

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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VOL. VII. No. 302.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

PRICE { UNSTAMPED FIVEPENCE.
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Review of the Week.

"CROSS-PURPOSES" appears to be the expression that best represents the state of German diplomacy. Austria has again been mediating, while the Powers between whom she mediates are brandishing the sword as lustily as ever. The Emperor NAPOLEON THE THIRD is haranguing his Imperial Guard; the Emperor ALEXANDER THE SECOND is circulating to his agents at foreign courts—both in a tone of defiance; and it is evident, even before the negotiations are concluded, that the Germans themselves are losing their hopes of peace.

The harangue to the Imperial Guard was manifestly intended as something more than a compliment to that force. It was a great military spectacle, designed for use at home as well as abroad. The troops recalled from the Crimea, comprised some regiments of the Guard and some of the Line; they included regiments which particularly distinguished themselves in the final attack; the flags of the Fiftieth hung in tatters from the staff. The old title of Guard is wedded with the new one of Zouave. The hereditary empire was displayed with all its newest honours; the tried army was present in the capital; the French had the opportunity of feeling that their own national pride was identified with the success of their brethren in the field, and of reflecting that daily it becomes more difficult to contest a power thus consolidated. So much for the lesson homewards: the lesson abroad was moralised by the actual words of the Emperor. He told his troops that he wanted soldiers hardened in battle, and inured to the endurance of war; that he wanted trained soldiers ready to be led in any direction. The words were received with acclamations by the soldiers; they will be understood in the north of Europe.

It would seem, however, that the Czar is in no way daunted. The latest emanation from St. Petersburg is the circular which sets forth the terms on which ALEXANDER THE SECOND is willing to make peace. We have not yet the reply to the Austrian proposal, but we see the will of the Emperor a fortnight or three weeks back. He must have changed very miraculously if he is now willing

to make peace. At that date he was prepared to consent to the third of the Four Points, arranged thus: the Straits to be closed; all war ships of other powers to be excluded; the relative force of Russia and Turkey to be settled between the two States without the ostensible interference of other powers. Now since Austria had demanded the right of interference by the other powers, and since the Western Powers had expressly stipulated for the right of Turkey to open the Straits, and for the constant presence of a specified force under the allied flags, Russia must have known that in propounding these new terms of peace she was doing little else than defying both the course of events and the known resolve of the Allies. ALEXANDER is not prepared to consider what was demanded of him in March last before Sebastopol was taken, and before preparations were made for carrying on the war in the Baltic as vigorously as in the Euxine.

It would appear that a Council of War is to be held in Paris. LA MARMORA has already arrived in Turin on his way to the French Capital; CANROBERT had previously arranged the co-operation of Sweden. Although our own fleet is dispersed, it is ready to reassemble, and it has long been known that the materials to be used in the next Baltic campaign would be in the proportion of the closing scene at Sebastopol, and not of the futile attacks upon Bomarsund and Sweaborg.

India sends us nothing signal, but sends enough to show that activities are going on in that barbaric land of heterogeneous races. The fanatic leader in Oude, at whose intrigues the local Government had winked, has succeeded in causing an outbreak, has led the State into a civil war, and has compelled the use of arms to put down that disturbance. During the struggle, some strange traits of lasting discord between the native races were exhibited. On the side of legitimate order was one gunner, who was a Mussulman, who refused, and he stood alone, to point his gun against his fellows in religion—he was sabred at once. This incident is of small importance; but how loudly it speaks of those theocratic hatreds which the common British rule has been quite incapable of extinguishing. Were the British removed, it is quite clear that India would at once be torn by

the warfare of its own races. It is Britain alone that maintains peace; but Britain has hitherto neglected the duty of endeavouring to absorb the conflicting barbaric rules into our own. That kind of compromise which governs us in public affairs has been too prevalent in India. We have let States continue in an equivocal condition, and Oude is among them—one of those semi-independent States that sap the integrity of our Indian Empire. Probably it will now be in due time absorbed.

The proclamation of martial law in the Santal district is the first step towards effectually putting down the insurrection. The step is spoken of as being arbitrary; but it is not so. It is much better when a district is incapable of aiding in the administration of civil law, that the law by which it is really governed, the law of arms, should be recognised, and that the only jurisdiction which is then effectual should be unimpeded by a pretended maintenance of the civil rule that has fallen out of use.

Another question is raised beyond the Indian border. Governed by a voluptuary tyrant, Herat has risen against its Sultan, has given itself to Persia, and is now added to the Empire of the Shah. Whether he will be sanctioned in keeping it we have yet to learn. He does not stand on the best footing with this country. For some reason, at present unexplained, the British Ambassador, the Honourable CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY, has taken down his flag. Persia has before now rendered herself suspected of subserviency to Russia. Herat is the key to Northern India, and it is really an important question whether that key shall be placed in the custody of our equivocal ally.

Those who peruse the correspondence from America, will see now that we did not speak without warrant when we regarded the manifestations in the London press as intended for signs of hostility towards the United States, on the presumption that some hostility was intended in America. When these newspaper articles first appeared in the Union, the Americans could not believe that anything really threatening was intended. Now they have awakened to a sense of the Ministerial feeling on this side, and they appear to be almost more surprised after the *coup* than they would have been if they had really understood the real character of the demonstration then. It is likely that

they have come to it by degrees, since it saved that counter-burst of indignation, which we apprehended.

President PIERCE had issued a proclamation, warning the citizens that they would be outlawed should they join the buccaneering expedition which General WALKER is understood to be leading upon Nicaragua from the West. We do not understand the relation of that adventurous leader with Colonel KINNEY, who is in residence and in agitation among the Mosquito people. The real difference between them appears to be simply a geographical distinction. WALKER operates from the West—KINNEY inoperates from the East; but both evidently have it in design to convert Nicaragua into a Texas, with ultimate Yankee objects. The true assistant in that design has been our Government, which, instead of maintaining frank and cordial relations with the Government of the United States, has placed itself in a position that renders English and Americans almost necessarily antagonistic in that quarter. Both English and Nicaraguans had already become antagonistic. Thus in Nicaragua, England appears the encroaching state, while the restraint that might be placed upon the annexationists from Washington, is enfeebled by the fact that the English Government has rendered itself anti-American. The English in Nicaragua, therefore, appear to be fighting at once the Nicaraguans and Americans.

The last published accounts of the revenue are satisfactory, according to the orthodox view of such tables, but according to no other view. They show that revenue does not keep pace with expenditure. We had succeeded in extracting for the year 1854 a revenue of £56,000,000; for 1855, £64,000,000; besides that, we spent last year £16,000,000 on loans, altogether, £80,000,000, and yet it is understood the expenditure is still greater. The satisfactory view is derived from the circumstance that there is an increase on the year of £8,130,000; if there is a deficiency of £3,800,000, the question is, what has been done for all that money? There has been no stinting; but, has the money's worth been got?

Poisoning cases are becoming common, but none rivals in interest the Rugeley case, which appears to be complicated with other crimes by the same hand. Coroners are inquiring into the deaths of WALTER and MARY PALMER, the brother and wife of the sporting surgeon, who now lies in Stafford gaol. Insurance offices are withholding sums payable on policies taken out by PALMER; and the detective police have hunted up the strange story of "GEORGE BATES, Esq.," on whose life PALMER had proposed to effect an insurance. There has been no death in that particular case, and yet the tale is one of the most revolting in its suggestions. Inspector FIELD goes down to Rugeley in search of GEORGE BATES, Esq., whose life WILLIAM PALMER had proposed to insure for a large sum. The Insurance officers had become curious to know for what purpose WILLIAM PALMER insured the life of that particular gentleman. Everybody knows the principle of insuring a life; this power of purchasing a future advantage, subject to a chance, has suggested a very economical form of saving—such is the insurance premium. But it may also be converted into a form of gambling. Stipulate with some Insurance office that you are to have a given sum on the death, say, of your sister; pay the money for a few quarters; let the sister die, and you gain immensely by the transaction. That was the principle of the now illustrious WAINWRIGHT. The case, no doubt, supplied the hint for the Insurance office, and Inspector FIELD was sent down to inquire about "GEORGE BATES, Esq., a gentleman of property, with a good wine-cellar!" "GEORGE BATES, Esq.," was discovered in the act of cleaning out PALMER's stables! He had heard something of Mr. PALMER's intention to insure his life, and probably thought—simple man!—that his life would be the surer for the operation; besides, he was to have some money for himself, and so he "had left it all to Mr. PALMER." Perhaps the social history of this country never presented to us a more curious picture than that of Inspector FIELD surveying the healthy countenance of "GEORGE BATES, Esq.," whilst he—honest man!—was telling how he "left all that to Mr. PALMER,"—quite unconscious of the fate which his London visitor could so distinctly trace out for him.

THE WAR.

THE fortunes of the Russians seem to be looking up a little. Their success at Kars has been followed by a trifling victory near Kertch, in the vicinity of which, on the 16th of December, two sotnias of Cossacks of the Black Sea defeated a squadron of General Vivian's Anglo-Turkish cavalry. The commander of the squadron (an English officer), and forty-seven men were made prisoners. Such is the Russian account. The Czar's troops in the Crimea have been reinforced by a regiment of Hussars of the Guard, and by the Radetzky Regiment of Hussars, formerly stationed at Odessa. From this it would seem that Gortschakoff does not suffer from want of provisions. Large bodies of troops are being marched from the Crimea into Bessarabia; but their places will be filled by other troops from the reserve, and by the militia. General Gortschakoff, it is said, will be replaced in the Crimea by Count Osten-Sacken, and the former will resume the command of the troops on the Danube. The allied gunboats which remained at Kinburn have been frozen in.

Notwithstanding the continued efforts for peace on the part of Austria, it is quite certain that Russia is making gigantic efforts to carry on the war. The Czar has ordered a fresh appeal to be issued, summoning the peasants of the Crown domains to form fresh regiments of sharpshooters, to bear the name of the Imperial family. The Ministry of War has advertised for tenders for the supply of one hundred and thirty-nine complete mortar-carriages, and fittings for an immense number of others. All are to be delivered early in the spring. 5,280 cwts. of ordnance are to be delivered at Archangel, and the arsenal is ready to contract for the delivery of 200,000 lbs. of Russian lead. Similar advertisements are appearing daily in the *Gazette*.

In order to conciliate the Poles, the Government has authorized a commutation of the robot (compulsory services of the peasants on the lords' demesne, payments in kind, &c.), terminable in three years. An imperial ukase orders a new coinage of copper to the amount of three millions of silver roubles, to be commenced as soon as the issue previously ordered shall have been completed, and, in conformity with a new ukase, the non-commissioned officers of the navy, who, in consequence of their wounds, can no longer serve on board the fleet, will be employed in the batteries destined to defend the coasts of the Baltic in the approaching campaign. The defence of Cronstadt is confided to Prince Menschikoff, who is created Military Governor.

Omar Pacha has retreated, and, according to some accounts, has returned to Souchum-Kaleh, renouncing his intention to attack Kutais. The *Journal de Constantinople* states that, on the 5th of December, Omar's army was encamped on this side of the river Siva, and that its advance was rendered impossible by the overflowing of that river. This was its position in the middle of last November; but, whether or not the Turkish General ever advanced beyond that spot, it seems improbable that he will at present venture to come into contact with the victorious Muscovites. His alleged retreat is said to have been caused by a proclamation of General MouraviEFF, calling the entire population of Imeretia, Gurjel, and Mingrelia, to wage a war of extermination against "the enemies of the Cross." Some speculations on the present position of Omar Pacha are contained in the *Vienna Military Gazette*, where we read:—

"It is probably no longer doubted by any one that our correspondent at Trebizond was well informed when he wrote that Omar Pacha had not for weeks lost sight of the Pontic coast, and that he had not advanced further than the small town of Chopi, on the right bank of the little river bearing the same name. Skender Pacha, it is true, advanced along the excellent road that runs to Abasha, but did not venture further than Tchenitzahalé. He only did this for the purpose of ascertaining whether or no the Russians, under the command of General Bagration Mukharaki, and reinforced by the troops of General Brunner, had taken up a position in Levano and Kuturi on the left bank of that river. Having done this, Omar Pacha decided on retreating to Redoubt Kaleh and Anakles. It having at the same time become known that the Russian commander intended sending to Mingrelia all the troops collected in the fluvial districts of the mountains near Gori, so that they may act on the offensive, the Turkish Admiral, Ahmet Pacha, received orders to place all the disposable Turkish and Egyptian steamers at Omar

Pacha's service. It is possible that a re-embarkation of the troops is to be made.

"Mustapha Pacha has, in a similar way, retreated to Batoum, in order to pass the winter in that unhealthy coast station. As we cannot suppose Omar Pacha means to persist in wintering where he is at present, seeing that he is exposed to the danger of being attacked by the Russians, and unable to make any great resistance, Anaklea and Redoubt Kaleh being only small forts, it is highly probable that the entire Turkish army will be brought to the Roumelian harbours, and stationed there in winter quarters. The Russians too, will do no more than garrison Kars, and will not advance on the offensive in the wide radius between the Western and the Eastern Euphrates. General MouraviEFF has detached one division to Achalkalak and Achalzik, whilst another division has escorted the captured garrison of Kars to Tiflis. The Pachas, and a few superior officers, will be transferred to Moscow; the remaining officers, with the men, will probably have to pass the winter in the government of Tiflis."

From Erzeroum, intelligence is contradictory. It is said that many persons have abandoned the city in the fear of a Russian attack, and have taken refuge at Trebizond; but the *Journal de Constantinople* affirms that the garrison of Erzeroum amounts to 16,000 men, and that the Egyptian contingent will raise that number to 27,000, while other corps sent there from different points will place the Turkish forces at 35,000 men. Another authority states that Erzeroum is abundantly supplied with provisions, and possesses an excellent artillery.

As a reproof to the idea of peace being at all probable or even desirable, the *Siècle* has been blowing a tremendous war-trumpet, and, strange to say, chiefly as regards England. There can be no repose for England, says the Paris journal, until the utter destruction of Cronstadt, and of the Baltic fleet be effected. When people talk about peace, the *Siècle* simply points to the Baltic. It is no time, says the writer, to talk about the safety of the English empire in India: England herself may be imperilled. The Baltic menaces England; and "peace will not and cannot be made so long as there exist, within a few hundred leagues of London, fortresses reputed impregnable, which can send out fleets as numerous as those of France and England put together." But the English nation has seen the danger, and exclaims, "War, war to the end! war for our Salvation!"

Such is the trumpet-note of the *Siècle*. That the estimate of the Russian Baltic fleet is greatly exaggerated there can be no doubt; for why did not this overwhelming armament forcibly raise the blockade? But that Russia is vigorous and energetic in north and south, east and west, is very evident; and England and France will have to look narrowly to the future.

CAMP GOSSIP.

This will be a joyous Christmas, as far as it can be away from friends and home. Solitary subalterns ride out to Miskomia, and gaze gloomily on the beautiful mistletoe which grows on all the wild pear and apple trees in these lovely valleys, but their contentment returns when they think of the fat goose who, tied by the leg, is awaiting his doom by the kitchen tent or bakehouse, or of the tender pig, who has been reared up from his childhood for the sole object of doing honour to the coming feast, and who is "just fit to be killed." Already contrasts are drawn between dinners in the trenches, on dreary outposts, on remote guards and pickets last year, and the luxuries which are forthcoming for the grand English festival. Men remember "that tough old turkey, which cost 40s., and that turned the edge of the carver like plate glass," and laugh over the fate which seemed somehow to attend most efforts to be jolly last Christmas, and then turn and look round their huts, which are generally, it must be confessed, very like retail grocers' establishments, backwood stores, or canteen-men's magazines; the shelves which are placed along the walls in layers, the cupboards made of packing-cases or powder-boxes, are filled with *pates* in Strasbourg ware, hams, tins of soups and preserves, made dishes, vegetables, long-necked bottles of French manufacture, and the stumper sturdier work of the English glassblower. There is a stove or some substitute for a fireplace in each hut, and it always enjoys the advantage of a famous draught from the door and walls. As to the latter, the embellishments upon them wile away many an idle hour, and afford opportunities for the exercise of taste, good and bad, the monuments of which must perish with the spring. They consist chiefly of illustrations from the pictorial papers of *Punch*, which are transposed ingeniously by the introduction of faces, figures, and bits out of different engravings, with the view of giving them a ludicrous or whimsical character, and the result is

often very amusing. The walls are covered with them; a pastepot, a pair of scissors, some old papers, and a little fancy—these are materials of which a man can make wonderful use in enlivening and decorating the wooden walls of his temporary residence.—*Times Correspondent.*

A MURDER IN THE CAMP.

An outrage has been committed at Kamiesch of a very barbarous character, and I am sorry to say the perpetrator was a soldier and an Englishman. It appears that a man employed in a canteen in the town gave some cause of offence to the sergeant of the detachment of the 11th Hussars quartered at Kazatch for orderly duty between head-quarters and the admiral. The sergeant, having armed himself with a pistol, went to the canteen and accused the man of being a deserter from the Royal Albert, calling on him at the same time to surrender and follow him. The man denied that he was a deserter, and refused to go, whereupon the sergeant fired at him across the counter, and gave him a mortal wound, of which he died in a very short time in great agony. The sergeant was at once seized by persons in the canteen, and is now under close arrest. However, considering the vast number of all sorts and conditions of men out here, it is only astonishing that acts of violence have been so few and far between. There are not less than 25,000 camp followers, including those of the French, Sardinians, and English, belonging to the allied army, or hanging on their skirts; and some persons are inclined to believe that this estimate is very much under the mark.—*Idem.*

GENERAL VIVIAN "CONCILIATING" THE TURKS.

I have to narrate an act of General Vivian's, which involves, in the opinion of three-fourths of the European officers here, a very great injustice. On the arrival of the Contingent at Kertch, Captain Guernsey—the officer in question—who had acted for some months as deputy-assistant quartermaster-general to the force at Constantinople, was appointed provost-marshal. In this post—which was no sinecure—he remained up till the 2nd of November, when, having received notice of an intended plundering attack upon a Tartar house in the town by some Turkish soldiers, he repaired to the spot just in time to catch the scoundrels in the act. They were, of course, taken off under arrest, and were being or about to be flogged, when a mob of their fellows, headed by a colassi (native captain), rushed upon Capt. Guernsey and his guard with swords, sticks, stones, &c. The colassi, sword in hand, singled out the provost-marshal, whose only visible weapon was a heavy riding whip, and was in the act of making a slicing blow at him, when the latter suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and threatened to fire if the rascal advanced further. The Turk's blood, however, was "up," and, roaring "Glaour!" he closed in. Captain Guernsey fired and missed, but, at the second discharge of his weapon, sent a bullet through the fellow's shoulder, and another through the neck of a second ruffian who tried a simultaneous attack in flank. This prompt display of firmness had the happiest effect, though it only saved the provost-marshal himself. At some distance from the scene of this personal struggle, the provost-sergeant, an Englishman, had been attacked at the same time as his chief, and after a hard back-to-wall fight with a party of the assailants was brought to the ground, where, after having been kicked and bruised, he was in the very act of receiving a crushing blow on the head from a heavy shoulder-stone, levelled at him by one of his antagonists, when Capt. Walker—an English regimental officer—dashed into the party on horseback, and by a few vigorously dealt applications of his sabre speedily cleared a ring round the sergeant. The sight of what Captain Guernsey's Colt had effected, and his declaration that three bullets yet remained for those who offered further violence, combined, with this energetic demonstration on the part of Captain Walker, to secure an unmolested exit for the provost-marshal and his party; and the two wounded Turks were sent off to hospital. What was the opinion of the Lieutenant-General commanding? Captain Walker was severely reprimanded, and the provost-marshal has been sent home—virtually dismissed the force. General Vivian preferred sacrificing a most deserving officer, of whose conduct in this matter most Englishmen will approve, to "exasperating the troops by unnecessary severity." But even more culpable, some will think, was the display of moral weakness made by this commander in dealing with a yet more flagrant outrage committed during the very night preceding this attack on the provost-marshal. Soon after the arrival of the Contingent at Kertch, it was discovered that several of the graves in the general burial ground outside the town had been opened during the night, and their inmates plundered of the trinkets docketed in which it was the practice of the wealthier Russian and Tartar families to inter their dead. A guard—composed of soldiers of the 71st Highlanders—was placed over the spot each evening at sunset; when, a few nights after this precaution was commenced, a noise was heard amongst the tombs. The guard challenged,

and received for answer a couple of musket shots: a volley was then poured in, in the direction of this fire, and on running up to the spot, the men found a Turkish lieutenant lying dead beside an open grave, having in his hand the ringed finger of a female corpse that he had just mutilated; near him lay one of the scoundrels who had been aiding in this sacrilege of the dead, but whom a bullet through the leg had kept from making good his retreat in company with those who had escaped. Well, General Vivian quietly let the matter drop, and, "not to exasperate the Turks," withdrew the guard of Highlanders, and left the graves to their fate. Since then the rifling of the dead has been resumed.—*Daily News' Correspondent (Kertch).*

THE FAMINE AT KARS.

The subjoined frightful particulars of the famine which preceded the capitulation of Kars are from a correspondent of the *Times* at Erzeroum:—

"The condition of the Rediffs and Bashi-Bazouks before leaving Kars was as wretched as it could be; so much so (I quote word for word from an eyewitness) that it was positively painful to stir out of doors. They were lying about in all directions, groaning piteously—watching the Russian provision-waggons, which, as if to add to their misery, passed almost all day within their ken. Townspeople and soldiers alike suffered all the horrors of famine. The former crowded round General Williams as he rode out of his quarters, and prayed him, with all the eloquence of despair, to seek some means of putting an end to their misery. Women forced their way into his very rooms, and, throwing their starving children at his feet, implored him rather to kill them at once than let them perish thus piecemeal for want of sustenance.

"The hospitals were crowded with sick; on the Thursday before the surrender eighty men died in one day. Many went mad or became idiots from sheer hunger and hard work. Those who preserved a remnant of health, half-starved as they were, and scarcely clothed, were obliged to mount sentry almost every night up to the ankles in snow. Since the battle of the 29th of September, there had been no animal food to issue to the troops. Horses had indeed been killed in the General's stables secretly by night, but the meat was sent to the hospitals for the sick. A pittance of bread or flour made into weak broth was all that the working soldiers had to subsist upon. Discipline was almost at an end. The soldiers had at one time all but worshipped General Williams. After the action, in particular, they gathered round their gallant leader, only too happy, after the Eastern fashion, to touch the hem of his garment in token of their submission and respect. Now these same men refused to salute him, and turned their eyes away when they saw him approach. Still, to the last, he hardened his heart in hope. Omar Pacha had written to him, on his arrival at Batoum, to hold out only another month, and he would be with him. The Muchir here, too, Selim Pacha, who had been sent from Constantinople to take the command, forwarded him a similar despatch, informing him that he was at the head of a large and well-disciplined force, all admirably equipped and eager for the fight, and that he would lose no time in marching to his relief. Thus deceived, the General determined to hold out as long as a mouthful of food remained; and, in fact, the last biscuit was issued out of store on the very day of the capitulation."

WAR MISCELLANEA.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, by an imperial ukase, dated the 21st ult., is appointed Military Governor-General of Cronstadt, with all the rights and powers appertaining to a General-in-Chief in time of war.

SIR EDMUND LYONS, who has just been promoted to the rank of Admiral, has set out for France. He leaves the command provisionally with Admiral Eremantle. The squadron of Admiral Stewart, which was at Smyrna, sailed thence on the 16th for Athens.

RE-ENTERING THE BALTIC.—A portion of the Baltic fleet has been obliged to re-enter that sea, on account of a sudden change in the weather releasing the ice.—"It was stated to-day on 'Change,'" says a letter from Hamburg, "that the two English corvettes, the last of the squadron, which had remained in observation at Elsinore, had re-entered the Baltic, on receipt of information that a considerable number of Finnish vessels, taking advantage of a change in the weather, which enabled them to put to sea, had succeeded in reaching Swedish ports with their cargoes, in exchange for which they were loading colonial goods for Russia. The names of several of these vessels, captured by the English, were mentioned, and nobody appeared to doubt the fact, for the Russian authorities had imprudently announced, in an official manner, to the merchants that the allied cruisers had withdrawn, and that consequently the Baltic was reopened to domestic and foreign navigation."

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.—By the last report of Dr. Hall (dated December 10th), we learn that the health of the army continues excellent.

STATE OF THE NATION.

THE close of the year has given occasion for several retrospective glances at the mercantile and trading condition of the country. Foremost among these is the official return of the Revenue for the last quarter of 1855—a document which exhibits an increase, as compared with the quarter which ended on the 31st of Dec., 1854, of £321,475. The various items are thus set down:—

INCREASE.	
Excise	£53,144
Taxes	52,706
Property Tax	434,353
Post Office	16,038
Crown Lands	5,000
Miscellaneous	167,140
	£728,381

DECREASE.	
Customs	£315,506
Stamps	91,400
	406,906

Net Increase £321,475

The results, for the whole of the year just terminated, compared with those of the year 1854, are still more satisfactory, as they exhibit an increase of £8,133,396.

A table showing the fluctuations in the stock and share market during the year 1855 has been published; and the subjoined analysis of its contents is given in the *Times* City article of Wednesday:—

"Throughout the whole period, the extreme range of Consols was 7½ per cent.—that of the preceding year having been 10½ per cent. The difference between the opening and closing prices has been comparatively moderate, Consols being only 2½ per cent. lower than on the 1st of January. In railway shares, with a few exceptions, the depression has been much greater. As regards the Bank bullion, its amount at the commencement was £13,667,384; it reached £18,169,026 in June, and has now declined to £10,981,745. At the Bank of France the total at the beginning was £16,200,000, which has since been reduced to £8,600,000. On the Paris Bourse the fall in the Three per Cent. Rentes has been only 1 per cent. Wheat has experienced less fluctuation than in the preceding year. The price of white wheat in January was 83s., whence it declined in March to 72s. In November, it reached 90s., and it is now about 82s. As regards the declared value of our exportations of produce and manufactures, the Board of Trade tables thus far, which comprise only ten months of the year, show only a trifling decrease, which is likely to be more than covered when the final returns are made up, the total having been £88,531,865, against £89,738,586 in the corresponding period of 1854. The movements in the Bank rate of discount were unprecedentedly numerous, having comprised eight alterations. The opening rate was 5 per cent. Before the middle of June this had been gradually reduced to 3½ per cent., and in the remaining six months it was carried uninterruptedly to 6 per cent. for short, and 7 per cent. for long bills."

The Liverpool emigration returns for 1855 exhibit a diminution in the number of persons sailing from that port, to the extent of nearly one half, as compared with last year's return. A communication from Liverpool informs us that—

"The total number of ships which have sailed hence for all foreign ports during the year, including 'short ships,' or those which do not come under the surveillance of the Government officers, has been 576, carrying altogether 122,480 souls, against 957 ships, which took their departure hence for all foreign ports in the year 1854, with 210,742 souls on board. If the former number, about 90,000, or two-thirds, have proceeded to the United States, and about 27,000 to the Australian Colonies, the bulk of the remainder being equally divided between Canada and New Brunswick. 113,037 of these emigrants went in passenger-ships under the inspection of the local emigration agents, and of that number 59,025, or more than one-half, were Irish, 32,108 English, 14,543 Scotch, and the remainder, with the exception of 1,364 who were cabin passengers, and were not classified, were natives of other countries, but chiefly Germans. Of the 27,000 who sailed for Australia, 9,850 were English, 8,158 Irish, 3,482 Scotch, and the remainder natives of other countries. It is expected that next spring there will be a great influx of Germans into Liverpool, for the purpose of emigrating to the United States."

In connection with emigration, it is gratifying to be able to announce a contemplated improvement, which was much needed, in the steam transport to our Australian Colonies. Over and above the renewal of the clipper contract for one year with the Liverpool shipowners, Mr. Labouchere, it is understood, is about actively to inaugurate his presidency of the colonial department by at last

causing the issue of a definite and *bona fide* advertisement for tenders for direct steam postal communication with Australia.

Trade for the most part is prosperous, although the Christmas holidays have prevented it from being brilliant. A meeting has been held at Manchester of the creditors of the manufacturing house of Mr. James Cheetham, which suspended last week. According to the *Manchester Courier*, the liabilities were stated at £111,098, the assets being, £51,643, and a committee was appointed to examine and report. A meeting has also been held of the creditors of Messrs. Newton and Scattergood, a firm connected with Mr. Cheetham, which stopped at the same time, with liabilities for £21,427, and assets estimated at £11,937. In this case, also, a committee was appointed.

Another injury to trade is to be found in the strike of the spinners and piecers at Manchester, which still continues, though the funds collected for the turn-outs are so low that last week they only afforded a dividend of a shilling to each person. Nine of the operatives have resumed work at the mill of Mr. J. Clarke: a proceeding which roused the indignation of the others to so high a pitch, that one of the "knob-sticks" was hunted on returning to his own home, and his life was threatened. The chief offender was a man named Thomas Limerick. On being brought before the magistrate, he attempted to establish an *alibi*, but failed, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

The annexed notification appears in the *Gazette* of Tuesday:—

"The Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, having certified to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt that there was no surplus of actual revenue over the actual expenditure of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the year ended the 30th of September, 1855:

"The Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt hereby give notice that no sum will be applied by them on account of the sinking fund under the provisions of the Act 10th of George IV., cap. 27, between the 1st day of January, 1856, and the 31st of March, 1856.

"A. Y. SPEARMAN, Comptroller-General.

"National Debt-office, Dec. 31st, 1855."

STARVED TO DEATH.

SEVERAL cases of the starvation of children by their parents have come before the magistrates within the last few days. One of these was heard at the Worship-street police-office, and presented most appalling features. Edward Harvey, a bricklayer, and Harriet Ray, a needlewoman, have for some time past lived together as man and wife. In the course of June, 1855, they resided at the house of a letter-carrier at Homerton, which they left, owing £1 3s. 6d. There were four children, two of whom (William and Harriet) were of the respective ages of seven and five: these, though the offspring of the man, were not children of the woman. It was observed that when the man Harvey and the woman Ray had their meals they would shut William and Harriet out of the room, admitting them afterwards to share the fragments, which they would eat eagerly, gathering up the very crumbs from the plates. The boy was dreadfully thin, and his bones were noticed by the landlady to be almost starting through his chest. In July, the man and woman were charged before Mr. Hammill with starving the children, and the former was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, the children being removed to the workhouse of the man's native place, Standon, in Hertfordshire. Mr. Christey, the relieving officer of Bethnal-green, said before the magistrate, on Saturday, that he carried the youngest in his arms part of the way to the workhouse, and added, with great emotion, "I think I can see her now, as she ran up the hill to the house." After awhile, the children returned to their father and his mistress, and in the course of October they were taken by a girl, about twelve years of age, supposed to be their elder sister, to a school in Hackney, where they remained three weeks, at the rate of a penny a-week, which was paid. The children were then remarkably clean, but very emaciated and weak, and they scarcely ever spoke. They were frequently charged by other children with stealing food from them, and it was evident they were starving. About five or six weeks ago, Harvey hired lodgings at Brunswick-street, Homerton. Here the former system of apparently deliberate starvation was resumed; but the children were never seen, as they were not allowed to leave the room in which they lived. Harvey and Ray were nearly always at home. The woman told the landlady, Mr. Platt, that she was about to apply to Guildhall for a gift of ten shillings, as she was the widow of a liveryman of the Clothworkers' Company, though she did not wish the gentlemen there to know her husband was dead; that Mr. Butler, "P.P.", was her cousin, and that she

had written to him several letters without receiving an answer. She therefore requested Mr. Platt to direct a note for her to Mr. Butler, that he might not know from whom it came. That the woman and her paramour were in distress appears evident; for, during the whole of their time at Mr. Platt's, they only paid one shilling in rent, and on the 16th of November the man applied to the parish for relief, and received some, together with an offer to admit him and his family into the workhouse—an offer which was not accepted. Subsequently he was offered work, which would have brought in two shillings a-day, but he did not take it, nor did he communicate to the parish authorities the illness of his children.

Ill, however, they were, from sheer want of food; and on Sunday week the man asked Mrs. Platt where the parish doctor lived, as he thought two of his children were dying. This was the first complaint of illness that had been heard. Being informed of the address he wanted, the man left the house, and Mrs. Platt entered the room in which the children lay. She found them covered with something thin. On looking at them, their appearance was so "awful" (to use her own language before the magistrate) that she "screamed with horror;" and, in relating these facts at the police-court, she burst into tears. Her statement thus proceeded:—"Their eyes were fixed, and the boys were glaring. I said, 'These poor children are quite dead.' The woman replied, 'No, I don't think they are dead,' and she said it without a tear. She said, 'They ate their suppers last night quite hearty, and went to bed well; they were about all the previous day.' But I told her, 'It is astonishing if these children were upon their legs at all yesterday. Why not mention their illness to me, and I would have done anything for them?' She said they were not ill."

In the meanwhile, Harvey had reached the house of the parish doctor, Mr. Vinall, who at once accompanied him back, and found that the girl was already dead. "The little boy," said Mr. Vinall in his evidence, "was still alive, not very cold, unconscious, and in a dying state. I could feel no pulsation, but he was gasping. I got a little stimulant, some egg in a small quantity of brandy, between his lips, but he could not swallow it, and died before he could be laid down again. Both the man and the woman were in the room at the time, but I don't recollect that they made any particular remark to me. The children appeared to me as if in a natural sleep, they were lying face to face, and were in such a dreadful state of emaciation that my first impression was they had died from starvation." The room was dirty, but "not absolutely filthy;" it contained one chair and a bedstead. Previously to their arrival at the house, Harvey observed to Mr. Vinall, "If they die, I shall say they have been starved to death." He added that he had had an offer to go into the Union, but that he did not want to go. After the death of the children, Mr. Vinall told their father that he would be likely to get into trouble; and another medical gentleman said to him and the woman Ray that they looked too well themselves to justify the appearance the children presented. That the boy and girl died from starvation only, was rendered in some degree doubtful by the results of the *post-mortem* examination. Of the state of the boy's body, Mr. Vinall said:—"The vessels of the head were rather fuller than usual. The heart, liver, lungs, and kidneys were healthy, as in fact were all the organs, but the stomach exhibited patches of inflammation and had ecchymose spots about the coats of it, and I found a fishbone in the bowels. My conclusion is that death was caused either by long deprivation of sufficient food or from poison. I have no other reason for suspecting poison than those little spots; and it was a remarkable fact that both children should die so near the same time. There was very little blood in the bodies. I believe the starvation was sufficient to cause death without any hurrying additional cause. The girl was equally emaciated, and the appearance she presented was much the same. In the bowels of the girl I found a piece of wood, about half-an-inch in length and pointed at one end, which the man said must have been taken in some oatmeal they had had before." He also said they had had a fish, by which he accounted for the presence of the fish-bone in the boy's intestines. Mr. Harris, surgeon, as well as Mr. Vinall, was not convinced that poison had not been used.

A state of fierce excitement against Harvey and Ray has been roused amongst the poorer inhabitants of Homerton. Several followed the couple as they were being conveyed by the police from the Hackney station to Worship-street. Four constables surrounded them, but proved a very poor protection against nearly two thousand enraged pursuers, who at one time made a rush at the prisoners, and tried to throw them into the canal in Haggerstone-fields. The police escort, however, was increased, and a cab was at length secured. Harvey and Ray were remanded for a week.

The facts, in many respects, were singularly like those in the case of Harvey and Ray. The man, when the child was near its death, borrowed a tub of his

landlady, to give it a warm bath, and he fetched medical advice. The landlady entered the room, and found the child lying thinly covered in a draughty place, and dead. A pool of blood and matter was on the pillow at the side of its face.

Charles and Sarah Butler, a young couple, about twenty-three years of age, have been examined at the Southwark police-office, charged with causing the death of their infant son, Henry, by cruel treatment, and by neglecting to afford it proper nourishment. The parents allege that the child's habits were dirty.

Alfred Jenkins, a journeyman tallow-melter, has been sentenced at the Mansion-house to six weeks' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond, for deserting his wife and three children, and leaving them destitute. The attractions of another woman appear to have been the cause of the desertion.

POISON-MURDERS.

THE Staffordshire police are making diligent inquiry into the appropriation of the sum of money possessed by Mr. Cook a little before his death. This sum could not have been less than £1,000, but only £15 can now be accounted for. A few days after Mr. Cook's death, Mr. Palmer, as it is now ascertained, paid away four £50 notes. Mr. Cook frequently stated that he would leave the turf, and he dissuaded others from going upon it. He was generally unfortunate: Mr. Palmer, on the other hand, was for the most part lucky, and Mr. Cook had the greatest reliance on his friendship and judgment. Mrs. Palmer, in whose corpse Professor Taylor, of Guy's Hospital, has already discovered traces of arsenic, was a ward in Chancery; and it was only at her earnest solicitation that her guardian and the Master in Chancery could be induced to consent to her marriage.

The researches of the local constabulary are being aided by Mr. Field, late of the detective police, London. Cook's betting book has not yet been found. It is thought, by legal men, that, notwithstanding the facts against him, Palmer will be very likely to escape on his trial. At present, he is under suspicion of having killed sixteen persons, among whom the late Lord George Bentinck is mentioned.

Great annoyance has been created by the fact of Palmer having, by the secret agency of some traitor in the camp, seen a letter directed to Mr. Gardner, the attorney for the prosecution, by Professor Taylor, stating that he had not been able to detect in Cook's stomach any trace of mineral poison.

The coffins containing the remains of Ann and Walter Palmer have been opened at the Talbot Inn. The body of the latter presented a most appalling spectacle. The limbs and face were horribly distended; one eye was open, and the mouth, partially gaping, gave the semblance of a ghastly grin. A fearful stench spread through the room; and it was found necessary to relay a portion of the floor where some of the foul matter had dropped, as no amount of washing or plaining could remove the stain, or the bad odour.

A case of poisoning in France is related by *Galigan*:—"The Court of Assizes of the Oise, tried a man named Robillard for attempting to poison his father. The old man, who possessed some little property at Royaucourt, divided it some time ago between his two children, the prisoner and his daughter, on condition of receiving a life-rent; but he gave the daughter the larger portion, and this irritated the son so much that he frequently abused and threatened his father. On the 30th of September last, Robillard had a violent quarrel with his father, and afterwards went to Montdidier to purchase a quantity of oil of vitriol. On his return, he showed his wife the vitriol, and told her that a drop of it would be enough to kill any one. On the 18th of October, while at work with another man near his father's house, he said that he must give a drop of something to drink to the old man, and he went into the house. He returned in a few minutes, and said that he had given his father "something that was rather strong," and at the time showed a bottle. The man went to the house, and old Robillard told him that his son had attempted to poison him, but that fortunately he had not swallowed all of what he had offered him; at the same time he complained that he suffered greatly from burning in his mouth and throat. The son was shortly after arrested, and his blouse was found to be burnt by drops of vitriol. After a while he confessed that he had given some of the poison in brandy to his father. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the charge of attempted poisoning, but convicted him of the lesser offence of having caused what the law calls "malady and wounds," by a substance administered by him; and the court sentenced him to five years' imprisonment.

DRINK-MURDERS.

THE man Corrigan, who is now in custody on a charge of murdering his wife, is in a very desponding state. On the evening of Friday week, he wrote the subjoined letter to his wife's sister-in-law, who is taking care of the children in Selby-street East, Bethnal-green:—

"House of Detention, Friday Afternoon.
"Dear Betsey,—With a broken heart I write to you

to take all care you can of my poor dear children till I can make some arrangement with my friends. Do not pay my rent out of that trifle I left you. Please God, they will be able to get up a benefit at the theatre or some place, and I expect there will be £6 for the funeral. You must get it done as cheap as possible, but do not slight the remains of my poor dear murdered wife. Oh! Betsy, if you knew the anguish of my mind. I have no rest night or day, now that I have come to my senses. Oh! Betsy, save me a lock of my poor Louisa's hair now she is gone. I would give anything to undo what I have done. Be kind to my poor helpless children, and the Great God that I trust to for mercy for my crime will reward you. When you come up with my child bring my blue waistcoat, and take the one I have got on away with you. You must get the most you can upon it for the children. Please to bring me a collar or two, and also my black necktie. If you can carry baby with you, I shall be glad to see her. Oh! Betsy, forgive me for what I have done, and beg of your father to do so too. None of your feelings, bad as they are, can be like mine, as I am the cause of all.

"If you cannot come to-morrow (Saturday) you must come on Monday. If you can bring me a little butter, I shall be glad.

"Give my love to father and my sisters, and accept the same yourself, from your heart-broken and wretched brother-in-law,

"T. CORRIGAN.

"P.S.—You must try and come at twelve o'clock." A verdict of "Wilful Murder" has been returned against Thomas John William Corrigan, by the coroner's jury.

The inquest on the body of Mrs. Beardsmore, who was thrown out of window by her husband, an inn-keeper at Newcastle-on-Tyne, still continues, and is further adjourned. It seems certain that man and wife were both intoxicated at the time—the former ravingly so. The testimony of Mary Williams, a niece of the man, and serving as barmaid in the house, gives some frightful particulars of the fierce pursuit of the woman from room to room by Beardsmore, and of the final act. This girl, who is only sixteen years of age, said:—"I went down to the newsroom door and asked my uncle to go to bed. He was tipsy. He had been drinking all night, and was in an excited state. When I asked him to go to bed he said he was going to let the men out. He went down stairs to let some persons out, and I returned to my aunt's room. My uncle followed me shortly afterwards, and he asked me what I wanted with my bonnet on. I said my aunt had told me to open the bar with her, and he said I should not, but was to go to bed. At that moment, neither made use of bad language. She again said I should, and on that he gave my aunt a slight push. He took hold of her arm and pushed her away, and said I should not go. She then went to the window, broke a square of glass, and called 'Police,' and 'Murder.' He caught hold of her by the arm and gave her a sudden jerk, and she fell down on the floor. She fell on her knees. He did not use any threatening language to her. I don't recollect either of them saying anything. She was very nearly tipsy and was in an excited state. As she was getting up, he struck her a violent blow on the mouth with his fist. I don't recollect what he said. She fell back on me when he struck her. The door came open, and she ran out. I don't remember that she cried out as she was running. The door had been opened by some one from the outside before he struck her on the mouth, and when she was on her knees, and it was pushed close by my aunt and her husband wrestling together. After he had struck my aunt, the door again opened, and Mary Ann Parker, a niece of Mrs. Beardsmore, came in. At the same time my aunt ran out. Beardsmore rushed after her, and Mary Ann Parker caught hold of his collar, and said, 'Don't, uncle! Stop here.' I don't recollect that he said why he was rushing after her. He forced himself away from her, and said, 'Loose me!' He then got away from her. I followed him out of the room, and to the top of the stairs. He went down stairs then, but returned in a few minutes. Mary Ann Parker remained on the top of the stairs with me. When he returned, he was very much excited, and said, 'Where is she?' He had nothing in his hands. He was in a passion. He pushed me away from him. He also pushed Mary Ann Parker. I fell down four stairs in consequence of the push he gave me. He then went along the passage to No. 6 bedroom. He did not say why he was following Mrs. Beardsmore about. When I spoke to him he only said, 'Don't talk to me!' or 'Get away!' He then seemed in a great rage. I did not hear any doors broken open while he was down stairs. The door of No. 6 bedroom was unlocked. He just went in there and then came out. He then went into No. 7. This room door was locked, and he burst it open by main force. He ran up against it. He was not shouting at that time. As he came out of that room we heard a loud crash proceeding from down stairs. I said, 'Oh, dear!' and he then rushed

past me down stairs. I did not follow him. Mary Ann Parker was with me all this time. A servant called Jemima Dixon was also on the stairs. She came up stairs just before he broke the door open. She had been in bed. She remained with me until my uncle went down stairs, after we heard the crash. I remained up stairs till I heard from Mr. Lambert, butcher, that my aunt had fallen out of the window; that was a few minutes after I heard the crash. I followed him down stairs into the passage leading from Neville-street to Westgate-street, and found my aunt lying there, having apparently fallen through the glass roof."

A WIFE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE crime of wife-beating shows no prospect of diminution with the New Year. In the course of the last week, a wretched looking woman, dressed in rags, and with her head and arms bound up with white plaister, appeared at the Clerkenwell police office to give evidence against her husband, John Sargent, residing in Lamb-court, Clerkenwell-green. The woman thus told her own history:—

"I have been married about two years, during which period my husband's conduct towards me has been one of continued ill usage. Shortly after our marriage, he commenced knocking me about; and when he was drunk he would often come home, pull me down on the floor, and then drag me about the room by the hair of my head. On one occasion he pulled me from the top of the stairs to the bottom by the hair of my head. He went out on Friday last, leaving me without any food to eat, and no money in the house to get anything with. I saw nothing further of him until yesterday afternoon, about half-past two, when I saw him in the Lamb and Flag public-house, kept by Mr. Collins. I then said to him, 'I thought you were going to stop here for dinner,' when he ordered me to leave the house. I did so, and on getting outside, my husband said, 'I will give you a ticket for this, and will learn you to come to a public-house after me.' He then went home, and kicked me in the ribs, and afterwards commenced breaking up the furniture. He afterwards said, taking up a knife, 'I will settle you shortly, and then you won't want to eat either dinner or tea.' I went outside, and he threw the knife at me, and finding that did not hurt me, he took up a brick and hurled it at my head. I then went into the house of Mrs. Dobson, a near neighbour, when my husband followed, knocked me down, dragged me across the room by the hair of my head, and kicked me both on the head and arm. I was twenty-four years of age last Tuesday, and when I married I had a good box of clothes; but, owing to my husband's drunken and dissolute character, I am not fit to be seen. I have always endeavoured to keep myself respectable, and have tried to get my living by washing and charring."

The man was sentenced to four months' hard labour, and the woman received a sovereign from the poor-box.

Another case of brutality to a wife has come before the Clerkenwell magistrate, by whom William Kellard, a tailor, and an old offender, has been sentenced to four months' hard labour for striking his wife violently over the jaw with a pair of scissors. He had been threatening one of the children with similar chastisement, and the wife's offence consisted in interfering to protect them. The poor woman will be assisted during her husband's imprisonment with 2s. 6d. a-week from the poor-box.

AN ACTIVE CLERK.

A YOUNG man named Robert Edwin Robinson, confidential clerk to Mr. William Marshall, a sharebroker at Leeds, was tried at the Leeds Borough Sessions on three separate charges of embezzlement. The first of these indictments was for the sum of £60, of which he had defrauded his employer, who, in October last, gave him a Bank of England note for £100 to remit to Mr. Cawthorn, his London agent. This payment was duly entered by the clerk on both sides of the cash-book, as having been received by him from Mr. Marshall, and subsequently remitted to Mr. Cawthorn. A few days after Mr. Marshall received a letter from that gentleman in which the receipt of the £100 was not acknowledged. He mentioned this fact to his clerk, who promised to write to Mr. Cawthorn about it. On the 16th of the same month Mr. Marshall, jun., took from the post two letters from Messrs. Beardshaw, stockbrokers of London, one enclosing two contracts for 100 Dovers, and the other a certain number of contracts for £5000 Midland Stock. Of both these transactions Mr. Marshall was ignorant. On the 18th, Robinson absconded in consequence of what had previously occurred between himself and his employer, and after his departure a letter from Mr. Cawthorn was discovered in his desk, acknowledging the receipt of £40, which sum was likewise, on examination, found entered in the cash-book, immediately over the entry of the £100 remittance. The clerk was therefore charged with having embezzled the rest of the money. For the defence, however, it was shown that

Robinson's payments on the 11th on account of his master exceeded his receipts, and it was suggested that, acting as he thought best for his employer, he had paid £85 to a local client, and remitted £40 to London.

The second charge against Robinson was that of having swindled Mr. Marshall of a £165 coupon, together with some dividend warrants and other documents, and £94 10s. in money. He had in August last commissioned Messrs. Beardshaw to purchase for his master £5000 Midland Stock, which, after the purchase, fell, and was continued from account to account. He afterwards requested the same firm to purchase 100 Dovers on account of Mr. Marshall. As the Midland Stock was continued from account to account, Robinson was obliged to pay the "differences," which he did, unknown to his employer, by first paying Messrs. Beardshaw's Leeds agent £94. 10s. in money, and afterwards remitting to Messrs. Beardshaw the £165 coupon, dividend warrants, &c. These were held by Mr. Marshall as security for money advanced. His clerk told him that the letter containing the Dover contracts was a mistake, and he would return them, but they were found in his desk after he had absconded. He acknowledged having bought the Midland Stock, and paid the "differences" unauthorised, but stated that he made the purchase to benefit his employer. As in the former case, it was submitted that Robinson had derived no profit from the purchases, and had paid the money and securities he was charged with embezzling, on account of the stock, which had since been taken by Mr. Marshall. He had acted to the best of his judgment for his master's interest, and the speculation had proved a failure, or the jury would never have heard anything of the case. In the third instance, Robinson was charged with stealing from his employer the documents and money mentioned in the last case, but upon this indictment no evidence was offered.

The young man was acquitted on the first and third charges, but convicted on the second, and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment in Leeds gaol.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A LAMENTABLE instance of death, resulting entirely from nervous terror, occurred about a week ago at Fulford, near York. Mr. Sutton, a proctor in that town, engaged as office boy a lad of thirteen. Up to Thursday week, the boy had been in perfect health; but, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, as Mr. Sutton was about to leave for his private residence, he observed that his assistant looked very pale. On asking him if he felt ill, the youth replied that he had wounded himself with his penknife. He shortly afterwards fainted, when medical aid was called in; and the proper restoratives being applied, he partially revived. A surgeon was next sent for, who found that the boy had scratched his chest, and fetched a few drops of blood. He did not, however, think that there was anything dangerous in the wound itself. The lad was taken home by his master in a cab, and, a very few hours afterwards, Mr. Sutton, to his great surprise, learnt from the boy's father that the poor fellow was dead. An elder brother of this same boy, also employed by Mr. Sutton, had bled to death from the drawing of a tooth about two months previously. This had alarmed the younger brother to such an extent as to make him fancy that he should himself one day meet with a similar death. When he saw the blood issue from the wound which he had inflicted on himself, it is conjectured that his nervous system must have received so severe a shock that recovery was impossible. An inquest was held on Friday week, when the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from fright."

OUR CIVILISATION.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Several cab and omnibus proprietors have been summoned before the Lord Mayor, at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for ill-treating and torturing horses; and fines were inflicted varying from 8s. to 20s.

WHOLESALE WATCH-PAWNING.—James Coates, lately a watch-maker in Eccleston-street South, Pimlico, has been convicted at the Westminster police-office of pawning a great many watches which had been left with him for repair. As many as fifty-one were recovered from different pawnbrokers. It seemed that in some cases the man obtained payment for the work he had done to the watches upon making a pretence of returning them, and then, asking for them back upon some ingenious pretext, pawned them. He was committed to prison for twelve months. Forty watches still remain unredeemed.

DEFALCATION OF THE POSTMASTER OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Charles Headlam, the postmaster of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has absconded with public money to the amount of a few hundred pounds. This sum will be made good by the sureties, the withdrawal of one of whom, and the appointment of another in his place, led to the discovery of the robberies by necessitating a squaring of the accounts. The absconding

postmaster is cousin to Mr. Headlam, M.P. for Newcastle.

MR. JACKSON, THE DONCASTER PAWNBROKER.—The meetings in favour of Mr. Jackson, the pawnbroker, who was arbitrarily committed to prison by the magistrates, continue to extend. Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Nottingham, Leeds, Leicester, Halifax, Carlisle, Paisley, and other places, have expressed their sympathy with the victim of judicial haste and incapacity; and subscriptions have been commenced for the release of Mr. Jackson, towards which end several members of Parliament have promised their assistance.

AFFRAY WITH POACHERS.—A fight with poachers on the grounds of Lord Wemyss, Stanway Court, Gloucestershire, has resulted in so serious an injury with shot to the arm of one of the keepers that the limb has since been amputated. The man was also beaten about the head. The poachers have been arrested.

"THE JUDGE AWARDS IT, AND THE LAW ALLOWS IT."—Moses Hart and Elizabeth Ash—both belonging to that body whom the penny-a-liners delicately describe as "of the Jewish persuasion"—undertook to be married. The lady was not young, but she possessed money; and the ceremony apparently took place, only in a peculiar manner, which Elizabeth believed at the time to be lawful. She then lived with Moses, and, selling all her property, gave the proceeds to him. But the marriage was not legal, as Elizabeth ultimately found; wherefore, she appealed to Mr. Alderman Carter for redress. Moses, through his lawyer, asserted that he had offered to return the money; but this the woman denied. The Alderman believed Elizabeth's statement, and had no doubt she had been cruelly used; but the act on the part of Moses did not amount to fraud, and he was therefore dismissed. The woman was recommended to bring the matter before the authorities of the Jewish Church.

A COURAGEOUS GIRL.—A girl of eighteen, the daughter of a skin dresser, at Hackney, coming home in the evening, found a strange man in the house, and tried to secure him. A desperate struggle ensued, and at length the man broke away, but was ultimately secured with great difficulty by a policeman. He is now under remand at Worship-street.

A GIRL WITH A CHARM.—A girl, fourteen years of age, was charged before Mr. Yardley, at the Thames police-office, with stealing a sovereign. A policeman said that, when he took the girl into custody, she said she had stolen the sovereign, and had given 7s. 6d. and a shilling to a Gipsy woman for a charm, spent 5s. for two novels, left 2s. 6d. at a bookseller's shop for another novel, and spent the rest in ribands and finery.—Mr. Yardley: "Where is this charm?" The policeman: "This is it, Sir." He handed to the magistrate a dirty and greasy card, of a yellow colour, with six crosses upon it, and said that light was the charm. The girl: "I met the Gipsy woman on the Rhodeswell-bridge, near the Stepney Gasworks, and she said the charm would save me from all harm."—Mr. Yardley: "And this is the precious charm, is it?" (holding up the card). The girl: Yes, Sir, it is.—Mr. Yardley: "Despair thy charm, for I shall certainly punish you for this robbery, and I wish the impudent Gipsy was here, as I would punish her too." It was shown that the girl was a notoriously bad character; and was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

GAROTTE ROBBERY.—An omnibus conductor was going to his home in Long-lane, Bermondsey, about two o'clock in the morning, when, in passing along Newington Causeway, he was accosted by a woman. He took no notice of her; but she followed him, and at length a man rushed up, knocked him down, and ran off, while the woman took from him a bag containing money. She then ran off also, but was secured by a policeman. She was brought up at the Southwark police-office, and, having confessed her guilt, was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

A RELIGIOUS TRACT SELLER, AND HIS TEMPER.—A ferocious assault was made on Wednesday, in a Spitalfields lodging-house, on the person of a Mrs. Thomas, who resided there. Morgan Davis, the offender, ordered Mrs. Thomas to move from the kitchen fire, and used such offensive language that Mrs. Thomas told him, if she was a man, she would kick him out of the place. Upon this, he raised a plate on which he was carrying sprats, and broke it over her head, and then, drawing a knife, cut her in several places over the face and arms. Before the Worship-street magistrate, Davis, hearing himself described as a beggar, denied that he was so, and said he sold religious tracts, and had been a mariner. Mrs. Thomas fainted in the course of giving her evidence; and the case was remanded for a week.

BANK-NOTE ROBBERY.—Rowland Henry Withers, a youth about eighteen years of age, has been committed for trial on a charge of robbing his employers, bankers of Leighton Buzzard, of bank-notes to the amount of £980.

THE "DRUIDS" AT OXFORD.—The body called "the Druids," at Oxford, has been celebrating New Year's Day with a dinner; and, in the course of the evening, Mr. Cardwell, M.P., and a working man

named John Bacon, delivered speeches in favour of the war.

JUVENILE REFORMATION IN THE NORTH.—A meeting of nobility and gentry residing in the counties of Durham and Northumberland was held on Wednesday in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to take into consideration steps for the establishment of an efficient reformatory school for Northumberland, Durham, Newcastle, and Berwick-on-Tweed. Earl Grey was in the chair; and resolutions in accordance with the desired objects were carried.

JOHN BALLAD LLOYD, the man who threw two oranges at Mr. Commissioner Evans in the Bankruptcy Court on Friday week, has been examined at Guildhall. He threw the two oranges successively, and with great deliberation; but it does not seem certain that either hit. For some time past, he has been hanging about the court, and has threatened the Commissioner with violence, unless he should relieve his necessities. He was guilty of a similar assault as far back as 1846. When he threw the first orange, he exclaimed, according to a witness, "Every one has his fault, and so have you, and take that!" His own version is that he said—"A mortal who cannot forgive should be without sin. Are you so, Joshua Evans?" On being searched at the station-house, he observed—"I have thrown oranges that are pretty soft this time: I will try stones next time." Nine-pence, a knife, a razor, and two papers, were found on him. Lloyd, in defence, read from one of the papers a statement to the effect that he had a wife and three children depending upon him for support, who were, with himself, in the greatest destitution; that he was willing to accept any employ, but that Mr. Commissioner Evans, who, he admitted, was a very just man, though merciless, had refused to assist him in any way, notwithstanding he had been intimate with the family in early life. The rest of the statement reflected, in very strong terms, upon the Commissioner, and was of such a libellous character that Alderman Copeland found it necessary to interrupt him. He then said he had been made the victim of a most unjust proceeding. An illegal seizure had been made upon the paltry remnant of goods he possessed, and the parties who had done it had not only seized everything moveable in the rooms, but had taken out the windows and carried away the doors, the consequence of which was that he and his wife, with an infant one month old, and two other children, were compelled to sleep upon the bare boards, with nothing to protect them from the cold. It was for the purpose of obtaining some relief from his necessities that he committed the offence with which he was charged. The Alderman required Lloyd to find two sureties in £100 each, and his own recognizances in £200, to keep the peace for twelve months. The poor man replied that the Alderman might as well ask the stones in the street to give bail. He should not attempt to get it; but let the blood of his children be on the head of the Commissioner. He was then committed to prison. On the face of it, the case seems one of great hardship.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND HIS GUARD.

For the last half century, the Imperial Guard has presented to the minds of Frenchmen a perfect ideal of military virtue and grandeur. The traditions of the First Empire have associated with this picked corps recollections of heroism, of devotion, of romantic daring, of brilliant successes, and of pathetic downfall. It existed before the reign of Napoleon the First; and, under the Consulate, it returned in triumph to Paris after the victory of Marengo. The various divisions were with Bonaparte in Russia; they received the last words of their fallen chief on his departure for Elba, and wept as they saw him kiss the ragged standard they had borne in battle, and embrace the eagles they had upheld: and they sought with desperate courage to change the fortune of the day at the fatal climax of Waterloo. With the return of the Bourbons, they fell into obscurity; but were reconstituted by the present Napoleon on his accession to the Empire.

The Guard thus resuscitated was sent to the seat of war in January, 1854. On the 8th of September, the Zouaves of the Guard and Chasseurs of the Guard took part in the capture of the Malakhoff, but in doing so suffered a severe loss. "Two of their Generals," says the *Morning Post*, "were wounded, and died in consequence. One Colonel was killed, and another wounded. The commander of the Chasseurs was killed. Having set out with two colonels and six Generals of division, Ulrick's brigade saw but one of these officers return, and he was badly wounded. The Imperial Guard has lost, during the year it passed before Sebastopol, two Generals of brigade (Pontecorvo and Marolles), two colonels, five *chefs de bataillons*, and several other officers of all ranks." The four regiments of

Infantry of the Line, which on Saturday last returned to Paris in company with the Guards, have been equally distinguished for gallantry and devotion.

Saturday was a perfect fête-day in Paris. The holiday spirit overcame every other consideration. The Bourse was closed; shops were shut; men, women, and children crowded to the windows, or stood for hour after hour on the pavement along the route, massed into a solid phalanx; and the fever and tumult of enthusiasm peculiar to Frenchmen boiled and hummed over the entire city from morning till night. It was so complete a holiday, that those who sought for refreshment were frequently told it could not be had, as the kitchen was shut up and the servants off to see the sight; but the spectacle and its associations seemed almost to stand in the place of food, and the day passed off with the utmost good feeling on the part of all.

An immense crowd had assembled at ten o'clock in the morning; but battalions of the National Guard and regiments of the Line kept an open pathway from the Place Vendôme to the Bastille. The route, as may be expected, was adorned with that combination of grace and splendour in which the French excel.

"Near the Place de la Bastille, at the entrance of the Boulevard Beaumarchais," says the *Times* correspondent, "a lofty triumphal arch was erected, coloured so as to represent a structure of red granite. On the frieze of the monument were inscribed the words, 'A la gloire de l'Armée d'Orient.' A shield with an azure field bore in letters of gold the name of Sebastopol, and was encircled with various military emblems. On the summit were the Imperial arms, surrounded by a cluster of flags, and four golden eagles, with outspread wings, occupied the sides. Two gilt statues, representing Victory, appeared on the right and left of the two facades of the monument, and held in their hands crowns of laurel. On the frieze were inscribed the names of the different corps d'Armée; a bas-relief which adorned the arch represented France and the Muse of History. On the sides were inscribed the names of the principal battles fought and won against the Russians—namely, Bomarsund, Eupatoria, Kertch, Kinburn, Sweaborg, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Alma, Inkermann, Traktir, Koughil, the Malakhoff, and Silistria. Four lofty poles, with oriflammes floating from the summit, were planted in front of the triumphal arch. The whole line of the Boulevards was adorned with flags and streamers, and at regular intervals Venetian masts supported trophies and shields, and immense banners with the national colours, on which glittered in gold the initials of the Emperor and Empress, and inscriptions in honour of the victorious troops.

"In some places, platforms richly ornamented were erected, which, from an early hour of the day, were occupied by crowds of operatives eager to behold the spectacle, which appeared like one long triumphal avenue. Opposite the theatre of the Porte St. Martin a second triumphal arch particularly attracted the attention of the crowd, from the richness and elegance of its decorations. Like that on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, it displayed emblems and devices illustrative of the great event of the day. The Cirque de l'Imperatrice and the other theatres along the line of march were also decorated. The Rue de la Paix, through which the troops were to pass, and the Place Vendôme were dressed out with banners; and two trophies, surmounted by the Imperial eagle, and formed of clusters of flags arranged in tasteful symmetry, decorated the Bazaar at the entrance of that noble street."

The *Morning Post* says that, looking down the Boulevards, it seemed as if the streets were positively made of bright drapery.

The weather was mild and fine, though not sunny. Windows were thrown open, and the balconies were filled with ladies, gaily dressed, gaily talking, and beaming on the scene beneath;—

"Some looking down, some forwards or aside,
Some re-adjusting tresses newly tied,
Some turning a trim waste, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow;
But all with smiles prepared, and garlands green,
And all in fluttering talk, impatient for the scene."

At a quarter to twelve o'clock, the spectacle began. The Guides with their band issued from the Rue de la Paix, and the Emperor made his appearance, dressed, as usual on these occasions, in the costume of a General of Division, with the Grand Cordon and Star of the Legion, and mounted on a bay charger with rich housings. The Imperial cortège was thus composed:—

"The regiment of Guides, preceded by its

band; the military household of the Emperor, and a detachment of Cent-Gardes; the Emperor; Prince Napoleon; Marshals Vaillant, and Baraguay d'Hilliers, and General Canrobert; the Staff of the Emperor, formed of a great number of general and superior officers, among whom were several belonging to foreign nations; another detachment of Cent-Gardes, and two squadrons of Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard."

About noon, the troops who have been quartered for some time past in the neighbourhood of Paris were massed in the Place de la Bastille, where their war-worn looks and costumes, their tattered colours, and their eagles perforated by Russian bullets, drew forth enthusiastic cheers. Shortly after this, the Emperor entered the Place de la Bastille, where the column of July, 1830, was denuded of the *couronnes* usually seen around it. The subjoined were the troops assembled about this column:—

"The 20th, 39th, 50th (the Regiment particularly distinguished at the taking of the Malakhoff) of the Line; the Foot Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard; the Zouaves of the Guard, the two regiments of Voltigeurs, the Artillery of the Guard, the two regiments of Grenadiers, and the regiment of Gendarmerie of the Guard."

On entering the square, the Emperor was received at the Bastille by Marshal Magnan. Having slowly ridden before the lines of the troops, his Majesty returned to the centre, near the pillar, and delivered an address to the military:—

"Soldiers,—I have come to meet you as in other times the Roman Senate went to the gates of Rome to meet her victorious legions. I have come to tell you that you have deserved well of your country."

"My emotion is great, for with the happiness I feel at again seeing you are mingled painful regrets for those who are no more, and deep sorrow, that I could not myself lead you on to battle."

"Soldiers of the Guard and Soldiers of the Line, you are welcome."

"You all represent that army of the East whose courage and whose perseverance have invested with new lustre our eagles, and won for France the rank which is her due."

"The country, alive to all that is accomplished in the East, receives you with all the greater pride that she estimates your efforts by the obstinate resistance of the enemy."

"I have recalled you, notwithstanding that the war is not over, because it is just to relieve in their turn the regiments which have suffered most. Thus every man will be able to claim his share of glory, and the country which maintains 600,000 soldiers is interested that there should now be in France a numerous army, inured to war, and ready to march wherever necessity may require."

"Preserve, then, scrupulously your warlike habits and fortify yourselves in the experience you have acquired. Hold yourselves in readiness to respond, if need be, to my call. But on this day, forget the trials of a soldier's life, thank God for having spared you, and march proudly amidst your brothers in arms and your fellow-citizens, whose plaudits await you."

After the delivery of this speech, Marshal Magnan received the command of the Crimean corps, which formed into columns, and the *cortège* of the Emperor returned to the Place Vendôme. The troops then commenced their movement in the following order, preceded by the Schools of the Etat Major and St. Cyr:—

"A detachment of Mounted Chasseurs; the Sappers and band of the 20th Regiment of the Line; Marshal Magnan and his Staff; the General of Division of the expeditionary corps; the 20th, 50th, and 97th Regiments of the Line; General Mellinet, who bore on his face the noble scar he received in the sanguinary action of the 8th of September; the Staff of the General; the Foot Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard; the Zouaves of the Guard, the two Regiments of Voltigeurs of the Guard; the Artillery and Engineers of the Guard, the two regiments of Grenadiers, and the regiment of Gendarmes of the Guard."

As they passed, the troops were received with shouts from the men, and smiles and wavings of handkerchiefs from the women. Some of the soldiers still bore dreadful marks of their wounds. General Canrobert was received with marked favour; and, amongst the men, the Zouaves met with the most overwhelming reception. They are mostly Parisians; consequently, the crowd contained many of their personal friends, who pressed forward to shake them by the hand. "Their jaunty, devil-may-care bearing," according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, had a great effect on the beholders. All the troops were in heavy marching order, and presented a thoroughly warlike appearance. The colours of the 56th and the 97th regiments of the Line were observed to be greatly

tattered. The ladies "rained influence" upon the veterans from the balconies; and each officer, as he passed, raised his sword and saluted in knightly fashion. When the Emperor reached the Place Vendôme, he took his station with his back to the Pillar of the Grande Armée, and facing the balcony of the Ministry of Justice, where the Empress shortly afterwards appeared, surrounded by her Ladies of Honour, the officers of her household, the representatives of the Allied Powers, &c. It was observed that the Empress frequently shed tears at the appearance of the wounded men, though she clapped her hands with enthusiasm. The troops defiled, to shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" This process occupied two hours and a half; and, at its conclusion, the Emperor and the Empress returned to the Tuileries. Their escort of honour was formed by Marshals Vaillant, Magnan, and Baraguay d'Hilliers, General Canrobert, and several general and superior officers.

At night, several parts of Paris were brilliantly illuminated; and the holiday spirit was maintained at its height. With respect to the illuminations, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, says:—

"I happened accidentally to witness in one very important quarter of this metropolis a striking contrast to the general aspect. I had occasion to pass from one end to the other of the Rue du Bac, that exceedingly long street extending from the Pont Royal to the Rue de Sevres, and cutting in its course the most fashionable streets of the Faubourg St. Germain—viz., the Rues de l'Université, de Lille, St. Dominique, St. Germain, Varenne, et Babylone. All along this street, which contains some of the best shops in Paris, there were not, I really believe, more than forty or fifty dim lamps, and these, seen two or three at a time at rare intervals in private windows, looked sad in their impotent efforts to ape rejoicing. As I looked right and left along the wide expanse of the fashionable streets I have mentioned, which lead into the Rue du Bac, those 'silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain,' as Macaulay calls them, I did not observe anything approaching to an illumination except at the Government offices, the police barracks, and the omnibus stations. I am not prepared to account for this phenomenon, which is certainly very remarkable. The most obvious explanation is that the quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain is Legitimist, and abstains systematically from anything calculated to enhance the prestige of the Imperial regime."

The *Siecle* affirms that in the morning cries were heard of "*Vive la Liberté!*" But, although this is doubtful, it is certain that such exclamations as "*Vive la France!*" and "*Vive la Ligne!*" as contradistinguished from "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and "*Vive la Garde!*" were frequently uttered.

The Imperial Guard has been received with enthusiasm, because Frenchmen will always welcome their fellow-citizens from fields of perilous contest, and because "*la gloire*" is invariably fascinating to our Allies. But there are not a few who look with jealousy on the title "Imperial Guard," and who would welcome their countrymen with a more entire fervour, if they could disassociate them with the interests of a dynasty.

AMERICA.

At the date of the last advices from Washington, the House of Representatives was still unable to elect a Speaker: the largest number of votes was 106, which were given in favour of Mr. Banks. Sixty-four ballots had taken place, and thirteen days had been consumed in an unsuccessful effort. The *New York Herald* states that the President will recommend in his Message the purchase of the rights and possessions of the Hudson Bay Company on the north-west coast of the continent. These rights and possessions are exercised and held within the territory of Oregon, a large portion of which formerly belonged to the old Pacific Fur Company. Two Presidential Messages to Congress are talked of; and the original message prepared for the opening of the Session will require alteration, owing to the intelligence received from Europe by the Baltic, which was to the effect that England considers she has already made sufficient apology in the enlistment matter, and will make no further. The President and Mr. Marcy are agreed upon one point—viz. the laying of the subject before Congress.

The inhabitants of Kansas are still in arms; three thousand men are in the field, determined to put down the opponents of order; and it is feared that a serious collision will ensue. A large gold robbery is exciting attention. Oliver King and Warren C. Ayres, the first-named recently a hotel-keeper in Lowell, Massachusetts, and the latter formerly a broker in Boston, were arrested on the 14th ult. at Lawrence, Massachusetts, charged with having committed the

robbery of 50,000 dollars in gold from the American Express Company, while *in transitu* between Dubuque and Lawrence. Two other persons are also in custody upon a similar charge.

The anti-slavery agitation in Virginia is apparently leading to very alarming consequences. In the Virginia House of Delegates on the 4th of December, Mr. Mallory, of Norfolk city, moved the following resolutions:—"Resolved, by the General Assembly, that a joint committee, consisting of seven members of the Senate and thirteen members of the House of Delegates, be appointed with a view to the adoption of more effectual means to prevent the escape of slaves from this commonwealth to the Northern States, and to provide for the summary punishment of persons detected in aiding or abetting the same; to inquire into the expediency of measures of retaliation and self-defence against such of the Northern States as are engaged in a war upon our institutions, and report thereon to this General Assembly." Mr. Garnett, of Essex, moved to amend the resolution as submitted by Mr. Mallory by inserting a clause. Mr. Mallory accepted the modification proposed, and informed Mr. Garnett that he would go with him cordially in measures of retaliation, and war, too, if it should be necessary. The abolition emissaries (Mr. Mallory said) had penetrated the domiciles of gentlemen in his city, who had not returned to their homes since the cessation of the epidemic, and had enticed away their slaves. They were also then perambulating the streets of Norfolk for the same nefarious purpose. The people of Eastern Virginia, he said, are a law-abiding people, but, unless the Legislature of the State would effectually protect their property, they would enrol themselves under Judge Lynch, and hang the aggressors on a gallows as high as Haman's. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Fever was still raging at Port-au-Prince, especially among the shipping. The Emperor Faustin I. contemplated marching with his entire army against the Dominicans. Cholera was committing great havoc at Valentia. At Mexico, a conspiracy has been discovered, the object of which was to make General Uruga President. Rumours of the retirement of Comonfort were current; and, the church being opposed to the existing Government, a state of great confusion prevailed. Indeed, the *New York Daily Times* says that it has advices of the total overthrow of the Alvarez Government in Mexico.

Trade at New York was exhibiting a general upward movement, and the money market was becoming easier.

AUSTRALIA.

SOME investigations have been made into the conduct of several officers of the Convict department in Tasmania. A newspaper having brought charges of peculation and other corrupt practices against them, the Governor, Sir Henry Young, instituted an inquiry, and the officers were severely censured, but that was all. But the Legislature was not satisfied; a select committee was appointed to inquire into the charges, and Dr. Hampton, the controller, and Mr. Benson, a surgeon, were summoned to give evidence. They refused to attend, and the Speaker issued his warrant to apprehend them; on which Dr. Hampton barricaded his house, and filled it with convict constables. At length, seeing that resistance was hopeless, he gave himself up, but still refused to attend. The Speaker was then served with a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring Dr. Hampton before the Supreme Court. He applied to the House for instructions, but the Governor prorogued the House until the 30th of October. A contest is anticipated between the Council and the Executive as to the power of the former to enforce their own process by commitment for contempt.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Melbourne on the morning of the 17th of September. The whole vibration lasted thirty-five seconds; it was preceded by a rushing sound, and was accompanied by a rumbling. It was felt at Geelong, forty miles off in a straight line.—The convict Garratt, who robbed the Bank of Victoria, and who was arrested in England about last March and taken back to Melbourne, is likely to get off from want of evidence. Two of his companions have already been convicted; but the informer Quinn, the chief witness, has gone to New Zealand, where he has committed a murder, and it is not improbable that he may be hanged by the authorities there, and thus save his companion from punishment.

Theatricals are flourishing at Melbourne. Mr. G. V. Brooke is "illustrating" Shakespeare to the satisfaction of the colonists; and Lola Montes has been dancing the Tarantula dance to their dissatisfaction. The *Argus* says the performance is "indecent;" and quiet family people stay away.

THE ORIENT.

INDIA.

THE fanatical disturbances excited against the Hindoos by the Mahomedan, Ameer Ali, have at length led to bloodshed. After a great deal of irresolution, the

King of Oude consented, with the sanction, or rather at the compulsion, of the English, to deal vigorously with the rebels. Accordingly, the Mahomedan soldiers in the royal army were weeded by Captain Barlow from their comrades, and the Mussulmen under Ameer Ali were attacked. Mad with fanaticism, they charged their enemies even up to the muzzles of the guns; but they were also attacked in rear, and their leader, being killed, they were at length defeated, though not without great slaughter and a most obstinate resistance. Ameer is looked on as a martyr; a mosque over his grave is talked of, and an outbreak is expected in Lucknow. In the meanwhile, the revenue has fallen to nothing, and Daryabad is utterly desolate. It is not impossible that this state of things may lead to the annexation of Oude. An army of 16,000 Anglo-Indians, including three European regiments, has been collected in the frontier town of Cawnpore. Martial law has been proclaimed in the Santal districts. The insurrection is not yet put down; but it is thought the rebels will shortly yield.

Herat—one of the most important towns in the East, commonly called "the gate of India," because it offers the only practicable route for a large army passing from the north-west to the frontiers of India—has been taken from its monarch, Mahomed Said, by the Persians, who, not improbably, have been acting in the interest of the Russians. The story of its capture, as told by the *Times* Bombay correspondent, is like a chapter out of an eastern romance:—"Mahomed Said, always a slave to his passions, had of late become more grossly abandoned than ever, and was in an almost continual state of intoxication. His personal followers, availing themselves of his condition, perpetrated at their leisure and unrepressed all the crimes that can be committed by lawless men against the persons and the property of their neighbours. At last the evil became intolerable, and petitions from all ranks of the people were forwarded to Teheran, entreating the Shah to interfere for their protection, to dethrone Mahomed Said, and annex Herat to his own empire. The King assented, and despatched orders to an officer in his service—no other than a Prince of the Royal Afghan race of the Suddozes, by name Yusuf—to concert measures with the Persian resident at Herat for taking possession of the city. All was easily arranged. The envoy was in the habit of riding out daily for considerable distances, attended by a large escort, and often returning after dark. One day he was joined by Yusuf with 4,000 horse, who accompanied him back to Herat. The gates, as usual, were opened to receive him. Yusuf and his men entered, despatched the guard, and, with the aid of the citizens, who were in the plot, possessed themselves of the treasury and the citadel. Mahomed Said, surprised over his cups, was taken and imprisoned, and Prince Yusuf proclaimed himself chief, as vassal of the Shah."

A contest has been going on at Calcutta between the Indian Board of Control and the Legislative Council. The former ordered the latter to repeal certain clauses in a given act. The Council, resisting this dictation, has refused to obey; and it is pretty certain that that body is legally as well as morally right. The mission to Ava has returned, without, however, as it is thought, bringing any concessions from the King, who is still under the influence of the warlike heir apparent. The amalgamation of the Bengal Marines with the Indian navy has been finally arranged, and will take place almost immediately. Trade at Bombay is still in a depressed condition, little or nothing improved since the departure of the last mail. Freights have slightly advanced. In the money-market, the scarcity which has been some time anticipated is beginning to be perceptible, and Government stock has slightly declined.

CHINA.

The rebellion appears neither to advance nor recede. From the north, we have no definite intelligence of the insurgents; but in the Kwangsi and Oonam provinces they are said to hold their ground, and their proximity occasions some anxiety in the Canton district, and materially injures trade. A disagreeable feeling has been aroused by a contest between the captain of an American vessel and the authorities at Hong-Kong. The authorities asserted that they have power to punish offences committed on board American vessels in British possessions. The captain denied this right; committed some offence in defiance; was arrested, examined at a police office, and remitted to the criminal sessions. A very dreadful occurrence has taken place on board the American ship *Waverley*, conveying Coolies from China to Peru. The captain having died, the ship put into Manila. Some disturbances ensued, and the Chinese to the number of four hundred and fifty were driven below, and the hatches closed. On their being opened again, two hundred and fifty-one men were found dead! The tea market has been active at Hong-Kong; rice is cheap and plentiful; but imports have been rather dull, though prices have been maintained. Money is scarce in native hands.

EGYPT, ETC.

An insurrection has broken out in the Hedjaz in Arabia. The Arabs threaten to expel the Turks from the coasts of the Red Sea, and demand that the English and French flags be pulled down, and all Europeans driven out of the country. Lord Canning, on his passage to India, has been received with the utmost courtesy by Said Pasha. A race between an English mare and an Arabian horse has resulted in the complete victory of the former. The Pasha has annulled his order for the prohibition of the exportation of wheat and Indian corn, which will be permitted as heretofore. Prices of produce have fallen a little, in consequence of discouraging advices from Europe, and freights are now at 8s. per quarter.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From a Private Correspondent.)

December 17th, 1855.

THE rainy season has now fairly commenced here. Lord Stratford has removed from his summer residence on the Bosphorus, and is domiciled at the English Embassy at Pera. The narrow declivities, and ill-paved streets, are converted into dikes overflowing with mud, through which the hapless pedestrian wades ankle deep, jostled from side to side, now by Turkish porters, carrying immense bales of goods, &c., and anon by Arabas, a string of mules or camels conveying French commissariat stores. Should a vehicle approach in the opposite direction, the street is blocked up, and a great deal of manoeuvring is required to get the one past the other.

The town has been remarkably quiet lately. Nothing has been heard of any midnight assaults or assassinations in the streets, and people begin to move out again after dark, as they were wont to do before the assassinations which occurred last month.

Telegraphic communication with the Crimea is still cut off, the cable which crosses the Black Sea from Kaliakra to Kazatch, being either broken or so far damaged as to render it useless. Despatches from England are in consequence sent from Constantinople to the Crimea by steam packet, and *vice versa*. It is stated that the telegraph between Constantinople and England is to be thrown open to the public shortly.

Rumour says that twenty-one companies of artillery are under orders to return home, and that they are to be sent to the Baltic for active service next spring.

The English soldier out here who does not trouble himself about that *ignis fatuus*, the "Balance of Power," asks, "What are we fighting for? are we fighting for these lazy, dirty, ill-governed Turks? if so, it is a waste of men and money. Better let the Russians take the country; they cannot make it worse, and may make it a great deal better. But we think England or France should take it."

The post-office authorities at home would confer a great benefit on the British soldier serving out here, were they to issue post-office orders at the "British Army post-office," at Pera. The recent arrangement, by which books may be sent from England by post, at the rate of twopence for each four ounces, applies almost exclusively to officers, as very few in the ranks are in a position to avail themselves of the benefit. On the other hand, the granting of post-office orders would be an arrangement solely for the benefit of the soldier and his family at home. If this were the case, many a pound which is now spent in drinking and debauchery, would be sent home and go a great way towards making a happy home for friends left behind.

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND COLONEL TURR.

THE *Diritto*—the brilliant representative of the liberals of Piedmont—has the following:—

"If we except three or four of the London journals, among which the *Leader* and the *Daily News* are entitled to the most honourable mention, the other periodicals have either said nothing, or, still worse, attempted to justify the conduct of Austria in the arrest of that distinguished soldier, Colonel Turr.

"The calumnies circulated through the organs of the Vienna censorship were passed over with no indignant comment. With the coldest indifference and most cynical selfishness, reasons of right and public law, every regard for justice or humanity, were shelved in support of a base and dastard policy.

"If the French press, in its present state, were worth consideration, we should almost say that, on this question, it adopted a more generous procedure. It did not fail in energetic protests in favour of the 'victim.' The *Presse*, the *Siecle*, and even the *Charivari* spoke out. Indeed, we are not aware that the Paris prints most dependent on the Empire, attempted, like the *Morning Post* and the *Globe*, with studied sophisms to discover any right on the part of Austria to commit an outrage on the liberty of an officer employed in the English service, and in a country not subject to Austrian law.

"In short, the conduct of the English press in this affair calls for the reprobation of all honest men who look with natural aversion and disgust on the assumption

tion of brute force, and rightly feel for the sufferings of a brave soldier whose future mission was consecrated to the succour of the oppressed.

"Now this despicable policy is another proof of the degeneracy of that press; and to what it was reduced after England had entered upon a war of purely commercial interests of which its own Government, constrained by that of France, persists in maintaining the exclusive character—that of the old policy and balance of power from which oppressed nations, and mankind, who combat for it, have nothing whatever to hope.

"But views like these are considered criminal; yet the time may come when the English people will be reminded of them; and in an hour when they would willingly have banished them from their minds."

PUBLIC OPINION IN FRANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is in a position to be correctly informed, writes us from Paris:—

"Believe me there is not a particle of truth in the notion of French jealousy of British operations in Asia Minor, and of rejoicings here at the fall of Kars. What is true is, that a very general impression prevails here that there are points of difference between the two governments, and that these differences might become obstacles. In England, you are all for war at any price. You are for war, it is said, because you fancy you have played a very secondary part in the contest hitherto, and you are determined upon a grand *revanche*, to reconquer your compromised prestige and your damaged influence. For you, then, the war is no longer a question of general interest, but of exclusively national and British interests. In France, on the contrary, we desire peace. We desire it for several reasons. In the first place, as you know very well, the war has never been very popular with us, whatever may have been pretended. We have never understood its necessity or its importance, and since, as before, the taking of Sebastopol, the results have appeared to us hardly equal to the sacrifice and to the cost. Now that the honour of our arms is safe, all the considerations drawn from the state of our finances, our food crisis, and our political and economical situation, have assumed a force and an intensity to which the Government could not be insensible. Indeed, the Government itself is tired of the war, and, I believe, has lately had some explanations with your Cabinet on the subject. The Emperor is believed to have held to Lord Palmerston language of this kind:—'For my own part, I consider the objects of the war attained. I have done both for the principles engaged, and for the general interests, more than could have been demanded of France. If Russia accepts rational conditions, we must conclude; if you are for going further, I cannot undertake to follow you. France has no interest in crushing Russia, whom she considers still essential to the equilibrium of Europe. The English Alliance is not eternal, and, in case of eventual conflict, we might have need of Russia. If the cabinet of St. Petersburg will not yield, and if we must recommence the war, take Cronstadt, and occupy St. Petersburg: I am ready to march; but then for these new and heavier sacrifices, I must have compensations; now these compensations are the Rhine and Belgium.' I simply report to you what is said here, and what seems at least probable. The fact is, that if the war must go on and spread, our government cannot afford to play the part of Don Quixote. To do so would be its ruin and confusion. The language ascribed to it in its recent communications with your government (and, I repeat, it has at least the air of probability), is generally approved; it is considered a natural resumption of the policy of the first Empire. The old Imperialists, the *vieux de la vieille*, and all the ardent partisans of the government, are enchanted; but as to the government itself, I am inclined to believe that it feels the want of peace, and would prefer it."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

PEACE PROSPECTS.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, is said to have proposed to Count Buol that ships of war of all nations should be excluded from the Black Sea, *except those of Russia and Turkey*, and that it should be left to those two Powers to decide the amount of force which each might require. Count Buol communicated this proposal to the representatives of France and England, but took no further notice of it. The Russian diplomatist twice brought forward his suggestion, which of course emanated direct from the Czar; but it is needless to say that it has received no attention. Of the character of Prince Gortschakoff, the *Times* Vienna correspondent gives some particulars:—"The Prince," he observes, "is one of the most resolute champions of the old Muscovite party, and carries the flag of Russia remarkably high. He is not likely to approve of the propositions which have just been sent to Russia, and it is therefore the wish of Austria that the Emperor Alexander should have an opportunity of examining into their merits before they are communicated to his representative at this Court, who still proclaims the resolve of

Russia to stake her last man and her last rouble rather than agree to terms 'incompatible with her honour and dignity.' After this simple statement of facts, you will permit me to communicate my opinion on one or two matters of importance. If Russia should reject the conditions of peace, which she probably will do, Count Esterhazy will quit his post; but it is by no means clear that the diplomatic relations between the Russian and Austrian Governments will be entirely interrupted. Indeed, it is whispered, that, if Count Esterhazy should return to Vienna, an Austrian Charge d'Affaires will remain at St. Petersburg. Austria will not, under any circumstances, give her material assistance to the Western Powers next spring; but, if the war should be prolonged another year, she may possibly be induced to send an ultimatum to Russia during the winter of 1856 and 1857. Even if Austria should not act up to the engagements which she has recently entered into towards the Western Powers, it would be impolitic to press her too hard, as there is a powerful Russian party in this city which would not fail to take advantage of any imprudence on the part of England and France. In order that due attention may be paid to the foregoing remark, it is necessary to observe that there are many influential persons in this city who 'do not despair of eventually seeing Austria in the Russian camp.' As long as Count Buol is Minister for Foreign Affairs, such a breach of good faith is not to be feared; but, if you should hear he has quitted office, you may safely conclude that the policy of Austria has undergone a complete change." Sir Hamilton Seymour is a great favourite with the Vienna nobles and ladies. He is on close terms of diplomatic intimacy with Count Buol, with whom he has almost daily conferences. With regard to Naples and Russia, it is said that the Archduke Albrecht has succeeded in "shaking the allegiance of King Bomba to the Czar."

Count Buol, on Friday week, communicated the terms of peace to Prince Gortschakoff. They are the same as those which have been already mentioned:—By the cession of so much of the territory of Bessarabia as is necessary to secure to all nations the free navigation of the Danube, is meant the cession of that part of Bessarabia which lies between the fortress of Chotyn on the north, the Salt Lake Sasyk on the south, and the Pruth on the west. Three weeks from the day of delivery is the time allowed for consideration. To these terms, it is said that the Allies have added—Admission of consuls into the harbours of the Black Sea, and an undertaking on the part of Russia never for the future to erect any fortifications on the Aland Isles.

A great deal of gossip has been flying about Paris with respect to the words said to have been addressed by Louis Napoleon to M. Sabach, previous to the departure of the latter for Dresden and St. Petersburg. It has been asserted that the French Emperor expressed to the diplomatist the most passionate desire for peace; that he had no other alternative, as the resources of the country were exhausted; that, if the Czar rejected the Austrian proposals on the ground of excessive rigour, he was to be assured that, whatever might be the intentions of England, France would consent to some others. All this is most glaringly improbable; but it has made some noise.

Count Esterhazy reached St. Petersburg on the 26th ult., and the next day communicated to Count de Nesselrode the object of his mission. The proposals he hears do not take the form of an ultimatum, but are simply suggestions.

The correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Athens, in mentioning the decided preference given by the Austrian Ambassador at that city to Russia over England or France, asks—"Why will England and France condescend to listen any longer to anything that Austria may propose, or give her the opportunity of still pursuing that despicable and shuffling policy which has characterised all her acts relating to the present war?" A conspicuously printed leading article has also appeared in the *Morning Post* during the week, saying "that Prussia shall be compelled to abandon her dishonest neutrality, and declare herself for us or against us." This coming from a Government organ, is rather significant.

FRANCE.

The author of the famous pamphlet, advocating a Congress of Kings for the settlement of the Eastern question, is now discovered to be an old St. Simonian and phalansterian, a journalist, a speculator, and a hanger-on of the Credit Mobilier. That the Emperor has anything to do with the pamphlet, seems improbable; but there are those who think that one of the ministers has to some extent "inspired" the production.

AUSTRIA.

The Chevalier de Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, has been created a Cardinal, as a reward for his efforts in bringing about the Concordat.

The reigning Empress of Austria completed her eighteenth year on the 24th of December.

The Protestant party in Prussia have petitioned the Emperor of Austria to relax the severe measures taken against the convert Borszinsky. One of the

official Austrian papers denies that Borszinsky has been ill-used, and says that the petition is so offensive in its language that the Emperor must decline to receive it.

Austria has become exceedingly unpopular with the Russians. She is denounced as "treacherous, perfidious, and ungrateful," and is looked upon as being the principal author of the recent disasters which have befallen the Czar's arms. A Russian banker, in a letter addressed to one of his Vienna friends, writes to this effect, and prophesies that Austria will sooner or later fall under the stroke of avenging Nemesis.

The premiums on the shares of the Credit and Commercial Bank (says the *Times* Vienna correspondent) are slowly falling, as the founders are bringing their shares into the market. It was foreseen that they would do so, but it would have been much better for the establishment if they had waited until its business had fairly commenced. One of the leading men, who can well afford to wait for a time, is even selling largely in Berlin and Frankfurt. The Direction of the Vienna Union for the assistance of the poorer classes has announced that the first public eating-house will be opened in the suburb of Grumpendorf on the 2nd of January. A portion of soup, with rice, pearlbarley, &c., in it, will cost two kreutzers, or about three farthings, and a portion of soup, meat, and vegetables, seven kreutzers, which is a fraction less than threepence. The food may be eaten in the public hall, or fetched away between the hours of eleven and one, "excepting on Sundays and holidays."

The Paris correspondent of *Le Nord* says he is assured that the French Government has demanded of the Cabinet of Vienna an explanation of the toast which had been drunk in honour of the Russian army at a banquet given to Marshal Baron Hess, to celebrate his fiftieth year of military service.

PRUSSIA.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* has been endeavouring to get up a book subscription in the Prussian capital, for the sake of the Anglo-German Legion now in the Crimea, but has been compelled to abandon the attempt, as no subscriptions of money can be opened without the previous consent of the police, and this it would have been impossible to obtain, as the act might be considered to compromise the neutrality of Prussia! The most inoffensive acts in the second of the German states cannot be performed without police sanction; so the poor fellows of the Legion are compelled to pine without their accustomed intellectual food.

Count Munster, hitherto Military Representative of Prussia at St. Petersburg, who recently returned to Berlin on leave of absence, will not return. It is thought that his place will be filled by Colonel Von Burgh, a vehement pro-Russian, who, together with Count Munster, was present at the *Te Deum* celebrated at St. Petersburg for the fall of Kars.

ITALY.

The Neapolitan and Sicilian refugees residing at Genoa are greatly excited in consequence of an order said to have been received by eight ships of war of the English naval division of the Black Sea to repair to Messina.

A gentleman, whose impartiality may be judged from the fact that he is an ardent convert to the Roman Church, writing quite recently from the Eternal City, offers the following involuntary testimony to the excellences of the Papal Government:—"I returned here ten days ago. Rome is not of course so full as last year, but I believe a fair quantity of people are coming. The condition of the States seems just as usual—fraud, lying, and imposture: strong young men beg of you in the streets, and well-dressed men out of employ: foreigners are victimised in every way to make up the deficit of a bankrupt treasury. I am afraid to say how much lading I was charged on arriving at Civita Vecchia for my luggage; and they had the audacity the other day to demand of me something like 12s. 6d. for my 'Weekly Register' and 'Tablet,' which demand I refused to comply with, and want no more newspapers to be sent me from England whilst the rates of postage are so exorbitant. A friend of mine told me he once paid five scudi, more than £1 sterling, for a newspaper."—The rest of the letter was filled with enthusiastic descriptions of ecclesiastical celebrations.

SPAIN.

General O'Donnell has been seriously ill with bilious fever, but is now better. He was seized at the Queen's ball on the night of the 20th of December, and at one time was delirious.

Senor Brail has read, as was expected, the bill authorising the establishment of a new bank, on the principles of, and in connexion with, the Credit Mobilier Company of Paris, and authorising the Government to make similar concessions on the same bases, when they may consider it advantageous to do so. The bill was referred to the sections, for the nomination of a committee to report upon it. The

title of the new association is to be "General Society of Credit;" the capital 256,000,000 reals, or 120,000,000fr., at the exchange of 19 reals per 5fr., in 240,000 shares of 1,900 reals or 500fr. each, divided into series, and issued in virtue of a decree of the Council of Administration; the first series to be 80,000 shares, which are to be issued immediately, and on which the subscribers must pay up at least thirty per cent. within fifteen days of the approval of the statutes; the shares to be payable to bearer, but may be deposited by the owners in their names with the society, receiving from the latter a nominative receipt as a guarantee: a reserve fund to be formed annually out of the profits, but not to exceed 20,000,000fr.; the association to be directed by a council of fifteen administrators, elected by the shareholders; the council to elect the director-general and sub-director; and an account to be furnished to the Government every six months of the state of its affairs, and also at such other times as it may be called on to do so.—*Times*.

The Barcelona papers state that the youngest of the Tristany's has died of the severe wounds which he received during an encounter which they had with the column of General Rios two days before. Twenty other Carlists were placed *hors de combat* on that occasion; twenty-three more Carlists were in prison at Cardona, and about thirty people of that district and Segurra had been sent off to Barcelona in custody of a company of Cazadores. The Carlist agents sent off to the different districts of Catalonia are stated to have returned with very discouraging news as to the prospects of a successful movement in any part of Catalonia, so much so that one of the most daring chiefs of the party is said to have exclaimed at their last meeting that the game was up for the present, and to have recommended each one to provide for his own safety ("cada mochuelo a su olivo"—"every owl to his ivy-bush").—*Idem*.

The Duke of Sotomayor, formerly Ambassador to London and Paris, and at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid, has shot himself dead. For some time past, he had suffered much from gout; and lately he exhibited great wildness and nervousness, and expressed a fear that he should commit suicide. Indeed, it appears that he had made one or two attempts previously, but had been prevented by the watchful care of his Duchess.

ROME.

The new foreign Cardinals named at Rome are Joseph Othman Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna; Charles Reisach, Archbishop of Munich; Clement Villecourt, Bishop of Repellensin; and Father Francis Gande, Dominican Friar. The Pope, in nominating them, said that he desired to show that the Church of Rome does not recognise any distinction of nation among its servants. A writer from Rome observes that the people of that city have called Austria, since the passing of the Concordat, "an ecclesiastical province of Rome."

GREECE.

It is said in the diplomatic circles of Constantinople that the visit paid to King Otho by M. de Prokesch has resulted in opening the eyes of that sovereign on the policy followed up to the present by his government with regard to the Western Powers. M. Christophoulo, Minister of Public Instruction, has founded at Athens a public school. A telegraphic despatch from Jassy announces that Prince Ghika has decided on the abolition of slavery, and has convoked the Divan for the 10th, in order to give this measure a legal sanction.

Some frightful particulars of the anarchical state of Greece are contained in a letter from Athens:—"In the district of Mégara, twenty or twenty-five malefactors shut up the Mayor's flock in a stable and set fire to the building. One of the men relented, or the animals would all have been burnt. The crime was committed because the Mayor had refused to act as the commissioner of these banditti. Fifty of these ruffians entered the town of Thebes. Fortunately, a detachment of troops was there; but these could not prevent serious disorders in the Faubourg of St. Theodore, where some Wallachian shepherds were robbed. A similar band appeared in the parish of Acrefnion, and put the monks of the Convent of Agia Pelazia to the torture. They sent word to the authorities of Thebes, and especially to the Mirarch Tzino, charged with the pursuit of the brigands, that they invited him to go and attack them. In the parish of Iirimni, in the province of Loorida, they have seized two young men of good family, for whose ransom they demand 18,000 drachmas. In a village in the province of Hypata, they pillaged all the inhabitants, three of whom they mortally wounded. They took away the richest person in the place, for whose release they demand a considerable sum. Two of the inhabitants had their ears and noses cut off. Yesterday, at four hours' journey from Athens, on the road to Marcopoulos, robbers stopped and plundered all travellers. In the night, they entered the village of Tatoi, at three hours' journey from Athens, and seized and mutilated the gendarmes stationed there."

GERMANY.

A royal decree in Hanover has just abolished the jury in trials for political offences, and those committed by the press.

The allied cause (says a correspondent of the *Times*) has just been deprived of the services of a fair young Amazon who longed to do battle against the Moskov. The daughter of the Oberhoff-Marschall of Baden, sixteen years old, managed to get clear of her father's house and to arrive, per railway, at Kehl in man's attire and smoking a cigar. Here she was arrested in her further progress, and conveyed ignominiously back to the seat of parental authority.

Great indignation has been excited at Hamburg by the arrest of Mr. Julius Campe, a publisher, for issuing a work detailing the "Secret History" of the Court of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—a work which contains particulars reflecting very seriously on the private life of Prince William of that state, as well as on the court generally. Mr. Campe was commanded by the authorities to give up the name of the person from whom he had received certain information: he refused, when he was arrested, and told he would be fined ten dollars every day as long as he remained obstinate. The author of the work (Dr. Vehse) is also in custody. The Liberals are getting up a petition for their release.

The federal fortress of Rastadt is nearly completed; but it will not hold more than fourteen thousand men—a garrison which would be insufficient to stop the march of a hostile army into Southern Germany.

DENMARK.

In the highly probable supposition that Denmark will give her adhesion, if she has not already done so, to the treaty of Nov. 21, concluded between the Western Powers and Sweden, it was reported at Copenhagen that the island of Bornholm, the furthest possession of Denmark in the Baltic, would be placed next spring at the disposal of England and France for the establishment of provision magazines and hospitals for their land and sea forces. The island is in many respects a most important military point. The anxiety at first shown by the Germans to enlist in the English Legion has diminished. Nevertheless, a recruiting agent succeeded, a few days ago, in enlisting a certain number of soldiers of the former Holstein army, near Glückstadt. The police of that town, however, on being apprised of the fact, arrested the English agent and all the recruits, and had them conveyed to Altona, where they are now confined.—*Letter from Stockholm in the Independance Belge.*

A treaty is said to have been proposed by Denmark, in virtue of which England would guarantee the Danish West India islands against any attack which the United States might make upon them, in case of a rupture arising out of the Sound Dues question; but this rumour is not probable.

TURKEY.

Constantinople and Scutari have been visited with horrible weather. Rain, sleet, snow, and heavy gales, with a slight shock of earthquake, have afflicted the Turkish capital and its environs; and an increase of rheumatism and low fever in the hospital at Scutari has been the consequence. The houses in Constantinople are not properly adapted to the exclusion of cold; and the price of labour is now so high that it is difficult to obtain workmen to execute the most necessary repairs. For this reason, the Barrack hospital at Scutari presents many broken windows, glaziers not being procurable for mending them. The health of the Germans in the hospital at Scutari continues to improve. Only sixty now remain, and of these some are convalescent.

General Storks has issued an order prohibiting the retailing of spirits in the canteens and shops of the depot under his command at Constantinople.

RUSSIA.

The St. Petersburg banks, according to mercantile advices from the Russian capital, have limited the amount of their cash payments "owing to the scarcity of bullion," but they have not ceased issuing cash entirely. This will explain the urgent efforts recently made at Berlin and elsewhere to raise a loan on almost any terms.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS CURTIS, the eminent builder, died at his house, Denbies, Dorking, on the 20th of December. He was born near Norwich on the 25th of February, 1788, and commenced life as a journeyman carpenter. It is to him that we owe Belgravia, a large part of Pimlico, Tavistock and Gordon Squares, Woburn-place, and other parts of London. He was a man of considerable energy, and always behaved with great kindness to his workmen.

MR. JOSIAH CONDER.—The newspaper press has sustained a loss in the person of one of its most worthy members—Mr. Josiah Conder, for twenty-three years editor of the *Patriot*, who died on Thursday week, at St. John's Wood. Mr. Conder was born in London in September, 1789, and commenced life as a publisher and bookseller. He was for many years the proprietor and editor of the *Eclectic Review*, and was surrounded by a very brilliant staff of non-

conformist writers, though his own contributions are held to have been equal to those of his coadjutors. He is also well known to many as a writer of devotional poetry; and a series of works which he edited under the title of "The Modern Traveller," published by Mr. James Duncan of Paternoster-row, will always be regarded as an admirable compendium of geographical and historical knowledge. Mr. Conder published many other works. He was greatly loved and respected by his associates.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

TRIAL OF THE SCREW STEAMSHIP PERA.—This new screw steamship, which was built for the Peninsular and Oriental Company by Messrs. Mare, of Blackwall, made an official trial of her speed over the measured mile in Stokes Bay, Southampton, on Saturday morning. The dimensions of the Pera are—length for tonnage, 303ft. 7in.; ditto over all, 334ft.; breadth, 42ft. 3in.; depth of hold, 27ft. 2in.; height between decks in the clear, 7ft.; full tonnage, 2,630. The engines, by Rennie and Co., are of 450 horse power, and are constructed upon the vertical trunk principle, with Lamb and Summes's patent flue boilers. The shaft has a multiplying wheel of two to one. The engines during the trial averaged 33 revolutions, or 66 entire turns of the screw per minute. The wind was blowing strong from the south-south-west, and after the topgallant yards had been lowered the following runs were made:—First run, 4 minutes 32 seconds, equal to 13.235 knots; second run, 5 minutes 6 seconds, equal to 11.765 knots; third run, 4 minutes 41 seconds, equal to 12.811 knots; fourth run, 4 minutes 50 seconds, equal to 12.414 knots—showing the mean speed of the trial to be 12½ knots, or equal to 14½ geographical miles per hour. The result proved highly satisfactory to every one present, the impression being that an average of twelve knots would be obtained.

SHIPWRECK ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.—A Spanish steamer, of 800 tons burden, named the *Independiente*, laden with sugar from Cadiz, was wrecked a few days ago, under Black Head, about a mile and a-half to the east of Budleigh and Salterton. The occurrence took place at four o'clock in the morning, and the lives of the crew—twenty-five in number—were in the utmost jeopardy. The long-boat first left the wreck with four hands on board, and came to Salterton beach through a tremendous surf. They were, however, safely landed; and two more of the steamer's boats put to sea and landed another four of the crew. The officers and crew of the Coast Guard, after considerable efforts, succeeded in safely landing the remainder of the steamer's crew—seventeen in number.

LORD PANMURE has directed that the title of "Secretary-at-War" be no longer used, and that, in all future communications and correspondence, his Lordship is to be addressed only as "Secretary of State for War."—*United Service Gazette.*

FAVOURITISM.—A young man of seven and twenty, according to the *Elgin Courier*, has been appointed Colonel of the Inverness-shire Militia after only six months' connexion with the regiment, and to the exclusion of officers who have seen long service. The secret appears to be that he is related to a noble family.

THE ROMANCE OF "THE TIMES."

[UNDER this head, we propose to reproduce from week to week the most remarkable of those mysterious advertisements which appear every day at the top of the second column of the *Times*' front page. Some of the strangest glimpses into the romance of reality that any place presents—not excluding the police offices—are to be found in that dusky, hieroglyphical, yet most humanly-interesting, corner of the great diurnal. Tragedies, comedies, farces—love, wretchedness, despair—the outpourings of broken hearts, and the supplications of parents to their runaway children—the last struggles of desperate poverty, and the slow wiles of swindling—suggestions of strange plots, as yet in the bud—odd questions and answers flashed too and fro between distant friends—the whole seen obscurely through a dim veil which it is out of our power to raise, and which gives to the fantastical details a sort of supernatural interest;—of such is "the Romance of the *Times*." Materials like these are worthy of being preserved in some more permanent form.]

R. S.—Bear with patience our separation. I hope to return soon.

I HAVE got a bad cold. James is worse. I do not know where to address you. I hope you are better.—R. S.

TO ISABELLA.—My dearest child, return at once, or write, and I will meet you. Your absence is breaking my heart.—E. M.

A. M.—Received your gifts on Christmas-eve, and were very welcome. Little Bill and all are well. Say where to direct to.

ALL RIGHT, to the 13th of October. C. is to be found at E., and protection. Murray will do, and possession. Nos. 1 and 3 doubtful. Still depend

confidently on the option William gave you; he will persevere through all. He wishes to hear from you much. Your brother is pretty well; his hope strong, and resolution unfaltering. M. D. is most affectionately thanked for kind wishes and kinder advice; but how sad and difficult a task will it prove to follow the latter. A selfish and weak heart has to be controlled, and its very idol to be given up. I will, however, strive as you desire, for I feel that I ought to do thus much at least for a newly found and very dearly beloved relative.

DAISY feels inexpressibly flattered by Spoonini's tender inquiries, but having found a more perfect hero in a new company she begs gratefully to decline any renewal of the old engagement.

RINGWOOD, Hants.—W. S.—Your letter, dated December 19th, has been received to day. The acquaintance has ceased. "Old times and scenes" are only painful and full of regret. We have parted for ever. I am about to be married. Any future communication will be returned unopened. Farewell. Dec. 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BILLETING SYSTEM.—A deputation of the Licensed Victuallers of Pancras waited on Lord Panmure, on Saturday, to call his attention to the hardship to which they are subjected in having to billet, not merely the soldiers of the line, but the militia also. The conduct of the latter was loudly complained of, as disorderly and dirty. Lord Panmure expressed great sympathy with the deputation, and promised that Government would do all in its power to help them. He observed that the only effectual way of meeting the difficulty, as far as he saw, was by raising a sum of money as soon as possible, which should fall equally and lightly on the general taxpayers.

SIR GEORGE GREY, while hunting in Berkshire, on Friday week, was thrown from his horse. The small bone of the arm, just above the wrist, was broken; but he is going on favourably.

FALL OF A BRIDGE IN IRELAND.—A new bridge, about to be opened in place of one which was swept away in the great flood of November, 1853, has fallen into ruins at Lismore, Ireland. It was to have been opened in a few days; but fortunately that ceremony had not taken place, and, as no one was on the bridge at the time, the loss was only that of property and labour.—Another accident of a similar kind has occurred in Ireland. On Christmas-day morning, a gallery in the Roman Catholic chapel of Maugherrow, Sligo, cracked beneath the weight of the immense number of persons crowded on it. The consternation was of course very great, and many persons, in their fright, broke the windows and leapt out. Several were bruised and otherwise injured; but no one was killed.

THE REFUGEE QUESTION.—A meeting was held on Monday evening at the British School-rooms, Cowper-street, City-road, for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the refugees recently expelled from Jersey. Mr. Ernest Jones was in the chair.

LOUIS KOSSUTH has retired from journalism, and ceased his connection with the *Atlas*. In his valedictory address, he speaks rather despondingly of the small effect made by his articles, but looks to future history for the realisation of his prophecies.

STAINFIELD HALL, Lincolnshire, a building erected in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and containing in the kitchen some curious frescoes and panel-paintings, as well as an armoury—has been completely destroyed by fire. The property was to some extent insured.

DROWNED.—Mr. Pepper and Miss Smethwick, a gentleman and lady of Tipperary, who were about to be married, were drowned a few days ago on the sea-shore at Kilkee, during the late gale. They were standing on the rocks, looking at the waves as they spouted up through a cavernous opening, when a large billow drew them into the hole, where they were lost. Some of their companions escaped with difficulty.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY IN IRELAND.—The farm-yards through the greater part of Ireland are at present remarkably well stocked; all descriptions of farming produce fetch high prices; the agricultural population is receiving fair wages; payments of rent are greatly in advance of former years; and, although food is dear, labouring men for the most part are unusually well off.

FIRES IN MANCHESTER AND SUNDERLAND.—A large building, forming six manufacturers' warehouses, has been burnt at Manchester. Damage to the amount of £12,000 has been inflicted.—Sunderland also has been the scene of two serious fires, which burst forth simultaneously at both ends of a building occupied by a farmer. A large amount of farming stock was consumed, including some animals.

DEATH FROM THE SCRATCH OF A CAT.—A poor woman has died in King's College Hospital from the effects of injuries produced by the scratch of a cat. The name of the deceased is Anne Smith, thirty years

of age, the wife of a tailor, and, from what can be ascertained of the matter, it appears that she was chastising the cat in some way, when the animal turned round and scratched her on the arm. She took little notice of the wound until the arm became inflamed, and it soon assumed such a painful state of swelling that application for medical assistance became indispensable. She was accordingly admitted an in-patient, but the inflammatory symptoms were of so obstinate a character that they failed to yield to surgical treatment, when erysipelas supervened, and she died on Saturday last.

ADULTERATION OF BEER.—Several beerhousekeepers were summoned at the West Bromwich Petty Sessions on Saturday last, for using grains of paradise in their brewing. They were fined in the mitigated penalty in each case of £50. Samuel Malden was also summoned for having in his possession certain colouring matter—a mixture of burnt sugar and sulphuric acid—for mixing with the beer, to give it a deep colour and an appearance of strength. He alleged that it was a mixture of treacle and vinegar only, prepared for the use of an invalid son; but the bench convicted Mr. Malden, and fined him also in the mitigated penalty of £50.

SOIREE TO MESSRS. GIBSON AND BRIGHT.—The usual annual *soirée* to the members for Manchester is to be held in the Corn Exchange in that city, on the eve of the meeting of Parliament. The preliminaries were agreed to at a private meeting in Newall's-buildings, on Saturday evening.

PAPAL DOMINATION IN IRELAND.—The Papal bull appointing a successor to the late Dr. Haly in the Roman Catholic See of Leighlin and Ferns has given great dissatisfaction among the more independent of the Irish Papists. The diocese had elected by twenty-one votes the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh as the successor of Dr. Haly; but it is stated that the bull consecrates a clergyman who was never even put in nomination—the Rev. Dr. Miley, President of the Irish College at Paris. This manifestly infringes to a most serious extent on the freedom of the Irish Catholic Church.

SALE OF A CHEAP NEWSPAPER BY AUCTION.—The *Manchester Daily Telegraph*, one of the first of the penny diurnals, was put up the other day for sale by auction. There was only one bidder, who offered one hundred pounds. To him the paper was knocked down; but, not being prepared with an instalment, the sale was quashed, and the paper has since ceased to appear.

M. MUSURUS, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the Sublime Porte to England, has been elevated to the higher rank of Ambassador Extraordinary.

A LONDON NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.—For an uncle to see such sights, his name should be Plato, not Plappington, he should come from the groves of Academe—not Cogglesbury; then might be found a nephew to give him a rare night's roving; to show him the sorrows and the shames, the stony-hearted horrors of the streets, the dead secrets of the river, the unutterable miseries of the hovels in the city that is paved with pure gold. To stand by the hospital-door where the sick go in—to stand at the hospital railings where the corpses come out—to bathe oneself in the ruby glare from the cheap doctor's shop—to listen to the never-ending clang of the pawnbroker's box-doors (private boxes, and the Inferno performed every night)—to hear the oaths of the wan carpenter in the garret, when he finds his tipsy wife has pawned his Sunday coat—and the cries of the wan woman in the cellar as the drunken cobbler beats her head in with his lapstone—to see how the boys are thieves at eight, and the girls lost at twelve, and all of them ragged and starved at any age; and then, *presto*, to lie away to new springs and pastures, to broad, open squares and spacious streets, clean, well-paved, and fresh-smelling, there to see the coroneted carriages roll, the proud horses clamping at great men's doors, the splendid footmen handing up the foaming tankard or the fog-defying drop of short to curly-wigged coaches on the box; the comely housemaids darting out from number three to fetch the beer, and hear the latest news of ribbons, the Life Guards, and missuses from number four; the visions of fragile forms of fair women at drawing-room windows, and of shawled and cloaked figures hastily entering or issuing from carriages. These sights and sounds would suit Plato, but not your uncle Plappington. The philosopher would find matter for weeping and laughter, for cogitation and speculation; but your worthy avuncular hop-merchant would, in all probability, indignantly tell you, that he was not going to be dragged through the slums of the East-end and the gonted deserts of the West, and if you thought that the way to treat your father's brother, sir, you were very much mistaken.—*The Train.*

A PROMOTION FROM THE PRESS.—We have heard with great pleasure that Mr. John Forster, of the *Examiner*, has received the appointment of Secretary to the Commissioners of Lunacy, with a salary of £800 per annum, *vice* Lutwidge, promoted to a Commissionership. One of the most able, honest, and brilliant of press-men—the Editor of a paper which

has been a sort of *classe* in the weekly press—has thus received a reward for services in the Liberal cause which have long merited recognition.

WILLIAM RUSSELL OF THE "TIMES."—It has gladdened the hearts of a host of friends to greet once more at home, after an absence of nearly two years, a man of world-wide fame, who is known more intimately as one of the pleasantest and noblest hearted of "good fellows." William Russell has returned to England on a short leave of absence, and is now in London, enjoying a little well-earned Christmas rest and festivity after his anxious experiences and arduous labours on the field of war. And we are doubly pleased to add that he is looking in excellent health, with all his old geniality and kindness, but with something too of a saddened and soldierly sternness of aspect. We trust that he will not leave old England for another campaign without some fitting testimonial from his brethren of the press of their admiration and esteem. A man who has done so much for the honour of the press and the benefit of his country should not be allowed to depart without some visible sign of fraternal sympathy and public gratitude.

PREVENTION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—Mr. Joseph Taylor, the local engineer on the Morayshire railway, and Mr. Charles T. Cranstoun, the secretary and manager, invented some time ago a method of connecting railway rolling stock, so as to prevent the accidents which frequently result from the usual plan. Having brought their scheme before the notice of the Board of Trade, they received an answer which contained the ensuing passages:—"My Lords do not under ordinary circumstances undertake to investigate and decide upon the comparative merits of such inventions. But, in consequence of the large number of accidents which have occurred to servants of railway companies from being crushed between the buffers of waggons and carriages (*viz.*, twenty-five persons killed and fifteen injured in the year 1854), my Lords are induced to accept inventions of the nature submitted by you. . . . With the view of obtaining further information on the subject of this invention, my Lords have directed Colonel Yolland, one of their inspecting officers, to inspect it and to report to them thereon, when his other engagements will permit." This letter was dated May 15, 1855; but, as yet, the invention has not been inspected by Colonel Yolland, or any other officer from the Board of Trade.

CHURCH-RATES.—A majority of 83 (the numbers being 301—218) has decided against a church-rate at Hitchen, in Hertfordshire.

WILL OF A MILLIONAIRE.—Letters of administration have been issued from the Prerogative Court, under the will of the late Mr. R. Dixon, of Stanstead-park, near Emsworth, Hampshire, who, during a long and honourable career as a wine merchant, had amassed a fortune to the great amount of more than £1,000,000 sterling. He bequeaths the estates, together with the mansion, plate, jewellery, furniture, &c., and property in land, valued at about £3,000 per annum, and a sum of £400,000 in the funds to his widow, for her own absolute use. He leaves to his two sisters, both of whom are advanced in years, £200,000 each. To all his servants £50 a-year for ever, and a further sum of £500 to such as had been long in his service. To every labourer on the estate he has left £5, independently of other minor legacies. About two months before his death, he distributed the large sum of £85,490 among some of his personal friends, adopting the plan of gifts in order to evade the legacy duty, to the payment of which he had very great repugnance. His charitable performances were in accordance with his prodigious wealth. Some few years back, he built and liberally endowed an almshouse for the reception of reduced merchants of advanced age. He also erected a church, with a parsonage and school-house, in the hamlet of Stanstead, making ample provision for their permanent maintenance. To the poor of the district he was ever a generous benefactor. Mr. Dixon was twice married, but leaves no issue by either marriage.

STATE OF TRADE.—Recent commercial accounts from the various manufacturing towns and seats of industry give not merely a satisfactory, but a most encouraging, description of the prospects with which the year is closing. At Manchester, it is said, the state of business at this season has rarely been more active or healthy. In the Birmingham iron trade, there has been an increased demand, and a further tendency to higher quotations. The general occupations of the place likewise show a decided improvement, and in the hardware, brass, and tin-plate manufactories, unusual efforts are necessary to complete the execution of orders. The Nottingham advices, also, describe the continuance of a good demand for both hosiery and lace, and a general feeling of confidence in the future. In the woollen districts there has been a recovery from the recent dulness; and the Irish linen-markets have been well maintained. We can, therefore, enter the New Year under hopeful influences.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, Jan. 5.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

THE conduct of the King of Naples has aroused the anger of the French Emperor, if we may believe the *Morning Post* Paris correspondent, who says:—"I am informed that the Emperor, on the occasion of the reception of the *corps diplomatique*, expressed himself very strongly to the Neapolitan Ambassador on the systematic hostility which the Government of the Two Sicilies has observed to the Western Powers, in a series of petty annoyances. His Majesty is reported to have said:—'*Je desire que la politique du Roi de Naples soit cette année plus franche, plus sincère, dans son intérêt même.*'"

Special conventions between Sweden and the Western Powers, over and above that already published, are talked of. It is said that they will place Sweden in an entirely new attitude towards Russia.

The Czar has written a letter of thanks to General Mouravieff, and also sent him the decoration of the order of St. George, Second-Class, which is held in great esteem in Russia, as an acknowledgment of his great services before Kars.

A melancholy statement, with respect to one of our countrywomen in Arabia, appears in the *Paris correspondence of the Morning Post*, where we read:—"I have this day received communications from Constantinople, which say that the unfortunate Lady Ellenborough, whose romantic adventures are too familiar to the public, was lately assassinated in Arabia, by (says my informant), '*Le harem d'un Cheik Arabe.*'" I am only able to add, that the deed is supposed to have been committed at the suggestion of some women who were jealous of her ladyship."

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

(From a Private Correspondent.)

WE have news from Schumla up to the 22nd of December. At that date, General Smith, commanding the irregular cavalry (which force numbers 7,500 officers and men in the neighbourhood of Schumla), was stated to be in a very precarious state of health, and removal to a warmer climate was indispensable for his recovery; but in his present state removal was impossible. The weather was very cold, and the snow deep.

The Irregular Cavalry is in a very disorderly state, owing to the impossibility of drilling the men during such bad weather, scattered about as they are in the towns and villages; courts of inquiry are held daily. It is the opinion of persons well-informed on the subject, that, unless some vigorous steps are taken immediately, this force will not survive the winter.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.—The adjourned meeting from the 14th ult. of the Crystal Palace shareholders took place yesterday at Bridge-house Tavern, London Bridge, to receive and adopt the report of the Committee of Investigation relative to the affairs of the company. Motions to that effect were carried, after a noisy discussion. After some further business, powers were given to the directors to obtain the passing of a bill submitted to the meeting, affecting the power of the company, the capital &c., by which the latter might be increased to £1,433,333.

SIR EDMUND LYONS arrived in London on Thursday night.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

Our "Open Council" is unavoidably omitted this week.

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.

Cons. Our correspondent's energetic remarks on Mr. F. O. Ward's "turnip test," and on the saving of £874,000 which that gentleman is endeavouring to effect in the cost of the main intercepting tunnels for the north side, deserve our best acknowledgments. They confirm us in the conviction that we have but discharged our duty to the public by giving Mr. Ward all the support in our power in the perilous encounter which he has so courageously undertaken, and, we may add, so successfully prosecuted, against odds that at one time seemed overwhelming. That Mr. Ward should be detested and decried by the engineering clique whose interests and reputation have suffered by his luminous expositions of the truth; that the press, which supports him, should come in for its share of vituperation; and that the angry clamour of the defeated party should rise to its height at the moment of their downfall and dispersion; these are but the ordinary incidents of such struggles, and they only stimulate us to persevere in our advocacy of that splendid system—"the tubular organisation of town and country," which Mr. Ward was the first to conceive as a connected whole, and which owes mainly to his unvaried championship its rapid progress it is now making both in this country and on the continent.

limited programme of the Allies. At this point the German Governments, agonised by the prospect of a wide-spread continental campaign, press upon their patron the terms of a treaty. Observing the encroachments of Western diplomacy in the North, the doubtful attitude of the minor German powers, as the subject of the confederation, and the tremendous preparations for a new campaign which are announced by the Allies, Austria grasps at the chance of pacification, and seizes upon the occasion to step once more in front of Prussia. But Russia comprehends the policy of her neighbour too well to be terrified by an ultimatum. If she yield to any reasonings, it will be to those that concern her own domestic, financial, military condition. She is in no fear of Germany. Germany, if she ever take part in the war, must be forced into it, and who shall force her?

Russia has a more effectual hold upon Austria than either of the Western Powers. The Gallician provinces of Poland alone constitute a handle by which the Emperor ALEXANDER could shake his neighbour's territory. He is not himself beloved by the Polish people, but his yoke is not so hateful as the Austrian. When the Emperor NICHOLAS visited the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH in Galicia, the troops on parade shouted that the CZAR was their Emperor, and not the Austrian. The incident would have lost some of its meaning had not the Imperial Austrian next day removed every Polish regiment from the place, and substituted for them a body of German troops. Whatever be the lawlessness of Russian rule, it is certain that the Russian Czars are less hateful to their conquered subjects than the Austrian Emperors to theirs. Should Russia reject the ultimatum which it is pretended has been dispatched from Vienna, it is not easy to see how the Allies could coerce Austria into a fulfilment of her engagements. The political situation would not be materially altered. Events, indeed, might occur which would involve Germany in the war; but as to declaring that Austria must be compelled to take up arms for the assertion of the principles she has laid down—that is pure absurdity. Austria is not changed since the Conferences at Vienna; she has a modified ultimatum at hand, which will be produced when Count ESTERHAZY'S mission has failed. Meanwhile her army is dwindling down to a peace establishment. This may be perfidy in one sense, but it is wisdom in another, inasmuch as it is wise in a government with a failing exchequer to reduce its expenses. One question that arises is, whether it is more treacherous on the part of Austria to retreat from half-expressed promises, than it is foolish on the part of England to trust them?

If the semi-official organs are to be credited, England does not trust them. And, as their representations tally with what can be ascertained from other sources, they may be taken without much reserve. But on one point considerable doubt exists—the present disposition of the French EMPEROR. Most of the rumours point in one direction—towards Peace. His funds are low; his credit is strained; political France revives, and demonstrations are made on a small scale against the Imperial system. Some occasional and recent incidents have proved that a concentration of force is still necessary to "save society" in Paris. Moreover, a new campaign might give Great Britain the lead, and cancel the disgraces of the English Government and army.

The proposition of a Congress of Sovereigns at Paris, however it may be varnished over by the EMPEROR'S address to the Imperial Guard, indicates the direction in which affairs are drifting. In that address itself the army

of France is told that it has "reconquered its proper position"—i. e., at the head of the armies of Europe. The French took the Malakoff, and "when France is satisfied Europe is content."

It is not clear what further interest the French Government can have in the prosecution of the war. It has occupied Athens and Constantinople; it has taken the lead from the beginning. What is the next step? What can France hope to divide with Austria on the Danube? What with Great Britain in the Baltic?

There remains the Asiatic campaign. France, if she combined with OMAR PACHA to drive the Russians from their position in Asia Minor, would consider that she fought for purely English interests, and that she is not inclined to do this, is proved by the event at Kars. Why was Kars abandoned, its garrison sacrificed, and General WILLIAMS taken prisoner? Why was there not a single Frenchman with the army? Why was OMAR PACHA'S landing delayed? The culpability attaching to the Turkish Government is simply this: that, being helpless, it did nothing. The secret was, that the French alliance would have been unsafe had Great Britain pushed on vigorously the Asiatic war.

The English Government, with its interests threatened in Central Asia, has not made even a demonstration in the Persian Gulf, though in former days demonstrations have there been effectual. This again, is a point at which the interests of the Allies diverge.

The strongest chance of peace consists, then, as we think, not in the efforts of the German Powers, or in the timidity of Russia, but in the truths which the Allies, after mutual reconnoitring, have learned concerning one another. But this chance does not amount to a probability.

THE GREEKS.

The Greeks have made their appeal to public opinion in the West, at a time when it is not likely to excite much attention. The moment for the consideration of their claims will be when, after the declaration of an armistice, the affairs of Turkey are settled. Yet it is never out of season to do an act of justice. Moreover, as a ray of peace has been thrown across the relations of Cabinets, the opportunity may at any moment arrive for the Western Powers to exercise a determinate influence on the politics of the Levant.

The Greeks, then, esteeming this to be their time, complain that they are misjudged. They are accused of Russian tendencies; their commercial character, and their capacities for government, are equally impugned by the Western press. The *Elpis*, of Athens, elaborates, and the *Times* circulates, an apology for the Greek nation.

We are inclined to lay small stress on the charge of a Russian bias, which is not in itself a crime. The Greeks have received many courtesies, and some benefits, from Russia, more benefits and more courtesies, than from France or England. She is at the head of their religion; she adorns their churches with images; she has supported them in Turkey against the Latin supremacy; she has been munificent to their poor in periods of distress. If she has exposed to them, as to the rest of the world, her aggressive designs on Turkey, have not France and Great Britain also? The former has seized Algeria, the latter the Ionian group, one of the favourite territories of the Grecian race. Russia, at least, has never blockaded the Piræus, or chained up the Grecian commerce, or occupied the Grecian capital. It may be that these acts were justifiable; but a nation that has been maltreated and coerced can scarcely be blamed for sympa-

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

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 PACIFICATORS.

It matters little what is the title of the document carried by Count ESTERHAZY to Vienna. It may be an ULTIMATUM; but as there is no probability that its rejection by Russia will lead to a declaration of war by Austria, the point is unimportant. The real problem is, what are the dispositions of Russia, and of the Allied Powers?

The disposition of Russia is illustrated by the proposals recently transmitted from St. Petersburg to Vienna. She has not retreated from her original position. She maintains that the Eastern Question, in its main elements, is one exclusively between Turkey and herself, that the Allies may exclude their fleets from the Euxine, but that she will keep ships of war afloat in that sea—the number to be determined by agreement with the Porte. The other Powers are not to interfere. What is this but the language of the Russian plenipotentiary at the Vienna Conferences exaggerated? It exposes the old policy of the Czars, to regard every point of dispute with Turkey as almost a private—certainly not as an European—question. The distinct policy of the Allies, on the other hand, is to solve the complication upon a general public basis, to bring Turkey within the circle of European states, and to define the limits of Russia under the law of Europe.

So far, as to the pacific impulses of Russia;—she has offered to negotiate, and her offer is a pretence, if it be not a challenge. The terms explained by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF to Count BUOL would leave the question almost where it was before the war began, and in some respects would operate with even more prejudice upon the interests of Turkey and her Allies. By this means, the Emperor ALEXANDER seeks the credit due to a pacificator, without conceding the objects stated even in the most

thising, to some extent, with the policy of the only state that has been almost invariably its champion.

It may be conceded, then, that there is, in Greece, a Russian party, strongly represented in the Cabinet, in the Chambers, and in the press,—not a party that would deliver Greece to Russia, but that, preferring the Russians to the Turks, trusts them, while it suspects the English and hates the French. But the influence of this section has been exaggerated. Opposed to it there is the large patriotic or national party, which, during the revolutionary storms of 1848 and 1849, declared a public schism, hung garlands at their doors when the Austrians were beaten in Hungary, and protested against the immorality and cowardice which permitted Hungary to be stifled by Russia. While Austrian and Russian diplomatists endeavoured to extort from Turkey the surrender of the refugees, this party in Greece, through its organs in the press, exclaimed as loudly as the impulsive but irresolute public in England, against the attack on international law. Its members were menaced, watched, solicited, in vain. This is a fact to remember, when an indiscriminating outcry denounces the Greeks as tools of Russia.

Some of the most active and influential of the Greeks have committed acts of dishonesty, as well as of impolicy. There are those who, while circulating anonymous publications of an anti-Russian character, correspond with Russian officials, exactly as there are those who, while holding appointments under the Ottoman government, conspire against the Porte. These are marked names among the few who comprehend the drift of the Greek agitation. Among acts of impolicy, some must be ascribed to egotism. It was the purest egotism, and the purest folly, on the part of the Greeks, to announce themselves as the only population fit to govern in Turkey. We all know that the Ottoman minority is incapable of administration—that the Porte cannot enforce its own edicts. But, among the mixed races in the European territories of the empire, the Greeks, though they are prominent, are not the only intelligent, ambitious, practical people. They fell into a mistake, therefore, when they talked of themselves as of the only natural governors of European Turkey. When the millions of Christians who inhabit that splendid but half desolate territory, assume their due position, it must be on a basis of equality, leaving vanities, hatreds, and jealousies out of the question.

Neither can it be denied that the claims of the Christians were put forward, if not at the wrong time, at least in the wrong manner. War between Russia and the Western powers being inevitable, and, upon grounds of policy, justifiable, one of two courses should have been pursued by the Greeks. They should have remained silent, or should have taken part with one of the belligerents. If they thought that Russia, by breaking the strength of Turkey, would leave the field open for their social and political development, they had a clear right to think so, however false and illusory the idea. They had their own interests to calculate, and, in acting upon them, would have acted exactly as do the Allies. Interest is the spring of the war; perhaps it was French interest that gave Kars to the enemy. But the Greeks, if such were their convictions, should have had the courage to maintain them, or to abstain from discussion. But they did not, or the majority did not, hold these views. They subscribed large sums of money to propagate anti-Russian ideas;—a pamphlet, written by a retired politician of Greece, which contained the strongest warnings against Russian policy, was translated, at

the expense of the community, into several languages, and fifty thousand copies were circulated. Why then, did the Greeks complain that Turkey was defended against Russia? Was it a time to revolutionise European Turkey, when an enemy was at the gate? Had they foreseen the result—as it was foreseen by many, whose plain reasonings are antedated as prophecies by the noisy Midland mob—that Turkey, as a Turkish state, must sink under the war—they would have pressed on the allied attack, convinced that the great industrious and commercial population of the Levant would rise to the surface, and prove its superiority. Where are the Turks now? Are not their counsels suppressed in the Western Cabinets? Can they concentrate materials for the defence of one city? Can they tyrannise as of old? They are disappearing, while the more lively and progressive race is educating itself for empire. At all events, those Greeks who supported Russia could not complain that the Allies did not support them. Those, on the other hand, who merely plotted their own independence could not expect the Western Powers, engaged in defending their own interests, to join with Russia in suppressing Turkey. Their wisest course would have been, to disavow the Russian tendencies attributed to them, and to strengthen their moral position by calm statements, and by practical reasonings. Their best friends told them this, and it was through preferring violence to moderation, that they became unpopular.

It is not too late. They should watch the issue of the war; they should regain the confidence of the Allies: it is useless to attempt this, while insurrection smoulders in Epirus and Thessaly. When peace is concluded—when the frontiers of an empire have been defined and guaranteed in Eastern Europe, the Christian race may come upon the scene; and it is false to the moral superiority it claims if it cannot eclipse the Turkish nation, without provoking it to a conflict. It has the means. It grows while the Turks decrease; it cultivates the soil; it has a great marine; the corn trade is almost its monopoly: by surpassing the Ottomans in the arts of government, it cannot fail, in time, to supersede them.

The war will have done this service to the Christian race, by proving the incapacity of the Turkish Government. Another question arises, indeed, that of the claims which the selfishness and rivalry of the occupying Powers may induce them to prefer. This, of course, would involve a policy exactly such as, on the part of Russia, has been treated as a public crime. New complications would then arise—perhaps a new war, differing in character from the present.

PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

High officers of the Church are now discussing the question of church-rates in a manner which constitutes a new stage of that vexed question. A compromise is offered. An Archdeacon, who has written to the *Times* a letter intended to soften all the parties, puts forth the doctrine that “it would be best to remain just as we are in these changeable times”—allowing parishioners to refuse, grant, or suffer church-rates, as the case may be; thus “letting in by a side wind to the very voluntary principle itself for which our dissenting brethren pleaded.” On this a Rural Dean declares, that “to allow the law of church-rates to remain in its present unsettled state, is a great disgrace to this country, and a serious inconvenience to all parties concerned.” He believes that the Church would be a great gainer by parting with the power of imposing a rate on her adversaries for the repairs of the

fabric and the maintenance of Divine worship. He insists, indeed, that the Church is properly of a national character,—that the Dissenter has no more right to repudiate his share of the contribution, nationally, than he has to refuse his quota to a tax for a war to which he may object; and, therefore, the Rural Dean proposes that the Nation should buy of the Church the right to rate. Although the details of his calculation are liable to considerable qualification, it is really a striking proposal. The annual sum raised by means of a church-rate is somewhere about £300,000, “which represents,” he says, “an aggregate of £30,000,000.” It is rather a high capital to be taken as represented by the annual proceeds; but let that pass. He does not demand the whole of that sum—no more than a nominal part—one-tenth. Three millions, then, out of the consolidated fund, would be paid to the Church as compensation for depriving her of her church-rate. “With this tithe, she may bring to her aid directly, not ‘by a side wind,’ the voluntary system.” We have no doubt that this sum, invested on the part of the Church, would realise a fund out of which the fabric might be maintained; but the grand point is, that an officer of the Church—a Rural Dean—desires to offer the right of church-rates for sale.

The time is propitious for the consideration of such a question. We see that a society, called the Metropolitan Church Building Society, is about to form what we may call a supplemental church. The society proposes to raise £500,000 by ten yearly instalments, especially by an appeal to the landowners of the metropolis, in order to form a hundred new districts in places where spiritual aid is most needed; and spiritual aid is needed in most parishes of the metropolis, if simple access to the Church be taken as the test of spiritual need. Middlesex is that county in the country which is the worst provided with accommodation for attendance at religious worship: the total provision in comparison with any other English county is as seventeen to thirty; and as about 40,000 souls are added to the metropolitan population every year, the multitude is practically kept away from public worship ‘by the simple want of room, to say nothing of charges on admission.

This Metropolitan Church Extension is a grand scheme, and in its main features a good. Its benefits, indeed, will be measured in a great degree by the spirit in which it is initiated and administered. At the present day the spirit of negative scepticism has given place to a spirit of religious freedom much more accordant with the principles that now generally prevail in politics, and are beginning to make themselves felt in social matters. In other words, men are beginning to think that one generation ought not to dictate to the next, but ought to leave to the next resources unimpaired, opportunities unclosed. That religious worship essentially belongs to human nature appears from the constant recognition of the necessity in all countries and times, with a few very intelligible exceptions. That a direct appeal to the Supreme Power which rules us, and of which we are conscious, with the full belief that the consciousness must be more than reciprocal, is desired and desirable for mankind, also appears from practice. Hence, according to the best of our ability, it is incumbent on us to maintain those edifices for public worship which have descended to us from our forefathers, and to prepare for coming generations those edifices which their increased numbers will require. We should fulfil these duties according to the best of our ability, in material construction, in endowment, and in arrangement. If we had a true ecclesiastical

administration, which we have not, the Government would see that the whole number of the population should be provided with edifices, and that they should be provided and endowed for coming numbers. But while we repel the claim of the Church to rule over us and command our temporal affairs, we do not provide in the temporal Government any department to take care of our ecclesiastical affairs. The Church of the State stands at once as a monopoly, and a thing repudiated. It insists upon attempting to levy rates from the people; the people repudiate it, although it has a right of compulsory tax for the purpose of its maintenance; and the whole question is in a state of suspended litigation. Now that a grand extension of the Church is to be made in the metropolis, we want to know whether the extension will be based upon principles that will tend to perpetuate discord; or will it be made the opportunity of introducing new principles? If so, it might really be constituted a fresh ground upon which our national ecclesiastical administration may rest as upon a basis, while the older part of the Church is reformed. This would indeed be to double the utility of the Metropolitan Church Endowment scheme.

Let us explain our meaning somewhat further. If we take a very stern view of the church-rate question, we might say,—either church-rates should be abolished, and not be levied for a Church which only represents a minority; or, if they be retained as universal local imposts, payable by every parish, then the parish, as in the Free Kirk of Scotland, ought to choose its own pastor, and the whole body of the churches thus constituted should be represented in their Synod. In that case, we should have, however heterogeneous it might be, a really National Church. It is quite possible that a material foundation of that kind would occasion many changes in the doctrinal unity of the Church; and already we see unmistakable signs that the doctrinal unity is daily growing feebler. Not to mention diversities of opinion on subjects of prævenient and subvenient grace, of the imposition of hands, of the essential character or merits of different kinds of church furniture, we may point to the last case of diversity in opinion—the Reverend B. JOWETT's speculative divergencies on the subject of the Atonement! In his treatise on the Epistles of St. PAUL, Mr. JOWETT declares "satisfaction" to be "inconsistent with the divine attributes," anger to be impossible in a real Godhead. "Such a thought refutes itself by the very indignation which it calls up in the human bosom." "Human feelings revolt at attributing to the GOD in whom we live, and move, and have our being, the momentary clemency of a tyrant." GOD cannot be "reconciled" to us through JESUS, says Mr. JOWETT, because GOD is unchangeable; it is *we* who are reconciled to Him, not He to us, through the Sacrifice which was the greatest moral act ever done in this world. This argument is most impressive, and undoubtedly, while powerful in itself, it reconciles many difficulties felt by inquiring minds. But here a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, as it has hitherto been understood, is stricken; but, again we ask, what becomes of the thirty-nine articles.

True the vital spirit of Christianity has something superior to disputations on special points. It is not the human interpretation of any particular doctrine which is essential to the truth of religion, for truth is sufficient and absolute in itself, whether we understand it or not. Each sect may be said to be refuted by the existence of all the rest; but all of them unite in the greatest truths of all. This is the true unity. The sum of the broadest opinions constitutes the national creed; and it really

might be possible to witness, out of the present chaos, the growth of a National Church, permitting local diversities, such as our common law permits, with a general unity, and that capacity for change and progress that belongs to true organic vitality.

THE DUCAL DECREES.

THE Duke of ARGYLE is HARRIET MARTINEAU in reverse. While that unwearied lady applies her powerful mind to expose the abuse of intervention, the Duke of ARGYLE, regarding himself, apparently, as the father of his people in the island of Tirree, constitutes himself in detail the manager of the house and of the men, for each one of his tenants. His agent in that island has issued a notice announcing, that after the 16th of November last, "no tenant paying under £30 of rent is to be allowed to use whisky or any spirits, at weddings, balls, funerals, or any other gatherings; and all offenders against the terms of this notice will be dispossessed of their lands at the next term." We are at present without any complete explanation of this notice, and are left, therefore, to the internal evidence. It is clear that the Duke is no friend to intoxication, and so far he must be considered to entertain meritorious opinions. It is something to catch a Duke who objects to intoxication, even in other men. We will not ask whether he indulges in it himself; for, although Dukes have been known to cultivate alcohol, and have been seen, yea! in the House of Peers, in an alcoholic condition, the Duke of ARGYLE is far too refined and conscientious a man ever to be under the influence of any spirits but the most exalted. It is rather remarkable, however, that he stands on the right side of the line. Evidently, the notice does not preclude the Duke himself from using whisky or other spirits at weddings, balls, or funerals, if he be so minded. It appears, therefore, that he is not absolutely against whisky and other spirits, but that he limits the prohibition to persons on one side of a given line. He yields, perhaps, to the dogma, that "one must draw the line somewhere."

But why fix upon £30 of rent? Is it that, in the island of Tirree, all persons paying that amount in full, have the self-possession or the refinement to condemn the abuse of whisky and spirits? If this is the case in the island of Tirree, then we must say that that island is more blest than the remainder of Scotland. We have seen men paying more than £30 of rent, who showed that they were as little to be trusted with whisky, even at funerals, as men of the lowest conceivable rent. Rent is not a test of morals, or of self-control, and we have some difficulty of understanding how it comes to be taken for such by the accomplished Duke. The only conclusion at which we can arrive is, that the qualification is a tribute to property. The Duke, perhaps, thinks he can do what he likes with his own, when his own are tenants, and poor; but men above £30 have a right to a will of their own.

If it were otherwise, and all sober people had a right to refuse a restraint upon the unsober, how would either House of Parliament fare? Surely some non-ducal ARGYLE, who has joined the Teetotal Society, though he is not paying £30 of rent, might morally impose his veto upon members in both Houses of Parliament. Notice might be hereby given that—"After this date, no Member or Peer is to be allowed to use whisky or any other spirits while the SPEAKER is at prayers, at dinner time, or before ten o'clock, in order to protect the decorum of debate." We all know how desirable such a rule is. Mr. HALL, the magistrate, is an authority; he says that all per-

sons requiring to use such drinks after ten o'clock in the evening are either thieves, drunkards, or prostitutes. And perhaps he would not be a bad person to be appointed as commissioner for the untitled ARGYLE, who would introduce sobriety into either House, as the ducal ARGYLE is introducing it into Tirree.

Another Duke has been proposing to regulate the agriculture of this country, beginning with his own farms. For, as the Model of Dukes said, "May not a man do what he likes with his own?" The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND will not allow a tenant to remain on his estates who will not sign an agreement forbidding him various agricultural proceedings under penalties. The farmer shall not grow his own turnip-seed; he shall not break up grass-land without leave, on penalty of £50 for every acre so broken up, in addition to the rent; he shall pay "£5 an acre for every acre of fallow not manured with 20 tons of rotten dung; £5 an acre more for every acre not cultivated in the four-course rotation; £10 an acre more for every acre of potatoes grown beyond a specified quantity; £5 an acre more for every acre of certain fields then in tillage, which should not be laid to permanent grass after the first rotation; £5 an acre more for every acre of grass-land which should be mowed without having been previously dressed with 12 tons of dung; £5 per ton more for every ton of hay or straw sold." And even these are not all the penalties to be incurred by an experimental and enterprising farmer on the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND's estates.

We know there are landlords who dictate how many children a man shall have in a family; others point out the proper church to attend; some the proper costume to be worn: those persons are all the self-styled "fathers" of their tenantry. And we do not see so much objection to the encroachments of the Restoration, for this is the paternity of feudalism. We very much doubt whether the farmer who has ceased to be a resident dependent upon his landlord is in so much better a condition than the old occupant by base tenure. The correlative of all authority like this is the dependence of the inferior. The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND will not allow a man to cultivate his own land in his own way: good; but then the Duke must be expected to guarantee the tenant against adverse seasons, fluctuations of the markets, mistakes in farming or in trading. To guarantee, in short, the whole results of agriculture. Will he do so? Will he who directs the farming of the farmer undertake to give his tenants a handsome income irrespectively of agricultural success. The Duke of ARGYLE will not allow his subordinate tenantry to make merry at weddings, balls, or funerals, with the usual means of conviviality. Will he, then, give those superior means of enjoyment, which are not whisky or other spirits? For that is exactly the correlative. If the Dukes will undertake for their people, let the people ask the Dukes to fulfil the contract. If the Dukes make themselves felt only by dictation and prohibition, the people are very likely to ask, what is the good of Dukes?

Is there any Duke able to answer that question?

THE IMPERIAL GUARD.—A decree has been issued for the reorganisation of the Imperial Guard. It is intended to enlarge the basis of the Guard "by introducing," to quote the language of the Minister of War, "the excellent elements which the army of the East can now provide it with." It is believed that the Guards and some of the other troops which have served in the Crimea will form the nucleus of an army of picked men, which can be directed against any point whenever occasion may require. A campaign on the Rhine is talked of; and Prussia, which is much less popular now in France than it was a short time back, may have to look to its frontiers.

Literature.

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

WE have received a letter from Dr. LATHAM on the subject of "Hiawatha" and LONGFELLOW's supposed plagiarisms. Writing, as we do, in complete ignorance of "Kalewala," and consequently unable to form any opinion of the amount of resemblance actually traceable between it and "Hiawatha," we are at a disadvantage which Dr. LATHAM will appreciate; but, nevertheless, we cannot alter our present position in the controversy. The question raised has two points: one of fact, and one of literary morals. The question of fact is:—Did LONGFELLOW know the poem of "Kalewala," and ignore it? The question of morals is:—Can the poet be justly blamed for not naming the work he has imitated? To both our answer would (under present circumstances) be a negative. We do not believe LONGFELLOW knew "Kalewala;" or, if he ever read that poem, it had escaped his memory, we should imagine, at the time of writing the notes to "Hiawatha." Our reason for this statement is that we have entire faith in LONGFELLOW's integrity. He says nothing of "Kalewala," simply because he felt no obligations to it. Observe, he does not claim originality. He freely mentions sources from which all his legends are derived; and we cannot conceive a reasonable motive for his concealing his obligations to "Kalewala," had he felt any. However, let Dr. LATHAM be heard:—

SIR,—I see that the *Athenæum* is not the only paper that has noticed the relations between Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and the fine poem of "Kalewala." It is a matter upon which I have always been certain that ink would be spilt; and I have looked out for the first splittings of it with some little interest.

The writer of the notice in the *National Intelligencer* (U.S.), as quoted in your literary column of last week, says, that Longfellow has transferred from the "Kalewala" to "Hiawatha" the "entire form, spirit, and many of the most striking incidents" of the poem. This is, in the main, a true statement; indeed if, instead of "many" we wrote "some," it would be unexceptionable.

Now, as the writer says "incidents," his view is perfectly compatible with the fact that Longfellow announces in his notes, viz., that the legends are taken from Mr. Schoolcraft's work on "The American Indians." No one doubts this. The question is as to the "form and spirit" and some "incidents,"—the "form and spirit" being the more important.

How far the suggestions from the "Kalewala" ought to have been acknowledged by the author of "Hiawatha" (and that, under any point of view, they are very considerable is a matter upon which there can scarcely be two opinions) is another matter.

Suppose that, ten years after the first publication of "Ossian," a French poet, cognisant of English, had written a poem Ossianic in "form and spirit," but Breton or Basque in respect to its legends, what should be the contents of his preface or notes (supposing he had them) in the way of allusion to, or acknowledgment of, his sources? Would he be justified in referring only to the writer from whom he got his legends, wholly ignoring Ossian?

I ask this question without answering it; but I add, that *mutatis mutandis* this is the case with the relations between "Hiawatha" and the "Kalewala."

I remain, Sir, yours most faithfully,

R. G. LATHAM.

Dr. LATHAM's illustration is excellent; but we should answer the question respecting the Ossianic imitation by saying that it depends entirely on the amount of obligation, and the nature of the points imitated. LONGFELLOW's legends are not his own invention; the metre is not his own invention; but the *poetry* is, and in a poem this is the principal matter. GOETHE did not invent the story of "Hermann und Dorothea;" nor did he invent the metre; nor did he ever, in note or preface, allude to the origin of the story, or to his predecessors in German hexameters; yet we have heard none of his virulent critics accuse him of plagiarism or poetical dishonesty. In LONGFELLOW's case the obligation to "Kalewala" is assumed: it is very possibly no direct obligation at all; but, granting the obligation, we entirely absolve the poet for not having mentioned it.

Fraser's Magazine, this month, opens with a second part of "Friends in Council Abroad," not equal to the first in point of serious interest, but bright with delicate and happy touches which may make it even more acceptable to the mass of readers. Let us take a fragment from the commencement.

MILVERTON.

Yes, Ellesmere, my love for woods is unabated. There is so much largeness, life, and variety in them. Even the way in which the trees interfere with one another, the growth which is hindered, as well as that which is furthered, appears to me most suggestive of human life; and I see around me things that remind me of governments, churches, sects, and colonies. Then one is not molested by tiresome, noisy winds, which, though they may be good things for health, are a hindrance to thought. A little bit of a breeze now and then strays into the wood, but it is innocuous. Regardless of it, the fungi expand, the dead boughs maintain their hold, and the flimsiest insects are not discomposed. Every wood is full of history and antiquity. But if you were to ask me what I prefer most in natural scenery, it would not be a wood.

ELLESMERE.

What then?

MILVERTON.

There are two kinds of scenery which fascinate a man: one connected with his early associations, the other corresponding with his character. You know that little rill behind our inn, which bubbles down amidst great stones. I was thinking this morning, as I watched it, how unutterably fond of such a rill, throughout his life, any man would be who had been born near it. My first recollections are of a pond, and you may laugh as you please, but life seems somewhat insupportable to me without a pond—a squarish pond, not over clean. You will ask me why I do not make one at Worth-Ashton. Perhaps, as the years go on, I shall, and totter feebly about it in second childhood, having returned, as we do all, to

our first love. You are smiling at me. I see you are unworthy to have a pond, and that you do not know the beauties of it. Thither come the more contemplative insects, and sit upon the waters, or perch upon the top of the reeds. Quiet old fish, who have seen much of life, make their lazy waving way through the dull waters. You can trace their movements by the light ripples on the top, even when you cannot see the fish themselves. Then, perhaps, there is a majestic water-lily (there was one in my early suburban pond); and what can be more glorious to behold? And then, too, however small the pond, the sky is to be seen in it.

A learned and admirable review of PRESCOTT's "Philip the Second" succeeds: let no historical reader pass it over, for it is a rare thing to meet with a review of a serious work written by a man who knows the subject; and this writer evidently knows his. The article on "Men and Women" is one of those criticisms which leave behind them a durable impression. It dwells with disproportionate emphasis, we think, on BROWNING's faults; but then it is meant as a serious lecture to him, and beside it there is no lack of appreciation, keen and hearty, of his fine qualities. On a young poet such remonstrances would produce lasting benefit. On a poet of confirmed maturity we do not fancy much impression can be made.

The critic lectures the poet; but we feel tempted also to lecture the critic. There is one fault in this article which we should not have expected from such a writer, namely, the acquiescence in a form of expression which sounds like slang cant, and is very prodigally employed by a certain set of writers who mean to be emphatic when they talk of "God's sky," and "God's earth," and "God's ocean," and "God's winds," as if there were sky, earth, ocean, and winds belonging to the devil. There is more irreverence than emphasis in this form of expression, and it should be left to sermons and tracts.

Blackwood is very political this month; and politics it is not our cue here to speak. A new story, called "A Military Adventure in the Pyrenees," is commenced this month. There is also a well-timed article on "Drinking and Smoking," in which the writer not only attacks the Teetotal nonsense, but indicates in a few rapid paragraphs the advance of the general population from the bestial indulgence of former days to the rational indulgence of our own days. There is a long quotation from an article by SYDNEY SMITH, in the *Edinburgh* (not reprinted in the "Works"), which was well worth reproducing, so admirable in its mixture of pleasantry and good sense.

Among the new serials starting with the beginning of the year, our attention has been especially directed to a magazine called *The Train*. We have not had time to examine this new venture very attentively, but we can honestly report upon it, at the outset, as being cheap, excellently printed, and judiciously limited as to the length and number of the articles. Having only been able to glance at the papers in the present month's number, we cannot be expected to go into detail on the question of the merits or defects. Our general impression is that such short articles as that on the various types of "Boys," by Mr. Yates, and that on "Wilkes And Number Forty-Five," by Mr. Draper, (whom we hope to meet with again on the subject of Wilkes) are of the kind that the Editor ought most to encourage; and that he must be well on his guard, in the serial stories, and in the poetical contributions, against allowing too much of the slap-dash and wilfully smart style of writing, to get into the columns of *The Train*. Besides the contributors whose articles we have mentioned, Mr. Oxenford Mr. Sala, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Godfrey Turner, and the brothers Brough are members of the "staff" of the new magazine. The illustrations are by Mr. McConnell and Mr. C. H. Bennett. We are glad to see a paper on the "Ballads of Victor Hugo" advertised among the contents promised for next month. Honest and careful criticisms on valuable contemporary works are sure to be of help in making the reputation of *The Train*.

The rest of the Periodicals we must leave till next week.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT.

The Shaving of Shagpat; an Arabian Entertainment. By George Meredith.

Chapman and Hall.

No art of religious symbolism has a deeper root in nature than that of turning with reverence towards the East. For almost all our good things—our most precious vegetables, our noblest animals, our loveliest flowers, our arts, our religious and philosophical ideas, our very nursery tales and romances, have travelled to us from the East. In an historical as well as in a physical sense, the East is the Land of the Morning. Perhaps the simple reason of this may be, that when the earth first began to move on her axis her Asiatic side was towards the sun—her Eastern cheek first blushed under his rays. And so this priority of sunshine, like the first move in chess, gave the East the precedence though not the pre-eminence in all things; just as the garden slope that fronts the morning sun yields the earliest seedlings, though those seedlings may attain a harder and more luxuriant growth by being transplanted. But we leave this question to wiser heads—

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

(Excuse the novelty of the quotation.) We have not carried our reader's thoughts to the East that we may discuss the reason why we owe it so many good things, but that we may introduce him to a new pleasure, due, at least indirectly, to that elder region of the earth. We mean "The Shaving of Shagpat" which is indeed an original fiction just produced in this western island, but which is so intensely Oriental in its conception and execution, that the author has done wisely to guard against the supposition of its being a translation, by prefixing the statement that it is derived from no Eastern source, but is altogether his own.

"The Shaving of Shagpat," is a work of genius, and of poetical genius. It has none of the tameness which belongs to mere imitations manufactured with servile effort or thrown off with simious facility. It is no patchwork of borrowed incidents. Mr. Meredith has not simply imitated Arabian fictions, he has been inspired by them; he has used Oriental forms, but only as an Oriental genius would have used them who had been "to the manner born." Goëthe, when he wrote an immortal work under the inspiration of Oriental studies, very properly called it *West-östliche*—West-eastern—because it was thoroughly Western in spirit, though Eastern in its forms. But this double epithet would not give a true idea of Mr. Meredith's work, for we do not remember that throughout our reading we were once struck by an incongruity between the thought and the form, once startled by the intrusion of the chill north into the land of the desert and the palm. Perhaps more lynx-eyed critics, and more learned Orientalists, than we, may detect discrepancies to which we are blind, but our experience will at least indicate what is likely to be the average impression. In one particular, indeed, Mr. Meredith differs widely from his models, but that difference is a high merit: it lies in the exquisite delicacy of his love incidents and love scenes. In every other characteristic—in exuberance of imagery, in picturesque wildness of incident, in significant humour, in aphoristic wisdom, the "Shaving of Shagpat" is a new Arabian Night. To two thirds of the reading world this is sufficient recommendation.

According to Oriental custom the main story of the book—The Shaving of Shagpat—forms the setting to several minor tales, which are told, on pretexts more or less plausible, by the various *dramatis personæ*. We will not forestall the reader's pleasure by telling him who Shagpat was, or, what were the wondrous adventures through which Shibli Bagarag, the wandering barber, became Master of the Event and the destroyer of illusions, by shaving from Shagpat the mysterious identical, which had held men in subjection to him. There is plenty of deep meaning in the tale for those who cannot be satisfied without deep meanings, but there is no didactic thrusting forward of moral lessons, and our imagination is never chilled by a sense of allegorical intention predominating over poetic creation. Nothing can be more vivid and concrete than the narrative and description, nothing fresher and more vigorous than the imagery. Are we reading how horsemen pursued their journey? We are told that they "flourished their lances with cries, and jerked their heels into the flanks of their steeds, and stretched forward till their beards were mixed with the tossing manes, and the dust rose after them crimson in the sun." Is it a maiden's eyes we are to see? They are "dark, under a low arch of darker lashes, like stars on the skirts of storm." Sometimes the images are exquisitely poetical, as when Bhanavar looks forth "on the stars that were above the purple heights and the blushes of inner heaven that streamed up the sky," sometimes ingenious and pithy: for example, "she clenched her hands an instant with that feeling which knocketh a nail in the coffin of a desire not dead." Indeed, one of the rarest charms of the book is the constant alternation of passion and wild imaginativeness with humour and pithy, practical sense. Mr. Meredith is very happy in his imitation of the lyrical fragments which the Eastern tale-tellers weave into their narrative, either for the sake of giving emphasis to their sententiousness, or for the sake of giving a more intense utterance to passion, a loftier tone to description. We will quote a specimen of the latter kind from the story of *Bhanavar the Beautiful*. This story is the brightest gem among the minor tales, and perhaps in the whole book. It is admirably constructed and thoroughly poetic in its outline and texture.

Bhanavar gazed on her beloved, and the bridal dew overflowed her underlids, and she loosed her hair to let it flow, part over her shoulders, part over his, and in sighs that were the measure of music she sang:

"I thought not to love again!
But now I love as I loved not before;
I love not: I adore!

O my beloved, kiss, kiss me! waste thy kisses like a rain.
Are not thy red lips fain?
Oh, and so softly they greet!
Am I not sweet?

Sweet must I be for thee, or sweet in vain:
Sweet to thee only, my dear love!
The lamps and censers sink, but cannot cheat
Those eyes of thine that shoot above,
Trembling lustres of the dove!
A darkness drowns all lustres: still I see
Thee, my love, thee!

Thee, my glory of gold, from head to feet!
Oh, how the lids of the world close quite when our lips meet!"

Almeryl strained her to him, and responded:

"My life was midnight on the mountain side;
Cold stars were on the heights:
There, in my darkness, I had lived and died,
Content with little lights.
Sudden I saw the heavens flush with a beam,
And I ascended soon,
And evermore over mankind supreme
Stood silver in the moon."

And he fell playfully into a new metre, singing:

"Who will paint my beloved
In musical word or colour?
Earth with an envy is moved:
Sex-shells and roses she brings,
Gems from the green ocean-springs,
Fruits with the fairy bloom-dews,
Feathers of Paradise hues,
Waters with jewel-bright falls,
Ore from the Genii-halls:
All in their splendour approved;
All; but, match'd with my beloved,
Darker, denser, and duller."

Then she kissed him for that song, and sang:

"Once to be beautiful was my pride,
And I blush'd in love with my own bright brow

Once, when a wooer was by my side,
I worship'd the object that had his vow:
Different, different, different now,
Different now is my beauty to me:
Different, different, different now!
For I prize it alone because prized by thee."

Almeryl stretched his arm to the lattice, and drew it open, letting in the soft night wind, and the sound of the fountain and the bulbul and the beam of the stars, and versed to her in the languor of deep love:

"Whether we die or we live
Matters it now no more;
Life has nought further to give:
Love is its crown and its core.
Come to us either, we're rife,—
Death or life!
"Death can take not away,
Darkness and light are the same:
We are beyond the pale ray,
Wrapt in a rosier flame;
Welcome which will to our breath,—
Life or death!"

An example of Mr. Meredith's skill in humorous apologue is the *Punishment of Khipil the Builder*, which is short enough to be quoted without much mutilation:—

They relate that Shapesh, the Persian, commanded the building of a palace, and Khipil was his builder. The work lingered from the first year of the reign of Shapesh even to his fourteenth. One day Shapesh went to the river-side where it stood, to inspect it. Khipil was sitting on a marble slab among the stones and blocks; round him stretched lazily the masons and stonecutters and slaves of burden; and they with the curve of humorous enjoyment on their lips, for he was reciting to them adventures, interspersed with anecdotes and recitations and poetic instances, as was his wont. They were like pleased flocks whom the shepherd hath led to a pasture freshened with brooks, there to feed indolently; he, the shepherd, in the midst.

Now the King said to him, "O Khipil, show me my palace where it standeth, for I desire to gratify my sight with its fairness."

Khipil abased himself before Shahpesh, and answered, "Tis even here, O King of the age, where thou delightest the earth with thy foot, and the ear of thy slave with sweetness. Surely a site of vantage, one that dominateth earth, air, and water, which is the builder's first and chief requisition for a noble palace, a palace to fill foreign kings and sultans with the distraction of envy; and it is, O Sovereign of the time, a site, this site I have chosen, to occupy the tongues of travellers and awaken the flights of poets!"

Shahpesh smiled and said, "The site is good! I laud the site! Likewise I laud the wisdom of Ebn Busrac, where he exclaims:—

"Be sure, where Virtue faileth to appear,
For her a gorgeous mansion men will rear;
And day and night her praises will be heard,
Where never yet she spake a single word."

Then said he, "O Khipil, my builder, there was once a farm-servant that, having neglected in the seed-time to sow, took to singing the richness of his soil when it was harvest, in proof of which he displayed the abundance of weeds that coloured the land everywhere. Discover to me now the completeness of my halls and apartments, I pray thee, O Khipil, and be the excellence of thy construction made visible to me?"

Quoth Khipil, "To hear is to obey."

He conducted Shahpesh among the unfinished saloons and imperfect courts and roofless rooms, and by half-erected obelisks, and columns pierced and chipped, of the palace of his building. And he was bewildered at the words spoken by Shahpesh; but now the king exalted him, and admired the perfection of his craft, the greatness of his labour, the speediness of his construction, his assiduity; feigning not to behold his negligence.

Presently they went up winding balusters to a marble terrace, and the King said, "Such is thy devotion and constancy to toil, O Khipil, that thou shalt walk before me here."

He then commanded Khipil to precede him, and Khipil was heightened with the honour. When Khipil had paraded a short space he stopped quickly, and said to Shahpesh, "Here is, as it chanceth, a gap, O King! and we can go no further this way."

Shahpesh said, "All is perfect, and it is my will thou delay not to advance."

Khipil cried, "The gap is wide, O mighty King, and manifest, and it is the one incomplete part of thy palace."

Then said Shahpesh, "O Khipil, I see no distinction between one part and another; excellent are all parts in beauty and proportion, and there can be no part incomplete in this palace that occupieth the builder fourteen years in its building: so advance, and do my bidding."

Khipil yet hesitated, for the gap was of many strides, and at the bottom of the gap was a deep water, and he one that knew not the motion of swimming. But Shahpesh ordered his guard to point their arrows in the direction of Khipil, and Khipil stepped forth hurriedly, and fell into the gap, and was swallowed by the water below. When he rose the third time succour reached him, and he was drawn to land trembling, his teeth chattering. And Shahpesh praised him, and said, "This is an apt contrivance for a bath, Khipil, O my builder! well conceived; one that taketh by surprise; and it shall be thy reward daily when much talking hath fatigued thee."

Then he bade Khipil lead him to the hall of state. And when they were there Shahpesh said, "For a privilege, and as a mark of my approbation, I give thee permission to sit in the marble chair of yonder throne, even in my presence, O Khipil."

Khipil said, "Surely, O King, the chair is not yet executed."

And Shahpesh exclaimed, "If this be so, thou art but the length of thy measure on the ground, O talkative one!"

Khipil said, "Nay, 'tis not so, O King of splendours! blind that I am! yonder's indeed the chair."

And Khipil feared the King, and went to the place where the chair should be, and bent his body in a sitting posture, eyeing the King, and made pretence to sit in the chair of Shahpesh.

Then said Shahpesh, "As a token that I approve thy execution of the chair, thou shalt be honoured by remaining seated in it one day and one night; but move thou to the right or to the left, showing thy soul insensible of the honour done thee, transfixed shalt thou be with twenty arrows and five."

The King then left him with a guard of twenty-five of his body-guard; and they stood around him with bent bows, so that Khipil dared not move from his sitting posture. And the masons and the people crowded to see Khipil sitting on his master's chair, for it became rumoured about. When they beheld him sitting upon nothing, and he trembling to stir for fear of the loosening of the arrows, they laughed so that they rolled upon the floor of the hall, and the echoes of laughter were a thousandfold. Surely the arrows of the guard swayed with the laughter that shook them.

Now when the time had expired for his sitting in the chair, Shahpesh returned to him, and he was cramped, pitiable to see; and Shahpesh said, "Thou hast been exalted above men, O Khipil! for that thou didst execute for thy master has been found fitting for thee."

Then he bade Khipil lead the way to the noble gardens of dalliance and pleasure that he had planted and contrived. And Khipil went in that state described by the poet, when we go draggingly, with remonstrating members,

"Knowing a dreadful strength behind
And a dark fate before."

They came to the gardens, and behold, they were full of weeds and nettles, the fountains dry, no tree to be seen—a desert. And Shahpesh cried, "This is indeed of admirable design, O Khipil! Feelest thou not the coolness of the fountains?—their refreshingness? Truly I am grateful to thee! And these flowers, pluck me now a handful, and tell me of their perfume."

Khipil plucked a handful of the nettles that were there in the place of flowers, and put his nose to them before Shahpesh till his nose was reddened; and desire to rub it waxed in him, and possessed him, and became a passion, so that he could scarce refrain from rubbing it even in the King's presence. And the King encouraged him to sniff and enjoy their fragrance, repeating the poet's words:—

"Methinks I am a lover and a child,
A little child and happy lover, both!
When by the breath of flowers I am beguiled
From sense of pain, and lull'd in odorous sloth.
So I adore them, that no mistress sweet
Seems worthier of the love that they awake:
In innocence and beauty more complete,
Was never maiden cheek in morning lake.
Oh, while I live, surround me with fresh flowers!
Oh, when I die, then bury me in their bowers!"

And the King said, "What sayest thou, O my builder? that is a fair quotation, applicable to thy feelings, one that expresseth them?"

Khipil answered, "'Tis eloquent, O great King! comprehensiveness would be its portion, but that it alludeth not to the delight of chafing."

Then Shahpesh laughed, and cried, "Chafe not! it is an ill thing and a hideous! This nosegay, O Khipil, is for thee to present to thy mistress. Truly she will receive thee well after its presentation! I will have it now sent in thy name, with word that thou followest quickly. And for thy nettled nose, surely if the whim seize thee that thou desirest its chafing, to thy neighbour is permitted what to thy hand is refused."

So the King set a guard upon Khipil to see that his orders were executed, and appointed a time for him to return to the gardens.

At the hour indicated Khipil stood before Shahpesh again. He was pale, saddened; his tongue drooped like the tongue of a heavy bell, that when it soundeth giveth forth mournful sounds only: he had also the look of one battered with many beatings. So the King said, "How of thy presentation of the flowers of thy culture, O Khipil?"

He answered "Surely, O King, she received me with wrath, and I am shamed by her."

And the King said, "How of my clemency in the matter of the chafing?"

Khipil answered, "O King of splendours! I made petition to my neighbours whom I met, accosting them civilly and with imploring, for I ached to chafe, and it was the very raging thirst of desire to chafe that was mine, devouring intensity of eagerness for solace of chafing. And they chafed me, O King; yet not in those parts which throbb'd for the chafing, but in those which abhorred it."

Then Shahpesh smiled and said, "'Tis certain that the magnanimity of monarchs is as the rain that falleth, the sun that shineth: and in this spot it fertilizeth richness; in that encourageth rankness. So art thou but a weed, O Khipil! and my grace is thy chastisement."

We hope we have said, if not enough to do justice to "The Shaving of Shagpat," enough to make our readers desire to see it. They will find it, compared with the other fictions which the season has provided, to use its own Oriental style, "as the apple tree among the trees of the wood."

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF INDIA.

A Bird's Eye View of India. By Sir Erskine Perry, M.P., late Chief-Justice of Bombay. John Murray.

THIS unpretending little volume is favourably distinguished from the majority of works on India, by its brevity. It is, nevertheless, a very slovenly specimen of book-making. The First Part consists of two lectures, which the learned knight had intended to inflict upon his constituents at Devonport. The greater portion, however, of the book is taken up with extracts from a Journal kept during a tour through Upper India and Nepal; while a concluding chapter—thirty-seven pages of smaller type—reproduces an essay on "The Geographical Distribution of the Principal Languages of India," which appeared three years ago in the transactions of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

Lecture No. 1 is nothing more than a very indifferent outline of the superficial phenomena of India, its aspect, climate, and productions. It is an ill-chosen commencement; many persons will be dissuaded by the barrenness of its manner and details from venturing any further. This is the more to be regretted, because the second lecture contains much that is generally interesting to the mere English reader, in the way of familiar pictures of Hindoo life and society. There is nothing, indeed, either original or profound in the remarks of the late Chief-Justice; and it is much to be deplored that so many of the accessible works on the subject of India have been compiled by incompetent persons, either romantic ladies or travellers ignorant of a single native language. It is possible that such writers, being most susceptible of novel impressions, may give the most graphic descriptions of scenery and the ordinary incidents of foreign travel. But, clearly, they can obtain no deep insight into character, nor throw any new light upon ancient institutions, whether religious, political, or social. The few who are capable,

from long residence in the East, to impart sound and practical knowledge, are for the most part too much occupied with official business to undertake a serious literary task in that enervating climate. And on their return to Europe they are glad to enjoy their merited repose with their family or at the Club, and wisely avoid the capricious rebuffs of publishers and the comments of newspaper critics. Sir Erskine Perry is no exception to the average class of Indian writers. Although Chief-Justice of Bombay, his acquaintance with the native languages barely sufficed for his daily and personal wants. This deficiency he himself honestly acknowledges and deplores; and yet he undertakes to write and lecture upon the social and moral characteristics of the natives, and is, we believe, one of those Utopian dreamers who babble about "India for the Indians," and insist upon a perfect equality between the rulers and the ruled. In former times the returned Anglo-Indian was always represented as a peevish, crotchety, liverless, yellow-faced mummy, loosely wrapped in nankin, whose wealth and bad temper were a positive nuisance to his family and friends, until *pallida mors* beat the well-timed tattoo at his door. Nowadays all generic, and nearly all specific distinctions have disappeared; but there still subsists a notable variety, chiefly recognisable by a half-shy, half-crabbed desire to get into Parliament, by some pet scheme for a railway or canal several thousand miles in length, and by a sudden affection for the "gentle Hindoo" whom they have kicked and cuffed during the twenty-odd years of their oligarchical despotism.

It was in 1850 that Sir Erskine Perry made his tour through the most civilised districts of Hindostan. He was not then so much enamoured with the native character as he has since professed himself; nor was he at all disposed to think well of their notions of government. It is with the utmost contempt that he speaks of the Gaikwar's Court at Baroda. In Rajpootana, the effects of native rule, according to his own confession, are most disastrous and lamentable, though for thirty years peace had prevailed without interruption, and, notwithstanding the exceeding fertility of the soil, nine-tenths of the country were uncultivated. And both "on this trip and in a former one, through a native state, a murder was committed almost under my nose, and was apparently regarded as a common event." Again, he bears ample evidence to the wretched condition of Oude. He tells us that all disputes are settled by the sword; that "the commonest Zemindar (or landowner) keeps a hundred matchlocks in pay, and some of the Talackdars (landowners on a larger scale) five and six hundred;" that the husbandman guides his plough, "girt with sword and shield;" that murders are prevalent; and that the Farmers-general go forth with horse and foot and artillery to gather in the revenue. Let us turn from this sickening picture to the pleasant contrast afforded by Gorackpur, one of the provinces ceded from Oude. In 1829 the "jungle came up to the very doors (gates?) of the town, wild elephants constantly roamed through the cantonment at night, agriculture was quite stationary, population thin, and the revenue of the collectorate was only five lacs (£50,000)." In less than twenty years after this district came into British possession roads had been made; large boats built on the river; capital advanced by Calcutta merchants; opium, sugar, indigo, and grain, exported to a considerable amount; and the revenue, under a light assessment, raised to twenty-two lacs, or £220,000. On a smaller scale the intense selfishness and sensuality of the native character may be seen displayed in Bengal, where Lord Cornwallis's hobby, the "perpetual settlement," has poured fabulous wealth into the hands of a few individuals, who leave their miserable dependants in hopeless poverty while they pass their own lives in the midst of barbaric pomp and bestial pleasures. Take for instance—

The Bettiah Rajah, who pays three or five lacs (I forget which) and pockets about twelve lacs besides, and yet, on diligent inquiry, I cannot learn that such a millionaire is of the least benefit to the country; and it is certain that if Government had the land instead of the Rajah, by additional cultivation and improved cultivation, the revenue might go up to thirty lacs instead of fifteen.

Of the misconduct of the native police various anecdotes are related. In the very heart of the Company's dominions, at Saharunpore, the traveller encountered "a number of men, many of them very well dressed, tied together by a rope, under charge of a Naik and ten men," witnesses going up before a native magistrate. Other men are described as being imprisoned or transported for murder—capital punishment being withheld when the corpse has not been found—but after a time proved innocent, though previously confessing themselves guilty, under the influence of terror and torture. On one occasion three prisoners gave a circumstantial account of the murder with which they were charged, and pointed out the spot where the bones would be found. Fortunately, an intelligent medical gentleman discovered that they belonged to three or four different bodies, and at that moment the murdered man walked into court and examined his own bones with much curiosity. He easily accounted for his long absence, and it was evident that false confessions had been extorted by the subordinate native police.

Sir Erskine gives some curious details respecting Jung Bahadoor, the famous Nepalese Ambassador, who astonished the London world some four or five years ago. His account, however, does not strictly harmonise with Mr. Oliphant's narrative, which, we believe, has never been contradicted or impugned.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Cheap Edition. Chapman and Hall.

We notice this cheap edition of Mr. Kingsley's very successful story, for the sake of the preface, which is new. It is addressed to working men, and is full of wise and earnest reflections. Mr. Kingsley's theory of social and political progress, apart from a little mysticism, which is not so prevalent as to confuse the general view, is sound, clear, and practical. He tells the working men of Great Britain that, during the five years which have elapsed since he wrote "Alton Locke," he has seen some things to encourage, some to disappoint him, none to alter his opinions:—

"Much has given me hope; especially in the North of England. I believe that there, at least, exists a mass of prudence, self-control, genial and sturdy manhood, which will be England's reserve-force for generations yet to come. The last five years, moreover, have certainly been years of progress for the good

cause. The great drag upon it, namely, demagogism, has crumbled to pieces of its own accord, and seems now only to exhibit itself in anilities like those of the speakers who inform a mob of boys and thieves that wheat has lately been thrown into the Thames to keep up prices, or advise them to establish, by means hitherto undiscovered, national granaries, only possible under the despotism of a Pharaoh. Since the 10th of April, 1848 (one of the most lucky days which the English workman ever saw), the trade of the mob-orator has dwindled down to such last shifts as these, to which the working man sensibly seems merely to answer, as he goes quietly about his business, 'Why will you still keep talking, Signor Benedick? Nobody marks you.'

In the next paragraph, Mr. Kingsley's peculiar historical ideas come into play. He deduces from the incidents of April, 1848, that the aristocracy, no less than the working classes, have learned a great lesson. They have, since that crisis, faced all social questions with "an average of honesty, earnestness, and good feeling, which has no parallel since the days of the Tudors." It is not proved, that in the days of the Tudors the aristocracy applied themselves with remarkable wisdom or energy to the work of social reformation; but Tudorism is Mr. Kingsley's idol, and he may be allowed, without offence, to adore it. The point we would dispute with him is to be found in the passage following:—

That hundreds and thousands of 'gentlemen and ladies' in Great Britain now are saying, 'Show what we ought to do to be just to the workman, and we will do it, whatsoever it costs.' They may not be always correct (though they generally are so) in their conceptions of what ought to be done: but their purpose is good and righteous; and those who hold it are daily increasing in number. The love of justice and mercy toward the handicraftsman is spreading rapidly as it never did before in any nation upon earth; and if any man still represents the holders of property, as a class, as the enemies of those whom they employ, desiring their slavery and their ignorance, I believe that he is a liar and a child of the devil, and that he is at his father's old work, slandering and dividing between man and man.

The aristocracy may have faced social questions, and they may not desire the slavery or the ignorance of those whom they employ; but their tendency is still to keep the mass of the people in tutelage—to mould their minds instead of setting them free: they perpetually remember that aristocracy could not exist, in its actual form, without general intellectual docility. "Justice and mercy" they would dispense, but the justice and the mercy of a ruling class. To write plainly, the English aristocracy is benevolent, and nothing else. It subsists through the operation of unfair laws, and when working-men or any other order of persons propose to convert the territorial into a moral influence—to substitute a civilised for a feudal aristocracy—they are accused of "Socialism" and other foreign forms of thought, which have taken no root in Great Britain. Mr. Kingsley does well to seek the reconciliation of classes; but the aristocracy, when they offer peace to the classes beneath them, must offer it in the spirit of peace, and lay by the feudal parchment. They are no longer indifferent to the sufferings of the poor; they are humane; they are charitable; they insist on justice in the courts; they desire fair-play in the factory. They will lecture to working-men, give them books, build schools for their children, mediate between them and their employers; but they will be an aristocracy nevertheless—not an aristocracy of these times, but of the middle ages.

Mr. Kingsley continues:—

1 And now, what shall I say to you, my friends, about the future? Your destiny is still in your own hands. For the last seven years you have let it slip through your fingers. If you are better off than you were in 1848, you owe it principally to those laws of political economy (as they are called), which I call the brute natural accidents of supply and demand, or to the exertions which have been made by upright men of the very classes whom demagogues taught you to consider as your natural enemies. Pardon me if I seem severe; but, as old Aristotle has it, "Both parties being my friends, it is a sacred duty to honour truth first." And is this not the truth? How little have the working men done to carry out that idea of association in which, in 1848-9, they were all willing to confess their salvation lay. Had the money which was wasted in the hapless Preston strike been wisely spent in relieving the labour-market by emigration, or in making wages more valuable by enabling the workman to buy from co-operative stores and mills his necessaries at little above cost price, how much sorrow and heart-burning might have been saved to the iron trades! Had the real English endurance and courage which was wasted in that strike been employed in the cause of association, the men might have been, ere now, far happier than they are ever likely to be, without the least injury to the masters. What, again, has been done toward developing the organisation of the Trades' Unions into its true form, Association for distribution, from its old, useless, and savage form of Association for the purpose of resistance to masters—a war which is at first sight hopeless, even were it just, because the opposite party holds in his hand the supplies of his foe as well as his own, and therefore can starve him out at his leisure? What has been done, again, toward remedying the evils of the slop system, which this book especially exposed? The true method for the working men, if they wished to save their brothers and their brothers' wives and daughters from degradation, was to withdraw their custom from the slopsellers, and to deal, even at a temporary increase of price, with associate workmen. Have they done so? They can answer for themselves. In London (as in the country towns), the paltry temptation of buying in the cheapest market has still been too strong for the labouring man. In Scotland and in the North of England, thank God, the case has been very different; and to the North I must look still, as I did when I wrote Alton Locke, for the strong men in whose hands lie the destiny of the English handicraftsman.

He recommends the workmen of the North to be up and doing, to organise themselves, to buy and sell in their own behalf,—to carry the principle of association for mutual advantage into the acts of their daily life, and into their political movements. While disavowing the rabid violence of the demagogues in whose hands a good cause broke down, he adheres to the old programme of the working-classes,—the large suffrage, and all the other points of the "Charter."

But I frankly say that my experience of the last five years gives me little hope of any great development of the true democratic principle in Britain, because it gives me little sign that the many are fit for it. Remember always that Democracy means a government not merely by numbers of isolated individuals, but by men accustomed to live in Demoi, or corporate bodies, and accustomed, therefore, to the self-control, obedience to law, and self-sacrificing

public spirit, without which a corporate body cannot exist: but that a 'democracy' of mere numbers is no democracy, but a mere brute 'arithmocracy,' which is certain to degenerate into an ochlocracy, or government by the mob, in which the numbers have no real share: an oligarchy of the fiercest, noisiest, the rashest, and the most shameless, which is surely swallowed up either by a despotism, as in France; or as in Athens, by utter national ruin, and helpless slavery to a foreign invader. Let the workmen of Britain train themselves in the corporate spirit, and in the obedience and self-control which it brings, as they easily can in associations, and bear in mind always that *only he who can obey is fit to rule*; and then, when they are fit for it, the Charter may come.

Collaterally, he introduces his ideas of "Monarchy," and of "things far better than the Charter." We dare not follow him at present beyond the five points of popular reform; but, it seems to us, a discussion on the Monarchy is premature. Perhaps Mr. Kingsley does not mean by "true monarchy," the monarchy of the three kingdoms, any more than he means by "true Christianity," the thirty-nine articles; but whether or not the existence of the Crown is compatible with the full development of political freedom, is a matter that scarcely allows of discussion. Create the power,—that is, give the suffrage, and the means of using it safely, and the solution will come of itself. Meanwhile let us thank Mr. Kingsley for his manly and candid address to working men. It is full of heart and hope; of friendly encouragement and friendly warning. Mr. Kingsley has special opinions which we do not share; but he never writes that which does not add health and vigour to the mind of the reader.

A LADY'S CAMPAIGN.

Journal kept during the Russian War. By Mrs. Henry Duberly.

Longman and Co.

MRS. DUBERLY is all but an Amazon. She does not fight, but she rises early to be in time for the battle; she walks "to the front" while the batteries are flaming and smoking like volcanoes; she is among the first in the Redan; and she inspects the conquered city with a military eye. The curious circumstance is, that with all this power of nerve Mrs. Duberly has written a very feminine narrative. Her battle-pieces are interspersed with coloured sketches of the East, at sunset and at dawn, with tender reflections, with playful and delicate fancies. She went to the Crimea with her husband, a Paymaster of Hussars, and she is there now, preparing for the next campaign. News of the capture of Bomarsund came to inspirit the army as it departed from Bakschick Bay, but twelve days spent on a voyage of three hundred miles produced as much disgust as perplexity. Lord Cardigan, says Mrs. Duberly, could not endure the delay, so eager did he seem to be in the field. Was he so eager to be off the field at Balaklava? Mrs. Duberly sayeth not. On matters personal she dispenses her opinions very freely, taking Lord Lucan to task for meddling with her at Constantinople, and consummating her revenge in a quiet and expressive paragraph—"Lord Lucan is gone home." The field of the Alma, after the battle, gave Mrs. Duberly her first impressions of war. Presently, however, Eliza stood upon the height herself, and saw the fleets and batteries commence their mighty duel:—

At half-past one the French and English fleets, with the Mahmoudie, brought in their fire. The Agamemnon, with Sir E. Lyons on board, went close in, followed by the Sanspareil. The London, Albion, Bellerophon, Retribution, were all more or less severely mauled, as they poured in broadside after broadside, with incredible and incessant noise. I merely mention the names of such ships as I know something of. There were many others, amongst them the Rodney, Arethusa, Trafalgar, and the Tribune. The London was twice on fire. The Albion had a shell which, by an unlucky chance, pitched into Captain Lushington's stores, destroying his cellar and his clothes. The Bellerophon had a shell through Lord George's cabin; the Retribution lost her mainmast.

At ten minutes past three a magnificent sight presented itself—a huge explosion in the Mud Fort (Redan), the smoke of which ascended to the eye of heaven, and then gathering, fell slowly and mournfully down to earth. I thought of torture and sudden death, and was softened to tears, while round me cheers burst from every throat—

"All down the line one deafening shout."

Officers and men were carried away with enthusiasm, and I felt myself half cheering too. Three-quarters of an hour after a smaller explosion caught our eye. Again the cheer rang out. "Men! men, for God's sake! it is *ours*!" and an ammunition-waggon sent up its contents to form a fierce cloud in the serene sky.

When a Russian fort blew up, as a compensation for the English and French magazines, the riflemen said, "In the confusion there was beautiful shooting." On the 25th of October the lady took a still closer view of the war; she received a note from her husband, warning her to come up from Balaklava to the camp, as the Russians were on the road, and a fight had begun of which no one could foretell the issue:—

I was hardly clear of the town before I met a commissariat officer, who told me that the Turks had abandoned all their batteries, and were running towards the town. He begged me to keep as much to the left as possible, and, of all things, to lose no time in getting amongst our own men, as the Russian force was pouring on us; adding, "For God's sake, ride fast, or you may not reach the camp alive."

The Russians were by this time in possession of the Turkish batteries.

Looking on the crest of the nearest hill, I saw it covered with running Turks, pursued by mounted Cossacks, who were all making straight for where I stood, superintending the striking of our tent and the packing of our valuables. Henry flung me on the old horse; and, seizing a pair of laden saddle-bags, a great coat, and a few other loose packages, I made the best of my way over a ditch into a vineyard, and awaited the event. For a moment I lost sight of our pony, "Whisker," who was being loaded; but Henry joined me just in time to ride a little to the left, to get clear of the shots, which now began to fly towards us. Presently came the Russian cavalry, charging over the hill-side and across the valley, right against the little line of Highlanders. Ah, what a moment! Charging and surging onward, what could that little wall of men do against such numbers and such speed? There they stood. Sir Colin did not even form them into square. They waited until the horsemen were within range, and then poured a volley which for a moment hid everything in smoke. The Scots Greys and Enniskillens then left the ranks of our cavalry, and charged with all their weight and force upon them, cutting and hewing right and left.

Surely, nothing more animated or more picturesque than this has been sent home by any of the ready-writers in the Crimea. On the day before the battle of Inkermann, Mrs. Duberly writes, with the coolness of a field-marshal, "We are doing nothing particular, beyond firing red-hot shot." After the battle, again, "We fought as all know Englishmen will fight." Mrs. Duberly is everywhere—a part of the army; in fact, the army did not like to go into action unless Mrs. Duberly looked on—Queen of Beauty—to distinguish, as far as the smoke would allow, friends and heroes on the field. Thus, before the first attack on the Redan:—

General Markham rides up, and says, "Mrs. Duberly, we shall have a fight to-morrow. You must be up here on Cathcart's hill by twelve o'clock."

This is, in all respects, a remarkable volume. It is well-written, the narrative is rapid and connected, the successive battles are described with real pictorial effect.

RACHEL GRAY.

Rachel Gray. A Tale founded on Fact. By Julia Kavanagh.

London: Hurst and Blackett.

RACHEL GRAY is not a story of a fine lady's sorrows wept into embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, or of genius thrust into the background by toad-eating stupidity. It does not harrow us with the sufferings and temptations of a destitute needlewoman, or abash us by the refined sentiments and heroic deeds of navvies and ratcatchers. It tells the trials of a dressmaker who *could* get work, and of a small grocer, very vulgar, and not at all heroic, whose business was gradually swallowed up by the large shop over the way. Thus far "Rachel Gray" is commendable: it occupies ground which is very far from being exhausted, and it undertakes to impress us with the every-day sorrows of our commonplace fellow-men, and so to widen our sympathies, as Browning beautifully says—

Art was given for that:
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

"Rachel Gray" further professes to show how Christianity exhibits itself as a refining and consoling influence in that most prosaic stratum of society, the small shopkeeping class; and here is really a new sphere for a great artist who can paint from close observation, and who is neither a caricaturist nor a rose-colour sentimentalist.

We wish we could say that Miss Kavanagh's judgment in choosing her subject has been equalled by her success in working it up. We do not feel that the story of "Rachel Gray" brings any nearer to us the real life of the class it attempts to depict; still less that "Rachel Gray's" piety gives the reader any true idea of piety as it exists in any possible dressmaker. It is an abstract piety, made up of humility, resignation, and devotion, feeding on Milton's sonnets, and quite disembodied of sectarian idiom and all other fleshly weaknesses which are beneath Miss Kavanagh's own mind. Our own experience of what piety is amongst the uneducated has not brought us in contact with a Christianity which smacks neither of the Church nor of the meeting-house, with an Evangelicalism which has no *brogue*; and if, when Miss Kavanagh says that her tale is founded on fact, she means that the character of "Rachel Gray" is a portrait, we are obliged to say that she has failed in making us believe in its likeness to an original. We are far from meaning that there are not feelings as essentially beautiful as Rachel Gray's to be met with amongst the uneducated, but the feelings run into a specific mould; they do not exhibit themselves as abstract virtues, but as qualities belonging to an individual character, of mixed moral nature and uncultured intellect. All this, perhaps, Miss Kavanagh knows as well as we; but either from too great haste to publish, or from unwillingness to give the requisite labour to her work, she has produced a book which might have been written in an ignorance both of heart and of life which we cannot impute to her. She even seems to be conscious herself of her failure towards the close of her volume, for she resorts to the very unartistic plan of telling her reader that he would be touched by the sorrows she describes, if they were depicted by an abler hand.

Oh, passion! eloquent pages have been wasted on thy woes; volumes have been written to tell mankind of thy delights and thy torments. To no other tale will youth bend its greedy ear, of no other feelings will man acknowledge the power to charm his spirit and his heart. And here was one who knew thee not in name or in truth, and yet who drank to the dregs, and to the last bitterness his cup of sorrow. Oh! miserable and unpoetic griefs of the prosaic poor. Where are ye, elements of power and pathos of our modern epic—the novel? A wretched shop that will not take, a sickly child that dies! Ay, and were the picture but drawn by an abler hand, know, proud reader, if proud thou art, that thy very heart could bleed, that thy very soul would be wrung to read this page from a poor man's story.

To scold a reader for not feeling is a way of trying to make him feel which is more feminine than felicitous. A more favourable specimen of Miss Kavanagh's style is the scene in which Rachel Gray is introduced to the reader.

A little six-roomed house it was, exactly facing the dreary, haunted mansion and exposed to all the noises aforesaid. It was, also, to say the truth, an abode of poor and mean aspect. In the window hung a dressmaker's board, on which was modestly inscribed, with a list of prices, the name of—

"RACHEL GRAY."

It was accompanied with patterns of yellow paper sleeves, trimmed in every colour, an old book of fashions, and beautiful and bright, as if reared in wood or meadow, a pot of yellow crocuses in bloom. They were closing now, for evening was drawing in, and they knew the hour.

They had opened to light in the dingy parlour within, and which we will now enter. It was but a little room, and the soft gloom of a spring twilight half-filled it. The furniture, though poor and old-fashioned, was scrupulously clean; and it shone again in the flickering fire-light. A few discoloured prints in black frames hung against the walls; two or three broken china ornaments adorned the wooden mantel-shelf, which was, moreover, decorated with a dark-looking mirror in a rim of tarnished gold.

By the fire an elderly woman of grave and stern aspect, but who had once been handsome, sat reading the newspaper. Near the window, two apprentices sewed under the superintendence of Rachel Gray.

A mild ray of light fell on her pale face and bending figure. She sewed on, serious and still, and the calm gravity of her aspect harmonised with the silence of the little parlour which nothing disturbed, save the ticking of an old clock behind the door, the occasional rustling of Mrs. Gray's newspaper, and the continuous and monotonous sound of stitching.

Rachel Gray looked upwards of thirty, yet she was younger by some years. She was a tall, thin, and awkward woman, sallow and faded before her time. She was not, and had never been handsome, yet there was a patient seriousness in the lines of her face, which, when it caught the eye, arrested it at once, and kept it long. Her brow, too, was broad and intellectual; her eyes were very fine, though their look was dreamy and abstracted; and her smile, when she did smile, which was not often, for she was slightly deaf and spoke little, was pleasant and very sweet.

She sewed on, as we have said, abstracted and serious, when gradually, for even in observation she was slow, the yellow crocuses attracted her attention. She looked at them meditatively, and watched them closing, with the decline of day. And, at length, as if she had not understood until then what was going on before her, she smiled, and admiringly exclaimed:—

"Now do look at the creatures, mother!"

Mrs. Gray glanced up from her newspaper, and snuffed rather disdainfully.

"Lawk, Rachel!" she said, "you don't mean to call crocuses creatures—do you? I'll tell you what though," she added with a doleful shake of the head, "I don't know what her Majesty thinks; but I say the country can't stand it much longer."

Mrs. Gray had been cook in a Prime Minister's household, and this had naturally given her a political turn.

"The Lord has taught you," murmured Rachel, bending over the flowers with something like awe, and a glow spread over her sallow cheek, and there came a light to her large brown eyes.

The mere novel reader, who cares only for excitement or amusement, will find little attraction in "Rachel Gray." The story, as we have intimated, is of that quiet kind, which depends for its pathos and its humour on the delicate and masterly treatment of slight details, and in this sort of treatment it is altogether deficient. In our judgment, then, "Rachel Gray" is a failure; and it is our disagreeable duty to say so, for the sake not only of the public but of the authoress, from whose talents and diligence we hope for better things to come.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

Miscellanies: Prose and Verse. By W. M. Thackeray. Vol. II. Bradbury and Evans.

THE second volume of the "Miscellanies" is not equal to the first, yet it contains some very agreeable pages. The whole of the "Yellow Plush Papers" are here, with their grotesque hieroglyphs, their monstrous and impossible spelling; also the "Jeames Papers;" "Sketches and Travels in London;" "Novels by Eminent Hands;" and "Character Sketches."

Even those who most admire the genius of Thackeray, and we are of the number, must regret that more severity has not been exercised in the selection of fugitive papers. Many of the present volume served their purpose in the pages of *Fraser* and *Punch*, and should have been left there unexhumed; we particularly condemn the republication of that attack on Bulwer and Lardner in the "Yellow Plush Correspondence;" nor do we see any justification in the intrinsic merit of several other papers for their being reprinted in this permanent form. If, as we noticed in the review of the first volume, a critical and biographical interest attaches itself to the sketches and prefaces of a great artist, that interest is almost entirely disregarded in this publication owing to the absence of the indispensable *dates*. Why the date and place of each was not given we cannot imagine. There could be no difficulty in the author's assigning the date. It would have occupied no space. But it would have given a value to productions which they have not intrinsically, because it would have enabled the critic to trace the growth and development of a style, which all England acknowledges to be among the most remarkable of all the styles our humorists and satirists have exhibited. The great sameness of the themes upon which he plays is salient in these "Miscellanies;" and one would like to know whether the consummate pictures in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" were results of which the "studies" are here given, or whether what we here take to be studies were feeble copies, painted when the hand was weary and the brain unwilling. But in these volumes, late and early, first thoughts, and thoughts feeble from exhaustion, are assembled pell-mell without a word of indication.

The finest things in this volume are unquestionably the "Novels by Eminent Hands:" a series of parodies representing Bulwer's novels, James's novels, Mrs. Gore's novels, Lever's novels, and Disraeli's fictions (the others write novels, but Disraeli's are too peculiar not to deserve a special name). In the whole range of parody we know of nothing at all approaching these. We marvel if Disraeli could ever again write one of his Oriental absurdities, after his trick had been so mercilessly exposed, his fustian so ludicrously reproduced, his style surpassed with such ease even in those parts upon which he most piques himself. It seems to us that if he had been labouring under the author's delusion up to that time, he could not continue in it afterwards. He may have believed his melodious assemblage of words was eloquence, and that his descriptions had a glowing truth about them, until Thackeray showed him how easy such eloquence is, how Holywell-street can be painted with an Oriental brush which shall make the Rose of Sharon grow in its gutters, and the splendours of Damascus glitter in its back parlours. Thackeray's skeleton of the novel "Coddingsby" is quite a study. Only inferior to it is the parody of Bulwer with its wonderful mimicry of Bulwer's "eloquence," capitals, no-meaning, slang, and pedantry.

Excellent also, both in style and spirit, is the paper, "Going to see a Man Hanged," which was a real transcript of experience, and excited great attention on its first publication in *Fraser*: the date is affixed to this paper, although why it is singled out we know not. What has been done in this case should have been done in all.

Historical Sketches of the Angling Literature of All Nations By Robert Blakey.

J. Russell Smith, London.

Fishers, who are also fishers of books, will thank Mr. Blakey for his industrious compilation of piscatorial *ana*, from the earliest biblical records of the taking of fish down to the death of the last jack caught by Mr. Jones at Tottenham.

AN HISTORICAL OLIO.

A New History of England: Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By G. S. Poulton. William Freeman.
Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakspeare. By Henry Reed, late Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Trübner and Co.
Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. By Henry Hallam, L.L.D., F.R.A.S. John Murray.

THE first work on our list might be called the Nonconformist's History of England. In the preface we are told that it is by far the most complete history of our country which has ever been compiled in one volume. But the process of compression or distension has been regulated rather by the influence of any particular epoch on the Dissenting interests, than by its general importance. Thus seventy pages are devoted to the reign of Charles I., and fifty-seven to the Commonwealth, while the four Georges are all disposed of in seventy-six pages, and sixteen are barely spared for the period which occupies the last two volumes of Macaulay. It is true that the author scornfully rejects the vulgar notion that the province of history is to record "battles by the sword, the brilliant achievements of arts and arms, and the follies and vices of kings." This philosophical manner of viewing events enables him to dismiss Marlborough's campaigns in a single page, and double that space is deemed sufficient for the Peninsular War, coupled with Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Ordinary minds may possibly be inclined to think that wars which change the political aspect of Europe, which place new dynasties at the head of nations and affect the social condition of the people, are worthy of something more than a passing notice. There are even those who regard the Norman Conquest as a matter of some moment to the English nation, and who would speak more earnestly of the Crusades than as a mere "scheme of folly." It has seemed otherwise to Mr. Poulton, and we bow to his superior judgment. Unhappily, we cannot as easily acquiesce in his fierce denunciations of Popery, albeit we do most sincerely protest against the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome. Nor do we see the advantage or propriety of such an outburst as follows:—

To call that religion Christianity seems a strange contradiction. How can a religion which consists in ostentatious ceremonies, large edifices, delicately embroidered robes—numerous priests—one Pope, and servile subjection to him—long faces, and long coats—lying vanities—violent discussions—murders and abominations of all kinds—lives of the Saints, and *no Gospel*, be the same as the religion of Christianity? How can error be the same as truth, or darkness identical with light?

The last interrogation is really unanswerable, but we much question if the Roman Catholics are at all aware of being such very abominable creatures. It is evident that a good Romanist must be a very bad man, notwithstanding the "lives of the Saints," and we are therefore much surprised that Mr. Poulton should exult with exceeding joy at their emancipation. Or is it merely as a foreshadowing of the good things in store for Dissenters, that he welcomes this act of justice with gushing cordiality? It may be hypercriticism on our part, but ever and anon it seemed to us that familiar sounds smote upon our ear, as we read aloud his narrative of bygone days. But the resemblance of such passages as the following is clearly nothing more than a strange coincidence of thought and expression, very natural in historians of such similar views as Mr. Hume and Mr. Poulton:—

HUME.

Henry, jealous of the progress made by his own subjects, sent orders to recall all the English, and he made preparations to attack Ireland in person. . . . He found the Irish so dispirited by their late misfortunes, that, in a progress which he made through the island, he had no other occupation than to receive the homage of his new subjects: he left most of the Irish chieftains or princes in possession of their ancient territories; bestowed some lands on the English adventurers; gave Earl Richard the commission of Seneschal of Ireland; and, after a stay of a few months, returned in triumph to England. By these trivial exploits, scarcely worth relating, except for the importance of the consequences, was Ireland subdued, and annexed to the English crown.

The same day, Richard, accompanied by Mareadée, leader of his Bretons, approached the castle in order to survey it; when one Bertrand de Gourdon, an archer, took aim at him, and pierced his shoulder with an arrow. The king, however, gave orders for the assault, took the place, and hanged all the garrison, except Gourdon, who had wounded him, and whom he reserved for a more deliberate and a more cruel execution. The wound was not in itself dangerous; but the unskilfulness of the surgeon made it mortal: he so rankled Richard's shoulder in pulling out the arrow, that a gangrene ensued; and that prince was now sensible that his life was drawing towards a period. He sent for Gourdon, &c. &c.

This will suffice to illustrate the manner in which Mr. Poulton undertakes to fill the "obvious void" in our historical literature, and to show "how this great country has been governed; how she has risen, with the blasts of war on one side, and the pestilential influences of feudal selfishness and withering priestcraft on the other, to her present glory; or, how she is still able to maintain her dignity and honour, notwithstanding all the spiritual wickedness in the high places, and, as the sure result, all the poverty and ignorance in the low places, in the land." Ah! and that is only half the entire sentence.

POULTON.

The King of England, surprised at the success of his subjects, and not choosing to yield to them all the glory of subduing a country into subjection, made preparations to attack Ireland in person. On his arrival, however, instead of opposition, he found the dispirited Irish everywhere ready to offer him homage as his subjects. He gave most of the Irish chieftains possession of their ancient territories, which they were to hold in vassalage to the Crown of England; bestowed some lands on the English adventurers; created Strongbow Seneschal of Ireland; convened a meeting of the people, at which arrangements were made that the English laws should be extended to Ireland; . . . and returned to England, triumphing in the fact that a new country was annexed to the English crown.

While surveying the walls to see where the assault should be made, a youth, by name Bertrand de Gourdon, recognised the King from the ramparts, and discharged an arrow, which hit Richard on the left shoulder. The assault was made, the castle taken, and all the men in it put to death, with the exception of Bertrand, who was reserved for greater tortures. The King's wound was not in itself dangerous, but an unskilful surgeon, in taking out the arrow, so irritated the shoulder, that mortification ensued. Feeling his death approach, Richard ordered Bertrand to be brought before him, &c.

Professor Reed's work belongs to a very different order, and must be classed with a much higher rank of literature. His lectures evince a genial but refined taste—perhaps too refined. That he was a gentleman and a scholar, is beyond all doubt; that he can be regarded as an historian, or a philosopher, we very much question. On all occasions he quotes Wordsworth, while he loses no opportunity of expressing his aversion for Hume. His criticisms are always pleasant, and not infrequently ingenious, but seldom original. As a straw may point out the direction of the wind, so two trifling prejudices may serve to indicate the Professor's frame of mind. He cannot endure the idea of Falstaff's cowardice, though he acknowledges that danger had no charms in Jack's eyes. He was simply "an old soldier, with such a sensual and self-indulgent nature as would be very likely to settle down in London, to grow fat, and lazy, and luxurious." In the same spirit of idolatry Mr. Reed cannot bear to think so meanly of Othello as to believe that he ever stooped to jealousy, because "jealousy is a little, a mean passion—something which dwells in small minds, whereas all the passions of Othello are heroic and magnanimous."

This sad tragedy was never meant to give an admonition so superficial as to warn against the evil of jealousy—the moral of Shakspeare's dramas always lies deeper, because they are works of pure imagination—the noblest faculty of the human mind. There may be discovered in that tragedy the loftiest moral that poetry ever shadowed forth—the victory of faith. When Othello was tempted to cast his faith from out his heart, his whole nature was given over to misery and desperation and guilt—he lost the inward spiritual principle, which was the very life of his moral being. But Desdemona clung to her faith, and it kept her heart in its perfect integrity and innocence—even through all her sorrow, and to the last moment of consciousness on her fearful death-bed. Comparatively, she was happy; for the chief sufferer was the faith-bewildered Othello.

The same tendency to the ideal rather than the practical—the same disinclination to face common-place facts—makes the critic spurn at Miss Haldstead's generous labour to straighten the crook-backed Richard, and vindicate his character as a ruler. He is willing, indeed, to admit that Shakspeare has exaggerated his ugliness, and that Richard's soliloquy over his own personal defects arose from "a malignant and spiteful feeling," when he contrasted himself with "the elegance of face and form of his voluptuous brother, Edward the Fourth." He argues that—

The general popular impression as to Richard's bodily unsightliness seems to show how intense was the hatred of his character—how odious the recollection of his life. The detestation which he had inspired aggravated the conception of his personal defects; and he was, perhaps, thought tenfold more deformed than he really was, because his body was the visible exponent of the spiritual deformity of his nature. If Richard was the comely person his modern apologists maintain, then the notion of his deformity could have its origin only in the deep conviction of the inhuman wickedness of his invisible nature; men must have made him crooked and hideous, because his life was so.

But however fanciful may be some of his criticisms on tragic poetry, the Professor's appreciation of the under current of history is generally clear and correct. Like all well-educated Americans, he was evidently proud of the ancient glory of his race, and loved to speak of the heroic times when his ancestors achieved liberty at home, respect and deference abroad. He has been fortunate, too, in an Editor to whom it has been a labour of love to rescue from oblivion the name of a brother whom he loved and honoured.

Wisely and well has Mr. Murray judged in publishing a cheap edition of Hallam's Works. It is too late in the day to hang a new wreath on this pillar of fame. Mr. Hallam's reputation is too firmly established to need, or accept the homage of student or critic. But the high price—speaking commercially—at which his works were originally produced, rendered them unattainable by the less wealthy members of the middle classes. This sole obstacle to their universal popularity is at length removed, and there are but few who cannot now afford themselves the long coveted luxury of beholding, upon their own shelves, the volumes which hitherto they could only obtain from a public library. We trust that this edition will command the sale which its intrinsic merits richly deserve.

The Arts.

"PROFESSOR MATHEWS" AT DRURY LANE.

COVENT GARDEN henceforth will not be alone in boasting of a "Professor": DRURY LANE now possesses one in the person of our old friend, CHARLES MATHEWS, whom, we must confess, we could never have expected to see in so grave a character. However, there he is, and there, in all probability, he will be for some weeks to come—Professor MATHEWS, "the original LYCEUM Wizard," or, in other words, "the Wizard of the South-South-West-by-South." In this new character he performs every evening a *Great Gun Trick*, and gives an astonishing imitation of the Northern "Professor" now working his enchantments at COVENT GARDEN—an imitation so exact that the ANDERSONIAN face, expression, tones, manner, and other peculiarities, are reproduced to the life. The scene represents a chamber provided with all proper necromantic fittings; and some conjurings are gone through with considerable adroitness. MATHEWS, of course, performs the part of a devil-may-care, dun-haunted, scampish gentleman with plenty of ingenuity and spirits. He is pursued by sheriff's officers; but an extinguisher (literally) is clapped over one of these, and his place knows him no more until the end of the piece. A hard-hearted creditor gets upon the stage, only, however, to have a £100 note conjured from his pocket; and, ultimately, the "Professor" is made happy. A young lady, with whom he has had a previous romantic acquaintanceship, turns up in the person of the hard-hearted creditor's daughter; whereupon the hard-hearted creditor softens, and love and constancy receive their reward.

The piece is slight, but it has achieved a great success, and "Professor MATHEWS" conjures to some purpose.

THE JENNY LIND PERFORMANCES.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT LIND on Monday evening again transported the musical critics, and delighted all lovers of sacred harmonies, and of consum-

mate art combined with the deepest utterances of natural feeling, by her performance at EXETER HALL of HANDEL'S *Messiah*. On this occasion, she undertook the whole of the soprano part—an achievement not yet attempted in London, though it has been accomplished in Liverpool. The room was, of course, crowded; and the profoundest emotions of that large auditory were moved and shaken by the influence of the fair singer's voice as she uttered the grand modulations of "He shall feed His flock;" "I know

that my Redeemer liveth;" "If God be with us, who can be against us?" and other airs of the oratorio.

In conjunction with Madame GOLDSCHMIDT, Herr REICHARDT made his first appearance this season; and Messrs. THOMAS, LAWLER, and LOCKEY, together with Miss DOLBY, worthily supported the chief singer.

Madame GOLDSCHMIDT will sing in MENDELSSOHN'S *Elijah* at EXETER HALL on Monday the 21st inst.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

CHAMBERS.—At Everton, Lancashire, the wife of Major Chambers, D.L., 6th Royal Lancashire Militia: a daughter.

KING.—At Torquay, the wife of the Rev. Samuel King: a son.

KENNEDY.—At Bath, the wife of Captain H. A. Kennedy: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CROMPTON—MOLESWORTH.—At Rochdale, Samuel Crompton, Esq., of Manchester, to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, D.D., Vicar of Rochdale.

ELWYN—HALL.—At St. John's, Notting-hill, Richard Elwyn, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Second Master of the School, Charter-house, to Marianne, daughter of the late George Hall, Esq., of Ely.

PARKES—PLUMER.—At Little Stanmore, Middlesex, Harry Smith Parkes, Esq., H.M.'s Consul at Amoy, China, to Fanny Hannah, daughter of the late Thomas Hall Plumer, Esq., of Canons-park, Middlesex.

VANDELEUR—MALONY.—At Lee, Kent, Arthur Vandeleur, Esq., of Ralahine, Clare, Captain Royal Artillery, to Mary, daughter of James Malony, Esq., of Kiltanoh, Deputy Lieutenant, Clare.

DEATHS.

JACKSON.—In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, Lieut.-Colonel Jackson.

LEWIS.—At Knightsbridge, William Lewis, Esq., aged 86, formerly Captain in the Hertford Militia, and Gentleman Usher to George III., George IV., William IV., and to her present Majesty.

LISTER.—At Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Mr. Wm. Lister, in his 57th year.

MAYO.—In Bond-street, Margaret, widow of Thomas Alfred Mayo, Esq., aged 75.

MULLER.—At Limerick, Margaret Leigh, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Muller, and daughter of Edward Leigh Pemberton, Esq.

ROSS.—In Upper Berkeley-street, John Bethune Ross, Esq., advocate, aged 37.

SMITH.—At Lewisham, Kent, Mr. Jefferey Smith, in his 71st year, formerly of Cotton's wharf, Southwark.

WYNNE.—William Wynne, Esq., of Itchen Abbas, Winchester, in his 71st year.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, January 1.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—JOHN PARKER MARSH, late of Bishopsgate-street, woolbroker.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM ELSAM, Heyford and Rugbrook, Northamptonshire, iron-stone master—ROWLAND HILL BLACKER, Ludgate-street, importer of foreign silk goods—LEONARD LAIDMAN, Chancery-lane, and Coburn New-road, Bow—WILLIAMS Wiggins, Hawley Mills, near Dartford, Kent, and St. Paul's-churchyard, paper manufacturer—JAMES HARRISON, City, commission agent—GEORGE WAGNER, Bernard-street, Russell-square, auctioneer—WILLIAM SEAGER WHITE, Handsworth, Staffordshire, chymist—JOSEPH NOKES, Birmingham, glasscutter—GEORGE TAYLOR, Derby, silk manufacturer—BAXTER BARKER, York, innkeeper—ISAAC FINTIN, Manchester, victualler.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—R. COPLAND and F. W. BRICKMANN, Dundee, shipbrokers—P. Stobo, Glasgow, smith.—M. MILLER, Glasgow, copper-smith.

Friday, January 4.

BANKRUPTS.—ROBERT LAWRENCE PHILLIPS and GEORGE DOUGLAS PHILLIPS, King William-street, City, general merchants—HENRY CRICKMAR, East Donyland, Essex, ship owner—MALCOLM RONALD LAING MEASON, Manchester, buildings, City, merchant—THOMAS SHERWIN, Loughborough, Leicester, carrier—HENRY STIRKE, Manchester, money scrivener—ROBERT WELLS, Kingston-upon-Hull, tailor—THOMAS FOLDS, Bingley, Yorkshire, coach proprietor—ALBERT PAINTER, Weston-super-Mare, brewer—RICHARD GREENE, Lichfield, banker—THOMAS BARRE, Harrogate, Yorkshire, hotel keeper—DAVID JOHN VAUGHAN, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, maltster—EDWARD GAUNTLETT and ROBERT LIVING, Camden-town, Middlesex, builders—WILLIAM FOWELL, Walworth-road, boot maker—WILLIAM MOORE, Bradford, blue and medley dyer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATION.—JOHN CHARRIE and COMPANY, Glasgow, grain merchants.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

London, Friday Evening, Jan. 4, 1856.

The English Funds have shown a very drooping disposition all this week. There are but few men now left who believe in Russia consenting to our terms, as proposed by Austria. The fall of Kurs is becoming to be looked at in its true light; and that there must have been either gross mismanagement or treachery on the part of some one, is resolving itself in men's minds to one fixed idea. Erzeroum and all Armenia becomes now threatened, and the Russian successes will be heard where we can least afford to have them known—throughout India.

The chancellor must have a sweetmeat in store for us, and in what way it will be administered is not yet known to common men.

Money has been scarce all this week; some heavy real sales have been effected; yet it is stoutly maintained that the Austrian Hebrew party is still a Bull of over a million, and at high prices.

Turkish Six-and-a-half has fallen rapidly with Consols; and is now between 81 and 82. In other foreign stocks, but little doing. Foreign railways are firmly held. Great Western of Canada, having gone to 5 premium per £20 share, are down again to 4 premium per share. The traffic returns are very cheering to the shareholders. Our own Great Westerns are a little flatter; Eastern Counties continue 8½—8½. Mines are at a standstill; Crystal Palace about the same.

There has been a little business done in the French Omnibus Company's shares, but not much.

Next week will be the opening of the Consol accounts. Unless some extraordinary good luck falls to us before Easter, we may now see Consols lower than we have had them during the war.

Consols close heavily at four o'clock, 87½. The Bank returns are said to be bad.

CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday, Jan. 4, 1856.

THE arrivals of English and Foreign Wheat and Flour since last week, have been very moderate. On Wednesday all the English Wheat was cleared off at a decline of 1s. to 2s. from former quotations. A fair business was also done in Foreign at previous rates. There was more demand for arrived cargoes of Egyptian Wheat. Several sales of Said were made at 53s., one at 54s., and one at 55s. 3d.; and one of Beheira at 49s. cost, freight and insurance. The demand for Maize has not improved, and most of the fresh cargoes are waiting for orders. A cargo of Galatz was sold early in the week at 42s. and another yesterday at 44s. Beans are not at all in request. Sellers would take 42s. for arrived cargoes, but there are no buyers at the price. At this day's market there is less appearance of business. The sales made off the stands are at former rates, but there is nothing doing in either floating or arrived cargoes. Barley and oats are firm, with a moderate demand. The subjoined table showing the total quantities of all Grain returned as sold in the English markets, from the 1st October to the 31st December, this year and last, may not be without an interest to some of our readers. It appears that a larger draught has been made on the comparatively light Wheat Crop of 1855, than was the case at the same period in 1854.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Beans.	Peas.
1855.. Qrs.	1,823,287	1,061,494	237,060	9,570	64,646	30,154
1854.. ..	1,761,739	960,062	216,522	8,040	60,273	27,284

Aberdeen, 22, 3; Bristol and Exeter, 79, 81; Caledonian 53½, 4½; Chester and Holyhead, 10, 12; East Anglian 11, 12; Eastern Counties, 8½, ¾; Edinburgh and Glasgow 6½, 7½; Great Northern, 87½, 8½; Ditto, A stock, 73, 5; Ditto B stock, 119, 121; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 102, 101; Great Western, 51½, 2½; Lancaster and Carlisle, 70, 5; Ditto, Thirds, 6, 7 pm; Ditto, new Thirds, 6, 7 pm; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 76½, 7; London and Blackwall, 6, 4; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 93, 4; London and North Western, 94, 4; Ditto South Ditto, 85, 6; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 23½, ¾; Metropolitan, 4, 4 dis; Midland, 63½, 4; Ditto, Birmingham and Derby, 36, 8; Newport, Abergeenny, and Hereford, 94, 10; North British, —; North Eastern (Berwick), 67, 8; Ditto, Extension, 8½, 8 dis; Ditto, Great North Eastern purchase, 5, 4 dis; Ditto, Leeds, 12, 12½; Ditto, York, 44, 5; North Staffordshire, 8½, 4 dis; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 21, 3; Scottish Central, 101, 103; Scottish Midland, 73, 5; South Devon, 11, 12; South Eastern (Dover), 56½, 7½; South Wales, 64, 6; Vale of Noath, 19, 4; West Cornwall, 4, 6; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 7½, 7½; Ardennes, —; Eastern of France, Paris and Strasbourg, 34½, 4; East India, 21, 4; Ditto Extension, 4, 4 pm; Grand Trunk of Canada, 1, 9 dis; Great Indian Peninsula, par, 4; Luxemburgs, 3½, ¾; Great Western of Canada, 24½, 4½; North of France, 34½, 5½; Paris and Lyons, 41½, 4; Paris and Orleans, 44, 6; Sambre and Meuse, 84, 4; Western and N. W. of France, 29, 29½; Agua Fria, —; Australian, 8, 8; Brazil Imperial, 1½, 2; Cocoes, 2, 3; St. John del Rey, 27, 9.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.
Bank Stock	205	206	205½	...
3 per Cent. Reduced	88½	88½	88	87½	87½	87½
3 per Cent. Con. An.
Consols for Account	88½	88½	87½	87½	87½	87½
New 3 per Cent. An.	89	88½	88½	88½	87½	87½
New 3½ per Cent.
Long Ans. 1855	16	16	16
India Stock
Ditto Bonds, £1000	9s. d
Ditto, under £1000	9s. d	4s. d	7s. d	10s. d	10s. d	8s. d
Ex. Bills, £1000	6s. d	10s. d	7s. d	7s. d	8s. d	8s. d
Ditto, £500	10s. d	8s. d	8s. d	...	9s. d
Ditto, Small	4s. d	10s. d	6s. d	6s. d	6s. d	9s. d

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	100	Portuguese 5 per Cents.	...
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cents ..	56	Russian Bonds, 5 per	...
Chilian 6 per Cents	103	Cents	97
Chilian 3 per Cents	68	Russian 4½ per Cents ..	88
Dutch 2½ per Cents	64	Spanish	39
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif ..	95	Spanish Committee Cert.	...
Ecuador Bonds	20	of Coup. not fun.	81½
Mexican Account	76	Turkish 6 per Cents	3½
Peruvian 4½ per Cents	Turkish New, 4 ditto
Portuguese 4 per Cents	Venezuela, 2½ per Cents.	...

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.
HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that MR. and MADE. GOLDSCHMIDT'S First Miscellaneous CONCERT, Vocal and Instrumental, with full Band, will take place at the above Rooms, on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 10, 1856, to commence at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture, "Medea"	Cherubini.
Preghiera, "Und ob die Wolke sie vir- hülle," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. (Freischütz)	C. M. v. Weber.
Air, "Constanze," Herr Reichardt. (II Seraglio)	Mozart.
Fourth Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (G Major), Piano, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.	Beethoven.
Scena and Aria, "Ah mie fedeli"	Madame Jenny Goldschmidt.
(Beatrice di Tenda)	Bellini.

PART II.

Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra (B Minor), Pianoforte, Mr. Otto Gold- schmidt	Mendelssohn.
Recueil de Mazourkas de F. Chopin, ar- ranged for Voice and Piano, by Madame Jenny Goldschmidt	O. Goldschmidt.
Romance, "Pia Bianca," Herr Reichardt (Huguenots)	Meyerbeer.
Sarabande and Allegro of a Suite (A Minor) Pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt	J. S. Bach.
Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson my Joe" ..	Madame Jenny Goldschmidt.
Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song"	Mozart.
Overture, "Figaro"

Conductor... M. Benedict.

Doors open at Seven; to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.
Reserved and numbered Seats, One Guinea each; Unre-
served Seats, 10s. 6d.
No more tickets will be issued than the room can conve-
niently accommodate.

Application for tickets to be made at Mr. MITCHELL'S
ROYAL LIBRARY, 33, Old Bond-street.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.
EXETER-HALL.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that Mendelssohn's Oratorio of
ELIJAH

will be repeated at Exeter-hall, on MONDAY EVENING,
January 21, 1856, and in which

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT,

Will sing the principal soprano part.

The Chorus and Orchestra will consist of more than
600 Performers. Conductor, M. BENEDICT.
Prices of Admission:—Stalls (Numbered and Reserved),
£1 1s.; Unreserved Seats (Body of the Hall) and West
Gallery, 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), 7s.
Doors open at Seven, to commence at Eight o'clock pre-
cisely.

The Tickets will be appropriated according to the order
of application, and no more will be issued than the Hall can
conveniently accommodate.

A correct book of the Oratorio is given with the Tickets.
Application for Tickets to be made at Mr. MITCHELL'S
Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

DR. KAHN'S CELEBRATED ANATOMI-
CAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry-street, Leicester-square
(open for Gentlemen only), the rarity and completeness of
whose contents have already acquired for it an European
reputation, and obtained the warm commendations of the
press in this and other countries is now open daily. A
New Series of Original Specimens and Models, embracing
some most important and curious features, illustrative of the
wonders and secrets of the Human Structure, has just
been added to the Collection, which now stands wholly un-
rivalled in the world. Medical practitioners and students
and the public at large are invited to visit the Museum,
where Lectures are delivered during the day, and a new
and peculiarly interesting one is delivered by Dr. KAHN, at
half-past Eight o'clock every Evening, on the Reproductive
Functions in Man. Admission, One Shilling.

Just published, price 1s., free by post (gratis to Visitors to
the Museum), a new edition of Dr. KAHN'S Treatise,

The SHOALS and QUICKSANDS OF YOUTH. An
Essay, specially intended to avert dangers to which the
young and susceptible are peculiarly liable, and to arrest
the progress of evil.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

Crowded Houses. Greatest success in the history of the Theatre. Be early at the Doors. MONDAY, Jan. 7, 1856, and every Evening during the Week. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven. **MAGIC AND MYSTERY**, by Professor Anderson, the Great Wizard of the North. The entertainment to be preceded by an Overture Fantastique, called the "Wizard of the North," in which is introduced an illustration of the "Spirit-rapping." To conclude with the Grand, National, Historical and Chivalric Pantomime, which has been so long in preparation, and on the production of which so large an expense has been incurred, of **YE BELLE ALLIANCE**, or **HARLEQUIN GOOD HUMOUR**, AND **YE FIELDS OF THE CLOTH OF GOLDE**, being a **LEGEND OF THE MEETING OF THE MONARCHS**. Scene 1. "The Caverns of the Gnome Britannicus in Subterraneanus." Britannicus, Mr. John Neville. Scene 2. "The Land's End, Cornwall, with the Car of the Dragons." Good Humour, Miss Harriet Gordon. Scene 3. "The Deck of 'The Great Harry,' 4-decker, 128 guns (the First English Man-of-War)." Henry the Eighth, Mr. Harry Pearson; Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. P. Q. Villiers; Sir Jasper Spritsail (Commander of the 'Great Harry') Mr. D. Stewart. Scene 4. "The Interior of the Chateau of Francis I between Guisnes and Ardennes;" Francis I, Mr. W. Shalders; Le Sire de Framboisy, Mr. H. Carles. Scene 5. "The Field of the Cloth of Gold, introducing a Grand Pas de Rosiere, by Miss Emma Horne and Corps de Ballet." Scene 6. "Grand Corridore in the Chateau, leading to the Bedchamber of the Monarchs." Scene 7. "The outside of Blondette's Farm;" Blondette, Miss Emma Horne; Coquelicot, Mr. C. Brown. Scene 8. "The abode of the Fairy Queen in the Golden Groves of Good Humour." (by Mr. William Beverley). The Fairy Queen, Miss E. Thorne. General Transformation—Harlequin, Mr. C. Brown; Pantaloon, W. A. Barnes (the Transatlantic Pantomimist); Columbine, Miss Emma Horne; Clown, the Great Flexmore. The Apotheosis of **YE BELLE ALLIANCE**, (Designed by M. Guerin,) England and France—Mourners at one Altar, Victors on One Throne. The Coronation with the Coronals of Valour by the Genius of Victory.

Grand Fashionable MORNING PERFORMANCE of **MAGIC AND MYSTERY**, including the whole of Mr. Anderson's unparalleled Wonders, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9, at Two o'clock. Doors open at Half-past One.

In rehearsal the Grand Operatic Drama, as produced at the Theatres-Royal, Glasgow and Edinburgh, of **ROB ROY**. Also, a New Squib, entitled **TIT FOR TAT**, a Legend of Drury-lane.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.— Lessee, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

Monday and during the week—**THE JEALOUS WIFE**: characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, Leslie, G. Vining, Danvers, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Castleton, Miss Marston, and Miss Bromley; after which a New Extravaganza, by J. R. Planché, Esq., entitled **THE DISCREET PRINCESS**; or, **THE THREE GLASS DISTAFFS**: principal characters by Messrs. Emery, F. Robson, Danvers, White, Clifton, H. Cooper, Misses Ternan, Marston, Maskell, Stephens, and Julia St. George.

Commence at half-past Seven.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed with complete confidence by the Faculty for its purity, efficacy, and marked superiority over all other kinds.

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

Extract from "THE LANCET," July 29, 1854.

"Dr. de Jongh gives the preference to the Light Brown Oil over the Pale Oil, which contains scarcely any volatile fatty acid, a smaller quantity of iodine, phosphoric acid, and the elements of bile, and upon which ingredients the efficacy of Cod Liver Oil no doubt partly depends. Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. IN THE PREFERENCE OF THE LIGHT BROWN OIL OVER THE PALE OIL WE FULLY CONCUR."

"We have carefully tested a specimen of the Light Brown Cod Liver Oil prepared for medical use under the direction of Dr. de Jongh, and obtained from the wholesale agents, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand. We find it to be genuine, and rich in iodine and the elements of bile."

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

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

In the High Court of Chancery.

TRIESEMAR.—On the 29th of May, 1855, an Injunction was granted by the High Court of Chancery, and on the 11th of June following was made perpetual, against Joseph Franklin and others, to restrain them, under a penalty of £1000, from imitating this medicine, which is protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. Trieseemar, No. 1, is a remedy for Relaxation, Spermatorrhoea, and Exhalation of the System, whether arising from accident or climate. Trieseemar, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which capivul and cubebæ have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. Trieseemar, No. 3, is the great Continental remedy for that class of disorders which unfortunately the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sarsaparilla in the world cannot remove. Trieseemar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the toilet-table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases, at 11s. each; free by post, 2s. extra; divided into separate doses, as administered by Velpéau, Lallemand, Roux, &c. To be had wholesale and retail in London, of Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Hannay and Co., 68, Oxford-street; and Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; J. H. Powell, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin; Kames and Co., Leith-walk, Edinburgh; and D. C. Campbell, Argyle-street, Glasgow.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS

In England are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON.

This is a good time to buy TEA; when Parliament meets it is almost certain we shall have an increase of duty to meet the expenses of the war.

Strong Congou Teas, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., 3s. 2d.

A general Price Current is published every month, containing all the advantages of the London markets, and is sent free by post on application.

SUGARS ARE SUPPLIED AT MARKET PRICES.

THE COMMISSION TEA COMPANY

HAVE the pleasure to announce that they are now SELLING NEW SEASON'S TEAS, which are of better quality and lower price than for two years past. The BEST 3s. 4d. BLACK TEA in LONDON—recommended.

VERY CHOICE SOUCHONG, per lb. 4s.—highly recommended. The BEST MOCHA COFFEE, per lb. 1s. 6d.—highly recommended.

Families and all large consumers are respectfully requested to COMPARE the 3s. 4d. BLACK TEA with any they purchase at 3s. 10d., and their 4s. very choice SOUCHONG with TEA at any price.

The COMPANY pack TEAS in POUND PACKETS, 7lbs., 14lbs., and 20lbs. Canisters without charge; and forward £3 value, carriage paid.

For the convenience of their customers, they supply Sugars and Colonial Produce at a small per centage on import prices.

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CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON, AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.

"The emporium for rich and delicious bacon is Fitch and Son's, Bishopsgate Within."—*United Service Gazette*.

"We know of nothing more exquisitely delicious than a rasher of Fitch's Breakfast Bacon."—*Weekly Rapper*.

This celebrated Bacon, smoke-dried, is sold by the side, half side, and separate pieces.

THE HALF-SIDE, of 30lbs., at..... 9d. per lb.

THE MIDDLE PIECE, of 12lbs., at..... 9d.

FITCH and SON have also the honour to offer the following superior articles, extraordinary for their *recherche* quality.

RICH BLUE-MOULD STILTON CHEESE.

CHOICE RICH SOMERSET DITTO.

CURIOUS OLD CHESHIRE DITTO.

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PICKLED AND SMOKED OX TONGUES.

YORK HAMS, OLD AND NEW, OF DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

WELL PICKLED BUTTER FOR WINTER STORE.

HOUSEHOLD PROVISIONS.

GOOD CHESHIRE CHEESE, 30 to 60lbs. each per lb 7½d.

"AMERICAN DITTO, 30 to 60lbs. " 6½d.

"SALT BUTTER, 30 to 70lbs. package 12d.

All articles are securely packed for travelling, and delivered free throughout London. Prepayment, or a reference in town, is requested with orders from the country.

Post office orders to be made payable at the chief office; and these, together with cheques, may be crossed with the name of Fitch and Son's bankers, "Sir J. W. Lubbock and Co."

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

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SUPERIOR REMEDIES FOR BAD LEGS.—Mr. John Nix, of Billericay, Essex, informs Professor Holloway that Mrs. Mary White, of Vange, had been troubled with a bad leg for more than fifteen years, for the cure of which there appeared no remedy, as she had tried various means without effect; but by his persuasion she commenced using Holloway's Ointment and Pills, previous to which, for sixteen weeks, she was unable to walk across the room. These invaluable remedies, however, cured the leg in a very short time. Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World, at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stamp, Constantinople; A. Guldley, Smyrna; and H. Hoods, Malta.

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Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They are the largest in the world, and contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, £2. 13s. to £3. 10s.; ditto, with ormolu ornaments and two sets of bars, £5. 10s. to £12. 12s.; Bronzed Fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to £3; Steel Fenders from £2. 15s. to £6; ditto with rich ormolu ornaments, from £2. 15s. to £7. 7s.; Fire-irons from 1s. 9d. the set to £4 4s. Sylvester and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges.

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

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	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons per dozen	18s.	2 1/2s.	32s.
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Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

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LAMPS of all SORTS and PATTERNS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites attention to this season's SHOW of LAMPS. It embraces the *Moderateur* (the best Parisian specimens of which have been carefully culled), Argand, Solar, Camphine, Palmer's Magnum, and other lamps for candles; and comprises an assortment which, considered either as to extent, price, or pattern, is perfectly unrivalled.

Pure Colza Oil, 5s. 6d. per gallon.

Palmer's Candles, 10d. and 10½d. per lb.

Patent Camphine, 4s. per gallon.

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In every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most *recherche* patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 25s. 9d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 34s. to 58s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver plated handles, 76s. 6d. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16, 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 20s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro plated on Nickel, full size, £11. 11s.

The alterations and additions to these very extensive premises (already by far the largest in Europe), which have occupied the whole year, are now nearly completed; they are of such a character that the entire of EIGHT HOUSES is now devoted to the display of the most magnificent stock of GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY (including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated, and Japanned Wares, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding), arranged in Sixteen Large Show Rooms, so as to afford to parties furnishing facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere. Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The books of the Society close on 1st March, and Proposals lodged at the head office, or at any of the agencies, on or before that date, will secure the advantage of the present year's entry, and of One Year's Additional Bonus over later Proposals.

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