

Wm. B. Galloway, 1874 Strand

# The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

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

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## News of the Week.

IF anything could corroborate the popular desire for a winter session, it would be the movements on the Continent, which have so much the aspect of new combinations, but which are reported and explained in a manner so distressingly imperfect. Paris is becoming the centre from which the campaign, diplomatic as well as military, is directed. The visit of Queen VICTORIA was not the first that the Emperor NAPOLEON has received, though by far the most important; it promises not to be the last; and amongst the crowned heads who have actually consulted the reigning EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, or are to follow, we may enumerate the KING OF THE BELGIANS, the KING OF PORTUGAL, Queen VICTORIA, the KING OF SARDINIA, the KING OF BAVARIA, and the KING OF WURTEMBERG. To the list we may add the QUEEN OF SPAIN; for although her Majesty has not come, her position is such as would make her readily enter into any future congress of Paris for the settlement of the Continent.

Dilatory as the conduct of the war may have been in all quarters, it is not to be denied that the Russians are losing ground. This is rendered certain by their own reports as well as by the reports of the Allies. Every fresh account from the Tchernaya proves not only that the last engagement was of much greater importance than we at first imagined, but that the defeat was yet more important. We have already explained the general nature of the attempt, and our interpretation is confirmed by the plan discovered on the body of General READ; only that the design was yet larger than we supposed it to be, and the failure, therefore, proportionate. The plan was to make a sortie from the town on the extreme left, another on the extreme right, with the broad attack across the Tchernaya on the right flank; and if these simultaneous attacks succeeded, to advance upon the rear, take possession of Bala-klava, enclose the Allied forces, drive them into the sea, and raise the siege,—or pack up the Allies as prisoners for exportation, with a royalty on the export. The plan was not carried out: the sorties from the town were not made, but GORTSCHAKOFF's army for the attack across the Tchernaya was strengthened by newly-arrived reinforcements, mingled with the pick of the troops already in the Russian camp; the men were

primed with brandy, and with superstitious expectations; they were led with great valour, and they could only be repulsed by a still greater valour, with the strength that the Allies derived from a higher discipline and morale. The Russians were driven back three times before they retreated, and even then their overwhelming numbers prevented the Allies from following them. It is clear, therefore, that the Allies are in no state to take possession of the Crimea; but it is equally clear that the Russians, for some reason or other, no longer retain the strength to bide their time; and still more evident that they want either the command, the morale, the discipline, the skill, the supplies, or all these things, to maintain an effective equality with the besiegers.

It is very much the same in the Baltic. The report of General DE BERG on the bombardment of Sweaborg is clearly intended to make light of that continued attack; and as we know how false are his accounts of destruction to English ships, we may imagine that his accounts of immunity for Russian stores are equally inaccurate. We also know how to estimate the "one Cossack," who is, as usual, killed on these occasions. But General DE BERG admits great destruction; and the report that more Russian war-ships are to appear at some period not yet fixed, for the purposes of assailing the Allied fleet, must be taken as a symptom that the Russians grow uneasy under the protracted efforts of non-action.

The exactly opposite policy in Asia appears now to be equally unsuccessful. General MOURAVIEFF, endeavouring to be strong on too many points, has succeeded upon none. Russia, therefore, we may regard as decidedly losing ground.

Even the satisfaction expressed in Stockholm and Copenhagen is another sign, and a very satisfactory sign, that Russian shares are falling in the market. The *Aftonbladt* does not scruple to come out with a declaration that the Swedes rejoice at the success of the Allies before Sweaborg; the *Fædreland* gives a very similar expression to Danish feeling; and there is a talk of a Scandinavian alliance against the tyrant of the Baltic!

If Russia is losing ground, so is that power whom we are beginning to regard as her last convert, her ally—Austria. The Government at Vienna has been thrown into a doubly sinister and apologetical position, at the same time that it is detected in movements quite inconsistent with the friendly expressions towards the Western Powers. Not that it has abandoned its claim as

our ally; on the contrary, explanations have been used to draw forth from the English Government assurances that nothing hostile is intended by the formation of the Anglo-Italian Legion in Piedmont—assurances, we should have thought, quite unnecessary. When men form a band for mutual protection in passing across a difficult country, one seldom turns round to a companion at his side and asks for an explanation why he wears a sword or a pistol. The very question would show an alienated state of mind, which would make suspicion recoil upon the inquirer. And so it is with Austria. If she doubts the motives of forming an Anglo-Italian Legion, we have a right to doubt why she is arming Verona, Pola, and other places which equally menace Piedmont, the Adriatic, the Milanese, and the Venetian territory. Her attitude is that of a state who regards the forces in Piedmont, Italian or English, the people in the Sardinian States, the vessels sailing on the Adriatic, the inhabitants of Venice, and the people of the Milanese, as her enemies.

Before we leave the question of threatening aspects we must glance at the new insurrection in India. Not that we join our contemporaries in hastening to presume that it is the outburst of a Russian conspiracy. The Santals who inhabit a hill district of Bengal have risen in thousands under a divine mission to expel the invaders, British, and we may suppose Mussulman and Hindoo, and to re-establish some ancient régime, about two hundred miles from the capital of the British Presidency. These Santals belong to a race supposed to be primitive; its origin not being known, but being apparently anterior to that of the Hindoos and Saracens. They have by great exertions of British "reformers" been settled down upon the land, the British reformers in most cases being the head collectors of that revenue which partakes of the nature both of rent and taxation. In other words, the Santals might say that they have been inveigled to abandon their manly nomadic existence in order that they might bind themselves to the land, and be taxed by alien invaders. Perhaps some recent offences have stirred them up. Labourers on the railway which is forming through their district, it is said, have meddled with their women; which is likely enough, as the Hill men of our own Derby could testify. Hence they have mustered, as the Derby men did in the Reform Bill days, and other times of tumult; but the Indians are armed with battle axes, bows, and arrows. They have assailed

the scattered British settlers, slaughtered two ladies on their travels, and threaten to invade Moorshedabad. Local causes would quite account for this outburst. It is also possible that Nepaulese agents may have been getting up a diversion. It is almost certain that Russian agents are there; for it is consistent, we may almost say, with our own knowledge that a Russian agency is in India a permanent and ubiquitous institution. Anyhow, our military governors have the more on their hands; and we should not be, perhaps, far wrong if we supposed some kind of community of feeling, vague and precarious as it may be, to rule all our enemies from Indus to Pola, from the Neva to Nepaul, and back to Naples, the Papacy, and Potsdam.

Such is the aspect of the world in the week of Queen VICTORIA's return from Paris. Her visit has been an incessant round of activity,—public shows, inspections of Exposition, state dinners, state balls, sight-seeing, drawing-room conversations with diplomatic parentheses, pleasant interludes of freer amusements, artistic enjoyments at Versailles, the giddy round of the most elaborate flattery and the most effective attentions,—all tending to exhibit France and England allied in the silken bonds of commerce, by the golden interlacing of their imperial diadems, and even by the dearer interlacing of embraces. For the pale Empress, who lends grace to the ball, but must not dance, is seen in the most familiar conversation with the Queenly ruler of the British Empire, embracing her, exchanging tears. Nay, the EMPEROR, who was but now desecrated riding as guard of honour by the side of the QUEEN's carriage, is next observed lounging at his ease and walking in and out of the cottage in the Forest of St. Germain, where the QUEEN takes a hasty luncheon, or escorting her to all the sights of Paris; at once host in that magnificent home and first gentleman of her suite. We view the prosperous adventurer taking the visitor to his fraternal embrace, chatting familiarly in friendship, sustaining her in the dizzy waltz, laying France and chivalry at her feet; and having flattered her to the highest bent, identifying himself for evermore with the influence, the policy, and the strength of Imperial Britain. Enough work done in that nine days!

But the work is not yet finished. We have already mentioned the list of monarchs who are to follow after those that have been before. Royal BAVARIA is not so absolutely influential with his son-in-law of Austria as he expected to be. Royal WURTEMBERG, "a giant in a crib," could be a popular sovereign of an energetic people if the miserable Diet of German Princes would let him be so. Both these men are overlaid by Prussia and Austria, who make them secondary or third-rate princes; and they are coming to the capital of France to find themselves appreciated.

Spain, who is at issue with Rome, as Sardinia is, has already sent her compliments to the Western Powers, implying her desire to join the alliance. Let us remember, too, that Queen ISABELLA is not without jealousy of the MONTPENSIER pretensions, connected as those pretensions are with the House of Orleans. At the same time, any solid hopes which the husband of the Infanta LUISA can have must also lie in identifying himself with the popular power in Spain and with the rising influences of the day.

At home the events are few; the incidents that are thrown up by the intelligence of the week being signs rather than occurrences. There is not much, for example, in uncovering the statue of PEEL before the Town Hall of Birmingham, except in the fact that the legislator of 1819 has a statue given to him by the town which was the fiercest opponent of his policy in money matters. Yet it is a sign how completely old distinctions

have passed away; and how the policy of PEEL has become national instead of factional. Again, two haymakers in Essex have been sent to prison, for leaving their labour, under the severe labour-laws of this country—two men who had given notice of their desire for a half-holiday, and had gone to see a militia review under the impulse of the national feeling of the day. The local clergyman who committed them vindicates his conduct; and is answered by a burst of reprobation from all quarters and all ranks. The circumstances prove that the value of the man is better appreciated, at the same time that juster estimates of labour are also introduced into the labouring market. On this point, however, we have touched in a separate paper. Finally, Messrs. CHURTON & SON have grappled with the Saturday half-holiday question, and have publicly announced that they intend to close their shop at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. We do not believe that their customers will let them lose by this tribute to the well-being of the shop-tending class. Their example is likely to emancipate many tradesmen from the difficulty of making a move; while it is certain to show that the hours of labour may be abridged without sacrificing the fruits of labour.

**THE LION HUNTER AT HOME.**—Mr. Gordon Cumming has opened, at 232, Piccadilly, a Museum and Diorama of the Wild Sports of South Africa, profusely decorated with the trophies of his own adventurous exploits. There is a singular propensity in our over-civilised humanity to find a fascination in those rude contests which were the "life" of our forefathers, and though a time of war may be thought to create almost a sufficient diversion to the arts of peace, there is still enough of the humour in most English natures at least to seek other fields of danger and enterprise. Mr. Gordon Cumming is every inch a sportsman of the aboriginal sort, and he discourses to an audience of Cockneys who have never fired at anything more terrible than a partridge with a terrible simplicity. We were not unreservedly pleased with Mr. Gordon Cumming's written adventures; we could not pardon his sipping a cup of coffee, as he watched the agonies of the dying elephant. We found it hard to swallow the chops from the rhinoceros, and we almost feared once or twice that the author had exchanged his rifle for a long bow when he sat down to write. Still there was more than enough in those stirring pages to make the hero a "lion" on his own account. The present exhibition will, we doubt not, attract a large share of popular interest; it is something new, uncommon, and unquestionably amusing.

**HEALTH OF LONDON.**—The total number of deaths registered in London in the week that ended last Saturday, was 1003, of which 476 were deaths of males, 527 those of females. This return shows a decrease on that of the previous week, in which the number was 1095. It may be stated in general terms that the mortality is at present as low as it was, at the same season, in those years when the public health was best. It is satisfactory to notice a decrease in fatal cases of diarrhoea. Last week the deaths from this cause declined to 127. The deaths reported for last week as caused by cholera are 15, which is not more than is usual towards the end of August. In ten cases, the disorder is described as "cholera infantum," or "choleraic diarrhoea," and in one as English cholera. A case apparently of sudden and severe character occurred at Mile-end, in which the patient was a woman of thirty years of age, and death is stated to have ensued after seventeen hours' illness. Cholera, designated "Asiatic," was fatal to a girl four years old, after twelve hours' illness, in Church-street, in the sub-district of Christchurch St. Saviour; and a case of "Asiatic cholera" is returned in which a woman, aged thirty-seven years, was seized when returning from a visit to her sister who was ill with cholera at Amsterdam; she died soon after her arrival at home in Houndsditch. At Bethnal-green, a little girl has died of "plica Polonica."—Last week, the births of 755 boys and 785 girls, in all 1540 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845—54, the average number was 1394.—From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.

**THE CHILD MURDER AT BRISTOL.**—The inquest on the body of Melinda Payne has again set, and is once more adjourned. Since the former sitting, the police have discovered among the rocks the jar in which the child was fetching the beer, and have also found a piece of black riband stained with red marks, some white woollen twist, apparently part of the fringe of a shawl, and a stone which had on it marks of blood. The mother of the child, in giving evidence, explained the fact of her husband's clothes being bloody by stating that he had hurt himself on the arm a few days before the murder. He was at home all the time the little girl went on her errand, until, her absence having created alarm, he issued forth to seek her.

## THE WAR.

**EXPECTATION** is still the dominant feeling before Sebastopol. A small success, however, has taken place before the Malakhoff, on the *glacis* in front of which an ambuscade or rifle-pit has been carried by the French. The *glacis* is the smooth and gradual slope leading to the ditch; and it is therefore evident that our Allies are now close to the very walls of the formidable outwork from which they have been once repulsed. General Pelissier adds, that five hundred Russians came out to retake the ambuscade, but were brilliantly repulsed with a loss of three hundred killed and wounded. It has been conjectured that the reason why this sally was made by so small a number of men was that, the space being very confined, there was no room for more. The work has been turned against the Russians, and is now definitively occupied by the French.

The day before this exploit, which occurred on August 23rd, the enemy, closely pressed by the French miners in front of the battery No. 53, fired five mines against that battery. The result, however, was wholly inoperative, the French receiving no damage whatever.

The Russians are as industrious as ever in piling battery on battery, and earthwork on earthwork, at every point where they may serve them now, or prove terrible in the day of assault. The great army of the Allies is still cooped up between the mountains and the sea, with the liberty of cautiously roving at will in the pleasant valley of Baidar; and the enemy, so far as we know, has returned to his camps in the villages behind the Mackenzie heights, to recover from the blow on the Tchernaya.

It is said that the delay in undertaking the assault is owing to the discovery of a new battery of six hundred guns behind the Malakhoff, which would have annihilated our attacking columns; but a reason at least as probable is to be found in the recent disclosures touching the critical situation of the Russians within Sebastopol, which may naturally be supposed to modify the tactics of the besiegers, since it is possible that in a short time our end may be gained without the carnage of a *coup de main*.

Advices from Constantinople state that on the morning of the 17th of August the English batteries opened their fire, thus giving an opportunity for advancing the works of approach; but it will be observed that we have no official intimation from General Simpson of this fact. Equally are we without authentic notice of the resignation of the English Commander, though the continental papers continue to assert it, and to mention Lord Henry Bentinck as his successor. Omar Pacha and Hussein Pacha, it is rumoured, will leave Constantinople for Batoum, where the Sultan has given orders for the landing of twenty-five battalions selected from the Turkish troops in the Crimea and on the Danube.

From Kars and Erzeroum we have some gratifying intelligence. Erzeroum, there is no doubt, was very seriously menaced; so seriously, that the English consul removed all the archives of his office to Trebizond. Some wonder has been expressed that the Russians were allowed to cross the ridges of the Soghanli Mountain—Mohammed Pacha having, it is said, sufficient troops to stop them at so difficult a pass; but the error, if error it were, has been repaired by a vigorous and successful sortie by the garrison at Kars; apparently owing to which, the divisions lately threatening Erzeroum have retreated. It is reported that, previous to this, 12,000 Russians, under General Susuloff, defeated the Turks at Kerpi-Keui. The fortifications of Erzeroum are said to be completed; but there is a want of artillery and ammunition. Bands of Kurds, who are supposed to have a secret understanding with the Russians, make the roads in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum extremely insecure.

The telegraphic despatches relating to the progress of affairs in the Baltic do not amount to much; and, indeed, we must now be prepared to see the termination of "the season" in the North. The short summer of those regions is beginning to depart; and with October will come the icy blockade which lasts through half the year. In the meanwhile, Stockholm newspapers give a few particulars of the engagement which took place off Riga on August 10. Seventeen Russian gunboats, it is said, came out of Riga, and fought for two hours with the English screw block-ship Hawke, 60, and the screw corvette Desperate, 8. The result appears to have been indecisive. The English cruisers have visited Uleaborg, Simo, and Windau, and destroyed Government ships and stores. Advices from St. Petersburg bring reports from Revel that on the 16th ult. two frigates, which had left Nargen for that purpose, bombarded Port Baltic for several hours, and then retired.

In the White Sea, as we learn from Norwegian papers, the Allied squadron has captured two Russian ships and a small steamer. The latter has been employed for a long time in keeping up a communication



with Archangel. According to these accounts, the squadron was preparing to quit the White Sea, unmistakable signs being visible that the mild weather was drawing to a close.

It would seem that the Russians are making a desperate effort to repair their navy, as we hear from Odessa that they have lately launched several vessels which had been on the stocks at Nicolaieff.

Detailed accounts of the battle of the Tchernaya, from a variety of sources, have come to hand. The substance of these will be found in our leading columns.

#### DESPATCH FROM GENERAL SIMPSON.

The English Commander-in-Chief, writing on August 14, two days before the Russian attack on the Tchernaya, says:—

"During the last few days, considerable activity has been exhibited in the movements of the enemy, both in the town and on the north side; and, from the information we have received from the country, as well as the examination of deserters, I have reason to believe that the Russians may attempt to force us to raise the siege by a vigorous attack from without. Every precaution taken on the part of the Allies, and the ground occupied by the Sardinians above the village of Tchorgoun and in its front has been made very strong through the energy and skill of General Della Marmora, who is unceasing in his precautions, and shows the utmost disposition to co-operate in the most agreeable manner with the Allies. . . . The firing on our side has been directed in a great measure against the large barracks, dockyard buildings, and the town, all of which show visible signs of the admirable practice of the Royal Artillery. . . . Draughts for the Light Division and 71st Regiment, to the number of 800 men, the remainder of the Carbineers, and one squadron of the 1st Dragoon Guards, have arrived."

The death, from a fragment of shell, of Brevet-Major Hugh Drummond, Scots Fusilier Guards, is mentioned with deep regret.

#### LETTER OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR TO GENERAL PELISSIER.

The following has appeared in the *Moniteur*:—

"General,—The fresh victory gained at the Tchernaya proves, for the third time since the commencement of the war, the superiority of the Allied armies over the enemy in the open field; but, if it does honour to the courage of the troops, it evidences no less the good arrangements you had made. Address my congratulations to the army, and receive them also yourself. Tell your brave soldiers, who for more than a year have endured unheard-of fatigues, that the term of their trials is not far distant. Sebastopol, I hope, will soon fall beneath their blows; and, were the event delayed, still the Russian army (I know it through information that appears positive) would no longer be able, during the winter, to maintain the contest in the Crimea. This glory acquired in the East has moved your companions in arms here in France; they all burn to have a part in your dangers. Accordingly, with the twofold object of responding to their noble desire, and of procuring some repose for those who have achieved so much, I have given orders to the Minister of War, that all the regiments remaining in France may proceed in due succession to relieve in the East others which will return. You know, General, how afflicted I have been at being detained away from that army, which has again added to the fame of our eagles; but at this moment my regrets diminish, since you enable me to perceive the speedy and decisive success destined to crown so many heroic efforts.

"Whereupon, General, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

"Written at the Palace of St. Cloud, August 20, 1855.  
"NAPOLEON."

#### THE BALTIC.

A writer from the fleet says that on August 17th they saw "the first symptoms of a return home. At 5.50 P.M., the Basilisk took the four mortar vessels, Growler, Redbreast, Blazer, and Havoc, in tow, and left for England." On the same day, the Cuckoo, the Harier, the Tartar, and the French steamer D'Assas, were cruising off Borneborg, a place protected by several earthworks, and having about two thousand soldiers. The boats belonging to the above-named ships went within a short distance of the town, and had a short interview with the burgomaster, who promised if they would spare the place, to deliver up the shipping in the port. They stipulated for a certain steamer of which they had notice, but the existence of which was at first denied by the burgomaster. Afterwards, he said it should be sent to the intruders, if the boats would go away. They accordingly left; and, as they were pulling back to their ships, a distance of eighteen miles, the steamer, of 180 tons, overtook them, and it was taken into tow and brought safely off.

#### WAR MISCELLANEA.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—Three long articles have appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, which are presumed to be from the pen of the celebrated Oriental traveller, M. Bodenstidt, and which relate to the position of the Turks in Anatolia. The writer observes:—"The last movements of the Russians in Asiatic Turkey are of extreme importance, as well in a political as in a

strategic point of view. It seems as if the Russians, by proceeding with such energy against Kars and Erzeroum, are resolved to alarm the Allies for the safety of the Turkish possessions in Asia. The Russians are now in possession of Molla Suleiman, Topra-Kaleh, and the table-land of Alischgert. From Molla Suleiman, Erzeroum, the capital of Anatolia, is directly threatened." It will be seen from recent telegraphic despatches that the Russians have retired from Erzeroum.

THE ANGLO-ITALIAN LEGION.—"When the Anglo-Italian Legion shall be disbanded (says the *Piemonte*), a free passage will be granted to those who may wish to return to their country, or emigrate either to North America or the Cape of Good Hope, and they are besides to be allowed one year's pay. When the Legion shall have left Italy, the soldiers will be afforded every facility to forward their savings to their families or friends. The English Government is to give them on their landing in the Crimea an extra pay of sixty-five centimes per day."—Colonel Ribfi, an Italian patriot who took part in the insurrections of the Romagna in 1843 and 1845, and in the movement of the Calabrians in 1848, and who has just left the prisons of Naples after an imprisonment of six years, has been named commander of a regiment in the Anglo-Italian Legion. Colonel Count Zambecarri, of Bologna, who is the terror of the retrograde governments of Italy, has also arrived at Turin, to take service in the Legion.

THE JASPER GUNBOAT.—A letter from an English officer confirms the account already given by the Russians of the grounding, off Taganrog, of this vessel. Notwithstanding the merciless fire of the Russians, the crews contrived to carry off their large guns. "We might have mowed down the same party," says the writer of the letter, "hours before we struck; but we were ordered to spare them, because they were 'defenceless villagers.'"

NINE HUNDRED RUSSIAN PRISONERS arrived at Constantinople on the 20th ult.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE BATH IN THE CRIMEA.—A telegraphic despatch from General Simpson, dated August 27th, says:—"We have just concluded the ceremony of the Investiture of the Bath. Nothing could have gone off better. The naval and military commanders of the Allied forces assisted at the ceremony."

ANTIQUITIES FROM KERTCH.—A large quantity of articles from the Kertch museum have found their way into Southampton. They consist mainly of ancient coins, pottery ware and glass, and metallic vessels. The pottery and vessels are specimens of vases, lamps, bottles, pitchers, tear vessels or lachrymatoria, of Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and other ancient workmanship. The pottery is sometimes stained, glazed, and elaborately ornamented. Round the necks of some of the vases there are marks which may be either simply ornamental, or may represent the letters of some extinct written language. The outside surface of some of the vessels is adorned with a tessellated pattern. One of the vessels is formed of a singular vitreous substance, which is transparent, and another of metal, which has been wrought by a hammer into a gourd-like shape. This latter vessel is very ancient. The most ancient of the vessels are of a very elegant form. The coins in the possession of Mr. Stebbing, who also owns the vases above mentioned, are believed to be of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and Arabic origin. Many of them are very rudely manufactured, and exceedingly curious.

#### THE LAST OF THE FÊTES.

THE brilliant series of fêtes with which the Emperor Napoleon has welcomed the Queen of England to his dominions, has come to a conclusion, and Victoria is again in her own land. Taking up the brief summary in our last publication from the point at which we left off, we have now to record the entertainments of Friday week. In the morning, Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales accompanied the Emperor to the Military School at Vincennes, and witnessed some ball and shell practice. Subsequently, the three, together with the Queen and the Princess Royal, visited the Palais de l'Industrie, and then witnessed a grand review in the Champ de Mars, on which occasion, General Canrobert formed part of her Majesty's escort, and was loudly cheered. After the review, the Royal and Imperial party, notwithstanding the doubts which had been expressed, visited the tomb of the great Napoleon at the Hospital of the Invalides. In the midst of a thunderstorm, the Queen of England stood beside the mausoleum of him who was in himself a thunderstorm, not only to England, but to Europe.

Saturday opened with a drive to St. Germain, on which occasion the Queen visited the tomb of James II. During the morning, at St. Cloud, Prince Albert received the English jurors and commissioners connected with the French Exhibition, and conversed with them for some time. The most splendid of all the entertainments of the week took place in the evening at Versailles, where a grand ball wound up the list of fêtes with a gorgeous climax. We append from the *Times* a brilliant sketch of the festivities:—

"A lovely autumn night has set in, and the moon is shining pensively in a sky which is not altogether free

from clouds, and yet not overcast. As you approach the home of the sovereigns of France, wherein, in times gone by, so many wonderful persons have lived, and so many strange and great scenes have taken place, you find the long avenues lighted up, and the architectural outlines of the building itself indicated by lines of gas illumination. . . . Imagine the effect inside. The windows are all open, the night comes in refreshingly, and you turn to look out upon the terrace, when, behold, you find its verge of ballustrade illuminated with coloured lamps which have converted it into an arcade of variegated splendour, in which three sets of arches with terminal crowns over them form the most conspicuous objects. The fountain basins in the foreground have undergone the same process of decoration, and their surfaces tremble under the murmuring flash of gas jets like lakes of molten silver or gold. Arab chiefs move about with the slow, solemn gait which they appear to have borrowed from their own camels, admiring the wonderful spectacle within the palace and outside. Suddenly, towards the south, a gun is heard; the bands in the great mirrored ball-room play 'God save the Queen,' and a movement among the crowd shows the fireworks have commenced. On the further verge of a fine sheet of water, with the shadows of the Park behind to bring out its effects, and the thunder of the cannon countenancing authoritatively the streams of soaring rockets, the pyrotechnic display takes place. A double bouquet, the first springing from a transparency of Windsor Castle, and the last, still more magnificent, from ships of war, brings the fireworks to a close, and causes the ball to open with everybody in a frenzy of admiration. Then the Emperor, wearing the ribbon of the Garter, takes the Queen into the circle prepared for her, and Prince Albert leads as his partner the Princess Mathilde, and Prince Napoleon the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria join in the stately quadrille, which is danced while grave Ministers of State, like Lord Clarendon, and Count Walewski, and Lord Cowley, and soldiers like Canrobert, and Vaillant, and the Arab chiefs, already alluded to, some in white bournous, some in red, look solemnly on at a spectacle such as few of those who witnessed it can ever hope to see repeated. It was midnight when the Emperor took her Majesty and the rest of the Court to a banquet, which was magnificently served in the Theatre of the Palace."

Rest and religious devotion on Sunday afforded a little relief from these overwhelming splendours. On Monday, the Royal visitors left their temporary home at St. Cloud before ten o'clock, and at half-past eleven proceeded to the terminus of the Strasbourg railway. The Imperial carriage was drawn by eight horses, each of which had a running groom, leading him by a gilded bridle. A second carriage with six horses conveyed the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, and two ladies. The suite followed in five other carriages; the whole being preceded and followed by an escort of Guides, Cent Gardes, and Officers d'Ordonnance. A clangour of trumpets and drums, mingled with the shouting of the people, accompanied the cavalcade to the station. Soon after twelve o'clock, the train departed, amidst enthusiastic cheers and the music of "God save the Queen." At all the intermediate stations, large crowds were found assembled; and at Amiens and Abbeville there were special military demonstrations. At five, the train reached Boulogne, where there was a review of the troops on the sands. The camps at Honvault and Ambleteuse were then visited; and a farewell dinner was served at the Imperial Pavilion Hotel. The embarkation was effected at eleven o'clock, amidst a salute from the fleet (which is said to have been heard at Folkestone and Dover) and a magnificent display of fireworks.

The reception at the Hôtel de Ville on Thursday week was briefly mentioned in these columns last Saturday; but the details had not then been received, and we therefore now add from the *Morning Post* some particulars of the gorgeous decorations which the civic hall presented. The outside was adorned with flags, shields of crimson velvet and gold, coloured lamps, and countless jets of gas. But the chief splendours were observable in the Court of Louis XIV.

"This court, which was formerly exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, had been covered in, and was transformed into a hall of wondrous beauty. From the centre of each open arcade below, six at each side, was suspended a beautiful chandelier of crystal, bearing sixty wax lights. Between each marble pillar, a fountain of sparkling water played, falling amongst flowers and shrubs, and escaping through hidden passages to a wide case of shrubs and flowers below, covering them with its glittering dew, and preserving their freshness and beauty. Immense candelabra stood at the corners, each presenting a blaze of light. Inside the arcades, encircling the hall, ran a corridor, the walls being lined to the arch above with flowers and evergreens, attached to a gilt trellis-work. Wide passages led off at the corners to different apartments of the building, and above each doorway was suspended a gilt chandelier, containing fifty lights. Upon the floor were arranged cases of flowers, and the bases of the Corinthian pillars

were similarly ornamented. All the windows were changed into open arcades, hung with crimson velvet edged with deep gold lace. The balustrade forming the ledge of each was also covered with the same rich material, and in the centre of the drapery stood out, in gold embroidery, an oval shield bearing the letters V. A. interlaced. In front of each window, but borne forward some distance from the general line of the building, were suspended magnificent chandeliers of richly gilt bronze, similar to those over the doorways. Between each pillar stood the statue of a Cupid, of beautiful proportions, sustaining a stand of lamps of ground glass. Still higher up amongst the quaint pinnacles of the ancient architecture—for nothing has been changed in the original style and its adjuncts—were placed hundreds of other lamps and lights, so that every line of the tracery came out in full relief, and was seen as plainly as if the spectator was placed on a level with it. All the lines of the rich gilding, the fretwork of the mason work, and even of the light pink vellum which was spread under the ground-glass roof above, were seen as distinctly as at high noon."

All the other parts of the building which the Emperor and his guests passed through were adorned with equal magnificence. The Queen joined in one or two dances; after which, some Arab chiefs were presented to her. The Arabs, we are told, "bent down, and embraced her Majesty's knees, after the custom of their country." The regal visitors left at about a quarter after eleven.

The Queen directed Lord Clarendon to address the following letter to the Prefect of the Seine, after the reception given to her by the Hôtel de Ville:—

"St. Cloud, Aug. 24, 1855.

"Monsieur le Préfet,—The Queen orders me to express to you and the municipal corps her sincere thanks for the fête given to her yesterday. The magnificence of the arrangements, the splendour of the edifice, and the courtesy of the numerous guests, have made an indelible impression on the mind of the Queen, and they will always be present to her memory as one of the most agreeable incidents of her visit to Paris.

"In replying to the address which the Queen received with so much satisfaction from the municipal corps, her Majesty has assured you, Monsieur le Préfet, that she could never forget the reception given to her by the inhabitants of Paris. She also desires to renew here the assurance of her deep gratitude for the very kind feelings she has everywhere met with during her passage when visiting with her illustrious ally and friend the numerous edifices in which are collected in such profusion memorials attesting the success of the French nation in arts, sciences, and war.

"But the satisfaction and gratitude of the Queen are yet enhanced by the conviction that her own subjects take part in the benevolent manifestations of which she has been the object. She sees in them the ratification given by France to the alliance now existing, not merely between the two sovereigns, but between the peoples of the two countries. She is convinced that the two nations, who have learned mutually to appreciate each other in a war undertaken for a cause both just and equitable, and who are now no longer rivals, save for attaining the object they desire in common, will always remain united by the bonds of interests henceforth become inseparable. This union has been the ardent wish formed in the heart of the Queen, and her visit to the magnificent capital of France has inspired her Majesty with a profound personal interest in the welfare of this great nation.

"I profit by this opportunity to offer to you, Monsieur le Préfet, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. "CLARENDON."

During her stay in Paris, the Queen bestowed the Order of the Bath on Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert. Since her return, she has sent a sum of money to be distributed amongst the indigent of Paris.

### THE ITALIAN NIGHTMARES.

The nightmare governments of Italy have been stricken with a degree of panic by the speech of Lord John Russell at the close of the session, in which he called attention to the condition of the peninsula. Whatever may be thought in England of the motives of our City member in making those remarks, it would appear, from some statements made by the Roman Correspondent of the *Daily News*, that Naples and Rome have felt their chronic state of uneasiness increased tenfold by the mere agitation of the subject in the English House of Commons. The Pope dreams uneasily of French and English interference on the part of his oppressed people; and the police flatter themselves that they have got scent of a Republican conspiracy now hatching in London, or Paris, or Genoa, or all three. Garibaldi is said to be navigating the Mediterranean in command of a vessel bearing the Sardinian flag. A strong force of gendarmes has been sent to occupy the coast-stations of Palo, Fiumicino, Ostia, Castel Fusano, and the neighbourhood, to keep a look-out for suspicious sail. The localities indicated are considered very unwholesome at this time of year, owing to malaria; but the dread of a revolutionary invasion overcomes every other consideration with the Papal Government. Several arrests have been made at

Rome, without any apparent cause, unless it be the feeling of mingled fear and exasperation caused by the recent debate in the English House of Commons. With reference to the speeches of Lords Palmerston and John Russell, the Papal official organ speaks in terms of high indignation, but generously declines to enter into "reprisals."

In Naples, it would seem that matters are gradually ripening for revolution, and for the casting-off of that ghastly abortion of misgovernment which now overrides the energies of the people. The note has been already sounded in Sicily, if we may credit the assertion that a proclamation by Prince Murat is now being extensively circulated in that island. It is stated that, in this document, one sentence runs as follows:—"The hour has come for the people to rise. I will not impose myself upon them, but I declare myself ready to answer their call." In the meanwhile, a small Austrian fleet has arrived in the Bay of Naples, and Austrians are seen in the streets of that city. On board one of these vessels is the Archduke Maximilian. In Castellamare, where the royal family are now stationed, police tyranny is becoming every day more and more intolerable. "All unknown persons," says the Naples Correspondent of the *Daily News*, "are followed by spies from Naples, and every one on his arrival is required to explain the motive of his coming from or going to the capital. 'Permits' are, indeed, granted to known persons; but those who hold them are liable to be stopped by any policeman in the street, and required to show them. Those who have not them, and are only *en route*, must, to use an old police phrase, 'move on,' without any opportunity for repose being given to them. Even the native or foreign residents have now the range of their walks through the woods limited, as every avenue to the royal residence is guarded. So annoying has this state of things become, that I know persons who refuse to visit their relatives in that city in order not to expose themselves to continual disquietudes." The state of his Neapolitan Majesty seems to be exactly similar to that of Louis the Eleventh of France—a condition of perpetual and overwhelming fear.

The Neapolitan police, however, are not content with oppressing their own fellow-subjects: one of the chief members of the police has now had the audacity to insult an *attaché* to the English embassy, Mr. Fagan. That gentleman was in the box of Prince Satriano at the Teatro del Fondo, making interest with the Prince to procure a benefit for Signora Paresa, an English subject now singing in Naples. In an opposite box was Signor Mazza, the director for the Minister of Police, who, looking across, made menacing gestures either at the Prince or at Mr. Fagan. On the following day, Mazza spoke to a person connected with the theatre, and denounced Prince Satriano for receiving in his box such an "assassin and enemy to the King" as Mr. Fagan; concluding by an order that the Prince was forever prohibited from receiving the English *attaché*. It is stated that our minister, Sir William Temple, has taken up the matter in a very determined spirit.

The celebration of the Emperor of Austria's birthday at Milan has been very coldly received by the people. The police regulations force the inhabitants to hang out of their windows pieces of tapestry or carpets; and this was accordingly done, from fear of the consequences. But there was a marked absence from the windows and from the streets of the people themselves; and the official solemnities of mass in the cathedral and a military parade outside were attended by scarcely any other than the paid servants of the Government.

Secretly leaguings with Russia, while pretending to be neutral, Austria views with alarm the possibility of her Italian subjects joining the Anglo-Italian Legion, and helping in the overthrow of the great northern despotism. Every obstacle is thrown in their way; the rich are threatened with sequestration, and the poor are sometimes imprisoned on mere suspicion. A correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—"The jealousy of the Cabinet of Vienna is such, that orders have been given not to publish any news favourable to the arms of Piedmont. I hear the war spoken of with enthusiasm by the Italians, but the Austrian officers are to a man Russian."

### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The disturbances in Tripoli, which still continue, are said to have arisen thus:—Goama, the leader of them, demanded the displacement of his cousin from the Government of Gebel, for the offence of having ravished his wife. This, together with a request that he himself should be placed in that post, having been refused, the Arabs took up the quarrel of Goama, when a very bloody battle ensued between them and the forces of Sien Bey, who was defeated. The carnage would have been still greater than it was but that the Arab chief exhorted his followers to spare the subjects of the Sultan. Goama has retired into his mountain fortress; and it is said to be utterly impossible for the Turks to attack him with any chance of success.

At the instance of Colonel Storks, the English military commandant, and of the French consul, vigorous measures have been taken against the Smyrna brigands who lately carried away Dr. McCraith, burnt the French model farm, and committed other outrages. Simon, the head brigand, together with Kiriako, another chief

offender, and several more, have been captured by a newly organised rural police, after an ineffectual attempt to escape into Greece. Simon was killed by the police, and his head was hung up over the gate of the chief prison in the town of Smyrna. Kiriako, who is a most desperate character, was brought in alive; but he has since mysteriously disappeared, and it is whispered that he has been tied up in a sack and drowned. Previous to this energetic interference on the part of the Government, brigandage seems to have been a thoroughly organised trade in Smyrna.

The *fête* of August 15th (the birthday of Napoleon I.) was celebrated at Constantinople with great pomp. The Sardinian and Greek Ministers were present at the *Te Deum* which was performed on the occasion; but the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was remarked.

It is said that the visit of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands to the Swedish Court has political motives. The Prince arrived from St. Petersburg, and went on to Christiania, after having stopped only one day at Berlin. It seems that his main object is to induce Sweden to keep neutral.

The rural districts round Namur in Belgium have been disturbed by some rather serious riots. These were in the first instance directed against the proprietors of some large manufactories of chemicals, which are supposed to have a deleterious influence. The disturbances, however, subsequently assumed a political form, and cries of "Vive la République!" were heard. It was found necessary to call out the military; and at Arwelais the troops, being attacked with stones, fired, killing two and wounding one of their assailants.

The Ministerial bill, legalising a change in the fundamental law of Denmark, was read a third time in the Lower Chamber on the 20th ultimo, by a majority of seventy-four votes; only ten being recorded against it. By this bill, the power of the executive is made almost absolute. A despatch from Copenhagen, dated August 29th, says:—"The King has sanctioned the alterations in the fundamental law, and to-day the Premier has presented the collective constitution to the Landsting, accompanying it with a two hours' speech. He stated that, if the measure were rejected, the whole Ministry would resign."

Cholera is at present raging to an alarming extent in Galicia, Croatia, and parts of Germany and Italy.

The harvest in the north of Italy promises to be of average excellence; but the vine disease is exhibiting itself, more especially in the Venetian provinces.

Commander Laurenzana, a Neapolitan Colonel under Murat, lately died at Genoa, in the eightieth year of his age. He was for several years a prisoner of Dr. Francia, in Paraguay, and, having been constantly kept there at work in the fields, he was nearly bent double.

We learn from Vienna that the Government has granted a subvention of one million to Austrian Lloyd's, in order to enable them to increase the number of vessels in intercourse with the Crimea.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says:—"In one of my recent letters it was stated that though the German Diet had expressed its gratitude to Austria for her endeavours to restore peace, it professed not to see the necessity for pledging itself to the Four Points, and a well-informed Berlin correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* now writes that the Berlin Cabinet has recently given a reply to the same effect to the last circular addressed by Count Buol to the Austrian diplomatic agents in Germany."

The Spanish Government has published the whole of the recent correspondence relating to the matters in dispute between itself and the Papal Court. In a prefatory "Ministerial exposition to the Queen," the different members of the Government state that they would have been fully justified in suppressing these documents, but that they believe "the most complete publicity" to be the wiser course. The following remarkable language, as addressed by a Spanish Government to the Pope, occurs in the course of the exposition:—"Our impartiality will thus (by the publication of the papers) be notorious, and the admonition of his Holiness, unjust in its substance and violent in its form, will receive the most complete reply in everything relative to ecclesiastical matters. The Government does not recognise, as no independent Government has ever recognised, the right which the Holy See seeks to arrogate to itself of declaring null the laws made by your Majesty with the concurrence of the Cortes; of appreciating falsely the state of our country, establishing a sort of divorce between your Majesty and the nation and the Government; or of placing in doubt the legitimacy of the acquisitions of the estates which were ecclesiastical, alienated in virtue of civil laws to which the Holy See itself had already given its assent and approbation."

In consequence (says the *Times* Madrid correspondent) of the joint representations of Mr. Otway and M. de Turgot, a royal order has been issued, declaring foreigners domiciled in Spain exempt from the obligation to contribute to the loan of 280,000,000, which will become a forced contribution on the payers of direct taxes after the end of this month. Foreigners resident here are permitted to subscribe towards the loan if they think fit to do so, but it will be optional with them to do so or not.

It is thought that a change will shortly be made in the personnel of the royal household of Madrid. It is hinted that individuals have for some time been about



the Queen's person who are hostile to the existing order of things.

Brigandage has reached a most alarming pitch in Greece, where an attack has been recently made on two English officers. The people round Athens are flying into the capital for protection; but it would seem that even there they are not safe. Some of the bandits have absolutely entered Athens, and robbed an ex-minister. At the same time, they left notice at the house of the premier, Mavrocordato, that they intended shortly to levy black-mail upon him.—The King still demands the dismissal of Kaleri. Russian influence is active.

## OUR CIVILISATION.

### ASSIZE CASES.

**ALLEGED FORGERY.**—An action was brought at the Croydon Assizes by Mr. Rhodes, representing the London and County Bank, against Mr. Noldwrit, a London Custom House agent, to recover 500*l.* from the latter, as the endorser of a bill of exchange for that amount. The bill was drawn by a person named Bagshaw, and accepted by Messrs. George and Alfred Brook, poultry and provision merchants in Leadenhall Market. Mr. George Brook endeavoured to get the bill discounted by the London and County Bank, where the firm, which was at that time in difficulties, had an account. This was refused by the manager, unless another responsible person would put his name to the document. Ultimately, Mr. Noldwrit's name appeared on the bill, and it was discounted by the bank. The defence was that Mr. Noldwrit's signature was a forgery; and Mr. George Brook was broadly charged with being the guilty party, probably under pressure of extreme money difficulty. A verdict was found for Mr. Noldwrit.

**JEALOUSY.**—Michael Calloway was indicted at the Liverpool Crown Court for committing a murderous assault on his wife. He had been married about four years, and they had lived happily until the end of last year, when, in consequence of the husband becoming involved, he was imprisoned by his father-in-law for debt in Lancaster Castle. On being released soon afterwards, he was observed to change very much in his manner, and to be haunted by a suspicion that his wife had been seduced by a master bricklayer, one of the prisoner's principal creditors, who had been the means of putting him in prison. His wife, it appeared, had been repeatedly visited by this man during her husband's confinement in gaol. Owing to Calloway's suspicions, the woman was separated from him, and went to live with her parents. An attempt, however, was made to bring about a reconciliation, and, on the prisoner meeting his wife one evening at the Bellevue-gardens, Manchester, he asked her to go home with him. She consented; and, on their way, he gave her several severe wounds with a knife. In his defence, the prisoner stated that his wife had behaved to him, both during and since his imprisonment, in a manner that had almost unsettled his reason. A melancholy scene here occurred. The man was several times obliged to cover his face with his hands, and his wife sobbed violently. The court seemed deeply to feel the situation of both; but the jury returned a verdict of Guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to fifteen years transportation.

**AN ACTRESS'S REVENGE.**—Miss Theresa Greig, an actress and singer at the Marylebone Theatre, where she performed under the name of Miss Forester, has stabbed a man named William Edmonds, with whom she lived. A policeman who was on duty in Goldington-street, St. Pancras, about three o'clock on Saturday morning, saw Miss Greig in her night-clothes in the street. She asked him to fetch a cab for a gentleman who was ill; and the constable, having gone back with her a certain distance, found Edmonds sitting on a door-step, with a serious wound in the abdomen. Miss Greig admitted having stabbed him, adding, "He is my husband. I stabbed him in the heat of passion. He called me some horrible names which I don't deserve." She was taken into custody, and examined at Clerkenwell police court, when she was remanded until the state of the man is more accurately ascertained. At present, he is going on well.—On the case being again brought forward on Wednesday, Edmonds was declared to be out of danger, and a letter from him to the magistrate was handed in, stating that "the accident" occurred through his passion as the prisoner was cutting bread and butter for supper, and he was rushing forward to strike her; and he added that he should not appear against her. Under these circumstances, bail was accepted. Edmonds's solicitor stated in court that the accused was ordinarily a very inoffensive person, and that she had an aged mother and a child to support.

**A GENTLEMAN BLACKGUARD.**—Gustavus Troughton, a well-dressed young man, has been committed to the Wandsworth House of Correction for three months, for improperly exposing himself to some young girls on Clapham Common. It appeared, from the evidence of a police superintendent, that the offence had been of frequent occurrence on the common.

**A FRENCH GENTLEMAN,** accompanied by an Italian priest, applied on Saturday at the Thames police-office

for advice under the following circumstances:—The Italian had been induced by a German to come to England, under a promise of the latter obtaining for him the situation of Roman Catholic chaplain to the Italian Legion now being formed in England. On arriving in this country, however, he found that the post was filled up; and one day subsequently, the German, in his absence, broke open his boxes, and stole everything he possessed. Mr. Ingham, the magistrate, placed the case in the hands of an experienced police officer.

**OPIUM-EATING.**—A tall, handsome man, of gentlemanly appearance, who gave his name as "Count Napoleon de Zuechi," was charged at the Southwark police-court with an attempt to commit suicide by means of opium eating. He had been given into custody by his wife in Red Lion-street, Borough, as the only means of saving his life. The stomach-pump was used, and he was removed to the hospital, where he was confined for some days. His wife and other witnesses stated that he had been a captain of the French mounted gendarmerie, whose uniform he still wore, but that, having taken part in the Paris insurrection of 1851, he and his wife fled to this country as refugees. He had likewise been in Africa, and, while there, acquired the habit of taking large quantities of opium. Having positively declared that he merely took this narcotic "to cause a pleasant sleep," and not with any intention of destroying himself, as he had applied for an enlistment in the Italian Legion, he was discharged on his promising to be more careful in future.

**CHILD STARVING.**—A frightful case of death from starvation has just come to light in Liverpool. The victim is an infant, the youngest child of a man named Aspinall. On Friday week, one of the public officers went to this man's house, and there, in a room almost bare of furniture, he saw three children, all of whom were naked, and in a fearfully emaciated condition. One was dying, and another was so reduced in strength as to be unable to walk or stand, while his hip-bones were visible through the skin. It appeared also, from the statement of the eldest daughter, that another child had died, and that its death was caused by taking cold through improper exposure, and by subsequent want of food. Both the parents had, for some time past, been addicted to drinking, which had consumed all their means; and the children, in consequence, were obliged to go without necessities. An inquest was held on the body of the deceased child, when the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against the man and his wife.—A precisely similar case, with the exception of the fatal termination, has come before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The wretched child was rescued, in a shocking state of exhaustion and disease, by the benevolent interposition of an Irishman and a widow living in the same court. The parents have been committed for trial.

**THREATENING LETTER.**—William Corfield, an attorney, surrendered at the Central Criminal Court to answer a charge of sending a threatening letter, with intent to extort money. The facts appeared in the *Leader* of July 14th. Mr. Corfield, through his counsel, stated that he conceived at the time he was justified in what he had done, but that, being now persuaded to the contrary, he pleaded Guilty. Mr. Justice Erle, therefore, directed the prisoner to enter into a recognizance to appear and receive judgment if he should be called upon to do so.

**A FALSE CHARGE.**—James Webb, a chemist, was tried at the same court for a criminal assault on Emma Matthews, a girl about twenty years of age. The girl said that she went to Mr. Webb's shop, and, in consequence of some statements which she made about her health, Mr. Webb offered to examine her chest. On the following day, according to her assertion, he went to her mistress's house, insisted that she should take her clothes off, and afterwards flung her on the sofa and committed the offence imputed. Cross-examination, however, disclosed the fact that she had once before made a similar charge against another person, and that money was received. Mr. Webb was therefore acquitted.

**THE ROBBERY AT MESSRS. DEANE'S, & CO.**—Thomas William Beal, an omnibus conductor; David Barnett, a watchmaker; and David Polack, described as a dealer, have been found guilty of being concerned in the burglaries at the Messrs. Deane's and the Messrs. Barber's. They were sentenced each to fourteen years' transportation.

**A FRAUDULENT HUSBAND.**—A singular case has been heard in the Bristol Episcopal Consistory Court, where it occupied portions of three days. Mrs. Jackson, a widow residing at Clifton, instituted a suit, the object of which was to set aside a marriage contracted by her son, William Joseph Jackson, with Jane Long, on the ground of her son's minority at the time, and of the suppression of his second Christian name, with, as it was alleged, the knowledge of Jane Long. The young gentleman was about seventeen years of age last August, when he made the lady's acquaintance at Richmond-hill, near Clifton, where his mother was residing. From telling her the names of the steamers as they passed up and down the river, and seeing her home, the affair passed through the usual stages of evening meetings, &c., till, in about a month, a marriage was arranged.

The banns were put up at Redcliffe Church, Jackson, by his own account, omitting his second Christian name, Joseph, for the purpose of concealment, as he knew his mother would not approve of the match. He added, in his evidence, that this was done with the full knowledge and consent of the young lady. He also confessed to having stated himself two years older than he really was. Mrs. Jackson, having obtained information of the approaching marriage, put a stop to it; but it took place shortly afterwards at another church, the second Christian name being again suppressed, and the marriage being without the knowledge of Mrs. Jackson. The couple only once cohabited, and this was at the house of an acquaintance of the young man, a few days after marriage; and in the course of another few days he left her, and has never seen her since, except once in the streets, when, as he alleged before the court, "she assaulted him, and called him disgusting names, and he was obliged to run away from her."—Mr. Nash, who appeared for Jane Long, contended that, as Jackson, by his own showing, was a convicted liar, his statement with respect to the young lady's knowledge of the suppression of the second Christian name could not be depended on. An affidavit was put in on her part, denying this knowledge; and the Chancellor, conceiving that her complicity had not been proved, refused to declare the marriage null and void.

**A GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS.**—A wild-looking man went on Saturday afternoon to the house of Mr. Thomas Cooper, artist, King William-street, City, and stated to that gentleman's wife that he was a reporter for all the papers; that he was aware that Mr. Cooper had become bail for a fighting man, and that for the sum of 13*s.* 6*d.* he would suppress the fact. Mrs. Cooper referred him to a solicitor, when he went away, but returned the following morning, and offered to accept a smaller sum, and to take "a likeness of himself" as part payment. On this occasion he had the impudence to say that he acted from "motives of pity." He was given into custody by Mr. Cooper, and before the Lord Mayor, made a piteous complaint that, although he addressed Mr. Cooper in "the most gentlemanly manner," the latter acted "very improperly," and called him a villain, a vagabond, and an impostor. Mr. Cooper stated to the Lord Mayor that there was no truth whatever in the assertion that he had bailed a fighting man; and the prisoner, who refused to give his name, was remanded.

**A SUBTLE TRICK.**—A case investigated at Bow Street on Monday disclosed a most singular and novel contrivance for increasing the value of an article by selling it, and afterwards recovering its possession with an appearance of legality. Ann Kelly took a shirt for sale to a shop in Clare-market, but, not being able to get her price for it, she gave it to an acquaintance, Mary Ryan, who sold it for eighteenpence. The two women divided the money, after which, by a previous agreement, Kelly gave Ryan into custody for unlawfully selling her property. Before the magistrate, Ryan admitted her guilt, adding that Kelly had promised to forgive her if she confessed to the fact. The prisoner was, therefore, discharged; upon which, her confederate applied for the restoration of the shirt, on the ground that it had been unlawfully pawned. The collusion of the parties, however, was proved; and the magistrate therefore refused the application.

**PRIVATE PUBLIC HOUSES.**—One of those "private public-houses" to which allusion was made in a recent police case, has been unmasked at the Southwark Police Court, where Ann Dudley, wife of a labourer living in Flint-street, Borough, has been fined 25*l.*, or, in default, committed for three months, for selling gin without a license.

**WOMAN BEATING.**—A respectably-dressed young man, named John Steele, was charged at the Clerkenwell Police Court with assaulting Sarah Russell. The woman had been living with the prisoner for the last three years, during which time he had behaved to her after the usual fashion adopted by ruffians towards the poor creatures who for the time reside with them as their wives. On one occasion, he struck her with a fork, and beat her so severely as to cause the death of a child, born not long afterwards, from paralysis. Last Saturday morning, after ill-using her in various ways, and endeavouring to throw her out of window, he jumped on her, and broke two of her ribs, in consequence of which she was sent to Bartholomew Hospital. This narration was confirmed in every respect by the young woman's sister, who had likewise been violently assaulted by Steele; and the policeman who apprehended him said that he was a notorious thief. He was sentenced to hard labour in the House of Correction for five months for the assault on Sarah Russell, and one month with hard labour for that on her sister.

**CONJURING SIXPENCES.**—A man whose genius would seem to point him out as a rival to the Wizard of the North, or any other conjuror from South, East, or West, but whose nominal occupation was bricklaying, and whose real employment was thieving, has been committed for trial for robbing several tradesmen by a very clever contrivance. He was in the habit of providing himself with sixpences and shillings, to which were attached long, thin hairs, one end of which he would retain in his hand. These he would offer in payment for small purchases; and while the change was being counted out,

he would whip back the coin, which he was thus enabled to retain, together with the change. He has sometimes offered the same coin twice over at the same shop for two separate articles, receiving double change for it, and keeping it after all.

**GAROTTE ROBBERY.**—Thomas Jones, a notorious bad character, is under remand at the Southwark Police Court, charged with assisting two other men, not in custody, in a garotte robbery in High-street, Southwark, late at night. A watch and chain were taken from Mr. John Bagley, the prosecutor; and he was severely hurt by the grip on his throat.

**ESCAPE OF A CONVICT.**—George Woodcock, a convict, with a great number of aliases, has escaped from Dartmoor prison. No trace has yet been heard of him.

**A JOVIAL INVALID.**—Falkland Northouse, a commercial traveller in the service of Messrs. Wolff and Co., pencil manufacturers of Spitalfields, was sent by his employers on a journey to the north of England and Scotland. After an interval of some days, he wrote from Manchester the following extraordinary letter to his employer:—"Monday morning—Dear Sir,—I have to report myself drunk and incapable, spending an infernal lot of tin, without paying attention to your business; come to Manchester, if you can, at your earliest convenience; we had better square the accounts up. Yours truly, F. NORTHOUSE." The very next day to that on which this communication was received, the jovial traveller appeared at Mr. Wolff's counting-house, and, after making up his accounts, confessed to a deficiency of about 35*l.*, which he said he had squandered in drink, alleging that his medical man had ordered him to take stimulants for some internal complaint. He was given into custody, and has appeared twice at the Worship Street police-court. The second examination terminated in another remand; but the prisoner was released on bail.

**FORGED BANK-NOTES.**—William Barnett, a person apparently living in the position of a gentleman at Harrington-street North, Mornington-crescent, has been committed for trial on a charge of uttering several forged Bank of England notes.

**THE WOMEN IN CRANMORE PLACE.**—A gentleman waited on the Lambeth magistrate, to complain of the disreputable houses in Cranmore-place, near the Waterloo-road, where "the unfortunate women sit at the open windows in an unseemly state of semi-nudity, using all sorts of allurements to induce the passers-by to go into the houses." The magistrate said the parish authorities were bound to indict at the sessions.

**A BOY RUFFIAN.**—Alfred Cox, a boy, was on Thursday, at Guildhall, sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour for throwing a handful of lime into the face of a girl. His mother in vain interceded for him, and he was removed, crying bitterly.

#### A REVEREND MAGISTRATE.

DURING the last few days, a correspondent of the *Times* has related a case of great hardship occurring in Essex, in which we are at once presented with a singular specimen of the feudal spirit yet lingering in our agrarian laws, and an edifying example of the blessing of having those laws administered by Christian clergymen. The facts are thus summarised in a leading article of the *Times*, an article nobly distinguished by the boldness and humanity of its spirit:—"Thomas and George Collin, brothers, labourers in the employ of a Mr. Joseph Brown, a small farmer of Roydon hamlet, gave notice to their employer's foreman on the evening of Saturday, August 4, that they should want a half-holiday on the ensuing Monday to witness the review of the Essex corps of Yeomanry, Artillery, and Cavalry. To this proposition the foreman neither assented nor refused. The brothers, together with their father, went to work on the Monday morning at half-past four o'clock, being an hour and a half before the usual time, as they were anxious to get their work forward. At one o'clock, a large concourse of people having collected at Nazingmead, the spot selected for the review, and the foreman having told them to leave off mowing, Thomas Collin proceeded at once to the review-ground, and George followed at two o'clock. Two days passed, during which the brothers went to their work as usual; but on the Thursday morning they were sent for by their employer, and on obeying the order found a policeman in attendance. They were taken into custody under a warrant from the Rev. George Hemming, of Little Parndon, by whom they were committed to Chelmsford Gaol for fourteen days, with hard labour." In commenting on these facts, the *Times* observes:—"The Rev. G. Hemming may have acted according to his peculiar notions of duty; but he will not lose by learning that there is a public whose opinion may differ from his own, while the world in general will not unprofitably notice that the judgments of a Christian minister set in temporal authority may surprise all men for their recklessness and severity."

Mr. Hemming has written to the *Times*, enclosing a copy of a letter sent by him to Mr. Waddington, of the Home Department, in which, in answer to a request of that gentleman, he makes some observations on the case. From this it appears that a man and a boy who

joined the Collins in committing the "offence," were let off by the reverend magistrate, the one with a fine of 4*s.* 6*d.*, and the other with a reprimand, in consideration of having expressed contrition for their wickedness; while the Collins, being stubborn, were condemned to fourteen days' hard labour. It is thus made manifest that the punishment was actually inflicted, not for the offence against Mr. Brown, but for that against Mr. Hemming himself—for the crime of not humbling themselves in the reverend gentleman's confessional! Sir George Grey, we are sorry to see, has refused to interfere; but subscriptions for the poor men are being received, and so far their oppression will be lightened.

#### NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

**THE CURRAGH.**—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on Friday week, reviewed the troops encamped on the Curragh of Kildare.

**HUTS FOR THE CRIMEA.**—About sixty-five huts for the Crimea have been delivered in the dockyard of Portsmouth for shipment by Mr. Cammell, who has contracted to supply three hundred. They will be made up as far as possible in framework, and not sent out in planks, as they were last year.

**A NEW EXPLOSIVE POWDER,** the invention of Mr. Alexander Parkes, has been tested on the sea-sands at Pembrey, Carmarthenshire. Portions of a thirteen-inch shell, charged with twelve pounds and a half of powder, entered the roof of a cottage a mile and a half off. This and other results appear to justify the inventor in his statement that his powder has three times the explosive force of common powder; and it is also said that damp will not affect its properties. The invention has been brought under the notice of Government—which will in all probability reject it.

**LORD DUNDONALD** has published the following letter from Sir Charles Fox:—"My Lord,—Having received from your Lordship a full explanation of your proposed plan of warfare, and having given the subject the most serious consideration, I am of opinion that, if your suggestions were vigorously carried out under the protection of a naval or military force, a few hours would suffice to reduce a fortification which, under the usual system, would occupy a much longer period, and that this result would be attained with a comparatively small loss of life to the attacking party.—I have the honour to be your Lordship's obedient servant, CHARLES FOX." The *Hull Advertiser* states that it feels no hesitation in publishing what it knows to be a fact, viz., that Lord Dundonald's plan consists in destroying the enemy by blasts of poisoned air.

**LIEUTENANT PERRY**, not having succeeded in obtaining a commission in the Turkish Legion, is about to leave England for Australia. The sum of 2000*l.*, subscribed for his defence, has been paid over to the Messrs. M'Gregor, army agents, for transmission to that colony.

**DEATH IN "THE STOCKS."**—A soldier in the country has literally died from strangulation produced by the tightness of his military stock.

**SERGEANT BRODIE**, well known for his interference in the attempted duel between Cornet Baumgarten and his chief persecutor, has been discharged from the service; while Adjutant Webster, who ordered his men to "knock the sergeant down with the butt-ends of their carbines," has been promoted to a captainship in the Turkish Contingent.

**MR. BAKEWELL.**—A correspondence between the father of Mr. Bakewell, the author of the celebrated letter in the *Times* relative to the treatment of the wounded on the 18th of June, and Mr. Frederick Peel, has been published. Mr. Bakewell, sen., demands justice for his son, on account of his not being present on the investigation of the case against him: Mr. Peel replies that General Simpson's decision has the full concurrence of Lord Panmure. The Medical Department, he adds, was in fact the accused party, and not Mr. Bakewell, jun.

**PHILLIPS'S FIRE ANNIHILATORS** have been tried at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and have proved a failure.

**SUPPOSED MURDER OF A SHIP'S CREW.**—The *Janette*, Danish brig, drifted into Acklius, Bahamas, July 14, with all her crew dead, and her sails loose. It is supposed the crew were murdered the day before, as the brig was seen with a schooner alongside on that day, and it is supposed the *Janette* was that brig.

#### OBITUARY.

**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR WILLESLEY TORRENS, K.C.B.**, British Military Commissioner in France, died at Paris on Friday week, after a short illness, the fatal termination of which was accelerated by grief at the death of a sister, and by the effects of a severe wound received by him at Inkerman. He was in his forty-seventh year.

**MR. J. CARTER.**—We regret to hear of the death of Mr. J. Carter, the engraver of Mr. E. M. Ward's "Scene in Change Alley, during the agitation of the South Sea Bubble." Mr. Carter died suddenly last week, having only just completed an engraving of "West's First Effort in Art," from Mr. E. M. Ward's picture. The deceased was a man of rare accomplishment in his beautiful art, and of singular modesty of character. He has left a large family and a numerous circle of friends to mourn his loss.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**INDIA AND CHINA.**—Intelligence has been received from China of an insurrection among the Santals, a migratory race which has been permitted by the British Government to occupy the valley of the Rajmahal hills, which overhang the Ganges. Their number amounts to about eighty thousand; and, until lately, they were remarkable for their peaceful character. It would appear, however, that they have found a prophetic book, in which it is written that they are to set up a king and to conquer the whole of the country. Such, at least, is one account: another states that they have been irritated by increased taxation and other grievances. Whatever the cause, it is certain that they have risen in insurrection, murdered several of the Europeans, and spread a complete panic through the district. Troops with artillery have been sent to put down the disturbances.—From China, we learn that the insurgents are losing ground in the north. The *Overland Friend of China*, speaking of the treatment of captured rebels by the Imperialists, says:—"The amount of bloodshed at Canton during the last month has been sickening. At the rate of seven or eight hundred a day, for some time the whole ten thousand, and thousands more, were soon got rid of. Several were skinned alive, and one higher criminal than the rest was cut in twenty-four pieces." A traffic in female children, to be taken to Cuba for wives to the male bondsmen, has been stopped by the authorities at Hong Kong.

**AMERICA.**—A perfect lull seems at present to prevail in the political world of the United States; but there is, as usual, no lack of disasters and "rows." Intelligence has been received of the loss of the ship *Erimmesia* on a reef west of New Caledonia. She had on board six hundred and fifty coolies from China, and a crew of fifty men, all of whom perished except seven, who were saved in a boat. Five men have been drowned in Niagara Falls. They were rowing a boat, when one of the oars snapped, leaving them helpless. The boat was carried down the stream into the whirlpool, and broken to pieces. De Bar, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has been lynched on account of his atrocious murder of the Muchr family. The mob overpowered the military and officers, seized the prisoner, knocked him senseless by striking him on the head with a stone, beat him with clubs, jumped on him, and finally hung him up by the heels to a tree, where he was suffered to remain for hours after life was entirely extinct. The only item of news relating to the Know-nothings is to the effect that the Massachusetts members of that body have discarded their original principles with respect to slavery, and gone over to the abolitionists.—From Mexico, there are several rumours of a very contradictory character with respect to the rebels; but the probability seems to be that they are advancing rapidly; that a large part of the country is already in their hands, and that the situation of Santa Anna is critical.—Accounts from Lower California exhibit a most anarchical state of things. The commandant of the northern frontier has been shot under suspicion of desiring to sell the country to Lower California; and Pujol, the new commandant, is committing great excesses.—In American California, great sensation has been caused by the "difficulty" between the French consul and Mr. Hermann. The former had written a despatch to his Government, in which he pointed out the danger Frenchmen incur in sending money to California for investment, on account of the unsettled state of the country. Mr. Hermann took offence at this, and, seeking out the consul, struck him. The former was given into custody, but has been merely fined in the nominal sum of twenty-five dollars.

**LONDON AND DUBLIN.**—The subject of the postal and passenger communication between London and Dublin has been exciting great attention recently in the latter city. The only mails which leave Dublin for London are at two o'clock in the day, and eight o'clock in the evening; and great inconvenience is experienced by men of business in not having a more frequent intercourse. A meeting has been held at the Dublin Mansion House; and, on Thursday week, a deputation, headed by the Duke of Leinster and the Lord Mayor, and including some of the leading mercantile men of Dublin, waited on the Lord-Lieutenant, who assured them that he fully concurred in their views, and would lay the subject before Lord Palmerston.

**SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL** has at length produced satisfactory bail, and is now, together with his late partners, at large.

**THE DARLINGTON SLOW POISONING CASE.**—Mr. J. S. Wooler has been committed for trial at the Durham Assizes. Professor Taylor, who has made an analysis of the viscera, gave evidence to the effect that he had found arsenic absorbed into the substance of the lungs, liver, heart, intestines, and rectum; that the poison appeared to have been administered in a liquid form, and in small quantities, over a considerable period of time; and that the system had been thus gradually undermined.—Mr. Wooler's legal adviser said his client could not live through the term of imprisonment which would intervene before the trial. On the depositions being read over, some of the witnesses made additions to, or explanations of, their testimony; Ann Taylor, the servant, being one of these. She stated that all who were in the room on the certificate of death being read



told her to gather up the medicine bottles, and she believed her master did also. Miss Lanchester, Miss Brecknell, and her master, were present.—At the close of the proceedings, the usual address to the prisoner having been made, Mr. Wooler replied:—"I thank God Almighty that I can say from the bottom of my heart that I am as innocent as any of you three gentlemen sitting there; and I trust that Almighty God, before whom I stand, will bring to light the atrocious criminal who has perpetrated this foul deed."

**POISONING BY MISTAKE.**—A woman has been accidentally poisoned at Battle, in Sussex, owing to taking arsenic in mistake for carbonate of soda. Even when she became aware of the error, she foolishly kept the matter secret until it was too late.

**TWO COLLIERS** have been killed at Harpurhey, Lancashire, by the breaking of a rope by which they were being lowered into a pit. They fell a depth of forty yards, and were taken out dead.

**SIGNOR GAVAZZI** has left England for New York.

**THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.**—Intelligence has arrived of a sanguinary affair which took place on the 17th of July at Gambia. A man named Fodey seized and carried away a native and his wife for slaves. Supported by the Marabous, he refused to surrender to the police and military, who, being in small force, were defeated. The Marabous then burnt three English villages, and defeated Governor O'Connor, with a loss of thirty killed and forty-three wounded. Subsequently, with the assistance of the crew of a French man-of-war and one hundred and fifty white troops, the town of St. Mary's was carried at the point of the bayonet, and totally destroyed. Bathurst is in a very insecure state.

**ANOTHER ASCENT OF MONT BLANC** has taken place. Mr. Eustace Anderson, Mr. Templer, of Bridport, and Mr. Dering Williams, of Buscot, are the adventurous travellers.

**TESTIMONIAL TO THE HON. F. H. BERKELEY, M.P.**—A meeting has been held at Bristol, to take the initiative in presenting a testimonial to Mr. F. H. Berkeley, in consideration of his parliamentary services, and more especially his efforts in obtaining the repeal of the late obnoxious Beer Bill.

**STATE OF TRADE.**—The favourable prospects of the harvest have acted as a stimulus upon business in all our large manufacturing towns; and the hopeful appearance of matters in the East has added to the general feeling of confidence. At Manchester and Birmingham, a great increase of activity is observable; at Nottingham, in spite of this being the dull season, a very fair demand is made for woollen goods; and the Irish linen markets are recovering from their recent depression. From all the other seats of industry, equally cheerful accounts have been received.

**THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS** for the month ending the 31st of July were issued on Tuesday. Compared with the corresponding month of last year, they show a falling off in the declared value of our exportations of 1,239,260*l.* At that period, however, the shipments to Australia and New York were at their height, and the total was consequently unusually large, exhibiting an increase of 377,105*l.* even over the prosperous month of July, 1853. With regard to imported commodities, an increase is again shown in the arrivals of wheat and flour. Other articles of food and luxury have also been taken largely into consumption. Tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, wines, spices, and tobacco, all figure for a decided increase.—*Times.*

**MURDER NEAR CROYDON.**—A very horrible murder has been committed at a village called Cudham, a few miles from Croydon. A labouring man named Beagley returned from his work about half-past seven on the evening of last Saturday, and found the cottage in which he lived fast closed and locked. He broke a window, and, together with his son, went in his wife's bedroom. Not receiving any answer to his questions, he felt about the bed, and put his hand into a pool of something wet. A light was procured, and blood was seen all about the bed. On turning down the bed-clothes, the poor woman was found dead, and with her face frightfully disfigured by blows. In an adjoining room was discovered Beagley's mother, an old woman upwards of eighty; her skull was broken in, and her person otherwise injured. She was insensible, but not dead. A pair of tongs, covered with blood and hair, was found in the first room; and the house had been ransacked of a few pounds and some clothes. Suspicion attaches to two men.

**THE BIRMINGHAM PEEL STATUE**, originating in a fund subscribed by the people of Birmingham, and executed by Birmingham workers from the design of a Birmingham artist, has been inaugurated in the presence of the Mayor and an immense and enthusiastic crowd. So great was the pressure that a lady received injuries from which she died.

**THE CLAPTON POISONING CASE.**—The inquest in this case has terminated in the following verdict:—"We find that the deceased, Emma Candy, died from swallowing a quantity of arsenic, by whom given we have not sufficient evidence to prove." The only additional witness on Monday was a former servant of Mr. Candy, who said she had seen her master, kiss Miss Huntley in the milk-house; that the latter was more mistress than Mrs. Candy; and that Mrs. Candy had told her (the witness)

that she had more than once seen her husband on the bed with Miss Huntley, in consequence of which she was very much troubled, and threatened to hang herself.

**THE CHRISTIANS OF ALL NATIONS.**—During the week which may be called "the Queen's week" in Paris—in the midst of the dazzling magnificence and loud enthusiasm of that series of fêtes—a meeting of the amicable emissaries of several nations, strikingly distinct from the greetings of the two crowned heads, took place in the same city. A set of conferences of the Christians of all nations was held at the instance of the Evangelical Alliance of London; at which, notes were compared as to the state of religion in the various countries represented, and with respect to the best methods of extending its influences.

**DRUNKENNESS IN SCOTLAND.**—Mr. D. M'Laren, of Edinburgh, has been examining various Parliamentary returns relative to the sale of spirits; and from these he deduces the fact that, in the year from May, 1854, to May, 1855, during which time the act relative to the closing of public-houses on Sunday was in force in Scotland, there was "a decrease of no less than 957,830 gallons of spirits as compared with the average consumption of the preceding four years. This," he adds, "is at the rate of two-and-a-half pints of decrease for every man, woman, and child in Scotland, or, if one half of the population be assumed fairly to represent the young persons and others who do not consume spirits, the decrease will be at the rate of five pints per annum for each of the spirit-drinkers in Scotland!" The consumption of ale and beer also decreased during the same period. This decrease Mr. M'Laren attributes mainly to the operation of the act, though he admits that the augmented duty on spirits may have contributed to the result.

**ENDOWED SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.**—The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the management of the endowed schools of Ireland are at present making a tour of the provinces, and have already elicited several facts showing that many of the schools are very badly managed, the funds, which are generally amply sufficient for a liberal education, being perverted from their original design and wasted. There are, however, some honourable exceptions to this rule.

## Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, September 1.

It is said that the interview which recently took place at Vienna between the Duke de Montpensier and his cousin, the Count de Chambord, was against the express advice of the Spanish Minister at that Court. He urged that it was inopportune, and likely to be misconstrued; but the Duke replied that his object was in fact political, and in the interest of the Spanish dynasty, more especially of his wife. The interview, therefore, took place, and has given rise to much talking.

The disturbances that occurred a few days ago at Angers (Maine-et-Loire) are said to have been more serious than was at first supposed. Angers contains a population of 36,000 inhabitants, and the working people of an entire faubourg marched in regular order on the town, and attacked the Prefecture. This disorder has been suppressed.

There are rumours in Paris of the approaching abdication of the Queen of Spain.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* (Second Edition, Friday) says:—"After a comparatively long period of silence respecting Austria and Austrian policy, it is again stated in high quarters that this Government has reason to be satisfied with that Power; and it is not unlikely that the Ministerial journals will be instructed to speak on the subject in the sense indicated." The Paris correspondent of the *Post* (Second Edition) says:—"Within the last few days, I have reason to know a very active correspondence has taken place between the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg. Russia is not satisfied with Austria."

The medical staff of the Turkish Contingent have addressed a memorial to Lord Panmure, complaining that they are not given field and servants' allowances like the other officers of the force.

Dantzic, August 30.

The Geyser has arrived. Authentic information has been obtained in the fleet that the Russians lost upwards of 2000 men at Sweaborg.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE NORTH.

It is now definitively arranged that her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family will leave King's-cross station, London, on Thursday next, the 6th of September, and proceed to Scotland.

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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.

\* \* FIVEPENCE is now the price for an UNSTAMPED copy of the *Leader*, and SIXPENCE if STAMPED.

A STAMPED copy of this Journal can be transmitted through the Post-office to any part of Great Britain as frequently as may be required, during fifteen days from its date, free of charge; but it is necessary that the paper should be folded in such a manner that the stamp be clearly visible on the outside.

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*The Leader.*

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

## Public Affairs.

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

## THE PERILS OF THE NATION.

LAST winter a British army was sacrificed. Public resentment ran high, and a few Ministers were driven from place and power. But the aristocracy retained the helm, though Constitutional Reformers, Administrative Reformers, and State Reformers imposed on themselves the task of propelling the Executive in the right direction. We are by no means sure that punishment fell, in the spring, upon the heads of the really guilty persons. Still less can we deny that Lords PALMERSTON and PANMURE, stimulated by the energy of public opinion, set matters on a better footing, and brought the general body of officials to a more appropriate sense of duty. But they have hitherto had the season in their favour. No second hurricane has yet invaded the Black Sea; the rains and snows of another winter have not tested the improved arrangements of the camps in the Crimea. The time of renewed trial, however, is approaching, and the nation must look to its army.

The disasters of last winter have not yet been appreciated. Lord PALMERSTON tells us that an unprecedented increase of our military forces has taken place, the number of men enlisted in the present year being double the amount ever before enlisted in a single year. These troops, he adds, are magnificently equipped, and animated by the highest spirit. Their equipments may be more "magnificent" than serviceable, and of their manly spirit there is not a question; but have we, or shall we ever have again, such a body of soldiers as were slain, or smitten by pestilence, or rotted by fever, or frozen, or starved in the last campaign? Are our recruits now taken from the same classes as

formerly? Do they represent the yeomanry of our rural districts, or are they not the overflow of our artisans and town populations, morally and physically inferior to the former race? We much fear that the twenty thousand who perished last winter through criminal neglect, or through official impotence, can never be replaced. They constituted our military backbone, and emigration, the high rate of agricultural wages, and other circumstances, have led to a result which the best authorities admit and deplore—namely, that the qualities of the British army are deteriorating. Not in courage, not in devotion, not in patriotism or soldierly spirit, but in that solidity, weight, and steadiness, which marked the original British yeoman.

Among consequent evils, one is likely soon to be felt. We shall be astonished if the second army exhibit powers of physical endurance equal to those of the first. But those powers, it is to be feared, will be tested to the utmost, by the rigours of the coming winter. We have long heard of the note of preparation; is the summons obeyed in the arsenals at home, or at the seat of war?

If the public reports, which are in perfect harmony with private information which we continually receive, do not materially deceive us, the prospects of the army before Sebastopol are gloomy indeed. The men pass through their daily routine of toil and peril with noble perseverance; the officers suffer their sickening fatigues with resignation, though not without complaint; but feelings of despondency, if not of resentment, are gathering in the camp. Fifty or sixty soldiers are killed every night in the trenches; the hours of rest are abridged; the season will speedily be clouded by auguries of the advancing winter, and still, whether with or without a victory at the Redan and Malakhoff, there will be long months to pass in the weary graveyards of the camp. Scarcely a hut has been erected, except as a hospital or a store; the thousands which were built and paid for in England are gone, no one knows whither; the new thousands in preparation cannot reach the heights of Sebastopol before Christmas, and the snows, the freezing rains, the bitter and cutting winds of this second winter, will find two-thirds of our noble army crouching, shivering, benumbed, in wretched hovels and tents.

Already the railway needs reparation. A few wet days would derange it, almost irremediably. Only now we hear of attempts to renew the rails, or to repair the foundations. Yet upon this means of transit the entire army depends for ammunition, for guns, for stores, for food, fuel, and winter clothing, if, indeed, winter clothing be provided at Balaklava. If the locomotive and the horses can drag up sufficient supplies, the exhausted men, after their vigils in the trenches, their vigils in the tents, their toils by day, and toils by night, will have to drag or carry them, each to his own quarters, over rough and broken ground, for there is scarcely a practicable pathway in the camp.

Here we are, then, this second autumn, counting the omens of another desolate winter. We had our agony and passion last spring. We broke into a storm of patriotic anger; we overthrew a government; we drew to light the secrets of misrule; we confessed our sins, and exposed our shame; yet the recurrence of the dangerous period threatens to bring a recurrence of calamities, only less appalling, produced by far more culpable neglect. For, if the inclement season overtakes our army, unhoused and unprovided, with a broken road from Balaklava to the camp, and land-transport service disgrace-

fully organised—and if disease and cold attack the troops with a virulence more deadly than the fire of Sebastopol—whose will be the infamy? There must be infamy somewhere, for it would be infamous, in spite of warning and experience, with unlimited means and unlimited power, to sacrifice another gallant British army, glorified as much by its manly patience under suffering as by its achievements in the field. What will any amount of military success be worth if every winter is to accumulate materials for a new Sebastopol Committee? And what will have been the value of evidence or example, if national crimes are to be committed and the authors to go unpunished? There is despondency in the camps of the Crimea, and it is the fruit of gloomy anticipations. But the nation will share the guilt of its rulers, and deserve the resentment of its brave and faithful servants, if it licenses a government of incapables to squander millions of money, and thousands of lives, only with the result of superadding one disgrace and one disaster to another.

The war, as it is at present conducted, seems to be planned upon the principle of doing as little injury to the enemy as possible, at the greatest possible cost to ourselves. Our naval parade in the Baltic for 1855 is represented in our naval estimates by a cost of nearly eleven millions sterling; to compensate for which we have swept with fire the islets of Sweaborg, and blockaded the Russian ports. Our system of blockade, however, is so contrived as to be an inconvenience, rather than an injury, to Russia. In all previous contests, Great Britain contended for, and enforced, the most rigorous principles of maritime law. But, in deference to the French Government, we have waived the right of seizing Russian goods in neutral bottoms, so that an extensive Russian trade is carried on in defiance of our cruisers, while large sums of gold find their way from London to St. Petersburg, in exchange for the hemp, flax, tallow, and linseed which reach us through the neutral ports. Thus we blockade the Russian shipping; but we do not cut up the Russian commerce. We deprive our own merchants of the advantage of the regular trade with the Baltic, while we benefit the shippers and traders of Prussia. Upon these loose principles the war can never be so pursued as to coerce the enemy. How can we assault or coerce a power whose maritime fortresses we dare not batter; whose commerce, enabling her to support the war, we dare not destroy; whose territories we declare to be unassailable; whose "honour and dignity" are to remain intact? Army after army sinks down in the vast abysmal grave before Sebastopol; we neglect our soldiers, cripple our fleets by short supplies of arms, and yet, with fastidious exactitude, consult the pretensions of every neutral, and disclaim alike the right of revolution and the right of search, the one agency, perhaps, as formidable as the other.

And now that returning winter gives peace to Russia in the Baltic, "Generals November and December" are likely to do her work in the Crimea. We seriously believe that, unless the action of our public departments be quickened, and that speedily, another disastrous crisis will arrive before Sebastopol. If there are no men of genius in the nation—that is, men of capacity and resolution—at least let not official sloth betray to death a second British army.

#### THE PROMOTION OF LABOUR.

The working-class ought to be prepared to watch their interests with prudence, and with ceaseless vigilance; for a time is coming in

which their strength must be better appreciated. We have foreseen this time, and ever since our journal has existed we have never ceased to prepare for it. Already we discern evidences of its approach, and we are the more hopeful, since every advantage can be reaped without violence, without contest, without bitterness of feeling between man and man. We know well enough that, as in the case of all opportunities, there will be innumerable suggestions, and that amongst competitors will be many suggesting mischievous courses, in order to snatch advantages which can be most usefully gained by taking them patiently as they accrue. We believe, however, that the best of all correctives to any mistakes of that kind will be found in the influences of the time. It is one of the consequences attendant upon war, that the greater antagonism supersedes the smaller, and brings together as friends those who have been foes. As a danger out of doors will unite a family, so a war with a foreign country should bring members of the nation together, and in the common nationality merge distinctions of class. Decided steps have been taken in that direction, and we foresee yet greater progress.

In the army itself the value of the working-class has been felt. Labour has been organised to act with chivalry, and in such bodies as the Land Transport Corps and the Army Works Corps we see industry take its place, corporately, amidst the powers of the country. It is an instructive fact that the members of those bodies are paid more advantageously than the common soldier; and why? Because, any intelligent workman will answer us, the member of the industrial regiment has more of an art than the common soldier, and can produce more—even produce more in the shape of deadly machinery for destroying the foe. But the very comparison has assisted to elevate the pay of the common soldier. In the meanwhile, a sensibly larger promotion has been opened from the ranks to commissions, and many a gentleman with an epaulette on his shoulder has reached his position through the working-classes of the army.

The advantages, however, which we foresee for the working-classes are coming in yet broader shapes than these. Following on the emigration, the enlistment has told upon the numbers of those who are available for domestic labour, and we see that farmers are put to it for the means of gathering in their crops. The difficulty has been felt in Austria, where whole corps of the army have been disbanded for the purposes of the harvest; and in our own country the soldiers of regiments have been permitted to assist. Still these devices can effect only a partial counteraction. Austria suffers, by declining from her military strength; and home-stationed regiments cannot supply the numbers that have been carried abroad, to say nothing of the regiments that must subsequently go. Messrs. DRAX and Co. show where the farmers must find their remedy.

"With respect to the scarcity of harvest labourers," they say, in a letter to the *Globe*, "we cannot refrain from calling your attention to the fact, that by the aid of the reaping machine, harvest work may be, and is, done at the rate of 5s. per acre; whereas in many cases, as you very correctly state, as much as 20s. per acre is being paid. Moreover, the introduction of the machine does not in any way supersede the native labour of the farm, but merely shuts out the *vagrant labour*, the necessity for which every farmer pronounces to be a curse. The price named includes gathering and binding; and the rate of wages paid to the labourers is 3s. 6d. per day for men, and 1s. 6d. for boys."

In the first place, then, we here see that agricultural labour is rising in value; and we observe that in Ireland—ay, in mendicant Ireland—reapers are getting 3s. or even 6s.



per day. In the second place, there is every probability that machinery will be introduced more extensively into the rude labour of agriculture, and that the farm labourer will rise to the rank of a skilled labourer. It has been ignorance which has made the rustic hostile to the introduction of machinery; for the inevitable result of machinery is to produce in a larger quantity, and therefore to support a larger number of persons than can be supported by unassisted hand labour. A striking illustration of this principle is seen where the introduction of labour which is to a certain extent skilled has not only given a greater power to the whole force in the Crimea, but has had an influence in raising the value of the common soldier. It is far from probable that the fields to which machinery is applied will produce less food; the land will, therefore, support a larger number of persons. It is quite possible that with the advance of agricultural and sanitary science the spaces of ground will be reckoned by the square yard; every speck of earth and each individual seed being accounted for, as every fibre is accounted for in a cotton manufactory; and then the productivity of land will exceed any existing calculation. In the meanwhile the just effect of introducing machinery will be, to elevate the level of agricultural wages to that of manufacturing wages, to increase the return in food for every man in the country, and ultimately to increase the number of labourers in agriculture with higher wages.

This, the first effect of war on the value of labour, is likely enough in our day to be followed by another equally valuable. Depending for support on the nation, requiring the aid of all classes to extend the income-tax and other imposts to a wider level, the Government of the country must necessarily feel an increased anxiety to obtain the good will of the numerous classes; and hence the value of the labourer will rise politically. We believe that no ordinary agitation for the extension of the franchise could have done so much as the events of the last year. No doubt the results will be greatly facilitated by all that has been done by political pioneers for preparing the public mind, for instructing the labouring classes to stand up in assertion of their rights, for extending education, for bringing different classes together, and, in short, for familiarising the mind of all, from the highest statesman to the humblest citizen, with what we may call the *naturalisation* of Government. This would restore to every freeborn Englishman his right to a vote in the election of the member who taxes him, of the county officer who governs the county, and of the parish officer who governs the parish. The feeling which has been expressed by informal but unmistakable evidences throughout the country, has been so powerful, that, in obedience to it, Ministers have undertaken the war more heartily than they at first proposed, have conducted their alliances with a more liberal sense of the requirements imposed upon them, and have been able to overrule factions in Parliament that were for trimming between peace and war, if not for truckling to the enemy. The time, therefore, is come when skilled labour advances to raise the value of the common soldier, when skilled labour promises to raise the value of the agricultural workman, and when better machinery in politics promises to give the full value to the industrious citizen. We do not think any the worse of that happy time because these large results are likely to be realised without domestic discord. If the working-classes are guided by their own great instincts and by the honestest men amongst them, they will be able to realise all

that they are worth in money, position, and political rights, without a word to disturb the harmony of the national voice.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

THE Battle of the Tchernaya was an attempt on the part of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF to raise the siege. The means by which this was to be accomplished were discussed and decided at a council of war held on the 13th. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF divided his forces into two *corps d'armée*, placing one under General READ, the other under General LIPRANDI. Each foot soldier was to take with him four days' rations, and the cavalry as much provender as they could carry. Having imbibed copious libations of hot brandy, they were to descend the Mackenzie heights, LIPRANDI with the seventeenth division leading the way, and moving by the left across the valley of the Chuliu, and READ following with the seventh and part of the twelfth division, and forming on the right of LIPRANDI. The whole line was then to carry the Tchernaya, seize the heights of Fedouchine, and hold themselves prepared to press the victory by an assault upon the rear of the Allies. In the meantime the garrison of Sebastopol, we are told, was to issue on the extreme left and right, and by these operations, it was hoped, the whole position of the Allied army would have been enveloped, and at least the siege rendered utterly hopeless. How Prince GORTSCHAKOFF imagined that he could effect these great objects remains one of those mysteries that attend the conduct of almost every commander, and remain for history to reveal. At all events, his plan totally failed, and he was forced to acknowledge, for the third time, that the serfs of Russia are no match for the freemen of Europe in the open field.

The position of the Allies had great advantages. In its front ran a river, not deep, it is true, but still no inconsiderable obstacle; beyond that an aqueduct, forming, in fact, a second river, with precipitous banks; and beyond the aqueduct a low line of hills. The river was crossed by a stone bridge—the Traktir-bridge—and on either side was a ford. The bridge is a continuance of the main road from Simpheropol to Balaklava, and the road then runs on between the hills. The ford above the river is also opposite another opening in the hills. It was at this opening that the French right stood. On the other side of the ravine the Sardinians had established themselves on a hill of some elevation, fronting Tchorgoun. Here the Tchernaya receives the waters of two tributaries—the Chuliu flowing from the Mackenzie heights, and the Sukiai running from the valley of Baidar. The Sardinian position partly fronted the Tchorgoun-bridge, partly flanked the valley below, and had its right on the Sukiai ravine. Still further to the right, across the Sukiai, were the Turks, who stood towards Alsou, and whose batteries played on the extreme left of LIPRANDI'S position on the Chuliu. It should be remembered that the French guns faced, and the Sardinians flanked, the line of the Russian advance.

The attack was begun with the dawn before the mist had rolled up the Mackenzie heights, and, it is said, while the Allies yet slept. The Sardinian pickets over the river, after a spirited resistance, fell back over the bridge of Tchorgoun. At the same time the French were assailed at Traktir-bridge, and also driven in. The attack on the Sardinians was a feint, and the real battle developed itself further to the left. Crossing the bridge on either side one heavy column rushed, with blind impetuosity, against the French left,

crossing the aqueduct and ascending the hill; but hotly received by CAMOU'S division, they were routed and driven from the field. Meanwhile the bridge had been carried and the French right and centre simultaneously assaulted. As the enemy crossed the river, as he climbed over the aqueduct by means of his portable pontoons, the Sardinian artillery ploughed through the masses, strewing the river and its banks with dead. Nevertheless the Russians pressed on; at one moment the French seemed in the act of retiring, and the Russians must have entertained a fleeting delusion that they were winning the battle. But the Zouaves in front had only fallen back upon the main body; and in a moment the divisions of FAUCHEUX and DE FIALLY were firing terrible volleys into the heaped and unformed masses of the enemy, and ere they had recovered from this rough handling, the French were on them with a cheer, hurling them back into the Sardinian line of fire, and beyond the Tchernaya. Three times, in this manner, were the bridge and river bank taken and retaken; with such obstinacy and impetuosity did the enemy fight. After the third, he came on no more, but gathered himself up as well as he might, and retreated, pursued by the Sardinian rifles. There were some thousands of cavalry in the plain of Balaklava fiercely desirous of leaping upon the enemy, but the chance did not offer, and they remained inactive. Why the Allies did not follow up the blow thus heartily dealt is ascribed by General SIMPSON to the inferior numbers on the field; but ought they not to have been superior? The non-use of the cavalry is justified by the fact that it would have only been Balaklava over again; that the utmost PELISSIER could hope to win would be a few prisoners; and for this small result he would not risk his noble horsemen. It is quite true that the enemy retreated under his guns upon a very strong position.

#### EXAMINATION TESTS.

A CONTROVERSY has been lately going on in the columns of some of our contemporaries as to the expediency of adopting the *viva voce* method of examination for civil appointments. The disputants appear to have forgotten that it is partly a question of time. The *viva voce* examination of two hundred or three hundred candidates would wear out the examiners, the examinees, and the public, who are expected to form a judgment of the impartial character of the examination, and who, to do so, or pretend to do so, properly, must sit it out.

But the grand and fatal objection to the adoption of *viva voce* examination for prizes is, that it is essentially and inherently unfair. Questions given on paper are the same for all the candidates. But questions asked *viva voce* are not the same, or anything like the same, for all the candidates. No human examiner (much less any set of examiners) can make them so; especially when the examination is not confined (as at Oxford) to particular books, but ranges over whole subjects. Equally impossible would it be fairly to register and estimate the answers of all the candidates. Even the most practised examiner has to think almost as much of his next question as of the last answer of the examinee.

At Oxford (which is quoted as the *viva voce* model) there is no *viva voce* examination for the university scholarships, where the competition is strictly between man and man, and exact comparison is essential. There is *viva voce* examination for the classes, and occasionally (very rarely) it decides a man's class. But generally the class *viva voce* is understood to be of very little importance. First class men often pass wretched *viva voce*

examinations, third class men very good ones; and any one who visits the schools may observe that three of the examiners are looking over papers while the fourth examines—a clear proof that the result is not to tell for much in their common judgment. It is to the *pass* examination, where the object simply is to ascertain whether the candidate knows anything about a certain book, that the real usefulness of the system is confined. There, in cool and experienced hands, it may serve good ends both of justice and of mercy, by probing cunning plausibility and helping out knowledge which has been imperfectly expressed on paper. For some “pass” men are sly enough to cloak their ignorance on paper in a mist of words, while others, from being totally out of the habit of writing, are almost destitute of the power of literary expression. We need scarcely say that candidates for the civil appointments ought to be able to express themselves on paper, and ought to get no marks for any knowledge which is not intelligibly expressed.

The apprehension that if the examinations are not conducted publicly the examiners will be earwigged and corrupted, is perfectly preposterous, if the examiners are men of any character and position. And even if such a danger really existed, *vivâ voce* examination would not obviate it; since, in the first place, it would be easy to cog the questions without the slightest risk of discovery; and, in the second place, as the result must be made up of two elements, the “paper work” and the “*vivâ voce*,” the vigilant public could never be sure whether the element which they had seen was or was not altered by that which they had not seen. The attempt to use so imperfect and fallacious a test of an examiner’s fairness would only lead to groundless jealousies and unjust imputations. The better way would be, giving the questions on paper as at present, to keep the papers, and lay them open to inspection in case of any appeal against the results of the examination. But the best way of all is to appoint trustworthy men as examiners, and then to trust them. It will not do to be poisoning everything with suspicion. Mr. BLACKETT’s letter to the *Times* upon the subject reminded us a little of a certain Athenian who, in a highly excited state of public feeling, discovered a plot for burning the arsenal by sending in a water-gnat with a lamp wick.

But an “Oxford Examiner,” answering Mr. BLACKETT in the same journal, throws doubt upon the whole system of examination for public appointments. According to him, it is not the men who acquit themselves creditably in examinations that are fit for appointments in India or elsewhere, but the non-reading men—the pride of the cricket-field, the leader of the college steeplechase, the priceless treasure of the college boat. Success in examinations appears, according to this witness, to be more a test of self-sufficiency than of anything else.

This is rather alarming evidence. But if it is true, the first consequence is that the “Oxford Examiner,” and the whole system of which he is a part, are an expensive and pestilent imposture, and ought to be abolished with all speed. Nothing has been more discreditable to the Oxford Dons in all the controversies in which they have been recently involved, than the hatred they have shown for the claims of intellect, even as tested by their own examinations. They seem to forget that they are thereby repudiating their duty, which is to recognise intellect, and train it for the service of the State. Their self-exposure becomes offensive. We wonder what sort of advice the “Oxford Examiner” gives his pupils, and whether he bids them aim at success in the university examina-

tions, or success in the college steeplechase, as the proper object of their expensive residence at Oxford?

Muscular strength is not to be confounded with practical vigour. The priceless treasure of the college boat is often a mere human bullock; the pride of the cricket-field a beer-barrel with strong arms and a quick eye; the winner of the college steeplechase a bullet-headed individual of the jockey species, with as little intellect as nature can put into a man. Sent to India, or any other place of intellectual employment, they would sink into abject indolence and brutal self-indulgence. If your young civil servant has a strong body as well as a strong head, all the better: he may stick pigs in India, though he will find rowing and cricketing rather at a discount in the tropics. But the strong head is the essential thing; and this, and all generous ambition, as well as conscientious industry, are to be found, in nineteen cases out of twenty, among the reading men. To give a list of great statesmen, Indian or others, who have not been athletes, would be superfluous till we are furnished with a list of those who have.

A clear-headed and ambitious boy, though he may not have a literary turn, will be sure to acquire the literary knowledge which is required for an appointment, and which is thereby made a practical object to him. Great men are cited who knew very little, and, therefore, would have failed in examinations. They knew very little, because nothing was required of them. The Duke of WELLINGTON, perhaps, did not know the first book of Euclid; but will anybody tell us that if the first book of Euclid had stood in the Duke of WELLINGTON’S way at the entrance of his profession, he would not have surmounted it?

Of course we do not deny that there are such things as mere bookworms who succeed in examinations but are destitute of practical power, thanks, in great measure, to our neglect of physical education. But surely there is common sense enough even in the heads of parents to prevent a purblind Dominie Sampson from frequently becoming a candidate for political employment. Even if we get two or three occasionally, special work may be found for them. The government at Calcutta probably has employment for a few pundits. A mere animal, on the other hand, is good for nothing. And, therefore, it is not on that account that we would give up the test of examination. We will give it up only when we find one more perfect in itself, and equally free from the influence of nepotism and corruption.

#### DISRAELI AND BOLINGBROKE.

##### A PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ALTHOUGH history may not, as a despairing philosophy has sometimes dreamed, repeat itself, although no two characters are alike really, yet certain broad and coarse resemblances may be traced between epochs, as between men. Thus the English and French revolutions, the characters of CHARLES and LOUIS, CROMWELL and NAPOLEON, have been laid out in parallel lines, but neither the events nor the characters have any resemblance except that the revolutions were revolutions; that the kings were kings who died on the scaffold; the usurpers great and successful soldiers. Thus, also, there is a similar shadowy likeness between LOUIS XIV. and the Czar NICHOLAS; between the wars of WILLIAM and MARLBOROUGH, and the present contest. Both monarchs were aggressive; both found themselves face to face with Europe, or nearly so; both were served by astute Ministers; both were opposed by a

confederacy, in which England played a conspicuous part. But there the shadowy analogy ends; so far, nothing is fancy, but fact; we neither can nor desire to carry it farther. The MARLBOROUGH of the modern grand alliance has not yet appeared on the scene; and if he had, it is not our function to predict his victories.

A kind of parallel more fanciful, more capricious, more serious, yet infinitely trivial, claims our notice. In the war of the Succession, MARLBOROUGH won all the victories, and brought the GRAND MONARQUE more than once upon his knees, but HARLEY and BOLINGBROKE made the peace. And what peace, good reader, was it, but the peace of Utrecht?—the opprobrium of English history.

We have remarked that our MARLBOROUGH has not yet stepped forth from the ranks; but our BOLINGBROKE is already in silent evolution; is already learning his part; already anxiously rehearsing in private life the preliminaries of a peace of Utrecht for the nineteenth century.

Yes; there is among the pretenders to British statesmanship and national leadership one who takes BOLINGBROKE for his model—one who sets up HENRY ST. JOHN on a pedestal, and worships at its base. The man most anxious to wield the war with Russia, so far as England is concerned, the man most anxious to have an active finger in the making of the peace with Russia, Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, is fain to believe himself the BOLINGBROKE of the nineteenth century; in short, the latest edition of HENRY ST. JOHN, bound in the Toryism of the Desert.

Mr. DISRAELI has attempted to portray a great variety of heroes. He has painted Alroy; he has lyrically sketched Contarini Fleming; he has idealised Baron ROTHSCHILD and Lord JOHN MANNERS; he has rhaphsodised Lord GEORGE BENTINCK. The “Young Duke” was not beneath him; nor, as he thought, was Sir ROBERT PEEL above him. But these were the “fancies of a wasted youth;” these were the capricious preludes of the grander strain that his manhood would elaborate. True, it was not his to write the “Revolutionary Epic” after all; it was not his to be the prophet of Young England; it was not his to be the improvised squire of all the squires—the head and front of the bovine policy. Far higher destinies were reserved for the Arab who made his way into the councils of the Anglo-Saxon; Fate had given him a commission to write, not a new decalogue from some Welsh Sinai—but another novel, of which the hero should be BOLINGBROKE.

We confess we were alarmed when we heard it. And with reason. For does not DISRAELI propose to become one of our rulers, and to have a hand in concluding peace with Russia? What statesman is the idol of his heart—CHATHAM? No; but the author of the peace of Utrecht; the man who helped most to break up the European confederacy against LOUIS XIV. by basely abandoning our allies; the man who bartered his country’s honour for a mess of pottage. If you were to pick out two men who made the name of England the synonym of treachery on the Continent in the eighteenth century, they would be BOLINGBROKE and BUTE. Yet the former is the idol of Mr. DISRAELI.

For our part, at this time of day, we are not inclined to discuss the merits and demerits of the treaty. It was the manner in which the English Ministers made the treaty that showed the characters of the Ministers themselves.

“Whatever judgment we may be disposed to form,” says Mr. Hallam, “as to the political necessity of leaving Spain and America in the possession of Philip, it is impossible to justify the course of



that negotiation that ended in the peace of Utrecht. It was at best a dangerous and inauspicious concession, demanding every compensation that could be devised, and which the circumstances of the war entitled us to require. France was still our formidable enemy; the ambition of Louis was still to be dreaded; his intrigues to be suspected. That an English Minister should have thrown himself into the arms of this enemy at the first overture of negotiation; that he should have renounced advantages on which he might have insisted; that he should have restored Lille and almost attempted to secure the sacrifice of Tournay; that throughout the whole correspondence, and in all personal interviews with De Torcy, he should have shown the triumphant Queen of Great Britain more eager for peace than her vanquished adversary; that the two courts should have been virtually conspiring against those allies without whom we had bound ourselves to enter no treaty; that we should have withdrawn our troops in the midst of a campaign, and even seized upon the towns of our confederates, while we left them exposed to be overcome by a superior force; that we should thus have deceived those confederates by the most direct falsehood by denying our clandestine treaty, and then dictated to them its acceptance—are facts so disgraceful to Bolingbroke, and, in somewhat a less degree, to Oxford, that they can hardly be palliated by establishing the expediency of the treaty itself."

Is this conduct that should furnish an example to any man, much more to an English statesman? But we forget. If Mr. DISRAELI be a statesman—he is not an Englishman; for although birth may naturalise, in the eye of the law, it cannot naturalise in the eye of fact; and thus Mr. DISRAELI remains an Arab, we were going to say of the race of ISHMAEL, although he has exchanged the burnous for the frock-coat, the turban for the round hat, and the Law and the Prophets for the "Craftsman" and the "Patriot King."

Indeed, Mr. DISRAELI is not wholly unlike BOLINGBROKE—a copy after, and a very long way after, the original. Lord BOLINGBROKE was not only a clever man, but a man of genius; not only a rhetorician, but an orator. He did not deal in mysteries; he never said anything analogous to that famous *bêtise*—"the age of ruins is past;" he was brilliantly practical, even in his intrigues and his treacheries. BOLINGBROKE had a vaster, sharper, brighter intellect than his Oriental imitator. His reputation as an orator did not rest on unrivalled proficiency in personal sarcasm; his fame as a man of letters reposed on something more substantial than half a dozen second-rate romances; his position as a politician rested on real, although perverted, ability; and, strangely enough, he was the first to see that reciprocity of trade was more beneficial than restriction. But he was an unsound, because an unconscientious politician, and, in spite of his incontestable genius, he presents an example to be industriously shunned. If he shine brightly in the past, it is with the halo of corruption; a beacon of warning, not a watchfire of welcome. But like assimilates with like, and the imitative must have their model. Mr. DISRAELI—we may have to remember it more acutely some day—selects for his exemplar the man who did sell his country's honour, and disgrace his country's flag; and who tried hard to hand over our hard-won liberties to the tender mercies of the perjured House of STUART.

#### VICTRIX VICTORIA VICTA.

##### AT THE TOMB.

THE Chapel of the Invalides is open; it is day time, but the dim religious light of a Roman fane sheds solemnity on the atmosphere; the organ is rolling forth a solemn strain, as a lady is walking up the aisle to pay the tribute of an inaudible prayer at the tomb of a departed hero. It is Queen VICTORIA at the tomb of NAPOLEON.

Some time since, in the pride of triumph, that soldier, who believed military politics to embrace the whole science of life, gave

away his step-daughter, HORTENSE, against her will, to one of his brothers. The brother is gone; the poor lady survives only in the chivalrous melodies which mark her genius, and the "national" ditty of the Bonapartists. Some years after that unhappy marriage, the inflexible NAPOLEON, hunted down, threw himself on the generosity of the Prince-Regent GEORGE. As well might he have thought to throw himself on the island of Atlantis. The "Footman" regnant immortalised his meanness by caging his conquered adversary. LOUIS PHILIPPE, the King of the retail-shopmen, imagined it a stroke of policy to conciliate the Bonapartists by reimporting the bones that Sir HUDSON LOWE had left entombed at St. Helena. The mortuary merchandise arrived; but no sooner were the bones in France than they were rejoined by the spirit, and thus revived that influence which, when the adulterated King of Commerce was shaken from his throne, re-established the Empire once more upon the ruins of the Republic. A chapel is the tomb of NAPOLEON, now authentically recognised as "the First," and the great successor of GEORGE THE FOURTH, the guest of NAPOLEON's successor, "fidei defensor" in Protestant England, comes walking up to the Papal shrine while the organ peals forth the British anthem "God save the Queen." Was it the Genius of the Poetical Justice who awoke the voice of that instrument, or was it the Spirit of Satire, diabolically playing on the sacred keys a lugubrious dance of death with more morals in it than that of HOLBEIN?

##### IN THE BALL-ROOM.

The day closes, the gay and smiling band, small in number, for whom all around leave ample space, have spent the sunny morning in the forest of St. Germain, before the quiet but luxurious dinner at St. Cloud; and now they swim into the atmosphere of light which fills the great pleasure-palace of Versailles, the air vibrating under the music of master-hands with gaiety and passion. The lovely EMPRESS must not dance, although so beautiful and graceful: the hopes of a dynasty impress their august veto upon that young Spanish lady of disputed parentage, and she can but smile upon the scene which others enjoy. The dance begins in stately fashion: EMPEROR and QUEEN lead it, PRINCE and PRINCESS take their places, courtiers follow in due degree, and etiquette reigns at the inauguration of the ball. But with dancing the blood warms, with the brilliancy the head grows fervid, with the ease, the frankness, and the facility that wait upon every wish, vigilance is lulled asleep, guardedness forgets itself, and pleasure rules. Children, however exalted in rank, however cultivated, are free from the restraints that visit older years, and they at least may set the example of enjoying in a freer fashion. The PRINCE OF WALES and his sister waltz, for the EMPEROR has asked to see them.

Stop a moment: *who* is it that has asked? Do you not remember, some years back, loitering in Leicester-square, wandering sometimes to Kensington Gore, not unknown to scientific societies, a grave man, down-looking, whose countenance was as much the subject of controversy as his genealogy; whose escoccheon was said to be Dutch, and mind dull, although his name was Napoleon and his aspirations imperial? It was deemed to be presumption in him to "mix" with the select society at the scientific meetings; he was admitted on easier terms into the circle of social refugees at Gore House; he was thought to be only in his element on the pavement of Leicester-square. It sometimes happened, no doubt, that he was standing on the pavement amongst the spec-

tators kept back by the police, as Queen VICTORIA passed. Now if that silent man had then said, "I will invite that woman to be my guest; I will give an entertainment such as she has never had before; and, verily, I will put my arm round her waist," the hearer would have laughed at his nose. Yet that has been done.

Yes, children with their irresponsible unrestraint often set an example into which their seniors are hurried; and after WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL had whirled round in the waltz, then did Imperial France, *olim* "LOUIS NAPOLEON," put his audacious arm round the waist of Royal England. Queen VICTORIA lent herself to the seductive impulse, and her beaming countenance showed without disguise that verily she was pleased to be where she was—whirled in circles resting on the arm of the Chevalier.

And what did Prince ALBERT do? Smile, of course, a half-paternal approbation at seeing the mother so like the daughter. What did the EMPRESS do? Smile, of course, approbation to see her husband holding Royal England in his grasp. What did anybody do, but fall in with the spirit of the hour, and LOUIS NAPOLEON was master of the situation.

It is not many years since that we heard a distinguished representative of practical science in this country declare that never more would war disturb the peace of Europe. That same eminent person, justly deserving of his country's praise, has assisted in organising an army against Russia. Yea, the same prophet of quiescence shall be found countenancing the project of DUNDONALD for exterminating the enemy by unknown agencies. Not long since, we heard a man quite as eminent, though not in practical science, declare that the part of the *individual* in public life had ceased—that civilisation had so completely established its order and routine, that the influence of any statesman individually would never more show itself in the world. Men yet more elevated have been heard to declare, in places not more private than the House of Commons, that "the system" would run its course, whatever individuals might choose to do or think. Routine and civilisation should have assisted at the ball of Versailles—should have seen Windsor Castle invited to learn the art of giving feasts from Leicester-square, and have witnessed how graciously, how frankly, how enjoyingly Queen VICTORIA entered into the spirit of the hour—

Jamais en France, jamais  
L'Anglais ne régnera.

"Mais l'Anglaise?" She reigns, and she is in France; she reigns, "but does not govern;" and there are those who kneel to rise. Were all in that gay scene equally without thought? Was every spirit carried away by the charm of the hour, or was there not a spirit which *never* forgets itself, whether watching the slow and reverent steps of the lady up to the aisle of the chapel consecrated by Rome, or her womanly form resting on his strong arm, whirling her in the thought-escaping waltz? "God save the Queen!"

#### THE LAST OF YOUNG IRELAND.

SUPPOSE that Austria were remodelled in constitutional federalism—suppose a Parliament at Vienna—suppose an Hungarian M.P. who edited a national journal at Pesth throwing up his seat and announcing that in consequence of Vienna centralisation having utterly degraded his country into a province he had resolved to abandon the cause of nationality and emigrate to America—would not the event be regarded as of some significance in relation to Hungarian, Austrian, and European affairs? No doubt: the fact

would be considered a grave fact in the European system: the Hungarian M.P. would be watched as illustrating the felicitous cohesion of Austrian affairs.

Mr. GAVAN DUFFY, member for New Ross, Ireland, in the English House of Commons, has thrown up the cause of Irish nationality and is going to Australia, and the event marks an important stage in the history of the Union which PITT, to provide against dangers from republican and Roman Catholic France, accomplished in 1800. It is remarkable that Ireland and Scotland have taken about the same time to reconcile themselves to the loss of their nationality. The Scotch, united to England in 1707, struggled well-nigh up to 1750 against the provincialisation to which Lord SOMERS had reduced them: the '45 was, after all, an attempt to "repeal the Union." Our English press has been making merry at Mr. DUFFY's wailing farewell to his country, somewhat forgetting that so short a time ago as 1846-50 the Irish repealers and republicans were in such strength that the English Government garrisoned Ireland with 70,000 soldiers, had martial law in two provinces, gagged the popular press in Dublin, and was trying an agitator or two for his life every term. It is too soon forgotten that Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, one of the nobles of Ireland, the darling of a race with feudal instincts, was one year ago among our criminal convicts in Van Diemen's Land, and that he is still an exile in a small house in Brussels with other political refugees of all countries. The British journalist loses sight of the circumstance that all continental politicians have been educated in the faith, quite sound up till 1850, that Ireland was to England as Lombardy is to Austria, or Poland to Russia. From the time that HENRY II. got rid of the most dangerous of his Barons by sending them off to plunder Ireland, the country was, till the other day, in a chronic state of insurrection—a rebellion was the periodical incident once every ten years. It is not forty years since French statesmen calculated as a matter of certainty upon striking England to the heart through Ireland. In 1798 a storm and a fool saved Protestant England from the neighbourhood of a Roman Catholic ally of France. In 1829 Ireland was again on the eve of successful rebellion—or so WELLINGTON thought when he described to the House of Lords, whom he had to convert, the horrors of civil war, as the necessity for acceding to Catholic Emancipation. O'CONNELL, from that day up to within a year or two of his death, wielded independent sovereignty in Ireland, doing little more than feudal homage to "the Castle," and at any moment he had but to whisper the word, and Ireland, headed by her priests, would have been in arms. His associates, who ranged themselves into the party called "Young Ireland," failed because he, still powerful against them, aided the English Government in withholding the priests from them, in precipitating the military and the law upon them. They were nearly all transported in 1849, just after he died, and out of the country went with them the fiercest spirits that make a conquered nation restive.

One man of the "treasonable" confederation escaped "law and order" and Lord CLARENDON. Released from prison, he recommenced the work in Ireland. But abandoning the old cries of revolution and of "repeal," the utmost "independence" he now agitated for was in the shape of an independent Irish party in Parliament, whose object it should be to wring from competing English factions a measure of "Tenant Right" for the oppressed peasants of Ireland. He no doubt hoped for more: but he

was resolved to be "practical" and reserved. After four years' struggle he finds even this too much to aspire to; that English factions have bought up his confederates; that no "Tenant Right" is possible; that the bishops are calmed, by British diplomacy operating on them through Rome *via* LOUIS NAPOLEON, into genteel disdain for Irish nationality; and he leaves the country in disgust—the Ireland of to-day is no place for an Irish nationalist. The Scottish Lion's self-assertion is not more ridiculous or more hopeless than the ambition of an Irish gentleman refusing to recognise that Dublin is as much a provincial city as York is, and that Ireland has about as much nationality as Jersey can pretend to.

We, something more than Liberals, have never quarrelled with the men, whether in Canada or in Munster, who have demanded freedom from England: we know that Englishmen have not the liberty that men ought to have, and while not sympathising with rebellion in Ireland, we join with Irishmen in insisting on the concession to that country of political and religious equality. But, for the present, it is not our business to do more than recite the circumstances which have baffled Mr. DUFFY. In the first place, the famine of '46, which subdued PEEL into Free-trade, and the "exodus" which has been in permanence since 1848, have nearly halved the population, the classes remaining being the non-revolutionary classes. The country that was left was not strong enough, whatever the grievance, to support independent movements. But the grievance daily diminished. The working of the Encumbered Estates Court reformed the landowners as the emigration eased the land tillers;—the railways, including the tubular bridge across the Menai, connected Ireland by the intimacies of trade and inter-visiting to England;—the island became a province, prosperous and apathetic if not contented. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord JOHN RUSSELL interrupted the process of international fusion; the religious element was presented in the virulent shape, and then there arose a national independent Irish party in the House of Commons—the party, the Irish Brigade, which was strong enough in '52 to turn the balance against Lord DERBY. But Lord ABERDEEN resumed the policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL; he declined to apply the act, which became a dead letter, and is all but forgotten. Tempted by Lord ABERDEEN's sagacious offers of place and career, the members of the Brigade joined the Coalition, ceased to be mere Irish members, and are "getting on." Mr. DUFFY, left behind, heading now but three or four faithful followers, denounces, ere he departs, the corruption of M.P.'s, and the subservieny of Catholic bishops and priests to Protestant masters. In truth he is conquered by circumstances. Rebel in heart and intellect to the English supremacy, a man of his stamp cannot subside into the routine of decent citizenship. But all this may be the best for his country. It would be more picturesque were Scotland an independent nation, but we trust the Irish province will at least be as prosperous as Scotland has become, and that in the imperial interests all these national distinctions will be forgotten.

Mr. DUFFY has lived and leaves with dignity—the last of his class and creed. Too much confounded with too Celtic confederates, he has, among the many English Liberals to whom he has become known, been better understood as a man of calm, courageous, self-reliant character, never exaggerating, always practical. In the long list of brilliant Irishmen who have battled with England, his name must ever occupy an

eminent place. At thirty he had so impressed himself on his contemporaries, that he had founded a creed in politics and a school in literature, trained a poet in DAVIS and an orator in MEAGHER, and established the journal, the *Nation*, which is European in fame, which conquered O'CONNELL, and which is identified with the modern history of the country. In the land to which he is going his eager and conscientious nature will find liberal work to do. We cannot believe that so keen and accomplished a person will think of constructing any pure Irish party: he goes as a colonist, where he will enjoy perfect freedom and find a fine career; and it is the Colony, in its magnificent progress and perfect self-government, which he will adorn and serve.

#### MARSHAL RADETZKI AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(From a Correspondent.)

BETWEEN the despots of Southern and Northern Italy there is this remarkable difference: the first, unwilling that polemical discussion should render his subjects aware that his system of government is censured through the world, annihilates the press; while the Austrian Marshal affects to challenge the free opinions of foreign papers, especially when they come from England, although the Parliament, and sometimes even the Ministers themselves, indiscreetly raise their voice and disturb the Marshal's favourite occupation of arresting, transporting, flogging, hanging, and confiscating property for imaginary or political offences. The *Gazzetta Ufficiale di Verona*, the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, the *Gazzetta Ufficiale di Milano*, the *Gazzetta Ufficiale Austriaca*, with three or four other papers which, though apparently unauthorised, are in reality the organs of the Austrian Ministers, are now uttering violent denunciations against the paltry and insignificant observations suggested by Lord John Russell. Austria fears that even those remarks, if secretly communicated to the Lombard demagogues, might raise their hopes, therefore Radetzki, making them a pretext for offering to the Italians new philosophical doctrines of his own on public international right, has, at length, condescended to honour Lord John with a reply.

The Marshal's first and favourite aphorism is, "that when the sword has decided, there can be no further question about right, therefore no appeal can be offered in favour of the Italians, who must henceforth be ruled by violence." The second is, that "foreign statesmen and governments have no right to interfere with the internal administration of other states," although the Marshal's excursions into the Ticino and the Papal States are practically rather at variance with his theory. The third, that "statesmen who have proved they are not wise enough to rule their own country should not criticise foreign governments," must, after Lord John's exertions in favour of Austrian policy, be regarded as shocking ingratitude. While the fourth, that "parliamentary forms are a failure, as the experience of England shows, and that idle and unbridled speech creates confusion and embarrassment, therefore the best form of government is that which makes the many obey and one rule," is an opinion in which our ally beyond the Channel will perfectly agree. The fifth paragraph asserts that Lord John has exaggerated all that relates to Italy, whether north or south. We have, however, quoted sufficient for our purpose, and shall, therefore, leave the remaining arguments for the Marshal to manage as he best can.

The epitome we have given of Radetzki's straightforward political wisdom, which resolves itself into action, is a positive antithesis to the coquetting liberalism of Lord John and Lord Palmerston, which evaporates in words. In fact, after ministerial and ex-ministerial speeches have been circulated in Italy, new barracks have been prepared, new regiments of spies have been trained, new garrisons have been quartered on private citizens and on the municipalities, and (as though to abstract public attention from political misery by private sorrows and mourning) every measure to prevent the fearful ravages of the cholera has been either purposely neglected or strictly forbidden. That a man almost ninety



years of age, should thus grasp at power which he cannot long retain, and for this should commit atrocities and advise Ministers to uphold martial law, is one of those anomalies of which frail human nature has not offered many examples. The fact is, the Marshal cannot forgive the people who, in the streets of Milan, with no other weapons but knives and stones, for five days forced his soldiers to retreat before them, disgraced and defeated. Is it not strange that the very Ministers who at Vienna affect a wish to conciliate the people of Lombardy by permitting the municipal and central congregations to meet, as in 1815, when Austria, dreading the effects of Napoleon's return from Elba, first instituted them, should still keep Radetzki in Lombardy? He cancels the provisions of M. Bach, M. Bruck, and Count Buol with an obstinacy that reminds us of Ali Pacha of Janina's self-will. Even the sequestration of the estates of the Lombard refugees, which, to avoid an old cause for discontent in the presence of new ones with the Western Powers, the Austrian Ministry was disposed to relax, was resolutely opposed by the Lieutenant till the 7th of August, when he sent a notification that he consented to restore thirty-one estates, which were found to be of little or no value. It is thus that a spirit of vengeance, the master-passion of the ferocious old man, rules the wrecked and impoverished Lombards and Venetians, and dictates the arrogant doctrines of the Marshal.

It is a sorrowful task for us to register the desolation which Radetzki's maxims, applied to the art of government, necessarily imply; still we must denounce them. Then will the English people better understand the right Italians have (the only one now left to them) to become conspirators and revolutionists.

#### GENERAL PEPE.

(From a Correspondent.)

ONE of the noblest men in the contemporary history of Modern Italy, the General Guglielmo Pepe, died at Turin, at the age of seventy-two. His loss will be severely felt in England by the many friends who remember him in the circles of Lord Holland, the Duke of Sussex, Sir Robert Wilson, Lord William Fitzgerald, and other noted men.

The military career of the illustrious Neapolitan, although it failed in its object, affords an example of courage, perseverance, and stability of opinion, which exile and danger never weakened, nor disappointment ever changed. From the day when, at the age of seventeen, he inscribed his name on the roll of the *sala patriottica* in Naples, which bore the solemn title of "Oath of freedom or of death," to the end of his long and painful career, he was faithful to his oath. In 1799, within a few months after having given that solemn promise, he was twice wounded, he was imprisoned, and was driven into exile.

In our limited space it would be impossible to sketch his eventful life for upwards of half a century; the deeds with which his name is connected fill three octavo volumes of his *Memoirs*, and are well known in England, as they were originally published in our language. There we find the fortunes of the national cause of Italy mingled with his own active patriotism. In those volumes, and in the history he published after the fall of Venice, the passage of St. Bernard with the Italian legion; the battle of Marengo; the siege of La Mantea; the battle of Miletto; King Joseph; General Masséna, General Regnier, General Luchet; Joachim Murat; the combat of Reggio; the battles of Panaro, Occhiobello, Carpi, Bologna, and Macerata; Jerome Bonaparte; the Carbonaria; the revolution of Naples in 1821; the unfortunate combat of Rieti; the revolution of Spain; and the last unsuccessful, but not inglorious struggle of Italy in 1848-49, pass rapidly before our eyes. General Pepe's name is identified with all the agitations of Italian independence. His constant aspiration was to destroy municipalism, and make Italy one strong undivided nation. He cared not whether Italy were a constitutional kingdom or a republic, but was ready to seize any opportunity that would secure her liberty. Although Joachim Murat had bestowed wealth and honours upon him at court, Pepe entered into a conspiracy with the other Neapolitan Generals. When the King asked him if this was true, he replied: "I conspire against your Majesty because you are against the liberty of my country. If your Majesty were to grant

the constitution, we would pray for you, would consolidate your throne for ever; you would be adored by the Neapolitans." The advice was not followed, and the King fell unregretted.

General Pepe's conduct fully merited the words addressed to him by General Foy, after the catastrophe of 1821, "*Vous avez été malheureux, mais vous êtes resté sans reproche*." But it will be pleasing to the friends of Italy to observe that his career began by opposing the hordes of Cardinal Ruffo, and the brigands on the mountains of Calabria, his own countrymen; and it was chiefly due to his own efforts that, ere the close of his life, the descendants of those very brigands, having become honest patriots, enrolled themselves under distinguished officers to fight against the common foe.

We need not speak of the private virtues of the man, they are written on the hearts of his friends, and need no publicity. May those Italian officers who have shared with Pepe his last exile follow his noble example; may they use the same self-denial, perseverance, and honesty by which, for nearly sixty years, his military and political life were distinguished; and may they achieve that great work which he failed to accomplish!

### 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.

#### ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—We would thank "An Italian" for his answers to our questions—"Will the Italians accept nothing short of a Republic?" "Do all liberals hold the views for which M. Mazzini's name stands?" We believe that there are a great number of "reasonable Italians" who share your correspondent's opinions on these points. He then speaks of the monarchy of Savoy as "the only state in Italy where a king has kept his word," as "the only asylum of free thought." We join heartily in his appreciation of Piedmont. Revolutionists would do well, before trying to dis-affect one Piedmontese subject towards his Government, to mark what Piedmont has achieved towards the overthrow of the two avowed obstacles to Italian nationality—what she has done to chase the Austrian from the country, what she is doing to restrain and diminish Papal influence within it. The scoffers at the idea of an "Italy for the Italians," who tell us that they cannot govern and cannot be governed by themselves, will do well to look at Piedmont, and see what Italian institutions are doing to promote the mental and moral progress of the people, and to advance the physical and economical condition of the state. All honour to Piedmont as the bulwark of Italian liberty!

But, mistaking the object of our questions, "An Italian" indignantly asks if they are to make their *profession de foi* to European diplomats or to English officials? We deprecate too much the habit of seeking aid whence no aid can come to recommend any such fallacy. We are sensible that England has forfeited her right to the confidence of oppressed nations, through the selfishness and cowardice of her foreign policy. Only inasmuch as the English press may influence Italian affairs, do we ask for information for it respecting them. It was to Italians that we said, "Know what your creed is, and see who among you subscribe to it."

We hold the European system, and England's share therein, in as much abhorrence as any can do; but we have too much faith in Italy's future to invest it with the supreme power which "An Italian" does, when he asserts that this system prevented the Italians from attaining their full rights in 1848. The European system had nothing to do with the failure of the Italian movement, and those who wilfully ignore the real causes of that failure are doing their best to insure its repetition.

Most assuredly that revolution was called for by the "national will," and was of no sectarian origin. The Papal States called for civil equality, and all the Italian States, with one voice, clamoured for the extirpation of foreign rule. This is a desire deeper and diviner in the human heart than any that a mere sect could implant. It is Nature's prompting, who, every time a little silence is made for her to speak in, will speak in Italy for national independence. In what the nation willed in those years the sovereigns were compelled, willing or unwilling, to acquiesce. What a Pius IX. and a Charles Albert gave to the Papal States and to Piedmont, Naples, Tuscany, and Lucca wrung from a Ferdinand, a Leopold, and a Bourbon.

In February, 1848, the Italian States obtained their constitutions, and in the following month the "mild" government of Austria had by its "paternal" acts brought about its own destruction. During the five days that succeeded the 18th of March the Milanese, unarmed, drove out 15,000 Austrian troops from their capital. On the 22nd, the Venetians expelled the Austrians from Venice, retaining hostages till the terms of capitulation should be fulfilled. From Pavia, Cremona, Como, Brescia, and eight other cities the Austrian garrisons had either been driven out or had joined the inhabitants. Of all the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom secured to the Austrians by the infamous treaty of Vienna, every city, with the exception of Verona, Legnano, Mantua, and Peschiera had been won back to Italy by the Italians.

"Guerra ai Tedeschi" was the nation's cry, and now behold all the Piedmontese troops—the regular troops and the civic guard from Rome, 15,000 Neapolitans, 7000 Tuscans, and volunteers from every Italian State coming with weapons in their hands, and enthusiasm in their hearts, to combat in the holy war. Did the times of the Crusaders ever furnish us with such a sublime spectacle as this battle host of Italy's sons palpitating with their common love of fatherland, ambitious but to be worthy of the name of Italians in winning back their birthright from the stranger? Glorious, indeed, was that gathering, never to be effaced from men's memories even by the bitter, galling, scarce credible reverse of the picture to which we must so hastily turn.

On the 6th of August, 1848, Venice and Osopo alone remained to Italy of all that she had regained but six months before. What were the causes of this reverse? Were Italy a corpse, as some would have us believe, we would not broach these questions over her grave; but we know that she has only swooned, and the blood must flow from her veins that it may cease to stagnate at her heart.

Italians had scattered the Vienna parchment to the four winds of heaven; English diplomats were struck dumb by the sudden wonder that fell on them. Whatever may have been the ultimate views of the French Republic, they had no influence at the moment. A Pius, a Ferdinand, a Leopold, were ciphers before the national will. Therefore, neither to the European system nor to any one name can the failure of the Italians be attributed. The fault was their own, and theirs only.

Disunion, distrust, and disaffection springing up among them before they had locked their country's gates behind the Austrian, these were the causes of Italy's failure. Disunion of the rulers, the leaders, the generals, among themselves; distrust in the ruled of their rulers, in the parties of their leaders, in the troops of their generals. Disaffection of the Piedmontese, the Lombards, the Tuscans, the Romans, and the Neapolitans to each other,—all these things combined rendered the operations of the leaders slow and unsystematic, paralysed the troops, and rendered their individual bravery abortive. While Charles Albert and Pius were disputing what should be the nature of the proposed Italian league, and where it should be formed—while each state was celebrating its mimic triumph, forgetful of the yet ungotten victory of the whole—while constitutionalists and republicans disputed whether Lombardy should be annexed to Piedmont, or should remain without a government till all could agree as to its form,—the wily Austrian, who unites to a fair share of brute courage both perseverance and discipline, stepped in among the divided hosts, and piecemeal won back his prey.

Space forbids our pointing out how, by her own internal union, Venice escaped the general wreck, nor can we continue to trace the events that succeeded the termination of the first campaign—how, when the Italians no longer held together, with what a wistful eye the European powers then regarded her divided states—but we put it to any Italian who took part in the affairs of '48 whether we have not traced their failure to its origin?

And, disastrous as this solution may seem, it is yet fraught with more hope for Italy's future than any other. What the European system and English diplomacy has been, that they are likely to remain, as the corner-stone of the former is injustice, and of the latter, interest. So, if the Italians count on the aid of either in their struggle for national independence, or admit that either possesses the power to frustrate it, theirs is a forlorn hope; whereas, if they allow that their past failure lay in their own disunion, it remains with them to unite and to succeed. Let them cease to look for help or hindrance from any but themselves; for only from within the nation, as from within the individual, can strength for action come.

We return to our original position, and, without clamouring for paper constitutions, we yet maintain that the Italians must decide what government or governments they will accept in the place of foreign rule. To the difficulties involved in this decision, the mere overthrow of tyranny, gigantic as the undertaking may seem, is a light task. Naples seems

bent on forcing her subjects to rebellion, and Austria appears better able to recommend prudence to other governments than to exercise it in her own. Are the Italians prepared or preparing to use the advantage which they will without doubt gain, or will they again lose the first precious moments of the foe's retreat in broaching such a set of idle theories as shall give him time to return before any be agreed upon?

Let Italians make the Peninsula their own; let it be formed into what government or governments they please, so that they be but Italian, and are bound together by one common league; let those governments educate the people and improve their physical condition by wise economical laws and administration; let the Italian army be such as Italian soldiers can form, and the navy be such a one as Italy's geographical position warrants, and then let us see what opposition Europe will offer to the "just rights" of Italians, and, if offered, what it shall be capable of effecting against them.

This is not mere paper-staining. National independence and prosperity for Italy may be slowly and certainly achieved if the one desideratum, unity, be not wanting.

The question of an Anglo-Italian legion has too many sides to be touched on slightly, but we think, if "An Italian" can overlook the apparent incongruity of a nation fighting the battles of other nations while their own remains unfought, he may yet find advantages in Italians being instructed and practised in the use of arms when it shall be time to wield them in their own defence.

Let not "An Italian" misconstrue our differing with him on the one point of Italy's failure into any desire to palliate the conduct either of Europe or England. We feel Italian unity so all important to be obtained, and so omnipotent if obtained, that we must risk censure that we may be open to in having tried to show how deficient it has been in the past. That if not we, our children and our children's children shall witness the union of Italians as a nation, and behold them prosperous in their national independence as the result of that union, is the faith of

A BELIEVER IN ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

#### MISS NIGHTINGALE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I see by this week's *Leader* that subscriptions are being raised to enable Miss Nightingale to establish an hospital on her own system of *unpaid nursing*.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to make remarks on a statement which does not emanate from Miss Nightingale herself; perhaps her friend Mrs. Herbert may not have intended to indicate the plan in its details; yet while the subject is fresh in the minds of all readers of newspapers, I would wish to say a few words. We have in England no vast influence at once exciting and controlling like that of the Catholic Church—none of the materials for creating an order of unpaid Sisters of Charity from the higher classes—for this is what an unpaid system implies. Undoubtedly there are characters of a peculiarly noble and devoted stamp—such characters as that of Florence Nightingale herself, who can carry out such a career with unabating energy—but among independent women, tempted as they are by all the employments and amusements of their rank, can she reckon on finding lifelong coadjutors?

Besides which, such a system would leave unaided one of the great movements of the age—a movement which it might so easily include—that of the endeavour to find fresh modes of securing a livelihood to the female sex. There are so many women energetic, kind, patient, capable of perceiving the moral beauty of such work as Miss Nightingale's, to whom money is, however, a necessity, both for themselves and for those near and dear to them.

Where is the moral dishonour of working, even in a noble cause, for money? Man shall live by the sweat of his brow; and whatever the social creed, it is but too plain, and often too sad a fact, that woman must too. The barrister pleading for life, the judge administering justice, the physician healing the sick, the clergyman labouring for souls,—all these work for use, for benevolence, for religion, but also for money; and is not the labourer worthy of his hire? Apart from some extraordinary religious sanction, such as the Protestant religion cannot supply, no cause succeeds, no movement penetrates vitally in the heart of society which is not interwoven with the laws of that society. The same reasons which render the exertions of private companies and contractors so infinitely more efficient than those of government functionaries, give a double weight to those efforts of moral enthusiasm which are based on what I may term the political economy of the case. Schools are never truly satisfactory till they are self-supporting; what people pay for they value and use to the uttermost, and for what they value they are willing to pay. I am quite aware that it will be said that the poor need nurses; but surely these nurses

might be instructed and paid on the same principle as the functionaries of all other benevolent institutions; but the rich and the middle class also need nurses, need them wotully, and would gladly secure intelligent service by payment.

Those who will devote themselves to this work for the love of Christ and the human race, may still do so unpaid; when we find them, we will honour them as we do her whom a whole nation honours; but to let this great opportunity pass without some effort to extend the sphere of paid occupations for those many women, earnest and good, to whom it is a matter of daily bread, would indeed be to throw away a chance of organising one of those wisely-planned schemes which strike deep into the social life of a people, and fructify a hundred-fold, not in one, but many directions.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
A SUBSCRIBER—B2.

Carisbrook, August 29th, 1855.

#### ARCHDEACON DENISON.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

DEAR SIR,—I should be obliged if you would publish the enclosed letter.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH WOLFF.

Isle-Brewers Vicarage, August 27, 1855.

To all my dear friends who addressed to me letters of remonstrance for having given evidence in favour of the Venerable Archdeacon of Taunton, the Rev. George A. Denison:

My dear friends, for thus I consider you, though we are totally at variance on this subject. You find fault with me, and therefore I shall at once lay before you, with the utmost candour, the sentiments and conviction of my heart and mind, and the motives by which I am actuated! About ten years ago I myself fell into the mistake of protesting against the appointment of a gentleman to a highly responsible office on some foreign station. Now, though I could not retract at my dying hour one single iota of the observations I made at that time, I nevertheless expressed my deep regret for the step I had taken, for I felt that it savoured of a spirit of persecution. I therefore not only communicated frankly my sincere sorrow to my friend the Rev. Doctor McNeile, of Liverpool, and also the Earl of Shaftesbury and others, but took good care ever since not to appear again as an accuser, and stood aloof in the cases of Dr. Hampden and the Rev. Cornelius Gorham; and only a few months ago, when I was excited with indignation at the Popish practice prevailing, not in a society composed of members of the High Church or Tractarian party, but in a society composed of members of the so-called *Low Church or Evangelical party*, I was about to protest openly against that Popish practice; but on reconsideration of the whole matter, I wrote to a friend that I would not give trouble to my old friends, and I desisted from my purpose.

But it is another thing to be a persecutor, and another thing to stand up as the friend, DEFENDER, and ADVOCATE of a godly, pious, philanthropic, zealous, devoted servant of Christ, and conscientious pastor of his flock, as I consider my most excellent friend the Archdeacon Denison to be, and, moreover, an attentive reader of the *Sacred Scripture*. I was present, I say—I was his guest—when he was studying the subject of the *Real Presence*, and let me only state a dialogue which took place between him and me on that most important subject.

I said to him: "Denison, let us examine the sentiments of the Fathers on this point!" Denison, in his usual manner, swung his arms about, and replied: "No, I have nothing to do either with the Fathers or tradition; I shall stick to the Scripture!" And to the Scripture he only adhered; and the result of his investigation was, that the *packed commission at Clevedon*, though they had perfectly made up their mind before they congregated to crush that excellent man, were forced to admit that his sentiments were not Romish! What are they, therefore, I ask? I hear that they are condemned as *Lutheran*. Let this be granted for a moment for argument's sake. Has the Church of England not decreed that any candidate for orders in the Church of England may be ordained by the Bishop of Jerusalem by simply subscribing the *Augsburg Confession*? And was not Bishop Gobat exalted to the sky by having offered openly in the *Church of Jerusalem* his right hand of fellowship to the Lutheran minister Valentin, sent without *episcopal ordination* to superintend the Lutherans in Jerusalem? Is a doctrine to be considered orthodox at Jerusalem and heretical at East Brent?

Let me declare openly to you, that if you succeed in depriving Archdeacon Denison of his endowments, you have deprived his poor parishioners of an affectionate and benevolent shepherd. I want to know whether the Rev. Joseph Ditcher would ever give up the greater part of his parsonage for a school for the middle classes as Mr. Denison has done? Alas! there is frequently a great deal of truth in what the infidels say, "that the Protestants have at times been

the greatest persecutors." And this is also confirmed by the conduct of the Protestants towards Kepler, Hugo Grotius, and others; and I only declare to you openly, that if my friend Denison is not suffered to live in peace, I shall produce more example for strengthening the assertions of Hume, Tholuck, and Sidney Smith!

I am, my dear friends,  
Yours affectionately,  
JOSEPH WOLFF.

#### PRINCE ALBERT.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Will you oblige your French readers by stating the offices (with substantial incomes attached) which are united in the person of Prince Albert?

It will be interesting to know how far one so high in station has protested by his example against the immoralities of favouritism, pluralities, and sinecures; vices which it is now pretty evident have largely contributed to sap the foundations of England's strength.

Paris, August 25, 1855.

ENQUIRER.

#### SUNDAY TRADING ONCE MORE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—In a former number, "One of the Mob" sneers at my previous advocacy of a day's rest to the shopkeeper; but he neither denies anything advanced, nor yet palliates anything I denounced; indeed, he as completely mistakes my position as the mob do the whole question. The real question is, Shall we have one day in seven for repose or recreation, or shall we not?—it being understood, *pay all the same*. If we are to have a Sunday's rest, I beg to ask both "one of," and the whole mob, *Why* are shopkeepers to be excepted from that regulation? Is their labour so light that they need to be lengthened in their hours, and *days* also? or is it impossible that in six days the people cannot, *if they will*, supply themselves with all they require, swipes included? I will not insult the mob by saying *they* cannot; and it thus becomes a case of will. Now, if it is for convenience required of shopkeepers to labour at their calling on Sunday, pray, dear mob, do be consistent, and agree to do the same yourselves; because it would be very convenient to your masters that you should do the same; and mark, if the law did not protect you, competition and necessity would soon compel it. There is ever some Jew, or some Judas, who will be stepping over wholesome regulations, and compelling habits publicly injurious. The Factories Act both regulates the hours per day and the days per week to the labouring class, and that vastly to their advantage; and why we should be cut out of the same right or privilege of law, is to one shopkeeper a complete mystery. Of course, I may shut up my shop if I choose, but if my neighbour does not, I lose what he gains; but if all are *compelled*, none lose, for all have the same chance of time. But it is useless to argue for a day of rest, for none deny its advantages, both personal and social; what I contend for, is the enforcement *by law*, in order that all may enjoy it. Of course, the "all" is bound by sheer necessity; and I have again to affirm there is no necessity in the metropolis for Sunday trading, in either food or clothing. It is argued, "wages are paid too late." Let that be altered then; and the best way of arriving at it is by a strict enforcement of "no Sunday trading," and by an earlier closing on Saturday nights. One of the surest signs of social improvement is a fitting of means to the end for social well-being; the retailers, as a class, are far too long employed already, and to add Sunday to their already too long six days' hours is too bad, even for the mob.

It appears, however, the mob have no wish to injure the shopkeeper; but that their rest-day being advocated by a Lord is the whole cause of the objection to the Bill. A noble reason, truly, especially by that mob, who are so prone to rush after aristocratic sights. Have the mob become democratic all at once? *Perhaps* we may hear something of the Charter by-and-by, if we progress so favourably.

JOHN HOLMES, Shopkeeper.

RHINOCEROSSES IN SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the annual meeting of the Somerset Archaeological Association, which extended over three days, it was stated that the remains of a rhinoceros and other extinct animals had lately been discovered in the neighbourhood of Taunton. These remains were found embedded amongst northern trees, indicating that the climate in which they lived must have been much the same as it is now in England.

THE GOVERNMENT A BAD PAYMASTER.—Another poor woman, the wife of a man in the Land Transport Corps, has applied to a magistrate, to complain that she has been unable to get the money which her husband has authorised her to receive out of his pay. It was stopped after the first two months; and applications at the War Office and at the office of the Land Transport Corps have failed to bring any redress. These cases have become very frequent of late.



# 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*.

WE are a great nation, there is no one disputes the fact; but there are some things which we do not understand, and which it seems impossible for us to learn even with abundant examples before our eyes: we do not understand how to produce a public building, how to conduct a war, or how to recognise and properly employ a man of genius. Great men we have had in abundance; these great men have, for the most part, received their meed of applause and honour—when dead; but how to fitly honour and employ their genius has been a problem above our powers. It is not that we are stupid, insensible to merit, or niggard with purse and praise; but we don't know how to set about even the simplest plan of securing men of great faculties such opportunities for the development of their powers as shall best suit them and best reward us. Let a man of ability fall into distress, and at once a liberal "subscription" is made; but the begging-box must go round before our sympathies are moved; we are never prospective in charity.

It is clear as daylight that the higher departments of Science and Literature are necessary to our social advancement, but are incapable of themselves securing remuneration, from a public which pays only for what it immediately uses and in proportion to its use. That the *Principia* is of quite infinite value to the world, compared with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for example, is a proposition which even Mrs. Stowe would heartily accept. But if the author of the *Principia* is to be paid by the number of copies sold, and if his existence and the existence of his family happen to depend on the produce of the sale, this infinite value becomes almost infinitesimal. How are we to rectify this? If all philosophers were rich, or only the rich were gifted with philosophical faculty (neither of which hypothetical cases have much support from fact), the matter would be simple enough. But as it is, England says to the philosopher: Get rich—or starve! The philosophers, for the most part, try the former alternative; and when they succeed, it is at the expense of philosophy.

We are led to touch upon this subject by observing that Mr. HEYWOOD has given notice of his intention to move next session for a Select Committee to inquire "What public measures can be adopted to advance science and improve the position of its cultivators." Surely a very momentous inquiry! It must embrace Literature as well as Science—for the cause of the two is one. But to confine ourselves for the present to cultivators of science, let us glance at the inevitable loss of power which our present indifference entails. If John Bull boldly said science is of no use—let it take care of itself, his present system, or no system, would be perfectly wise. But he admits the importance of science—and still leaves it to shift for itself!

A single illustration will best enforce our argument. In England a distinguished surgeon or physician finds no great difficulty in making an income of three to five thousand a year, by *practice*; but if this same man happen to be gifted (or cursed) with that order of mind which fits him and impels him to be a distinguished investigator of Science, he will be fortunate indeed if his labours secure him an income of three to five hundred a year, and that precarious. It was but the other day that the friends of a distinguished comparative anatomist, Professor GRANT, had to appeal to the sympathies of the public to compensate in some measure for the want of that reward which in Italy, Germany, and France would have been tenfold; and at the last meeting of the *Society of Arts*, in reference to the very question we are mooting, the greatest comparative anatomist England has ever had—RICHARD OWEN—had thus to state his own case:—

And finally, in reference to the topic touched upon by the noble chairman, viz., the social position, national relations, recognition, and rewards of scientific merit in this country. What these were of old—how they were once viewed—we see in the provisions made in mediæval times for the due dignity and independence of such master-minds as might achieve the higher posts at our Universities—such positions, for example, as the Deanery of Christchurch, Oxford, the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, which the wisdom of our ancestors established for those men who won renown in the sciences, which alone were recognised in the time of the foundation of those and the like independent and dignified offices. The human intellect has since extended its conquests over a wider range and different fields; more congenial, perhaps, to its true aims and powers than the scholastic, logical, and theological studies which represented science before Galileo and Bacon. Has England continued to cherish and foster in the same spirit the new and fruitful Natural Sciences, as she honoured herself and manifested her wisdom by doing, in relation to the older forms of human knowledge? What, for instance, at the present period of her unexampled wealth, due mainly to the application of the abstract discoveries of science—what is the national relation of her Faraday? What is my own? Are we labouring, lecturing, in national institutions in fixed positions, absolutely exempt from the annoyance of individual interference or caprice, in the peace-giving certitude of the continuance of hardly-earned emoluments, with the cheering conviction of a suitable retiring provision when the wearied brain begins to fail in its wonted and expected efforts? As working men, in our line, with bread to earn by the work we do, England owns us not; she ignores us in the sense in which she recognised and provided for her mediæval teachers. We are merely the servants of particular chartered bodies. As a comparative anatomist, indeed, I deem myself fortunate among my fellow-workers in the place I hold, but it needs only that a majority of the Council of the College of Surgeons should so will and vote it, and after nigh thirty years' service I must begin the world afresh. My masters are irresponsible, or only remotely responsible, to public opinion. Hitherto England has devised no other or better position for the man whom she may delight to honour by calling "her

Cuvier," than the curatorship of a museum belonging to one section of the Medical Profession. In my own case, indeed, the Council of the Surgeons' College have done me the honour to re-elect me annually, for some years past, to a professorship not previously held by the curator of their museum. But this position has none of that fixedness and independence which my brother professors of the same science on the Continent enjoy. Great is the pleasure with which I can state, that the short-comings of our national arrangements for analogous cases have been well understood by the most illustrious personages and individuals of the State, who have generously endeavoured to remedy and compensate for them. The noble lord at the head of foreign affairs, in the most handsome terms, gave my son a clerkship in his office. Sir Robert Peel, in assigning to me, a short time before his lamented death, a pension of 200*l.* a year, well appreciated the acceptability of such a provision in the exemption from anxiety flowing therefrom. I shall never cease to gratefully cherish the memory of the wise and benevolent statesman, who created for me the satisfaction of feeling that, whatever might possibly cause a termination of my present appointments, I do not thereby fall into utter destitution. Her Most Gracious Majesty, measuring my humble merits by the standard of her own greatness of mind, was pleased to offer me, as a residence, the mansion of the late King of Hanover, at Kew. On my respectfully representing to her illustrious consort, your gifted and philosophic president, the disproportion of my means to the fruition of that royal gift, he was pleased to suggest the assignment to my use of a beautiful cottage, in which the most healthful and delightful hours of my life have been spent, and which daily renews a grateful sense of the happiness and privilege we enjoy in the benign reign of Victoria.

This is how England treats her greatest man in one department. Had OWEN taken orders, and edited Greek plays, what would his position have been? Had he eaten dinners in Lincoln's Inn, and applied his marvellous faculties to Law, what would his income and title have been? Would he even but keep within his own profession, and not

To Molluscs give up what was meant for Mankind—that is to say, had he cared less about the laws of organisation, and more about Lady B.'s "nerves" and Viscount C.'s liver, what would his income have been? Unwise Professor!

Travellers write upon Timbuctoo, but disdain the Netherlands. The manners and customs of Peru or Peking are sketched in uncountable volumes, but we do not remember any detailed account of the Dutch. Yet surely our Dutch neighbours are a specific and singular people. M. ESQUIROS, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, gives us a very pleasant sketch of them, which, in default of better, may be read with interest. He is, it is true, a Frenchman, and Frenchmen are the liveliest, but not the most trustworthy pencilers of national peculiarities. The Gaul is, of course, perplexed by the placidity of the Hollander. He cannot understand the want of vivacity, and the insensibility to ennui which the Hollander manifests. Above all, he is amazed at Dutch cleanliness. "In Belgium," he says, "for some years past they have established Prizes for cleanliness; in Holland, people are clean without knowing it, *et sans qu'aucun Monthyon s'en mêle*." The days of *schoonmaking* (cleaning days) are Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; on these days the houses are *en grande toilette*. The mop is in possession of the street. Red-armed domestics swarm into the streets, and you see them dashing their pails of water against the walls with a sort of exaltation astounding in a race usually so phlegmatic, and (to use the phrase of picturesque amazement extorted from M. ESQUIROS) they "look like the Bacchantes of cleanliness." "En Hollande on brosse le mur comme ailleurs on brosse son habit. La façade et l'intérieur des maisons, tout est lavé, frotté, écuré avec un soin impitoyable."

## HEINE'S POEMS.

*Pictures of Travel.* Translated from the German of Henry Heine. By Charles G. Trübner and Co. Leland.

NATURE one day resolved to make a witty German. But as this supreme paradox was not to be achieved all at once, it happened that in the ardour of a great purpose she mistook Hebrew blood for German, and while she was busy adding the wit, allowed the best moral qualities of the German to slip out of her hands. So, instead of the witty Teuton she intended, she would have produced merely a Voltairian Jew speaking the German language, if she had not, perceiving her mistake before it was too late, superadded, as some compensation for the want of *morale*, a passionate heart blending its emotions with the most delicate and imaginative sensibility to the beauties of earth and sky, and a supreme lyrical genius, which could weave the wit, and the passion, and the imagination into songs light and lovely as the rainbows on the spray of the summer torrent.

Thus it came to pass that we have that wonderful human compound Heinrich Heine, a writer who is master of a German prose as light and subtle and needle-pointed as Voltaire's French, and of a poetical style as crystalline, as graceful, and as musical as that of Goethe's best lyrics; but a writer who is destitute of the distinct moral conviction which often inspired Voltaire, and still more utterly destitute of the profound wisdom and the depth of love and reverence which roll like a deep river under the sparkling, dimpling surface of Goethe's song. Indeed, we know nothing more likely to impress a reader with the grander elements of Goethe's mind than a comparison of his lyrics with Heine's, for the very reason that Heine quite equals Goethe in all the charms of mere song, and has one quality mingling itself with his lyrical power which Goethe had not—namely, wit; or rather, to express it more specifically, French *esprit*. For, alien as this quality might seem to the passionate love-songs and thrilling legendary pictures, such as form the majority of Heine's poems, it is, nevertheless, almost everywhere present, giving your rising tears the accompaniment of a laugh, and, before you have lost the cold shudder at his spectral visions, appealing irresistibly to your sense of fun. We cannot agree with his very clever American translator that *Humour* is Heine's grand characteristic. He certainly has humour—perhaps even enough to set up an inferior genius as a humourist—but we think it will be found that his greatest effects in prose, and most of

the contrasts that startle us in his poetry, arise from a Mephistophelean wit, a *verneinender Geist*, rather than from humour which affirms all that is genuinely human instead of denying it, and is, in fact, an exuberant sympathy acting in company with a sense of the ludicrous, while wit is the critical intellect acting in company with that same sense. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there are many passages of Sterne-like humour in Heine, and herein he is least akin to the French, and most nearly allied to the broader and deeper German nature, which atones for the want of *esprit* by something which *esprit* will never supersede—loving earnestness.

But it is time to turn from such rambling remarks to the object that suggested them—namely, the translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*, by a very gifted American. Of Heine, more even than the majority of poets, we must say that he is untranslatablely felicitous. Many of his lyrics are mere gossamer webs—touch them, try to transfer them, and all their qualities disappear. Hence, when we praise Mr. Leland's translation—and we do so very sincerely—we must not be understood to mean that it will give the English reader a true conception of Heine's genius. Mr. Leland has that grand requisite of a translator, rigorous faithfulness; he has also poetical sensibility, command of language, and an evidently acute perception of wit; in short, he spoils Heine's poems perhaps as little as it is possible to spoil them in a translation. This may not seem to be high praise, but we firmly believe it is the very highest praise that can ever be given to a translation of Heine's poems, and we recommend the reader who is hopeless of knowing these poems in the original to make his acquaintance with them through Mr. Leland's version. He, of course, succeeds best in the poems which are legendary and ballad-like rather than purely lyrical. We give one of these, which has again and again made the blood creep in our veins as we have read it:—

The pale half-moon is floating  
Like a boat 'mid cloudy waves,  
Lone lies the pastor's cottage  
Amid the silent graves.

The mother reads in the Bible,  
The son seems weary and weak;  
The eldest daughter is drowsy,  
While the youngest begins to speak.

"Ah me!—how every minute  
Rolls by so drearily;  
Only when some one is buried,  
Have we anything here to see!"

The mother murmured while reading,  
"Thou'rt wrong—they've brought but four  
Since thy poor father was buried  
Out there by the churchyard door."

The eldest daughter says, gaping,  
"No more will I hunger by you;  
I'll go to the Baron, to-morrow,  
He's wealthy, and fond of me too."

The son bursts out into laughter,  
"Three hunters carouse in the Sun;  
They all can make gold, and gladly  
Will show me how it is done."

The mother holds the Bible  
To his pale face in grief;  
"And wilt thou—wicked fellow—  
Become a highway thief?"

A rapping is heard on the window,  
There trembles a warning hand;  
Without, in his black, church garments,  
They see their dead father stand.

The following is a very happy specimen of translation; it is easy and musical as an original:—

I know not what sorrow is o'er me,  
What spell is upon my heart;  
But a tale of old times is before me—  
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,  
And calmly flows the Rhine;  
The peaks of the hills are gleaming  
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden  
Sits high in glory there;  
Her robe with gems is laden,  
And she combeth her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,  
Still singing in harmony;  
And the song hath a mystical measure,  
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she hath bound him  
Is lost in a wild sad love;  
He sees not the black rocks around him,  
He sees but the beauty above.

Till he drowns amid mad waves ringing,  
And sinks with the fading sun;  
And that, with her magical singing,  
The witch of the Lurley hath done.

The next is more injured in the rendering, but we give it as a specimen of the most exquisite kind of pathos that Heine ever attains:—

In dreams I saw the loved one,  
A sorrowing, wearied form;  
Her beauty blanched and withered  
By many a dreary storm.

A little babe she carried,  
Another child she led,  
And poverty and trouble  
In glance and garb I read.

She trembled through the market,  
And face to face we met;  
And I calmly said, while sadly  
Her eyes on mine were set:

"Come to my house, I pray thee,  
For thou art pale and thin;  
And for thee, by my labour,  
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

"And to thy little children  
I'll be a father mild:  
But most of all thy parent,  
Thou poor unhappy child."

Nor will I ever tell thee  
That once I held thee dear;  
And if thou diest, then I  
Will weep upon thy bier.

#### REED ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson.* By Henry Reed. Late Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Pennsylvania University. (*Excelsior Library.* No. II.) J. F. Shaw.

THIS is not, as its title seems to indicate, a History of English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, but a series of lectures on English Literature arranged more according to the suggestions of the moment than according to any distinct plan. We cannot greatly commend it, even accepting it for what it is; and yet there is a charm in the subject, and a fascination in the abundant citations which brighten the pages, together with evidence of an earnest and cultivated mind on the part of the lecturer, which lure the reader to the end when once he begins. Mr. Reed was neither a thinker nor an accomplished critic; but he loved his subject, had stored his mind from choice works, and thus in some sort compensated for the absence of power and originality. Not one of these Lectures would find a place in either of our Reviews; yet the whole volume makes, as we said, a very agreeable relaxation for leisure hours.

It is often a matter of regret and surprise that there should be no History of English Literature, or at least of English Poetry. A good history would be indeed very valuable; but the causes which deprive us of such a work are not those usually alleged: the English may be a commercial, not a literary nation—may be indifferent to mere literature and the history thereof—but even granting the truth of such statements, we cannot accept them as indicating the causes of our wanting a History of English Literature; indeed the slightest acquaintance with the Publishers' Catalogue shows that Authors are by no means solely actuated by the prospect of pecuniary success; they are ready enough to write and publish works on unsaleable subjects, and ready enough (far too ready) to publish unreadable works. The want of a public then cannot be the cause. The cause must lie in the subject. And if we consider what English Literature is we shall have no difficulty in understanding why its history cannot be adequately written. The immense wealth and variety of our Literature is too much even for the most exhaustive erudition and the most catholic taste. Any one epoch is enough to engage the energies of one man. To be master of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century is an achievement few can boast; but to add thereto a thorough knowledge of the Elizabethan Age, and the Age of Chaucer, demands more than the faculty and leisure of omnivorous erudition—it demands a flexibility and comprehensiveness of taste never seen with great special erudition. To admire the Elizabethan Age, the Age of Anne, and the Nineteenth Century—that is to say, not simply to recognise the greatness of the great writers in each epoch, but thoroughly to sympathise and comprehend the spirit of each epoch, implies a catholicity of taste never yet found united with that patient, exhaustive erudition which is demanded from the historian. Generally the man well read in the Literature of the Eighteenth Century has no sympathies with the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Centuries; the black-letter men neglect Pope, have never read Thomson, and ignore Tennyson; the hearty admirer of Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele, and Johnson is tepid in his love of Drayton, Donne, or Cowley, and is intolerant of Tennyson and Carlyle. Hence it seems clear that the reason why we have no History of English Literature is simply that we cannot get the historian.

A philosophical survey of our Literature is within mortal powers, and a very interesting work might be made of it. Among the curious phenomena to be noted there would be the identification of poetic excellence with passionate love of external nature. Mr. Reed has touched this point in his seventh lecture.

In proceeding to the literature of the close of the seventeenth century, we approach a period which is marked by great change. Heretofore in the succession of literary eras there had been a continuity of influence, which had not only served to give new strength and develop new resources, but to preserve the power of the antecedent literature unimpaired. The present was never unnaturally or disloyally divorced from the past. The author in one generation found discipline for his genius in reverent and affectionate intercourse with great minds of other days. Such was their dutiful spirit of discipline, strengthening but not surrendering their own native power—the discipline so much wiser and so much more richly rewarded in the might it gains, than the self-sufficient discipline, which, trusting to the pride of originality or the influences of the day, disclaims the ministry of time-honoured wisdom. Milton was studious of Spenser, and Spenser was grateful and reverent of Chaucer; and thus, as age after age gave birth to the great poets, they were bound "each to each in natural plety." But when we come to those who followed Milton, the golden chain is broken. The next generation of the poets abandoned the hereditary allegiance which had heretofore been cherished so dutifully, transmitted so faithfully.

It was at this time that the earlier literature began to fall into neglect, displaced with all its grandeur and varied power of truth and beauty, displaced for more than a century by an inferior literature, inferior and impurer, so that for more than a hundred years many of the finest influences on the English mind were almost wholly withdrawn. Indeed, it is only within the present century that the restoration of those influences has been accomplished.

Besides their disloyalty to the great poets who had gone before, the poets of the new generation were guilty of another neglect, equally characteristic, and more fatal



perhaps to high poetic aspirations; I refer to the neglect of the poetic vision of nature, external nature, the sights and sounds of this material world, the glory of which, proclaimed in divine inspiration, is ever associated with "the consecration and the poet's dream." Who can question, without questioning the Creator's wisdom and goodness, that the things of earth and sky have their ministry on man's spiritual nature? We may not be able to measure or define it, but it is a perpetual and universal influence, and it must be for good. Most of all is it recognised by the poet, prepared as he is

"By his intense conceptions to receive,  
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he  
Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receive."—Wordsworth.

No great poet, perhaps I may say no great writer, is without the deep sense of the beauty and glory of the universe, the earth that is trod on, the heavens that are gazed at. It is an element of the poetry of the Bible. The classical poetry of antiquity shows it; it abounds, in vernal exuberance, in Chaucer; you meet with it perpetually in Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and in the prose of Bacon and Taylor. But when we come to the next generation, particularly of poets, the spiritual communion with nature was at an end. They hold not vision of sunlight or starlight, but were busy within doors with things of lamp-light or candle-light. They took not heed of mountain or seaside or the open field, and nature's music there, but city, "the town," street and house, were all in all to them:

"The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into their hearts."

If it can be shown, as it undoubtedly can, that thoughtful, genial communion with Nature is an accompaniment of all poetry of the highest order, in all ages, surely we may infer that a literary era which is deficient in this element is the era of a lower literature. Now, it has been ascertained, by careful examination, that, with two or three unimportant exceptions, "the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and Thomson's *Seasons* (a period of about sixty years) does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object—much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination."

Mr. Reed has noted the fact, but he is quite blind as to the cause. English Poetry, like German Poetry, is great only under the inspiration of nature; granted. There must be some deep-seated cause of this, and the question first presenting itself to the philosophic mind is—Does the cause lie in Poetry as Poetry, or in the National Character and Education? Mr. Reed at once jumps to the conclusion that the cause lies in the nature of Poetry, and boldly asserts "that it can undoubtedly be shown" by the evidence of "all poetry of the highest order in all ages." The assertion, however, is directly contradicted by facts. The Greek Tragedians surely belong to the highest order of poets, but in them there is no trace of that "thoughtful communion with nature" which characterises the Teutonic poets. Lucretius and Catullus, Virgil and Ovid, were very considerable poets, but they would have been utterly at a loss to understand the modern feeling for Nature. Corneille and Racine are put out of court, because it is the fashion in England to deny them the title of great poets—principally on the very ground of their not having that sentiment for nature which our poets express. Enough has been indicated, however, to show that the cause we are seeking cannot lie in Poetry as such, for no one will be bold enough to deny the claim of Sophocles to the rank of a poet of the highest order. Having thus narrowed the question to a question of National Tendency, our philosophical inquirer would then find that the question thus narrowed was still a very wide one—so wide that one must not open it in these columns; content if some ingenious reader be set upon the track to find the clue for himself.

#### THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

*The History of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By J. S. C. Abbott.

Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

"THE history of Napoleon has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon because he abhorred war, and did everything in his power to avert that dire calamity; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and all hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind; because he had a high sense of honour, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man." Such is Mr. Abbott's exordium to the most inflated and indiscriminating panegyric that has ever damaged the reputation of the great Napoleon. It must be admitted, however, that the maps and engravings which illustrate these two teeming volumes are excellent of their kind, and some of the latter possess true artistic merit. The numerous anecdotes, also, with which every page is enlivened, if not always very authentic, are at least amusing and pointed. But the work possesses one great and unpardonable defect. The author is ever indulging in spasmodic attempts at fine writing, but, while aiming at the sublime, achieves only the ridiculous. So many are the instances of this meretriciously ornate style, that it is difficult to select the most salient: a few, however, will suffice. This is the description of the taking of Toulon, which we would respectfully recommend to the serious attention of "our special correspondents" in the Crimea, while awaiting the fall of Sebastopol:—

Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers, had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony arose even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One cannot contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted for ever. . . . Cannon-

balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals, were all now in flames.

It is no easy task to "cap" this terrific melodramatic scene, worthy of the Surrey Gardens, unless we turn to the bombardment of Copenhagen:—

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shot and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing nor from the cradle of infancy. . . . A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets burst upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. . . . There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars; bursting with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings.

Here is a picture in the mawkishly domestic style of sentimentalism:—

Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second-born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled, in protecting arms, the nursing babe, as it fondled a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped sceptres and upthrew thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips to lisp "papa"—"mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell like trumpet-tones upon the world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavour with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterward strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snows of Russia, and tottered, in the infirmities of sickness and death, on the misty, barren, storm-swept crags of St. Helena. She instilled . . .

Ohe! *jam satis est.* And yet we cannot resist the temptation of describing the fight on Mount Tarwis in Mr. Abbott's own grandiloquent style:—

Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies as, with fiendlike ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snowdrifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glaciers, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

Mr. Abbott can also moralise, but always in the same sesquipedalian strain:—

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also revolting hideousness and demoniac woe. The young, the noble, the sanguine were writhing there in agony. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek, and transform the human face divine into an aspect upon which one cannot gaze but with horror. From the field of Marengo many a young man returned to his home so mutilated as no longer to be recognised by friends, and passed a weary life in repulsive deformity. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse, with iron hoof, tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the bloody mire by the ponderous wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of barbaric war thinks of mother and father, and sister, and home, and shrieks, and moans, and dies; his body is stripped by the vagabonds who follow the camp; his naked, mangled corpse is covered with a few shovelful of earth, and left as food for vultures and for dogs, and he is forgotten for ever—and it is called *glory*.

After this, who would not turn a deaf ear to the fife and drum—a blind eye to the dashing white sergeant? Mr. Abbott must surely be a member of the Peace Society, or perhaps he is an agent of Russia, and thus artfully labours to depress the martial ardour of our youth. It is impossible to calculate the dire consequences that may ensue should this big-sounding book find its way into our barracks—if the gallant fellows are proof against desertion, they will assuredly slumber at their posts. The very angels in heaven shudder at the fearful scenes enacted here below. The siege of Acre was peculiarly distressing to them:—

To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of a Pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

Mr. Abbott's notion, however, of the "celestial mansions" would seem to be somewhat Virgilian, for he thus notices the "unexpected meeting" of the shades of Desaix and Kleber in the Elysian fields:—

The spirits of these illustrious men, these blood-stained warriors, thus unexpectedly met in the spirit-land. There they wander now. How impenetrable the veil which shuts their destiny from our view. The soul longs for a clearer vision of that far-distant world, peopled by the innumerable host of the mighty dead. There Napoleon now dwells. Does he retain his intellectual supremacy? Do his generals gather around him with love and homage? Has his pensive spirit, &c., &c.

But enough and to spare of this stilted nonsense. We would only charitably hope that Napoleon's "pensive spirit" is not doomed to read these two volumes of unmeaning rhapsody. Mr. Abbott should learn that verbiage is not eloquence, and that the longest words in the dictionary will fail to inspire enthusiasm if they do not well out of the abundance of the heart. Besides, his mind is sufficiently narrow and pedantic to be taken up with the Mitfordian affectation as to "fonetic autographs." We constantly meet with such impertinences as these: "traveling," "reveled," "equaled,"

"plowed," "maneuver," &c., &c. And then there are certain pet epithets and phrases which recur again and again. Throughout the first volume Napoleon is ever introduced with a "pale brow and feminine appearance;" from his "emaciated frame" issue "trumpet-toned" proclamations, bulletins, and speeches: in every battle he "hurls" his "bleeding, mangled columns" at some very obstinate enemy; and the weapons of this "bleeding, mangled soldiery" are always "dripping," while in naval combats the decks are invariably "slippery with gore." The assault at Acre began with "dripping sabres and bayonets," and was maintained with "sabres and dripping bayonets." In India, "English soldiers, with unsheathed swords, ever dripping with blood, hold in subjection provinces containing uncounted millions of inhabitants." And at Waterloo—where the English were defeated—"Blucher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met, with congratulations, in the bloody arena." It is pleasant to turn from these gloomy images to contemplate Mlle. St. Simon, "a graceful and fragile maiden," interceding for her father's life; but it is still more pleasant to lay aside the book for ever, after cutting out the engravings, and so bid a long adieu to Mr. Abbott and his "trumpet-toned" periods.

#### THE BULGARIAN, THE TURK, AND THE GERMAN.

*The Bulgarian, the Turk, and the German.* By A. A. Paton. Longman and Co.

MR. PATON allows his personal narrative to be absorbed in a pamphlet. He has few incidents to relate, and, therefore, takes a generous latitude of declamation. But, in a book with such a title, we have a right to look for some illustrations of national character, some social criticism applied to the varied population which spreads from the Rhine to the Danube, and from the Danube to the Dardanelles. Here is a subject for an observing and philosophical writer. The German people is that which now, amid the commotions of the old world, thinks most deeply, and reposes most securely on the hope of the future. The Bulgarian sees his race aspiring to an independent destiny. The Turk is on the debatable land of Europe, and has reached that point in his history when he must decay or rise renewed. And Mr. Paton sojourned among these nations, talked with their ministers and chiefs, saw the latest development of their energies, and heard them judging of the Russian war and its results, and yet he indites a volume of feeble and affected commonplace about the high policy of Lord Aberdeen, the musical compositions of Lord Westmorland, the table-gossip of the aristocracy, and other trivialities, fit only for the tittle-tattle of a private letter. This is, indeed, the way of one who has opportunities only to waste them, and who makes no other use of experience than to flatter his own self-esteem. For, if we must deal justly with Mr. Paton, we have to describe his work as a dreary amplification of self-love. Mr. Paton is the main idea. He lauds himself in every allusion to a friend, in every pompous epigram, in every harsh antithesis, in all the wanderings of his rhetoric, as he enlarges on the titles and qualities of his "worthy friends." Not that he comes to the point and sings a pæan over himself, after the heroic manner of Mr. Samuel Warren, but a number of individuals are introduced, with the dignities of Peers, Pachas, or Princes, and each of these is made, by an account of his assiduous politeness to Mr. Paton, to demonstrate how far honoured he feels by that gentleman's acquaintance. In return for so much affability, Mr. Paton takes the glorious company of statesmen and diplomatists under his protection. If there be in Europe a man who has sunk his name by incapacity, or sullied it by public crimes, or rendered it unpopular by acts of an equivocal colour, that man becomes at once the object of our author's solicitude. In the right, or in the wrong place, he speaks of him; and if he cannot defend his character, praises his conversation; or, if his obvious qualities are of a low order, ascribes to him secret merits of the very highest. The style in which he patronises Lord Westmorland must be peculiarly agreeable to that nobleman. His lordship "has not a voluble facility and precision of expression," but "as acquaintance rolls on it is easy to see that his mind goes straight to the quintessence of a question"—an ingenious mode of reminding the reader that Mr. Paton is quite on familiar terms with the British Minister at Vienna.

An American lady, a few months ago, published a delicate panegyric on the personal appearance of the Earl of Derby, and brought it to a climax by saying that he had all the elegance of an accomplished waiter. Exactly similar, though less entertaining, is Mr. Paton's style of showing off his friends. It is refreshing to read the passage in which it is recorded that he (Mr. Paton) was good natured enough at Schumla, where he was entirely beyond the range of *lorgnettes* in the Embassy box at the Grand Opera, to consort with individuals "of the democratic persuasion" and "got on pretty well with them, all things considering." After this, why not go as a missionary to the cannibal Kaffirs beyond Waterkloof? They also are savages, and it needs the suavity, the considerateness, the forbearing disposition of a man like Mr. Paton to combat their errors without provoking their ferocity.

To resume, however, with a topic suggested by Lord Westmorland's defect—that he is not voluble or precise in his expressions. We doubt whether Mr. Paton be a competent judge; at least, we refer to "precision" of language, for we are jealous of no gossip's claim to the merit of volubility. It is garrulity deprived of its humour—and is a characteristic frequently discovered by sextons, showmen, street-ranters, and the orators of itinerant quackery. With "precision" we associate truth, grace, and power, and our readers shall judge, from a specimen or two of Mr. Paton's most emphatic diction, whether he possesses the style of which he laments a want in the Earl of Westmorland. That diplomatist, a patron of the elegant arts, is not an advocate of continental liberalism, for to be such would be "to perpetrate the most screeching discord in ethnical history." We submit that this is not precise but ridiculous, and it is an example of the false, coarse, and conceited style, in which the whole volume is written. Mr. Paton has a notion, of which more presently, that the Anglo-Saxon is the only race fitted for political freedom. With a people of steady, tolerant, and phlegmatic character "a large and liberal measure of self-government is both safe and normal." To such "constitutional liberty may be conceded" (by whom?), because they have "an inherent cement." In such phrases

we perceive only an effort, absurd and distressing, to compose smart, new, curious sentences, and this is another indication of that torturing self-exaltation which forces Mr. Paton to forget the Bulgarians, the Germans, the Turks, that he may reflect upon himself and compensate for his want of observation. At Berlin, for example, Mr. Paton tells us, that he had a long conversation with Lord Bloomfield. Why is this told? That we may learn our Prussian envoy's opinions on any subject? No, but that we may be informed of Mr. Paton's conversations with Lord Bloomfield, since the report of it merely is "least said is soonest mended," a mystic sentence, interesting us to know what it was that Mr. Paton heard at Berlin!

With dislike and weariness we follow him through chapters of this obsequious self-attention, written, like the Diary of Tom Moore, in humble acknowledgment of aristocratic civility. For the book is full of contrasts. Proud of himself, our author is more proud of his friends, and contrives to reconcile a minute description of their courtesies with the body of tropes and figures, in which he exhausts his opinions on events and parties in Europe. Parallel with his lordly allusions to the high-bred, are his invectives against the low-born, who dare, unless they are Anglo-Saxon to the heart, to think themselves qualified to manage public affairs. After all his travels, Mr. Paton is an islander in prejudice. He has oppressed his intellect with certain Cockney epigrams about foreigners, and thinks that the French and German nations are only capable of existing so long as they have a single will to prescribe the order of their lives. There is this manifest absurdity in the idea: that, whereas Germany and France have not a class of citizens capable of voting rationally at elections, they are certain to produce men with all the qualities of genius, learning, and virtue, necessary for them to determine wisely the opinions, acts, and conditions of millions of the human race. Marshal St. Arnaud is Mr. Paton's ideal of a hero. The present French Emperor he considers a greater man than his uncle. Prince Metternich seems to him the incarnation of statesmanship, and he (the author himself) the representative of all philosophy. For, while he explodes in terms of gratuitous malevolence against every liberal man or section of men in Europe, Mr. Paton announces himself to be a liberal, though his liberalism is evinced by ungenerous sarcasms on the failure of every liberal movement that has recently been attempted in Christendom.

To force these views upon his reader, Mr. Paton states, gracefully enough, that they are the views of all persons who have travelled extensively, studied deeply, or reflected rationally! May we modestly doubt it? There are travellers, and not a few, who have seen more of the world than this writer, and whose knowledge and judgment are at least equal to his, who have come to opposite conclusions. As we have said, indeed, his politics are the most confined. He reasons as if there were none sober-minded, no, not one, out of the limits of the Anglo-Saxon race. This, let us say, is a home-bred, insular, contracted form of thought, astonishing in a traveller, unless that traveller, like Mr. Paton, has accustomed himself to set down half of humanity as a composition of idiots, incapables, and slaves, fit only for tutelage, and to be "pulverised into infinitesimal atoms" whenever they interfere with the action of "a set of men" assuming to control them. Such a writer should take an example from his fellow tourist, a religious lecturer who was seized at Naples, and thrown into jail, on the charge of having a revolutionary cockade in his writing-desk. The cockade turned out to be a two penny pen-wiper, of red and blue cloth, and the doctor was released.

Many of Mr. Paton's bugbears are cockades of red and blue cloth, which would alarm none but a Neapolitan policeman, or a declaimer with a taste for political foppery. There is no foppery in the statement of a public question, will Mr. Paton reply? Possibly so; but what is it to meet the Honourable Mrs. Norton at an hotel, and to call her "the salt of the earth"—"Corinne and Récamier rolled into one?" If this is not puerility, Mr. Paton is a solid writer; but if it is, his book contains so much that is similarly weak, or similarly offensive that we must pronounce it, from beginning to end, a mistake and a failure.

#### A BATCH OF BOOKS.

*The Reign of Terror; or, the Diary of a Volunteer of the Year II.* Translated from the French. By Samuel Copland. W. and F. G. Cash.

*The Rag-Bag, a Collection of Ephemera.* By N. P. Willis.

New York: Charles Scribner.

*Out-doors at Idlewild.* By N. P. Willis.

New York: Charles Scribner.

*The Story of a Nun. A Novel.* By Mrs. A. Crawford.

Thomas Cautley Newby.

*The Dwarf; or Mind and Matter.* By E. L. A. Berwick, Esq.

Thomas Cautley Newby.

An historical character, often quoted for the wisdom of his remarks, although a royal personage and a Jew, had reason to complain many centuries ago that "of the making of books there was no end." If the nuisance was sufficiently great to excite peevishness in Solomon, some indulgence is due to ourselves if we display an equal degree of petulance under a far larger amount of provocation. At the heading of this notice we have placed the titles of five new works, all of which we can honestly recommend to line trunks or wrap up cheese and bacon. But we protest against this waste of paper at a time when that useful commodity is becoming rare and expensive. Nor do we recognise any man's right to insult the understanding and occupy the scanty leisure of his neighbour by selfish exhibitions of intellectual vanity. To pass, however, from general denunciations to particular charges, we summon before the bar of public opinion the author, the translator, and the editor of the *Diary of a French Volunteer*—it is a triune production—and we demand to know how long the patience of the general reader is to be abused by the Catilines who conspire against sound and healthy light literature. The Diary is simply an attempt to string together a certain number of very common-place incidents in an egotistical style, for the glorification of the hero, a curious compound of bravery and cowardice. Whenever *Alexis* meets a stranger, which happens about every other page, the latter becomes violently prepossessed in his favour, and straightway relates the most secret particulars of his life. His only friend, however, is an Herculean soldier, a *ci-devant* friar, who walks up and down the streets o



Vienne with what he calls "a flint" under his arm, weighing about two hundred pounds, and which he employs to break open the doors of the inhospitable inhabitants. At another time this spiritual friend hugs a sans-culotte to death in "five or six seconds."

Anselme, his eyebrows contracted, his nostrils extended, and his upper lip raised, recovered from his immobility of position. By a gesture, slow, but indicative of terrible force, he clasped the body of the sans-culotte against his breast, then raising it in the air, he alled at once opened his arms, and let him fall a motionless corpse upon the ground! As for myself, it appeared to me when he gave him that fatal hug, that I heard the sound of breaking bones. I cannot express the agitation I felt. "Come my dear friend, let us set out," said Anselme to me in the most peaceable tone—"my nerves are now much better."

So much for the *Reign of Terror*. Now let us plunge into Mr. Willis's *Rag-Bag*, and extract a few of his least vulgar impertinences.

I used to know Thackeray in London. He was our correspondent (the *Home Journal*), you recollect, six or seven years ago—then in the chrysalis of his present renown. He is more likely to be personally popular, I think, than any other contemporary English author would be, on this side of the water. He is a tall man, of large frame, and features roughly cast—the expression of his face rather "no-you-don't" and Great Britain-ously, but withal very fearless and very honest. He has (or had) no symptom of the dandy about him. Above twaddle, by the lift of his genius, and not having had either prosperity or personal beauty enough, in early life, to contract any permanent illusions, he is (or was) more blunt and peremptory in address and conversation than will be expected of a fashionable author. He is satirical on the surface, genial at heart. In taking a mutton chop with him occasionally, at the "Blue Posts," in company with a publisher who was our mutual friend, I remember being struck with the degree to which the hot punch, in the silver tankard after dinner, softened his criticism of new books and brother authors. By knowing his intimates, I learned a circumstance which I will venture to record. His father was wealthy, and his family, of a patrician descent, had known only prosperous ease till adversity came to sting one of them into fame. The only remainder of the household in its ancient state, was an old and faithful serving-man, whom Thackeray, while earning his first difficult bread with his pen, continued to maintain in the old drab and gold family livery—half starving himself to do it. There was "blood and game" in this which gave a key to what he would always be true to.

Here follows an "authentic" description of a visit paid to Jenny Lind by the proprietor of the "suburban residence" she occupied at Brompton:—

The servant at the door showed his old master to the drawing-room, and the next minute "Miss Lind" came running in from the garden, with dress unhooked behind, hair not very smooth (these particulars are second hand from the first narrator), and as cordial as the oldest friend he had in the world. She seized him by his two hands, crowded him down into a large arm-chair, insisted upon knowing why he had not been to see her during the long time she had been in his house, and finally seated herself on the floor at his feet, to talk over matters. Quite overcome with this last condescension, the deep-down chivalry of the honest Englishman was aroused, and, dropping on one knee, he declared that he could not sit in a chair while she sat on the floor. At this, the unceremonious Jenny jumped up, and, taking Mr. C.'s two hands, drew him to a window-seat, and squeezed herself (for he is a very fat man) into the recess by his side—"and a very tight squeeze it was," added the old gentleman in telling the story. Here she pulled from her pocket contract and receipts, and proceeded to business, which was soon settled; and the landlord took his leave, delighted with Jenny Lind, but not quite sure that he had been in possession of his senses.

Although a Yankee of the purest water, Mr. Willis readily acknowledges the superiority of an English to an American gentleman, at least in physical appearance.

A young Englishman taking a walk, in Broadway, with the son of an American, to whom he has brought a letter, is an every-day spectacle—yet a spectacle which would, in most cases, answer for a picture of a healthy man taking a walk with an invalid. The frame of one is fully developed, his chest is broad, his step firm, his look that of a man who could enjoy anything or defend himself from any intrusion upon his rights. The other is pale, flat and narrow-chested, undersized, weak-limbed, and looks like a man who could neither eat with a healthy appetite nor hold his own with any moderate-sized man who should assail him. The average height of the wealthy young men of New York perceptibly dwindles with the number of the same family through whom the property has descended—a man who had a rich grandfather being smaller, usually, than one who had only a rich father. In England, as is well known, it is just the contrary; the better descended a man is, the more care has been taken, commonly, of his boyish health and manly exercises, and the better developed his system and figure. *English gentlemen* are taller and healthier than *English working men*. *American gentlemen* are diminutive and feeble-looking in comparison with *American mechanics and farmers*. The difference between the two countries, as to the pleasure of leaving a fortune, is easily estimated, therefore, for it is the difference between a long and healthy gratitude and a short and diseased one.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned that both the *Rag-Bag* and the *Out-doors at Idlewild* are merely reproductions of articles and letters contributed to the *Home Journal*, of which Mr. Willis was part proprietor. The pervading tone throughout these two volumes is egotistical, self-satisfied, and comical; the latter is not even redeemed by the vulgar, but amusing, sprightliness that relieves, if it cannot excuse, the platitudes of the *Rag-Bag*. The fact of the republication however of these papers in a collected form suggests the natural inference that they are suited to the taste of the majority on the other side of the Atlantic. In which case we can only congratulate the British public on still possessing a purer taste in matters of literature, notwithstanding the quantities of cheap trash hourly brought into circulation. That publisher would, indeed, deserve well of his country who should take the initiative in introducing a more healthy style of light literature. We have had cheap novels and other works of fiction till our stomach revolts at the very name. What a delightful variety, then, it would be could we obtain a series of well-digested memoirs of notable personages, illustrated by characteristic anecdotes, and reflecting the true spirit of the times. The adventure would surely be a prosperous one, and we are surprised that a publisher of Mr. Routledge's enterprise should not sooner have conceived and carried out this idea.

But we have not yet noticed the two novels in green. And in speaking of them, it is difficult to reconcile sincerity with politeness. Besides, having actually read them from beginning to end, we are unavoidably prejudiced against them. We would, therefore, merely recommend those who have not yet perused these six volumes to renounce the anticipated pleasure, and we can assure them that they will have no reason to regret that exercise of self-denial.

## HORACE GREELEY.

*The Life of Horace Greeley, Editor of the New York Tribune.* By J. Parton.

New York: Mason Brothers.

No one acquainted with American newspaper literature needs to be told what position the *New York Tribune* holds under the able management of its founder and principal editor. To those who are not familiar with its very original and independent mode of discussing the events and opinions of the day we should find considerable difficulty in giving an accurate notion of the class of papers represented by the *Tribune*, for it certainly stands among the highest of the independent free-speaking journals of America—a rather numerous section of the press of late years.

Horace Greeley, who is now in his forty-fifth year—having been born in February, 1811—came of a good ancestral stock. By the father's side he was descended from one of those old Puritan families to whom New England is so much indebted, while his mother gave him a portion of the Scotch-Irish character, her grandfather having emigrated from Londonderry to New Hampshire more than a century ago. The little village of Amherst, in the "old granite state," where his father owned a small farm, must have been a very old-fashioned place. Only think, for example, of the slow character of its journalism: "The village paper, which had 1500 subscribers when Horace Greeley was three years old, and learned to read from it, has 1500 subscribers, and no more, at this moment. It bears the same name it did then, is published by the same person, and adheres to the same party." We defy any one to match this case of Rip-van-Winkleism in the old country. But New England is full of such quaint old villages we are told, where a traveller at the present day may stumble upon more of seventeenth-century Puritanism in half an hour's walk than he would find in the old country in a lifetime. The influence of such a birthplace, and the education flowing from it upon a mind like that of Horace Greeley, may be traced in many a column of the *Tribune*. In the midst of all his political and social controversies the reader can easily see that he still yearns after the "plain living and high thinking" of his early years, and laments the deteriorating influences of modern conventionalism on the present fast living age.

Making due allowance for the exaggerations of memory among friends and relatives in the case of a man who has risen from the ranks to a high position, young Greeley was evidently a precocious boy. His mother appears to have been a somewhat remarkable woman. She was a great reader, and remembered all she read, "with a perpetual overflow of animal spirits, an exhaustless store of songs, ballads, and stories, and a boundless exuberant goodwill towards all living things." With such an instructor, who can wonder at his rapid progress? Horace learned to read before he had learned to talk; at four years of age he had become devoutly fond of books, and at six he was deemed quite a prodigy by all the neighbouring folks. "He was never without a book. He would go reading to the cellar and the cider-barrel, reading to the garden, reading to the neighbours; and pocketing his book only long enough to perform his errand, he would fall to reading again the instant his mind and his hands were at liberty." He was only seven years old when his father, who seems to have been an easy, good-natured man, fell into difficulties, and, after some rather hard privations, the family removed to a farm in Vermont, where Horace finished his schooling, but still went on devouring all the books and newspapers that fell in his way. From early childhood he had made up his mind that he would be a printer, and his wish was fulfilled in 1826 by his being bound apprentice to the proprietor of the *Northern Spectator*, in the village of East Poultney, Rutland county, Vermont.

In a country like the United States, where the growing demand for labour absorbs four or five hundred thousand foreigners annually, in addition to the increase of its own population, one would hardly expect that any person, able and willing to work, would find much difficulty in obtaining employment. And yet, from the story of Horace Greeley's early struggles, after he had become a journeyman, it is evident that the condition of the skilled labourer is not much better in America than it is in England. Even after he arrived in New York he found it no easy task to obtain work. Once fairly settled, however, he soon began to make progress. Before he had been two years in that city he, in company with another journeyman printer, nearly as poor as himself, started the first New York penny newspaper, which lasted only three weeks; the time for cheap newspapers not having yet arrived. Twelve months after its decease, the firm to which Mr. Greeley belonged, at that time worth three thousand dollars, established the *New Yorker*, one of the best newspapers ever published in America, to all who valued originality, earnestness, and thorough independence. To this journal Horace Greeley devoted himself with untiring energy for some four or five years, but all his efforts failed to render it successful, owing to various causes, which the biographer explains at length. An incident connected with the early days of the *New Yorker* thus introduces a notorious American journalist, whose life, if honestly written, would form a striking contrast to that of Greeley:—

One James Gordon Bennett, a person then well known as a smart writer for the press, came to Horace Greeley, and exhibiting a fifty-dollar bill and some other notes of smaller denomination as his cash capital, invited him to join in setting up a new daily paper, the *New York Herald*. Our hero declined the offer, but recommended James Gordon to apply to another printer, naming one who he thought would join in such an enterprise. To him the editor of the *Herald* did apply, and with success. The *Herald* appeared soon after, under the joint proprietorship of Bennett and the printer alluded to. Upon the subsequent burning of the *Herald* office the partners separated, and the *Herald* was thenceforth conducted by Bennett alone.

In 1841 Horace Greeley started the *New York Tribune*, a small daily paper, price one cent, on a borrowed capital of one thousand dollars, but with a character and credit, according to his biographer, "equivalent to a round 50,000 dollars." From the very commencement its success appears to have been certain. For some weeks he had to encounter the hostility of a rival journal, but that only served to draw attention to the *Tribune*, and excite popular sympathy in his favour. Year after year Horace Greeley has carried on the war against the social and political evils of the day, constantly making new enemies, but always contriving to make more

friends than enemies, as is shown by the success of his paper, now one of the most influential in the United States. From so small a beginning—one thousand dollars of borrowed capital—it has expanded into a flourishing concern, with a gross income of nearly half a million of dollars. This position he has gained by sheer force of character. The *Tribune* has never flattered the people; indeed, it has generally been employed in advocating some rather unpalatable doctrine. The "Know-Nothing" movement, for example, which is carrying all before it throughout the Union, finds no favour with Mr. Greeley. When warned that he will suffer from opposing that powerful party, he says he is quite willing to do so. Whatever may happen he does not intend to flinch. "If any one," says the stout-hearted American editor, "would prefer to discontinue the *Tribune* because it is and must remain opposed to every measure or scheme of proscriptive opinion's sake, we beg them not to delay one minute on our account. We shall all live till it is our turn to die, whether we earn a living by making a newspaper or anything else." A man who can speak to the public in that tone must have a pretty wide platform, or he would soon be put down. But Horace Greeley has fought his way to the proud position which he now occupies, and the skill and courage he has shown during that struggle prove how well qualified he is to maintain it.

## ADDENDA.

A choice fragment of diplomatic history is contained in Baron Müffling's *Narrative of his Embassies to Constantinople and St. Petersburg in 1829 and 1830*, translated by Mr. Edward Jardine (Longman and Co.). In this the late chief of the Prussian staff relates how, after a night conference at Berlin, between the Emperor Nicholas and King Frederick William, it was resolved to send an envoy to frighten the Sultan. Matters stood thus:—a Russian army had marched over the Balkan, and now hovered on the mountain slopes to menace Constantinople. Marshal Diebitch, vain and jubilant, boasted that the Ottoman Empire was at his mercy, and ready to perish when he should smite it again. France was astonished, England was alarmed, Austria believed, and Russia trembled lest some one should interfere. Only the Turks were undismayed. They knew the strength which remained to them after defeat, and the Russians knew the dangers which arose with victory. In truth, Nicholas felt that he had done his worst; and he and his kinsman plotted how to persuade Europe that Turkey lay at the feet of the most mighty Czar.

However, it was *not* at his feet. His troops might enter Constantinople; but what then? Sultan, ministers, ambassadors, soldiers, stores and strong-box would be transported across the Bosphorus. Thither they could not be pursued, and thence the capital drew all its supplies, so that the Golden City would remain, to be burned or evacuated, or garrisoned by a starving army. Then, also, Great Britain might be incensed, and affairs might take an unexpected turn. Now, therefore, was the opportunity to extort concessions from Turkey. False representations were necessary,—and a man to deal them out. What envoy so unscrupulous as a Prussian? What Prussian so unscrupulous as Baron Müffling? But the confederates of the Holy Alliance could not, and never did, do one thing without pretending to do another. A marriage ceremony was therefore advertised as an excuse for Nicholas and Frederick William to meet at Berlin, and thus under a bridal veil the surreptitious negotiation proceeded. Baron Müffling received orders to depart at once for Constantinople, though he, again, could not go thither without announcing that he was going somewhere else. At the Turkish capital he preached, day by day, about the perils of Turkey, the strength of Russia, the sweets of peace, and the certainty that Marshal Diebitch, if so inclined, might come down on Istamboul and turn it into a burial-place for dogs. "The other powers" concurred; but the Ottoman minister would not be alarmed, and Baron Müffling was so coolly treated that he had to invent a "terror." Arming himself with pistols, therefore, he gave out that any one, minister or not, who was less than civil to him, Baron Müffling, would be shot dead. By other arts and sleight-of-hand, aided by the compliance of his associates, the ambassadors of the neutral powers, he gained his point; and thus, as the old romancists say, it fell out that the treaty of Adrianople was signed—an ignominy to Turkey, a fraud upon Europe, and a clear triumph for Russia. Baron Müffling's *Narrative* lets the light into the cabinet of Prussia, and must be consulted by every historian of the past half-century. Let those who would learn what history will tell to the next generation read the volume diligently.

Reverting to the actual theatre of war, we find on our table a cheap reprint (Routledge and Co.) of Koch's work on *The Crimea, with a Visit to Odessa*. This is a plain diary of a traveller's observations. It describes the Tauric Chersonese, as less a paradise of vines and flowers, than some fervid writers have reported it to be; yet assigns much importance to it as a commercial outlet and military emporium. We have no doubt that Mr. Koch's account of the Tartars is full of truth. They are not a changeable race, and among their hereditary characteristics, agricultural industry is certainly not one. "Regular government" has done all it can to spoil them; but they are still nomadic, impatient of labour, and contented with small pastoral stores. "As God" they say, "has given sense to the Franks, ploughs to the Russians, and arithmetic to the Armenians, so he has given waggons to us." The book teems with information. To such as are more interested in the prowess of our army than in the social aspects of the regions visited by war, Mr. George Ryan addresses a volume on *Our Heroes of the Crimea*. The sketches first appeared in a newspaper, but they deserve the short life of a shilling epitome. Lord Raglan—Madame Tussaud's new hero—Sir de Lacy Evans, the Earl of Cardigan, Lord Lucan, the Duke of Cambridge and others, are here extolled, that their fame may live in the cottage, and spread among those who read as they run. We notice, however, that some of the new season's cheap books are, in the matter of type, like the American prints, of which their critic said that they would deprave the reader if they didn't blind him.

Slavery, black and white, increases in repute as a material for the terrible extravaganza of a certain school of romance, in which we are sorry there

should be either preceptors or pupils. On the principle that if enough is good, more is better, we have scenes in rich array of floggings, knoutings, and humiliations, from which we recoil. The *Serv Sisters*, by Mr. J. Harwood (Routledge), has more to recommend it than the title promises. It is full of distressing incidents, though not overwrought enough to satisfy Washington Irving's "gentle and bloody-minded reader;" but these are relieved by pleasant scenes of social life, affording an insight into the manners of the middle class in Russia. Mr. Harwood has a picturesque power; but his delineations of character are absurd, because they do not present the mingling hues of humanity; they are embodiments of absolute good or evil, and, like all abstract personifications, totally unreal. The story, however, is well imagined and skilfully conducted.

So far our miscellanies prolong the "war" echoes. A subject of permanent interest is developed by Professor Royle in *The Fibrous Plants of India, Fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper* (Smith, Elder, and Co.). This book, figuratively speaking, reveals many a source of Indian gold. Dr. Royle explains why Indian flax is dear, and how it may be cheapened; points out new materials for paper; and supplies a more copious and systematic account of Indian fibrous plants than is to be found in any other work. He has a full command of the sources of information, and has compared his personal researches,—themselves not limited,—with the reports of all competent witnesses. Such a book ought to be valued, in a commercial country, as more than a repertory of economical suggestions. It lays open a field of wealth, and explores the Eastern plains and hills for materials to enlarge the range of our home industry and foreign commerce. Somewhat identical in purpose is Mr. George Wathen's volume on *The Golden Colony; or, Victoria in 1854*. (Longman and Co.) The author is an old traveller, known and trusted. His Egyptian investigations were patient, and he recorded them modestly. In Australia he breaks new ground, and we feel immediately, that he can write on a worn subject in an original manner. Perhaps no light work on colonial life, contains a more truthful picture than this, of social ways and means as they exist in Victoria. Mr. Wathen describes the configuration of the Australian flats, creeks, and valleys, as only an artist and a geologist could describe them; yet imbues his narrative with the pleasantness of sketches and stories. Who can desire more in a book on the golden colony? The author makes one felicitous hit: he quotes Talleyrand's epigram on Russia, and says that English government in the colonies has been despotism, limited by rebellion.

Again, a prophet, more decent than Mr. Godfrey, yet not less fearless and far-reaching, Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips, takes Daniel by the horns in *Mohammedanism in its Relation to Prophecy* (Dolman). The Arabian teacher, he says, was undoubtedly the Little Horn, and Antichrist is come and gone. Mr. Phillips may settle these points with his readers; they concern not the critic. But the manner of these expounders offers a study to painters of human nature. They invariably sap and mine before they advance, and blow up all adversaries by an explosion of satire, pity, or vituperation. Pity is Mr. Phillips's weapon—mercifully used. His predecessors are not idiots—only in error. But let us add that he argues more learnedly and rationally than most of the vaticinating school. Will it be conceived that we can write this with a passage under our eyes in which the author glibly calculates the "many hundred millions of the human race" who suffer "everlasting perdition in the flames of hell for abandoning paganism, and believing in Mohammed?"

Escaping from the fumes of pitch and faggots, we fall in, nevertheless, with another gentleman, who is as positive about the stars as Mr. Phillips is concerning the bottomless pit. Mr. T. C. Simon, in a volume entitled *Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life* (Bosworth), takes up the discussion on the planets and their people, and, in spite of dogmatism, contributes a readable essay. In a similar undoubting spirit Mr. H. G. Cooper writes *Indestructibility one of the Great Truths Proclaimed by Nature and Science* (Ridge and Son). His metaphysics are at fault, although his statement implies nothing more than a proverbial truth. Among philosophical miscellanies we naturally class M. François Arago's *Autobiography* (Longman—"Travellers' Library"). Is it a dull, didactic thesis, however? By no means, but a charming narrative of adventures, a romance of youthful enterprise, thick set with pleasant perils, and vicissitudes delightful to remember. Arago was a philosopher in that he sought to be healthy as well as wise. Mr. Timb's *Yearbook of Facts in Science and Art* (Bogue) marshals all the discoveries and improvements of the past year in alphabetical order. It is a meritorious and reliable volume.

Miss Susan Wollaston's *One Hundred Sonnets from Petrarca, with Notes, and a Life of Petrarch* (Saunders and Otley), enjoys the honours of a new edition. But why affix to a real interpretation of the poet's verses an unreal portrait, an hermaphrodite face, no more like Petrarch than it is like the Queen of Sheba? Among poetical varieties, we have also *The First Four Notes of Milton's Paradise Lost*, with useful notes for school teachers, by Mr. C. W. Corman (Longman and Co.); and in "imagination" *Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities*, by Edward Waugh (Whittaker and Co.). The writer undertakes to depict some of the traits of Lancashire life and scenery, with illustrations from local history. His book is a pictorial and legendary guide; but we warn Mr. Waugh not to be humorous. His jokes are spasms, and end in paralysis. Apart from their dull fun, "Lancashire Sketches" may edify and amuse the tourist.

## BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*Louis Fourteenth and the Writers of his Age; being a course of Lectures delivered in French to a Select Audience in New York.* By the Rev. J. F. Astie.

*The Life of Sir William Pepperell, Bart., the only Native of New England who was created a Baronet during our connexion with the Mother Country.* By Usher Parsons.

*The Castons: a Family Picture.* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., &c.

*Common Law and Equity Reports in all the Courts.* (Part XXX.)

*Journal of Public Health, and Sanitary Review: including the Transactions of the*

*Epidemiological Society of London.* Edited by Benjamin W. Richardson, M.D.

Samuel Highley.



# The Arts.

## "ELI" AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Birmingham, Wednesday evening.

TO-DAY, the 29th of August, Mr. COSTA's new oratorio, *Eli*, was performed for the first time. The interest of the entire festival was concentrated on this day, upon this one performance; in fact, it may be said to have been the climax of the festival. It had been the sole topic of conversation in Birmingham circles for some time before its production; it had been anxiously looked forward to by the musical public throughout England; and, however great the attraction offered to the lovers of music on the other days of the festival, by the performance of such works as *Elijah* and the *Messiah*, still it was *Eli* that brought to Birmingham the *crème* of the artists, professors, and amateurs of this country—it was *Eli* that gave to the Festival of 1855 a European importance. Need we wonder, then, that the greatest excitement prevailed—that it was, even to the uninitiated, an occasion of all-absorbing interest?

Whatever may have been the expectations of the most sanguine, they were surpassed by the success of the work. Never was a triumph more complete, never a verdict of the public more unanimous. No conventional rule of etiquette or custom could prevent the assembly from manifesting their feelings of approbation and admiration; they applauded to the echo, and redemanded many pieces. The manner in which performers and audience joined in the ovation could only be the effect of spontaneous enthusiasm.

The book of words is written by Mr. W. BARTHOLOMEW; the subject is taken from the first four chapters of the Book of Samuel. There is great dramatic variety in it; and though at times this dramatic variety is almost too dramatic to be sacred (shall we say, too theatrical to be oratorio-like?), still there is no doubt that it affords ample room for the display of science and invention on the part of the composer—and this, in a libretto of any kind, is a real merit. It seemed to us, nevertheless, that there was not a sufficient degree of variety in the separate characters—that, though there was individuality of character, there was not sufficient variety of feeling and emotion. *Eli* is always devotional; *Samuel* remains always a child; *Hannah* (Samuel's mother) is the only character for which we feel a lively, varied interest: she is sorrowful at first, happy and thankful in the end.

To speak of the merit of each piece of music individually would, to say the least, be difficult; and when, as in this case, the public has decided so favourably and so unanimously, it would be almost superfluous. The Birmingham audience—the same that on this day nine years ago (1846) decided the fame of MENDELSSOHN'S *Elijah*—has now given its approval of *Eli*: what more need be said? We hope to have an opportunity of hearing the oratorio performed during the winter season by the Sacred Harmonic Society in London, and we cannot doubt that it will there meet with equal success, and establish a classical renown.

The principal parts were sustained by Madame CASTELLAN (*Hannah*), Madame VIARDOT (*Samuel*), Herr FORMES (*Eli*), and Mr. SIMS REEVES (*Elkanah*). Besides these, Mr. WEISS took the part of the Man of God, and Herr REICHARDT the part of *Hophni*, and a messenger.

It may be asked: could the production of Mr. COSTA's work have been entrusted to worthier hands, or have been more perfectly executed? Generally speaking, no; individually speaking, yes. A little more precision and better intonation on the part of Herr FORMES, and a little more singing and less vociferating on the part of Mr. REEVES, would have contributed greatly to the general good effect of the concerted music. These two artists, great as their popularity is at present, and deservedly so, should remember what is due to the public; and that a fine voice in one, and a few occasional outbursts in the other, are not sufficient to maintain them in that high position to which they very reasonably aspire. Already does Mr. WEISS, with his true and artistically-cultivated voice, slowly, but steadily, progress in public favour, and threaten ultimately to unseat the great German basso from his somewhat arrogant supremacy.

The two ladies were irreproachable. Madame VIARDOT had conceived the part of *Samuel* in a grandly simple and fervent spirit; she entered deeply into the part, gave her whole soul to it, and may be said to have created the part of *Samuel* as she has created all those great dramatic characters in which she has appeared. Madame CASTELLAN'S clear, silvery voice and perfect vocalisation were a treat indeed, and told remarkably in the fine hall; nor do we know which to admire most, the mellow plaintiveness of her tones when she appeals direct to

your heart, or the happy brilliancy with which she soars like a lark into the skies, carrying your spirit with her, and delighting the soul within you.

The pieces repeated by desire of the President, and redemanded by the audience, were, in the first part, the air and chorus, "Let the people praise thee," sung by Herr FORMES—a very devotional piece, the melody of which is continued in the chorus, "God be merciful unto us;" the chorus, "The Lord is good," with an obligato harp accompaniment, in which the sopranos lead the calm, tranquil melody, answered successively in the fugue style; and the war piece, sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES, and the chorus, "Philistines, hark, the trumpet sounding," with its trumpet flourishes, and fine, spirited *coda*, "War, war, war against the Israelites!" which produced an immense sensation, and is certainly one of the most successful pieces in the whole work. In the second part, *Samuel's* morning prayer, "Lord, from my bed again I rise," exquisitely delivered by Madame VIARDOT; the Quartet, "We bless you in the name of the Lord," sung by Mesdames VIARDOT and CASTELLAN, Herr FORMES and Mr. REEVES, an excellent specimen of four-part writing, which was given with the most finished accuracy; and the chorus of angels, "No evil shall befall thee," as peaceful and comforting to the soul as a beatific trance.

Nor must it be supposed that these are the only good pieces in the work, or that they are very much better than many other pieces that were not redemanded. The whole oratorio is full of "points" and effects, as beautiful as they are new, as appropriate as they are noble, but which, at the first performance, are apt to pass unobserved, owing either to the profusion of beauty that surrounds them, or to the wise discretion of the public in not disturbing too often the general effect by indiscriminate applause.

Among the pieces that pleased us particularly, we mention the first chorus, "Let us go to [pray before the Lord]." The subject is started by the female voices in thirds, and pleasingly and naturally worked in a fugue, finished with the very effective *Stretta*, "The Earth is the Lord's."

"The Ungodly Revel," in which *Eli's* sons *Hophni* and *Phinehas* are carousing with the women in the precincts of the temple, is a most characteristic composition; it has an obligato tambourine accompaniment, and the imposing tones of the trombones accompanying the priests in their reproof, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning," interrupting, though not arresting the revel, form, altogether, a picture as plainly and vividly drawn as the nature and limits of oratorio will allow. But the piece with which we were most delighted is that long scene commencing with the chorus "Hold not thy peace," continuing to the fugue "So persecute them," with its "battle" of violins, and concluding with the chorus and former march to the words "God and King of Jacob's nation." We are not afraid to say that this long and elaborate piece is one that would alone make the reputation of the oratorio—that it is a masterpiece of grand conception and immense effect.

Another of the fine episodes is *Samuel's* air, "This night I lift my head to Thee," so childlike and religious, such as befits the prayer of the child-prophet; it is continued where *Samuel* lies down to sleep with the words "Bless the Lord, O my soul," with the soft sweet organ tone to the angel's words, "The Lord is thy keeper." Here was an opportunity for inspiration to conceive, for invention to portray; and wonderfully has the composer succeeded, for during the whole piece the illusion is complete. Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which Madame VIARDOT gave it; there is but one word for it—perfection.

The chorus, amounting to 160 voices, and the band, numbering 340, forming a total of 500 chosen performers, executed the whole of the music in a manner really marvellous. Admitting that the oratorio was written by COSTA—by a man who, of all others, understands *how* to treat the voices and *how* to write for the orchestra, how to produce certain effects without overcharging any one instrument or part; admitting that the whole had been studied under the superintendence and direction of the composer; and admitting also that the composer was no stranger to either chorus or orchestra, still it was evident that something above the ordinary amount of attention and precision bestowed on general occasions stimulated each one of them with a desire to contribute his or her mite to the good effect of the whole, to sing and play their best, to do honour to the work of their respected Chief. This only can account for so consummate a performance, and such a tribute of esteem must be as dear a boon to Mr. COSTA as the praise and applause of the multitude.

The hall was filled by a very fashionable audience, amounting to about seventeen hundred persons. The great event of the festival has now come off—gloriously for all concerned in it, not omitting the Committee. Many visitors are already leaving Birmingham by the excursion trains; two days more, and then we return again to the music of our steam-engines, and the poetry of our furnaces. . . . F. B.

TREASURY, AUGUST 28. — Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Robert Lowe to be her Majesty's Paymaster-General.

THE ANERLEY POULTRY SHOW took place this week. The collection of birds was extremely beautiful and interesting, and will no doubt have a beneficial effect upon the different breeds.

A FIRM "SAFE FOR ANY AMOUNT."—Messrs. Barratt and Wilson, calico-printers of Manchester, having been requested to furnish Messrs. J. P. Hall and Co., ship-owners of Liverpool, with goods to the amount of 647*l.*, were referred to the North and South Wales Bank for a character as to solvency. The account given by the Bank was that the Messrs. Hall were "safe for any business engagement they were likely to undertake." The goods were furnished, and, in less than a fortnight, the firm stopped payment for 22,000*l.*, with assets not likely to yield 5*s.* in the pound. It then came out that, at the time the testimony was given, the firm was largely overdrawn at the bank; that 630*l.* subsequently raised on the shipment of the goods, had been paid to the bank in diminution of their debt to it; and that they owed two hundred pounds to a previous banker. An action for damages was brought against the North and South Wales Bank; but the jury, for some extraordinary reason, found a verdict in its favour, adding that they desired to "exonerate" it!

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA has prohibited slavery, renowned polygamy, banished the Jesuits, and is anxious that some European mechanics, particularly masons, printers, and gunmakers, should settle in his country.

CONVOCAATION having been adjourned to Thursday, August 30th, the two Houses met on that day; but

their proceedings were merely formal, and the Chambers were further prorogued till October the 24th.

AUSTRALIA.—The affairs of the colony of Victoria are not in a satisfactory state. The budget of the Colonial Secretary for 1855 shows a deficit of 600,000*l.*, and a proposal for additional taxes in the shape of a stamp duty and ten per cent, *ad valorem* on all imported goods at present free, has been defeated in the Legislative Council by a resolution that no additional taxes shall be imposed this session. With regard to the Government Bill on the Chinese immigration question, it appears that the plan was to put a tax of 5*l.* on each Chinaman imported, and to limit ships to bring only one passenger to every ten tons register. The latter clause has been adopted, but the Council has made an alteration in the former, raising the sum to 10*l.*, which the Government has not confirmed.—*Times*.

ISLINGTON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—Mr. W. E. Jenkins, formerly Secretary of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, has been elected Librarian of this Society, in the place of Mr. Joseph Simpson, who has resigned in consequence of having embraced a favourable opportunity of going into business at Tunbridge Wells. It is the intention of the Committee and Members to express their very high sense of Mr. Simpson's zealous, faithful, and valuable services, during a period of eight years, by presenting him with a handsome testimonial on his departure.

## FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, August 28.

BANKRUPTS.—GEORGE SIXTO BAYLEY, Crown-court, Philpot-lane, commission agent—JOSEPH MILLER, Piccadilly, fishmonger—JOHN WISE, Bournemouth, Hampshire, coal merchant—EDWARD FIRMIN ELLIS, late of London,

and Royal Exchange-buildings, stockbroker—THOMAS EDWARD SHALES, Brighton, linendraper—SAMUEL JENNINGS, jun., Goswell-street, carver and gilder—ROBERT WALL, Piccadilly, saddler—ELLIS CUTLER, Newport, Monmouthshire, cabinetmaker—EDWARD ROBERTS, Stretford, Lancashire, licensed victualler.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. SKINNER, Glasgow, builder—A. MORTON, Kilmarnock, manufacturer—D. SMITH, Leith, shipping agent.

Friday, August 31.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM TAYLOR, Gloucester, hardware dealer—ANDREW DEMPSTER, Liverpool, stonemason and builder—JOHN STRONG, jun., Birkenhead, steamboat owner—ISRAEL COWAN and MARK BRAHAM, Aldgate High-street, waterproof clothing manufacturers—BENJAMIN BURLINGTON WALKER and GEORGE CHARLES DAVE, Chancery-lane, builders—JAMES BURQUHUGH, River-terrace, Islington, timber merchant—WILLIAM MORTIMER, Morley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer—THOMAS BANKS, Bradford, washing, wringing, and mangling machine maker—WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLAND, Lincoln, grocer—THOMAS ADAMSON and HENRY HUNTER BELL, Sunderland, curriers and leather cutters.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—ALEXANDER CUMMING, Inverness-shire, farmer—JOHN BYAN, New Cumnock, innkeeper.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BASSETT.—August 26, at Leighton Buzzard, the wife of Francis Bassett, Esq.: three daughters.  
MOSLEY.—August 26, the lady of George Mosley, Esq., M.R.C.S.: twins prematurely.  
PEEL.—August 26, at Starcross, Devon, Mrs. Augustus Peel: a son, stillborn.

MARRIAGES.

MEADOWS—RODWELL.—August 28th, at Motfield, Suffolk, Evelyn Philip Meadows, Esq., Captain in the Royal Essex Rifles, to Emma, elder daughter of the late George Herbert Rodwell, Esq.  
WALTERS—RUFENACHT.—August 18th, at Geneva, before the British Consul, Frederick Walters, Esq., of 4, Stockwell-park-road, Brixton, to Marie Elise Rufenacht, of Geneva.

## DEATHS.

ANCELL.—August 10, at Kadikoi, in the Crimea, Malcolm Currie Ansell, Esq., Assistant-Surgeon of the Eleventh Hussars, only son of Henry Ansell, Esq., of 3, Norfolk-crescent, Hyde-park, aged 25.

BELSON.—August 14, on board the Ottawa, steam transport, within half an hour's steam of Scutari, Captain Frederic Charles Belson, of the Royal Engineers, of typhus fever, aged 23.

BLAKE.—August 23, at Rottingdean, Sussex, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Colonel Frederic Rodolph Blake, C.B., of the Thirty-Third (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, second son of the late William Blake, Esq., of 62, Portland place, and Danesbury, Hertfordshire.

KING.—August 2, at Balaklava, Charles Ambrose King, Accountant's Clerk, Land Transport Corps, of cholera, aged 18.

O'BRIEN.—August 22, at Petit Ménéage, Jersey, the residence of his father-in-law, the Reverend Matthew O'Brien, late Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, aged 40.

## Commercial Affairs.

## MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, August 31, 1855.

THIS has been but a quiet week with the Stock Exchange; very many, and more than its usual number of members, have already taken flight for their summer trip, and very little business has been done. Even the settlement of the account for the end of the month has passed off with more than usual tranquillity, the freedom from fluctuation denoting that further news from abroad alone would influence the present general steadiness of the markets. The English Stock Market remains singularly quiet and free from change, pending the receipt of more decided news from the East. The discount market continues easy, and money still finds it difficult to get employment. The settlement for the Ardennes Railway, the prices of which have somewhat declined, is on Monday next, as also for the new shares of the Great Western of Canada Railway Company.

Turkish, new and old, still occupying much public attention, show inferior prices to our last quotations, Turkish 6 per cent. settling for the 31st at the making up price 93½ and ¼ account ¼ per cent. Contango for continuation of stock. The Mining Market is comparatively deserted, and the nominal quotations, at which it is difficult to realise a transaction at any approximate price, offer a striking contrast to the once high prices of these securities. Among the Railway meetings of the week may be mentioned the South Devon half-yearly meeting at Plymouth, declaring a dividend of 5s. 6d. per share for the half year; and authorising the Directors to issue the remaining new stock. The meeting of the South Eastern Railway Company took place yesterday (the thirty-first half-yearly meeting), declaring the dividend of 8s. 6d. per 30l. share on the Consolidated Stock of the Company, and adopting the report unanimously, the meeting then became special for the purpose of resolving that the borrowed moneys, or part thereof not exceeding two millions sterling, might be converted to an equal amount of the Company's Stock. After some discussion the amount of one million was substituted for two, and the resolution passed as amended. Meetings also of the North Devon, Whitehaven and Furness Junction, Caledonian and Dumfriesshire, Vale of Neath (¾ per cent. dividend declared), and Rhymney Railways have occurred during the week; Money this day shows more activity. At Paris Three per Cent. Rentes ruled at slightly improved quotations owing to heavy purchases. Russian stock has much depreciated in value at Hamburg; Austrian stock has somewhat improved. The Turkish Four per Cent. settlement has been fixed for Wednesday next. The Antwerp and Rotterdam Railway holds its own, the traffic for the week ending last Sunday amounting to—passengers, 9227; goods, 2827; total, 12054. The compromise offered by the Government of Venezuela, was unanimously rejected by the bondholders at the meeting yesterday. Better terms are expected.

Consols close 91½; Turkish Six per Cent., 93½; Turkish Four per Cent., 1½.

The following are the leading prices this evening:—Caledonians, 63, 63½; Chester and Holyhead, 11, 13; Eastern Counties, 10½, 11½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 53, 55; Great Northern, 88, 89; Ditto, A stock, 73, 75; Ditto, B stock, 124, 126; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 100, 102; Great Western, 55½, 56; Lancaster and Carlisle, 73, 76; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 83, 83½; London and North-Western, 95, 95½; Midland, 69½, 70; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 25, 25½; Berwick, 72, 73; Yorks, 48, 49; South Eastern, 60½, 61½; Oxford and Worcester, 26, 28; North Staffordshire, 65, 61 dis.; South Devon, 13, 14; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 9½, 10; Bombay and Baroda, 1½, 1½; Eastern of France, 38½, 39½; East Indian, 24½, 24½; Ditto, Extension, 25, 24; Grand Trunk of Canada, 69, 5½ dis.; Great Central of France, 58, 58; Great Western of Canada, 23½, 24; Luxembourg, 3½, 3½; Madras, 19½, 20½; Paris and Lyons, 48½, 48½; Paris and Orleans, 48, 50; Rouen and Havre, 27, 28; Paris and Rouen, 50, 52; Sambre and Meuse, 9, 9½; Great Western of France, 12, 13; Ardennes, 19½, 19½; Agua Frias, 8, 8; Imperial Brazil, 24, 24; Cacao, 34, 34; St. John del Rey, 27, 28; Clarendon Copper, 1½ pm.; Cobro, 62, 63; Linars, 72, 81; Liberty, 1, 1; Santiago, 4½, 5; South Australasian, 4½, 4½; United Mexican, 3½, 3½; Wallers, 8, 8; Australasian Bank, 94, 95; London and Australian Chartered Bank, 10½, 20½; City Bank, 7, 9; London Bank, 3½, 4½; Union of Australia, 73, 74; Oriental Corporation, 42, 43; Australian Agricultural, 30, 31; Canada Land, 135, 137; Ditto, Six per Cent, 114½, 115; Crystal Palace, 24, 24; North British Australasian, 1, 1; Oriental Gas, 1½, 1½; Peel Rivers, 2½, 2½; Scottish Australasian Investment, 1½, 1½.

## CORN MARKET.

THE trade has been very excited during the week. The reports from America give little hope that orders already sent out will be executed; and a demand from France, Belgium, and Germany increases the tendency to rise. The sales of floating cargoes have been very irregular. A cargo of hard Smyrna sold at 55s., and one inferior at 50s., 60s. refused for another. Said has been sold at 45s. to 49s., and Beheira 40s., at which prices there were buyers. Soft Roumelia Wheat sold at 65s., Galatz 72s. to 74s., and several at 60s. to Emden, reshipping charges for buyers' account. Ibrail 70s., mixed Spanish 70s., and Roman 76s. 6d. On the spot the trade is firm at an advance of 4s. to 6s. per quarter—70s. to 80. is paid for new English Wheat. Barley is 1s.

dearer, 53½b. Danish being worth 34s. ex granary. Oats have advanced 1s. to 2s. per quarter. Rye very little offering. Danish saleable at 49s.—finest Swedish 52s. cost and freight. Finest quality Spanish Flour 60s. to 61s. ex granary, and 59s. cost and freight for shipment from October to end of December, at buyers' option. Maize has been in great demand, being the cheapest article in the market. A week ago, Galatz was to be had at 39s. to 40s., but on Monday holders generally held at 42s. to 43s. for good distant cargoes—anything near at hand being cheaper by 1s. to 2s. per quarter. The sales have been made at 40s. to 41s. 6d., cost, freight, and insurance. Ibrail has been sold at 40s.

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

|                           | Sat.   | Mon.   | Tues.  | Wed.  | Thur. | Frid.  |
|---------------------------|--------|--------|--------|-------|-------|--------|
| Bank Stock.....           | 216    | .....  | 215½   | 215½  | 215½  | 216½   |
| 3 per Cent. Red. ....     | 92     | 92½    | 92½    | 91½   | 91½   | 92     |
| 3 per Cent. Con. An. .... | 91½    | 91½    | 91½    | 91½   | 91½   | 91½    |
| Consols for Account ..... | 91½    | 91½    | 91½    | 91½   | 91    | 91½    |
| 3½ per Cent. An. ....     | .....  | .....  | .....  | ..... | ..... | .....  |
| New 2½ per Cents. ....    | .....  | .....  | .....  | ..... | ..... | .....  |
| Long Ans. 1860.....       | 4 1-16 | 4 1-16 | 4 1-16 | 4     | ..... | 4 1-16 |
| India Stock.....          | 233    | .....  | 231    | 232½  | ..... | .....  |
| Ditto Bonds, £1000.....   | 30     | 30     | .....  | ..... | 30    | .....  |
| Ditto, under £1000.....   | 30     | 30     | .....  | ..... | 30    | .....  |
| Ex. Bills, £1000.....     | 15     | 15     | 16     | 12    | 12    | 15     |
| Ditto, £500.....          | 12     | .....  | 12     | ..... | 15    | 15     |
| Ditto, Small.....         | .....  | .....  | .....  | 15    | 15    | 15     |

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

|                               |       |                               |       |
|-------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| Brazilian Bonds.....          | 102½  | Russian Bonds, 5 per          | 101½  |
| Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts. .... | 57½   | Cents, 1822.....              | ..... |
| Chilian 3 per Cents.....      | 69½   | Russian 4½ per Cents.....     | ..... |
| Danish 5 per Cents.....       | 106   | Spanish 3 p. Ct. Nw Def. .... | 18½   |
| Ecuador Bonds.....            | 4½    | Spanish Committee Crt. ....   | ..... |
| Mexican 3 per Cents. ....     | 21½   | of Coup. not fun. ....        | 4½    |
| Mexican 3 per Ct. for         | ..... | Venezuela 4½ per Cents. ....  | 31    |
| Acc. August 31.....           | 21½   | Belgian 4½ per Cents. ....    | 94½   |
| Portuguese 4 per Cents. ....  | ..... | Dutch 2½ per Cents.....       | 64½   |
| Portuguese 3 p. Cents. ....   | ..... | Dutch 4 per Cent Certif. .... | 96½   |

## ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—On

MONDAY, September 3, and every night during the week, PROFESSOR ANDERSON, THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH, will have the honour of presenting his new series of DELASSEMENS MAGIQUES, or the Wonders of the Ancient Magi, and the most renowned of Modern Magicians. The Great Wizard will select the most recherché experiments of his various programmes—from that submitted by him to her Majesty, at Balmoral, to that which obtained the approval of the President of the United States; together with special novel feats, invented expressly for the occasion, and embracing his extraordinary and amusing illustrations of Spirit-Rapping. The Entertainment will consist of Twelve Acts, divided into two parts, and arranged so that the interest shall dramatically accumulate to its final dénouement in the twelfth act. Act 1st—"Le Livre des Recueils Choisis." Act 2nd—"Magical Locomotion." Act 3rd—"L'Eclair de Verre." Act 4th—"The Cabalistic Counters." Act 5th—"The New Bottle of Bacchus." Act 6th—"The Mysterious Parcel." Act 7th—"The Homological Evaporation." Act 8th—"The Aqua-aval Paradox." Act 9th—"The Mesmeric Couch." Act 10th—"Half an hour with the Spirits." Act 11th—"The Enchanted Chair of Comus." Act 12th—"The Mystery of the Charmed Chest." Further particulars in Programme of the Day. Doors open each evening at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight.—Private Boxes, 12, 11s. 6d. and 17, 1s., to be obtained at the Box-office, or at Messrs. Sams, Mitchell, Ebers, Hookham, Bailey and Moon, Cramer and Beale, Leader and Cook, Chappell, &c. Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. The Box-office is open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. Chatterton. Grand Fashionable Morning Performance on Saturday, September 8, at Two o'clock; doors open at Half-past One.

## DR. KAHN'S GRAND ANATOMICAL

MUSEUM, consisting of upwards of 1000 highly-interesting Models representing every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, also the various Races of Men, &c., open (for Gentlemen only) daily from 10 till 10. Lectures, varying every day in the week, are delivered by Dr. SEXTON, at 12, 2, 4, and half-past 7. Admission, 1s.—4, COVENTRY-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

## A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER

FLOWERS is strongly recommended for softening, improving, beautifying, and preserving the skin, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance, being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove tan, sunburn, redness, &c., and by its balsamic and healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and, by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it annihilates every pimple, and all roughness, and will afford great comfort if applied to the face during the prevalence of cold easterly winds.

Sold in bottles, price 2s. 9d., with Directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

## DEAFNESS and NOISES in the HEAD.—

Free of Charge, for the Protection and Instant Relief of the Deaf, a Book of 30 pages.—An extraordinary Discovery.—Just published, sent free by post to any deaf person writing for it, "A STOP TO EMPIRICISM and Exorbitant Fees." Sufferers extremely deaf, by means of this book, permanently cure themselves, in any distant part of the world, without pain or use of any instrument. Thousands have been restored to perfect hearing, and for ever rescued from the snares of the numerous advertising, dangerous, unqualified pretenders of the present day. It contains lists of startling cures, published by Dr. F. R. HOGHTON, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1845; L.A.C. April 30, 1846; Consulting Surgeon to the Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall Mall, London, where all letters are to be addressed.—Personal consultations every day between 11 and 4 o'clock.—Sufferers deaf 40 or 50 years have their hearing perfectly restored in half an hour without a moment's inconvenience. Testimonials and certificates can be seen from all the leading members of the Faculty, and from Patients cured.

## FITCH &amp; SON'S

CELEBRATED BREAKFAST 'BACON,  
AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS' LETTERS,  
CONTINUED.

"We were much pleased with the quality of No. 9 case. The bacon, &c., we found first-rate."—Melbourne, South Australia.

"I beg to enclose you a Post-office order for 17. 5s. 6d. for bacon; the quality is very excellent, and quite to my taste."

"I like the cheese much, and I have no doubt the bacon will prove as good as in former times."

"The bacon you sent me is excellent; I shall recommend it to friends."

"I never tasted such bacon in my life; it was delicious."

"The Rev. ——— begs to enclose Fitch and Son 17. 1s. 10d. for bacon received this morning, and found very nice indeed."

"I am obliged by your attention to the small order, and for the excellent article supplied. Enclosed are postage stamps for the amount."

Fitch and Son will be gratified by showing the originals of the above, and a multitude of others of the like import, upon application.

This celebrated bacon is sold by the side and half-side at 10d. per lb.; the middle piece of 12lbs. at 10½d. per lb.; and other separate pieces.

Bacon, hams, tongues, German sausages, cheese, butter, &c., securely packed for travelling, and delivered free of charge, at all the London Termini.

List of prices free. See also daily papers. Post-office Orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is not sent with the order for goods.

## FITCH AND SON,

Provision Merchants and Importers,

No. 66, BISHOPSGATE WITHIN, LONDON.

Established 1784.

## ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT,

And Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

## TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, AND FAMILIES.

THE important object so desirable to be obtained has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, PATENTEES, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their Improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obviated, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon and Supper.

The Barley being prepared by a similar process is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguished character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soups, &c.

CAUTION.—To prevent errors, the Public are requested to observe that each Package bears the Signature of the PATENTEES, J. and J. C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maiden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters at 6d. and 1s. each, and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each, of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c., in Town and Country.

## DR. DE JONGH'S

## LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed with complete confidence by the Faculty for its purity, and superior, immediate, and regular efficacy.

It is entirely free from nauseous flavour, and being invariably and carefully submitted to chemical analysis—AND ONLY SUPPLIED IN SEALED BOTTLES TO PRECLUDE SUBSEQUENT ADMIXTURE OR ADULTERATION—this Oil possesses a guarantee of genuineness and purity offered by no other Oil in the market.

TESTIMONIAL from ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.C.P., Chief Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the Lancet, Author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c., &c., &c.

"I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis, AND THIS UNKNOWN TO YOURSELF—and I have always found it to be free from all impurity and rich in the constituents of bile. So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition."

Sold ONLY in bottles, capsuled and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, London, Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees; and by most respectable Chemists in town and country.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 9s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, INFALLIBLE

FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION AND DISORDERED STOMACHS.—Mr. Charles Welch, of Castlewellan, states, in a letter to Professor Holloway, that a person with whom he is acquainted suffered from Indigestion and Liver Complaint. Some of the most eminent medical men in the neighbourhood had tried their skill upon him without any good effect, and for some time he was in the County Infirmary, where he was pronounced incurable. However, notwithstanding all this, Holloway's Pills have been the sole means of perfectly curing him.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World; at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampin, Constantinople; A. Guidley, Smyrna; and H. Hoods, Malta.



**HARRINGTON PARKER and CO.,** Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall-mall, London, offer to the Public Old and Superior Wines, pure, and of the finest quality, at prices not exceeding those charged for ordinary Wines.

**HARRINGTON PARKER and CO.** would call especial attention to their **PALE and GOLDEN DINNER SHERRIES**, as under:

**IMPERIAL PINTS**, 29s. to 34s. per dozen; or bottled in **Reputed Quarts**, 38s. to 45s. per dozen.

Agents for **ALLSOPP'S PALE AND INDIA ALE**.

**SISAL CIGARS.**

**H. N. GOODRICH**, after 25 years' practical acquaintance with the business, will stake his reputation for ability and honour as a Cigar Merchant, upon the truth or falsehood of the assertion, that no Cigars as good as his **Sisal Cigars** have ever been sold so cheap. Box containing 14, of the finest quality, for 1s. 9d. Post free, six stamps extra. None are genuine unless signed, "H. N. Goodrich." 416, Oxford-street, London, nearly opposite Hanway-street.

**212° MILNERS' HOLDFAST AND FIRE-RESISTING SAFES** (non-conducting and vapourising), with all the improvements, under their Quadruple Patents of 1840-51-54 and 1855, including their Gunpowder-proof Solid Lock and Door (without which no safe is secure).

THE STRONGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST SAFEGUARDS EXTANT.

**MILNERS' PHOENIX** (212 degrees) **SAFE WORKS**, LIVERPOOL, the most complete and extensive in the world. Show-rooms, 6 and 8, Lord-street, Liverpool. London Depot, 47A, Moorgate-street, City. Circulars free by post.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH THE BEST ARTICLES**

**AT DEANE'S** Ironmongery and Furnishing Warehouses. Established A.D. 1700. A Priced Furnishing List, free by post.

**DEANE, DRAY, and CO.** (Opening to the Monument), London-bridge.

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