with another customer several pairs of gaiters disappeared. The lady concluding not to purchase, he was compelled to accuse her of secreting his shoes; she denied it, and he insisted, and proceeded to search, and found several pairs suspended by hooks which were attached to the lady's garters. He took from their hooks those belonging to him, and left there several others, which had no doubt been taken from stores. She was allowed to depart.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Verbatim et Literatim" should see that "Suum Cuique" suggests, also, the propriety of every man attending to his own business. 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. Whatever 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. 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. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

The
Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

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

A NOVEMBER SESSION.

PARLIAMENT has been "further prorogued" to the 16th of November, but not for the despatch of business. Why not for the despatch of business?

Already in this recess the Government, without any reference to Parliament, has arrived at important decisions, pregnant with historical consequences. Ere the 16th of November still graver decisions may be required of our irresponsible Cabinet; and before Christmas the country may be pledged to a policy revolutionising Europe—and in the wrong direction.

There has been a story, this week, originating in a Ministerial journal, that the Government had repented of its generosity to "neutrals," in respect to Russian produce, and was about practically to blockade Prussian ports. No doubt the Government has ascertained that it blundered in making it the interest of Prussia, of Sweden, and of Denmark, to maintain a pro-Russian attitude: and no doubt some change is contemplated to bring down the exchange in St. Petersburg. But can we be considered a self-governing people, a people possessed of representative Government, while Downing-street is settling for itself the maritime law of nations, and considering independently the propriety of outraging the well-ascertained opinions of all the mercantile bodies in Great Britain?

If there were no other reason why Parliament should soon meet—even if there were a perfect agreement between her Majesty, her Majesty's Ministers, and her Majesty's Public, as to the political sequences of the campaign in the Crimea—this inducement might be supplied: that a national inquest is being demanded on the conduct of several of our Admirals and Generals. It is common gossip—and it is a public accusation—that many who have been trusted have been found wanting. If the stories of neglect at Scutari are founded in fact, then there is murder on some official soul; and who is to blame? should be a Parliamentary question. Why

Admiral Napier has done nothing in the Baltic—why Admiral Dundas is unpopular in the Black Sea fleet—these also, surely, are Parliamentary questions. We have Sir E. Belcher tried by Court Martial for feebleness in an Arctic expedition;—why not try by public opinion admirals who, by nervousness, lose us great political alliances, and admirals who, by the infirmities of age, disgust a gallant fleet who have at least this claim on the nation—that they shall be well commanded. When battles like that at Alma are fought, there should be an English Parliament to vote thanks where thanks are due—and censure where there has been a stupidity; and at Alma, it is freely and publicly said of two of our generals, there were terrible blunders.

It is true that Parliament is at present not representative of the country—is merely representative of powerful classes in the country; and hence we admit the force of the suggestion that a November Session would not necessarily bring the policy of the Government into accord with the desires of public opinion. But there is a small party in Parliament which, negatively at least, has great power in protecting popular rights; and as, at any rate, we have no other machinery by which to present popular opinion to the Parliament, and to the Crown, we must avail ourselves of this means at getting all that the public ever gets—a hearing. And a November Session might be desirable, simply because it would be a failure; for how are we to get Parliamentary Reform, except by arranging that Parliament shall stultify itself?

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE BALTIC.

THE campaign in the Baltic is over for this year. Cronstadt has been observed, Helsingfors has been watched, Sveaborg has been irritated, Revel has been teased, and the Czar has been sighted by a 68-pounder as he sat in his carriage-and-four. Bomarsund, the solitary trophy of the year, amidst all these tedious and tantalising demonstrations, has been stormed by our gallant Allies, aided by a detachment of our own blue jackets and marines, after being played upon at "long balls" by the discreet Admiral Chads; and the foundations have been razed by experimental artillerists, under the secure eye of the same discreet Admiral Chads, who, a miracle of self-denial, stood afar off during the reduction of the forts, to come in after the death with a kick or two at the "remains." The key of the Aland archipelago is handed over for the winter to a local *conciergerie*, a tailor and contractor, who has already asserted the integrity and independence of his dominions by calling his population under arms, and vigorously ousting half a dozen ill-disposed Russian *ex post facto* intruders. Sweden has been "sounded" by diplomatists as well as by the pilots of the fleet, and seems not unreasonably content to remain neutral so long as the operations of the Allies are confined to "sounding." The Royal House of Denmark, brought within a mile or two of Russia, dynastically speaking, by Western diplomacy, has consummated a *coup d'état*, and suppressed a Constitution almost under the guns of the Western Powers. It has been said that the true meaning of diplomatic notes is to be found not in the written lines, but in the blank spaces between the lines; in like manner the results of the expiring campaign in the Baltic are to be looked for—not in what the fleets have done, but in what they have left undone. A very few lines have described the former; the blank spaces of the latter we leave to our readers to fill up.

The campaign in the Baltic is over for this year, let us repeat. Had it been ever so brilliant in achievements, and ever so triumphant

in its issues, it must still be over with the last days of October, and when Austria flaunts her ingratitude, and even maudlin Prussia plays impotently false, the Czar has inexorable winter for his steadfast and surely. Cowering all the nightless summer long under his tiers of granite batteries, he "trusts quietly," as Marshal Marmont said, "to the ice for a sure deliverance." We therefore hear, without surprise and without indignation, that all the sailing line-of-battle ships have left Kiel for the south, and may be expected at Cherbourg and Spithead before the close of the present month. Twelve British screw line-of-battle ships remain to the last available moment to enforce the blockade, and to tempt, we fear in vain, the Russian ships to come out and try conclusions, while the flying steam squadron scours the northern gulfs and cleaves the earliest flocks of ice. That this perilous and perplexing service will be carried out, as long as a keel can float, with perfect zeal, energy, and efficiency, needs not our assurance. For many weeks past the constant dangers peculiar to those shoaly and narrow seas have been increased by a succession of icy fogs and hard, driving gales. Moderate breezes have been few and brief in the dreary round of wild and "dirty" weather. Anxious and wearying times for all hands, we may be sure! No glory, no *éclat*, no mention in the *Gazette*, but day and night unceasing duty, calm and zealous devotion to rough work, little comfort, and no rest!

We have religiously abstained from echoing any vulgar clamour of ignorant impatience; we have always held it to be a sacred duty of the press to deal tenderly and respectfully with the reputations of gallant men serving their country in the van of danger and honour abroad. We may be permitted to recal our words on the appointment of the present Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic Fleet. On the 11th of March, we wrote:

"If before the appointment was fixed, looking to the wide range of choice which an English Government possesses in the number of tried and able officers, thoroughly qualified to take a distinguished part in our naval operations, our own unbiassed and deferential judgment pointed to another, let us say, that from the moment Sir Charles Napier received his appointment, he has not only our best wishes but our unstinted trust. His dashing and zealous characteristics as a seaman no one has ever doubted, and in such a moment the nation makes the man. But, at all events, our constant principle is this, and it will guide us in other affairs as well as the present: before the appointment to criticise the selection; and after the appointment, to judge by the acts. On no other conditions can a nation be well served. It is scarcely possible that Sir Charles Napier can fail to make full use of his unparalleled opportunity."

Before the appointment of Sir Charles Napier, on the 18th of February, we had written:

"What are the qualities England has a right to expect in the Commander-in-Chief of her Baltic Fleet. In the first place he should be in the active vigour of life, a condition which excludes a large class of 'dear old men' whom the country would gladly see laid up in ordinary at a comfortable pension in Pall Mall East. . . . We want a man of sound and active body, vigorous and unclouded mind, ripe in experience, fresh from active service . . . a man of temper, of moderation, strict in duty, an example of self-respect to all. Surely there are many such to be found: we have but the embarrassment of selection."

Was this an unreasonable catalogue of qualities to demand of a Commander-in-Chief? If not, we now claim the right to "judge by the acts." If we have refused to pander to popular clamour, neither will we echo popular delusions. Perhaps, one of the most striking and singular of all popular delusions of our time, has been the belief that Sir Charles Napier was the only man adequate to command the Baltic Fleet. If the gallant admiral has exploded nothing else this year, we trust he has successfully exploded that amazing article of our national belief.

Without detracting from the past services of Sir Charles, we can only hope there were better men among the rejected candidates for the command. Sir Charles Napier said he was too old for the work, and our Government might decently have deferred to the suggestion.

THE ARMY MADE NATIONAL.

THE faint expectation that was created early in the week by the reports that Prussia was giving in to the Austrian policy, has disappeared. King Frederick William seems true to the firmness of vacillation, and cannot make up his mind to a course which is safe, because that course looks bold. Rather than join the other Powers in Europe to put down the great outlaw, he prefers to turn between right and wrong, to negotiate between crime and justice, and substituting craft for courage, he seeks to set all Europe, as well as a corner of it, by the ears, in the hope of profiting in the scuffle. If Russia is the great burglar of empires, Prussia is the pickpocket of kings, who stands by to filch what he can, while the policemen are arresting the greater criminal. As the autocrat has doomed Europe to an effusion of blood, the petty larcener seeks to increase that effusion for his own purposes, and there is every probability that Europe will be divided into the two great parties of right and wrong—the Imperial and Royal thieves on one side, on the other the Lynchers of public justice.

Our hope is encouraged by the belief that the blood of our statesmen is up, that they are resolved to vindicate the influence and power of this country against any accomplices that Russia can engage in her crimes. It so happens that the wrong is against us, and thus it happens that our statesmen are on the right side. By the accident of their position, every blow they strike tells for humanity; and the effusion of blood to which the world is destined by the crimes of Russia and Prussia happens, as it has happened before in such mortal inflictions, to be a sacrifice for the benefit of the world. Already our statesmen show a stronger sympathy for their kind, because they are engaged in a common quarrel. Already a nobler pride animates their actions, because, by the cast of fortune, they have been thrown into a good cause; and if the true Republicans of Europe—those who seek more the common weal than mere party objects, or theoretical distinctions—manage discreetly and fairly, Europe as well as England will get something out of this quarrel; will get more out of it than the pitiful pickpocket, who is trying to send the engines astray, that he may pick pockets during the fire.

If one thing is more apparent than another, it is, that the calculations of those who reckon upon a long enduring peace, who told us of political objects to be gained by "passive action," and tried to make us believe in political power divorced from material strength, have been refuted in the great and obvious events of Europe. Physical force is now deciding between right and wrong. If physical force were to fail on our side, wrong would prevail. Political injustice, oppression, rapine, and the grossest crimes under which the human flesh can quake, would be inflicted, not only upon a large portion of Europe, but upon ourselves. If at this moment we can still stand up in the political independence of a nation, in the safety of our municipal institutions, and the comfort of our individual freedom, it is because we are stronger in the right arm and in the science of physical force. As the cannon tears away the walls of the abdomen and exposes a hideous lesson in anatomy to the unexpected eyes of the bystander, so

war has torn open the framework of states, and exhibits their anatomy to us, and tells the function of the muscular part of politics. We may want the head to direct, we may need the heart to knit us together, but the right hand, after all, does the work either of industry or of combat. And yet, the people of this country has suffered that real hold of political power to depart from it; the English people is divorced from its army, and, in this respect, we are weaker than some of the states at which we sneer. We have sustained the loss through forgetfulness, through misapprehension. The period tells us to value that which we had learned to neglect. We ought to supply it. The opportunity will not be wanting. Should the present struggle be prolonged, draughts will be made upon the English people for money and for men, and then the English people will have a right to claim a share in the command of its own army.

Nothing has been more striking in the present war than the letters which have been sent home written by the private soldiers: in force of feeling, in political insight, in moral appreciation, in humanity, in firmness, in military ardour, they are not excelled by the letters of the officers. We know of no distinction. Turns of expression as good as any in the writings of the professed reporters, or of officers bearing the highest rank and educated in the universities, are to be found in the letters of men who have enlisted in the ranks. The stuff of the men is the same. The victory won at the Alma was obtained through the good order, the military sagacity of the individual men, whom the circumstances of the time cast loose from the ranks, and who were for the hour their own officers. What distinction then is there between men and gentlemen bearing her Majesty's commission which should forbid the men's rising to the rank of officers; which would forbid any man in the ranks, with the qualities such as we have indicated, from stepping,—by degrees if you like, by hard labour, and by daring ardour,—to the highest post on the field? When men and money are wanted, the English people ought to ask that question of their governors.

Contrasts are observed between our own army and the French. Our men are, for the most part, taller, firmer in action, stricter in discipline; theirs are more inured to active fatigue, more impatient for victory, keener at individual combat; but take them altogether, and each will admit that it would care for no enemy but that other. Yet the French soldier can tell the English private that of every three officers of the French army one had risen from the ranks. Are we, as Englishmen, to confess that chivalry belongs only to the French people? That only a small class of the English share the feeling—a class *born* officers? Say that gentlemanly spirit is absolutely required in the officer, and that you do not always find it in the "common people" of England; admit the assumption, and yet we say that when a man of the common people shows such qualities as are indicated in the letters to which we have referred, he proves that there are "gentlemen" even in the humblest ranks, and that the qualities of the officer live under the coarse cloth of the private soldier. If it is gentlemanly and chivalrous feeling that you require, you would still find a full proportion to give the English people one-third of the officers in the British army.

But there is something more than right; luckily, since right is disclaimed by our Legislators as a sufficient ground for public acts. There is policy. Throw open commissions to privates, on condition that they are men of gentlemanly demeanour, and you

at once raise the standard of behaviour for the whole ranks. Yet further; because men rise from the ranks in the French army, it is not to be supposed that all such men are other than gentlemen. What is "gentle" in the *Herald's* acceptance? It is that a man shall be "nobilis," that is *knowable* by his arms; his family having been distinct with an inherited cognizance. Now there are many gentlemen in England who have a better right to bear arms than numbers who have the money to purchase commissions in the army. To open commissions for privates would have the double effect of enabling such men to work their way to command; while, in passing through the ranks, they would leaven the mass, and strengthen the moral operation of the measure upon the body of the soldiers. Our army would then really represent the nation and all its classes.

Men and money, we say, will be demanded of the English commonwealth before the battle is over. Already recruits are going out, and are continually drafted from the body of the people. We supply the bone and sinews, we shall have to pay them. We should obtain only our right if we were to insist that exclusive rules, alien from a commonwealth like ours, should be broken down. If we give our blood and treasure, give us at least a share in the disposal of it. If we go to war for the honour of the Queen's flag, let the Queen's flag honour the English people. If we bear the brunt of the loss, let a portion of the political power, which a share in the military profession confers, be returned to the English people. If we could obtain that out of the war,—if we could throw open the army,—if we could secure some degree of sympathy between the great organised physical force of our state and the commonwealth, then, we say, the blood spilled upon the Continent would not be in vain, and England will arise from the contest greater than she was before—more worthy for sovereign and statesmen to govern.

PEEL'S AUXILIARY MEDICAL CORPS.

A SEPARATE subject from the throwing open of the army, though closely allied to it, is the appointment of medical officers. A movement is made to increase the assistance and comfort for the soldiers in the East, and some official jealousy is shown of this movement; why we do not know. Private persons anticipated the official commission, and organised a system to provide for the widows and dependants of suffering soldiers; and this plan, to a certain extent, remains *better* than the official plan. The Royal Commission seems to contemplate no help for any but widows or orphans; whereas the private Association justly takes account of another class of the helpless, and gives help to the wife who is deprived of aid by her husband's absence, finds a home and safety for children whom the claims of war have bereft of their natural protector, and so cheers the soldier fighting in the field, whose anxiety would be a more enduring pang than that of the soldier expiring on the field. Are the dependants of the *dead* poor only to be thought of? Does the official commission intend to put a premium upon the suicide of non-commissioned officers or privates? Until, therefore, we have some distinct understanding that the Royal Commission intend, in these respects, to do as well as the private Association, we must hold that the independent help has not been needless nor superfluous.

Sir Robert Peel and the *Times* have suggested the formation of a fund to send more help for the sick and wounded; whereupon "Andrew Smith, M.D., Director-General,

Army and Ordnance Medical Department," publishes a memorandum to prove that the sick and wounded are already provided for; that there are 276 medical officers in the East; 30 on their way, and 15 ready to embark; that there are boundless supplies of drugs, instruments, hospital stores, and comforts; and that, in short, so far as it may be done in hospitals, the English soldier who is past fighting may live like a fighting cock. To a certain extent Andrew Smith answers the complaints that have been made. There is a larger number of medical officers for the number of men than were allowed in the Peninsula—one to 97 instead of one to 154. The drugs and instruments are more ample, and comprise the latest improvements of medical chemistry and mechanics; but the very statement shows that enough had not been done at first, and the best feature in Andrew Smith's explanation is that he promises continued improvement as experience shall instruct theory. Very good. Then why repel the means of supplying additional help, though it be offered even faster than Parliament will perhaps vote the supplies? Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors open their hands—why repel the proffered assistance? Andrew Smith tells us that the allowance of medical officers is sufficient for average purposes; and ministerial writers represent that the Alma was more than an average purpose—an extraordinary event. Very true, and the State may not be bound to provide for more than the ordinary run of contingencies. But why prevent volunteers from supplying extra aid which would be available on "extraordinary" occasions? There is no sense in the refusal. When an accident happens—say a fire on a Gateshead scale—it would be foolish to blame the parish or the local authorities for not sending more than the constituted engine of the district; but if private engines were to arrive, how mad or criminal must be the man who would refuse their help. None but a Spanish grandee or a Chinese would insist upon keeping flames waiting unquenched, still less men with wounds unstrapped or legs unamputated, until they could be arrived at by the official person in his regulation uniform.

Any help of this kind it is silly and criminal to refuse. Nor would the benefit be only temporary. We believe that there is no study so striking and so beneficial as that afforded by the field of battle. It is there that the medical man learns the spur of necessity under its sharpest pressure; there that he discovers his own resources of invention, his own decision, his own powers of endurance, in nerve and muscle; learns to know what humanity can suffer, and science can accomplish. If some few young surgeons went over now, by help of a fund like Sir Robert Peel's, they would not only afford an admirable help to their suffering countrymen, but they would have a fine training for themselves, and would bring back into the body of the profession a larger share of that stirring experience which has given to us already a Guthrie and a Gulliver.

HARTMANN.

THE greatest anxiety is felt on the Continent for the fate of the poet Hartmann, of whom it has recently been stated that he was seized at Bucharest by officers of the Austrian Government, and conveyed to Vienna for perpetual imprisonment or for execution, on the pretext that he had been condemned to death for political causes. A contradiction has appeared in a Ministerial paper. The *Morning Chronicle* says:

"The report that has lately circulated in Germany,

as also in France and England, to the effect that M. Moritz Hartmann, the intellectual poet and correspondent in the East of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, is in duance vile at Vienna, is totally false. He is still in Turkey."

Notwithstanding this contradiction, however, it will not be felt that the case is yet disposed of, and the *Morning Chronicle* may rest assured that there is evidence of a very disagreeable kind. Hartmann is distinguished for his sympathy with the national cause in Germany; he was a deputy to the Parliament at Frankfort in 1848; and he had made himself specially offensive to the Austrian Government by scourging satires on the Archduchess Sophia. He was recently at Bucharest, and can no longer be discovered by his friends. It is well known that when the Austrians first entered the Principalities, the officers of that power did interfere with the inhabitants, did demand the arrest of people obnoxious to Austrian penal law, and probably obtained custody of one or two. The subject was brought before the British Government; something passed, not, we believe, discreditable either to our own Ministers, or those of Austria; and instructions, it is understood, were conveyed to General Hess that the authority of Austrian officers should be limited to the administration of their own army. It has subsequently been stated, and we believe the statement, that a better understanding prevails between Omar Pacha and General Hess; and we are not prepared at present to make any direct complaint against the conduct of the Austrian commander. The Austrians, however, have been so long accustomed to domineer on the frontier, that where they have not formed sympathetic friendships across the border, as they have sometimes done in Illyria and Croatia, they have been in the habit of riding roughshod over the inoffensive; and whatever may be the liberal feeling and probity of General Hess, we can well understand the difficulty that he would have in making Austrian colonels and captains understand that Slavonians were socially their equals, and to be respected. Supposing Claverhouse had been suddenly converted, are we to imagine that the whole body of his dragoons could at once have received into their hearts the sympathetic light of a common humanity, or that the Cameronians would have found nothing but courtesy? The original disappearance of M. Hartmann could be accounted for on these grounds, and the Austrian Government might hesitate to confess that which would be discreditable to it, although its superior officers might not be responsible for the first act.

The case has been laid before the British Government, and has received a considerate attention. We believe that if stronger evidence could be produced, our Ministers would do their duty, and that they would do it with that temperate firmness which would secure satisfaction without giving just offence to Austria. For we are sure that *that* is possible. The case, however, is exactly of that class in which the discovery of evidence would be difficult even with official resources, but is nearly impossible for a party that has been proscribed, and is not yet reinstated in its political and social rights. The continued secrecy that is maintained about M. Hartmann is a suspicious fact; for we cannot believe that the Austrians could not at once point out where he is; which would entirely settle the question. If they have any respect for our Government, they are bound to do so; and to our own Government, we will only say, that after the assurances conveyed to the friends of M. Hartmann, they are bound to keep the case in view.

ENGLISHMEN EMIGRATE TO THE SUFFRAGE.

In the youngest of our colonies the Englishman is now better off, politically, than he is at home. If they have not universal suffrage in New Zealand (and we are not exactly able to follow the clippings which Sir George Grey, the late governor—not the Sir George Grey of the Howick family—has inflicted on the statute exported from this country in 1852), we are confident that every man emigrating to New Zealand may, within a very short time of his arrival, vote at the election of a representative. That, however, is only a small part of self-government, and the colonists have just procured an important addition for themselves—they have secured "responsible government."

What is that? It is the name given to a *practice*—not a written law—of the British constitution. It is the usage with us, for the Sovereign to select his Ministers from that party which can command a majority in the House of Commons. George the Third attempted to over-ride that rule when he persisted in retaining Mr. Pitt; but it would not need a rebellion to prevent any monarch from doing it now: the inconvenience and danger to the Crown of being represented in Parliament by men always in a minority would preclude any renewal of poor George's attempt. In colonies, however, the Government was supported by the Imperial power; our own people took little heed of the colonial interests; and so a Governor was able to disregard not only a majority, but a whole colony. And often had it been done. In Upper Canada, the Family Compact ruled in high Toryism over a Radical Colony; in Lower Canada "the British party" played oppressor over a Radical British and a Liberal French majority. Insolence begot rebellion; and the troubles of 1837 threatened separation from the mother country, while Americans innumerable were banded to assist annexation. The danger was ended by the suggestion of a man to whom the colonial world owes much, and to whom in great part we owe it that emigration has enjoyed that management without which it never could have expanded as it has—Edward Gibbon Wakefield. He had before had occasion to apply his powerful and practical mind to the analysis of great colonial questions, and he did so now. He found the reasonable wishes of the Canadians frustrated by cliques, who, in the pursuit of their own paltry interests, staked the possessions of Great Britain; and he saw that to introduce the British plan into Canada would at once ease the vessel of the state. He formed an unappointed adjunct to Lord Durham's Commission of Inquiry; his was the master-hand, as Charles Buller afterwards avowed in Parliament, that shaped Lord Durham's report; and the blue book on Canada was the exposition of the principle which was afterwards carried out. The results we have seen. Canada is tranquil; in common with other provinces she sustains the Sovereign in war; "annexation" is never heard; and the passing agitations of the day are not greater than our own Tweedledum ministerial crises.

Well, we have "responsible government" here, why then are we not as well off as Canada and New Zealand. Because we have not the complement—national franchise. They have got what we have; we have not got what they have. They secured the principle that the Ministers should represent the majority, as we had; but the difference is this—their majority represents the people, ours does not. Hence their Ministers are virtually nominated by the people—ours are not.

And how did they get what they lacked.

As we got all that we ever gained—by insisting on it. The barons and franklins got Magna Charta and trial by jury; Cromwell and his fellow-soldiers got the Bill of Rights; Birmingham got the Reform Bill. So Canada took up arms, and got responsible government; as the Cape took up passive resistance and non-intercourse, with arms in the background, and Anglo-Dutch rebellion on the border, and got a constitution. But they had a leader—the same who secured responsible government for Canada. And finally the New Zealanders got their want. Edward Gibbon Wakefield was there—he laid the case before the colonists: they were as unanimous as the Danes are now, and as successful as the Danes must be.

Englishmen stopping at home at ease cannot emulate either Danes or colonists. They cannot insist, as they have done in Canada, Cape, and Copenhagen; they cannot concentrate their assent upon one simple, inexciting, but plain principle, as the people of New Zealand have. If all England were to say, we will have a national franchise, the thing would be done; but all England, if not too timid, is too lazy—or too selfish—to take care even for itself, if itself includes its neighbours too. *That* is the reason why England is now, politically, behind every one of her tribute colonies.

Open Council.

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

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

BABEL.

(From a various Correspondence.)

—A NEW case of oppression under the present Licensing Act has been published in a letter to the *Times*. The proprietor of Highbury Barn Tavern finds that the demand for semi-public dinners decreases at his house, and that the late visitors to his ball-room rapidly diminish in number, he starts thereupon a species of suburban Casino—admission sixpence—band of Grenadier Guards to dance to—room rigorously shut up at half-past eleven. The incumbent of the parish, and other gentlemen of serious habits—possibly of the gouty, but certainly not of the light fantastic toe—take alarm at the innovation, and determine to vindicate the morals and tranquillity of the neighbourhood by closing the tavern-keeper's casino. The next time he applies for a licence—about a week ago—five impartial magistrates walk into the court just as his case comes on, make a majority against him, and then walk out again. Two police-sergeants are present to state that the nightly dancing at Highbury Barn is conducted with perfect decorum, and is always over before midnight. One district magistrate has been present in the ball-room, and has not had the slightest fault to find with the proceedings there, but is afraid to vote against the overwhelming moral majority of five magistrates who know nothing of the real merits of the case. The renewal of the tavern-keeper's casino-licence is refused—the band of the Grenadier Guards is silenced—nine persons who were employed in the dancing-room, and who supported their families on the wages of their employment, are dismissed, because the incumbent of the parish, and the five moral magistrates, have deprived them of their occupation. The tavern-keeper has no appeal, and cannot be heard in his own defence, except in the columns of the *Times*. As a specimen of the small municipal tyranny to which Britons who never, never, never will be slaves, are obliged to submit, this case is sufficiently remarkable. But there is another lesson to be learned from it. The master of the tavern states in his letter that, during the one

year his casino was open, his spirit trade decreased at the rate of 600*l.*, and his lemonade and ginger-beer, and harmless beverage trade generally, increased in proportion. This is very remarkable evidence in confirmation of what all continental experience has shown to be true for years and years past—that dancing diminishes the thirst for strong liquor, and creates the desire for harmless drinks. But the incumbent of the parish and the five moral magistrates, don't like dancing—so the population of Islington, wanting amusement and not allowed to dance quadrilles, has nothing else left for it but to restore the spirit-trade at Highbury Barn to its original figure, and absorb refined diversion again in the shape of—Gin.

— Some men and officers of the 46th Regiment marched through London the other day on their way to the wars. A moral British public [at the "Elephant and Castle"—elsewhere there was no such severity] vindicated its morality by saluting the soldiers with all sorts of insulting references to the late courts-martial. What more cowardly and disgraceful act could any mob have committed? People who could twit the regiment with the reproof inflicted on it by the press and by public opinion, on the very day when officers and men were on their road to fight the battles of their country, and to die, if need be, in the cause of their countrymen, are, in plain words, a disgrace to the nation. One man among the mob seems to have had sufficient sense of justice and of decency to tell the rest that the privates of the regiment, at least, could not be held responsible for anything that had happened at the late courts-martial. But he seems to have remained in "a glorious minority of one." The shameless mob bawled on, and officers and men, greatly to their credit, only treated their assailants with the quiet contempt which they deserved. Nothing was wanting to complete the moral apotheosis of Lieutenant Perry but such a scene as this.

— How amusing to the philosopher, how annoying to those who buy newspapers, are the contradictions about war matters which daily flood the public journals. We shall all soon become a nation of sceptics, for what can one believe? You read the *Chronicle*, and you are sure Austria is all that could be wished—sincere, frank, and well disposed—but soon the *Daily News* dispels the "fond delusive dream," and you are disgusted at her shuffling, double-dealing, and egotism. Then, again, as to the resources of the Czar, in one place you read that he is nearly ruined, all trade is stopped, the "holy" empire is in a state of bankruptcy and incipient revolt, when the *Press* "malignantly" quotes the veracious *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* to prove that more Russian produce than ever has been exported this year, with the *addendum* that England has paid twice the usual price for it, while the latest issue of paper roubles are absolutely quoted at a premium. Anon, as the Elizabethan dramatists say, you are aroused to a fit of patriotic fury by reading that, on the battle-field, in the steamers sailing from the Crimea to Constantinople, and even in the hospitals at Scutari, our brave soldiers are dying of absolute neglect. You denounce the whole of the "Governmental departments" with more than your wonted natural energy, you determine to subscribe liberally, and turn the house topsy-turvy for old rags, and have just worried yourself to death, when you hear that all your trouble is useless, and that the "soldier" is absolutely better cared for, in a medical point of view, than rich civilians "living at home at ease." "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is becoming a moral Dodo.

— What has become of the picture-gallery of the Crystal Palace? We were to have had by this time the north wing of the great building full of pictures by every modern painter in Europe. The great defect in the '51 Exhibition—the want of pictorial art examples—was to have been supplied by the superior taste and zeal, by the educational yearnings of the Fine Art directors at Sydenham. We were told, with some considerable pomposity, that the gentleman who had so successfully collected the pictures of the Dublin Exhibition, had been secured; that a commissioner was engaged to hunt up all the artists of the Continent; and that a ship was chartered to bring hither all the gems of the ateliers. Curious people have been for weeks peeping through the cracks, and catching glimpses of a grand picture of the "Death of Nelson," in the German style, and others, all which served to keep expectation on tip-toe, when just as all the red cloth was hung up and the Fine Art director eager to cry, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," that *mal à propos* *Art Journal* spoilt it all. The Fine Art director literally bolted in dismay at the promised terrors of "the press," and, like a true Russ, ordered everything to be destroyed rather than they should fall into the hands of the critics. The Dublin man pleaded for the art of his "natiff ceety," the continental commissioner ("Belgian ironmonger," the *Journal* had the audacity to call him) suggested a

probable revolution at Munich; but nothing availed against the panic-struck director, he would have every blessed picture down again and consigned to the dispersing care of Pickford and Co. (and they're gone). The last hurried words he uttered were, "Send 'em all back again, and tell everybody to send in their bills." What a fine moral for the press. Here's a great public company awed by the ghost of a critic.

Cape Race is an unusually *à propos* name for the locality where the Arctic and the City of Philadelphia, two of the finest steamers which ever left the port of Liverpool, have been lost within a month. The fact is, racing is the cause of both of these catastrophes, for the captain of each of the great Yankee steamers will strive to the utmost to beat a rival by a few minutes, for now-a-days a run of thousands of miles is regulated to time with more nicety than the arrivals and departures of our railway trains. It is to be hoped that next session the British Parliament and the American Congress will investigate the loss of the great passenger-steamers, and inflict fines where a high rate of speed was attained in dangerous localities and foggy weather. We know a gentleman who last year, about this time, went within a mile of the coast of Newfoundland in a "buttermilk" fog, at the rate of ten knots an hour, in a sailing ship, on which the captain kept every sail set, in spite of the remonstrances of the terrified passengers.

— The Right Hon. William Beresford says that he has a friend upon whose judgment he relies in questions relating to good manners. 'Tis a pity he does not consult him oftener; or, if possible, engage him as private secretary.

This hint throws open a field for young men of good birth and breeding.—"WANTED, as private secretary, a young man of good education, who can set his employer right upon all questions relating to good manners. Apply to W. B., Carlton Club."

I can't say that I should entertain any great respect for the advice of W. B.'s friend. Out of a string of choice epithets and abusive accusations—"sinister look, brazen, meretricious leer, bold assumption of front which conceals the dastard heart, bully, and coward"—he (the friend) only objects to the last as transgressing the fair bounds of courtesy. Looking at the whole character of the squabble, some people will think that this is the very last word which ought to be retracted. Sir James should have insisted on a "comprehensive apology."

— The *Gazette* professes to give an accurate list of killed and wounded, and was deferred to ensure accuracy. I doubt whether the object has been attained. If any one will take the trouble to compare the list with private letters, he will find that many men entered in the list as wounded are by letter reported dead. Side by side with the copy of the *Gazette*, published in the *Times*, is a letter from Richard McNeil, 55th Regiment, in which is written "McGarrity, that was formerly a drummer, had his left hip blown away, and he has died of his wound." Turn to the preceding column and you will find this very man entered among the wounded. So in a number of instances. The *Gazette*, moreover, only reports eighteen men as having died of their wounds since the battle. What, then, becomes of the multitudes who are said to have died from want of surgical assistance? There is gross inaccuracy somewhere.

Not long since the *Times* was objecting that Government did not do its duty in bringing reports home from the East for the newspapers: now the *Times* is sending out a special commissioner to administer funds for wounded soldiers in the East. What next? Under Mr. Arthur Symonds's extremely literary improvements, the management of the Civil Service would have been transformed into something very like editing; her Majesty would have required four Principal Editors of State: the *Times* points out the want of official reporters. It seems that for Executive duties we are to go to Printing-house-square,—as well as for advice gratis on the subject of cholera!

— They report that the Arrow gunboat proves very efficient, her shells being sent three miles—and she has twenty-five of them. One baker's dozen, and one ordinary dozen! Somebody has said that every shell sent into Sebastopol costs 30*l.*—no wonder if every two dozen requires a special voyage for the conveyance out. It almost equals the Chinese plan, of sending out a ship with one ball, after discharging which it is expected to return to rest.

Where was our nautical contemporary's First Lord of the Admiralty when some reporter was allowed to state that 15,000 sailors have been landed to operate with the forces in the Crimea. Another says 25,000. Are they to act as Horse Marines? Fancy, not one, but fifteen thousand Jacks *à la Cosaque*! Or are they to form a new division of Infantry? Picture fifteen thousand sailors in the act of attempting to "dress up."

"A FAMILY BIBLE."

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I read with interest the letter of your correspondent Zeta, in your paper of September 23, pleading for a readable family Bible; *i. e.*, such a translation of "The Book" as the father of a family could put into the hands of his children, without regret that it contained, here and there, a sentence which might possibly excite an impure emotion, or lead the truly chaste mind to question whether it really emanated from the purest source.

I have no doubt that God has spoken to man; that he did so to Adam, to Moses, to Isaiah, to Paul, and to others. But that the English translation, "appointed to be read in churches," and intended to be read in families, and by individuals, is what it ought to be, I have never believed. Some parts are erroneously translated, and have led to grievous disputations, and others are expressed in language lamentably indelicate. And notwithstanding all that has been said, and so often said in praise of the common version, many of the most learned, and (at the same time) firm believers in the inspiration of the original, have pleaded for a new translation almost from the period of the issue of the present one, in 1611. But a *Leader* has been wanting to bring and band such together, and to carry them on in the enterprise. Most Bible readers, and—I fear—most of our religious teachers, will object to a new translation, just as there are many farmers who object to adopt a different system of agriculture, or even to use a new implement—not that this is to be lamented in agriculturists only. Of this class, however, it is always found that there are some who will fall into the rear, and those who will not must remain where they are.

My father, who died about thirty years ago, was a warm advocate for an improved translation for at least the half of his threescore years and ten. I have a portion of his library—among others, "An Essay for a new Translation of the Bible, wherein its necessity is shown from reason, and from the authority of the best critics," by H. R., a Minister of the Church of England; London, 1702. The work consists of two parts. Part i., chap. 2, says: "That the threatenings of Moses and John make nothing for a literal version." . . . Chap. 5: "That a translation should keep to the sense rather than to the letter." . . . Part ii., chap. 9: "That translators ought 'to use expressions, which are plain and decent in our language,' &c.

A century and a half has elapsed since this important work was published. The object has not yet been accomplished, although many other pens have been employed; yet the seed sown has not been entirely fruitless. "The Book" is, and will continue to be, a family book. Individuals, families, and nations, have been incalculably benefited, even by an imperfect translation. It is important that every translation should be corrected and improved, if possible; especially that of a people like ours, who so generally read it, and who are now taking or sending it to so many other countries. Several English translations have been made, with some improvements; but these are expensive and little known. What can be done? Should not an effort be made to bring the question before such a body as the Bible Society?

THETA.

A MODEL CLERK.—Young man:—"I called to see about the clerkship you advertised as vacant." Old gent: "Hem! Have you a gold watch and chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bull-dog, a thousand cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?" Young man: "Yes, sir, got 'em all." Old gent: "Then you'll suit. My other clerk furnished himself with all these out of the till; so, as you're supplied, I'll save the expense."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

WASHINGTON'S SEALS.—A correspondent of the *Petersburg Express*, at Charlestown, United States, communicates to that paper the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:—"Washington was accustomed to wear on his watch two seals, one gold and the other silver; upon one of them the letters 'G. W.' were engraved, or rather cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and they were about his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat; on that day he lost the silver seal; the gold one remained with the general until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about 17 years ago, when, riding over his farm, he dropped it. The other day the gold seal, lost 17 years ago, was 'ploughed up,' recognised from the letters 'G. W.' on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same time the silver seal lost in 1754—just 100 years ago—was ploughed up on the site in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognised from the letters 'G. W.' So that, in a very short time the companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible—namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementos of his great ancestor."

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*.

PERHAPS the most interesting article in the *Edinburgh*, besides that on "Army Reform," mentioned last week, is that on "Vestries and Church Rates," which discusses an important question of Church Reform in a brisk manner. By-the-way, how clerical the *Edinburgh* is becoming—articles on Church topics provided, as if studiously; and the tone of all the articles kept strait and orthodox, far more visibly than used to be the case in its Scotch days. There is a readable article on the "Memoirs of Joseph Bonaparte," made up of a tissue of extracts in French from the memory, with interspersed comments and elucidations. These "Memoirs" throw light upon NAPOLEON's early character, and exhibit him as a splendid, ambitious young man, full of family affection. There is also a paper on "MACAULAY'S Speeches," in the beginning of which Mr. VIZETELLY's attempt to issue the speeches, without having obtained Mr. MACAULAY's previous consent, is made the text for a discussion of the question of copyright in speeches, sermons, and so on. The writer says:—

Nor let us suppose that members of Parliament only are affected by the present state of the law. Eloquent preachers are perpetually annoyed by a similar injustice. A man tells his congregation that he is going to preach a "series of lectures;" in many cases contemplating their ultimate publication, after he shall have elaborated and matured them for the press. No sooner has he made the announcement than—to his surprise we were going to say, but it has become too common to excite that—he finds a benevolent and patriotic publisher willing to take the trouble off his hands! Not only does he see, what is all fair enough on the principle we have already advocated, a brief report of what he has said in some journal, but an advertisement stares him in the face, setting forth, that "the Rev. Mr. So-and-So's series of eloquent discourses" will be published *seriatim*, and in a form admitting of being conveniently bound up in a volume as soon as he has finished the course!

The proper remedy for this state of things, according to the Reviewer, is—

Just the extension to the *separate* publication of speeches, lectures, sermons, &c., of the law of copyright already applicable to every other work. Allowing precisely the liberty, enjoyed at present, of reporting all free speech in the daily journals, according to the ability of those who report it, let men be forbidden to publish reported speech, sermon, or lecture in a separate form, or make collections of such compositions for such purpose, just as they are forbidden to reprint any book or pamphlet of a private author, without the author's consent; let a penalty be attached to collecting and publishing any such compilation before the author's death, or within a term of years, unless his consent and sanction have been first obtained.

Observe, the Reviewer would keep for newspapers their present full liberty of reporting what they like and whenever they like. "The public," he says, "is fully entitled to know in the daily papers the substance of what passes in Parliament, in the courts of law, in churches, in chapels, in all public assemblies whatsoever. Here reporters ought to be admitted (as they are), and should give the public the best account they can." By-the-by, this notion of sending reporters to churches and chapels is one with an element of revolution in it. In one or two cases newspapers have given sketches of popular preachers, continued from week to week, and evidently prepared by Sunday rambles of members of the staff among the churches. All the daily papers, on the occasion of the Fast-day, gave reports and abstracts of all the metropolitan sermons. What, if the practice were extended? What, if the Press were to take charge of the Pulpit, as it has of the Parliament? What, if every Monday we were to read reports of the previous day's sermons in all the chief chapels and churches, with criticisms on them in the leading columns—"It has been our fortune to hear a good deal of nonsense in our day, but greater rubbish than the Bishop of — spoke yesterday forenoon in the church of —, it has seldom," &c.—"We have a great respect for the Dean of —, but if we may judge from his pulpit-performance yesterday, reported in another column, his powers, whether of intellect or oratory, are failing."—"Let the Rev. Mr. — take a hint, reform his grammar, and lay in a stock of H's." Only fancy this going on all over the country. What would be the result? Would the pulpit eloquence of the country be improved, and clergymen be obliged to exert themselves?

By the sudden death of Mr. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, the *Times* has lost its chief literary critic. In its notice of his death, that journal made no direct allusion to his connexion with itself. Nor did it pronounce an extravagant eulogium on his literary merits. It spoke of him as a clever and cultivated, and honourable and amiable, but by no means profound, man, who did his best. This seems to be also the general impression. His criticisms in the *Times*—or such as were supposed to be his—were well-timed, sometimes striking, and always above average, and administered such notions of literature as, while they met acceptance with persons of culture, were particularly suitable for large capitalists. Mr. PHILLIPS was also an example of a man who made literature pay, both in money and social distinction. Latterly, he was a leading man in the management of the Crystal Palace. Labouring under a consumption, which he knew might at any time carry him off in a day, the calmness and punctuality with which he continued his literary labours are said to have been almost heroic. He was not forty years old.

In January, 1855, is to appear the first number of a new series of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, under the joint-editorship of Professor

Edward Forbes, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Anderson, Professor of Chemistry, in Glasgow. Under such editorship, and with the first scientific men of the day on the list of regular contributors, the new series will doubtless maintain the high celebrity acquired by its predecessor under the editorship of the deceased Professor Jameson. There are to be some new features in the journal, however, under the new management, so as to extend its range and efficiency in the present advanced state of science. "As hitherto, the leading features of its contents will consist of original papers on Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Zoology, Botany, Geology, Ethnology, &c.;" but a portion of each number will be appropriated to the reception of valuable papers selected from foreign journals, to abstracts and analyses of important scientific memoirs, and to biographical sketches of deceased philosophers. There will, of course, be reviews of scientific books, and reports of scientific societies; and the section of scientific intelligence, giving notices of "new facts and isolated data," will be greatly extended.

A project, under the name of *Association Internationale et Universelle des Arts*, has been set on foot in Paris, we know not with what chance of success, by way of turning the approaching time of the French Exhibition to account. The notion professes to be an extension of that of the *English Art-Union*; the members of which, paying a pound a year, receive in return a fine engraving each, with the chance of drawing a prize-work of art. The proposed *Association Internationale* is to be on a wider scale and under somewhat different regulations. It is not to be confined to French artists, but is to include the artists of Britain, Germany, Italy, the United States, &c.; and it is to deal not only with paintings and sculptures, but with all objects of art-manufacture in bronze, wood, &c. Moreover, a single payment of twenty-five francs (one pound) is to constitute perpetual membership. A million members of all nations at this rate would form a capital of twenty-five millions of francs (one million sterling); which, if invested in the four per cents, would yield one million of francs (40,000*l.*) annually. This would afford means for a number of prizes annually, and pay all expenses; while by the deaths of members—their memberships then ceasing—new subscriptions would also come in. Such is the project, as far as we can gather its nature from the prospectus. We are informed that Mr. W. BLANCHARD JERROLD, who has been residing in Paris, is one of the promoters of the scheme.

We have received the following letter, which relates to a literary movement of some importance:

SIR,—A libellous statement having been issued by Messrs. S. Low and Son, in their *Publishers' Circular* of the 16th instant, to the effect that—"It is currently reported that the agreement between Sir Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Routledge has been rescinded," we lose not a moment in asking you to permit us, through the medium of your widely-circulated columns, to give a most unqualified denial to Messrs. S. Low and Son's unwarrantable assertion. So far from there being the slightest truth in this attack upon our house, we most positively and unequivocally assert, that not only does our agreement with Sir Bulwer Lytton remain intact, but that we have fulfilled every engagement we entered into with him. We have communicated with Sir Bulwer Lytton, who is at present absent from town, but immediately that we are in receipt of his answer we shall make it public. We may also be allowed to add that, so far from the issue of Sir Bulwer Lytton's works not answering, as Messrs. S. Low and Son have insinuated, the circulation has been quite equal to our expectations.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
GEO. ROUTLEDGE and Co.
2, Farringdon-street, Oct. 19, 1854.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera. By John Oldmixon, Esq., Commander, R.N. Longmans, 1854.

An ingenious and elegant critic among our French contemporaries, in noticing the defect, among many distinguished merits, of a recent work of African travel, as a tendency to sacrifice experiences to generalisation, and narrative to reflections, addresses a word of sound advice to the whole race of wanderers who write and publish. "Indeed, what we have the right to demand of the traveller is, not to give us proofs of erudition and philosophy, but simply to use his eyes well, and to describe faithfully what he has seen; in short, to be a truthful and judicious witness of distant countries before the tribunal of European criticism. For this purpose, the note-book or the journal is the best form of narration."

Captain Oldmixon's preface to his grumbling and uncomfortable experiences of a sufficiently commonplace winter's ramble in foreign parts, disarms frankly and pleasantly enough the criticism which he knew to be deserved. Nothing indeed can be more in contrast with the cheerful sagacity of the Preface, than the querulous and cynical tone of the journal which makes up the book, and nothing more in contrast with the philosophy of the Captain on his travels, than the unphilosophical, not to say ludicrous, apologies of the Captain, about to publish, in his arm-chair at home.

Yet, we confess, these diverting inconsistencies have a certain charm for us in their evident sincerity, and, in any case, they are worth volumes of the rose-coloured tourists against whom the Captain lifts up his honest English growl. We are far from wondering at the noble mastiff's contempt for poodles, but why should the mastiff deny to poodles the right to *vivre de leur vie*? Captain Oldmixon (he informs us) was "piqued" into the "querulous and cynical tone which unamiably pervades the whole book," by "the peculiarly un-English comforts and contrivances of the Continent." Here, in 1854, is your typical Englishman of the French stage, whom we had supposed extinct, who sighs after his *rosbif*, and his four-poster, and his fire-irons, as he rumbles on, a spectacle to gods and men, from one end of Europe to another. There is this questionable advantage, however, in the grotesque

martyrdom of our self-tormenting voluntary exiles: they learn to love home more obstinately, and to put up more resignedly with the anomalies of our "glorious institutions," after exchanging the innocuous austerity of a "Peeler" for the tender mercies of an Austrian gendarme. We have known the most dissatisfied revolutionary sympathiser almost weep with satisfaction at the comfortable prospect of those oligarchical cliffs of poor old England.

"Now that I have returned home I laugh quite as heartily as younger men at all the small miseries and mishaps we must get through, without wincing, in our wanderings about the world. They are exactly the ups and downs, and joltings out of our drawing-room and club easy-chairs, we set out to—enjoy!"

There is no mistaking the faithfulness of this confession. In the experience of most travellers the charm of the adventure is in the reminiscence, and the romance of travel in the telling. For our own part we confess we have little patience with these victims of small miseries and mishaps. Let them stay at home, and not make their country ridiculous abroad. Englishmen who must have indigestible dinners, Gargantuan beds, and dirt-creating carpets, are free to bask in those luxuries on their own free shores, without denying to foreigners the privilege of contrast.

Assuring the Captain that he need not fear the "freedom of his strictures upon men and things," which, we repeat, are presented in the best form, that of a careless diary, we pass on from the Preface, over which we have lingered too long, to the *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera*. These alliterations appear to be infectious.

To do the Captain justice, he does not wait to cross the Channel to begin growling. Before he has left Piccadilly he has a growl about cab-laws, which he thinks unfair to Cabby, and accordingly he pays "sixpence, if not a shilling, over his fare," to "avoid disputes."

At Folkestone, the Captain, who has an eager eye for beauty, observes the short supply of "beaux" for the "dashing handsome girls, linked in twos and threes." "How many," he feelingly exclaims, "of our charming lilies and roses 'waste their sweetness on the desert (watering-places) air!'—at last, any sort of two-legged animal is welcome." The prevalence of this disastrous state of affairs was amusingly illustrated at a salubrious (and evangelical) watering-place on the western coast, the other day, where the local paper actually advertised for a "few gentlemen wanted" for a picnic.

We cannot pause in Paris, where the Captain has his eyes and ears actively busy in the new streets, the theatres, and the churches, and where he is as much at home as in London. We heartily sympathise with any man who has "lost all the better chances in life" at Paris, and proceed by railway and river to Lyons, where the clean and comfortable aspect of the crowd provokes an outburst of indignation at the miseries of our own streets.

At Marseilles, a look at the shipping, in which England is scarcely conspicuous enough, is moralised into a complaint at the legislative obstructions to the complete removal of commercial monopolies; and the absence of beggars suggests a passage which deserves to be quoted.

Another sign of prosperity here is the total absence of beggars,—begging is indeed forbidden,—but I do not see such rags, such utter reckless destitution, in any of the narrow meaner streets, or the more lonely suburbs, as among ourselves; indeed I have not seen a single being in rags, or unmistakably a beggar. This sets me to thinking on that line of Pope's about governments:—

"Whate'er is best administered, is best."

Here is an active, unmistakable comment on the scribbling of the age among ourselves, of ten thousand brilliant, but very worthless speeches in "both houses." In spite of various wars, civil wars, changes of dynasties, in spite of much ignorance, much hot-headedness, much religious superstition, and even, worst of all, much scarcity this winter, both in bread and wine, here is a land, whose government we affect to despise or pity, that has infinitely more reason to despise or pity us! They retain at least the solid good to the poorest creature; they have enough to eat, and are decently clothed; their police-courts drag to light nothing approaching the dire distress, nor the excessive, heartless brutality of our lowest classes. What signifies diversity of ignorant or prejudiced opinions! It is indeed high time for us to be awake to facts, our opinions would be too ridiculous were they not too melancholy,—but we love our opinions, we live on and enjoy them: very well—meantime "clothes, food, and fire" for the multitude becomes every day a more and more serious question, only helped a little of late by the tide of emigration. Crime is multiplied even by the very laws made to redress it. Beggars swarm in our streets, beset our doors; the children of our back slums and blind alleys, left to run wild, pour out and commit all sorts of petty mischief, besides their noise, quite unchecked by the police, who stalk about holding familiar conversations with pot-boys, maid servants, or with the knots of idlers hanging about our taverns and gin palaces, where they can be—no doubt they are too often—treated by the most good-for-nothing characters, and made safe!

There is much sagacity in our author's remarks on the municipal and sanitary administration, and the moral condition of the two great manufacturing and commercial cities of France. From Marseilles we are carried to Toulon, where an eccentric English yachtsman is made a note of: thence to Hyères, the French Torquay, which, it being bitter cold weather (and nothing is so intolerable as cold weather in the South), we are sick of in a fortnight, and get back to Toulon, and are off to Cannes and Nice. We are unable to linger at Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Naples, with our thoughtful and observant companion, who improves on acquaintance. He distributes, as he proceeds, his severities pretty equally between the delusions and discomforts he encounters in his travels, and the cant, corruptions, anomalies and servilities he has left at home. Sometimes, after inveighing most bitterly against English social hypocrisies and tyrannies, we find him sitting down *super flumina Babylonis*, and calling to remembrance, in touching accents, the flesh-pots of his native land. Who can read without emotion the following gastronomic apostrophe? The Captain is "enjoying" the winter at Naples.

O how I long for some of our own nice, savory, relishing dishes! what would I not give for a curry, or good rumpsteak and oyster sauce? I had green peas; but there is no such thing as stuffed duck: all their dishes, like the French, are only pre-eminently insipid: this insipidity has crept round the coast from France of late years. Thirty years ago the Italian dishes were very much better; they have even banished onions and most herbs: sage, parsley, horse-radish, beet-root, not a thing left; mock turtle, mulligatawny, white soup, or any of our seasoned delightful soups are unheard of. So of any dish. Roast beef, or mutton and current jelly, or boiled turnips, caper

sauce, stuffed turkey or goose, any of our homely hashes would be exquisite compared to the messes they set before one; and yet we travelled English to talk such un-English nonsense of Continental cookery! Yes, it is the fashion—So-and-So has a French cook—gives capital dinners; now, I should say that would be the very reason why I would by all means avoid his table, if I cared to eat any dinner at all; still I might hope, in this continental flood of tortured insipidities and affectation which so likes it, that some despised English dish might smoke on the sideboard.

A sailor is always worth listening to on all subjects: he speaks his mind. Captain Oldmixon's views on art and artists (in his chapter on Naples and Pompeii) may not be singularly profound or refined, but they are at least genuine, and this sort of genuineness is as valuable as it is rare. We may always learn something from one who tells us what he really thinks, and recounts what he really saw and felt. A visit to Sicily draws forth a word or two of honest sailor-like indignation at the disgraces of our diplomacy, and the iniquity and faithlessness of our policy towards that devoted island. The indolent apathy of our costly Envoys, their exclusiveness and inattention, their "squinting forbearance" towards petty despotisms, and the consequent contempt of the English where the Americans are respected and feared, are vividly and, we fear, too faithfully represented.

From Malta Captain Oldmixon takes wing in a screw-steamer for Constantinople, where all the world is hurrying. It is the spring of the present year.

We pass by the descriptions of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn, and the traditional lions of the Sultan's capital. The lion of lions at the present moment is the British Lion, who appears to wag his tail in Turkey much as he does at home. The sublime *insouciance* of the True Believer is already indifferent, if not accustomed, to the antics of his deliverers. The English are all as shy of their travelling countrymen as usual, not always without reason, for Constantinople is crowded with the detriments of all nations, seeking whom or what they may devour. "One of these young men, with a revolver which threatened to shoot backwards on its owner, was on his way to join the French General Pacha commanding at Kars—as a volunteer, not knowing whether the Pacha would have him or not." In the middle of last May people at Constantinople knew nothing of what was passing at the then seat of war on the Danube, except through a stray *Times* ten days old, or a tattered and torn *Galignani*. It was an *on dit* "that the Russians are bombarding Constantinople;" an *on dit* "that two or three of the Baltic fleet were sunk before Cronstadt." Pera was mysterious as ever; and the allied troops were as ignorant of the next move as the pawns on a chessboard. The admirable correspondence of the daily journals has daguerreotyped with picturesque fidelity the incidents and the *ennui* of the camps at Scutari and Gallipoli in the spring, when the war was in suspense. Captain Oldmixon contributes a lively page or two to the reminiscences of that strange episode in the history of Turkey. He regards the Turks with benevolent sympathy, and a sort of compassionate affection. He likes "their quiet smoking, contented barbarity." Making allowance for the temper of the writer, there is good feeling and good sense in his conclusion—that "we know very little of the real sense or feeling, or ideas, or notions of the Oriental, or any foreign nations. . . . If we could only find out, and did but understand each nation's train of thought and train of reasoning!" There is an almost Shandean humour in the Captain's defence of those much-abused wild dogs—"a yellow-brown race, between a wolf and a jackal"—whom we have always heard described as the terror and nuisance of Constantinople, and whom, it seems, our officers found sport in shooting. But the captain has an inexhaustible sympathy for the mute creation. He solaces his speechless loneliness with the society of a few cocks and hens, in the backyard of his lodgings. He thinks "one of the most remarkable and lovable things about the Turks is their gentle kindness to every living thing about them." But the Turks are dwindling away, while the Christians are fast increasing; and with all his sympathy for the race, the captain concludes that, "in the midst of all varieties of bad governments of mankind, that of the Turks is the very worst." Here is the captain's summary solution of the Eastern Question. We may preface it by his declaration in another place, that "generals and admirals should be our only diplomatists. Statesmen and ambassadors have constantly thrown away the advantages gained by our armies and our fleets. . . . Witness the winding up of our last war! stripping ourselves, and imbecilely leaguering the whole Continent against us, for whose interests alone we had been fighting."

To do any real good, the great balancing powers should divide at least the European half among themselves; and let Constantinople be in our share,—a slice including the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles!

To talk of the rights of any Government—indeed of any one nation—has ever been, and ever will be, a mere mockery; when they cease to be masters on their own ground, there is, and there should be, an end of it. The affectation of meddling by ambassadors on paper only, while a country goes on to deeper ruin,—while a population of millions groans under a barbarous oppression, and implores some change from without,—is simply adding hypocrisy to folly; nay, a hard-hearted indifference to the sufferings of a whole people. But this is Lord Aberdeen's business, and the three emperors, who might easily settle it any fine morning. The exodus of every Turk in Europe over to the Asiatic side, led by the Sultan himself in his state *caïque*, would be felt as a very great blessing; judiciously and justly managed, even by the Turks themselves, who must be tired of fluttering between hawk and buzzard, and are, I dare say, quite ready to fulfil what they already consider their destiny.

Just now, we must first see our way by cutting the claws of the Russian bear; take Sebastopol and the Crimea:—that insolence checked, the high contracting powers may do anything very much more easily and cheaper than sending fleets and armies to support what is, in every sense of the word, insupportable.

But people naturally ask, not for this or that man's opinion, but what are the Turks like now? What are they at? And this too has been ably answered by recent books; and we have it fresh and fresh from a dozen "correspondents" of our daily papers. Allah Kerim! What can I say? Turkey, as he walks the streets or sits in his *caïque*, dresses more and more after the fashion of friend Europe, who is always taking him by the button and bothering and boring him. He opens his half-shut eyes on steam and steamers; tries to play at geology, chemistry, and the stars; yet, Allah Acbar! comprehends nothing, and sets it down, on regarding his pipe, turban, and robe, as mere bosh! He believes in the drilling of his Talmuts, and sits patiently, puzzled, listening to the ear-wiggling and contradictory ultimatum of a colony of infidel ambassadors.

It is impossible to avoid desultoriness in following these rambling, scrambling notes of our melancholy, musing, acute Captain. He turns aside from the barren beauty of these classic regions to sigh after the lawns and glades and woodlands, the parks and forests of old England. Anon he is pitilessly severe on English prejudices, on the exclusiveness, the cant, the confusion of laws, the constitutional fictions, and the aristocratic misgovernment of his beloved country. Perhaps he is a not an uncommon specimen of the good old Tory, with a streak or two of the advanced Radical. Born and bred a Tory, he may have unconsciously developed into a Radical by conviction—if not by chagrin. The result of the mixture is a book which hits fiercely and sometimes at random at all manner of respectable abuses—at inaccessible ambassadors, do-nothing or incompetent consuls, vexatious custom-houses, and officialism in all its mystifying ramifications of red tape.

From Constantinople the Captain, with an evident sensation of relief, takes ship homeward to Liverpool, looking in at Smyrna, Alexandria, and Gibraltar by the way. When he is not scolding like a "heavy father," he talks like what we should irreverently call a jolly old fellow, disposed to be a true citizen of the world, and to make friends wherever he can. The long low screw-steamer in which he returns home suggests to the old sailor a few hints on the "continued defect of our naval architecture," which, out of respect to the noble and gallant profession of the author, we quote at length:

All our knowing naval people will stare at such an assertion. They would possibly admit the thing here and there in detail—one ship ugly, another crank, another a bad seaboard, or a dull sailer; but I am sorry to say our ship and boat-building is generally and radically wrong, from the first lines chalked out in the model lofts of our Queen's or private yards throughout the empire!

It would exhaust a pamphlet to explain all this in detail; but it is sufficiently proved at a glance, in the eye of any seaman who has ever considered the proper shapes of floating bodies:—but to look at our ships loaded, afloat; and, going on board, simply walk their decks!

The great defect I allude to is so obvious, that to me it is quite unaccountable how it is we obstinately persist in it. It is the constant want of proportionate breadth in our vessels afloat, from a cutter to a frigate—I can hardly except our line-of-battle ships; and the consequence of this long, narrow, peg-top build is, that none of them carry their guns high enough out of the water, that they want room inboard, and that essential stability in a moderate sea-way, to enable their guns to be carried with ease, and worked with advantage.

As time has gone on, even up to sending Sir Charles Napier's fleet into the Baltic, this constant error has been persisted in through all the more recently-launched craft—steamers and all, which latter vessels, most especially, should be perfectly flat-floored, and draw the least possible water!—instead of which, they are so deep in the water as to be unable to approach any coast! They artificially multiply all the inevitable and natural dangers of rivers, or shallows, or rocky shores.

I could name at once many of our steamers totally unfit to fight their main-deck guns in any thing of a sea, so low do they carry them; and, indeed, when all coal, stores, &c., are on board, they must be almost useless and helpless even in a moderately rough sea or rough weather! It is this wretched build—all under water, and not half enough above—that I think distinguishes England's present marine, great and small.

Then, again, our forecastles contracted—sharp up! and down, it is buried in a sea way, instead of bearing out above the water-line, to ease her in plunging. Nor is the breadth of beam carried well out aft, as it should be, to give room and create buoyancy. All this need not interfere either with a fine entrance or a fine run.

We have nothing to do (and why are we not more wide awake?) but compare our ships with those of the United States, to show us the defects most glaringly, particularly in our small craft and steamers.

Years ago I did myself the honour of representing to the Admiralty the many advantages of flatter floors, more beam, greater room, everywhere less draught of water, &c.; and particularly suggested of what incalculable service a small class of flat-bottomed steamers might be for our coasts and harbours, on the plan partly of the American river steamers, ferry-boats, &c., which, from their drawing so little water, are enabled to put their noses on any beach as easily as a two-decker's launch.

These screw-steamers might carry one or two large guns, on a pivot, at once to defend our shores, carry troops from one point to another, and, in short, form the Government active daily carriers, and be our guard mobile all round our coast! Mere ferry steamers or tugs on this plan, might turn out on such errands—properly built. Not such lumbering stolid contrivances as our Portsmouth ferry-boat to Gosport.

With bulwarks breast-high, filled in with hammocks or haversacks, troops would be sheltered from musketry.

These are the things I now, on my return home, find wanted and cried out for in the Baltic, to land our troops, and cover their landing! and generally to scour the shores and look into shallow waters and rivers. So will they be wanted in the Black Sea.

But we are so in love with grubbing under water without room to stir in on deck above it (while you may wash your hands over the side!) that the "despatch" boat built to meet this demand I see draws thirteen or fourteen feet water!!! (with guns at the sides!) when such things should not draw five, and should be, as to capacity for carrying troops and fighting one pivot gun, three times as efficient. The models for such boats may be seen in every river and harbour of the United States, where immense boats (floating platforms) and swift (partly from skimming over the water, not under!) may be seen drawing but from eighteen inches to two or three feet! carrying hundreds of tons—and quite equal to such seas as the Baltic or Euxine; but I am persuaded, even in a gale of wind, they would make better weather of it than the things we send afloat. As it affects mere passengers in our slight-built, long, low, narrow iron steamers (called splendid!) this pervading defect is of consequence both to their comfort and safety. In a gale and a heavy sea, a clumsy wide French fishing-boat would be infinitely more safe. I am persuaded half the disasters we hear of, both on our coasts and at sea, spring from this egregious fault—which nobody, scientific or working by rule of thumb, in or out of our yards, seems to suspect or have the least idea of.

If it is ever happily departed from in the right way, it is in the vessels built by us for other Governments! The despatch boat built in the river the other day for Prussia was a much better boat, and more to the purpose than our own poor thing, which, if the *Times* is to be believed, knocked about so at Spithead—that firing her gun or guns from the ports was quite a failure. It moves one's special wonder how she came to have ports! or how she could possibly, for her size, be made to draw thirteen feet water! both queer qualities which exactly unfitted her for the very thing for which she was supposed to be built!

In all our new vessels, steam or sails, nothing is talked of but speed—as if other qualities were not equally essential; nay, much more so—imperative.

Thence the awkwardly long low things daily turned out of our yards, with no top-

sides—no room anywhere, and all keel, so sharp they may be said to progress under water rather than above it.

Our Clyde and Glasgow builders sin least in this way; but let any man look at our Hamburg boats, our Irish boats, those of our Channel Islands, those to France from all our ports in the British Channel, even our fast Gravesend and Greenwich boats; and it is quite impossible to say any one of them is at all near what she should be either as to size or speed: all owing to this one radical defect of build—since being down under water such an absurd depth offers the greatest resistance (no matter how long or how sharp they are) to going ahead, infinitely more than the increased divergence of the angles from the cut-water, thrown out in a flatter and extended floor. This might be illustrated in a hundred ways. But I must have done.

And so we take leave of our author, whom at certain moments we have felt half disposed to christen the Sir Anthony Absolute of foreign travel.

The volume is illustrated by four drawings from the author's hand, remarkable for spirit and effect. The "High Street, Pera," which forms the frontispiece, is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* of observation, and we can answer for its truth.

REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE-TRADER.

Revelations of a Slave-Trader; or, Twenty Years' Adventures of Captain Canot.

London: Bentley.

A few weeks ago, noticing some extracts from the American edition of this book which appeared, in anticipation of its regular publication, and with a great flourish of preliminary applause, in the *New York Tribune*, we ventured to put the public on their guard against it, as a worthless or worse than worthless book, that would probably be pushed into notoriety in the wake of *Uncle Tom* and the Negro-literature mania roused by that respectable novel. We protested against the mythical look of the whole affair—having no great liking for the ostensible character of the book as the story of the adventures of a certain dare-devil ex-slave-trader captain, "edited" from his conversations and papers by an American *littérateur*, Mr. Brantz Mayer. We also hinted that the work seemed to have no particular merit of a literary kind to justify its becoming popular. And, finally, founding our opinion on the extracts in the *New York Tribune*, we said that the work seemed to have been spiced with "warm" passages about negresses, mulatto-beauties, harems, &c., in order to make it sell.

The book itself is now before us, in Mr. Bentley's edition; and we have examined it to see whether our impressions of it in anticipation were correct. On the whole, they were. The book is, in the main, one that we would not desire to see popular—and that probably will not be so, even with those who devour books of "thrilling interest," and are fond of negro-literature. Mr. Bentley's edition, indeed, seems to have removed from the book one of the elements on which we commented as distinguishing the American edition of it. He seems to have gone over Mr. Brantz Mayer's text (this gentleman's name does not appear at all on the title-page of Mr. Bentley's edition), and struck out the "warm" passages—a process creditable to Mr. Bentley's regard for the decorous, but by which, we should think, the chance of the sale of the book has been considerably lessened—as in reality these were the passages that many a Briton would have given his money for. In other respects, however, we fancy Mr. Bentley's edition is a reprint of the American one of the original editor, Mr. Brantz Mayer; and, taking it as such, we retain our other objections to it.

First, we have no guarantee for the authenticity of the work—and yet it is precisely the kind of work that is only valuable so far as it is rigidly authentic. In fact, the guarantee is less than in the American edition, in which the name of one known person, Mr. Brantz Mayer, was associated with the responsibility. In Mr. Bentley's edition the title is simply *Revelations of a Slave-Trader; or, Twenty Years' Adventures of Captain Canot*; and besides this "Captain Canot" no one appears as responsible. Who, then, is or was Captain Canot? In a note on the title-page it is stated, "the author, who is a French subject, reserves to himself the copyright, and right of translation." This is, doubtless, in *terrorem* of Messrs. Routledge and others, who are publishing other reprints of the American edition; and if Captain Canot would come forward and claim his property, we should have the benefit of taking a look at him, and should then know better what degree of historical reality to assign to his book. We have heard vague rumours as to who the gentleman is; and Mr. Bentley's editor, in his advertisement, says "the narrative is authentic: the author has relinquished the traffic [in slaves], and here relates the incidents of his life for the purpose of serving the cause of truth." But with all respect for Mr. Bentley's editor, though he may be convinced by what he knows of the mythical Captain Canot, the public are not bound to be convinced by his averment at second-hand—the more as in the American edition Captain Canot is in the background altogether, and figures not as the author of the book, but as only the subject of it, whose adventures are narrated from his papers and conversations by Mr. Brantz Mayer. On the whole, our impression is, that there may be some person or other answering to the Captain Canot of these adventures, and that this person may have had adventures, but that the book is in great part a literary *spec.*, Mr. Brantz Mayer having beaten up the bits of fact supplied him into language enough for an octavo volume, and otherwise done the composition. The flowing insipid style of the book—reminding one of a literary hack making sentences to order, with the facts to be inserted into his sentences lying on his desk beside him in a box—makes this supposition more probable. At all events, we do not know how much is fact, and how much is sentence-making; and till this is cleared up, the authenticity of the book must remain suspect.

At the best, and even if authentic, the book is hardly worth reading. It is a tissue of adventures at sea, among pirates, among slaves, &c., crowded as thick upon each other as possible; but each ending in itself, and having not one atom of real or permanent interest. The sentence-making is good enough; but with perpetual spasm in the "situations," there is no power in the style. As a novel it would be bad. The best bits are passages not relating Captain Canot's adventures, but accumulating information about the slave-trade, such as any American *littérateur* could have got by "cranning" from any book on the traffic. One or two such passages have been quoted by other journals from the book, and we do not care to repeat them. Alto-

gether we dislike the book. We dislike it as professing to be a history, and yet not carrying its credentials as such, on the production of which alone can it expect to pass; and we dislike it as an instance of a low kind of literature, which the cheap system of publication—making publishers the purveyors and creators of literary ware, instead of its carriers and vendors—seems to be foisting in upon us. “Wanted a story, of which 20,000 copies shall sell in a month—very much after this pattern, sir—and with a good deal of the nigger and whiplash element in it”—this is the kind of destination that Literature seems to be drifting to.

DOCTOR FORBES WINSLOW ON INSANITY.

Lettsomian Lectures on Insanity. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Churchill.

ON the amalgamation of the London Medical, and the Westminster Societies, in the year 1850, the Council, in acknowledgment of the many important obligations owed by the parent society to the late Dr. Lettsom, established two lectureships, intended to be held annually by a physician and a surgeon, who were to be entitled the “Lettsomian Professors of Medicine and Surgery.” The first nominated of these two professors were Dr. Owen Rees and Mr. Guthrie. For the second year, the choice fell on Dr. Forbes Winslow and Mr. Hancock. The lectures then delivered by Dr. Winslow, on Insanity, were first published in the *Lancet*, and in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*; and have been since reprinted in a permanent form in the volume now under notice. We must be allowed to state at the outset that we belong to the unprofessional class of Dr. Winslow's readers; and that our only object in selecting these very interesting and remarkable lectures for review, is to help in establishing their claims to the attention of a wider audience than the medical audience to which they were originally addressed. Criticism is, in our case, entirely out of the question; if we succeed in arriving at a just appreciation of the value of this volume to the public, we shall have done the only good service to it that lies within our power.

The main position assumed by Dr. Winslow, and defended against opponents with remarkable vigour and clearness, is that insanity proceeds, more or less directly, from some physical disease of the brain—that it is to be treated by physical remedies—and that it is more likely to be curable by physical than by moral means. The opposite theory—which may be termed the metaphysical theory—is that insanity is a disease of the mind, or, in other words, is a condition of spiritual disorganisation, which may be treated by moral remedies, but which is in general beyond the reach of any purely physical process of cure. In opposition to this theory, and in defence of his own idea, Dr. Winslow has to offer, 1st, the results of his own great experience; and, 2ndly, deductions from the conflicting experiences, and somewhat contradictory testimonies of others. Speaking as lay readers, with great diffidence, we may be allowed to say that Dr. Winslow has, to our apprehension, proved his theory to be generally, but not universally, true. Indeed, he himself somewhat qualifies his own assertion on this point. At page 54, he describes himself as “amazed that there could ever have existed the shadow of a doubt as to the physical origin of insanity.” At page 58, he speaks of the “bodily affection” as being, “in nine cases out of ten, the cause of the mental irregularity.” So far as we are qualified to form an opinion from the data supplied by the author, and from those metaphysical speculations which, vague and uncertain as they are, must and will connect themselves with the subject of Insanity, we are disposed to think that the qualified assertion, “nine cases out of ten,” is not qualified enough. We differ from Dr. Winslow—even on the metaphysical grounds which are open to us as to him—with great distrust of ourselves; but we do differ from him. We are fully persuaded of the tenableness of his theory within certain limits, and of its immense importance to humanity; but we venture to think that he is inclined to carry it a little too far. We refrain from stating the reasons that have led us to this conclusion, thinking it of most importance to the interests of our readers to occupy the space at our disposal in doing all the justice that we can to Dr. Winslow's book.

Apart from the results of experience on which the author bases his theory—results which we must leave the reader to ascertain from perusal of the Lectures themselves—the strong, the impregnable point of Dr. Winslow's position lies in the fact that the result of exclusive and inveterate belief in the purely spiritual character of Insanity has been to discourage the use of physically remedial measures. One chance for the insane—and, no matter how remote it may be considered, it is still a chance—has thus been denied them in more cases we fear than can ever be reckoned up. “The spiritual doctrine,” as Dr. Winslow well remarks, “has naturally led to the conclusion—false in theory and destructive in practice—that for the alleviation and cure of the spiritual malady spiritual remedies were the most important and essential. The clergyman instead of the physician was therefore summoned to the bedside of the insane, and the Bible and Prayer-book displaced the physical remedies prescribed for the cure of the cerebral disorder.” Such are the necessary and most mischievous results of a too exclusive and dogmatic belief in the possibility of the immaterial mind being diseased apart from all derangement of the material brain, with which it is closely and indissolubly associated. The wide-spread influence of this belief is, we think, easily to be accounted for. Nothing can be much more galling to our human pride than to be forced to admit that the refined spiritual part of us can, even in this life, be ever utterly at the mercy of the gross bodily part. Who can think, without some humiliation, that the poetry of Shakspeare and the discoveries of Newton, depended upon the healthy condition of a system of nerves and of a collection of nervous matter which a child might imprison in the compass of a toy-box? The mere thought of this is a wound indirectly inflicted on every man's pride. The practical cure for that wound is to be found in the fact, that the philosophical and medical deductions to be drawn from the most absolute belief in the power of the body over the mind, suggest new hopes for the alleviation of the most awful affliction that can befall mankind. In these words—after making due allowances for honest excess of enthusiasm in the speaker—what consolation exists for the most miserable of all our fellow-creatures! “I now speak,” says Dr. Winslow, “from a somewhat enlarged experience, from

much anxious consideration of the matter, and I have no hesitation in affirming that, if brought within the sphere of medical treatment in the earlier stages, or even within a few months of the attack, insanity, unless the result of severe physical injury to the head, or connected with a peculiar conformation of chest and cranium, and an hereditary diathesis, is as easily curable as any other form of bodily disease for the treatment of which we apply the resources of our art.”

The citation of this remarkable passage will be enough of itself, we think, to show that Dr. Winslow's volume has the strongest claims to the attention of readers in general. The lectures, in virtue of their treatment, as well as of their subject, are fitted to interest others besides medical men. In the excellent first Discourse on the “Psychological Vocation of the Physician,” and in the third lecture on “Medico-Legal Evidence in Cases of Insanity,” as well as in the lecture on the “Medical Treatment of Insanity” (to which the necessity of economising space has obliged us exclusively to devote ourselves), there are passages full of instruction and interest for intelligent readers of all professions and degrees. We can honestly say of this book that it ought to be widely read, because it is eminently calculated to be widely useful; and we cannot close it without expressing our hearty approval of the moderation, the frankness, and the modesty of tone which distinguish it from the first page to the last. Dr. Winslow has given to the world the results of long study and great experience, in a manner which does honour to himself and to the noble profession to which he belongs.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- The Steam-Engine, its History and Mechanism: being Descriptions and Illustrations of the Stationary, Locomotive, and Marine Engine, for the use of Schools and Students.* By Robert Scott Burn. H. Ingram and Co.
The Further Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Undergraduate. By Cuthbert Bede, B.A. H. Ingram and Co.
Cambridge University Transactions during the Puritan Controversies of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Collected by James Heywood, M.P., &c., and Thomas Wright, M.A., &c. 2 vols. Henry G. Bohn.
The Virginia Comedians; or, Old Days in the Old Dominion. Edited from the M.S. of C. Effingham, Esq. 2 vols. Trübner and Co.
Party Leaders: Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph, of Roanoke, including Notices of many other Distinguished American Statesmen. By J. G. Baldwin. Trübner and Co.

The Arts.

PERICLES.

HAS anybody, not a commentator or a critic, ever read *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, all through from beginning to end? To anybody who has, we have nothing to say. To the numerous and intelligent public who have not, we desire to address a few words in reference to the recent resurrection of *Pericles* at SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE. About the play itself we have not many remarks to make. Wise men who are versed in remote dramatic antiquities have discovered that it was only touched up by Shakspeare, who, as we ourselves venture to think, wasted his time and misdirected his genius in having anything to do with it at all. A more tedious, incomprehensible, and barbarous story than the story of *Pericles* cannot be imagined. Excepting the scene on board ship, and the scene in the last act, in which the father recognises his daughter, the whole play is enveloped in a species of dense dramatic fog, through which, at rare intervals, burst flashes of magnificent poetry, or touches of wholesome nature, worthy of Shakspeare certainly, even if not due to him—jewels terribly disfigured by the wretched setting in which they are placed—rare flowers, which only serve to make the weeds around them look doubly rank by contrast. Since *Pericles* was last laid by the stage undertaker in the grave of theatrical oblivion, a hundred years have passed, and in that grave, according to all the better and higher laws of dramatic propriety, he might still have been left undisturbed.

Why, then, did Mr. Phelps revive the play? Because it offered him a chance of astonishing the public by a wonderful theatrical show. And has he really availed himself of that chance? He has indeed. Tedious as the play is, we can honestly assure our readers that they will be justified in journeying any distance through the streets of London to see the manner in which *Pericles* is got up. The costumes are among the most brilliant that have been displayed on any stage; the groupings and processions are striking and picturesque in the best meaning of the words; and the scenery deserves the heartiest and most uncompromising praise that we can give it. The painter, Mr. F. Fenton, is a thorough artist. While producing beautiful and striking effects, he never shows himself to be careless or inattentive about details. His scenery is as remarkable for finish as for brilliancy; and it gains instead of losing, as we can testify by our own experience, when it is looked at through an opera-glass. The wild, lurid, sea-shore scene of the second act is a marvel of fine colouring, fine lighting, and perfect illusion; and the Temple of Diana, in the last act, is, for perspective and distance painting, the most finished picture we have seen on the stage. We lay especial stress on the beauty of the scenery, because it is the great attraction of the play. Fair acting is impossible in such a drama as *Pericles*; the characters are required to enter and depart, and utter speeches, but not to act. Mr. Phelps, in the part of *Pericles*, had one chance (one, in a five-act play!) of producing an effect, and he seized on it with such extraordinary power, that the crowded audience rewarded him with a perfect tempest of applause. Miss E. Heraud must not be forgotten either. We are indebted to her for the too rare pleasure on the English stage of seeing a really youthful actress in a youthful part. Her voice is not strong enough for the theatre, but she spoke her dialogue prettily and sensibly. We should like to have an opportunity of seeing this young lady in a modern character, which would require her to interest the audience, but not to declaim before them.

The first novelty of the season at the OLYMPIC THEATRE has been a new farce, adapted, it is almost unnecessary to say, from the French, and presented to the English stage under the title of—

A BLIGHTED BEING.

This little piece has two merits that deserve recognition—a wildly improbable story which amuses everybody, and dialogue which overflows with hearty good spirits from beginning to end. Mr. Robson, who is the hero of the farce, has added one more to the list of his really wonderful performances, by his acting as the *Blighted Being*. The great "tragical-comical" point in his character this time is that he believes himself to be poisoned by some inscrutable process, which it is impossible for himself or any one about him to detect. He distrusts even the air that comes to him through the key-hole of his room—he shrinks from every species of bodily nourishment, except a boiled egg. This distracted, suspicious, and terrified state of mind, was represented by Mr. Robson—as only Mr. Robson could represent it, on the English, or on the French stage either, for the matter of that. Every now and then, while we were all roaring with laughter at the quaint—exquisitely quaint—humour of the performance, the actor startled and astonished us by a touch of the most impressively real tragedy. Among many other good points of this last kind, Mr. Robson's first reception of the apothecary, after he believes himself to have been poisoned, struck us as being one of the truest, least artificial exhibitions of vehement emotion that we have seen, since the days of Lemaître's *Paillasse*. We can give the performance no higher praise than this, and can offer our readers no better theatrical recommendation than to go and see it.

The farce was acted, as to the minor characters, with the artist-like completeness which has honourably distinguished the performances at the OLYMPIC since it opened under Mr. Wigan's management. The only jarring notes in the general harmony were the notes of Mr. Leslie's voice. Mr. Danvers made a wonderful Irish apothecary; Miss Turner acted the part of *Susan* with the most winning ease, grace, and vivacity; and Mr. Harwood Cooper, as *Cummings*, was, without any exception whatever, the best waiter we have seen on the stage. If this gentleman acts other minor characters as admirably as he acted this minor character in *A Blighted Being*, he will be one of the most valuable members of the OLYMPIC company. In the present state of English schools of acting, when signally unsuccessful *Hamlets* and *Macbeths* at the large theatres go and figure as great tragedians at the Eagle Tavern, or the Britannia Saloon, instead of relapsing usefully into respectable *Horatios* and *Duncans*, a good actor of a small part is really and truly, in virtue of his rarity alone, a very distinguished man.

Managers are showing signs of activity in all directions. A new four-act drama has been produced at the ADELPHI, on which we shall report next week. A new two-act drama is announced for production on Monday, at the OLYMPIC. The Spanish Dancers have returned to the HAYMARKET. Mr. Charles Kean has re-appeared in the *Courier of Lyons*. Mr. Allcroft is reported to have taken the LYCEUM; and Mr. Ranger has made his bow to the audience of the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE in the little comedy of *Vanity Cured*. Playgoers cannot, at any rate, complain this year of the want of dramatic entertainment—present or promised—for the winter season.

A HEART OF GOLD.

As the question at issue between Mr. Douglas Jerrold and Mr. Charles Kean involves some important points of interest to dramatic authors, we subjoin here the account of the transaction given by Mr. Jerrold himself in *Lloyd's Newspaper*—

"For obvious reasons, *A Heart of Gold* is not a subject for criticism in this journal. A few facts, however, may be given by the author in this his farewell to all dramatic doings. The piece was written some four years since, at the solicitation of Mr. Charles Kean, and duly paid for. The hero and heroine were to be acted by himself and Mrs. Charles Kean. They were, in fact, written to be so acted.

"Subsequently, however, Mr. Kean's tragic claims were questioned in a wicked publication called *Punch*; and the actor himself graphically rendered in certain of his many moods of dramatic inspiration. Whereupon, Mr. Charles Kean broke his compact with the author of *A Heart of Gold*; he would not play his hero, but find a substitute. A new caste of characters was proposed, against which the author gave his written protest. But Mr. Charles Kean had, in 1850, bought the drama; and therefore, in his own mercantile way, conceived that in 1854 he had a right to do what he liked with his own black-and-white 'nigger.' The author thought differently, and stood to his protest. Despite of which, however, on the close of last season, Mr. Charles Kean's solicitor informed the author's solicitor (there is parchment on Parnassus!) that *A Heart of Gold* would be produced at the commencement of the present season. To this no answer was made. The author had once protested, and that he thought sufficient to Mr. Kean and to himself. Nevertheless, the piece was put into rehearsal; and yet, the author had no notice of the fact. Perhaps Mr. Kean thought the author might spontaneously send his solicitor to superintend the rehearsals; who, with Mr. Kean's solicitor, would settle writs of error as to readings, misconceptions, and so forth. Had the author done so, even under such professional revision, there had doubtless been fewer misdemeanours against nature, good taste, and propriety.

"Yet it is under such wilful injuries committed by a management that a drama is, nevertheless, to be buoyant! It is through such a fog of player's brain that the intention of the author is to shine clearly forth. With a certain graceful exception, there never was so much bad acting as in *A Heart of Gold*. Nevertheless—according to the various printed reports—the piece asserted its vitality, though dragged and stabbed, and hit about the head, as only some players can hit a play, hard and remorselessly.

"In a word, against the author's protest of misrepresentation, was his play flung, huddled upon the stage; without a single stage revision allowed on his part. Solicitors have been alluded to, but it should be stated, legal interference was first employed by the author for his self-security. He would have no written or personal communication with an individual who had violated the confidence of honourable minds by printing "for private circulation only" private letters: letters that—had the writer's consent been, as is usual in such cases, demanded—might, for him, have been posted in market-places. It was in consequence of this meanness, that the author, in subsequent correspondence, employed a solicitor. For, in the writer's mind, it requires a very nice casuistry to discover the difference between picking the confidence of a private letter and picking a lock. To be sure, there is this difference in the penalties: in one case we employ a policeman—in the other contempt.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, October 17.

BANKRUPTS.—EDWARD WILLIAM PACK, Lawrence-lane, and Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, hat manufacturer—THOMAS HOWARD, Finsbury-wharf, City-road, lime-merchant—JAMES SURMAN, New Hampton, market gardener—GEORGE ERASMUS CLAPHAM, Farringdon-street, licensed victualler—OLIVER APPLETON, Leicester, trimmer—WILLIAM SALMON and THOMAS BATELEY ROLIN, King's Lynn, Norfolk, shipbuilders—JAMES LANGDON BUTTER, Collaton Rawleigh, and Woodbury Salterton, Devonshire, brick manufacturer—WILLIAM CLARK, Bradford, Yorkshire, tailor—HENRY WALES, Attercliffe, near Sheffield, innkeeper.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. KILGOUR, Perth, writer—D. CAMERON, Hamilton, lace manufacturer.

Friday, October 20.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—PAUL RHODES, Menstone, near Otley, York, innkeeper.

BANKRUPTS.—EDWARD HAWKINS, Ponsonby-street, Westminster, builder—CHARLES DEARIE, Old Jewry, City, merchant—HARVEY MEADOWS, Warboys, Huntingdon, draper and grocer—HENRY MANTLE HITCHCOCK, Ilkeston, Derby, miller—ROBERT LAMBERT, Liverpool, merchant—JOHN HEWITT (and not HEWITT, as advertised in last Friday's *Gazette*), Leamington Priors, brickmaker—THOMAS WHEELDON, Bakewell, Derbyshire, tailor—WILLIAM YEATHERD BALL, Wood-street, Cheap-side, wholesale glover—WILLIAM MOSS, Liverpool, cabinet-maker—ISAAC FLETCHER, Liverpool, stock and share broker—CHRISTOPHER CREW, and CHRISTOPHER CREW, jun., Chelsea, builders—GEORGE M'MILLAN, Blackfriars-road, draper—PETER ORMEROD, GEORGE HAYWORTH, TIMOTHY HEWORTH, EDMUND BRIDGE, and ROBERT CROSSLEY, Egypt Mill, Lancaster, cotton manufacturers—LAMBERT TATLEY, Ince, near Wigan, cotton spinner.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

GOUGH.—October 13, at Rathronau, the lady of the Hon. George S. Gough: a daughter.

BROCK.—October 15, at Barton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire, the lady of Frederic Brock, Esq., late Captain, 23rd Fusiliers: a son.

JONES.—October 14, at Pantglas, S.W., the wife of D. Jones, Esq., M.P., of Pantglas: a son, stillborn.

MARRIAGES.

MACNAMARA.—HARE.—Sept. 28, Arthur Macnamara, Esq., of Caddington Hall, Hertfordshire, to the Lady Sophia Eliza Hare, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Listowel.

WIGRAM.—ALEXANDER.—Sept. 4, at Howrah, near Calcutta, Robert James, second son of the Right Hon. Sir James Wigram, to Leonora, daughter of Henry Alexander, Esq., of Howrah.

SUMNER.—GIBSON.—Oct. 12, the Rev. J. H. R. Sumner, to Elizabeth Ann, youngest daughter of the late Charles Gibson, Esq., of Invermore Park, in the county of Lancaster.

DEATHS.

MONTAGUE.—October 10, at his seat, Wytham, Berks, Montague, Earl of Abingdon, in his 71st year.

YOUNG.—September 20, killed at the battle of the Alma, Sir William Norris Young, Bart., Lieut. 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, aged 21. The deceased Baronet was married but a few weeks previous to his departure for the East.

STOCKWELL.—September 20, killed in the battle of the Alma, whilst carrying the colours, George Thomas Dixon Stockwell, Ensign in her Majesty's 19th Regiment, in his 20th year, the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Stockwell, of the East India Company's Service.

BRAYBROOKE.—On board H.M.S. Vulcan, from wounds received in the battle of the Alma, while gallantly carrying the colours of the 95th, in which he was serving as a volunteer, Lieutenant and Adjutant W. L. Braybrooke, Ceylon Rifles, second son of Colonel Braybrooke, commanding the Ceylon Rifle Regiment.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 20, 1854.

THE Funds during the week have been steady, with a slight downward tendency, from the absence of real or speculative business and the tightness of money. This afternoon, however, has rather improved prices. The public is still evidently waiting decisive news of some sort from the Crimea, but great confidence is felt in the ultimate success of the allied armies, and that Sebastopol must fall before October is out. Railway Shares have accompanied the Funds in their rise, but are still flat, and but little business doing. Turkish Scrip is lower, and will as yet advance but little. It is not improbable—barring any unforeseen reverse in the East—that Consols may keep to the present price, or even go higher, until the January dividends come off. Of course, any material political event, such as a rupture with Prussia, or another American Grey-Town disturbance, would bring in both real and speculative sellers. But the tone of the market is decidedly healthy, the absurd and rash speculations which prevailed earlier in the year having ceased, in most cases with severe loss. By electric telegraph this afternoon, prices come firm from Paris. In Mines and other adventures business is nearly suspended.

Consols closed, at four o'clock:—For account, 14th Nov., 94½, 94½.

Caledonians, 59½, 60; Eastern Counties, 11½, 11½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 55, 57; Great Northern, 89½, 90½; Great Western, 70½, 71; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 70½, 71; London and Brighton, 103, 105; London and North-Western, 100½, 101; London and South-Western, 81½, 82½; Midland, 62½, 63½; North Staffordshire, 44, 44½; Oxford, Wolverhampton, and Worcester, 32, 34; York and North Midland, 33, 34; Barwick, 75½, 76½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 64, 64½; x. in.; Eastern of France, 33½, 33½; Luxembourg, 44, 44½; x. in.; Namur and Liege, 74, 74½; Lyons, 214, 222 pm.; Orleans, 44, 50, x. in.; Rouen, 38, 40; Western of France, 64, 7 pm., x. in.; Agua Fria, 4, 1; Brazil, 24, 34; St. John del Rey, 28, 30; Llaneros, 84, 94; South Australian, 4, 4½; Peninsular, 4, 4½ pm.; San Fernando, 4 dis.; Waller, 4, 4; Australasian Bank, 78, 80 x. d.; Australian Agricultural, 40, 42; Crystal Palace, 24, 34; Oriental Bank, 42, 44; North British Australasian, 4, 4; Scots Australian Investment, 1, 1½ pm.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Oct. 20.

SINCE Friday Wheat has advanced in value not less than 8s. per quarter, which is ascribed to the mistaken opinion which prevailed up to a late period, that our own crop would prove amply sufficient to supply our wants. Not only were most holders anxious to realise, but no one could be found bold enough to enter into engagements for a future supply of Wheat from abroad. Indeed, under the influence of this opinion, added by a popular clamour, prices were

forced down so low, that England was the cheapest corn market in the world, with the exception of the south of Russia. Should the Turks succeed in getting possession of Bessarabia, it is possible that some large quantity of Wheat may arrive from the Danube, but several months must elapse before this can occur.

The season is now too far advanced for the arrival of any considerable supplies from the Baltic ports before the spring; and the great rise which has taken place in our markets, has had the usual effect there. We cannot now quote 61 to 61½ lbs. Red wheat under 58s. to 59s. f.o.b. at Stettin for present shipment, or 55s. to 57s. for the Spring.

The French provincial markets continue to advance, but though Paris trade is firm it remains stationary. The rain which has fallen both there and here will, no doubt, cause a greater increase in the demand for Wheat than for Flour, and the relative value of the two will thus become more equalised. Barley and Oats are scarce everywhere. There is very little of either grain offering from Denmark, and at the Friesland and Dutch ports there is so much demand for Oats, that prices during the past week have advanced 1s. 6d. to 2s. per quarter, our latest quotations from Emden being equal to 27s. 6d., for 39 to 40 lbs. f.o.b. Cork black are quoted at 18s., and Waterford 14s. 6d. per barrel f.o.b. Some sales of French Beans have been at 36s. to 36½. 6d. per 480 lbs. f.o.b., but the demand for the home consumption is so great that none are now offered for shipment. Peas at Koenigsberg are 37s. per quarter, and at Stettin 41s. to 43s. f.o.b.

FLOATING TRADE.—The sales actually made in London are three cargoes Saidi at 43s., one Behaira 40s., one hard Enos 58s. 6d., and one Ibrilla —s. At Liverpool higher prices have been paid, and there are buyers both there and here for Saidi at 46s., Behaira 44s.; Marianopolli would bring 75s. were there any cargoes on passage, which is with in 6s. of the very highest price paid since the harvest of 1853. Beans have been sold as follows:—one cargo Saidi 35s. 6d., one 36s., one 37s. with buyers now at 38s.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	209½	210	210	210	210	210
3 per Cent. Red.	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	95	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
Consols for Account	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
34 per Cent. An.	81	81	81	81	81	81
New 2½ per Cent.	81	81	81	81	81	81
Long Ans. 1860	4 5-10	4 5-10	4 5-10	4 5-10	4 5-10	4 5-10
India Stock	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p
Ditto Bonds, £1000	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p	10 p
Ditto, under £1000	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p
Ex. Bills, £1000	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p
Ditto, £500	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p
Ditto, Small	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p	7 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	99½	Russian Bonds, 5 per	96
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts.	53	Cents 1822	85
Chilian 6 per Cnts.	101	Russian 4½ per Cnts.	85
Danish 5 per Cnts.	101	Spanish 3 p. Cl. New Def.	18½
Rounder Bonds	23½	Spanish Committee Cert.	94
Mexican 3 per Cnts.	23½	of Coup. not fun.	94
Mexican 3 per Ct. for	23½	Venezuela 3½ per Cnts.	23
Acc.	23½	Belgian 4½ per Cnts.	94
Portuguese 4 per Cnts.	94	Dutch 2½ per Cnts.	94
Portuguese 5 p. Cnts.	94	Dutch 1 per Cent. Certif.	94

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—M. JULLIEN begs most respectfully to announce that his CONCERTS will commence on MONDAY, October 30th, on which occasion he will have the honour of making his first appearance in England since his return from America. Full particulars will be duly announced.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.
On Monday and during the week will be performed a new Drama, in two acts, called
THE TRUSTEE.

Principal Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, F. Vining, Emery, Leslie, Miss Maskell, and Miss Stephens.
After which, A BLIGHTED BEING.
Characters by Messrs. Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers, F. Robson, and Miss E. Turner.
To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON.
Characters by Messrs. Emery, F. Robson, Leslie, Miss Marston, and Miss E. Turner.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.
309, REGENT STREET.—Under the sole direction of J. H. PEPPER, Esq., F.C.S., A. Inst. C.E.

GOOD DRAMATIC READINGS are now added to the other attractions.
Miss GLYN will commence on Thursday Evening, the 26th inst., at Eight o'clock, with MACBETH, and continue other Readings on Saturday the 28th, and the 2nd and 4th of November.

LECTURE specially addressed to the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES, on Monday Evenings.
Every NOVELTY in GENERAL SCIENCE will be secured to the Public.

An ever-varied succession of LECTURES, MECHANICAL and COSMORAMIC EXHIBITIONS, MUSIC, the MICROSCOPE, DISSOLVING VIEWS, &c., is maintained daily, from Twelve till Five; Evenings, Seven till Ten.
Admission, 1s., Stalls, 2s.

One Shilling.

TURKISH EXHIBITION, HYDE-PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY.—OPEN DAILY, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Manager begs to announce that, in compliance with the suggestions of numerous patrons, the proprietors have provisionally reduced the charge of admission to this gorgeous and interesting Exhibition, to the popular Shilling, until further notice, Saturdays excepted, when it will be 2s. 6d. Mr. F. O. Williams will preside at the Pianoforte.

S. AZNAVOUR,

Manager and Agent to the Turkish Museum.

20th October, 1854.

TO LOVERS OF FISH.

100 real Yarmouth Bloaters for 6s., package included. The above are forwarded to all parts on receipt of penny postage stamps, or P. O. O. (preferred) for the amount. Send plain address, county, and nearest station.—Address, Thomas Lettis, jun., fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

DUTY OFF TEA.—The REDUCTION of the TEA DUTY, and the easy state of the Tea-market, enables PHILLIPS and Company to SELL—

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s.
Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d.
The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s.
Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d.
Best Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. 8d.
The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s.
Prime Coffees, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d.
The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d.
Sugars are supplied at market prices.
All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.

A general price-current sent free on application.

ORTHOPÆDIC MECHANISM. Every description of apparatus for the CURE or RELIEF of BODILY DEFORMITY, and diseases requiring mechanical assistance, may be had of Mr. HATHER BIGG, 29, LEBICESTER-SQUARE, who, having recently visited the principal continental Orthopædic Institutions, is in possession of every modern improvement.

DEAFNESS AND SINGING NOISES.—

Instant relief by Dr. HOGHTON'S new and painless mode of cure. Any extremely deaf sufferer, by one visit, is permanently enabled to hear with ease usual tone of conversation, without operation, pain, or the use of instruments. Thirty-four patients cured last week; many totally deaf instantaneously restored to perfect hearing. Testimonials from the highest medical authority in London can be seen, and persons referred to.

The above discovery is known and practised only by Dr. Houghton, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1845; L.A.C., April 30, 1846. Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall.

Just published, Self Cure of Deafness, for country patients—a stop to empiricism, quackery, and exorbitant fees—sent on receipt of seven stamps, free.

AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA. This is, of all known remedies, the most pure, safe, active, and efficacious in the purification of the blood of all morbid matter, of bile, urea, acids, scorbutic substances, humours of all kinds, which produce rashes, eruptions, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, sore eyes and ears, sore throat and ulcers, and sores on any part of the body. It is unsurpassed in its action upon the liver, the lungs, and the stomach, removing any cause of disease from those organs, and expelling all humours from the system. By cleansing the blood, it for ever prevents pustules, sores, pimples and every variety of sores on the face and breast. It is a great tonic, and imparts strength and vigour to the debilitated and weak, gives rest and refreshing sleep to the nervous and restless invalid. It is a great female medicine, and will cure more complaints peculiar to the sex than any other remedy in the world. Warehouse, 373, Strand, adjoining Exeter-Hall; POMEROY, ANDREWS, and CO., Sole Proprietors. Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s.; small quarts 4s. 6d.; quarts, 7s. 6d.; mammoth, 11s.

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 & 3, Newman-street, and 4 & 5, 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, 2l. 14s. to 5l. 10s.; ditto with ormolu ornaments and two sets of bars, 5l. 10s. to 12l. 12s.; Bronzed Fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to 3l.; Steel Fenders from 2l. 15s. to 6l.; ditto, with rich ormolu ornaments, from 2l. 15s. to 7l. 7s.; Fire-irons from 1s. 9d. the set to 4l. 4s. Sylvester and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges.

Firstly—From the frequency and extent of his purchases; and Secondly—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

PAPIER MACHE AND IRON TEA-TRAYS. An assortment of Tea Trays and Waiters, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Maché Trays,
per set of three ... from 20s. 0d. to 10 guineas.
Ditto, Iron ditto ... from 13s. 0d. to 4 guineas.
Convex shape ditto ... from 7s. 6d.
Round and Gothic waiters, cake and bread baskets, equally low.

GAS CHANDELIERS and BRACKETS.

The increased and increasing use of Gas in Private Houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from all the various manufacturers all that is New and Choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling-rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him: these are now ON SHOW in one of his TEN LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his Establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz., from 12s. 6d. (two light) to 16l.

LAMPS of all SORTS and PATTERNS.

The Largest, as well as the Choicest, Assortment in existence of FRENCH and ENGLISH MODERATEUR, PALMER'S, CAMPHINE, ARGAND, SOLAR, and other LAMPS, with all the latest improvements, and of the newest and most recherché patterns, in ormolu, Bohemian, and plain glass, or papier maché, is at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, and they are arranged in one large room, so that patterns, sizes, and sorts can be instantly selected.
Real French Colza Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon.
Palmer's Candles, 9d., 9½d., and 10d. per lb.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER

DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherché patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 28s. 9d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 34s. to 58s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 76s. 6d. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, 10l. to 16l. 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot-water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro-plated on Nickel, full size, 11l. 11s.

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LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED FOR MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY, AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. THE MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AND ALL SCORFULOUS DISEASES.

Approved of and recommended by BERZELIUS, LIEBIG, WOHLER, JONATHAN PEREIRA, FOUQUIER, and numerous other distinguished Scientific Chemists, prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men, and supplied to the leading Hospitals of Europe—effecting a cure or alleviating symptoms much more rapidly than any other kind.

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ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, London, Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions; and may be obtained from respectable Chemists and Druggists in Town and Country, at the following prices:—

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

Half pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 6s.
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EFFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARICOSE VEINS.—This elastic and compressing stocking, or article of any other required form, is pervious, light, and inexpensive, and easily drawn on without lacing or bandaging. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

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No charge for Policy Stamps.
Whole profits divided annually.
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Invalid lives assured at equitable rates.
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For Prospectuses showing the peculiar advantages of the Association, and for all further information, apply to the local agents, or at the Chief Office, 15, Moorgate-street, London. WM. THOS. LINFORD, Secretary.

October 21, 1854.

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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.

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The business of the Company comprises Assurances 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 1867, is empowered by the Act of Parliament 53 George III., and regulated by Deed enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

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

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

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At the last Division of Surplus, about 120,000*l*. 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 35 degrees from the Equator, without extra charge.

All Policy Stamps and Medical Fees are now paid by the Company.

By recent enactments, persons are exempt, under certain restrictions, from Income Tax, as respects so much of their income as they may devote to assurances on Lives.

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.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ADMITTING ON EQUAL TERMS PERSONS OF EVERY CLASS AND DEGREE TO ALL ITS BENEFITS AND ADVANTAGES.

Capital, Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds.

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2nd.—For the relief of aged and distressed original proprietors, assured or not, their widows and orphans, together with five per cent. per annum on the capital originally invested by them.

All policies indisputable and free of stamp duty.

Rates of premium extremely moderate.

No extra charge for going to or residing at (in time of peace) Australasia—Bermuda—Madeira—Cape of Good Hope—Mauritius—and the British North American Colonies.

Medical men in all cases remunerated for their report. Assurances granted against Paralysis, Blindness, Accidents, Insanity, and every other affliction, bodily and mental, at moderate rates.

A liberal commission allowed to agents.

Annual premium for assuring 100*l*., namely:—

Age—20 £1 10 9 Age—40 £2 13 6

36 1 19 6 50 3 18 6

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WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE,

31, RED LION-SQUARE.

PRINCIPAL.

Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.

The following is the arrangement of Studies for the First Term, November to Christmas, 1854:—

TIME.	SUBJECT.	TEACHER.
SUNDAY EVENING, 8½	{ The Gospel of St. John	{ The Principal.
		{ C. R. Walsh, Esq., M.R.C.S., and Thomas Hughes, Esq., B.A., Oriel College, Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn.
MONDAY " 8	Public Health.....	{ Rev. Henry J. Hore, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.
" " 9	Geometry	{ F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
" " 9	English Grammar	{ J. M. Ludlow, Esq., Lincoln's Inn.
TUESDAY " 8	{ Law of Partnership	{ The Principal.
" " 9	{ Political Terms illustrated by English Literature	{ C. B. Locock, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.
WEDNESDAY " 8	{ Natural Philosophy and Astronomy	{ J. F. McLennan, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge.
" " 9	Machinery	{ John Ruskin, Esq., M.A., Christ Church, Oxford.
THURSDAY " 7-9	Drawing	{ Messrs. Hughes and Walsh.
" " 8	Public Health.....	{ F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
" " 9	English Grammar	{ J. Westlake, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
" " 8	{ Arithmetic and Algebra	{ Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.
FRIDAY " 8	{ The Geography of England as connected with its History	{ The Principal.
" " 9	{ The Reign of King John illustrated by Shakespeare's Play ...	
SATURDAY " 8	Vocal Music.	

An INAUGURAL LECTURE will be delivered by the PRINCIPAL, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRES, on Monday, October 30, at half-past eight o'clock; and the Studies will begin on Tuesday, October 31.

Students must be above sixteen years of age, must be able to read and write, and know the first four rules of Arithmetic.

Those who desire to become Members of the College, are requested to present themselves for Examination and Admission, at the College, on any evening of the week beginning October 23, between the hours of seven and nine.

Each Student will pay an entrance fee of 2*s*. 6*d*. The fee for each of those Courses which occupy One evening in the week, will be 2*s*. 6*d*.; for those Courses which occupy Two evenings, 4*s*.; Sunday evening Class, free.

For the Drawing Class the fee will be 5*s*., and the room will be open every evening, for the practice of Students.

The Term will comprise Seven weeks.

A Room will be provided in which Members may study at any time when the College is open.

Tickets for the Inaugural Lecture, and Prospectuses, may be obtained (free) on or before Saturday, October 28, by application at 31, Red Lion-square, or at St. Martin's Hall.

This Day, Foolscap Octavo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

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London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

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ADVERTISING HAND-BOOK, containing a list of all the Hotels in the United Kingdom, together with those on the Continent, which can be recommended.

If Travellers support the Hotel Proprietors who fearlessly give a Tariff of their charges, they will save their expenses, and benefit the public.

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Just published, in 1 vol., 12mo, sewed, 222 pp., price 1*s*. 6*d*.

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Political Portraits by EDWARD M. WHITTY.

"In this volume we have some exceedingly smart sketches of various public men."—*Church and State Gazette*.

"We have derived much genuine enjoyment from Mr. Whitty's book. Mr. Whitty will endure comparison with the best political writers—Whig, Tory, or Radical—of the day; and he is, to the ruin of all rivalry, the first writer of his own school—the Revolutionary."—*Morning Post*.

"These portraits of what the author terms the 'Governing Classes of Great Britain' are republished from the *Leader* Newspaper, and form a little Thesaurus of information of a peculiar and interesting character."—*Leeds Times*.

"These lively sketches of living political characters are many of them admirably written, always satirical in spirit, and occasionally far-seeing in their ken. There are points which Thackeray could hardly have done better."—*Era*.

"Mr. Edward Whitty is by far the wittiest and most subtle of modern political essayists."—*Dublin Telegraph*.

"The author of this book has distinguished himself by inventing, if we may so speak, quite a new style of newspaper-comment on Parliamentary men and proceedings. If we are not greatly mistaken, Mr. Whitty's name will yet be a conspicuous one in the world of journalism. The main notion of the work is that Great Britain is under a mistake in considering itself a self-governed country. Mr. Whitty seems to have no political preferences. We know no political writing of the day showing a harder head, a more ruthless frankness, than Mr. Whitty's. Add to this a great fund of political knowledge, and a power of witty expression."—*Commonwealth*.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.

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Apply at the Company's Offices, 54, Old Broad-street, London. WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.

London, October, 1854.

TESTIMONIALS by PRESENTATION

Having become so much the custom, and in consequence of Messrs. PUTVOYE having been frequently applied to for suitable articles, they beg to state to all those who would pay such graceful tributes to public merit or private worth, that in all cases when it is clearly shown goods are required for such a purpose, and the amount exceeds 50*l*., they shall allow 10 per cent. from their regular marked prices.

154, Regent-street, August 23, 1854.

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out acids, or any saturation, without shock or unpleasant sensation, for the cure of nervous diseases and those arising from cold, an inactive liver, or sluggish circulation, and has been found highly beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia in all its forms, and general debility of the system. Treatise on the above, free on the receipt of a postage stamp. Mr. W. P. PIGGOTT, Medical Galvanist, 523 R, Oxford-street, Bloomsbury. At home daily from 10 till 4.

DEAFNESS.—IMPORTANT DIS-

COVERY.—DR. MANFRED, M.R.C.S., has this day published, free by post, for eight postage stamps, a Physician's Guide for Country Patients, for the Perfect and Permanent Restoration of Hearing, by his Invaluable New Treatment. Being a stop to quackery, cruel impositions on the suffering public, and exorbitant charges, this book will save thousands from the impositions of the self-styled doctors, inasmuch as the hearing can be restored for life. Deafness of the most inveterate nature relieved in half an hour, cured in a few hours, almost instant cessation of noises in the ears and head, by painless treatment. Hundreds of letters may be seen, and persons referred to, who have heard the usual tone of conversation in a few hours. Patients received daily at Dr. Manfred's residence, 72, Regent-street, London (first door in Air-street), where all letters must be addressed.

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