

Alfred Edmund Galloway, 1871, 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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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

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## News of the Week.

GORTSCHAKOFF, who at last publicly announces through the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, "our fortifications suffer," is contemplating a new attack upon the Tchernaya—the last desperate attempt to frustrate the far more formidable attack which the Allies are preparing against Sebastopol. A change of Ministry is impending in Vienna—BRUCK's financial plan rejected, BACH at a discount. A Ministerial crisis is in progress at Constantinople. Spain having put down the Carlists, has instituted a reform of her tariff, reducing or suppressing the duties on cotton, paper, and wool. The Ukraine continues to be disturbed by a servile insurrection, the Pope stimulating the peasants against the nobles. King OSCAR, of Sweden, is inspecting his fortifications, while the Crown Prince assumes the post of Viceroy of Norway; and the KING OF DENMARK comes over to visit and inspect. The CZAR, it is reported, has given NESSELRODE "leave to travel"—whether for exile, or for a mission, or for what, does not appear. Naples shakes with a growing revolt, encouraged, it is said, by Neapolitans in Paris and Muratists in Naples itself. King FERDINAND has a grand financial operation on hand, with other crowned coadjutors, to aid Russia in raising the wind. Sir JAMES GRAHAM proclaims, from Silloth, that he is always "the maintainer of peace." Our Government keeps up a constant stream of iron supply for the Crimea; the Baltic fleet is about to close the theatrical season in the North; Sir CHARLES NAPIER has exploded in the papers against his old friend, "the Maintainer of Peace;" the Bank has raised the rate of discount to four per cent., vice three and a half; corn speculators are in a frenzy of gambling; Queen VICTORIA is off to the Highlands; and the Cabinet Ministers meet weekly at the War Office. Europe certainly is in ferment enough; but dizzy as the eddy makes the eyes that look abroad upon the whole moving field, the present state of the current is decidedly favourable to the cause which we have at heart—the peoples seem likely to have their day, as the Kings are falling out.

Russia is losing ground on the field both of arms and finance. There is no mistake about that. The confession of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF means a great deal more than the words imply. It means, in fact, that the fortifications are becoming intolerable; and the Russians in Sebas-

topol have been using enormous exertions to get up a second line of works, not for the purpose of defending the south side of the town, but for the purpose only of holding it as long as possible, while they retreat over to the other side. It is true that the north commands the south part, but should the Allies obtain possession of the south, they will be able, without entirely exposing their entire force in its occupation, to release no small part of the forces in their rear for operations on the flank.

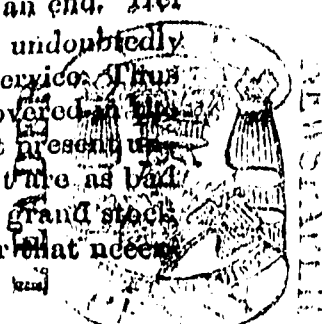
It is there that the Russians seem to be prepared for a last desperate effort, of course in no hope of being successful after they have failed at Balaklava, Inkerman, and on the Tchernaya. In the last fight they were strengthened by reinforcements in the north; those reinforcements will have had to share the half-starving fare of the troops that have been so long in the neighbourhood; and the accumulated numbers with which GORTSCHAKOFF threatens the flank of the Allies are a burden to his commissariat, his men daily weakening each other. Here is all the difference between the position of the Russians and the Allies, in the continually increasing difficulty of the Russians to keep up the bone of their forces by material supplies, while the Allies have unmeasured resources at home, with a perfectly open and easy transit; and they are using both.

The passing of a second season in the Baltic without results is indeed a disgrace that there is no denying, and no excusing; but in the North perhaps we may console ourselves by the manifest loss of ground on the part of Russia in finance. Dividing non-Russian Europe into three sections, the Eastern, the South-Western, and the Northern, the grand fact in this last is the financial posture of affairs. The want of money is here the screw under which the strongest powers are yielding. Even Prussia, with all her enjoyment of transit trade, has been raising loans. And the German Governments all but avow that they cannot keep up their contingent to the federal force for want of means—a fact which implies that they cannot convert their peoples into soldiers, because their kings cannot pay for the process of conversion.

The position of Austria becomes daily more critical, and it is not rendered less so by the desperate step into which her financial difficulties appear to be driving the Emperor. It is, however, quite intelligible that Austria should be growing insane. That she desires to keep well

with the Western Powers, we not only believe, but know; for it is of the greatest importance to her that she should not proclaim a final breach with France and England, while France could at once establish a new dynasty in Naples by edict of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and England is forming an army in the territory of her ally the KING OF SARDINIA. The difficulty with Austria consists in keeping well with both sides, without exposing herself to a twofold attack. Thus, if she is not thorough-going with the Western Powers, she cannot raise her finance. The cash has absolutely been refused to her in Lombardy; but she is precluded from extorting it by compulsion, because to do so would blast any expectations that she has of retaining a friendly relation with the West, and obtaining money by the ordinary operations for that purpose with the good credit in Europe. Yet the state of Italy is such that she *must* keep up a large army, she *must* pay for it; and the fact is that she cannot get money on the BACH-BRUCK plan. In fact, BRUCK cannot work his finance on the political basis of the old Russian party at Vienna, which he has recently been expected to do. He naturally fails, and commercially the Austrian Empire is in as much danger as is his "Lloyd's Company" of Trieste. The last report, therefore, is, that BRUCK has resigned: his plan is rejected. This would almost inevitably place his party at a discount, and unless BACH should blast his repute by sinking into the old official party which now takes possession of power, he also must resign and leave the Emperor to the direct heirs of METTERNICH, to the policy of the days of the late sickly Emperor, and to Russia. It is thus through a financial crisis that Austria is put in a position which threatens to alter the entire strategy of Europe, and the events of the week appear to render that crisis imminent.

It is evident also that the KING OF NAPLES is about to speculate in some grand Russo-Austrian and Guarantee Association of German and other Princes. Reports of this event are freely current, and they are very probable. The boasted resources of Russia have soon come to an end. Her barbarism prevents her bringing her undoubtedly great material resources into active service. Thus a seam of coal has lately been discovered in the Ural Mountains, but the resource is at present unavailable because the means of transit are as bad for corn as for coal. She parades a grand stock of "roubles," possible for this or for that need.



sity; but it is known that her roubles are paper, and that her hard cash is becoming seriously deficient. She goes into the market, and finds herself in total discredit. She asks the Princes to assist her, and they fail; Austria cannot lend even underhand help in this direction. Naples is said to be acting as agent, and other German Princes to be borrowing for the same purpose. Hence a great draft of bullion in Central Europe, which is felt even in this country; as witness the raising of the Bank discount on Thursday last from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. But no "tightness" that we can fear, even prospectively, equals the excessive pressure upon our enemy and his allies.

It is quite possible that Naples may render real assistance to Russia; although King FERDINAND himself stands in no small need of support. His position is becoming more desperate than that of the potentate to whom he is subservient. This, however, arises from the morbid state of the Prince in possession. Naples is a rich country; the people are naturally inclined to put up with much; and any difficulty that the court can feel must arise from the simple madness which rules over it. Of this we have had occasion to notice frequent and recent examples. The poor King will not let well alone. He is so nervous with respect to the odium that he may incur towards the Western Powers, by aiding Russia secretly—so apprehensive of the local hatred which he may incur by his unconcealable co-operation with the reactionary party at Vienna, that he is not content to be safe and quiet in his palace, but he must set his police to be incessantly ascertaining whether or not each particular individual in the city of Naples remains loyal, or is rendered harmless. This goading with the royal sceptre in the hands of a brutal police puts the people in a humour extremely favourable to any revolutionary movements, and evidently some movement is in preparation, with Naples for its centre. Thus, while doing all he can to serve the purposes of the CZAR as a spy, stockbroker, and general agent in the South, the KING OF NAPLES is practically undermining his own throne, and opening the road for a restoration of the MURAT dynasty by rendering the present system absolutely unbearable to the Neapolitans.

Finance has become the turning point even in Spain, and the telegraph announces the most hopeful movement that we have seen in that country. The Loan, although compulsory to a certain extent, by no means vies with the French and English loans in the facility of raising. On the contrary, it is a kind of boast that the Government has at last obtained offers of about three-fifths! But a new step is taken,—it is announced that there is to be a general reform of the Tariff. The duty on cotton goods is to be lowered; that on paper and wood abolished. The telegraph deals roughly with subjects like these: it may exaggerate; it frequently underrates the importance of public measures. But if the Spanish Government grapples with the Tariff that protects the smuggler to the injury of the Crown and the honest citizen, it may really have made the first move towards escaping from chronic bankruptcy to a renovation of its exchequer; and, in that case, the Liberal Government of ESPARTEIRO has obtained a lease of existence that it may continue as long as it pleases.

Let us welcome the illustrious volunteers who have come forward to expose the British administration as it has been, if not as it is. Sir CHARLES NAPIER has been publishing a correspondence, mainly intended to expose Sir JAMES GRAHAM and his conduct, while he was First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir CHARLES appears to be innocently unaware how much the correspondence exposes both parties; and Sir JAMES has been lending aid, *videlicet*, to the *exposé*. By this correspondence, which was not intended for publication, but does not pretend to be the more sincere on that account, we understand the reason why Sir CHARLES NAPIER was chosen for the command. Sir JAMES GRAHAM evidently saw through the old Admiral's deficiencies and weaknesses, excusable to a certain extent on the score of age, but for that very reason likely to grow worse. It

is, however, manifest from the whole tenor of this correspondence, that Sir JAMES GRAHAM was not looking for a commander who would go in and strike a blow at Russia, but for one who would be popular. He wanted, in short, an Admiral not for use in the Baltic, but for show in the Reform Club; and the popular ex-Member for Marylebone, who had amused all and sundry by his naval sallies, his oddities, and his reckless writing, was a showy person for the purpose. Thus we learn the sort of Admirals that are chosen, and perhaps we ought not to limit the remark to the naval force. Land officers may be chosen for show as well as sea officers.

Again, we have the Cabinet Minister exposed. Sir JAMES GRAHAM avows that he is "of all things the maintainer of peace;" he has always been so, and he means to keep so; but he continued in command of the Admiralty during war, and appointed fighting Admirals for show instead of service, while he himself of course sat in his department for show instead of service. He is accounted a clever administrator, and he is a clever manager. He can fit out ships, and he can economise stores; but he appoints Admirals *not* to do the duty, and ships *not* to fight.

If the examinations which have been commenced in the admission of candidates for the artillery and military schools do their duty, they ought to give us better public servants. But how far are the examinations intended for show? Some are ludicrously and extravagantly severe; there have been others which were ludicrous pretences; and even the best may be merely a mode of stocking the public offices, and the army and navy, with "good" schoolboys. Or there may be real methods of securing that manly, active, and intelligent youths find their way into both services. Experience only can tell us which will be the result. In the meanwhile the taint of humbug is so extensive, that we watch with doubt as well as hope.

One of the best acts of the Administration was undertaken at the suggestion of Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH—the appointment of Mr. FRANCIS HINCKS, the late Prime Minister in Canada, to be Governor of Barbadoes. It is a great practical step towards the consolidation of the Colonial Empire. But will the Barbadians, the proud people of "Little England," tolerate the appointment of an unsuccessful Canadian Minister to be their governor? For HINCKS is a man who has so managed reform in Canada, that while he has helped the success of it, he has made everybody mistrust him as one pushing to gain his own ends; and so he is driven from the head of the party which he has rendered successful.

At all events, he understood colonial business, which is more than all governors do. We have a fresh example in Sir CHARLES HOTHAM, who succeeded so well as a peremptory negotiator in South America, and appears to be making a "mull" at Victoria. Finding the expenditure of that golden colony very high, he clapped on several taxes; and when the colonists kick against taxation, instead of pushing his measure as he might, he cuts down the expenditure; as if, sulky at the refusal of money, he would make the colonists feel the effects in stinted public works. That is his grand offence; but he has been foolish enough to commit himself to a small and ludicrous private quarrel. One CROONS, a victualling contractor, was, it seems, invited to a ball. At the ball, growing thirsty with the delightful labours of the scene, he retires to take a draft of "the vice-regal beer." We guess from the sequel that the audacious contractor had made a tender for beer of his own, and had been rejected. At all events, it is hinted that "the vice-regal beer" was sour and bad. This is nothing new in vice-regal houses, or even regal: the tea which Queen CHARLOTTE gave was notoriously undrinkable, and in other courts the viands have been found worse than those which humble citizens demand. But CROONS probably was moved by an animus; and with a reckless disregard of the sacred precincts in which he stood, he significantly exclaimed "O Lord!" This was construed to be a direct insult to the vice-regal beer; and with an admonition from an official secretary that he had violated the etiquette of the court, he was dismissed from his post as a victualling contractor. Whereupon CROONS rushes into print, appealing from Sir CHARLES HOTHAM to the public, and complaining that he is not only dismissed, not only declared a violator of etiquette, but degraded before the public as "a man of weak digestion."

## THE WAR.

SINCE the commencement of the war, we have rarely had to record a week so barren of intelligence from the various seats of hostilities as the past has been. A vast deal of preparation—a great deal of expectation with reference to the next blow, whatever that may be—and a small dropping fire of rumours (though even of those there has been a comparative scarcity)—such is almost the sum of the week's war news. The only intelligence of interest relates to a sortie made by the Russians from the Redan, and the destruction by them of some gabions. A despatch from General Simpson, and another from General Pelissier, dated respectively August 31 and September 1, speak of this sortie as having occurred on the previous night, which would seem to indicate two separate attacks; but, from the terms of both despatches being almost identical, we should judge that they refer to a combined and simultaneous action, and that there is some ambiguity in the term "last night."

The Russians, it is asserted, have made two semi-circular lines behind the Malakhoff Tower, which there is no doubt they will defend with the utmost tenacity. The bridge that is to unite the north and south sides of Sebastopol, and to facilitate the passage of the Russians into the former, should the latter fall into our hands, is being actively constructed; and everything seems to indicate that the enemy is beginning to despair of keeping us out of that part of the fortress. Still, the coming blow does not come, though the Allies get nearer to the outer works, and every day lose more and more men in the trenches; the Russians feel the deadly foe of hunger pressing them hard in the very midst of their defences; and it would almost seem that the besieging armies calculate upon the issue being settled by that last and strongest ally.

Touching the internal defences which the Russians are supposed to be constructing within Sebastopol, we read as follows in a Vienna letter in the *Independence Belge*:—

"If we are to give credit to the information received here, General Melnikoff, who has succeeded General Todleben as director of the defensive works of Sebastopol, has had mines, fosses, galleries, small redoubts, and barricades made between the first and second lines of defence. Upon the eminence between Fort Paul and the bastion No. 1, he has had a work constructed, which commands the towers of Korniloff and the Malakhoff to such an extent, that the Allies will be unable to establish themselves in these towers, even when they shall have conquered them. The Belbec heights again are stronger than ever, and the entire park of field artillery previously at Sebastopol is also there."

Yet, side by side with all these anticipations, is the positive declaration of Prince Gortschakoff, if we may credit a despatch from Hamburg, that the fortifications have been greatly damaged, and that the garrison has suffered heavy losses.

It is suspected, however, that the enemy will make yet another desperate effort on the Tchernaya. The troops there have been kept, for many days and nights, in a state of incessant watchfulness; but as yet we have no intelligence of any repetition of the affair of the 16th. New works have been constructed by the French and Sardinians to protect the line of the Tchernaya; and there is little doubt that another attack would be even more disastrously repulsed, if that be possible, than the former. In the meanwhile, according to a despatch from Marseilles, a great movement is observable amongst the army of the enemy on the Balbec plateau.

Omar Pacha is in all probability by this time on his way to Asia with his army. By the end of September, the reinforcements sent to Anatolia will amount, it is said, to 30,000 men. Kars and Erzeroum are effectually relieved; for, although the Russians still intercept the communications with the latter place, and have burnt the villages round about, they have no means of attacking either town. Another account states that the Russians recrossed the Soghanli-Dagh, after a combat at Kepri-Keui, in which Kerem Pacha greatly distinguished himself. Letters from Erzeroum say that the Russian General fears that the army of Batoum, under Omar Pacha, will cut off his retreat by advancing on Tiflis. The following bulletin is published by the Ottoman Government:—

"On the 4th, at seven A.M., the Russians advanced with the whole of their forces against the intrenchments of Kars, and made an attack on the battery of Khanly-Tabia. A contest between the artillery commenced, and lasted two hours. The Russians, who lost a great number of men, retreated. Besides the dead and wounded, whom they took off, they left on the field more than one hundred men."

A Russian General, it is added, was killed, and one of the enemy's guns was so injured that it was abandoned. Owing to the position which the Turks occupied, they lost but few men.

From Trieste, under date of September 5th, we



learn that it is expected the Russians will be compelled to act again on the offensive. Kadikoi is entirely destroyed by fire.

The camp at Maslak continues to supply large bodies of French soldiers from the Crimea; but it continually receives fresh troops from France. The brigade of General Sol is to leave.

Gunboats of the Allies having appeared at the mouth of the Danube, the Russians have forbidden the navigation of that river to neutral vessels. Intelligence from Odessa states that thousands of Russians were busy in fortifying and intercepting the passes communicating with the Putrid Sea.

The Anglo-Turkish contingent was, on the 28th of August, ready to embark, awaiting only the English Foreign Legion. The steamer *Lady Jocelyn* is aground off Scutari.

All the English gunboats in the Baltic which are unfit for service have received orders, by the Basilisk, to proceed home, towed by the *Magicienne*. They have left Helsingfors.

#### GENERAL LA MARMORA'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

The following extracts from the Sardinian General's report to General Simpson will be read with interest:—

"Upon receiving the report of Colonel Dessaint, attached to the French head-quarters, which you were good enough to communicate to me on the evening of the day before yesterday, and by which we were led to expect very shortly an attack on the line of the Tchernaya, I at once gave orders that my troops should be under arms yesterday morning at an earlier hour than usual.

"At break of day, our outposts stationed on the Mamelon which commands Tchorgoun were enveloped in a well-sustained fire of artillery, which proceeded from three batteries posted opposite to the breastworks by which our outposts were covered, and on the two Mamelons further to the right, which form the two banks of the Souliou. They were at the same time vigorously charged by three Russian columns, which came on with fixed bayonets, and attacked our breastworks in front and rear. The men composing these columns carried ladders with them, to scale the parapets. The preconcerted signal of alarm was immediately given; and the troops took up the positions which had been assigned to them in anticipation of this attack.

"Attacked in the rear by the enemy's artillery, and charged by three columns of infantry, the outposts, after an hour's firing, fell back, the reinforcements I had sent to them greatly facilitating their retreat.

"In the meantime, the Russians had stationed fresh batteries near the centre of their position, and had opened a most effective fire of artillery on the tête-de-pont at Traktir, and on the French positions on our left. A column of infantry, under cover of this fire, attacked the Mamelon which formed the extreme right of General d'Herbillion's division. This first column had crossed the Tchernaya, and surmounted the steep ascent of the Mamelon in spite of the fire of the tirailleurs, when it was vigorously attacked by the French troops in support, and hurled back, broken and disordered, into the Tchernaya.

"As I considered, from the subsequent dispositions of the enemy's forces, that he only intended to make a demonstration of artillery before our position, while he concentrated his infantry chiefly on the extreme right of the Third Division (Faucher's), on which point a second column was now advancing, I ordered a portion of my 5th Brigade, under the command of General Mallard, to march to the support of the right wing of the French, and I posted two of our batteries in a position from whence they could maintain an oblique fire upon the Russians. At the same time, I requested the English cavalry to move down into the plain to be in readiness to charge. I had given similar orders to my own cavalry.

"The enemy, repulsed at all points, commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the valley of the Souliou. Another division, the one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zigzag Mamelon; while a third division followed the road which leads to Mackenzie's Farm.

"Later in the day, I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zigzag Mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry, supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on Mackenzie's road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat.

"The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, was very inconsiderable. They amount to about two hundred men placed *hors de combat*; and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your Excellency that Count Montecchio, the general commanding the Fourth

Brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest."

#### THE ROUT AT THE TCHERNAYA.

A French officer gives the following particulars of the last Russian reverse:—

"The victory of the 16th is much more important than was at first supposed. The Russians have not less than 8500 *hors de combat*. They left 3000 dead on the field. Our loss is now ascertained correctly; we have 1250, 87 of whom are officers, *hors de combat*, and the Sardinians have, it is said, not more than from 300 to 400.

"We have ascertained from the prisoners that at the council of war held on the 13th on the heights of Inkerman it was decided that an attempt should be made to force our position between the Tchernaya and the Sapoune, and to cut off the siege works from the main body. It is said that several generals, and especially Osten-Sacken, were opposed to this plan, but the chief of the staff, General Kotzebue, demonstrated the advantage of the operation.

"At two A.M., the Russians, taken in flank, and cut to pieces by our field artillery, which General Lebeuf had placed at a short distance from the bridges established by the Russians on the Tchernaya, were in full retreat, still galled by our artillery and by the rolling fire of musketry from our infantry and the Zouaves. The scene at that moment was one of awful confusion. It was in vain that the Russian generals made the most desperate attempts to stay and rally the thousands who were wildly flying; the Russian soldiers, panic-stricken, under the influence of terror opened for themselves a passage through the battalions, decimated and falling by hundreds under the fire of two batteries of the Imperial Guard and two English batteries established on the heights which command Tchorgoun. The bridge, which was far too narrow for the heavy, compact mass which rushed to it, became the scene of the most frightful confusion. The cavalry, equally terrified, spurred their horses into the very midst of the wretched fugitives, and trampled them under foot, without regard to the dying and mutilated, who lay in heaps under them. The waters of the Tchernaya, red with gore, bore along a crowd of carcases. Rafts had been hastily put together to facilitate the retreat of the Russians. Our men profited by them, and dashed along in pursuit of the flying foe. It was then that a considerable number of prisoners was made; and up to this moment I have counted 1800. Over an extent of eight kilometres the ground was strewn with dead bodies, with the mutilated and the dying."

#### GENERAL D'HERBILLON SURPRISED.—THE RUSSIANS FIRING ON THEIR OWN MEN.

Some surprise has been excited by the compliments paid by General Pelissier to General d'Herbillion (after the action on the Tchernaya), seeing that the latter allowed himself to be surprised—for one can call it nothing else, since the round shot sounded the *réveil* of the French, and that the Russians were already on the brow of the hill when the artillery horses were still fastened to the picket ropes, unharnessed. The fact is, the soldiers extricated the old gentleman from a very unpleasant fix—a very common circumstance in this war, in which the chiefs almost invariably perpetrate gigantic absurdities, to be atoned for by the gallantry and blood of their men. General d'Herbillion has the reputation in the French army of being a "*vieux bonhomme*," or, in other words, a jolly old dog, whom bad luck waits upon in all his enterprises: in this instance fortune seems to have had pity upon him. . . . It is, by-the-by, positively asserted by a great number of French officers that the Russians fired grape upon their own men, who were running back after their repulse on the heights. They state that they distinctly saw guns in the rear fired, and the grape-shot throw up amongst the fugitives those well-known little puffs of dust which it raises where it strikes. Although I saw pretty clearly everything that passed, I can say nothing in this matter, except that I remember noticing some guns fired, which were apparently far out of the French range, and wondering what it meant.—*Daily News Correspondent*.

#### PLUNDERING THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

The following General Order has been issued at the camp. We are sorry to find that there has been any necessity for it:—

"Head-Quarters before Sebastopol, Aug. 20, 1855.

"The great want of consideration shown by officers and other persons attached to this army in visiting the scene of a recent action, and plundering the dead, or purchasing plunder from others, has been the subject of grave remonstrance on the part of our allies. All property whatever on the field belongs to the victorious nation; to appropriate anything is dishonest—to purchase from those who have done so is to encourage their dishonesty, and to share their guilt. The Commander of the Forces hopes that this caution will be sufficient to deter those to whom it is addressed from a repetition of such thoughtless conduct. Followers of the army are reminded that they are amenable to its rules and discipline. The police and provosts will in future receive orders to punish offenders on these occasions in the most summary manner."

An outrage of a less indecent kind, yet indicating the

\* Later accounts state that the Count is recovering.

existence in the army of an element which we regret to observe, is thus alluded to in another General Order:— "The Commander of the Forces regrets that he has to notice in terms of marked displeasure an outrage that was committed on the 17th inst., in the camp of the Fourth Division, the perpetrators of which, to the discredit of the army, are still undiscovered. A number of soldiers, assembled under pretence of pursuing a supposed spy, destroyed the tent of a canteen keeper, plundered its contents, including a considerable sum of money, and escaped in the darkness. By the Articles of War, the punishment of such a crime is a disgraceful death. The soldiers of this army have met their enemies nobly in the field—they have endured hardship and danger with admirable fortitude. Let them not forfeit their high character by reckless disorders in camp, or by such discreditable breaches of discipline as that now published."

#### BURIAL OF THE DEAD AFTER THE ACTION OF THE 16TH.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following correspondence between the French and Russian generals. It is gratifying to find the horrors of war softened by the interchange of those courtesies which are expected between gentlemen, and still more by acts of genuine humanity.

"General Pelissier to Prince Gortschakoff.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Aug. 16.

"Monsieur le Général-en-Chef,—I hasten to forward to your Excellency a pocket-book, containing money and a letter, which, on examination, were found to belong to General Read, commander of a corps of the Russian army. I have reason to believe that the body of that general officer remains on the field of battle, and orders have been given to make a strict search for it.—I have, &c., "PELISSIER."

"Prince Gortschakoff to General Pelissier.

"Sebastopol, Aug. 7 (19).

"Monsieur le Commandant-en-Chef,—I have the honour to acknowledge your Excellency's communication of the 16th of August, with the pocket-book, containing money and a letter belonging to General Read. I publicly acknowledge an act of so much courtesy, and the generous solicitude which induced your Excellency to order a search for the body of that general officer.—Accept my thanks and the renewed expression of my high consideration. "MICHEL GORTSCHAKOFF."

"General Pelissier to Prince Gortschakoff.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Aug. 17.

"Monsieur le Général-en-Chef,—We have carried off all the wounded on both sides of the Tchernaya within our reach; the batteries at Mackenzie continue to fire upon our advanced posts, and we cannot continue our work towards those of your men who still lie on the field of battle. I bring this fact to your Excellency's knowledge, that no one may have the right to say we left wounded men uncared for or dead men without burial.—I am, &c., "PELISSIER."

"General Pelissier to Prince Gortschakoff.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Aug. 18.

"Monsieur le Général-en-Chef,—I hasten to inform you that your despatch dated yesterday has just reached me. Without a moment's loss of time I telegraphed to the General in command on the Tchernaya to hoist the flag of truce immediately, and to keep it up till eight P.M., if necessary, to enable you to carry out your intentions. Their realisation may be somewhat late, for, as I have already had the honour of informing you, we did all we could, despite the merciless fire of some of your cannon, to give succour to your wounded and to bury your dead. I have not yet a return of the latter taken away by us; but, up to the present, 38 officers and 1620 non-commissioned officers and men are under treatment in the ambulances of the French army.—I am, &c., "PELISSIER."

"Prince Gortschakoff to General Pelissier.

"Sebastopol, Aug. 7 (19).

"Monsieur le Commandant-en-Chef,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's communications of the 17th and 18th inst. I beg of your Excellency to receive my best thanks for the care bestowed upon our wounded; but at the same time I must inform you that the officers in command of the Mackenzie batteries have declared to me that they did not fire upon your advanced posts on the Tchernaya until the French sharpshooters, despite the energetic efforts of their officers, fired upon some of our men, who, after the battle, had proceeded to the banks of the river to carry away their wounded and dead from the scene of action. It is impossible to say which party fired first. The commanders of the advanced posts cannot disobey their general orders (to fire on the enemy) without special counter-orders. The Commanders-in-Chief have alone the power of alleviating by exceptional measures the needless sufferings entailed by war, and I am happy in rendering that justice to your Excellency that you do everything in your power to modify them.—I am, &c., "MICHEL GORTSCHAKOFF."

#### FOOD AND EQUIPMENTS OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following extract of a letter, written by a chief of battalion after the battle of the 16th ult.:—

"You would be surprised to behold the wretched condition of the Russian soldiers. Our surgeon-major attended upwards of fifty of their wounded, and I saw

many naked. Their clothing consists of a uniform greatcoat, made of a cloth coarser than a horse-rug. A thick linen shirt, trousers of the same linen, generally in rags, and a round cap without a shade, complete their accoutrement. But they carry enormous cartridge-boxes, well filled with powder and ball, and muskets which are not of the best description. They wear boots extremely thick and unusually long. All are made in the same form, to fit the entire regiment. They cannot run with them, and are easily overtaken by our men. Those who attacked us at the Tchernaya carried, besides, a linen wallet containing what is called bread in the Russian army. I had already seen samples of it at Yeni-Kaleh. It resembles gingerbread in colour and consistence, and is a mixture of unsifted flour and rapeseed. I caused several of these wallets to be opened, and I found in them that description of bread, a piece of raw suet, which appeared to have been cut out of the belly of a dead animal, and a small bag of salt. Such is the food of these poor soldiers!"

#### ACTION AT BRANDON.

A further destruction of Russian stores, vessels, &c., has been effected at Brandon, the seaport of Wasa, in the Gulf of Bothnia. Details of this exploit, communicated in a report from Captain Otter, have been transmitted to the Admiralty by Admiral Dundas. On the 2nd of August, at midnight, Captain Otter arrived at Brandon, which is a great ship-building place, with a custom-house and barracks, and immense magazines on an island separated from the town by a channel. Captain Otter determined to burn these magazines; but, as the wind at that time would have carried the flames to the town, he forbore until a change should occur. At the same time, he told the inhabitants that they were at liberty to remove anything from the island that belonged to them, except ship's stores. In the course of the 3rd, "everything," writes Captain Otter, "had the appearance of security; ladies were walking about the beach, parties of pleasure sailing round the ship, and the people employed taking their property from the island." At eight in the evening, a heavy fire of musketry opened from the town. This was briskly replied to with shot and shell; and, in about an hour and a half, the fusillade from the shore nearly ceased. Our men afterwards ascertained that the enemy had twenty-five killed, and from fourteen to eighteen wounded. On our side, the casualties were confined to a man and a boy being struck with spent balls. It was not until the morning of the 8th that the buildings were fired. Having effected this object, Captain Otter was backing out, when "several heavy guns, from an elevated position masked by trees, opened fire, chiefly with shells. The Firefly had to be backed astern a mile and a quarter before she was out of range; and this operation occupied forty minutes.

Lieutenants Edward Burstal and John Ward, Mr. John A. Bull, Second Master, and Mr. James W. Salter, gunner, are mentioned with high praise.

Previous to visiting Brandon, Captain Otter carried away from Wasklöt a large bark, the Fides, of 300 tons, with from two to three hundred casks of tar on board.

#### MAJOR GANDINI ON THE PROPER THEATRE OF THE WAR.

A communication from Major Gandini, an Italian Liberal who fought at Venice during the Republican struggle, has appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*. It is the opinion of this gentleman that "the Danube, on which the contest begun, will be the very spot of its solution," and that it is only by transferring the seat of war to that locality that Austria will be made to declare herself in her true character as the friend of Russia. He is therefore desirous that there should be "a strong defence in front of the Balkan, and on the right side of the Danube." He adds:—

"Speaking in a military point of view, I consider the Dobrudscha a most important field, the base of which is the quadrangle formed by Varna, Shumla, Silistria, and Rassoava; and, were a railroad made, linking these four points, and also joining Rutschuk, I feel confident it would prove a judicious foresight, whilst, besides greatly assisting the strategical operations by rendering Varna, by sea, the general emporium, and securing the safe and speedy supply of men and provisions of all kinds for the whole of the Bulgaria and of the Dobrudscha lines, it would enormously increase the material strength of Shumla and Silistria, and give to Rassoava, once better fortified, the greater importance which its topographical position deserves. It would thus oppose an impregnable bulwark against any future Russian attempt on Constantinople, and would also abbreviate the commercial communications on the western Bulgarian and Wallachian Danube with the Black Sea, and render, at least during the war, its special navigation independent of the Russian mouths of the Sulina, by the land junction of Rutschuk with Varna, which would turn a voyage of at least five days, into a journey of four hours."

#### WAR MISCELLANEA.

**THE RUSSIANS IN EXTREMITIES.**—A Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"We are assured in private letters that we can form no idea of the strain of the war upon the Russian people during the last six months. Of its effect upon the trading classes and landowners, I have already written to you; but after all it is the people—if the language of the free

west may be applied in this case—upon whom the pressure chiefly falls. The enrolment of the new militia of the empire, or *levée en masse*, has had a terrible effect. The organisation of this new corps has been pushed forward with a haste which tells volumes on the condition of the regular army. Thirty thousand of the new troops were sent to the Crimea before they had fully learned their drill. Did the safety of the country demand this? and if so, what has become of the great army which has for generations repressed the inspirations of half Europe, and been the hope and comfort of its despotic princes?"

**DR. HALL AND THE LATE MR. STOWE.**—Mrs. Hall has published some correspondence between herself and the Editor of the *Times*, relative to the alleged ill-treatment of Mr. Stowe when he was dying. The lady requests of the Editor that he will publish a letter of her husband's, stating that he was never informed of Mr. Stowe's illness, or applied to to rescind his order regarding the Castle Hospital in Mr. Stowe's favour. The Editor replies that it appears to him that a previously-published letter from Mr. Hayward, the garrison chaplain, fully disposes of the charge against Dr. Hall; but that he will publish Dr. Hall's letter if Mrs. Hall wishes it. Mrs. Hall, on August 20th, intimates such a wish; but as, on the 25th, the letter had not appeared in the *Times*, she sends the whole of the correspondence—rather impatiently, as it would seem—to another paper for publication.

**AMERICA HELPING RUSSIA.**—We read as follows in a letter from Warsaw, dated August 26:—"For some time, a great number of foreign physicians, having taken service in Russia, have passed through Warsaw, on their way either to the Crimea or the Baltic provinces. Among them are several medical men of the United States of America. Civil engineers of the same nation have also arrived here to tender their services to the Czar."

**RUSSIAN BARBARITY ONCE MORE.**—The cruel treachery of which the Allies had to complain after the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, &c., has been repeated, if we may credit the account of a French officer, who, writing after the action of the Tchernaya, says:—"In collecting on the field of battle their dead and wounded, those miscreants, by way of reward, fired upon us grape and round-shot. The poor wounded kissed our hands, and there, as everywhere else, I witnessed the kindness and generosity of the French soldier. Having no litters, our men actually carried the Russian wounded on their backs. I never beheld a more affecting spectacle."

**PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S "IMPATIENCE."**—The St. Petersburg Correspondent of *Le Nord* writes on Aug. 23:—"An impatient desire of measuring his strength with that of the enemy hurried Prince Gortschakoff, on the 16th, beyond the dictates of prudence; for in sooth he found the enemy's force to be far greater than he had supposed."

**"LE NORD" ON THE "THICK HIDE" OF THE RUSSIANS.**—The Berlin Russian organ, *Le Nord*, has a letter from a correspondent at Hamburg, in which the writer endeavours to show that Russia is not reduced to the extremities which the Allies flatter themselves she must be suffering. The landowners, it is admitted, have great sacrifices to endure; but the bulk of the people, who are poor, are rather better off for the war, since necessities are cheaper, owing to "commerce no longer possessing a market for them abroad." Besides, "a degree of material suffering which would appear insupportable in England or France will make but little impression on the thick hide of a people less advanced in civilisation." Is this meant as a compliment to our enemies, or not? In England, a "thick hide" is the characteristic of a donkey.

**THE WHITE SEA.**—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from the squadron now in the White Sea, gives an account of a little affair at the town of Kandalak. This place was approached by our boats, for the purpose of seeing whether there were any Government stores there. The party, however, were attacked by the Russians; upon which, rockets were thrown into the town, the Russians were driven out, and forced to fly into the surrounding woods, and the town was set fire to, and destroyed all but the church. Three of our men were badly, but not seriously, wounded.

**OMAR PACHA** received the Grand Cross of the Bath on the 11th ult. at the hands of Lord Stratford, who delivered a very glowing and laudatory address. The ceremony was described as "an imperishable landmark on the paths of national advancement, a pledge of growing cordiality between the West and the East, and, above all, an earnest of the future diffusion of peace, the more highly to be prized as being elicited from the very bosom of war."

**THE PIEDMONTSE GOVERNMENT** is actively making arrangements for the demands of a winter campaign.

**THE VULTURE**, one of our ships in the Baltic, struck recently on a rock near Hango, and was got off seriously damaged. The Dragon has been ashore off Ledsund, but has sustained little injury.

**MAJOR MCGOWAN**, 98th Highlanders, who has been missing for some time, was, it now appears, attacked while posting his sentries in advance of the trenches, wounded severely, and made prisoner.

**HEROISM OF OUR SURGEONS IN THE CRIMEA.**—The

*Lancet* publishes a letter from the Horse Guards, to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, enclosing a "copy of a letter from Colonel Lord West, 21st Fusiliers, representing that Assistant-Surgeons Brady and Phelps, of the 57th Regiment, were coolly and zealously attending to the wounded under the enemy's fire in the advanced trench on the 18th of June last, to the great relief of the men who were struck down; and that Assistant-Surgeon Greer, 21st Foot, and Assistant-Surgeon Wrench, 34th Regiment, were also treating the wounded under a very heavy fire further to the rear."—The Army Surgeons in the Crimea have transmitted a memorial to Lord Panmure, complaining of various grievances in connexion with promotion, insufficient pay, &c.

**THE RUSSIAN FLEET.**—We continue to hear accounts of the efforts which Russia is about to make during the ensuing winter to repair the recent gaps in her navy.

**THE WAY HUTS ARE SENT TO THE CRIMEA.**—Some huts were to be sent out to the Crimea in the Europa, lately lying at Liverpool. The departure of the vessel was delayed for a few days; in the meanwhile, two officials went down from London, and, according to the *Liverpool Albion*, "found that only one side and the top of each separate hut was on board; and, on making further investigation, they ascertained that the remaining portions had been put on board the Great Britain."

**THE QUEEN'S CONGRATULATIONS ON THE VICTORY AT THE TCHERNAYA.**—General Simpson wrote to General Pelissier on the 18th of August, to convey the Queen's congratulations with her brave Allies, the French and Sardinians, on the result of the engagement of the 16th, "in which they have worthily maintained the military reputation of their respective nations."

**NEUTRAL VESSELS.**—Official accounts from Bessarabia state that neutral vessels have been authorised to load grain at Ismail.

**THE SUCCESSOR TO GENERAL READ.**—According to a letter from Warsaw, in the *Indépendance* of Brussels, it is General Suchozanef who is to replace General Read, who was killed on the 16th, while directing the attack against the French lines. General Suchozanef, who had been residing at Warsaw, has already set off for his new destination.

**THE ATTACK ON SWEABORG.**—A correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—"The French Admiral sent a Russian, as a spy, on shore near Sweaborg, to ascertain the casualties and what damage had been done in the attack against it last week. The spy returned with the news that all the Government stores and the dockyard were completely destroyed, twenty-three ships burned by the shells, and 2000 men killed and wounded during the bombardment; all the powder-magazines have been exploded, and the Governor's house and several other buildings burned down; a three-deck line-of-battle ship has likewise suffered so much from shot that she filled with water and sank."

**MOVEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS.**—General Simpson, writing to Lord Panmure on August 25th, says:—"The enemy have been concentrating troops at the Mackenzie, Tasova, and Karales, their left extending as far as the village of Makoul, and are supposed to have received considerable reinforcements, which probably consist of two divisions of Grenadiers, which have been conveyed in carts from Baktchi-Serai and Simpheropol. The bridge across the Great Harbour is nearly completed, and large bodies of men are employed in erecting earthworks on the north side of the harbour. Intrenchments have been thrown up on the Severnaya-hill, extending from the sea-coast to the site of the first lighthouse, facing the north."

**FLOATING BATTERIES.**—Three French floating batteries have been sent to Sebastopol. "These formidable engines of war," says the *Akhbar*, "will soon bring their guns to bear upon the forts of Sebastopol. One may easily imagine their destructive effects. The entrance of the port of Sebastopol is defended by three stockades, through which passages have been left open. Should the three floating batteries succeed in entering it, which they can easily do, thanks to their light draught of water and their screw, the Russian fleet, sheltered behind the cliffs, cannot escape them, and their enormous guns will powerfully assist our land artillery. The Devastation justifies the name she bears. She is armed with 24 guns. The Tonnante and Lave only mount 16 each."

**THE FLEET BEFORE CRONSTADT.**—The following are telegraphic despatches, dated respectively Hamburg and Berlin, September 3rd:—"Three sail of the line, a frigate and two steamers, forming part of the Allied fleet before Cronstadt, weighed and stood out to sea on the 26th. It is thought that the remainder of the fleet will soon follow."—"In the morning of the 27th all the remainder of the Allied fleet before Cronstadt weighed anchor and stood out to sea."

#### SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

FURTHER correspondence between Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham has been published. It adds but little to our previous knowledge of the differences between the Admiral and the First Lord; but it shows the gradual deepening of the quarrel, from the first germ to the final declaration of Sir Charles that he "will not be



crushed because he could not do impossibilities," and that, at the close of his life, "unworthy attempts" have been made to "ruin his reputation"—attempts which, it is prophesied, will "fail, and recoil on themselves."

The chief facts—as far as they can be gathered from a rather rambling mode of statement—would seem to be as follow:—On the 29th of August, Sir Charles forwarded to the Government a report of General Jones on the possibility of bombarding Sweaborg—a report which, according to Sir James Graham, was in the hands of the Admiral "before either the French army or the French fleet had left the Aland Islands." This document, together with others from Generals Baraguay d'Hilliers and Niel, spoke with great confidence of the practicability of taking and even of destroying Sweaborg—the only difference of opinion being with respect to the length of time requisite for the accomplishment of the feat; General Jones mentioning seven or eight days, and General Niel no more than two hours. However, a week after the Government received these reports, intelligence arrived that the French army and fleet had sailed. After this, came Sir Charles's second reconnaissance of Sweaborg, and his plan of attack. The chief point of difference between the Admiral and the Minister seems to lie in the fact that the former only declared his plan to be practicable on condition of his receiving a certain number of mortars, rockets, gun-boats, Lancaster guns, &c.; while the latter did not send these appliances because, as he alleges, Sir Charles had in May declared Sweaborg to be impregnable, and therefore Sir James thought it would be useless to send the solicited agents of offence. At the same time, he declares that the attack seems to him to be possible without the mortars, &c. This possibility Sir Charles Napier vehemently denies; and he affirms that the French Admiral and his own Admirals agreed with him in that opinion.

Sir Charles observes (writing to the First-Lord from Kiel, October 27) that he has no doubt General Jones's report made a great impression at home; but, he adds, "it is very easy to make a report. . . . Had I seen the smallest chance of success, I should have attacked without the French, but I did not; and surely my opinion is worth more than a General of engineers; but the Admiralty seem to think different. The General talked of destroying Sweaborg in two hours. It is much more likely the ships would have been set fire to by red hot shot and shells, and some of them on shore, by that time. . . . Had people considered one moment, they would have seen the impracticability of the attempt; but they thought Sebastopol was taken, and I must take Sweaborg, Revel, and Cronstadt. . . . The people in England were dissatisfied, and, as some one must be blamed, the Government want to throw it on me; but I will not accept it."

Several letters from Sir James Graham, extending over the first eight months of last year, exhibit great anxiety on his part that Sir Charles should do nothing rash, or "risk the loss of a fleet in an impossible enterprise." What this "impossible enterprise" was, we learn from the subjoined passages:—"I by no means contemplate an attack either on Sweaborg or on Cronstadt. I have a great respect for stone walls, and have no fancy for running even screw line-of-battle ships against them. . . . I believe both Sweaborg and Cronstadt to be all but impregnable from the sea—Sweaborg more especially—and none but a very large army could co-operate by land efficiently, in the presence of such a force as Russia could readily concentrate for the immediate defence of the approaches to her capital." Under date of June 20th, Sir James says it would be "madness" to "rush headlong on granite walls, risking our naval superiority, with all the fatal consequences of defeat, in an unequal contest with wood against stone, which in the long run cannot succeed." In conclusion, the First Lord remarks that he has reliance on the Admiral's "prudence, which was doubted," though his courage was "proved long ago." It is singular in the later letters to find Sir James urging on the Admiral to make an attack on the "granite walls," and Sir Charles, whose prudence had been doubted, and whose rashness had been feared, holding back.

From a letter of Sir James Graham's, dated February 24, 1854, we learn that Sir Charles Napier, before he sailed, had expressed his opinion of the insufficiency of the means placed at his disposal. Sir James says he thinks, under these circumstances, the Admiral should resign the command; but Sir Charles replies that he is willing to undertake the risk.

The controversy may be fairly summed up thus:—Sir James thought that Sweaborg might be attacked by the fleet without gun and mortar-boats: Sir Charles was persuaded that ruin and defeat would have attended on such a step.

#### THE ITALIAN NIGHTMARES.

If it be possible for the fantastical tyrannies of King Bomba to reach a still greater altitude than they have already attained, to that superior height they are fast rising. The Neapolitans, according to all accounts, are one of the most easily governed nations in the world; but the frantic excesses now being committed upon them

by the maniac who sits upon their very necks, like the horrible "Old Man of the Sea" in Sindbad, must surely lead at no great distance of time to a popular outbreak. A gentleman at Potenza recently received fifty blows with a stick for some imaginary offence: after the punishment, he was sent to trial, and declared innocent. For this enormous oppression, there is of course no redress. Some gentlemen at Castellamare have been flogged for hissing too vehemently at a theatre. Several persons have been arrested, at the instance of a police agent, on a charge of conspiracy. A list of those to whom tickets for the Olympic Circus was to be sent was found on them; and all these individuals, without apparent cause, were arrested. An advocate, named Mignogna, was accused of having an insurrectionary placard, connected with this conspiracy, in his possession. He denied the fact, and was beaten to extort a confession. Another advocate was seized with an apoplectic fit after receiving twenty blows; his life being saved by bleeding. Even the rooms of the Papal delegate, Monsignor Pizarro, were rigorously searched; but he has remonstrated. The maniac king, wherever he goes, is haunted by fears for his life—fears which lead to the most preposterous suspicions of high and low. In October, he intends to carry his Bedlam to Resina; and already the shadow of his uneasy brain rests upon the place, and the police are making inquiries into the names, length of residence, and motives of residence, of the inhabitants, native and foreign, and the keepers of *cafés* are compelled to send in a weekly report of their customers, and of the conversation which takes place between them.

But the democrats and those suspected of democracy are not the only persons whom King Lunatic and his police insult and outrage. A very pretty quarrel has lately been got up between the Government and the Jesuits. The latter, after the disturbances of 1848, claimed great credit and immunities for having contributed to that result. Several important concessions were granted them; but they presumed too far upon these, and encroached upon the ecclesiastical prerogatives of the crown. They were accordingly placed under surveillance; their press organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, was crushed; and they were harassed by the police to a degree which they declared to be worse than the tyrannies of the Inquisition. In the course of last April, Signor Silvestri, the Secretary General of Police, induced the Jesuits to sign a paper, in which they made a declaration of absolutist principles, as the only means of reconciliation. A promise was given by the Secretary that this paper should be kept secret; but it was instantly printed by the Government presses, and distributed widely. The breach was of course deepened; and the Monsignor Pizarro, whom we have already mentioned as having had his lodgings searched by the police, has been sent by the Pope to endeavour to patch up matters.

Espionage is carried on to an extent which almost equals that of Venice in the height of her Doge despotism. One instance of this, among several others, is thus related by the Naples Correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"The Duke of Bivona, a Spanish nobleman and a Carlist, resident in Naples, has been distinguished rather by his association with the Royalists; yet police spies have been openly and permanently established before his house, and have penetrated into the interior of his society. The Duke went directly to the King to complain of the grievance, when he was informed that on a certain night, in the corner of a window in his drawing-room, the affairs of the East had been discussed in a sense favourable to the Allies. Bivona was astonished; but, on a profession of strong attachment to the King, he was liberated from this public espionage."

It would seem that the influence of the Archduke Maximilian, who is now staying at Naples, is being influenced to curb the excesses of the King; and it is said that the Flogging Commission has been dissolved, and that henceforth no flagellation will be permitted except by a written order from the Minister of the Interior. But of course this order can be given as frequently as the King pleases.

The insult to England which we mentioned in our last has now been paralleled by an insult to France. On the occasion of the Napoleonic fête, a French frigate saluted the port of Messina, but the salute was not returned.

In the midst of all these oppressions, insults, and mutual distrusts, Revolution is silently plotting, and eating its way beneath the gilded surface of that military despotism called "order." A letter from Florence, in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—"On the 20th August, there commenced here before the Royal Court the trial of a secret society, which had been detected in correspondence with the Republican Committee in London. The most curious point that has come to my knowledge connected with this secret society is the oath administered to its members, which is as follows:—'In the name of God and of the people, I swear, faith to Italy, which is to form itself into one Republic; continual war against all its enemies, whether foreigners or Italians, and above all, against the Pope-King, who is its worst enemy. I swear to conform to the instructions which shall be transmitted to me by the delegates of the Triumvirate, who direct this association; I swear to keep secret the laws and operations of the association whenever I cannot

myself take part in those operations for the triumph of the good cause. So be it; and for ever.'"

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* says that a great deal of conversation has been excited at Paris by a pamphlet which, according to some, has been printed in London, but which others go so far as to say, though without much semblance of probability, has issued from the Imperial press itself. The pamphlet is anonymous; but the subject is reported to be the overthrow of the Neapolitan Bourbons, and the establishment of Prince Murat on the throne. The Prince and his family, however, are not to retain the crown in perpetuity, for, in process of time, all the governments in the Peninsula are to be merged in one Republic. "The author of the present anonymous pamphlet," remarks the *Times* Correspondent, "is said to be M. Salicetti, who in the revolutionary period was one of the Ministers of the King of Naples, and afterwards figured as one of the Triumvirs during the Republican régime at Rome. Salicetti professed Republican opinions, and was a member of the Italian Committee." Whatever may be the chance possessed by Prince Murat, or whatever may be thought of the scheme embodied in the mysterious pamphlet, it appears to be the unanimous opinion of all intelligent men on the Continent that an important movement in Italy cannot be much longer postponed; and it is said that Austria feels not a little alarmed at the gathering symptoms.

#### THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

[THE subjoined articles from two of our contemporaries may serve for comment on the foregoing narrative of the anarchical state of Naples. They are important as showing that the revolution now hanging over the south of Italy exists not merely in speculative minds wherein it might be supposed that "the wish is father to the thought," but is recognised by the daily paper which most of all keeps to the side of hard concrete facts, and by the weekly paper which may be said to have an editorial connexion with Government, and to speak in obedience to its inspirations.]

(From the *Times*.)

There is an old distich, familiar enough in men's mouths, in which the writer denies that Kings or Governments have much to do with the ills which men are condemned to endure during their pilgrimage upon earth. A more egregious fallacy was never licked into rhyme and thrown forth upon the world to impose upon the credulity of mankind. A trip to Naples would be an appropriate punishment for the author's offence; he would there, quickly enough, see that a King can put the cholera and the potato-rot to shame. Throughout the whole of the habitable globe there is no fairer spot than the territory which has received the political denomination of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Whether we look to that great island which is subject to his sway, or to the portion of his dominions which lies at the southern extremity of the Italian peninsula, there is no spot where man has been so busy to deface the choicest work of the Creator's hands. Who that has ever sailed along those summer seas, inhaled the perfumed air, or rejoiced in the glorious vegetation of that splendid climate, can ever forget the spectacle there presented to his eyes? Who that was able to appreciate the human interests of the scene but must shudder at the recollection? That fair land would seem to be a Paradise—it is a Hell. Its vineyards and olive gardens, its orange groves and chestnut woods, hold forth a promise which is cruelly broken indeed. Beneath them the infamous police spy, the armed ruffian who disgraces the name of soldier, the gaoler and the galley-guard ply their accursed trade. There we see the reign of suspicion and terror. It is a crime to speak—silence is more heinous still. To smile is to deride the supreme authority in the person of its agents; sorrow implies discontent, and discontent treason. In the theatre, in the street, men look strangely upon each other, for no speech can be so secretly uttered but that a bird of the air carries it to the Master's ears. He may seem to be far away, in one or other of his secluded retreats, but his agents pervade the air like a blight, and he will know all that is said, distorted and exaggerated by unfriendly lips. The accounts which we published last week of his manner of life would seem, however, to show that the King of Naples is not the one happy man in his own dominions. He avoids his own capital, but he cannot avoid himself; he seeks seclusion, but from his own thoughts no seclusion is to be found. He will not bear to be spoken to upon business—for what must that business be? One can imagine few situations in the world more painful than that of the King of the Two Sicilies, with his Minister for Foreign Affairs on his right, and his Minister for Home Affairs on his left, and receiving from them honest reports of the situation of his dominions. The only analogous position which we can conceive is that of a man who at the close of a long and ill-spent life is suffering the reproaches of two consciences in place of one. No wonder, then, that he shrinks from business; but he cannot rid himself of apprehension even in this life. How often must his eye rest upon the ruin-capped summit of Capri—how often must he long for the comparative

security of that Roman Emperor who nearly two thousand years ago sought refuge on that little islet from the vengeance of his subjects, and the still more awful suggestions of his own heart!

Let it not be thought that we are indulging in rhetorical display, or reading the story of modern Naples as though it were a chapter from the *Annals* of Tacitus. Last week we published an account of the precautions used at Castellamare, where strangers, arriving by the railroad, or by any other conveyance, are not allowed to remain. "Pass on; pass on—the King is here!" Can the history of any nation in Europe produce a parallel to this agony of apprehension? Alexander, the Russian Czar, towards the close of his fitful career, was urged to his rapid and almost perpetual journeys by the stings of remorse, not by dastard terror of the assassin's knife—although no one knew better than Alexander how a Russian Czar may die. The Eleventh Louis of French history—wicked and fearful as he was—never showed so craven a front to the world as this. It must indeed be admitted in the King's favour that, if half be true of all that is charged against his police agents, it is not so wonderful that he should live in fear of the avenger's steel. The streets of Naples are the scene of saturnalia in which the *sbirri* and police agents reign triumphant.

The Neapolitans are served, in fact, just as the wretched Hindoo peasants are by the native peons in our own Indian dominions; and all this in Italy, in the latter half of the nineteenth century! The insolence of the ruffian agents of the police exceeds all belief. When we find it recorded that one of them actually dared the other day to insult a gentleman connected with the diplomatic service of Great Britain, it may be readily supposed that their own fellow-subjects—their appointed prey—receive but scant courtesy at their hands.

The question is, how long is all this to last? Would it be amiss, when the French and English cruisers are passing backwards and forwards in the Mediterranean, if they were to put into the bay for a few hours, and set matters a little to rights? France holds Algeria at the present moment as a compensation for an affront to a consular agent not more gross than that which was offered the other day by a scoundrel *chef de police* at Naples to an English *employé*. France has not been more civilly treated than ourselves on many occasions. If any other reason were wanting, surely it would be well if the two greatest nations in the world were by a simple effort of their will to put an end to such a hideous amount of suffering as is inflicted by this half-crazy monarch and his police upon so many thousands—not to say millions—of our fellow-creatures. Lord Exmouth could show no better warrant for his proceedings at Algiers than this, and his errand was approved by the civilised world. We are very confident that we but express the feelings of every intelligent Frenchman and Englishman when we say that neither of our countries would accept a rood of King Bomba's territory, beautiful as it is, as a free gift. It is, however, a question if France and England are not traitors to their high mission when they acquiesce in the infliction of such intolerable evils upon the defenceless population of the Two Sicilies. Let the King of Naples keep his countries and govern them in his own way, if he can do so without a constant outrage upon humanity—we have no wish to meddle in Italian affairs. Indignation, however, may one day be stronger than policy. If King Bomba's subjects should ever be strong enough to take the matter into their own hands there is no one in Western Europe but would bid them God speed!

(From the *Economist*.)

The state of Italy is very disquieting. There are several indications of approaching difficulties, if not actual disturbances. The continuance of the war, though as yet confined to the East, has not unnaturally excited a vivid and general sensation. No one believes that the present condition of that wretched land can be permanent, and therefore every political movement arouses at once the hopes of the oppressed and the fears of the oppressors. The spirited behaviour of Piedmont, in gallantly joining the Western Powers; the recruiting for an Anglo-Italian Legion; the attempt of Austria to throw dust in the eyes of Europe and to offer a sop to her own subjects by the proposed revival of those miserable mockeries of representative institutions—the Lombardo-Venetian Central Congregations; and the stupid and brutal proceedings of the King of Naples and his police—whom alarm seems to have driven actually frantic—are all so many significant symptoms of coming change.

It would be hard indeed if the present European struggle should pass over without bringing some good to that oppressed peninsula. It is not only wild patriots and chimerical republicans who now grieve over Italian sorrows, and grow indignant at Italian wrongs; Conservatives, as well as Liberals of every grade, are beginning to feel and to avow that there are excesses of despotism that cannot be borne, and cruelties so brutal and degrading that neighbouring nations, more advanced in civilisation, ought not to stand tamely by and see them perpetrated without protest. It is beginning to be admitted, even among the ruling classes of better lands, that there are tyrannies which justify rebellion,

and monarchs so bad that brother potentates must not stain their characters by endeavouring, or even wishing, to uphold them. It is felt, too, that the sway of Russia—which we are in arms to restrain—is not more barbarising or benumbing than the sway of Austria at Milan, or of the Pope at Rome, or of King Ferdinand at Naples—to which hitherto we have afforded at least countenance or aid. It is felt, finally, that the condition of the Christian subjects of the Ottoman Porte, which the Allied Powers have in a manner pledged themselves to ameliorate, is in no degree more suffering or enslaved than that of the Protestants of Tuscany, or the moderate and constitutional Liberals of Lombardy, Naples, or Romagna. There is nothing new in these circumstances—scarcely any aggravated feature; what is new is the higher and more conservative class of politicians, here and elsewhere, who have opened their eyes to the facts, and are slowly admitting the inferences to be drawn from them.

Moreover, the conduct of Piedmont, both in government and war, is gradually creating in the minds of our more timid, liberal, and suspicious Tories a juster appreciation of the manly and solid qualities of the Italian character. Till 1848, the foolish, ill-contrived, and abortive attempts of the various insurgent bodies in that country; their inability to make any head against the smallest bodies of regular troops, or to organise their own raw levies; their hasty explosions, followed by surrenders as hasty and yet more disreputable, had worn out popular sympathy and discredited the whole people. But the movements of that great revolutionary year caused in all close observers a marked revulsion of opinion. The rapid and signal successes of the first Milanese outbreak, when in five days they drove every Austrian out of Lombardy, or confined them within a few citadels and fortresses, showed energy where it was least suspected; while the gallant defences of Rome and Venice, and, still more, the admirable internal government of those cities during the Republican régime, gave evidence both of fighting and organising talent rare enough in any land, and wholly unexpected there. Never, it is now admitted, was there more perfect self-government, or less crime and disorder in any State, than in Venice during the dictatorship of Manin, and in Rome under the triumvirate of which Mazzini was the chief. But these spirited and well-conducted experiments fell beneath overwhelming foreign forces, and the proofs of capacity and worth they gave might have been forgotten or denied, had not the Sardinian Government survived to show, by indisputable evidence, what Italians when left to themselves can do. Starting in the spring of 1848 with a judicious constitution granted by the King, passing through the perilous crisis of a war forced upon them partly by the extreme democrats at home, partly by the general excitement around them, the Piedmontese, by the most admirable and even dexterous management, have steered their young vessel safely through all imaginable dangers during seven eventful years. Yet these dangers have been of the most imminent and deadly nature. The Piedmontese Liberals had no experience in the management of constitutional forms—a problem which we know, from the failures of other nations, to be of the most difficult solution; yet they have managed them as skilfully as Englishmen themselves. They had to contend at one and the same time against two opposite foes; the Reactionists—aided by the priests, who abhorred the very name of liberty or constitution—and the Republicans, who were reckless enough to assume a hostile attitude towards any Government that did not go their length and adopt their intolerant and narrow creed. And while steering this delicate and anxious course, and making head against both these contradictory opponents, they had also to carry on a subtle war with the Court of Rome, which was striving to bring them back under its crushing incubus, and to baffle and withstand the underhand intrigues of Austria, who saw the full meaning and peril of suffering the successful establishment of a really free and prosperous State so close to her own contrasted dominions. They had to throw off priestly domination—and no people had been so priest-ridden as the Piedmontese—without alarming or offending the sincerely Catholic feelings of the nation; and they had to watch with the most jealous care lest the violent and discontented among themselves should, by outbreak or intrigue, give any excuse for Austrian interference, or in any degree turn away the warm sympathies of the more liberal states of Europe.

All this they have done with the most consummate skill. Born Anglo-Saxons could not have done it better, and would scarcely have done it so patiently. The maintenance of freedom has invigorated industry and restored commerce. Railways and other public works have given a vast stimulus to enterprise, and wealth and revenue are steadily increasing. During this period, too, the constitution of the Sardinian army has been entirely remodelled. It used to be nearly as aristocratic as our own, and was sadly infected both by favouritism and corruption. Now, without flying into the opposite extreme, the door has been opened to all merit, and closed against all incapacity; the troops are, we believe, among the finest and best equipped in Europe, and have already shown in the Crimea that they are not inferior to those of France and England either in courage or in discipline.

The effect of all this upon the future prospects of Italy—if only the Italian patriots will be patient and bide their opportunity—cannot be too highly estimated. The Foreign Italian Legion, composed of men drawn from every corner of the peninsula, and trained by the hard experience of actual warfare, will furnish a nucleus for an Italian army whenever there shall be a real Italian State; and will supply leaders, officers, and organisers whenever the day of liberation shall dawn, and the war of emancipation shall begin. And the Sardinian troops will return home, after their work is done, veteran soldiers, fully competent to defend their country against the unpractised regiments of Austria, and to put to shame her armies, while their liberal monarch puts to shame her despotic Emperor.

#### WHEN TO RAISE THE ITALIAN TRI-COLOR.

[We beg to call the attention of our readers to the following reprint of an article which appeared in the *Leader* more than a year and a quarter ago. It will be seen that we had anticipated to a considerable extent the present posture of affairs.]

(From the *Leader*, May 20, 1854.)

Certain facts, just now most important, must enter into all our considerations with regard to the magnitude, the duration, and the extent of the contest upon which we have entered. First of all, we must remember that we are not going to war *only* to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. In fact, the fate of the Turks, as Turks, is a matter of little moment, compared to the other vast interests at stake. The existence of the Turkish Power at Constantinople happens to be a European necessity, at present; hence we fight for it. At first, no doubt, statesmen on all sides, including the Emperor of Russia, were anxious to circumscribe the theatre of war, and confine it to the banks of the Danube; but as the belligerent Powers approached each other, and as the public attention grew excited, so the real questions at issue visibly increased in magnitude. Statesmen, anxious as they had been to stave off the evil day, could no longer conceal from themselves the fact that the dispute, ostensibly Turkish, was really European; and that although they only faced Russian armies on the Danube, they faced Russian influence everywhere. So the conflict grew in extent, until as we now see the elements of war appear everywhere, and the whole of Europe is, or will be, compelled to take sides. Hence we must not only look towards the Baltic and the Bosphorus, but take in the whole range of nations, from the Norwegian to the Italian Alps.

For Italy is not a whit less interested than Turkey, England, and France in the curbing of Russian dominion. Over Turkey the Czar strives to obtain a physical dominion; over Sardinia he exercises a moral pressure. Let us look upon the war, then, from the Alps as well as from the Baltic; and listen to the throes of Italy as she labours under the burden of the Austrian sabre and of Russian ideas. Sardinia has won for herself a constitution, a Parliament, responsible government. Sardinia represents the great ideas of Italian unity, for she boldly fronts the Pope, and maintains a stout attitude towards Austria. Close to her lies Switzerland, also menaced by Russian ideas, subjected to a forced neutrality, and smarting under Austrian insults and injuries. All Italy waits only the opportunity for self-assertion; secure, it may be, of Swiss and Sardinian sympathies. Such progress as has been made in Sardinia, such progress as *will* still be made in Sardinia, can never encounter from England anything but support; and the plains at the foot of the Alps are the standing ground of Italian independence. How needful, then, for Italy to await the opportunity that is sure to come. How necessary to avoid any class movement especially, and any movement, before the right moment has arrived. It may be well for the Italian patriots to reflect that in England no success has ever been gained, except as the fruit of a national movement, as distinguished from a class revolution. We have no single instance of a class revolution in our history. When King John tried to overset the common law, the Barons forced him to declare it at the point of the sword; when Charles Stuart strove to suppress representative government, the nation struck off his head; and when James Stuart endeavoured to destroy British liberties, again the nation acted, and drove him forth. But no class did these things: they were done by all classes. To succeed, the Italian movement must, in like manner, be national, embracing all classes. At all events no mere revolution will ever command the sympathy of England.

In the great war now begun, the opportunity of Italy will surely arrive. Austria is in a cleft stick; and difficulties beset her on all sides. Austrian sincerity, this way or that, is not worth discussing; for the Western Powers know her too well ever to rely upon her. She will, at the best, be only an auxiliary to them; and they will thoroughly comprehend that she joins them only for her own ends; to save, if possible, her provinces, and to gain something out of the defeat of Russia. If Austria side with Russia the course of Italy is extremely simple; backed as she will be by the Western Powers, by Switzerland, and by Sardinia. If Austria side with



the Western Powers, as she probably will, the day of Italy will be only deferred. For the war will not be carried out with the smoothness of a sham fight. The conditions of the conflict are such that all nations who value their existence will be engaged on one side or the other; and the giant struggle will not close without a rearrangement of the map of Europe. The Western Powers have really taken up arms to maintain the principle of nationality; to secure a platform for the new industrial era which has opened on the world; and to enforce their decisions of the true principles of international law. The Russian principle of despotism and conquest, and the industrial principle of Western Europe, are incompatible and cannot coexist. Whatever nation cuts athwart the progress of these newly-constituted facts is doomed to fall before them. Let any impartial observer say in what category the German monarchies stand. Any way, then, fighting with or fighting against the Western Powers, Austria, as it is, cannot endure. The wrongs which have been so long inflicted on the nations of Europe by the agents of despotism are now pressing, by the consummate autocracy of Russia, upon Turkey, England, and France; and in asserting and enforcing their own rights against personal dictation, it will be impossible for those powers to refuse the rights of others. Sooner or later all the nations cherishing the common principles of nationality, industry, and public right, will find themselves by the force of gravitation ranged with us. In this way Sweden and Denmark on the flank of Europe, and Sardinia and Switzerland on the other, backed by England and France, must enter the arena. The line of battle will form a vast chain of defence of unequalled strength, with its left wing in Norway, its centre in the Alps, and its right wing on the Danube. Austria, if shut out, is doomed to destruction; Austria included, must submit to the conditions of the confederacy. The convention between England and France is open to the assent of other Powers; but they must subscribe to the object of that convention, the securing upon solid and durable bases of the peace of Europe. One of the disturbing forces in Europe is Austria, which holds in thrall two nations, Italy and Hungary; and those two countries will never consent to leave the bases of peace secure while they are denied their national rights. Some day, when the West is victorious over the North, there will be a congress, and the securities of peace will be taken. Is it possible to conceive that Austria, at that time, will not be forced to undergo great modification? On the day that she refuses to assent to the solid guarantees of peace demanded by the Western Powers; on the day that she resists, and determines to stand upon her present footing, that day will be the day for unfurling the Italian tricolor.

Under present circumstances an Italian movement would be a waste of force. The highest, the noblest, the truest patriotism, dictates to the Italian people the duty of waiting. The day of Italy must come; and that day will be when Austria's embarrassment furnishes Italy's opportunity.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE "NEW SORT OF DESPOTISM."—M. Paul Meurice, the dramatic author, wrote a drame-spectacle for the Porte St. Martin to form a special attraction during the Great Exhibition season. He selected the history of France for his subject, which he divided into four epochs, the first being France (or Gaul) in the days of Julius Cæsar, and the last being the Great Revolution. The name of the drame was *Paris*; as the "Metropolis of Humanity." The drame was in due course submitted to the censorship, and with some excisions it passed through that ordeal, and was produced with great magnificence: a sum double, we believe, of that spent by Mr. Charles Kean on the production of *Henry VIII.* being lavished on a series of the most gorgeous tableaux. Just as the play was underlined in the bills for immediate production, the manager of the theatre, M. Fournier, received an intimation from "authority" that a tableau representing the first Empire must be added to the drame. M. Fournier, who could not choose between a loss of 5000*l.* and compliance with the injunctions of "authority," wrote to M. Paul Meurice, requesting him to write a tableau of the Empire. But M. Paul Meurice, being a conscientious republican, with some sense of the dignity of authorship, positively declined to do anything of the kind. "It is one thing," he said, "to mutilate my drama, another to compel me to add to it." So M. Fournier was fain to sit down in despair to write two scenes commemorative of the Empire. Whereupon M. Paul Meurice insisted that, in the event of the drama's success, his name should be withheld. Accordingly, on the first night, to loud calls for the author, M. Fournier came forward, and stated that the "author desired to remain anonymous." But after the play had run some weeks, M. Fournier put the author's name in the bills, and M. Paul Meurice, after vain remonstrances, brought an action against him for this infraction of an agreement. The facts we have related came out in the course of the trial.

The French provincial journals speak of a very violent attack of cholera at Soultzmatt. The *Courrier du Bas*

*Rhin* says:—"The commune of Soultzmatt, situated at the bottom of a pretty and salubrious little valley, reckons a population of three thousand souls, of whom the half (including all the visitors to the waters) have already taken flight, driven away by cholera. The scourge has raged to such a degree that in one week alone there were one hundred and forty deaths in Soultzmatt. The burials are on an average from fifteen to twenty per day; and such was the terror felt, that there was a moment when it might be said that the dead were left unburied. The old curé of Soultzmatt, M. Henrich, died a martyr to the discharge of his holy duty of assisting and comforting the sick."

Cholera still rages in Central Italy and in Galicia. In Northern Italy, the virulence of the disease has somewhat abated.

The *Augsburg Gazette* has an article on "The Situation," which would seem to have been inspired by the Austrian Government. The writer states that, had Russia rejected the Austrian terms, Austria would have gone to war with her, but only on condition that England and France "should send as powerful an army against Russia as her own—namely, 300,000 men in the field, and a reserve of 250,000." There is no doubt that the object of this stipulation was to provide a plausible excuse to Austria for shirking her engagement.

A Spanish Royal decree of August 23rd dissolved the Colonial Consultative Junta, and instituted a new one in its place, composed of thirty members, chosen from among the most eminent personages of the monarchy, whose functions are to be gratuitous and honorary. General Manuel de la Concha is to preside over the new Junta in the absence of the Minister. Among its members are the Duke de Sotomayor, M. Salustiano de Olozaga, M. Pacheco, the Duke del Union, &c.

The subscriptions to the Spanish loan of 250 millions now amount to 115 millions. The reform of the tariff is being compiled. It is proposed to reduce the duty on cotton goods. The duty on paper and on wood is to be suppressed.

Fourteen of the Spanish brigands who recently stopped and robbed the stage coaches at night have been captured. The fifteenth is supposed to have escaped into France. Five men of the band of Hierros have been likewise captured. General Ruiz, the Captain General of Burgos, has pardoned two individuals belonging to a band of assassins, who had come to Burgos for the purpose of murdering him. The Carlists are again making disturbances in Catalonia, but not to any serious extent.

The Austrian Lloyd is about to establish a more direct communication between Trieste and Constantinople. The voyage will be accomplished in somewhat less than six days.

The King of Prussia's disease is said to be dropsy on the chest; and his medical advisers are inclined to think that the present slight improvement in his health will not be of long duration. In the meanwhile he is extremely peevish and irritable. The King of Denmark is said to be suffering from a similar disease.

The Duke de Montpensier, it is said, has been ordered by the Spanish Government to quit the Austrian territory at once, on account of his recent interview with the Count de Chambord.

Queen Maria Christina, whose ordinary residence in France is Malmaison, left for Dieppe some short time before the arrival of the Queen of England in Paris, returning after her departure.

The formation of an Anglo-Italian Legion, with its head-quarters at Novara, has led to a diplomatic correspondence between the Cabinets of Vienna and London; but it would appear that there has been no misunderstanding. The *Times* Vienna Correspondent writes:—"A Turin correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* recently said that the 'recruiting bureau' for the Anglo-Italian Legion was, at the demand of Austria, to be removed from Novara to some place at a greater distance from the frontiers, but it is stated here that a second bureau is to be established at Susa, which is near Mont Cenis, and consequently on the frontiers of Savoy. The Austrian Cabinet is certainly well aware that neither France nor England entertains any idea of aiding or abetting the disturbers of the peace of Italy, but the military authorities in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces seem to be afraid of their own shadows." It is said that Austria refuses to interfere on behalf of the Pope, in his quarrel with Sardinia and Spain.

A letter from Copenhagen of the 30th ult. says:—"The King has addressed a rescript to the Diet, in which he expressly declares that civil liberties, such as the liberty of worship, of the press, and of association, shall remain completely within the control of the Diet, even after the carrying into effect of the Constitution common to all the monarchy; and he guarantees to the Diet its constitutional rights in questions which exclusively concern Denmark. The Landsting has formed a committee charged to fix the epoch at which the modifications of the Constitution shall come into effect. The members of the committee belong, for the most part, to the Liberal Ministerial party.

From St. Petersburg we hear that the Emperor has given permission to Count Nesselrode to travel. A great fire has broken out at Moscow, which lasted twenty-four hours.

#### AN IRISH ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE materials for romance will never be extinct as long as Ireland remains Irish. Cases of disputed possession—lost sons of nobility coming to light in the back-woods of America—abductions by moonlight and by daylight—agrarian outrages and mysterious murders—duels, intrigues, and love-making, without end—all working under a perpetual shadow of secret priestly influence,—here are materials sufficient for a whole circulating library of exciting three-volume novels. But a story to the full as strange has recently come to light at the Dungarvan Petty Sessions. At present, the names are suppressed, which renders the incidents all the more romantic; but the facts are these:—

A merchant of Dungarvan was coming back from the National Bank, when a woman standing at a door asked to speak to him. He excused himself on account of hurry; but he was ultimately persuaded to go into the house, and was conducted into a small back room on the first floor, in which there was no one but a child. In a little while, however, a man rushed into the room with a pistol in his hand. This individual cocked the pistol, presented it at the head of the merchant, and swore that he would shoot him unless he acknowledged the child to be his own. The merchant, according to his own account, was enabled to look down the barrel of the pistol, and to notice the wadding "within about an inch of the top of it." The woman here muttered something in answer to an appeal from the merchant; upon which the man with the pistol fell into a great rage, and said that he would blow her brains out, and cut the child's throat across, if she did not again say, as she had said before, that the child was the offspring of the visitor. She then said as he wished. A paper was afterwards produced, which the merchant signed under threats of immediate death if he demurred. To an objection that he did not know what it was about, and could not read it, he was in such terror, the other replied that, if he did not read and sign it, "his skull would be off in one minute." The pistol was presented at his temples all the time he was signing; and, when he had finished, he was required to sign it again. The document ran as follows—the names being now omitted:—

"Dungarvan, August 8, 1855.

"I, ———, having debauched ———, one of the orphan wards in my guardianship, and allowed her to marry ———, when I knew her to be in the family-way by me, and being now charged by her with such offence in her presence, and required by her to take away the ——— and dispose of it at my own cost, and have it called after my name, that, beyond the fearful memory of it, it may be no more a nuisance and reproach to him, I hereby undertake the same forthwith.

"To ———. (Signed) "———."

The rest of the tale may be related in the words of the complainant himself, in giving his testimony at the Petty Sessions:—

"After the paper was signed by me, defendant said, if I would take the child, there would be no more about it. I consented to do anything he liked, if he let me go. He then said I should call for the child before ten o'clock that night, and if I did not do so he would call at my house the following day before I would be off my bed, and shoot me. I was then let go, and, when running out, I heard the defendant say to his wife—'that he would make me pay for it, and make me disgorge.' I did not go for the child on Monday night. On Tuesday morning I wrote a letter to defendant.—[The letter was produced, on the witness's cross-examination, and was an assertion of witness's innocence of the defendant's charge, and a request that it should not be persevered in, or witness would lodge information, &c.]—I got no written reply to the letter. I sent the letter by defendant's sister-in-law, between ten and eleven o'clock A.M., and remained at home about an hour and a half after I sent it, and then left home, fearing defendant might come and shoot me. I went to my father-in-law's, about twenty or thirty miles from Dungarvan, and stopped there two days. I was afraid to remain in town, not having got an answer to the letter. I returned home on the 16th, about three or four o'clock P.M. I signed the said paper writing for defendant, under fear of my life. I was never accused of the paternity of the child by defendant, or any other person, before the 13th instant. I never had any improper intercourse or connexion with her before or after her marriage. Her father is dead. I am his executor, and in that capacity received about 515*l.* sterling on the 4th of August, in Dublin. I returned to this town from Dublin on the 7th instant."

The trial is fixed for the next Quarter Sessions at Dungarvan.

#### OUR CIVILISATION.

A FEMALE RUFFIAN.—Mary Ann Liddon, an elderly woman, was charged at Marlborough-street with a violent assault on Daniel Saunders, in Crown-street, Soho. The woman had taken apartments in his house, but, having introduced men and women of the most disreput-

able character, Mr. Saunders determined to shut her out. This was done; upon which, the woman, with several of her male companions, burst open the door with a sledge-hammer, and afterwards kicked Mr. Saunders so violently in the lower part of his person that he was nearly doubled up, and was rendered insensible. Lidden was committed to prison for two months.

**BANK-NOTE ROBBERIES.**—Mary Ann Conton and Mary Ann Pollett were on Friday week committed for trial on a charge of robbing Mrs. Parsons of several bank-notes and other moneys; and Edward Foley (a publican) and Samuel Woodhouse were at the same time also committed for trial for feloniously receiving a 20l. note, part of the stolen property. The robbery would seem to have been effected in a manner which has recently been frequently and successfully employed. While near the London Bridge railway station, Mrs. Parsons was accosted by the two women and a little girl, who asked several questions about the Crystal Palace railway. While these were being answered, the little girl busied herself about the pockets of Mrs. Parsons; and, when it was too late, that lady discovered that her notes and cash were gone.—William Arthur Buchannan, a well-dressed young man, was charged at Marlborough-street with stealing five 10l. Bank of England notes, and a Post-office order for the payment of 1l. 13s. 4d., the property of Mr. Joseph Bebb, solicitor. He confessed his guilt, and was committed for trial.

**OUTRAGE ON A POLICEMAN.**—A disturbance recently occurred at the Whittington and Cat public-house, Highgate, when, the landlord and his wife having been assaulted, a policeman was called in. He was speedily knocked down, however, and dreadfully maltreated. A bystander interfered on the side of the constable, and was himself assaulted with great violence, the house being filled with about forty navigators, who were all abettors of the fray. Further assistance was ultimately obtained, and two of the worst offenders were taken to the station-house. The policeman at present lies under medical care; one of the prisoners has been sent to the sessions for trial, and the other sentenced to a month's imprisonment.—A similar case has been heard at Marlborough-street, where the offender was sentenced to a fortnight's hard labour.

**THE ALLEGED MATRICIDE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.**—Isabella Mary Jolley was on Friday week committed for trial on the charge of murdering her mother. Bail was refused.

**FORGED CHEQUE.**—A lad of seventeen, named Robert Russell, was charged at the Mansion House with forging and uttering a cheque for 3l. on the London Joint-Stock Bank. He had been formerly in the employ of Mr. Dudfield, of Lower Thames-street, Custom-house agent, from whose service he was dismissed about two months ago. Shortly afterwards, he committed the forgery in the name of his late employer, who kept an account at the Joint-Stock Bank, and the cheque, which was passed through Messrs. Glyn's, was paid at the clearing house on the 20th of last July. The fraud was subsequently discovered by Mr. Dudfield seeing the cheque entered in his pass-book as having been paid by the bank. At the Mansion House, Russell made a full confession, and expressed great sorrow. He was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

**WIFE BEATING.**—The criminal records of the week present their usual number of instances of this offence. At Clerkenwell, Luigi Massetti, an Italian, and at Lambeth, Joseph Martin, an Englishman and an engineer, have been punished with imprisonment and hard labour for violent outrages committed on their wives.

**ANOTHER POISONING CASE.**—Mr. Fulton, a Bath tradesman and member of the municipal corporation, died recently, after an illness caused by the administration of arsenic. Several circumstances fixed suspicion on his son, a young man of dissipated habits. Immediately after the father's death the son fled from the house, and has not yet been arrested.

**THE OPINION OF MR. JOHN JACOBS, BURGLAR, ON MR. SERJEANT ADAMS.**—At the Thames Police Court, on Saturday, John Jacobs, a notorious Jew burglar, was sent to trial for a robbery in Whitechapel. It was stated that, during the last twenty years, he has been convicted several times before Mr. Serjeant Adams. On hearing that he was committed, he exclaimed to Mr. Ingham, "Oh, sir, send me to the Central Criminal Court, where I shall have a fair trial." Mr. Ingham: "No, I shall send you for trial at the Clerkenwell Sessions." Prisoner: "I would rather not go before Serjeant Adams." Mr. Ingham: "I had rather you should, as he knows you so well." Prisoner: "Before old Adams! Why old Serjeant Adams convicts everybody. The officers get behind his chair and whisper to him, and earwig him. (Laughter.) Why, old Adams would convict his own mother." (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Ingham: "Notwithstanding your objection to Mr. Serjeant Adams, I shall send you before him once more." Prisoner: "The devil you will! Then I shall plead guilty at once."

**A FAMILY OF FELONS.**—John Hackett, a "ticket-of-leave" man, and Robert Hackett—both of them brothers of the notorious George Hackett—have been committed for trial on a charge of being concerned with a third man not in custody in stealing a package of goods from the back part of a waggon in Kennington-lane, and also

with stealing on the same evening a chest of tea from the shop-door of Mr. Fowler, a grocer in Rochester-row, Westminster. An attempt was made to set up an *alibi*; but it failed.

**A TYRANNICAL FATHER.**—Mr. May, the Dutch consul, made an application at the Mansion House on behalf of a gentleman of Amsterdam who sought to recover his daughter. The daughter, it appeared, had left her father and had come to London to reside with a sister who is married to a tradesman here; and before Sir R. W. Carden this sister stated that the fugitive, who is twenty-one years of age, and consequently her own mistress, had left her father's roof because she was no longer able to bear his tyrannical authority and harsh usage. The two sisters clung together with an evident wish not to be parted. The father, who was present, said he feared his runaway daughter was weak in her intellect; but this was indignantly denied by the married daughter. Finally the Alderman declined to interfere; and the sisters left the court in high delight.—We have here a specimen of "the skeleton in the family" brought forward for public exhibition. A father throws doubt upon his child's sanity—one daughter openly accusing her father of ill-usage, and angrily contradicting his statements—another daughter running away from her father's house and her native country—here are some strange unfoldings of domestic "civilisation."

**MONOMANIA.**—Jane Moseley, a young lady, eighteen years of age, residing at Mornington-place, Hampstead-road, was charged at Bow-street on Tuesday with stealing a papier mâché portfolio from a house in Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square. It appeared that she called at this house, and asked to see the first-floor apartments, which were to let furnished. The servant showed her up into the rooms, and Miss Moseley then asked her to fetch a glass of water. On returning with the water, the girl saw Miss Moseley leaving the house. Her suspicions being roused, she went up into the drawing-room, missed the portfolio, and pursued the young lady. The latter first denied the charge of theft; but afterwards produced the portfolio from under her shawl, and offered five shillings to be allowed to go. A policeman, however, was called, and she was given into custody. Before the magistrate, she cried bitterly. The young lady's mother, a widow, who said she was in great distress, owing to another daughter being then in the last stage of consumption, asserted that the one now in custody was subject, owing to causes peculiar to her time of life, to fits of mental aberration. Later in the day, a medical gentleman attended, who gave testimony to the same effect; and, under these circumstances, Mr. Jardine discharged the accused.

**PRIVATE GAMING HOUSES.**—Hannah Locker, a tobacconist, of Great Windmill-street, St. James's, has been fined 50l. for keeping a betting room in her house.—John William Cooper, a beer-shop keeper in Fleet-street, and Mr. Beech, of the Rainbow Tavern, Newgate-street, were respectively fined 5l. and costs at Guildhall for the same offence. In the case of Cooper, it was sought to be shown that, his house being a licensed house and open to the public, the act had not been violated, and that, if the contrary should be declared, great injury would be done to several race-clubs, including one which is attended by aldermen; but this defence was not allowed. Notice of appeal was given in both the latter cases; and three similar informations were withdrawn until the opinion of the superior court has been obtained.

**A SHARP LESSON.**—An engine-fitter, named Jeremiah Hogan, went, in a state of intoxication, into a public house on Tower Hill, and called for a pint of porter. Having drunk this, he called for another, with which the landlord, observing his intoxicated condition, refused to supply him. He then snatched up a glass, and hurled it at the landlord's head. Fortunately, he missed his mark; but the missile broke a large looking-glass to pieces. He was given into custody; and Mr. Yardley, the magistrate, proposed that he should pay for the glass by instalments of ten shillings a week, his wages being thirty shillings a week. He begged hard that the sum might be lessened, as he had a wife and children to support; and, while admitting that he was drunk on the previous night, denied that he was an habitual drunkard. Ultimately the sum of five shillings a week was agreed to; and recognisances were demanded, that he should appear on a future day, the prospect of a committal for assault being held in *terrorem* over his head, if the instalments were not duly paid.—As a comment on the leniency of the magistrate, Hogan was the very next day brought up again, charged with assaulting two police constables. Directly he was liberated on Tuesday, he got raving drunk, and engaged in a serious riot. Two policemen were very severely injured; and the prisoner conducted himself with such fierce excitement and savageness that six constables were required to take him to the station. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

**ATTEMPT TO UPSET A MAIL TRAIN.**—William Cooper, a platelayer in the service of the Midland Railway Company, has been committed for trial, charged with attempting to displace a rail on that line. The only reason he could give for this attempt was that the gauger had been casting reflections upon him, and that, if an acci-

dent occurred, and the rails were afterwards found in an improper state, the blame would rest on the gauger.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY NEAR DRURY-LANE.**—Charles Gibbs, a boy fourteen years of age, has been committed for trial charged with robbing Mrs. Caroline Jones of 1l. 17s. 6d. He attacked her in the middle of the day in Charles-street, Drury-lane, threw her clothes over her head, twisted her arm till it became numbed, and wrenched away the money.

**A DRUNKEN WOMAN AT BEDMINSTER** has cut her husband's throat for refusing to sleep with her. There seems to be a chance for the man's recovery. The woman is committed for trial.

**ALLEGED CONSPIRACY AND FRAUD.**—A case which excited considerable interest, and the investigation of which spread over a long time, was heard at the Westminster police-office on Thursday, when Mr. Edward Frederick Wilks, proprietor of the Anchor Brewery, Chelsea, Thomas Wilks, his son, and John Waller, his clerk, were charged with conspiracy, fraud, and forgery. It appeared, from evidence given by himself, that Edwin Taylor, a beer-shop-keeper in St. George's-in-the-East, had dealt for some time with Mr. Wilks. At length, however, Mr. Wilks found his business decreasing, and desired to sell it. He therefore, according to Taylor's statement, asked that person to induce a Mr. Cowell to take the brewery upon the faith of Taylor dealing there to the amount of 30l. or 40l. a month, though in fact he was only paying 12l. a month, and for about ten weeks paid nothing at all. Taylor was to be rewarded for this rogues by certain sums in which he was indebted to Wilks being written off, and by a promise of putting him into another and better house. In the course of a conversation between the conspirators, Waller said to Taylor, alluding to Mr. Cowell being a long time making up his mind whether he would take the lease, "Give him a stray order for 30l. or 40l.," upon which Taylor asked, "How am I to pay Mr. Cowell?" Waller replied, "Go through the court, and we will pull you through." Thomas Wilks added, "That's right, Taylor; go through, and we will put you in the way of getting another 50l. out of him." The plot succeeded by means of false books of account; and Mr. Cowell paid a sum of money for the brewery which, had he been aware of the real value of the business, he would not have given. One of the witnesses exhibited great unwillingness to relate what he knew. He was shown a paper which he had signed, purporting to be an account of what he had witnessed of the transaction; but he said that he had signed without reading it, though he was "really acting conscientiously in the matter." Mr. Parry, counsel for the prosecution, asked him if he had not told Taylor that he could have 200l., and himself 50l., for not appearing in the matter. He replied, no; but Mr. Parry said he was certain he had been tampered with.—The case was adjourned for a week; and the defendants entered into their own recognisances to appear again.

**LETTER-STEALING.**—John Grace, a letter-carrier in the service of the General Post-office, was on Thursday committed for trial on a charge of stealing two letters containing cheques. It would seem that he had detained them so long that he did not like to deliver them, and therefore tore them to pieces. While tearing them, he saw cheques, and became frightened at what he had done. This was his own account of the matter; and it was supported by the fact of portions of the cheques being found at his lodgings.

**THE CUDHAM MURDER.—ARREST OF TWO MEN.**—Paling and Clarke, the two men suspected of the murder of Mrs. Bagley, have been arrested—the one at the village of Fairfield, on the road to Bristol, the other at Havant, in Hampshire. The former was traced out through having been concerned with a ticket-of-leave convict, named Wheeler, in a burglary at a gentleman's house. He was arrested some time after midnight in bed at Wheeler's residence. Some of the clothes stolen from Bagley's premises were discovered in his room. On his person was found a psalm which he said was his own composition. It was in four or five stanzas, each stanza ending with the words, "Lord, thy will be done!" He is about twenty-five years of age, and four years ago was convicted of burglary. He was examined on Thursday; the chief witnesses against him being two farm-labourers who, in the morning of the murder, saw a man running from the direction of Bagley's house, whom they believe to be Paling. Clarke, who was arrested later, has not yet been examined.

#### NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

**THE LATE SIR GEORGE CATHOART.**—The colonists of Queen's Town, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, have resolved to establish a permanent memorial of Sir George Cathcart, who fell gloriously at Inkerman shortly after laying down the government of the Cape. The memorial will be a public building of hexagonal form, filled with books, and forming a public library. The external tablet will record the victories of the general, and the admiration of the founders.

**ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED FROM THE CRIMEA.**—On Saturday afternoon, the largest number of invalid soldiers from the Crimea who have been received at Chatham for some time arrived at Strood station by special train



from London. The number included invalids and wounded soldiers from almost every regiment now in the Crimea, amounting in the whole to 232. During the voyage ten deaths occurred on board the *Tasmania*.

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIBLEY, C.B.**, on assuming the command of the Second Brigade Light Division, in the Crimea, has addressed to the 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers), with which he had been connected for one-and-twenty years, a farewell address, wherein he speaks with great enthusiasm of the brilliant gallantry of that corps.

**THE ANGLO-GERMAN LEGION AT SHORNCLIFFE.**—The *Englische Correspondenz*—a German daily paper published in London—asserts that the members of the German Legion have received only 3*l.* bounty money instead of 6*l.*, and that men who have come all the way from Germany to enlist have been rejected on very frivolous pretexts, without compensation.

**THE ESSEX MILITIA.**—"A Militiaman" writes to the *Times* to say that the Rev. Mr. Wilson has lately preached at Chelmsford a very violent sermon against the West Essex Militia. The text was taken from the Book of Corinthians, whereon the rev. gentleman thus expressed himself (word for word):—"Now, the people of the city of Corinth were exceedingly wicked people, for they were idolaters, and indulged in evil and idle sports; and the people of Chelmsford would be equally as wicked as the people of the city of Corinth, if they (the people of Chelmsford) were all like the Militia." The following is another elegant extract from the sermon:—"That the people of Chelmsford were tired and disgusted with the Militia, and that they (the Militia) were a perfect pest to the town; that the people of Chelmsford wished them away; that the Militia were going headlong to Hell—nay, every day deeper and deeper."—Surely there should be some limit to the licence which clergymen conceive themselves entitled to in the pulpit. In consequence of these flowers of rhetoric, the people of Chelmsford have insulted the officers and men of the Militia in the street, at the same time quoting choice morsels from the sermon.

**MR. BAKEWELL'S** request for a court of inquiry has been refused.

**WRECK OF THE SHIP DANIEL GRANT.**—The *Daniel Grant*, Brown, while on her voyage from Shanghai to Liverpool, was wrecked on Helene Reef, China Seas, May 16; crew and passengers saved.

**FAILURE OF NASMYTH'S MONSTER GUN.**—We regret to learn that Mr. Nasmyth's wrought-iron gun has proved a complete failure. The welding so large a mass of iron renders it brittle and liable to burst.

#### OBITUARY.

**MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR** died on Thursday week of paralysis. For the last two years and a half, he had been under the care of Dr. Tuke, at Chiswick; but about a week before his death he was removed by his sister. Mr. O'Connor was a member of an ancient Irish family, which has been for many years settled at Fort Robert, in the county of Cork. He was born in 1796; sat for Cork county from 1832 to 1835, being unseated in the latter year on petition after the general election; was returned for Oldham in the same year, and for Nottingham in 1847. The latter city he continued to represent until his lamentable aberration of mind in 1852-3. He suffered at least a dozen Government prosecutions for seditious speaking; and his Kennington-common vagaries in the year of revolutions, 1848, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers.—An inquest has been held on the body, in consequence of assertions by Miss O'Connor and a nephew of the deceased that he had been ill-used, and, among other things, stupified with whisky and brandy. No proof of ill-usage, however, was produced; and the jury therefore returned a verdict of "Natural death."

**THE HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE**, for several years American Minister at our court, died at Boston on the 18th ult., in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT NICKLE**, Commander of the Forces at Melbourne, died in the course of last May. He was nearly seventy years of age, and had served in America, in Spain, at Toulouse (where he was dangerously wounded), and in Canada during the insurrection. He was present during the riots at the gold diggings, last December; and his exertions in the hot sun brought on an illness which has terminated fatally.

#### MR. CARLYLE'S TESTIMONY TO MR. DUFFY.

[It is with great pleasure that we avail ourselves of the permission which we have received to publish the following letter from Mr. Carlyle to a friend, conveying the testimony of the former to the high and chivalrous character of the late member for New Ross. Such testimony coming from one whose name is identified with honesty and manliness, and whose opinion must always be received as the expression of a veritable belief, and not a coloured "sham," will go far to rescue Mr. Duffy from the thoughtless aspersions of some of our contemporaries. We too, like Mr. Carlyle, have dissented from many of Mr. Duffy's theories; but we are always glad to recognise his moral excellence and courage.]

September 5, 1855.

DEAR ———,—Some short time ago I received a

circular, with Mr. Whitty's signature, on the same subject as your note, and was well pleased to learn that such a project was in agitation on behalf of Duffy, to which I wished all success very sincerely, though myself unable to take part in it. I have a real regard, and even affection, for Duffy, whose fine, truthful intellect, and ardent, humane character were always recognisable to me in the worst tumult of Irish confusions. His course then, which I never could applaud for wisdom, nor rebuke without pity and respect, has all along seemed to me one of the most tragical; and surely it has been troublous enough, tumbling in the wake of that monster of blarney, Big O. and his "justice for Ireland" (the ugliest impostor generated in my time); and, alas, it ends in a sufficiently mournful manner, though in a manful and pathetic one on my poor friend Duffy's part! I would gladly go and testify these feelings on his behalf whenever it might be useful or suitable; but, on the other hand, I can perceive that this dinner will not be the place for me to do it, but for others differently related to it than I, and who, probably, have somewhat other feelings to express. In short, there are multifarious reasons admonishing absence on my part,—two reasons were there no other: Permanent wish to steer clear to windward of O'Connellism, and of Anti-Ditto in all their branches; and secondly, the horror and misery I undergo in all "public dinners" whatsoever! I pray you, therefore, let me be excused, and be believed, at the same time, to wish the enterprise heartily well, as I do.

Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.**—The Queen, Prince Albert, and the royal family, left Buckingham Palace about half-past seven o'clock on Thursday morning, and arrived at Edinburgh at thirty-eight minutes after six in the evening.

**SUICIDE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.**—A young gentleman named Payne, son of Dr. Payne of Nottingham, has hung himself in a second class carriage on the Nottingham and Derby Railway. He suspended himself by his neck-handkerchief from the ventilator at the top of the carriage door. The act must have been performed with great quickness, as he was not alone more than ten minutes.

**A SHORT POEM**—one of the many which Frances Browne has contributed to the pages of a contemporary—*Is it Come?* printed in No. 1451 of the *Athenæum*, having attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, his lordship applied to the editor for some information regarding its author. On learning the difficulties which have so long beset her, the noble marquis requested the editor to say that he would be happy to place 100*l.* at Miss Browne's disposal; and it gratifies us to add that this generous tribute to unfriended genius was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.

**THE LAND TRANSPORT CORPS.**—With reference to the case of the poor woman who alleged she could not get her husband's pay from the office of the Land Transport Corps, a Mr. Kirby, who represented that he had been sent by Lord Panmure, appeared before Mr. Arnold at Westminster, and denied the statement. The next day, the woman again attended, reiterated her story, and produced a letter from her husband, in which the writer told his wife that he was unable to send her any money, because all he had received from the authorities since he left England was 6*s.* 3*d.* Mr. Arnold gave the poor woman his card, and directed her to go to the War Office, and show the letter to Mr. Kirby. This being done, Mr. Kirby first of all asserted that her husband was receiving his pay daily, or at least weekly, but afterwards said that, if he were not so paid, it was because his account was not yet cleared up, and the authorities did not rightly know what was due to him. At the same time he promised to inquire into the matter, and to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief by the next post. Mr. Arnold, who thought the telegraph would have been a readier way, gave the poor woman ten shillings from the poor-box.—Mr. Kirby has since written to Mr. Arnold, to say that his remark with reference to the inability to come to a settlement for want of sufficient information, had reference, not to the woman's husband's case, but to the case of soldiers returned from the Crimea.

**THE IRISH IN AMERICA.**—Another—unless it be the same—Irish Roman Catholic priest has written from America, imploring his countrymen not to go to that land, where they are demoralised and worked to death; telling them that, if the ships in which they were conveyed were to founder with all on board, they would have a better chance of salvation; and adding—"Were Almighty God to give me the power of building a wall of fire round Ireland to prevent its people from leaving it, it should be built before the ink with which I write this line would dry."

**AMERICA.**—The Know-nothing movement has been met by an Anti-Know-nothing movement; at a meeting of the supporters of which, at Charleston, a resolution was passed with the utmost unanimity, declaring, in accordance with previous expressions of opinion on the part of the people of Georgia and Louisiana, that South Carolina "will and ought to resist, even (as a last resort) to a disruption of every tie which binds her to the

Union, any action of Congress on the subject of slavery" which may interfere between the slave-owner and the slave, or tend to the abolition of the slave-trade and the political rights of the slave-holding states. A bill of a very stringent character, in relation to Abolitionists, has been brought before the Kansas Legislature. It provides that every person who shall be convicted of causing a rebellion of slaves, free negroes, or mulattoes, or of doing any act in furtherance thereof, shall suffer death.—At Baltimore, a desperate encounter had taken place between several rival fire companies of that city. During the fight, not fewer than fifty pistol shots were heard, but no loss of life is reported. Yellow fever is raging at New Orleans, and at Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia. There are evidences of a revival of trade all over the Union; but there has been no increase in the demand for money.—An auxiliary force of United States citizens is at present planning in Texas a movement in favour of the revolution in Mexico. Captain Henry, the commander-in-chief, has issued an address to his countrymen, in which he talks of bringing Mexico under the protection of the American eagle; but another document, in which he addresses the Mexicans themselves, only speaks of helping them to establish an independent and powerful government.

**MR. AND MRS. BRACEBRIDGE**, who have been interesting themselves in the state of our military hospitals in the East, and have done great service to our suffering countrymen, have just returned to England. Their entry into Atherstone, Warwickshire, where they reside, was attended with great public rejoicings.

**ARRESTS FOR MURDER IN IRELAND.**—A Wexford paper announces that the whole of the circumstances connected with the murder, so far back as the 17th of June, 1853, of Mr. John Robinson, will shortly be brought to light. Evidence had to be sought for in America, and the result has been the arrest of James Robinson (the illegitimate nephew of the murdered man) and a farmer named Michael Whitty, who have been committed for trial.

**INTIMIDATION** is being again resorted to in Ireland.

**THE STATE OF TRADE** in the great manufacturing towns continues satisfactory; but there are no specialities of general interest. From Birmingham, we learn that the affairs of Mr. Thomas Spencer, the iron-master who recently failed, have at length been arranged by a composition of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, payable in four months, on liabilities to the extent of 100,000*l.*

**THE BOY WITH THE TAIL.**—The child who was recently born in the North of England with a tail has been relieved of that awkward appendage by a skilful surgeon.

**ALLEGED MISCONDUCT OF THE POLICE.**—An inquest has been held in Walworth, on the body of Mr. E. B. Groom, who was thrown from his gig in a state of intoxication, and, though insensible, was placed in a cell, and left without medical assistance for twelve hours. The coroner conceived that the constable who took Mr. Groom to the station-house was much to blame in neglecting him; but the jury refrained from making an *addendum*, in the hope that no such case would occur again.

**SIR CHARLES WOOD**, First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir M. Berkeley, Second Lord, and Mr. T. G. Baring, Private Secretary, accompanied by Sir George Grey, have been visiting the port of Queenstown and Spike Island, for the purpose of inspecting the condition of the Government naval stores there. They have since visited the dockyard at Pembroke.

**MR. DUFFY** has refused to receive a testimonial which it was proposed to give to him. A letter from Mr. Carlyle, with reference to this gentleman and his claims to consideration, will be found in another column.

**A CHURCH-RATE** has been rejected at Hackney by a large majority. The parishioners then passed a resolution declaring that they wished to press upon the attention of Government the injustice of these rates.

**THE BOURNEMOUTH SANITARIUM.**—In support of this institution for consumptive patients, Colonel Waugh (at whose house at Kensington, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mark Lemon, and others, recently played Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama of *The Lighthouse*, has opened a bazaar at his marine residence, Branksea Castle, Poole.

**EDUCATION AMONG THE COLLIERIES.**—A meeting has been held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of gentlemen connected for the most part with the collieries, to consider a scheme proposed by the Hon. and Rev. J. Gray for promoting education in the mining and manufacturing districts. The chief features of this scheme were thus stated to the meeting by the Rev. G. R. Moncrieff, Government Inspector of Schools:—"In the first instance, a prize of 1*l.* was proposed to be given to every boy and girl under ten years of age (this limit being only fixed for the present), who should bring certificates showing that he had attended school for two years, and certificates of good character, and who should be able to pass satisfactorily an examination, which would be of a very moderate amount of difficulty indeed, only including subjects of the ordinary elementary character. Along with this prize would be given a card or ticket, as a kind of testimonial to the pupil's good conduct and perseverance. At the end of the next year, the same child might again come up, and, if again successful, receive a prize of 2*l.*, and so on; and they might, after having left school, again present themselves for a larger prize, on

producing evidence that they had attended a Sunday School, and some other school during the week, and thus kept up their education." The same speaker also stated that the experiment has been already tried in Staffordshire, and has succeeded. Resolutions approving of the plan, and inviting co-operation for carrying it out, were unanimously passed.

**THE CROPS.**—Another change in the weather, from warm and dry to cold and rainy, has had a deteriorating influence upon the crops; but a large part of the harvest has been already got in, and, though the yield will not be equal to that of last year, there seems to be no probability of the wheat crops being under the average. The blight has unquestionably made its appearance among the potatoes in Ireland; but it has not as yet spread to any alarming extent.

**HEALTH OF LONDON.**—The returns of the metropolitan registrars continue to exhibit a rate of mortality which is not high for London at this period of the year. In the week that ended on Saturday, the deaths from all causes registered were 1031, of which 559, or considerably more than a half, occurred under 20 years of age, 19 at 80 years or above that age; and the remainder occurred, in nearly equal numbers, in the three intermediate vicennial periods of life. Diarrhoea appears in the last two weeks to have suffered a check. It was fatal in 134 cases last week, of which 111 occurred to infants less than two years old. Eighteen deaths are returned variously as caused by cholera, English cholera, choleraic diarrhoea, infantine cholera. In one case, the disease is described as "Asiatic," and is stated to have occurred without premonitory symptoms to a man who lived in Drummond-crescent, Somers-town, and died after twelve hours' illness. The house which he inhabited is reported to be in bad sanitary condition. In 8 of the 18 cases enumerated the sufferers were adults, 20 years of age and upwards. Two children in a family in Upper John-street, Tottenham-court-road, died on the same day of small-pox. The death of a man, aged 51 years, was caused by hæmorrhage from the gums during five or six days. A boy aged, aged three years, died from "convulsions caused by fright on seeing a dog by which he had been bitten a fortnight before. Last week, the births of 840 boys and 831 girls, in all 1671 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1393.—*From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.*

**THE FILTHY CONDITION OF BELLEISLE.**—Mr. William May, superintendent registrar of Islington, has addressed a letter to the registrar-general, complaining of the pestiferous condition of the district called Belleisle, Islington, with reference to which it will be recollected that a public meeting was recently held. The noxious manufactories complained of cover, according to Mr. May, a space little short of eight acres of ground. It is often impossible, he adds, to open the windows in the west district of Islington when the wind blows from the infected quarter. The poisonous establishments consist of places employed for horse-slaughtering, bone-boiling, fat-melting, and grease-manufacturing, together with houses for producing a kind of artificial manure, by baking night-soil, blood, putrid fish, meat, and vegetables, and all the garbage that can be collected from the dunghills of the metropolis.

**THE CAPTAIN OF A RIVER STEAMBOAT** fell overboard a few days ago, and was drowned.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**—A man name Harrison was recently killed during the night between the buffers of some waggons on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway. He was found dead on the lines in the morning.

**THE SHIPPING RETURNS** of the Board of Trade for the month ending the 31st of July exhibit an increase of employment, especially for British vessels, and confirm the other indications of a recent extension of trade.—The Excise statements for the first half of this year have also been published. A decline appears in each article as compared with the corresponding period of last year, more especially in paper. Of this article, the quantity charged with duty from January to July, 1854, was 91,485,985 pounds; in the same period this year, the number of pounds was 80,226,607. This decline is rather singular, considering the sudden impulse given to newspapers by the repeal of the stamps.

**NEW ENGLISH COLLEGE AT ROME.**—The Pope is about to establish a new English college at Rome for the education of Roman Catholic priests. It is to be called after his own name.

**RISE IN THE PRICE OF BREAD AND FLOUR.**—On Wednesday, throughout the metropolis, a rise in the price of bread took place of one halfpenny on the four pound loaf, and a corresponding increase in the price of flour.

**THE LORD MAYOR BETWEEN LOYALTY AND £ s. d.**—At the Exhibition of Amateur Art at Burlington House this season, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, there was a great rush to see the drawings of the "youthful members of the Royal Family." A drawing by the Princess Royal, on which that august young lady at the modest price of 5*l.*, but for which 200*l.* was offered by an enthusiastically loyal Great Britain, was selected for engraving, and the subscribers were very numerous. The print has lately been sent round to the subscribers, with the bill. Conspicuous in the list was the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor: to him in due course comes the

print, with the bill. Sir Francis G. Moon, Bart., presents his compliments to the Committee and begs to say that he considers himself entitled to receive the print at trade price. O! Francis Moon, Bart.! This is really too bad after the Baronetcy.

**A FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT** occurred in Plymouth Sound on Monday evening, Mr. Douglas Dent, Store-keeper of Her Majesty's dockyard in Devonport, having been drowned by the upsetting of a boat. His two sons, who were with him, were with difficulty recovered.

**OUR CLERICAL CIVILISATION.**—On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Alderman Farebrother attended at Garraway's coffeehouse, for the purpose of disposing, by public auction, of the advowson and right of presentation to the rectory of Lytchett Maltravers, in the county of Dorset. The incumbent was thirty-three years of age, and some representations had been made as to the state of his health. He (the alderman) would not say what those representations were, but intending purchasers might easily satisfy themselves on that point. A formal proposition was then made that some one should say 3500*l.* for the advowson, but no one ventured. It fell step by step to 2000*l.*, when some one made a bid. The competition was by no means brisk. Offers were made slowly, until the amount reached 2450*l.*; and for that sum the rectory of Lytchett-Maltravers was knocked down.—What do our Mahometan allies think of this? What will all men think of it a thousand years hence?

**THE IRISH FLAX CROP** this year is 37½ per cent. deficient.

**THE NEW ACT WITH RESPECT TO PARISHES.**—The Metropolis Local Management Act, which is to come into force on the first of next January, directs that all parishes with more than two thousand rated householders shall be divided into wards containing not less than five hundred rated-householders, the number of wards not exceeding eight. The proportion of vestrymen to each ward is to be determined by the number of persons rated to the relief of the poor in each ward, and to the aggregate amount of the sums at which all such persons are rated; and the number of vestrymen appointed to each ward is to be a number divisible by three.—The four assessors nominated for carrying out the foregoing sections of the act commenced their work on Thursday, and proceeded to divide the several parishes into wards, and to apportion the number of vestrymen to be elected.

**SIR JAMES GRAHAM ON "THE SOD."**—The ceremony of cutting the first sod of the Silloth Railway was performed on Friday week by Sir James Graham. The new line is to join the Port Carlisle Railway at Drumburgh, and to run to a point on the coast of the Solway Frith called Silloth Bay, a distance of about nine miles and a half. The act for its construction, with a floating dock at the Silloth terminus, was obtained during the last session of Parliament after a protracted and expensive contest with the Maryport and Carlisle Railway, and a double defeat. The third time the company were successful. Sir James made two speeches; one before the sod-cutting, and another after a repast which was given in a tent. His present anti-war feeling was exhibited in the remark that he had to perform his work in the midst of "the prodigal and fruitless expenditure of millions of the public money;" but he afterwards congratulated the nation on its victories, and hoped we should have more. Alluding to Sir Robert Peel, he declined to discuss what that statesman's policy would have been under the present circumstances; but he remarked that he was an advocate of competition in railways as in all other matters.

## Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, September 8.

THE BALTIC.

Dantzic, Thursday, Sept. 6, 8 P.M.

THE Vulture has arrived. She is not so seriously injured as was at first supposed.

There is no news of importance. The weather is very bad. The fleets are healthy.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 5.

An imperial ukase has been issued, abolishing, on the proposal of Prince Paskiewitch, the Field Commissariat of the army on active service; Commissary General Annenkoff resuming his former charge.

A letter from Berlin in the *Dusseldorff Gazette* states that Austria is intent upon negotiating a new loan of from 250 to 300 millions of florins (the florin is about 2*fr.* 50*c.*) Councillor de Hock is to proceed to Paris for that purpose; but many doubt the possibility of Austria raising such an amount of money in France.

**WRECK OF THE SHIP AMANDA.**—North Uist, August 28.—The *Amanda*, of and for Belfast, from Prussia, with wheat, was wrecked on the 25th of August, on the Point of Airdmile, west side of South Uist; crew and some of the materials saved.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "The Leader."

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PAPERWORK."—The mistake is on the side of our correspondent. It was not to "Paperwork," but to "One who has examined at Oxford," that we alluded in our article.

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.

The *Leader* has been "registered" at the General Post-office, according to the provisions of the New Act relating to Newspapers, and an UNSTAMPED copy has, therefore, the privilege of transmission through the post beyond the United Kingdom on payment of the proper rate of postage.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 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 "NEW SORT OF DESPOTISM."

WE are engaged in a crusade abroad. But the first and best of all crusades for nations, as for men, is to be true to honour at home. Can Englishmen say that they are true to honour when they worship the author of the *Coup d'état*? After making all allowances for good motives and natural illusions, we are obliged to own that we feel grief and shame for our country. We feel grief and shame for her want of sense, if not for her want of morality.

The motives of LOUIS NAPOLEON's career are patent. Twice in a time of profound peace and of constitutional government he raised the standard of civil war in France for his own selfish ends. Is this what one calls promoting the cause of peace and order? Will GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC himself dare to say that these facts are consistent with the disinterested patriotism and philanthropy of his hero?

What was the conduct of the President of the Republic? Did he loyally and dutifully endeavour, by reconciling factions, calming fears, initiating good measures, to carry the Commonwealth safe through a period of revolution, and to consolidate its liberties on a basis of order? Or did he, with repeated oaths and protestations of loyalty, set himself to aggravate disorder, to debauch the army, and to gather round him the accomplices of his preconcerted treachery? Shout, gentlemen, but your shouts will not drown history; and history will not be written by the *Times*, or by Dr. VERON.

If LOUIS NAPOLEON was the friend of order, why was it necessary for him to gag and exile the "party of order?" It is easier to see why with selfish designs he should decimate the honour and ability of his country, as one tyrant of antiquity advised another to cut off the heads of the tallest poppies.



We applaud self-raised merit. But LOUIS NAPOLEON did not raise himself at all, much less did he raise himself by merit. His own attempts ended in failure and ridicule. A freak of fortune and the sinister aid of disappointed politicians, whose names will always be tarnished, raised him to a place of high trust, and put into his hands the power of destroying the liberties of his country. He used that power with more than common perfidy, with more than common atrocity, with accomplices more than usually infamous. He triumphed by merit in his political career just as a man who steals a deposit, who murders his sleeping friend, who debauches a woman under his protection, triumphs in commerce, in combat, or in love. The *Coup d'état* did not even show the physical courage which a brigand's trade requires. Its hero sat safe in the Elysée while his bravos and his janissaries quenched liberty in blood.

But all is cured by the seven millions of votes. The *Observateur Belge* has dealt well with this part of the argument. How can English good sense be deceived by that fictitious condonation? Supposing that the returns of the poll, given by convicted perjurers, were true, on what issue was the vote taken? What alternative was offered to those who voted No? Will the lowest sycophant of the Empire maintain that France was offered a free choice between the domination of LOUIS NAPOLEON and a free constitution? Will you submit, or be coerced into submission? That was the question asked of France. And France, panic-stricken, deprived of all her statesmen, cowed by the vast army which her military vanity has raised up to be her scourge, answered that she chose submission.

If the approval of France was really given, it still exists; nay, according to Imperialist writers, approval has risen to enthusiasm. Why then is not the universal gratitude allowed to find decisive expression in a free press? Why is not liberty of speech at least allowed to both sides? Cannot LA GUERONNIERE, backed by the court and its bayonets, make the cause of order, truth, and beneficence, victorious in free discussion?

If the chief magistrate of a free country may use its army to destroy its liberties, and then plead the submission of the people as his justification, what liberty is safe? Are these the lessons which the English people wish to be instilled into the heir of their crown by his sedulous host and affectionate companion? Let us remember that the moral law is the same for all. Let us remember that we too have violent factions, rancorous debates, popular aberrations, and that these have not passed unnoticed in high places. If we kneel for France, we must be prepared to kneel for ourselves.

Many Englishmen who would be ashamed to applaud the erection of a despotic dynasty save their consciences by calling it Empire. A writer in a courtly journal (which once gave a picture of LOUIS NAPOLEON framed in chains and scourges) speaks of France as having, for the sake of peace, submitted to a temporary loss of liberty. This writer seems a little dazzled by the fireworks of Versailles, when he speaks of the throne of LOUIS NAPOLEON as having risen in a blaze of glory out of the Revolution. Let him ask his host whether he is a dictatorship or the founder of an hereditary despotism.

We do not see despotism yet. The fire still smoulders in the ashes of liberty. Honour and morality still throb. The self-respect of freeborn citizens still lives. The fetters still galk. The memory and the effects of free discussion still remain. Deference to public opinion and the affectation of popular airs are still necessary to the usurper. He is still obliged to cog the press, and force dra-

matists to illustrate the Empire. The next generation will be born under the yoke; they will have seen no public morality but that of MORNY and FOULD, read no politics but those of the *Moniteur*; and they will be trampled on without fear. The third generation will be hereditary slaves. The popular beginnings of tyranny, and the moral abyss to which they lead, are no "new sort of despotism," as the *Examiner*, transported with the fêtes of Versailles, supposes. They are as old as the age of TACITUS and SUTONIUS. Under AUGUSTUS, as under LOUIS NAPOLEON, caution, condescension, hypocrisy were the order of the day; servitude was veiled under the forms of the republic, and court poets honoured the name of CATO. Under TIBERIUS began that moral prostration, that lust of self-abasement, that train of infamies and horrors, which the judicial pen of the historian of the Empire has recorded, but for us, it seems, in vain. Many men are profound political philosophers till they come to deal with real events, and the tritest lessons of history cannot save them from the most puerile aberrations.

A sycophant of the Empire compares it to the reign of LOUIS XIV. Under LOUIS XIV. thought was more free, and sycophant writers were less protected and patronised. But to what did the reign of LOUIS XIV. lead?

If LOUIS NAPOLEON represents the honour of the French nation, why cannot he get a single man of honour to join him? Has the type of heroism and virtue become so repulsive to the heroic and the good? Why could he find no instrument wherewith to work out the salvation of France but a soldier who (as he was told by an honourable veteran whose sword he took away) might have had his own sword broken in disgrace? Why can he find no ministers but men whose personal infamy is as unquestionable as their political abasement? Why have not the great generals of France been at the head of her armies instead of the ST. ARNAUDS and the CANROBERTS?

A certain outward magnanimity is easy to those who are triumphant. But we could prove that such magnanimity may hide a depth of meanness within by examples drawn out from very remote times. The magnificence which dazzles fools is easy to one who has an unlimited command of the public money. Such magnanimity and such magnificence look mean to God and to good men compared with a single effort of self-denial, or a single act of duty.

We all saw these things clearly enough after the *Coup d'état*, and since then nothing is changed. Nothing is changed but our diplomatic interest. We have sold morality for a diplomatic interest and for a show.

We have never refused LOUIS NAPOLEON the credit due to him for the alliance; we have always held up his conduct in this respect as a lesson to the constitutional statesmen of France. But alliance with the nation does not involve complicity with the ruler. These transports of sycophancy are gratuitous and useless. They will not cement a lasting friendship between the nations. They are ecstasies as evanescent as delirious. They are Windsor Castle in fireworks at Versailles.

The origin of the war (to whatever good ends it may turn) was LOUIS NAPOLEON's intriguing selfishness. For his electioneering interests he—a believer in nothing but his star—restored the Papal despotism at Rome. For his electioneering interests he agitated the question of the Holy Places, and thus brought on the embarrassments which led to war.

If we are to redress the wrongs of the world we must collide with LOUIS NAPOLEON in the end; for the greatest wrong in the

world is the occupation of Rome—Rome, which our friends of liberty unaccountably forget to mention, though the reign of terror there is as bad as at Naples.

We are fighting against the CZAR, who is the centre and support of military despotism in the East; we are at the same time enabling LOUIS NAPOLEON to become the centre of another circle of military despotisms in the West. Spain will be drawn in; a MURAT dynasty will be created at Naples; the POPE is a French Viceroy. Sardinia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg will move among the Satellites. What will then be the position of England? We are sanctioning, we are worshipping, the principle of military despotism, and we shall not sanction and worship it in vain. There are lessons which all kings easily learn, which they will learn with double ease under so polite a tutor as LOUIS NAPOLEON, and in so splendid a school as Versailles. Dishonour, however politic it may seem, is always folly in the end; and England will find before long that it has been her folly as well as her dishonour to stifle her own conscience and betray the cause of liberty and duty.

#### THE HOPE OF ITALY.

THE presages of an Italian movement are multiplying. The governments admit the fact by preparing to encounter it. Never did the Popedom exhibit more convulsive energy, never were the Bourbons more savage in Naples, the Austrians more insolent in Lombardy. We count these circumstances among signs of hope. Before the great war of liberty, when eighty cities and towns within ten days threw off the yoke which oppressed them, Europe was shocked by the bloody assize of Faenza, as it is now shocked by the fantastic atrocities of Castellamare. Moreover, the liberals of all countries discuss the issue, as of an event near at hand. Even the lingering relics of Muratism reappear, as though every nephew of the Napoleonic race were destined to grasp a revolutionary sceptre. No one who is possessed of the faculty of vision can doubt that an Italian catastrophe is gradually approaching. The Pope, oppressed by fear, knows that the judicial sword cannot rid his holy throne of its enemies. The KING OF NAPLES, a mad DAMOCLES, exhibits the cowering fears of CLAUDIUS and the ferocity of DOMITIAN; RADETZKY, armed with the proxy of despotism, parades his troops in Lombardy; but in Turin as in Rome, in Vienna as in Paris, in Naples as in London, the rumour grows that these things are not to last. In a word, Italy, at the right moment, will make one more effort to free herself from military domination. It is time, then, that Italians of all classes of opinion should be reconciled to a common policy. The wars of independence, in which Italian blood has been shed like water, have too often been checked by precipitate action, by the premature rivalry of cities, and by the selfish asperities of factions. This is the danger which the patriots must avoid. It has been their curse; it is the encouragement of their enemies; indeed, it has been the perpetual fruit of foreign intrigues.

No sooner is the political motion of Italy manifest to the diplomatic arbiters of Europe, than points are raised concerning the interests of the reigning families. Is Prince MURAT, the nephew of his uncle, to be ignored? Can diplomacy create a sovereign to govern a united Italy—an ORUO, perhaps, the royal blossom of a national war? But, amid all their controversies, the Italians—the small Muratist section excepted—appear to have one fixed point of faith. In no quarter do we find repeated the old appeals to friends in one country or another. And those liberals are perfectly right who main-

tain that European diplomacy has nothing to do with the Italian question, but to sanction whatever result is evolved from the efforts of the Italian people. No nation was ever set at rest by the decisions of a Congress. Lasting institutions must spring out of their natural developments, or out of spontaneous impulses. With respect to Italy, it is most important that the Governments of Europe should observe this rule, prescribed alike by justice and by sound policy. Spain has not been weakened by intrigue more than by intervention. Greece is a warning against the creative propensities of diplomacy. Italy, tortured by her despots, has been harassed by her friends, and would dearly purchase the sympathy and aid of the Western Powers, if, upon the achievement of success, they were to stipulate for a voice in the settlement of her affairs.

So much must be conceded by the friends of Italy. Their good-will is no title to interference. They will best serve Italy who counsel her against abortive insurrections, without pretending to offer the free gift of a constitution. We believe that this didactic liberalism, which prevails among the English almost as inveterately as it does among the French, who think no country free unless they decree its form of freedom, is that which has excited most jealousy and most distrust among the Italian patriots.

But, without any right to interpose, practically, in the settlement of this great question, we are free to criticise the acts and the temper of the Italian liberals. Some of them are engaged in an argument—in our own columns—between two sets of opinion, which do not appear to us to be very widely separate. The believers in “Italy for the Italians” avow that Piedmontese development would be preferable to Austrian occupation; “an Italian” declares himself willing to choose a constitutional monarchy in place of the degrading yoke of Austrians, Bourbons, and priests. The KING OF PIEDMONT, at least, has broken no oaths; he is not, like PIUS IX., better known than trusted. Again we put it, therefore, to these advocates of a common cause: is it wisdom or fanaticism, if they feel the necessity of uniting against despotism, to divide upon points of secondary interest? They have to wait for their opportunity, and to profit by it. They may have German armies to resist, ecclesiastical intrigues to discomfit, Jesuits to detect and expel, civil and military institutions to organise against the return of oppression. This is the varied task in which their intellects and their energies must be absorbed. It is not a fanciful prospect that excites their fears and their hopes. The hour is at hand. A national army is already in the field, a remote field indeed, yet not obscured by distance, for every Sardinian victory is a sign of life, and may be a precursor of many glorious feats at home. Equally important would be the successful enrolment of an Italian legion. It would habituate the people to discipline; it would teach them to fraternise by marching side by side; it would cement the union of the Roman with the Florentine, of the soldiers of Venice and Savoy. We are perfectly aware of the indignation which Italians feel when they are invited to enlist as desperate mercenaries to fill up the chasms of the slain before Sebastopol. The principle which excludes the best Poles from the Polish Legion, would exclude the best Italians from that of Italy. They must share the results of the war, or the war will be a mockery to them. Were a speedy peace to be concluded, it might relieve the court of Vienna from some of its apprehensions, but diplomacy can neither destroy nor save the Italian people if they are steady and patient,

as well as full of hope and spirit. But we must implore the friends of Italy not to hurry on an unprepared revolt. Their enemies already resort to terror; Italy can afford to watch and wait. Though diplomatic war without revolution be futile, revolution without diplomatic war is possible, and the Italians have too many resources, too many traditions, too much genius and strength, that they should need to anticipate their opportunity or surrender their objects, whether or not the Western Powers be inclined to accept a compromise instead of a conquest.

At present, it is true, few men anticipate peace. It is not the desire of the influential classes in England. It is far from the policy of the French Government. Events have become complicated, and threaten to become still more so. Every act on the part of our own and of the French Executive indicates a belief in the prolongation of the war. Russia gives no sign, but suffers resolutely. Only the German Cabinets persist in coquetting, while our loudest blusterers, who are the slaves of diplomacy, affect a menacing liberalism, and pass the word of warning to Naples and to Austria. Any exciting act, however, on the part of the Western Allies would prove premature, and embarrass their operations, without serving the Italians. In Naples, indeed, even our country gentlemen, friends of order as they are, think dimly that it might be proper to interfere—not to do the work of “incendiarism,” but to spare Europe the reproach of a sanguinary idiot’s rule. King FERDINAND is recommended to imagine how effective a British squadron would look in his bay, and were the threat made in earnest, there might be serenity for a while in the squares of the sunny capital. But no established Government is really interested in abolishing the *régime* of the spy, the bastinado, and the subterranean cell. Perhaps it is too much to require from statesmen educated in the principles of the Holy Alliance that they should interfere, where interference would signify revolution. As far, therefore, as yet appears, the Allies have resolved to keep Sebastopol only in view, when the season of indecisive demonstrations in the Baltic is closed.

The opinion of some Italians is worth studying by all—that it would be false policy, through any devotion to a special idea, to disaffect the Piedmontese towards their Government. Patriotism has enough to encounter in the princes and priests, whom all liberals in Europe abhor, without attacking institutions which have the sympathy of a vast body of moderate men. The moral advance of Piedmont has been of incalculable service to the cause of Italy. It has proved that Italians need only to be emancipated to progress in all the arts of society. It ought to prove also, to the satisfaction of every temperate mind, that a national king is better than an Austrian viceroy, or a branch of the Holy Alliance. Without asking for a public analysis of the Italian patriots’ creed, this much we may require—that they should not vilify their few powerful friends, or prefer their own crotchets to the salvation of their country. The stones that rise one upon another in Venice menace the Adriatic with an emporium of military force, designed to quell the movements of the Lombardo-Venetian people. While the factions debate, these fortifications grow in Verona and Pola too, threatening the borders of Piedmont.

If the sufferings and degradations of Italy have impressed upon the Italians the truth that their hope lies in generosity, in forbearance, in confidence, it is time that their mutual wrongs should urge them to prepare cautiously for the fulfilment of their common

design. They have a right to suspect diplomacy; but to strike before Europe is ready, or to remember domestic feuds, is to light the fire which has ever been a beacon to their foes.

#### THE NAPIER DISCLOSURES.

WOULD that all our statesmen were as cunning as Sir JAMES GRAHAM, for cunning men resort to devices which often lead to the exposure of their own schemes. In 1854, Sir JAMES GRAHAM sent Sir CHARLES NAPIER into the Baltic, under circumstances calculated to make the British public believe that “the right man” was put into “the right place”—that the Baltic would be scourged, Russia’s rocky stronghold shaken in, and St. Petersburg itself put up for sale or lease. That was the view held out to the public for a great part of that year 1854. Meanwhile Sir JAMES GRAHAM was soothing the irritation of the old gentleman who was placed at the head of the British officers with various syrups in the form of friendly notes, until Sir JAMES GRAHAM’s cabinet became involved in the discredit caused by the resultlessness of the NAPIER campaign; and then from soothing, Sir JAMES turned to goading. On this Sir CHARLES, after thinking of it for a year, turns to the written drama, which he has in store, and determines to “shame the fool and print it.”

The exposure is the more amusing, from its exhibiting the exposer as well as the exposee. There was a slight obstacle in the form of a punctilio: gentlemen never publishing private communications without leave of their correspondents. Sir CHARLES wishes to publish, but how to get over the difficulty? A friend observes for him that the Admiralty had “evidently” supplied the *Times* with materials for attacking him, and thus, it is implied, he is released by the malfeasance of the present Admiralty from any honourable reserves towards the late lord! We can not see how the excuse applies to the case, or how it obviates the irrefragable rule that gentlemen *never* publish private letters without the leave of their correspondents.

The indiscretion of the old boy, however, bursts the bubble of the early Baltic campaign; it exposes the Admiralty as it was then, and tells us how the British public, as well as the British admiral, may be bamboozled. There was a great pretence that to put Sir CHARLES at the head of the Baltic fleet was to put “the right man in the right place.” Several of us doubted it; he had been a great sailor, a noisy advertiser of Sir CHARLES NAPIER, but sailors doubted whether he would be qualified to conduct a naval war according to the new arts of naval warfare, or suited with the increased irritation of years to manage a class of gentlemen wearing epaulettes. However, he was certified by the Reform Club dinner as “the right man in the right place.” The dinner was held at the Reform Club on the 7th of March. A few days before that Sir CHARLES NAPIER was reminding Sir JAMES GRAHAM that he complained of the tools which were handed to him for breaking open the strong gates of Russia. We all know what kind of workman that is who complains of his tools, and Sir JAMES offered to let off his gallant friend if he had any misgivings about his work. Sir CHARLES declined to accept the offer, evidently because he supposed that to do so would be to confess himself “a coward.” Sir JAMES GRAHAM, therefore, had the strongest reason for believing that Sir CHARLES was the *worst* man for the place, that is, an unwilling, misgiving, complaining workman. Yet he was sent out with innumerable puffs. Being at the scene of action, Sir CHARLES instantly



turned upon his employer, and excused his not making any impression upon Russia by complaining of those very tools of which he had complained before he went out. From the correspondence, too, it is evident that Sir CHARLES so changed about in his requirements that the Admiralty could not be expected to know exactly what he wanted; but they did know from the first that he was an unwilling workman.

If the public expected that after all his indiscretions he might yet do something great, the expectation had been justified by the allusions which Lord PALMERSTON made at the Reform Club dinner to the Admiral's past career; and it is possible that Lord PALMERSTON himself was misled by the curious understanding even then subsisting between Sir JAMES and Sir CHARLES. NAPIER's constant cry was, that he could not be expected to unlock the Russian gates without the regular tools; yet one of his boasted characteristics was, that he was the very man to do the work *without* the regular tools. "My gallant friend," said Lord PALMERSTON, "is a match for everything," and "whatever he sets his mind to he generally succeeds in doing." Having learned to plough the sea, he turns to on his Merchiston estate, and astonishes people by "growth of turnips, wire fences, and the like." Now, a sailor who is such a splendid ploughman on shore as to grow wire fences, might surely be expected to unmake the Russian bricks without straw, or even mortar; and, in fact, he undertook to do so, when he accepted the fleet as it was. But his Merchiston victories do not exhaust the list. We all remember his judicious exploits when he thundered a Saracen army into annihilation, heading a line of British mariners in his shirt-sleeves. Previously, in 1833, he boarded a line-of-battle ship, and when a Portuguese officer ran at him with a drawn sword, Sir CHARLES did not write to the Admiralty that he wanted a rapier for the combat, but he resorted to an invention of his own, and kicked the Portuguese Don down the hatchway. There is a still more striking example told with the others by PALMERSTON. At Valenza Sir CHARLES had to take a Portuguese fortress—and here is exactly a case in point. "What are you doing?" said Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL, who met him on his way to the enterprise. "I am waiting," said Sir CHARLES NAPIER, "to take Valenza;" and he did take it; but with what force? He marched up to the fortress, "dressed in a very easy way, followed by a fellow with two muskets on his shoulders."

"But," said Lord William, "Valenza is a fortified town, and you must know that we soldiers understand how fortified towns are taken. You must open trenches; you must make approaches; you must establish a battery in breach; and all this takes a good deal of time, and must be done according to rule." "Oh!" said my gallant friend, "I have no time for all that. I have got some of my blue jackets up here, and a few of my ship's guns, and I mean to take the town with a letter." And so he did. He sent the governor a letter to tell him that he had much better surrender at discretion. The governor was a very sensible man, and so surrender he did. So the trenches, and the approaches, the battery, breach, and all that, were saved, and the town of Valenza was handed over to the Queen of Portugal.

No correspondence here, no demands for trenching spades, no complaint that he was unwell, no controversy with French generals, or anybody else, as to the practicability of taking the port; on the contrary, when Lord WILLIAM suggested difficulties, routine, trenches, and so forth, our gallant friend had "no time for all that." Give him a plough to plough with, and he will produce you a crop of iron fences; a Wellington boot or a high-low, and he can dispose of a Portuguese Don; a single marine with a couple

of muskets, and he will make a fort surrender at discretion. Really we do not wonder that Lord PALMERSTON, who had been drugged with these anecdotes, took Sir JAMES's friend for a "Veni, vidi, vici" kind of Admiral, and gave his fiat to the appointment of Sir JAMES's friend. Sir JAMES's friend got the appointment, and was sent out to keep up the humbug of the Baltic campaign. Sir JAMES at home found it necessary to satisfy the public, by calling for something from his admiral, and he began to goad; but Sir CHARLES is not accustomed to the position of a goadee. He did not at all relish the application of the kick *à tergo* to make him move on, and urged beyond his patience, he retaliates by the most irregular of all his proceedings—he publishes the *private* correspondence. The Portuguese Don who was kicked could condole with Sir JAMES, whose own kicks were, as it were, thrown in his face. As if to render the practical satire of this published correspondence complete, Sir JAMES GRAHAM mounts a little hillock by the first sod of the Silloth Railway, and proclaims to the world that, construing PEEL to be "of all things the maintainer of peace," the remainder of his own public life will be to carry out the principles which he ascribes to PEEL. The man, therefore, who puts Sir CHARLES NAPIER at the head of the Baltic fleet, knowing him to be a workman that complained of his tools, avows that he has throughout intended to act as the maintainer of peace. He left the present Ministry because it would not give up the war, and it is evident that when he appointed the aged Admiral he did not intend to give him a power wherewith to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, but to use him as a bung for stopping the chinks through which the wind might penetrate.

#### JUSTICE IN THE COUNTIES.

THE "very hard case" of the two poor Essex labourers, sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment in a county gaol for the felonious offence of taking a peep at a review of yeomanry, is only one among a thousand unreported instances of the burlesque of justice habitually perpetrated by county magistrates. It is not too much to say that these unremunerated authorities contrive to render the law, so far as it is affected by their jurisdiction, alternately odious and contemptible in three cases out of every four "brought before the bench." The truth is, the very existence of our County Justices of the Peace in the latter half of the nineteenth century is an anomaly it will puzzle future historians of this epoch to explain. Efforts are being made every session to reduce our overgrown and shapeless mass of legislation to something like reason and consistency, and to consolidate into an intelligible code that confusion of acts which only serves to prove the corruption of a State. The administration of our laws is, in its highest branches at least, an honour to the country: our superior tribunals are presided over by men of unsullied integrity, of profound learning, of dignity and virtue in all the relations of life. Still, in the midst of so many tardy but effectual reforms, the majestic figure of Justice is represented in the counties by personages whose least defect is that they know absolutely nothing of the law. Justices of the Peace have survived Reform Bills and the Corn Laws, and they seem likely to survive other and more sweeping changes; thanks to the inattention of the public mind to their proceedings. Now, what are these Justices of the Peace, for whose wisdom there is a special prayer in the Litany of the Es-

tablished Church? What are their qualifications? There was a good old time when feudal notions obtained, and when those who held the soil were deemed the rightful lords of the liberties, if not of the lives, of their dependents. More recently, a not unreasonable theory has prevailed that the *hereditary* possessors of the soil were the true representatives of the supreme authority in matters of justice, and that to entrust them with the most solemn and responsible of functions was to teach them that property had its duties as well as its rights. No doubt it was for the public good that game-preserving should not be the sole occupation, and famine prices the sole right of Squires. When labourers were treated as serfs, it was quite enough of justice if the nearest magistrate could sign a warrant in a case in which he was as much a prosecutor as a judge. But since that good old time the beginning of the deluge has arrived; new doctrines of equal justice prevail, and landlords, in a feudal sense, are a disappearing race. The actual owners of a large portion of the land are men who have no hereditary nexus to the soil: men for the most part enriched by trade, or who by successful speculation have started up into sudden millionnaires. Many of these new men are highly respectable and sometimes valuable persons, and we cannot blame them for aspiring to become "country gentlemen."

It is a praiseworthy and wholesome impulse that provokes them to invest their savings in the soil, and we cannot forget that it is to the increasing class of landowners who have sprung from trade that we owe many of the most energetic of our agricultural reformers. But it is one thing for a successful tradesman to occupy and improve the land, and another to exercise obsolete feudal privileges, without even those *quasi* hereditary qualifications which have been supposed to render ignorance respectable. When an individual who has made all his money, say by adulteration of the necessities of life, buys up an ancient family, and reigns in its stead, we can see no reason on earth why he should be selected by a Lord-Lieutenant to adulterate the sacred springs of justice. By all means let him enjoy any number of honorary titles, dresses, and distinctions. Let him be called a J.P., let him wear a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, that singular costume so puzzling to foreigners, let him be a grand-juryman, and in due course, high sheriff; but in the name of common sense do not let him amuse his laborious leisure with aping the functions of a judge. There can be nothing more fatal to public order and to the national morality than an arbitrary and ignorant administration of the law; and let us remember that to the understanding of a very large portion of the community the law *comes home* in the awful form of a county magistrate.

We cannot honestly accuse ourselves of any levelling or anarchical design when we suggest the propriety of the law being administered by men not absolutely unacquainted with its rudiments.

At present the law appears to our rural populations almost as uncertain as the doctrine of the Establishment. On one bench poachers are severely handled by a sporting "Justice," on another they are almost patted on the back by some retired greengrocer of reformatory principles. In one part of the county you find a parson of an aggressive and pedagogical turn, who despatches a starving pauper like a heretic, and scarcely stops short of sentencing a famished scarecrow to an *auto-da-fé*; in another, an indolent, easy-going, don't bother me sort of Squire, who treats an "assault with intent" as a practical joke, and dismisses the prisoner

with a wink. In short, there are as many codes as there are Benches, and as many sentences as there are sitting Justices, or rather magistrates' clerks.

We can state, without fear of contradiction, that the existing system of appointing magistrates in the counties is regarded with contempt and indignation by the more enlightened professional classes who constitute the worth and intellect of the nation. 'So long as it is permitted to last,' they say, 'the law cannot be held in due respect, nor even life and property be safe, nor the rights of the uneducated and defenceless poor be protected. It has not even the merit of cheapness; for though the magistrates are unpaid, they are uncommonly dear at the price, and the stipendiary system which has been found to answer so unexceptionably in large towns, would, in addition to its other and obvious advantages, such as freedom from local influences, legal experience, regularity and despatch, be in every respect an *economy of justice*.' We are heartily disposed to concur in this protest: we believe that the system which has so unaccountably survived the wreck of feudalism cries out for fundamental change, and we trust that the absorbing anxieties of the war will not long arrest a speedy and decisive movement to obtain the Reform of Justice in the Counties.

#### THE ENGLISH MANUFACTURERS AND THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE superiority of the great industrial Exposition now in the Champs Elysées over any of its predecessors—not even excepting our Great Exhibition of 1851—is a fact now so generally recognised that it seems scarcely necessary to adduce any proof of it. Perhaps we may be allowed to refer to the unanimity of opinion upon this point with some degree of satisfaction, when we remember that it was in these columns that it was originally asserted, and that at a time when it was not only doubted but denied by other and presumably very competent authorities. At that time the design was pronounced to be most incomplete, the execution to be meagre, the whole affair to be an utter and unmitigated failure; and that by the organ which now triumphantly announces that "when the vast mass of objects here gathered together is closely examined, their superiority, as compared with things of the same class shown in 1851, becomes manifest." Our readers will remember that this opinion was expressed in our columns shortly after the opening on the 15th of May last.

In this great march of improvement one laggard only seems to halt most conspicuously, and that laggard is Great Britain. Palliate, explain, or ignore the fact as we may, it cannot be doubted that the most important branches of British industry are represented in a manner utterly unworthy of us as a great manufacturing nation. The fact has been recognised and commented upon in a variety of ways. Lord BROUGHAM has spoken of the poverty of our display of philosophical instruments,—articles for which we have hitherto enjoyed some celebrity: the English jurors themselves publicly declared that the Paris Exhibition is decidedly superior to that of 1851, and invited the English manufacturers to examine the causes of that superiority: more lately, the Board of Trade (by way of turning the event to some national good) has invited the various Chambers of Commerce throughout the country to appoint deputations for the purpose of examining the Paris Exhibition and of exchanging reports with the French manufacturers. It seems almost needless to explain that both of these latter movements would have been quite unnecessary if the English manufacturers had

already co-operated to an extent worthy of their character and position.

The proceeding of the Board of Trade has been met by the bodies to whom it was directed with very different degrees of cordiality. Ten Chambers of Commerce have already definitely refused to co-operate, and the only favourable replies received have been from Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Hull, Stoke-upon-Trent, Worcester, and Bradford. The last-named town did not give in its adhesion without some discussion, and as the arguments used by the non-contents were of a general rather than of a specific nature, it is probable that they may supply a fair sample of the mode of reasoning pursued by the recusant towns. On the letter of the Board of Trade being read to the Chamber of Commerce, we are informed that Mr. TITUS SALT made a remark to the effect that "the question was, whether it was desirable that each individual should look after his own interests, or leave the subject in the hands of the Government." Happily for the credit of Bradford the majority of the Chamber was not of that opinion, and the suggestion offered by the Board of Trade has been by this time doubtless carried out.

The Government never proposed to interfere with Mr. SALT's or with any other man's business. Government has already too much upon its hands to be able to intermeddle with purely industrial affairs. All that Government pretended to do was to offer a little sound advice to Mr. SALT and his fellows to lay aside their *noli me tangere* spirit, to condescend to learn from their neighbours, and to acknowledge the full meaning of their own favourite free-trade principles by establishing a free commerce of ideas as well as of material objects. Until this is established, Free Trade must be a phantom, if not Protection in disguise.

If the Great Exhibition of 1851 had any real use, its effects ought now to be felt in the extension of enterprise among our manufacturers, as well as in the general improvement of the industrial arts. We cannot see that it has operated to any important extent in either of these directions. So far as the collections in the Paris Exhibition may be taken as fair evidence of the present condition of manufactures in England, they seem to have been at a standstill since 1851. While the French have eagerly caught at and adopted ideas, in machinery, in cotton-spinning, in the cloth manufacture, and in a hundred other branches of art, we seem to have learnt little or nothing from the magnificent collections with which they graced our industrial *fête*. Is it because there was nothing to learn? To assert this would be absurd. Surely Spitalfields and Macclesfield had something to learn from Lyons; Nottingham something to pick up from Annecy and Valenciennes; Bradford itself something that might with profit have been adopted from Rheims. But no, Lyons may continue to take the lead in silks; the French merinos may still surpass ours in lustre and softness; the cotton fabrics of the Rhine may be fast catching up the boasted products of Lancashire; Sedan may produce broadcloth which Yorkshire and the West of England might envy; the British manufacturer cares not a single pin, nor will he take one solitary step towards informing himself why this should be so, but he will go on in the old humdrum manner as contentedly as possible, if Government will only leave each individual to take care of what he is pleased to consider "his own interests."

#### WHY EXAMINE PUBLIC SERVANTS?

If the civil servants of India were to be schoolmasters, or persons competing simply for honorary positions, the course taken by

the public examiners would be exactly the correct line. Sir JAMES STEPHEN takes pains to ascertain that the candidates are up in every conceivable branch of history by taking them unawares in very unusual by-ways of inquiry,—the views of BURNET, for instance, on the restoration; or the imaginary views of a Jacobite on the possible success of the PRETENDER before his failure was known. Mr. TEMPLE ascertains that they are up in the literature of essays, their decline and fall; in the fiction of the country; and, in short, beside the severe studies of mathematics, the classic and foreign languages, there are expectations that the civil servants of India shall be masters also of the philosophy of HUME, PALEY, and KANT; with the biography of history in its minutest ramifications, and the Addisonian class of literature. Our readers know the grand controversy, whether this minute and voluminous literary knowledge is requisite, or whether if it be not mischievous, it might exclude the best men from the right places in order to let in pedants, or convert youths with the proper qualities into professors, with their practical abilities stunted in the process of training them to be pedants. Our readers also know the secondary controversy, whether the examination should be written or oral, whether the candidates for civil service should be called upon to write impromptu, historical, literary, biographical, mathematical, and philosophical essays, or to enter into colloquies on those subjects face to face with the examining professors. Perhaps all this controversy might be brought much sooner to a close by LOCKE's process of bottoming—that is, bringing the question at once to its very foundation. What are the qualities requisite for governing India or any other country? If we define what those qualities are, we shall ascertain the nature of the examination; but in order to find the proper qualities of the governors, we must determine how men are governed; not how they ought to be governed under imaginary circumstances, but how they *are* governed, and always have been governed in the history of the world. They are governed, we conceive, in all cases, by conviction, affection, and force. They may be reasoned into obedience, conciliated into tractability, or compelled. The administrators of Government, therefore, must be men who know how to employ the arts of reasoning, the arts of conciliation, and the arts of compulsion; and who, after having executed these arts in their subordinate branches, can superintend the employment of the same arts on an extensive scale. Every statesman who is at all worthy of the name, should possess some of the knowledge in the wide curriculum indicated in these examinations. He should be master of more languages than his own; he should have at command the history of his own country, and of some others, in order that he may correct, by enduring experience, his own more transitory observation. But he should also be a man of the world, and a soldier; or at least know so much of the soldier's profession as to be able to employ the soldier upon occasion. From the account, it appears that the Indian examination ran entirely upon the first branch—the literary or scholastic; omitting the worldly knowledge and the military; as if men in this world were governed entirely by conviction, and by nothing else. It is this mistake which in some cases has rendered Government totally feeble before inferior races; it is this mistake which has divided the intellect of the world from the statesmanship, and has presented us with so extraordinary a spectacle as learned and accomplished Germany governed by so many foolish if not ignorant princes and soldiers, agents for brutally ignorant Russia. It is



this mistake which has probably exposed Europe to the danger of being overrun once more by the Goths and Vandals who would destroy its arts and learning.

No examiners, it may be said, really intend to exclude a knowledge of the world or of soldiering; on the contrary, they desire to comprehend such knowledge, and seek to teach it through the medium of military history and the concentrated experience of books. But books teach only a knowledge of *themselves*, and no direct knowledge of the world or of active life. The man who knows something of society as it is, may greatly extend his knowledge with books, by finding recorded parallel experience in other times or other places which he has not had the opportunity of visiting. But, before he can understand the history of the world as it showed itself to the eyes of DEMOSTHENES or SOCRATES, CICERO or JULIUS CÆSAR, HENRY THE FOURTH or FREDERICK THE GREAT, he must know something of what the world is made of—of the modes in which the more rough and ignorant classes develop their views and wishes, assert their claims, and exercise a certain influence in the world. He must see in active life how men are governed,—by what emotions, by what impulses; and he must learn the extent to which passions will move them, in degree as well as in number. A few days spent in an election; a year or two consumed in comparing the daily life of people in different countries; a few years passed with soldiers, and devoted to watching the manner in which human nature can be drilled, the hardships it can endure, the exploits that it can perform,—these are studies which render the pages of master-minds intelligible to the reader. But without this experience they will be as unintelligible as descriptions of scenery to the man blind from birth, or a minute account of opera to the deaf. It is of little purpose for the administrative Government to know that under certain circumstances XENOPHON or JULIUS CÆSAR accomplished certain exploits, unless he can appreciate the steps taken by either one of those men to drill large masses of soldiers into discipline, and yet to keep them free, hopeful, and earnest.

But the men who are bent upon acquiring the kind of knowledge that we have pointed out, are not those who will spend the whole days of their youth in voluminous perusals. Those who have an appetite for learning by tasting a knowledge of the world are not given to consume the midnight lamp. Those who have been successful in the field have, with some striking exceptions, not been devoted to abstract pursuits. They are given to the exercise of their physical powers—of what we may call *the physical powers of the mind*. OLIVE could never have set himself down to the development of NEWTON'S Principia, any more than NEWTON could have swayed India. But when we are selecting servants for the Government of India, we are not selecting administrators for Lord Rosse's telescope. When we want judges who can determine between the rude, almost brutal, litigants that come before an administrator of justice, we do not require a man learned in the Pandects; because he is not about to settle the constitution of law, but he is appointed to determine the facts and justice of the case between rude and simple people. Again, when we appoint a man to rule the affairs of Madras, with its semi-barbarous population, we do not require a philosopher able, like CARLYLE, to trace the morbid history of communities, and to account for events after they have taken place; but we want a statesman who knows at a glance what motives have probably aroused an ignorant, not to say de-

graded people, who can hit upon the right means of diverting or suppressing the irritation, and is prepared to direct the proper force to accomplish the immediate object. The men who rise in this kind of knowledge, will, we say, be men anxious to spend the larger proportion of their lives in the earlier years out of school, and not, therefore, prepared on the nail to answer the comprehensive, elaborate, minute questions propounded by a STEPHENS or a TEMPLE. This does not imply that they should be without a schooling in the humanities or accomplishments. It is "gentlemen," that is, accomplished men, who most excel in physical exercises, and best bear varied trials; but a gentleman goes to *three* schools—the school of books, the school of physical exercises, which train the mind as well as the body, and the school of the world; and time is needed for *all* these schools.

## 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.

### ARCHDEACON DENISON.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Archdeacon Denison has little claim on your generous sympathies. He is a man of thoroughly persecuting spirit, as he has shown on more than one occasion. He preached against the concession of political rights to members of other sects than his own not long ago in the cathedral of Wells. In this very matter he is the aggressor. He corruptly took advantage of his position as examining chaplain to the late Puseyite Bishop of Bath and Wells, to put an illegal party test to the poor curates whom he had to examine, and who were dependent on his sentence for their bread. The injustice was as great as if an examiner for the civil service appointments were to put party political tests to the examinees. The test he put was a contradiction in terms of one of the Articles, and you cannot much blame the other party for enforcing the law against him. Let him have fair play, but he is not entitled to fly to the sanctuary of toleration. The Puseyites, like the Ultramontanists, are always for liberty where they cannot play the tyrant: but where they can play the tyrant they always do. If they were in the ascendant you would not long have license to plead for liberty and speak the truth.

Yours truly,

AUDI ALTERAM.

### THE REV. DR. WOLFF'S LETTER.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I see there are some words at the close of my letter most kindly published by you yesterday which are open to a misconception, which I should exceedingly regret, though I think that no one will suppose that I intended to give cause for it.

I refer to the words in which the names of Hume, Tholuck, and Sidney Smith appear to be classed together. I should have written, "*Hume on the one hand, and Tholuck and Sidney Smith on the other.*" I am sure that you will be kind enough to publish this explanation.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH WOLFF.

Isle-Brewers Vicarage, September 2, 1855.

### ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I trust you will pardon me if I once more ask permission to say a few words to "A Believer in Italy for the Italians," which I would not have done but as a further explanation of my former letter.

What your correspondent says about the disunion, distrust, and disaffection among the Italians, has, during the last six or seven years, been repeated over and over again as the only explanation of the failure of Italians in procuring the freedom and independence of their country. I am, therefore, not astonished to find this opinion once more asserted, although, after seven years, I consider it to be an idle repetition. It may be said that what has been so unanimously stated must be true, but, sir, I must repeat, with the sad conviction of speaking the truth, *va victis* and *va victis* only.

As an Italian, I thank your correspondent for his

good wishes for the regeneration of my country, and also for his encouraging belief that the task will not be difficult to the genius, energy, and versatility of the Italian mind. This feeling individuals very often express towards us, and thus our position is similar to that of a man sentenced to death by a council whose members had all assured him personally that they were favourable to his cause. Be that as it may, it appears to me that your correspondent means to infer that it was the absence of union alone which caused us to fail in 1848-49, and that it is by our union and good understanding alone that we can now obtain our object.

This may be the case, but we must not take a narrow view of the events that have taken place in Italy, nor separate them from the actual condition of Europe. We live in an epoch when there exists an unfortunate connexion between the nations, or rather the rulers of the different states of Europe; hence that which fifty or sixty years ago could have been easily done, and which was actually effected in the very centre of Europe, without the acquiescence or interference of any other power, could not now, without opposition, be accomplished in the remotest parts of Asia, Africa, or America. This, which is now the general condition of every country, has for more than three centuries been the special evil of Italy. Italy was too beautiful, too fertile, too important not to be coveted by those who aspired to dominate over the great basin of the Mediterranean, and the rich and magnificent regions by which it is surrounded. Religion, commerce, policy, and a thousand other reasons were urged as a pretext to make Italy a prey for conquerors and the battlefield of Europe. Thus, while the other states of Europe were left unobserved, freely to settle their own domestic quarrels, Italy was distracted by the clashing of the ancient rights and privileges of emperors and people with those of the new rulers. Popes, tyrants, and people, each divided by internal jealousies, and too weak to subdue the others, accepted or invoked foreign aid, and then could only get rid of their new oppressor by calling in another. By these long-continued evils every effort to unite the country had been frustrated, and several popes and princes who had entertained this idea were opposed at every step by those poisonous fruits whose seeds had been so widely scattered by their predecessors.

It was through these antecedents, due principally to the papacy, that German, French, and Spanish armies so frequently found their way into Italy, and with a repetition of similar events we come to the year 1848.

As soon as rulers became aware of the strength of the people they were panic struck, and immediately condescended to grant constitutions. We then cried, "We are free, *Guerra ai Tedeschi!*" Is it true that on account of our divided opinions we did not fight, that this division was our only fault, and that for a moment we held Italy in our hands and then suffered her to fall?

The nation's cry, "*Guerra ai Tedeschi,*" was not echoed by the Pope, nor by the Duke of Tuscany, nor truly responded to by the King of Naples. The two former fled for protection into the arms of the latter, who, having organised a reaction in his capital, retired to the stronghold of Gaeta with his illustrious guests. The people of Rome and Florence, left without rulers, begged them to return, but they would not, for they hoped that the complication, anarchy and disunion, caused by internal questions, would prevent the prosecution of the war against Austria. The plan, in fact, succeeded; the people in the first day of liberty had not strength to fight within and without at the same time. Charles Albert, unsupported, fell; Florence formed a provisional government, which the people rejected; Rome a republic, which was valiantly defended. Europe was not silenced by the sudden outbreak, and roused herself to the appeal of the Italian rulers. Russia concurred by liberating Austria from the Hungarian patriots; Austria, by sending troops into Italy; France, Spain, and Naples, by armed intervention; and England, by apathy, selfishness, and indifference. May not an object be sometimes obtained more easily by inactivity than by co-operation? Everything which tended to diminish the Austrian power was regarded as a calamity, which threatened the balance of Europe; the treaties of 1815 must be respected in 1848; such was the law of Europe. Italy, regarded as a wound to that system, an offence to those principles, an insubordination to the established laws, must be reduced to order—and so she was. Her foes, each having different interests and different modes of oppression, each wielding separate resources of men and money, were in the North, in the South, and in the centre of the peninsula; yet, amid the scenes of disaster which ensued when the people were crushed by the blows of their rival oppressors, we hear a voice of reproach saying, "You have not been united."

We are too well aware of the amount of corruption, brutality, ignorance, and misery to which the espionage and jesuitism of rulers have condemned the Italian people. We know that the system has for

centuries artfully encouraged mutual distrust, hatred, rivalry, contempt, recrimination, and division among the various states. We know too well that the many interests necessarily touched, the many passions inevitably raised, the political intolerance of some, and the various discordant elements put in motion by a revolution, cause disunion at the very time when the greatest wisdom, the greatest strength, and the greatest unanimity is required. I do not feel disposed to flatter my countrymen, for I feel they need a more substantial diet, but I will not accuse them of having caused a failure of which they are only partially responsible. It is as great a fault in the people of Italy to have returned to a worse despotism, as it is a merit in the Piedmontese to have secured a liberty for which they had not fought. There is in Piedmont material for a hundred reactionary movements if the Government chose to use them. What could the Piedmontese have effected if the constitution had been revoked as it was at Naples, Rome, and Florence? They, like the rest of Italy, could only complain, hope, and wait. The people in every country are what their rulers make them; and the rulers, when weak, are what their more powerful neighbours suffer them to be.

What has been, I fear, will be again. Have not Austria, England, and France shaken hands, and pledged themselves to uphold a system of despotism in Europe, to which Russia, like a prodigal son, will shortly return to claim a share? It is a repetition of the same principles and actions, with the exception of the incident of the Eastern war, which is a question among the partners as to which of them is to have the greatest share in the scramble. If I express myself thus, it is not that I ever expected, or even wished, foreign aid for Italy. No Italian, proud of his name, has ever accepted, much less degraded himself by "seeking aid"—this disgraceful practice, this declaration of weakness, must be left to Austria when she wishes to crush Hungary, and (pardon the inevitable allusion) to England when she finds it difficult to overcome the Russians. I am at a loss to discover what expression in my letter has given to the "Believer" an opportunity, when speaking of Italy in 1848, "to deprecate the habit of seeking aid." On the contrary, we find that the historical word of Charles Albert, "*L'Italia farà da sé*," and the reception given to Rome to the French troops, clearly show that the Italians are anxious to prevent all foreign interference in the affairs of their country. The hope expressed that England and Europe may employ a more liberal policy in favour of the oppressed nationalities, is not to seek aid from any, but relies solely on the progress of humanity.

Now I cannot regard the question of an Anglo-Italian legion as slightly as your correspondent desires. I might perhaps overlook the incongruity which I noted in my former letter, and agree as to the utility of Italians being instructed and exercised in the use of arms, but I see no reason why it should not be done under the Italian flag, unless it be the fear that Piedmont may become too important in the eyes of Austria, France, and other despotic states. If English popular and official sympathy for Piedmont be a reality and not a "sham," why not permit the King of Sardinia to appeal to the Italians of every state, and enrol them under his flag to fight for the allies? Why not accustom the Italian liberals at home and abroad to regard that flag as the symbol of all that is noble, generous, and national in Italy? Why should Italians not boast of their noble deeds, performed under their own commanders and in the name of their own country? Would not such an event be the precursor of that day when Piedmont shall, at the head of an Italian army, fight the battles of Italy? This alone would raise Italy and Piedmont to a high position among European nations, and provide for the future of Italy far better than the declamations of statesmen or of newspapers; this would furnish the Allies with an Italian army, instead of a legion; this would make Italian soldiers no longer bound by an unwholesome oath of fidelity to the Queen, but by a heart-felt devotion to the only Italian king, fight bravely in the cause of progress and of humanity.

With these observations I take my leave, trusting that my fellow-countrymen may respond to the generous idea of your correspondent, and know their creed so that they may be united and strong. I differ from him more in regard to the past than to the future of Italy, while our common wish is—may that future not be far off.

Yours truly,

AN ITALIAN.

#### PEACE OF UTRECHT.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—In your prospective comparison of Mr. Disraeli with Lord Bolingbroke, you anticipate the possibility of that statesman hereafter concluding a treaty analogous to the peace of Utrecht. You further quote Mr. Hallam to show that the terms of

that peace were disgraceful to Great Britain, and you might have added the authority of Lord Mahon, Dr. Russell, and, indeed, of the majority of writers who have taken in hand to treat of that period of English history. Smollett and Macpherson, however, view the matter more dispassionately, though admitting that more advantageous terms might have been extorted from the vanquished foe. Had the war been originally undertaken for the sake of conquest, it would no doubt have been highly inconsistent to have waived one iota of the most extreme terms that could be safely exacted. But very different was the motive that originated hostilities with France. It was to counteract the ambitious views of Louis XIV., which threatened the freedom of Europe, that a coalition was formed between the German Empire, Great Britain, and the Netherlands. The Belgic provinces had been already annexed by arms, and it seemed probable that Spain would be annexed by marriage, so that the balance of power would have been fatally compromised. It is needless to recapitulate how the genius of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene dissolved into yielding air the mighty visions conjured up by an insatiable lust of power. In spite of our allies, the fortune and arms of Britain triumphed over the ablest generals and bravest soldiery of France, and the object of the war was fully attained. But surely it was not to be expected or desired that the resources of the nation should be exhausted in a vain attempt to gratify the revengeful feelings of the Emperor and the States-General. The English people had long grown weary of the constant drain on the population and wealth of the country for a purpose unintelligible to the majority. It is, therefore, no fair subject of reproach to Ministers that they availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to bring the war to a conclusion. Their only fault was the manner in which they set about to compass this end. They would have acted with more honour and dignity had they proceeded openly to work, and duly apprised the allies of their intention. But their long experience of the impracticability of the Dutch character, and of the feeble obstinacy of the Germans, rendered them doubtful of the success of any negotiations in which these infelicitous elements were allowed to interfere. Even this consideration, indeed, hardly excuses their insincerity, for it tarnished the fair fame of England by attaching a suspicion of perfidy which long decades of honourable and disinterested dealing have scarcely yet effaced from the minds of foreigners. To the treaty itself, however, no great objection can be made. It is thus summarised by Macpherson:—

"The advantages which Great Britain obtained for herself, though neither adequate to her victories nor to her expense, were solid and even splendid. She secured the dominion of the Mediterranean, by obtaining Gibraltar and Minorca. She strengthened her limits and extended her dominions in America. She forced France to relinquish all pretensions to Newfoundland, to cede Hudson's Bay, and to yield St. Christopher's. She obliged the French king to acknowledge the Protestant succession, and to cease to protect, and even to abandon the Pretender. She reduced him to the humiliating necessity of destroying Dunkirk, whose very ruins were to remain as a monument of his disgrace. As the last triumph over his pride, she terrified him into the greatest concessions to the Duke of Savoy, whom, of all the allies, he hated most."

France was humbled and Austria not rendered too powerful, the independence of Holland secured, and Great Britain sufficiently aggrandised. Such a conclusion to a long-protracted war cannot justly be deemed disgraceful to the Minister who brought it about. It will be well for Europe if future historians shall be able to say of Mr. Disraeli that he terminated the present struggle by a peace which humbled Russia without rendering France too powerful, which secured the independence of Turkey and maintained the moral ascendancy of Great Britain.

But is it not just possible that the unpopularity of the peace of Utrecht may be partly due to its having indirectly conduced to the South Sea Bubble? The clause that conferred upon England the shameful privilege of supplying the Spanish settlements with African slaves, formed the backbone of the South Sea Company, and enabled it to make the enormous profits which proved the temptation to a swindle more monstrous even than the Mississippi scheme of the Scotch adventurer. It is as difficult to form a due estimate of the influence of such associations on the public mind, as it is to trace the rise and progress of prejudice in individuals. But however this may be, if we have no further cause to regret the present war than its termination by a treaty analogous to the peace of Utrecht, a load of distrust and apprehension will have weighed without cause on the mind of

Yours truly,  
J. H.

Bath, Sept. 4.

#### THE WAR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—When the *Leader* was first projected, an "Open Council" was to be a characteristic feature, and, as I have subscribed to two hundred and eighty-three numbers, I am well able to bear my testimony to the conscientiousness of its Editor in having executed this part of its programme with so much faithfulness and impartiality. On previous occasions I have availed myself of this advantage, which enabled me to submit a few opinions upon passing events to its readers.

In one of your articles last week, I discover I am one of those insignificant persons whom you stigmatise as noisy and heedless, and who are guilty of incessant impetuosity, simply because I entertain an opinion that the war should be stopped. Now, Sir, this is a harsh judgment, because it is an unfair one, and if you can spare the room, I may be able to vindicate myself at least from your ill-judged reproach.

When the war broke out the *Leader* contained some admirable articles upon it, informing its readers of the prospective advantages which must follow if carried on for national objects, but if prosecuted only for dynastic purposes, then it would be a folly and a crime to continue a contest from which nothing but fruitful, and I may add frightful, evils result. All those who approved of the war at the commencement did so from a conviction of its necessity as well as its righteousness; none undervalued its difficulties nor dangers, but all were inspired by the desire to check the overweening arrogance and ambition of a most unscrupulous despot whose power was so extensively used to extinguish freedom in neighbouring states. Conceiving the proper time to have arrived to check Russia, we were naturally hopeful that our governing classes would inflict a blow in the most vulnerable part of his dominions, and we were accordingly lavish of everything that could tend to realise that object. And now what is the result of the sacrifices we have made? Have your poisoned arrows entered the heel of this northern Achilles? Nay, have you directed your powerful forces in that direction? Let Mazzini and Kossuth and Mikolowski reply. And our ministers, what have they done to create confidence in our minds? Why, have they not displayed the most elaborate ingenuity in circumscribing it within limits where it can do the least possible injury to our foes?—for we have more than one—and have they not showed how eagerly they will clasp at those four points which you have rightly said were ridiculed and mercilessly criticised by all of us who take any interest in the preservation of that dignity we are all so proud of, and the welfare of others, and which only the pride of our enemy saved us from the shame of accepting? What guarantee have we, I say, that this farce shall not be successfully perpetrated the next time by that facetious old Lord who now misrules our destinies, and who has shamefully acknowledged he had no sympathy for the claims of those oppressed nations which the *Leader*, I am proud to say, has constantly recognised.

There has been no want of "calm and logical persuasions," for they have been unceasingly and energetically directed to the object we all have so much at heart; we have had also a "sincere, and rational expression of public opinion," which you affirm is the only want; and those wretched Vienna Conferences testified to their value, and proved to us, notwithstanding our well known aspirations, how willingly our Cabinet would have sacrificed them all for a hollow peace. I hardly know how any one can resist, after a calm review of the war, the conclusion I and others have arrived at, that the war should be quickly terminated, when we find our mighty energies directed to the consummation of such pigmy objects.

I am forced to the conclusion that there is only one thing that can effectually curb the encroaching avariciousness of the Czars of Russia, and that is, the freedom of Europe, which I am sorrowfully compelled to admit can be only realised by the same means we have obtained ours, and that is by revolution. When that time comes, I trust England will not be unfaithful to those traditions which three of the most memorable epochs in our history have left us.

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK A. CREED.

Haverstock-hill, Camden-town.

THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.—The first of the autumnal series of meetings of this association was held on Wednesday evening at Exeter Hall, Mr. Mechi, the well known Tiptree model farmer in the chair. Several resolutions were agreed to, congratulating the association on the progress which the cause has made within the last few years. We trust that it will make still further progress when a knowledge of the principles of humanity and good sense on which it is founded is yet more widely diffused.



# 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*.

Tennyson is the subject of the *Magazines* this month, varied, of course, by lucubrations on the war; nay, one can scarcely say varied, since Tennyson himself affords the text of war-philosophy by his somewhat ludicrous dithyrambs on the subject in "Maud." On this point a bright and pleasant writer in *Tait* has some happy sentences in his critique on "Maud." We borrow a passage:—

What is not clear is the philosophy which, finding from the newspapers, and the way the money goes, and the *Lancet* Analytical Commission's Report, that things are not what they ought to be after thirty years' peace, decides impromptu for a bloody and mole-blind war, as the most efficacious remedy. Why should the storming of the Redan cure the adulteration of pickles? The sacking of Kertch with considerable brutality tend to lessen the number of brutes and husbands at home? How should the blockade of the Baltic shut out *Coculus Indicus* from the cellar of the publican, or alum from the kneading-trough of the baker? Why should a treble income-tax and dear provisions lessen the "thirst for gold?" In reply, we get figures of speech, but never a syllogism; in fact, as we have hinted before in these papers, the syllogism is virtually abolished in our literature, and our reasoning is as spasmodic as our poetry. War stirs men's blood, makes them feel their want of each other, intensifies national feeling, and so on. There is something in all this, no doubt; but suppose Mr. Bright, Mr. George Combe, and Miss Harriet Martineau should club together, and prove that the evils we deplore in our "peaceful" condition are the necessary working-out of the bad feelings engendered in the last war—that even yet another generation may be required to work them off altogether—and that we, husbands and fathers of to-day, are transmitting to our children in diseased brains a legacy of incalculable mischief, all through this war?

The eloquence one hears respecting the "virtues of war" issues from the natural tendency to justify whatever we do. Men having admitted the necessity of the present war—as all except the peace party do admit—soon hurry on to the conclusion that being necessary, it must in itself be good; as if the removal of an aching tooth were an operation desirable in itself and eminently pleasant. The writer just quoted remarks:—

Is war a good thing or a bad? Taking the question abstractly, it is bad. We say, then, if any man comes forward to say or sing that the slaughter of 30,000 Englishmen in the Crimea tends to prevent women poisoning their babies, for the sake of the burial fees, in Birmingham, he is bound to show cause, and not bewilder our notions of morals and of lexicography by calling thirty years of intermitted war (absolute peace we have not had during that interval) a "long, long canker of peace." If things are to go on at this rate, and metaphor is to grow laxer every day, we may expect before we lay down our critical pen, to have to chronicle the "brutal bane of Beneficence," and the "blasting tornado of Piety."

The Peace Party has, in due course of reaction, created a War Party—not a Party declaring war to be inevitable, and in the present case desirable, but declaring war to be in itself a finer thing than peace. Logic is terribly mauled in the reasonings of these advocates; and social philosophy is utterly disregarded. Pickles are not poisoned by one class because another class is occupied courting servant maids, and using up large amounts of pipeclay, instead of bayoneting their fellow-men in the Crimea; but the poisoning and the courting go on simultaneously, as now the poisoning goes on simultaneously with the bayoneting. If Civilisation is the progress of Humanity over Animality, the development of the higher faculties, moral and intellectual, must necessarily be more rapid, the less the lower animal faculties are stimulated; and the great evils of war are not the loss of life, nor the increase of taxes, but the direct stimulus they give to the animal propensities.

But we must not write an essay, with all these magazines before us. We have indicated the answer we should make to Tennyson, to his reviewer in *Fraser*, and to the writer in that magazine on "The Bright side of the War," and our sympathy with the critic in *Tait*. By the way, that critic has a pleasant passage expressing his scepticism on the function of criticism. In the motto to this department of the *Leader*, Critics are called the Police of Literature, which title is thus questioned:—

For ourselves, we confess our faith in Critics as the "Police of Literature" is as small as it can well be. We cannot say, without impeaching the grand scheme, that Literature would be better without Critics, because the existence of a race with distinctly critical faculties is an undoubted fact, and

in erring Reason's spite,  
One truth is clear—whatever is is right.

But we often have serious doubts whether our current criticism contributes directly to the purification and protection of the book-world, though we believe there is at least as much honesty and good feeling in it as in any other very compound product of human thought and feeling, and circumstance. It may seem doing good service to literature to expose showy platitudinarians like Tupper and Drawler; but, after all, the *cui bono* is hard to trace. These men and their congeners have their own set, who believe in them and vote you a blasphemer. They will not be disabused; for the amiable English matron who thinks reading a bit of Tupper is as good as saying her prayers, must be thrice armed with ignorance, and clad in complete steel of duncehood, arrow-proof. And why should she be disabused, let us ask? Tupper has taken accurate measure of her, however she may blunder in apotheosising Tupper. Tupper does her good—never doubt it. She recommends Tupper to her *chères amies*. They all get good out of Tupper. Tupper is a public benefactor. Tupper prepares the way for something better. Honour to Tupper! Why criticise him? You and I know his worth to us—let us leave him in peaceable possession of his own sphere of usefulness, and go about our business.

Very curious it is to read the various opinions expressed by remarkable men on such a work as *Maud*. This variety gives the magazines an unusual piquancy. In *Fraser* we have a man of genius full of the heartfelt reverence

for genius, and, in that feeling for what Tennyson has written, shaping his remarks on *Maud*. As a specimen of what admiration can find to say in favour of Tennyson's new volume this article is remarkable; remarkable also for what is said; and instead of questioning any of the opinions, let us quote this striking passage on the metre demanded by galloping horses:—

On the *Charge of the Light Brigade* we have a few words to say, and must, even at the risk of seeming hypercritical, question the fitness of the metre. The dactyl is surely too smooth and cheerful a foot to form the basis of such a lyric; and in fact, horses do not gallop in dactyls. The motion expressed by them is that of dancing; of a ship bounding over the waves before a gentle breeze; but not a cavalry charge. For horses gallop, and even canter (as the ear on trial will show at once) in anapaests, in the measures of two short syllables followed, not preceded, by a long one. The two short syllables are produced by the putting down of the two fore-feet one after the other, the long strongly accented by the putting down of the two hind ones all but together; the following pause, which marks the end of the measure, is the silent passing of the horse through the air during the forward leap which succeeds. In a slow artificial *manège* canter, the metre may sound at times dactylic; we question whether it is ever really so; in the "tit-up" canter of a moor-pony, it often takes the form of bacchics (a short, a long and a short), but the true gallop is simply anapaestic; and as it quickens, the two short syllables become more and more slurred together, till in the full-speed rush the pace becomes one of spondees, with the accent on the latter syllable of each foot, as every hunter (even if he knows nothing about spondees and dactyls) must have discerned. Who, too old or too cautious to "race for the gate," has not heard again and again the horse-hoofs of some impetuous gentleman on his quarter change suddenly from their usual thud-thud-thud, into a venomous determined thud-thud, thud-thud, which says, as plainly as words could do, "If you won't get on, sir, I will, and pass you?" But *satit sit lusisse*. All we want to show is, that the anapaest is the true base for equestrian lyrics; and in fact the best specimens of this style which we know are anapaestic—*Young Lochinvar*, *The Elf-King*, Lützow's *Wild Huntsmen*, *A Southerly Wind* and a *Cloudy Sky*, in which antispasts are also introduced with great truth and effect, and Mr. Browning's *Ride to Aiax* (too much blamed perhaps in one of our previous numbers), in which we now and then meet with perfect anapaestic lines, though somewhat rough, like—

At our feet broke the bright brittle stubble like chaff.

Moreover, how is it possible to give the moral determination or the physical crash of a cavalry charge, except in verses ending with a firm and strongly accented long syllable? This rule at least must be observed, even where, in order to express the galloping of many horses together, on rough ground, and without keeping pace, the anapaests are allowed to break into spondees and bacchics, with now and then the rattle of a tribrach. And it is, we must say, for want of copying nature and fact (almost certain to be morally symbolic), that Mr. Tennyson's lyric has a deliberate ease, which, beautiful or otherwise, is not to the desperate valour of men who ride as those six hundred rode.

In *Blackwood* another poet criticises *Maud*; but his admiration for Tennyson does not restrain the freest expression of blame, and sometimes ridicule. The tone of the two articles is as different as the opinions expressed. The critic of *Blackwood*, like ourselves, is glad to turn from *Maud* to the earlier poems of our greatest living poet; he quotes a stanza from *Hero and Leander* which Tennyson has excluded from subsequent editions, and we extract it for the benefit of readers who have not seen it:—

O go not yet, my love!  
The night is dark and vast,  
The moon is hid in the heaven above,  
And the waves are climbing fast;  
O kiss me, kiss me once again,  
Lest that kiss should be the last!  
O kiss me ere we part—  
Grow closer to my heart—  
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main!

Dipping about in the *Magazines* for matter which may interest our readers, and is not too long for extract, we find in *Blackwood* an article of great interest on "Life in the Interior of Russia," from which two anecdotes may be given:—

In general officials are very badly paid indeed. Of this I can give you an example in the case of a young man, the son of a small proprietor, who pinched himself in order to give his son a good education at the university, where he remained till he was twenty-three years of age, when the father thought he would be able to obtain some good government employment—at least, that he would be at no further expense. After waiting nearly a year, he obtained a place with a salary of four roubles a month, one of which was deducted for his rank, leaving him three (rather less than 10s. a month) to provide himself with a lodging, table (which are to be had for about 30s. a month), clothing, and everything necessary for a gentleman! After that, is it wonderful that the Russian officials accept bribes *à tort et à travers*?

They are not only to be bribed, but, according to this witness,

There is no sum so small that they will not accept: you may even offer them articles of wearing apparel—anything; and this latter is too frequently done when the poor suitor has nothing more to offer. I myself have given such small sums as 4d. and 6d. for trifling services which they have seemed reluctant to perform, which has always had the desired effect of accelerating their movements, and saved me the ennui of waiting half an hour for them to perform their duty.

In *Fraser*, besides other articles, we especially recommend the one on "Italy and Art in Italy." The following passage on Raphael we extract in spite of our disagreement with the main proposition:—

And this criticism may be applied to a great many of Raphael's paintings; they want the aerialness of sentiment, the aerialness of imagination, the aerialness of expression, that vague, mysterious, and intuitive charm which is so subtle that it cannot be grasped either in art or poetry except by "the vision and the faculty divine." One might hesitate to say explicitly that there is a certain baldness and poverty in the genius of Raphael; but with all his sweetness and purity, we certainly miss that curious and felicitous subtlety of expression which, slight in itself, is a very potent and peculiar element in the finer and rarer works of the imagination. His workmanship is no doubt solid and conscientious, but is it penetrated, as with a subtle spirit, by the rich, discursive, and poetic insight? His fame is especially associated with his *Madonnas*. Now I am very far from wishing to deny that many of these are deliciously painted, though the most part are chiefly distinguished, it appears to me, in so far as expression is con-

cerated, by a certain sleepy sweetness, which people who know about these things assert to be very divine, but which at least has nothing of the *bright intelligent repose* which is the charm of the Madonnas of Murillo. Compare any of Raphael's most famous Virgins, even with those of men whom critics hardly dare to name in the same breath, and try if it be possible to evade this conclusion. The Madonna della Seggiola, and a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, hang side by side in the Pitti. The mere execution of the latter is not so perfect, the Virgin has little, certainly, of the insipid divinity, the inexplicable, imperturbable, unaccountable content of the other, but can any honest man deny that it reveals more varied intuitions and insights, finer glimpses into human nature, and richer and more poetic appreciation of that mysterious union of the human and the infinite life, which all Christs, and Madonnas, and Holy Families are imperfectly meant to indicate? In short, to tell the plain truth, there is only one of Raphael's works which ever gave me any very high idea of genuine power, a work little known, but when known called "The Vision of Ezekiel." A majestic figure, like old Homer's, "with thunderous brows and lips intense," is supported by an eagle, whose talons are fixed in a bull and a winged lion; far beneath this group, and under the gathered clouds, lies the sleeping earth, a low, desolate, and mournful shore, in the distance the dimpled sea, in the foreground one solitary, forlorn, cheerless chesnut; the whole forming a very grand and noble Homeric rendering of the Israelite's vision of his God.

Can the writer have present to his mind such marvels of art as the *Triumph of Galatea*, the *Madonna di San Sisto*, and the *Cartoons*? The following we extract for its serious conclusion:—

I love Raphael, and no one who has read his history can fail to do so. All honour to sweetness and purity, but sweetness and purity do not altogether constitute power and imagination. All honour to the kindly and gentle-hearted man, but genius is not merely goodness, and the best man is not always the best artist. So many sentimentalists in these days of rose-coloured cant would identify the two, that it is very needful to maintain a sturdy protest against that emasculated system which refuses to recognise the rough and mysterious, but poetic and divinely appointed, *inequalities* of our human nature and our social life. No better sign of the practical faithlessness and unbelief of the present generation could be desired, than the fastidious and effeminate anxiety of the orthodox to reconcile the undeniable and impracticable facts of life and conduct with certain preconceived notions and theories regarding the Divine Government. Having no faith in the inherent truth and veracity of God's laws, they are forced to discover some excuse, extenuation, or palliation for them, under the cover of which they may, with a judicious reserve and qualification, provisionally consent to accept them. They will learn some day to their cost, with a certain astute pagan, that it is a matter of much indifference to the world whether they will believe in it or not.

#### THE NEWCOMES.

*The Newcomes. Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family.* Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. Bradbury and Evans.

THE Philosophical Novel is a very natural amusement of our Age, and there are signs, we think, of the likelihood of its influence increasing. Already, in Mr. Thackeray's hands, it has done much to supersede the Romance. The fact is inevitable, and presents a phenomenon for which it is easy to account. Our modern life demands description and expression in Art, and our modern life is essentially different from the old life, the traditions of which (changing in their aspect every age, but always surviving) form the basis of the romantic ideas of Europe. What we call our CIVILISATION has a life of its own quite distinct from the life that found expression in the stories which supplied Shakspeare, and which only a generation ago had still a vitality for Scott. It must have its exponents, and its exponents must be more or less of its own colour—keen, calm, shrewd, cultivated, observant. It must have its fiction, and its fiction must be like itself—inquiring and practical. Romantic stories, we are happy to say, there must ever be; but the old charm of the "story" cannot be looked for in the scenes of "society"—or, at least, what is most characteristic of society is what it affords to the philosopher rather than to the story-teller. The child-like pleasure of knowing "what becomes" of the story-teller's figures cannot be felt as vividly as if action were what action used to be in the old days. We watch them with a different kind of interest. The "Young Lochinvar" might find it as hard to win Miss Graham of Netherby as ever, but in what a different way he would go to work! Sir James would not receive him with "his hand on his sword," though his hostility would perhaps be harder to bear than the old chief's. What worldly intrigue!—what plotting!—but it would all be carried on in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, and Lochinvar would lay his plans at a club, and so forth. It would never do for a ballad. But in our complex and artificial life it would call into play emotions, and produce incidents, full of matter for observation. What it lost in romance it would gain in philosophy, and if Thackeray did not make a wonderful "story" of it, he would make it deeply interesting in his own way.

That way is not the poetical or the romantic one,—and a novelist who possesses these tendencies usually in our days makes off to the Past, like Hawthorne with his Puritans, or to the Sea, like Melville with his Mazdi, or to little nooks of country life and the haunts of unsophisticated poor people like most women—or to Chaos, like the mob of novelists—or somewhere, at least, out of the hearing of the roar of Charing-cross. But if you stay in town and paint professedly the every-day men and women, what are you to do? Will you take the high Disraeli road, and be biting and mysterious with moon-faced sybils, and young gentlemen who never talk but in epigrams? This last is a way of getting people to listen to your doctrines who would never buy them in a pamphlet, and far be it from us in these times, to sneer at anything readable. But we are talking, now, of novels as novels. The problem being to paint English life—as it rides about, talks, speaks in parliament, and so forth—not subordinating life to a story, but making the story out of the life—how are you to do it? The light of common day is to be full about you. Your page is to smack of the day on which it appears as fully as the *Times* newspaper. We say that you must do it like Thackeray; that it is because Thackeray does it with such reality that people listen to him—and that this is at once the reason why he is praised and why he is censured. He is a novelist of the world. There is the same difference between a book of his and of Bulwer's, for instance, as there is between a ball and a masquerade. The figures at the ball are good, real people; at the masquerade there is life enough, and brilliancy and plea-

sure, but everything is somehow unreal. Sir Edward (for whom we have nothing but kindness, and whom we honour as a real man of letters—a class not increasing, we fear) seems to be coming round to our opinion. In his latest works he is much more real and truthful, and he has given his reputation a fresh lease in consequence.

Let us not be met, hereabouts, by a cry to the effect that there is romance everywhere if you look for it, and by some vague nonsense about the Ideal. Thank God, there is romance still extant—the human heart being still here, and the planet bowling along in safety. But is our public life beautiful? Look into its speeches and despatches, talk to its members, and then ask whether the *Fairy Queen* or *Vanity Fair* be the most natural result of its inspiration. Take up the last Blue-book, and compare it with the Elizabethan documents in Murdin or Haynes; look at the faces from the "Strangers' gallery," and compare them with the faces in the folios of Lodge's Portraits. You will see, then, what is meant by one age being more prosaic than another. A man must paint what he sees. Our society is prosaic, and requires a satirical painter. After all, Truth is the noblest thing; and as Life is, so must Art be. The value of Thackeray's writings is in their truthfulness, so that one studies the persons introduced as parts of the age in which we live. In short, *reality* is his characteristic, and though we undoubtedly purchase it by the loss of some qualities which attract us in other writers, yet it is so very important a point that we are content to pay the price. It is a point of great moral importance—since the influence of fiction is in proportion to the credibility it carries with it. What matter how lofty, pure, spotless a being you profess to make your ideal character, if the reader does not believe in his existence? He will make no permanent impression on your reader's mind but in proportion as he thinks him a real personage. Hence it is that most children's books are so ineffectually useless: the little reader seeing that "the good boy" is a supernatural character, finds his humanity unimpressed by him, and does not consider himself bound by his laws.

Nunquam aliud NATURA aliud Sapientia dicet,

is a line of old Juvenal's which every novelist ought to cherish as the motto of his order.

But now for *The Newcomes*. It is not so good a story, not so exciting a narrative as *Vanity Fair*, nor do we think it probable that any novel of the writer's will equal that one in story. There is a boldness, too, about *Vanity Fair* which we miss here. The writer seems to be conscious of his increased fame and responsibility, and to be somewhat more subdued and quiet. The satire is less prominent and conspicuous. We might say of the satirical element:—

And pray how was the Devil drest?

Oh, he was dressed in his Sunday's best.

The crack of the flagellum is not heard, though the implement is by no means thrown away. The whole picture is of a quieter and more decent kind of life. The Bohemians (though honourably represented by the portly and jolly figure of Fred. Bayham) play no great part in the work. Instead of a wicked grandee we have a foolish one—and so on. It is a deliberate and designed representation of "respectable" life—of that kind of life which discharges all the social and conventional duties according to the traditions of England,—which has its moral defence to make for even its selfishness—

Which pays its debts, believes, and says its prayers.

We cannot therefore, expect the dramatic excitement of a book with Beckies and Rawdon Crawleys in it; but what we lose in drama we gain in analysis. Mr. Thackeray is a great artist, and knows that the story should grow out of the characters, and that to fit your characters to a story is to imitate the art of a street Punch. A little artificial fellow tumbles his puppets through a score of gambols, and thinks that we shall be so dizzy with the movement as to forget that they are made of wood. We are interested in what Hamlet does, because he is Hamlet. Our modern life carries on its loves, and hates, and schemes—its tragedies and its destinies—in drawing-rooms and back parlours, in "chambers," and in broughams. Do you expect from its doings the kind of excitement which you have in the stories of the Cid, of the Crusaders, of the Scots ballads, of Burger's *Leonora*? Be it distinctly understood that PLOT is not required by the philosophical novel. What is the plot of *Don Quixote*?

*The Newcomes* then takes up that life which, of all lives ever led on this earth, is outwardly the most commonplace, and makes it glow with human interest. Here is the genius of Thackeray; for in nothing is genius shown so much as in making what seems the most ordinary material assume the living attraction of novelty in the form of art. His object here has been to exhibit the moral character and social quality of the best English middle class and upper life, without a trace of improbable invention or a single undue stimulant. That he has succeeded in this as completely as ever we are happy to be assured.

Let us now indicate the points of likeness, or unlikeness, in *The Newcomes* to his other works; and first let us inquire (with due gravity) what is the moral?

Here we must fall back on our remark about the sturdy realism of the man. Poor Colonel Newcome, *sans peur et sans reproche*—the generous gentleman—the kind father and firm friend—dies a pauper. The central young persons of the book, Clive and Ethel, suffer great misery, and though at last we are permitted to believe they marry and are happy, the hope is held out to us in a vague way, and the triumph is dashed by painful recollections. Barnes is successful, as far as worldly success goes, to the last. Kew disappears early into a not very happy marriage, though his generous character deserved a better fate.

Well, what should have become of them all? Adela dries her swollen eyes after the "double number" at the end, and passionately bewails the Colonel and his destiny. And we tell that young woman that those tears are better for her heart and for her moral nature, than all the pretty joyful tenderness which would have stirred her, if the Colonel had driven off out of the story in a coach-and-six. When all ends "happily," and a direct connexion is established between good behaviour and the three per cents., a maudlin pleasure is produced, which is rather a mean and immoral, and is



assuredly not a *Christian*, result. We see nothing in our age which induces us to believe that a generous, unworldly nature engaging in its public business will have any unusual luck on its side. But what is the "moral," after all? The exhibition of a fine character is moral enough; and we should like to know what man would not take the Colonel's nature, and run the Colonel's chance? The artist is bound to make goodness beautiful; he is not bound to make it fortunate. The moral, then, is, that it is good to be generous, and true, and noble—a very old story on which nobody can improve.

The Colonel's character is marked with that light and shade which Thackeray employs in making his figures real. Thus, when he is first introduced to J. J., he "speaks to a butler's son as to a private soldier, kindly but not familiarly." He believes in the men of genius, but he is ready to quarrel when one of them quizzes the court dress. Thoroughly kindly, he is revengeful against Barnes when he discovers him to be a scoundrel—and yet the revengefulness (itself a bad passion) is mixed up with all the good in the man. His politics, again, are capital. His character, at the same time, is happily blended of what is military and what is peculiarly his own, so that you can discriminate what belongs to him as a soldier from what is simply personal. Perfectly brave to men, he gives in at once before the Campaigner—and this is admirably in keeping. A hundred different traits are marked in him—all naturally going to form the whole, like the lines in a man's hand. He has a family likeness to Dobbin, and to Esmond, and yet the three are distinct impersonations—just as Clive is of the same genus as Penderennis, but keeps his own individuality. Every writer must have a "manner;" no greatness can save him from it; but only a few can produce creations which, in the likeness, preserve their own peculiarities or *differentia*. Fielding observes that people are too hasty in pronouncing characters to be copies, and adds, that every amorous widow on the stage would be said to be stolen from Dido, but that the playhouse critics had not Latin enough to read Virgil.

The Colonel is just as good as humanity will allow; and (fortunately for the utility of his example) he does not go beyond that bound. His rage at Barnes when he brandishes the bamboo—his prejudices—his wild political views—his rashness in that unhappy B.B.C.—these are to his beautiful natural character what shade and variety are to a beautiful face. He offers a notable specimen of Thackeray's independence of his own creations. Many gifted men create characters—and probable ones—and then allow themselves to be run off with by the work of their own hands. But no affection makes our author indifferent to the great cause of nature and truth. The Colonel must be angry; and Ethel must be worldly—and yet both characters are good at bottom.

Ethel has a kind of likeness to the brilliant Beatrix in *Esmond*, and still is a separate person. She would have preferred the Duke of Hamilton to Esmond—but she is a better woman *au fond*. Would she have married Farintosh, if old Lady Kew had not died? We don't undertake to say that she would. Thackeray loves to leave certain matters in mystery about character—as if recognising that "mystery of a Person" which, after all, makes the complete understanding of any human being impossible. To be sure, Lady Kew (whose descent from the noble house of Gaunt is unquestionable) died very *à propos*. Let us leave the question (like one in *Vanity Fair*, connected with the detention of Rawdon in the sponging-house) unsettled. But it was very bad of Ethel to throw over Kew for the sake of Clive, and yet to be willing to marry Farintosh. The position, however, was no simple one, but highly complex, like the positions with which it is Thackeray's forte to deal. The good and the bad of her character played into one another; and her feeling for her family's wishes and interests was a part of the influence by which she strove to reconcile herself to marrying the feather-headed, vicious marquis. It was quite natural that a nature so good *au fond* as hers, should require a really good pretext to help her to do, what, while hankering after splendour, she felt to be wrong. Beatrix would have based herself on the hard, strong basis of the enormous social force of worldliness—and taunted and defied love and generosity. Ethel could not so wring her high heart or that of any other person. She was splendid in her weakness like a queen. This justifies the little stroke of fortune by which the novelist makes the old Lady Kew die at the right time; after all, old women must die, and occasionally do die just at the right moment. There is much ingenuity in the way in which the punishment of one worldly marriage (that of Lady Clara) becomes an occasion of the moral discipline of Ethel, who has just escaped one herself. It is probable and convenient; and when we remember that her natural goodness has been dwelt on from the first, her reformation through sisterly and charitable offices is quite legitimate, and not like one of those stupid "conversions" which outrage and defy Nature, and so are useless for moral purposes.

With regard to Barnes—the unworthy brother of this best of all Thackeray's women—we consider him the very best character as a study that the author has yet produced. He is a humbug, and scoundrel, like Blith. He is a hypocrite. But he is one of those unconscious humbugs—quite distinct from the villain of common novels—who never suspects that he is a humbug, or designs to be a hypocrite. He is as naturally bad as a snake, which, no doubt, looks after the little snakes, and has no consciousness that it is the enemy of mankind. Now, your regular dramatic bad man knows he is *hostis humani generis*, and glories in it. The charm of Barnes and the reality of him is his complete, self-possessed selfishness, cruelty, greediness, worldliness, &c., &c.—all existing in him as naturally as berries in nightshade. He a rascal! Why, he would not be angry if you told him so—or, at least, he would think you a fool. He is like anybody else—like any other gentleman. What would you have?

Such creations as this are valuable studies of the century, and when a philosophical historian by-and-by investigates our history, he will turn to Barnes as a specimen of the worldly young man, and derive much insight into our age from him. A certain dash and affectation—at the worst, a certain flow of animal spirits—distinguished the youth of the same class in former days; or, if not, he showed some theatrical hypocrisy, and paid his "homage"

that way. But here we have a perfectly unaffected class of godless and graceless young humbugs, who have no idea that there is anything wrong, or that they are anything but good enough young fellows as the times go. No writer of our age has given us a character so suggestive, or so peculiarly modern.

The minor *personæ* are so numerous that we must take them up in spoonfuls, like white-bait. Honeyman, F. B. James Binnie, are all real, very clever portraits—F. B. a little too much like a character in a farce, perhaps. Miss Honeyman, of Brighton, whose favourite English word is "gentle-woman," has always seemed to us one of the most natural and amusing persons in the book. The Campaigner, whose vivid, pushing, showy character—(full of animal spirits, and a hollow good nature—the mere result of them)—is amusing in her prosperous days, becomes in the dark times so admirably painted at the close of the book—a terrible hag. Clive never falls below nor rises above one set line of personal merit. Rosa is a pretty little apparition, whose destiny connects her with a set of persons to whom she is by no means equal. She is a capital specimen of a light, pretty, shallow nature—wanting depth in every way—floating like a sparkling bubble on the surface of the story. But all this variety of persons has a distinct bearing on the whole plan. They all serve to show the characters, and to vary and influence the fortunes of the Newcome Family. Our sympathies throughout are with the generous side, while the worldly side is allowed that prominence, and that importance, which belong to it in our social system. It may not be too minute to remark a little fact which might otherwise escape notice; that the good Colonel and his son derive from the marriage which the first Newcome made for love; while the bankers come from the second one, which he made for money. All that is most blameless and beautiful is associated with the Good Cause; and to the colonel's first love disappointment we owe the presence throughout the tale of that family of Florac which never appears but to touch or to amuse us.

For the style—the flowing accompaniment of witty and pathetic wisdom—these have all the charm which belong to Thackeray's novels, and which ranks them as mere table-talk among the first productions of the *belles-lettres* of Europe. The good, worldly sense—the manly humour—the delicate and polite irony—the rare but apt illustrations—these are attractions of the book even independent of its characters and its narrative. Everything breathes of experience and of accomplishment; everywhere we are in the company of the gentleman by culture and by traditions.

#### ARAGO ON THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

*Meteorological Essays.* By François Arago. With an Introduction by Baron Alexander von Humboldt. Translated under the superintendence of Colonel Sabine. Longman and Co.

THIS is the first volume of the very handsome edition of Arago's works which Messrs. Longman are to issue under the superintendence of men like Colonel Sabine, Professor Baden Powell, Admiral Smyth, and Mr. Robert Grant. The celebrated Frenchman, therefore, will appear in authentic shape, which in these days of slap-dash translation, at a few shillings a sheet, is no inconsiderable advantage.

The present volume, which is very entertaining as well as seriously scientific, is principally devoted to Thunder and Lightning. It also contains essays on Electro-Magnetism, Animal Electricity, and the Aurora Borealis; although upon what principles of scientific classification the two former subjects are included under Meteorological Essays we are utterly at a loss to divine. Let us be thankful for what is given us, without criticism of classification.

M. Arago has taken immense pains to collect the various observations recorded in books and journals, in order to have at least the principal facts known about Thunder and Lightning present to our minds, in the absence of any satisfactory laws. For familiar as the meteorological phenomena are, the laws which regulate them defy our detection. The immense mass of facts accumulated on the subject of the weather suffices to show how powerless are facts alone to constitute scientific knowledge. We are in respect of the weather in a condition analogous to that of the Chaldean shepherds in respect of astronomy. We want the elementary laws; we want the elementary generalisations which may lead to the detection of laws. For example, Franklin thought himself justified in generalising the phenomena of thunder and lightning so as to assert the two requisite conditions for their production to be—1st, that the cloud must be large; 2nd, that there must be small clouds interposed between its under surface and the earth. If this generalisation were without exception, it would constitute a static law; and all meteorologists assert it to be without exception. Unhappily, M. Arago has discovered the records of four distinct well-attested instances in which lightning was seen to dart from a very small cloud, the sky being perfectly clear; so that Franklin's generalisation becomes only a generalisation. Another generalisation has not been contradicted, namely, that lightning does not issue from *smoky* clouds, i. e., those strata of cloud which are uniform in composition and regular in their surface.

But perhaps the reader would like to know what the thunder-cloud is, and how he is to recognise it; and for this we will borrow M. Arago's description:—

#### THE THUNDER-CLOUD.

When in calm weather we see that there begin to rise somewhat rapidly, at some point of the horizon, very dense clouds, resembling heaped-up masses of cotton, terminated by a great number of well-defined rounded contours, almost as sharply marked as would be the summits of dome-shaped mountains covered with snow; when these clouds appear as it were to expand or swell out, diminishing in number as they increase in size; when, notwithstanding all these changes of form, they remain constantly attached to their first base; and finally, when these contours, which at first were so numerous and so distinct, have gradually melted into each other so completely, that the whole presents the aspect of only one single cloud, then, according to Beccaria, we may announce with certainty the approach of a thunderstorm.

To these preliminary phenomena there succeeds, still on the horizon, the apparition of a very dark cloud which seems to touch the earth and connect it with the clouds which have just been described. The dark tint spreads gradually to the higher clouds; and it is worthy of remark that it is at this stage that their general surface,

or at least that which is seen from the plain, becomes more and more uniform. From the highest parts of this single and compact mass there spring long branch-like clouds, which, without detaching themselves from it, gradually overspread the sky.

At the moment when these branches begin to be formed, there are usually seen numerous scattered, hovering, small white clouds, very distinct and with very well defined edges, to which the celebrated physicist of Turin gives the name of *ascitizi*, or additional, or subordinate, clouds. Their movements are sudden, uncertain, and irregular. They appear to be under the attracting influence of the great mass of cloud, and gradually, one after another, float towards it and join themselves to it. These "*ascitizi*" had already been remarked by Virgil, who compared them to tufts of wool. They are the white patches which are seen to interrupt here and there the uniform dark surface of a great storm cloud.

When the great dark cloud has increased so as to pass the zenith, and overspread the greater part of the sky, the observer sees beneath it many small *ascitizi*, without being able to discover where they come from or how they have formed. These *ascitizi* appear torn or rent, or as it were ragged fragments of cloud. They throw out here and there long arms. Their march is rapid, irregular, and uncertain, except that it is always horizontal. When in their opposite movements two of these clouds happen to approach each other, they appear to extend towards each other their irregular arms; after having almost touched, an evident repulsion takes the place of the previous apparent attraction, and the same arms which had been outstretched to meet, now turn away from each other.

"Rapid as lightning" is an ancient simile; but did the reader ever consider how rapid lightning is?—we do not mean the "greased lightning" of America, that country being too go-a-head to content itself with our snail-paced lightning—but the flash which startles the European eye? Arago sums up his inquiry by saying that the most brilliant and extensive flashes which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon have not a duration equal to the thousandth part of a second of time! Consider what a second is, then divide it (mentally) into a thousand parts, and, recalling a fine flash of lightning, ask yourself if this conclusion is not paradoxical! And ask yourself, moreover, how philosophers have come to that conclusion. M. Arago will tell you. His chapter is too long for analysis, but the following extract will interest:—

Let us suppose the stick to describe a complete circle, and to take a tenth of a second only in doing so. In such case experiment proves that we see a luminous circumference in which the most attentive eye discovers no interruption to perfect continuity. The sense of vision reports that the glowing end of the stick occupies all points in the circumference of the circle simultaneously; yet in reality it only attains each of these points successively, or one after another, and a tenth of a second elapses between its quitting any one of them and returning to it again.

One important inference follows from this experiment. It will become evident if we fix our attention for a moment on some single point, say, for example, the uppermost point of the circle traced by the stick. When the glowing charcoal occupies this point, the rays of light which proceed from it form its image in the eye of the observer, on a particular part of the retina. When the charcoal moves, this image should also move, and indeed it does so, since we always see the charcoal where it actually is. But it would seem that as we see this second image the first image ought to have disappeared, since the cause which produced it, if it has not disappeared, has at least changed its place; so far from this being the case, there is time for the glowing charcoal to make a complete round, to return to its first place, and reproduce on the retina of the spectator the image of the uppermost point of the circle, before the sensation resulting from its first passage through that point has ceased or been effaced.

It follows, then, that the impressions received by us through our sense of vision have a certain duration, or last a certain time. The human eye, at least, is so constituted that the sensation of light does not cease until a tenth of a second after the complete disappearance of the cause which produced it.

M. Arago has a curious chapter on the geography of storms. He quotes Pliny's assertion that thunder is unknown in Egypt, as if Pliny were an authority of the slightest value. But he quickly adds that thunder is perfectly well known now-a-days in Egypt.

If, however, I am unable to name any place within the warm or temperate regions of the old continent where thunder is never heard, it is quite otherwise in America.

Those among the inhabitants of Lima in Peru (12 deg. S. lat. and 77 deg. 10 min. W. long.), who have never travelled, can form from their own experience no idea of thunder. We may add, that they are equally unacquainted with lightning, for even noiseless and sheet lightnings never appear in the atmosphere of Lower Peru, often misty, but never showing true clouds.

I now pass from the tropical to the frigid zone.

In 1773, from the end of June to the end of August, the Racehorse, commanded by Captain Phipps, was constantly navigating the Spitzbergen seas. During the course of these two summer months, thunder was not once heard, nor was a single flash of lightning seen.

My friend, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, formerly so celebrated a whaling captain, and who has given so interesting a description of the polar seas, says that in his numerous voyages he only twice saw lightning beyond the parallel of 65 deg.

In Captain Parry's attempt to reach the North Pole, his party travelled over the ice with their sledge boats from the 25th of June to the 10th of August, 1827, between 81 deg. 15 min. and 82 deg. 44 min. latitude. In this interval, they never saw lightning or heard thunder.

The Hecla remained at anchor from the 20th of June to the 28th of August. At Hecla Cove, on the coast of Spitzbergen, in 79 deg. 55 min. north latitude, none of the observers on board or on shore ever heard thunder or saw lightning.

Lastly, the Hecla navigated the icy seas between 71 deg. 28 min. and 79 deg. 59 min. lat. from the 1st of May to the 19th June, and between the 28th of August and the 16th September crossed the zone comprised between the 80th and 62nd parallel. During these periods also no indications of thunderstorms were perceived.

From all these documents it may be affirmed that, beyond the 75th parallel of latitude, thunder and lightning are unknown in the open sea and among islands.

The observations of Captain Ross's Expedition corroborate this result. In 1818, the ships commanded by that officer were from the beginning of June to the end of September in Davis Straits and Baffin's Bay, between 64 deg. and 76½ deg. north latitude. The meteorological tables corresponding to this season do not mention a single flash of lightning or sound of thunder.

Captain Parry's Expeditions enable us to extend to regions much surrounded by land the rule which we have so far only been entitled to apply to extensive seas and to islands.

The meteorological tables of the first voyage of this intrepid navigator to Baffin's Bay, Barrow's Strait, and Melville Island commence in June, 1819, and extend to September, 1820, inclusive. This makes two summer seasons (or seasons of thunder-

storms); and during the whole of these two seasons passed between 70 deg. and 75 deg. N. lat., thunder and lightning were never once heard or seen.

Placing ourselves a very little way on this side of the 70th parallel of latitude, we find thunder very rare, perhaps scarcely heard once a year, but we can no longer say that we are absolutely beyond the region of thunderstorms.

There is one peculiarity in the geography of thunder worth alluding to. The tropical countries are most visited by thunderstorms, and yet one country (Lower Peru) situated in the equinoctial zone is absolutely innocent of thunder.

We conclude our notice with this bit of practical advice, where to place oneself in a storm:—

Men are often struck by lightning in the middle of open plains. Many facts show that the danger is still greater under trees; from this double remark, Dr. Winthrop inferred that when surprised by a thunderstorm in the open country, the best thing to be done to avoid lightning is to place oneself at a little distance from some large tree; by "a little distance," he meant anything from sixteen to forty feet. A still more favourable station would be one intermediate between two trees, at the prescribed distance from both. Franklin approved these precepts. Henley, who also thought them confirmed both by theory and experience, recommended in the case of a single tree, five or six yards between the extremity of the longest branches.

## YOUNG DUMAS ON LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

*Le Roman d'une Femme.* Par Alexandre Dumas fils.

W. Jeffs.

A VERY considerable German philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer (who, by the way, owes his celebrity to an article by Mr. Oxenford in the *Westminster Review*, which called the attention of Germans to the prophet in his own country), has a chapter on the Metaphysic of Love, which finds its place in the treatise *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, where he undertakes to prove, more Germanico, that the first and all-determining cause of Love between the sexes is the *Will* of the yet unborn offspring, who resolves on passing from the unborn into the born, in a word, who as yet is not, but now resolves to be.

Whatever may be thought of this Metaphysic of Love by the unmetaphysical British reader, he may make it a curious standard of comparison by which to test the treatment of the same subject in the first French novel falling in his way. Young Dumas will serve better than any other to fetch out the contrast between the simple, earnest German mind, serious and philosophical even in its extravagances, and that shallow, vicious, odious product of the *Maison Dorée* and the *Rue Bréda*, which occupies so large a space in the modern fiction of France. Schopenhauer connects the passion of love with the deep and all-pervading activity of Nature; Dumas the Younger connects it with nothing deeper than the gratification of sense and hideous vanity. According to this *Roman d'une Femme*, life in Paris is a perpetual lie—a mere stage for the display of vanity. Men fall in love in order to show their mistresses as so many trophies; women fall in love because the men chosen are renowned for their "bonnes fortunes." The virtuous man of his book—a great thinker, great orator, a Mirabeau in power and a Fenelon in purity, who has every perfection from Grecian profile down to a foot "that would humiliate a woman," is deserted by his wife. He follows her in the unhesitating belief that her lover "*fier de sa maîtresse*" must, in the natural course of things, take her to all public places, where she may be seen on his arm! And if this is the matter-of-course conclusion of a virtuous man, we leave you to guess what are the conceptions of those less exalted.

*Le Roman d'une Femme* is a hideous book. We should not have mentioned it had it not already been much talked of, and already noticed by a contemporary. The impurity of which we complain is not simply that of certain scenes, which in their crudity surpass even the licence of French novels; it is not the impurity of passages, but the abiding impurity of tone, which makes the book hateful. After reading it one seems to have been breathing the malaria. The life therein depicted is utterly unreal, utterly fantastic, although professing to be the ordinary life of our day; but although unreal, although the characters awaken no sympathy because they gain no belief, the book haunts you like an unpleasant dream. The reflections are numerous, but they have not the wit which often redeems cynicism; they have not that approach to truth which arrests attention. They are foolish—and only instructive in as far as they reveal what is in the mind of the writer. We have alluded to Schopenhauer's metaphysical explanation of the great mystery of Love. You smiled perhaps at the turn of thought, but at all events you recognised a truth in it. Now compare the Parisian explanation of the mystery. "Curiosity is the grand principle and grand grand motor-power of love.—Will that man love me differently from my husband? women ask themselves when they take a lover.—Will that woman tell me what she tells others? men ask themselves when they seek a new liaison. One may always answer both: It will be exactly the same thing, having for woman no other attraction except *mystery*, and for man no other except *change*." Having thus enunciated the principle, and made vanity in each case the motor, this cynic thus draws up rules whereby man may combat the danger of feminine curiosity. "Your mistress loves change, and you love your mistress. Very well! flatter her tastes by never being the same man. Always present yourself under a new aspect; manage so that she never knows you thoroughly. Be economical with your merits, as a poor man with his money. Always keep one side of your nature impenetrable. Astonish her, assume all the forms and all the varieties her character demands. Make yourself a Proteus in love. Let her find in you what she would seek in another. Never be too grave, it will weary her; nor too light, it will give her a bad opinion of you. Remember that there is always something of the child in the woman, and that she needs toys as well as protection."

You imagine, perhaps, this sickening stuff is irony? Not in the least. Dumas the Younger foresees one objection to his theory, but it is only that



such perpetual acting makes a man "a sentinel, not a lover; and demands that one have nothing else to do." To this he replies—"True; but I address myself only to those who make love the great question of their life, and they will understand me. As to those," he adds, with lofty scorn, "who see nothing in love but pleasure, an amusement, or a necessity, they have no need of counsel."

Young Dumas has drawn the material of all his works from the society of *Les Camélias*, and the frivolous and vicious young men who regard the Quartier Bréda and the Bois de Boulogne as the proper theatres for human ambition. Hitherto he has shown very remarkable talent in his pictures; think what you will of the painter and the painter's moral feeling, you cannot but marvel at his power. In *Le Roman d'une Femme* the tone remains as offensive as ever, and the talent is quite mediocre. The book is commonplace in its incidents (except in the main incident, which is repulsive and untrue) and more than commonplace in its characters. Perhaps no parts of the work are more amusing than those which attempt the portrayal of sentiment. The French are an affectionate people, and as fond of their parents as others are; but to judge from their plays and novels one would suppose that they had no sincere love for their mothers, so ludicrously factitious is their employment of *ma mère*. This is very striking in young Dumas. He tries to make the mother "a religion"—but it is the religion of a *gant jaune*. It happens to many men to lose their mothers early in life. The loss is serious enough to dispense with affectation. But who makes of that loss a *passé de douleurs*? Who grows pale mourning the loss of a mother he never knew? In *Le Roman d'une Femme* the hero lost his mother when he was a twelvemonth old. The heroine, looking at her portrait, asks whose portrait it is; of course, a pathetic scene ensues. She asks him if he had never known his mother. "No, *Mademoiselle*." There was in that simple phrase a whole life of sadness. This pathetic fact at once establishes a sympathy between the young gentleman and the lady, for "she had surprised in that one word—'It is my mother'—such an accent of sadness and regret, that she said to herself: 'The man who regrets and suffers thus must have a noble heart.' And she did her utmost to make him forget the sadness which, like a cloud, from time to time darkened his brow."

This is a specimen of *la religion de la mère*! After that, we are not surprised to hear a young marquis (who by the way has not previously mentioned his mother) exclaim in the exaltation of self-sacrifice: "Marie, is there any means to make you happy? For you I will give my life, my blood, my soul! To save you I would insult the name of my mother." Nor are we surprised when the same Marie, about to elope from her husband, tells her lover that for him she is "to quit all, my father, the room in which my mother died, my husband, my child." This may be very pretty sentiment at the Maison Dorée, but elsewhere it is more odious than cynicism.

## The Arts.

### THE WIZARD AT THE LYCEUM.

"PROFESSOR" ANDERSON, the Wizard of the North, &c., &c., &c., has quite taken the shine out of the G. V. B. achievements of Mr. E. T. SMITH, by his electric light over the portico of the LYCEUM: and his preliminary announcements, conceived in the highest style of New England eloquence, surpass the wildest flights of the great discoverer of Tom Thumb and Washington's Nurse. For weeks past the portrait of "the Professor" has stared at every tavern and gin-shop window in London, at every railway station within twenty miles of town, at almost every turn where the most passing glance could possibly be extorted from the eye of business or leisure. Nothing has been omitted that could lend significance and solemnity to the inauguration of his new Temple of Magic by the Professor, who has astonished the weak minds of all the Potentates of Europe, and (we have no sort of doubt of the fact) who did once lend H. I. M. NAPOLEON THE THIRD twenty pounds, although his Imperial Majesty has taken the trouble to inform Europe, through the columns of the *Moniteur*, that the trifling accommodation alluded to never took place, and was a mere hallucination of "Dr. Anderson's." Let us say at once that we have no desire to cavil at the lavish abundance of the Professor's "posters." It is only when the real G. V. B. falls short of the capital letters in the bills that a slight caveat is permissible. In the Professor's case, his fame has been so well and justly acquired, and his entertainment is really so capital in quality, that if his bills do not "repay perusal" to busy people, at all events an evening at the LYCEUM repays the anticipations excited by such a prodigious flourish of trumpets. The Professor has fitted up the LYCEUM most effectively. There is something really sumptuous about the decorations of the stage whereon the Professor, monarch of all he surveys, practises his magic arts. It has the look of a temple, of a laboratory, of a furniture establishment. Across the centre of the pit, and all round the house on a level with the dress circle, a communication has been established, by means of a tramway and a platform, enabling the Professor to bring a large and influential portion of the audience into a more direct and personal relation to his experiments. Indeed, in one instance, the Professor conducts an experiment under the auspices of the ladies and gentlemen in the gallery, in the very midst of whom a table "raps" and a bell rings at his call and bidding. This participation of the audience in the business of the stage gives a very pleasant "at home" character to the entertainment, and creates a sort of compound interest out of doors which makes up for the one great

difficulty in these *delassements magiques*—the difficulty, we mean, of sustaining the feeling of astonishment. We need not here relate in detail the various wonders accomplished by the Professor. Few of the tricks are new, many of them are familiar, but even those which we have long since found out excite the old wonder and the old delight from the ease and dexterity with which they are performed. We had small sympathy with a sententious Scotch gentleman who sat behind us in the stalls, and who kept up a running fire of *nil admirari* commentary on the performance. We found his explanations far more difficult than the tricks. Perhaps we too know that the lady's handkerchief is not the one we see torn up, nor her bonnet burnt, nor her ring conjured into an egg. Perhaps we know how the little boy is extinguished, and can discourse acutely on the apparatus which supports him in the air during the mesmeric process, when he is as wide awake as you and I are; perhaps we know the interior economy of the magic bottle, and how the Professor changes it. Still, with all our wonderful acuteness, the dexterity of the sleight of hand is a great deal more marvellous, and the natural propensity of our fellow-creatures to deception and amazement is a delightful study. There is one part of the entertainment in which the Wizard (who puts down an unruly gentleman in the pit with all the courtly grace of a Van Amburgh, and whose manner seems to be made up of a profound contempt for his fellow-creatures and an imposing familiarity) strikes into the attitude and the tone of an eminent tragedian, and that is when he very legitimately and forcibly denounces the ravages of the Spirit-rapping imposture. He says that he put two thousand dollars on a table in the Metropolitan Hall, New York, as a prize to any Spiritual Medium who would make the table "rap" without his leave. And not a single Medium offered. He found the churches and chapels deserted, and the lunatic asylums filled with the victims of an imposture he felt it to be a solemn duty to expose. And he did expose it most triumphantly by a practical application of his formula—"No rapping without an apparatus!" We only wonder the Professor escaped unlynched the wrath of the Spirits who have been driven across the Atlantic to find fresh believers in the aristocratic homes of England. Many of our readers will not forget the part the *Leader* took in exposing the delusion when all the world of London believed in it: still we are happy to give Professor ANDERSON full credit for his visible and complete turning of the tables upon their inventors. At the LYCEUM, the Professor makes a table on the tramroad in the centre of the pit, a bell suspended from the ceiling, and an automaton on the stage "rap" answers to his questions by an application, we believe, of the magnetic telegraph.

In order to be critical, as well as descriptive and discursive, let us confess that Professor ANDERSON has not the quiet finesse of ROBERT HOUDIN, nor the *distingué* grace of the Chevalier Bosco in the manner of delivering his experiments. He is a little stagey, a little too much addicted to gesticulation. On the other hand, perhaps he is a better judge than we can be of the public taste: and, after all, these things are only the signboard, not the man. In conclusion, we can heartily commend the entertainment to the attention of our readers: all grown-up London will go to see it till the Christmas holidays come, and then what delighted audiences of "the young people!"

At the HAYMARKET, *The Man of Many Friends*, a three-act comedy from the fruitful pen of Mr. STIRLING COYNE, has been produced with a degree of success, justified by the smartness and dexterity of the writing, and by the lively acting. Mr. BUCKSTONE is the hero of the piece. LA PEREA NENA has reappeared.

At the ADELPHI, *Victorine*, the *drame* so celebrated in the days of YATES, has been revived with an entirely new cast, but with great effect. The acting of Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY as the heroine is both delicate and forcible, and the general distribution of the parts is as good as the present stage can afford, which, after all, in spite of old staggers, is not a bad compliment.

DRURY LANE continues English opera with merited favour, and Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, with Mrs. J. W. WALLACK, Mr. STUART, and others, has been specially engaged to do the heavy business in the old-fashioned lyric dramas which our fathers have heard. *The Slave* is a sort of novelty to the young generation; but it is a consolation to find that the threatened revival of *Macbeth* with the whole of LOCKE's music has been abandoned by the general council of the directors as inconsistent with their operatic programme. There is no knowing what we may expect after the operatic season!

SADLER'S WELLS reopens for the regular season to-night.

HUMAN LONGEVITY.—It is positively surprising in the present day, when the principles of longevity are reduced to so simple an expression as the observance of the Natural laws, to find what erroneous opinions our forefathers entertained upon so important a subject. It was especially an erroneous belief that the loss by perspiration abbreviated life. Lord Bacon, who distinguished, philosophically enough, three intentions for the prolongation of life—retardation of consumption, and proper reparation and renovation of what begins to grow old—was yet so far misled by a false idea of the relation of what he calls predatory influences and reparatory influences, as to believe that the ambient air could be rendered less predatory by dwelling in cold climates, in caves, mountains, and anchorites' cells; or be kept off from the body by a dense skin, the feathers of birds, or the use of oils and unguents without aromatics. Upon the same mistaken principle Maupertuis recommended that the body should be covered with pitch. And Carden actually argued that trees lived longer than animals because they took no exercise!—*New Monthly*.

**MIDDLESEX ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—"Hitherto, so far as we remember, Middlesex, the metropolitan county—and certainly as rich in subjects of antiquarian and historical interest as any other county in Great Britain—has had no special body of archaeologists devoted to the care and preservation of its monuments. A fact so curious is perhaps explained by the assumption that the metropolitan county must necessarily claim the chief care of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and its subsidiary bodies, the Archaeological Institute and the Archaeological Association. Such, however, is not the case. These Societies display a certain—or we may more truly say an uncertain—activity in the investigation of historical antiquities generally; but we are not aware that they charge themselves specially with any care of metropolitan monuments. For example:—there is the Tower. Of all the monuments of past times in England, the Tower of London is first in interest. Indeed, it has no competitor. Its story is the history of England—a history of its court and of its people, of its best men and most beautiful women—of its wars, its pageants, its insurrections, its conquests, its reverses—of its manners, its arts, its arms, its laws, its religion, almost of its literature. Every room in the Tower is a record, every stone is monumental. Yet in our own day parts of this precious edifice have been dug up, thrown down, carted away, and rebuilt—walls have been scraped and inscriptions removed by ignorant men, without a word of protest, so far as we know, from these learned bodies. Care of the Tower would alone justify the establishment of a Middlesex Archaeological Society. Then, there are—Brentford, a world in itself for the antiquary—Crosby Hall—the old prisons—Westminster Abbey—Old London Bridge—Old Change—Old St. Paul's—St. John's Gate—The Charterhouse—and a hundred others equally curious and important, most of which are still open to a good deal of documentary and other illustration. Such a work demands earnest workers; and we are glad to announce a proposal to establish a society for the purpose of assisting to investigate and preserve these Middlesex records of our past life. Lord Londesborough has accepted the office of President, and Mr. G. B. Webb that of provisional Secretary."—*Athenaeum*.

Mr. Croons, a Government contractor at Melbourne, has been dismissed from his appointment for having, after drinking a glass of his Excellency's beer, at a vice-regal ball, exclaimed "O Lord!" and walked out of the supper-room "with one hand pressed on his external coating." The Colonial Secretary, in a letter to the victim, lays it down as a law that it is the duty of all contractors, more especially in public, "to support and countenance all articles of consumption furnished by official contract."

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

MILTON.—September 2, at 4, Onslow-crescent, the wife of John Milton, Esq.: a daughter.  
OSBORNE.—August 30, the wife of Captain Sherard Osborne, R.N., H.M.S. Vesuvius: a daughter.  
PIGOTT.—August 31, at Cliftonville, near Brighton, the wife of Gillyery Pigott, Esq.: a son.  
WARD.—September 2, at 9, Leonard-place, Kensington, the wife of T. Ogier Ward, M.D.: a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

CORONIO—IONIDES.—September 1, at the Greek Church, London-wall, by the Rev. Mr. Morphinos, Theodore Coronio, Esq., to Aglaia, eldest daughter of A. C. Ionides, Esq., Consul-General of Greece.  
GREEN—KIMPTON.—September 4, at St. George's Chapel, Stonehouse, Devon, J. Fordham Green, Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Kimpton, Esq., formerly of Ware, Herts.  
WILKINSON—FISCHER.—June 28, at the Consular Church, Canton, Alfred Wilkinson, Esq., of Canton, to Elais, eldest daughter of Maximilian Fischer, Esq., of the same place.

### DEATHS.

CUELL.—September 3, at his residence, 9, Gloucester-place, New-road, William Cuell, Esq., of the Bank of England, aged seventy.  
DILLWYN.—August 31, at Sketty Hall, near Swansea, Lewis Weston Dillwyn, Esq., F.R.S., aged seventy-seven.  
TONNIGES.—August 30, at Dantzic, C. B. Tonniges, Esq., many years an eminent merchant in that city, aged seventy-seven.  
WALLACK.—August 8, at New York, Charles Saville, son of James W. Wallack, Esq., aged twenty-nine.

## FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, September 4.

**BANKRUPTS.**—Sir GEORGE DE LA POER BEESTFORD, Bart., Fludyer-street, Westminster, mining and commission agent and dealer in shares—WILLIAM GIBBERT, Vine-place, Old-street-road, Middlesex, butcher—DAVID EDWARDS, the younger, Russell-street, Landport, Portsea, Southampton, corn and flour factor, mealman, and seedsman—ABRAHAM RYAN, George-yard, Lombard-street, City, dealer in mining shares—THOMAS JORDAN, Blomfield, Stafford, baker and provision dealer—THOMAS HEMINGWAY, Willenhall, Stafford, oat-mill manufacturer—GEO. FRYNE, Albert-street, Bristol, boot and shoe manufacturer—JOHN MARLEY, Torquay, Devon, butcher and provision dealer—MAYNARD LASSON, Exeter, umbrella and parasol manufacturer—MATTHEW TROKERY DUNFORD, Fore-street, Exeter, oiler and brass and surgeons' instrument maker—JOHN MAYNARD, Lough, Lincoln, butcher—WILLIAM ROXBOROUGH, Liverpool, insurance broker and commission agent.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—J. BRYAN, New Cumnock, innkeeper—J. LAING, Glasgow, wright—N. LIVINGSTON, Greenock, wine merchant—J. MILLAR, Kilmarnock, bookseller—D. and J. MACQUEEN, Inverness, bootmakers—J. MOORE, Uddingstone, ironfounder.

Friday, September 7.

**BANKRUPTS.**—THOMAS GODFREY, Shepherdess-fields, Middlesex, egg merchant—WILLIAM PATTULLO, Thornhill-place, Holloway, baker—GEORGE HANCOCK, Fenton, Stoke-upon-Trent, builder—JOSEPH ATHERLY, Mountsorrel, Leicestershire, apothecary—JOHN GRANVILLE HOPKINSON, Nottingham, beer-house keeper—THOMAS READ, Nottingham, builder—EDWARD WADGE, Linkinhorn, Cornwall, auctioneer—CHRISTOPHER VICKERY BRIDGMAN, Tavistock, scrivener—ABRAHAM TAYLOR, Westgate, Halifax, coal merchant—JAMES FINLISON, Headingley, Leeds, share dealer—JOSEPH SIMPSON, Leeds, painter and paper-hanger—WILLIAM MARRATT, Doncaster, attorney—WM. HOLMES, Wilsden, Bradford, worsted spinner—THOMAS LINFOOT, York, builder—JOSEPH PLAYER, City, mining agent and dealer in shares—THOMAS ORTON GOODWIN, Longton, Staffordshire, earthenware dealer—BRIGHT EAGLAND and WILLIAM CRAMPTON, Bedford, in the county of Lancaster, cotton manufacturers—JACOB ABRAHAM JACQUES and LEWIS SELIG, traders—JOSEPH ALDRIDGE, Leeds, chemist and druggist.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—ROBERT SMITH, Glasgow, slater—ANGUS FALCONER, Edinburgh, provision merchant—CHARLES MACLARTY DOUGLAS, Glasgow, merchant.

## CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday Evening, September 7, 1855.  
A FAIR quantity of Foreign Wheat has arrived during the week, but unfavourable reports of the yield of the new crop here and on the Continent, cause extreme firmness in the trade, and the conviction gains ground that present prices are safe, and may possibly be greatly exceeded before another harvest. Wheat and Flour are held firmly for an advance of 1s. per qr. and sack from Monday, and at this a fair amount of business has been done. Only a few sales of floating cargoes have been made. Galatz on passage has been sold at 71s., 72s., 72s. 6d., and 73s., and a mixed cargo of Egyptian at 47s., all cost, freight and insurance. A cargo of Galatz Maize on passage has been sold at 41s. 6d. This description is held for 42s., and Ibrail 41s. The supply of Barley is rather liberal, and, in the absence of much demand, prices must be noted nominally as on Monday. There is a large supply of Oats, yet with brisk demand, Monday's rates are well maintained.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, September 7, 1855.  
GREAT inactivity still prevails on the Stock Exchange generally, and the English Stock Market continues heavy. Gold has been in demand for exportation, and the remittances for the Turkish Loan and to pay for silver, which continues to be drawn from the Continent for exportation to India and China, tend to increase the scarcity of the metal. During the week it was thought on the Stock Exchange probable, from the tightness of money, that the Bank of England would raise its rate of discount, although a more favourable opinion was held among some bankers. Thursday proved the former opinion to be correct, as the Bank of England raised its minimum rate of discount from 3½ to 4 per cent.; but as the event had been expected, and consequently discounted on the Stock Exchange, it did not operate there as a depressing influence; on the contrary, Consols closed that day at rather firmer quotations, as "Bears," in anticipation of the measure, showed a disposition to buy back. The Lombard-street discount houses also raised on Thursday the rate for money "on call" from 3 to 3½ per cent.

There is no improvement in Turkish Six per Cents.; through the week the Stock has been depressed, closing this day at 92½, 93½. The New Turkish Four per Cents. also has been flatter, being much held by speculative buyers, like the Turkish Six per Cent. in its early career. Some time must be anticipated for this Stock to attain a firm footing. The Contango was ½ per cent., no discount being allowed on payment of the instalments by anticipation, and the small amount already paid up renders it not so much in favour with bankers and permanent investors as the value of the security undoubtedly merits. On Wednesday its settlement took place, and on Monday that of the Ardennes Railway, of which company an extraordinary general meeting is advertised for the 17th inst., to deliberate upon the proposed amalgamation. The receipts for the week ending Sunday last were 1097½; viz., 814½ passengers, 2837 goods. Yesterday the September consol account passed off quietly. The American market for securities has been dull.

The following are the leading prices this evening:—Caledonians, 62½, 63½; Chester and Holyhead, 41, 13; Eastern Counties, 108, 109; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 53, 55; Great Northern, 87, 88; Ditto, A stock, 71, 72; Ditto, B stock, 124, 126; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 100, 102; Great Western, 56, 57; Lancaster and Carlisle, 72, 75; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 51½, 52; London and North-Western, 94, 94½; Midland, 68½, 69; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 24½, 25; Berwick, 71, 72; Yorks, 47, 49; South Eastern, 59, 60; Oxford and Worcester, 25, 27; North Staffordshire, 7, 8 dis.; South Devon, 12½, 13½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 64, 65; Bombay and Baroda, 1, 1½; Eastern of France, 38½, 39½; East Indian, 23½, 24; Ditto, Extension, 13, 14; Grand Trunk of Canada, 64, 65 dis.; Great Central of France, 51, 52; Great Western of Canada, 23½, 24½; Luxembourg, 34, 35; Madras, 10½, 10; Paris and Lyons, 67½, 68½; Paris and Orleans, 47, 48; Rouen and Havre, 27, 28; Paris and Rouen, 50, 52; Sambre and Meuse, 52, 54; Great Western of France, 12½, 13; Agua Fria, 1, 1½; Imperial Brazil, 24, 25; Cochin, 34, 35; St. John del Rey, 27, 28; Orléans Copper, 4½ pm.; Cobre, 62, 63; Linares, 24, 25; Liberty, 1, 1½; Santiago, 44, 45; South Australian, 1, 1½; United Mexican, 3, 3½; Wallers, 1, 1½; Australasian Bank, 92, 94; London and Australian Chartered Bank, 10½, 10½; City Bank, 5, 7; London Bank, 3, 4; Union of Australia, 24½, 25; Oriental Corporation, 42, 43; Australasian Agricultural, 20½, 20½; Canada Land, 41½, 41½; Crystal Palace, 27, 28; North British Australasian, 1, 1½; Oriental Gas, 1, 1½; Real Havana, 24, 25; Scottish Australian Investment, 4, 4½; South Australian, 40, 37.

## BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....	218½	.....	218½	216½	217½	.....
3 per Cent. Red. ....	91½	91½	91½	91½	91½	.....
3 per Cent. Con. An. ....	90½	90½	90½	90½	90½	90½
Consols for Account .....	91	90½	90½	90½	90½	90½
3½ per Cent. An. ....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
New 2½ per Cents. ....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans. 1860.....	4	4 1-16	4	4	3½	4
India Stock.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ditto Bonds, £1000 .....	.....	30	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ditto, under £1000 .....	30	.....	27	27	24	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	15	11	15	15	10	13
Ditto, £500.....	16	15	.....	.....	10	.....
Ditto, Small.....	16	15	11	11	10	.....

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds .....	102	Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents., 1822.....	98
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cts. ....	.....	Russian 4½ per Cents. ....	.....
Chilian 3 per Cents. ....	.....	Spanish 3 p. Ct. Nw Def. ....	19
Danish 5 per Cents. ....	.....	Spanish Committee Crt. of Coup. not fun. ....	.....
Ecuador Bonds.....	4½	Venezuela 4½ per Cents. ....	20½
Mexican 8 per Cents. ....	21½	Belgian 4½ per Cents. ....	.....
Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc. August 31 .....	.....	Dutch 2½ per Cents. ....	64½
Portuguese 4 per Cents. ....	.....	Dutch 4 per Cent Certif. ....	97
Portuguese 3 p. Cents. ....	.....		

## ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.

MONDAY, September 10, and every night during the week, THE DELASSEMENS MAGIQUES OF PROFESSOR ANDERSON. The Autumn Season of the Lyceum Theatre having opened with an amount of success unprecedented in the history of Entertainments, THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH respectfully announces that, in return for the thronged, attentive, and applauding patronage of the past week, his ACTS OF MAGIC will be rendered more attractive, wondrous, and inexplicable each successive Night, the illustrations of SPIRIT-RAPPING having created more intense interest than anything yet attempted within the walls of a Theatre. MAGIC and MYSTERY in Twelve Acts: 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." Doors open each evening at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight.—Private Boxes, 17. 11s. 6d. and 17. 1s.; to be obtained at the Box-office, or at Messrs. Sam's, Mitchell, Ebers, Hookham, Bailey and Moon, Cramer and Beale, Leader and Cock, 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, Jun. Grand Fashionable Morning Performance on Saturday, September 8, at Two o'clock; doors open at Half-past One.

## GORDON CUMMING'S WILD SPORTS,

232, Piccadilly.—The Lion-Slayer DESCRIBES every night at 8, what he saw and did in South Africa. Morning Entertainments every Saturday at 3 o'clock.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s. The Collection on view during the day from 11 to 6. 1s.

## DR. KAHN'S GRAND ANATOMICAL

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