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The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

A NEW step has been made in the progress of the dispute between Russia and Europe, rather than Turkey. The Emperor of Russia has transmitted to the Courts of Paris and London, a reply to the last Note emanating from those Courts. This document, which has been erroneously called a Manifesto, has been variously described as being couched in the most insulting terms, and as being couched in the terms of the most perfect courtesy, with strong professions of peace. Unable to determine which is the exact description, we are driven to conjecture, and there is some clue to conjecture, from the fact that the document has been withheld from publication in both countries. If it is so courteous, how advantageous it would have been to soothe the public mind, by showing the excellent temper of the Emperor Nicholas! We suspect that both descriptions are true,—that it is courteous in its language, profuse in pretensions of peace, but deeply insulting to those whom it addresses, in renewing those transparent assertions of pacific intentions with which Russia has preceded her grossest outrages, and thus in covering impudent aggression with the cynical language of diplomatic politeness. There is no species of insult so gross as that with which a domineering man of rank, using polite language, puts some overbearing coercion upon the inferiors by whom he is surrounded; and such we take to be the demeanour of Russia towards the inferior Courts of France and England. Both Governments have intimated, through their organs in Paris and London, that their own course is unaltered by this new Russian manœuvre.

In the East, affairs proceed just as if the Czar were not putting forth these renewed professions of peace. The Turks have actually crossed the Danube, and Russian blood has been shed; and the joint fleets of France and England have actually entered the Dardanelles. There is not that appearance of retraction on the field of action which our Paris Correspondent indicates.

In more than one respect the relations of States abroad look menacing, even in the extreme East. The Indian mail brings reports as to the impossibility of keeping up the hollow peace in Burmah; with accounts of British officers killed by Arab irregulars in the Nizam's territories, and by Affghans at Peshawur;—offences against

English authority, which will have to be chastised with a high hand, unless English authority is to be given up. Troops are withdrawn from the Cape of Good Hope, for service nearer home—four regiments; and simultaneously with their withdrawal, the indomitable Caffres are grumbling at the insufficiency of the lands allotted to them, and talking about getting back to the Amatola mountains. General Cathcart appears as little to have put down the Caffre as did Sir Harry Smith with his "stick of peace."

A dispute between the Governments of France and Naples begins to assume an ugly aspect. The King of Naples held a review; and as a compliment, three French officers were sent to attend that review. There has been in Naples a strong party in favour of restoring the heir of the family of Murat—anything rather than a continuance of the perjured family which still encumbers the throne. This local aspiration renders the sight of everything French vexatious to the royal mind; and French uniform adds nothing to the beauties of that loveliest of bays in the regal sight. Hence it was an object to stop the officers going to the review; yet the King could no more decline the visit than an Eastern nobleman can decline the royal present of an elephant. Some pretext, therefore, was necessary; and the French officers were put in quarantine! Unable to accuse them of political intrigue, the Neapolitan authorities declared them to be suspected of infection! Thus Naples turned Bullealf's pretext upon the French officers. The recruit bellows to Falstaff, that he cannot go to the walls, for that he has a cold: Naples refuses to receive French officers at its mimic wars, lest they should be in indifferent health. France, however, was not content to be put into the Lazaretto; and the Emperor has withdrawn his ambassador from Naples. How the quarrel will end does not yet appear; but it is, no doubt, stored up in the deep, icy mind of Louis Napoleon.

New domestic troubles appear now to test his power. M. Gondehaux, Finance Minister under Cavaignac, M. Deleschuze, a companion of Ledru Rollin in the affair of June, and several other persons, have been arrested and searched; but the aggression on private liberty, however resented by Emile de Girardin in the *Presse*, excited far less sensation in Paris than a stock-jobbing report, that the Emperor had fallen from his horse!

The position of the Spanish Government grows

daily more critical. A Ministerial crisis seems to have become the natural state of affairs; and whereas, until the present day, it was considered that "the favourite" should be removable, as the ladies of the bed-chamber have been removed in this country, the modern practice in the Spanish Court has rescued that gentleman from mere Ministerial "solidarity." Perhaps the Spanish people do not object to the existence of that functionary in the Spanish Court, nor have they yet marked a very strong sense of the frequent changes in that peculiar office; but some want of reserve has lately provoked the popular indignation. Coins are current on which the effigy of her most Catholic Majesty is stamped with the most opprobrious epithets applied to females; and recently, when Isabella appeared at the theatre, and the band struck up the "Royal March," the tune was stopped by the indignant audience, and gracious Majesty was saluted with hisses! Such incidents mark more than want of personal respect: it betrays the corrupt state of society, in which the Government authority has lost its hold, and power over the treasury is retained only by military occupation. The return of Narvaez, with the expectations formed from that fact, would indicate an impending military revolution. But the question is, whether that vigorous soldier of fortune is not too much broken down by ill health and years to repeat the *coup d'état* which established his authority, and banished the General who really placed the Queen upon her throne.

The Spanish Government has just remembered that it ought to pay to that General, Espartero, 5000*l.*, as an instalment of arrears long due to him, and the order for payment has issued. It involves a large discount—fifty per cent: for thus it is, that proud Spain pays her debts of honour!

The American papers report a strange diplomatic irregularity, with very ominous appearance. General Almonte, the Mexican ambassador at Washington, has "officially" sent to the papers a letter, in which Santa Anna, President of Mexico, contradicts the American report that he is raising an army to make himself Emperor and invade the Union. The averment is, that the army is raised to defend the frontier against Indians whom the Americans permit to vex it, and against piratical invaders of another kind. This disclaimer of treachery and war, however, only deepens suspicion against a man so ambitious and so treacherous as Santa Anna.

Some of the American papers speak of "a panic" in the New York market, and put forth the most gloomy prophecies as to an universal crash. It is evident that these reports are imaginary; instigated in part, by the love of a sensation, and in part, by something like personal hostility to the present Government. One fact alone will make the English reader understand how absurd is the very theory of this fiction. American houses are represented as fearing the consequences of the demand for bread-stuffs in England. Now, it is quite possible that in the sharp trade which goes on across the Atlantic, individual houses may be more or less hurt; and occasionally it has happened so. But that danger to America should arise from a trade so substantial as that in bread-stuffs; that the extension of the trade should occasion fears amongst the bold merchants across the Atlantic, are preposterous notions. Even the chance of hostilities would have one advantage, in tending to increase our trade with America rather than Russia.

We may compare these prophecies with others, that Governor Pierce was losing ground, and that the opposite party was gaining ground. Three of the most important States, however, have returned their State officers with democratic majorities—Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Georgia. Ohio has been most frequently Whig; Pennsylvania, sometimes one and sometimes the other; and Georgia gives the tone very much of the South. These elections, therefore, are of the first importance as indications of feeling.

The most painful event at home is the continuance and development of the great Lancashire strike centering in Preston. The men still hold out to their ten per cent., but at the instance of a Mr. Braham, of Manchester, they have adopted a resolution inviting a public meeting, to be called by the Mayor, for the purpose of considering a general accommodation of the dispute. It is not likely that the dispute can be settled at public meetings; but the men at all events show more disposition towards an arrangement than the masters, who remain obstinate in their "strike." Tens of thousands—perhaps more than a hundred thousand persons—are out of work; thousands of retail dealers are of course also out of work; trade, manufacturing and retail, is at a stand throughout a wide district; nothing is produced wherewith to buy food, to pay for lodging, or to replace clothing, and both parties are incurring a swingeing debt.

Before this great fact many other facts of the week seem small. Mr. Cobden's speech at Barnsley, on the occasion of the re-opening of the Lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institution of that town; the festival at Tamworth, apparently to celebrate the non-success of the Midland Union of Mechanics' Institutes; Mr. Recorder Hill's strictures on the Birmingham gaol disclosures; the publication of a circular describing an instrument of torture in Winchester gaol; Mr. Bouverie's rendering an account to his constituents at Kilmarnock; and the further narrative of the deplorable loss of the *Dalhousie*, drowning sixty-four persons; with the drowning of thirty-seven persons inveigled to attempt the passage of a rotten bridge over the Medway—are traits of daily life in England, so little varying from incidents often recorded in the papers, that they invite enumeration rather than remark.

By far the most startling and important fact at home, however, is that letter by Lord Palmerston, which has fallen like a bombshell among the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The Presbytery had addressed to the Government a letter requesting that a day for prayer and humiliation might be set apart as a national fast, on account of the Cholera. It was the Presbytery of the Established Church that made the request; the request is one according to the sectarian routine, and it might have been expected to extort, if not a compliance, at all events an excusatory letter from the Government. Instead of that, Lord Palmerston sends one of his brief and pithy expositions of a plain truth, which is not often plainly recognised. He does not think that a national fast would be suitable to the present moment. The Maker of the universe, he says, has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live. The weal or woe of man depends upon the observance or neglect of those laws. One of those laws connects health with the dispersion of gaseous exhalations. And Providence has placed arrangements within the power of man

to prevent or disperse these exhalations. It does not appear to Lord Palmerston, therefore, that we having neglected these laws, and being afflicted with Cholera, it is a becoming mode of signifying our humble resignation to the Divine will, to indulge in prayerful importunities and leave off eating food. Comte himself could not have put the truth of the matter in a more distinct light—he could not have clothed it in language more excellently plain and pointed. But think of answering a Presbytery with truth—with religion non-sectarian—with a more intelligent reference to the will of God, instead of the old begging expectation of a miracle, which seems to have been copied by anticipation from the expiring race of Irish cottiers. Lord Palmerston prefers other precepts and practices, higher religion, than that of the Presbytery of Scotland; and on that score at least he is fit to be the Minister of this country at this day. The principles which the *Leader* stood always alone in advocating three years ago have found their way to the Home Office. Lord Palmerston is at least a mitigated disciple of the Positive Philosophy.

LORD PALMERSTON ON PRAYER AND FASTING.

THE Moderator of the Edinburgh Presbytery of the Church of Scotland addressed Lord Palmerston a few days ago, stating that the Presbytery had in view the propriety of appointing, on ecclesiastical authority, a day for prayer and humiliation, within its bounds, on account of the re-appearance of Asiatic cholera in this country. Considering, however, that it was likely that a national fast would be appointed on Royal authority, they begged respectfully to ask whether such an appointment was in contemplation. The following letter from the Home Office, in reply, was read at the monthly meeting of the Presbytery on Wednesday:—

"SIR,—I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, requesting, on the behalf of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to be informed whether it is proposed to appoint a day of national fasting on account of the visitation of the cholera, and to state that there can be no doubt that manifestations of humble resignation to the Divine Will and sincere acknowledgments of human unworthiness are never more appropriate than when it has pleased Providence to afflict mankind with some severe visitation; but it does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment.

"The Maker of the Universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or the neglect of those laws. One of those laws connects health with the absence of those gaseous exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposed substances, whether animal or vegetable; and these same laws render sickness the almost inevitable consequence of exposure to those noxious influences. But it has, at the same time, pleased Providence to put it within the power of man to make such arrangements as will prevent or disperse such exhalations so as to render them harmless, and it is the duty of man to attend to those laws of nature, and to exert the faculties which Providence has thus given to man for his own welfare.

"The recent visitation of cholera, which has for the moment been mercifully checked, is an awful warning given to the people of this realm that they have too much neglected their duty in this respect, and that those persons with whom it rested to purify towns and cities and to prevent or to remove the causes of disease, have not been sufficiently active in regard to such matters. Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of an united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY FITZROY.

"To the Rev. W. H. Gray, Moderator of the Presbytery of Edinburgh."

On the reading of the letter,

The Reverend Dr. Clark expressed his total dissent from the sentiments expressed in the letter, and said he would not wish to be a sharer in the responsibility of those who refused or declined to give her Majesty's subjects an opportunity of meeting for prayer in regard to so fearful a visitation.

The Reverend Dr. Muir said, he thought there could be but one unmingled feeling of pity entertained by them that such a document should emanate from a professedly Christian Government.

Several members expressed concurrence in these sentiments. It was agreed to refer the appointment of a day of humiliation and prayer to the approaching

meeting of the provincial Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, that the same day might be fixed for the whole Synod. The question was put whether the answer of Mr. Fitzroy should be engrossed in the minutes, and it was unanimously carried in the negative.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS.

Two religious phenomena come before us: the British and Foreign Bible Society in its year of Jubilee, and Methodism in its decline.

Lord Mayor Challis presided over a meeting of the society in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on Tuesday, and measures were adopted for making the year of Jubilee specially memorable. Mr. Challis declared that the society had been eminently successful:—

"First established in 1804, the society now numbered in connexion with it not less than 8332 branches. When the society was first established, the translations of the Bible were not more than fifty; there were now one hundred and fifty languages in which the society had promoted the distribution, printing, and translation of the Scriptures. By the means of the society also an immense increase had taken place in the circulation of the Bible, not less than 45,000,000 copies having been distributed by means of the combined action of the branch and parent societies, a number equal to eleven times the whole quantity which were supposed to be in existence at the time of the formation of the society. After alluding to the vast opening which the present revolution in China promised to afford for the spread of the Holy Scriptures, his lordship called upon the meeting zealously and liberally to co-operate with the Bible Society in its magnificent design of a free distribution of a million of New Testaments in the native language of China."

The Reverend Mr. Frost read a statement showing the "progress" of the society:—

"From this it appeared that the total sum expended by the society since its formation had been 3,950,953*l.*, and that nearly 45,000,000 copies of the Scriptures had been circulated, of which number 18,000,000 had been distributed in Great Britain and Ireland, 17,000,000 in Europe, 8,000,000 in America, and 2,000,000 among Jews, Mahometans, and heathens in other parts of the world. The society proposed to establish a 'Jubilee Fund' for special objects, towards which an aggregate sum of 32,000*l.* had been already subscribed. The objects contemplated by this fund were, the adoption, as far as practicable, of an extensive and efficient system of colportage throughout Great Britain, in the year of jubilee; the supply of emigrants, together with special grants of Bibles and Testaments to prisons, schools, missions, and other charitable and benevolent institutions in this country; and special grants to Ireland, in such ways as might hereafter be determined upon. They also proposed to make special efforts in India, Australia, and other British colonies, by agencies, grants, or otherwise; and special grants to China, and such other parts of the world as might appear open to special operations. Lastly, they proposed the establishment of a special and separate fund, from the annual produce of which pecuniary aid may be granted, at the discretion of the committee, to persons in the employ of the society, including the colporteurs abroad, and to their widows and children when in circumstances to require such aids.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said that it was a great thing to have invented the electric telegraph, but the circulation of the Bible was a grander conception; and it might also be said that the Bible is "the cheap defence of nations."

Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. Alderman Wire, and other gentlemen spoke, and resolutions were adopted declaring the right of every man to possess and read the Bible, and the especial duty of Great Britain to circulate it.

We borrow from the *Morning Post* a statement of the present condition and prospects of the followers of John Wesley.

"The minutes of the last Wesleyan Conference have just fallen into our hands, and we learn from them that Methodism is now a failing cause. Year by year there seems to have been a gradual decrease in the number of its 'joined' members, and this year it is more marked than ever. It is erroneously supposed by many that the Methodists are a large body, but it appears from the statistics before us that they are much smaller in number than is commonly imagined. The total number in Great Britain is two hundred and seventy thousand nine hundred and sixty-five. Last year it was two hundred and eighty one thousand two hundred and sixty-three, showing a decrease upon the present year of ten thousand two hundred and ninety-eight.

In Ireland, last year	20,040
" this year	19,608
Decrease on the year	432
In Europe, last year	1,882
" this year	1,167
Decrease	715
"In India, Ceylon, and China, and the South Sea Missions, there has been a slight increase, as follows:—	
This year	2,153
Last year	2,040
Increase	113
"In Australia and the islands of Polynesia:—	
This year	19,136
Last year	18,938
Increase	197
"Southern Africa shows an increase of sixteen. Western Africa of seven hundred and thirty-seven. In the West	

Indies there is an increase of ninety-five in one portion, against a decrease of one thousand three hundred and sixty-one in another. In British North America and its neighbouring islands there is an increase of six hundred and twenty-three, against a decrease of two hundred and fifteen.

"Thus, it would appear; that, both at home and abroad, the cause of Methodism is not advancing. In Great Britain the decrease is remarkable. It is only in its missionary operations that it can boast of increasing numbers. The fair inference seems to be, that the progress of Methodism is in inverse ratio to the exertions of the Church. At home, where the Church has put forth her energies with greater vigour of late years, the decrease not only of Methodism, but of all kinds of dissents, is observable. On the contrary, in the colonies and in foreign stations, where our full ecclesiastical system has not duly come, and where the field is fairly open to them, their increase is very perceptible."

The third aspect of religion is presented by the Church of England. Cholera rages in a particular part of Southwark. In the diocese of Winchester, prayers have been put up for fine weather, to stay the progress of cholera. You would never imagine that the cholera district of Southwark is an appanage of the bishopric of Winchester, yielding huge fines upon renewals! But it is! This Bishop of Winchester has been quite recently consecrating a new church at Geneva!

PUBLIC EDUCATION: MR. COBDEN AND SIR ROBERT PEELE.

It is now some months since "education" was a topic at public meetings, although privately the topic has not been lost sight of. This week we have two remarkable gatherings—both connected with Mechanics' Institutions; one bringing out Mr. Cobden in the most useful and estimable light, the other exhibiting a singular medley of gentlemen united in a common cause by Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth.

On Wednesday, the Barksley Mechanics' Institute was re-opened, and Mr. Cobden not only officiated as President of the evening, but as a public teacher, and delivered what we may call an inaugural address.

The first part of it related solely to the affairs, the deficiencies, and the requirements of the institution in which he spoke; and this portion of his speech was delivered with that plainness and kindness of manner and tone, mingled with humour, which characterises Mr. Cobden when not engaged in a controversy. From the local institute, he was naturally led to ask for what these institutes were established.

"Not as a system of education, but to supplement the want of education, and we want the education still which we wanted when these institutions were founded. I know that it is made a vexed question, and to some extent a party question. I never regarded it as a party question. I don't care through what it comes. Give me voluntary education, or State education—but education, I want. (Loud applause.) I cannot accept statistics to prove the number of people who attend schools—to prove that the people are educated, because I cannot shut my eyes to what is evident to my senses,—that the people are not educated,—that they are not being educated. (Renewed applause.) I was talking only yesterday with a merchant in Manchester, who told me that he had attended at the swearing in of the militia in one of the largest manufacturing towns of England, and that not one-half of those sworn in could read, and not one-third could sign their names. (Hear, hear.) Now, without wishing to utter any fanatical opinion with regard to the peace question, I must say, with all sincerity, I think it would have been much better to hand these young men over to the schoolmaster rather than to the drill-sergeant. ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.) For I think the safety of this country would be more promoted by teaching them to read and write than by teaching them to face about right. (Laughter.) I was talking this subject over to an old friend of mine at Preston, and he said, 'I attended the coroner one day last week at an inquest. There were 13 jurymen; five signed their names, and eight made their mark.' Can I shut my eyes to what is going on around us? I cannot, and therefore I say we are not an educated people; and I say it is our duty, and our safety calls upon us, to see that the people are educated; and I know of no place more fitting to discuss this subject than in such a meeting as this, because I take it for granted you are all interested in it. You all admit the deficiency of juvenile instruction, or you would not have attended to the defective adult education. (Hear, hear.) We are not an educated people, and I have no hesitation in asserting that, in point of school learning, the mass of the English people are the least instructed of any Protestant community in the world. ('Shame!') I say that deliberately. I remember quite well at the time of the Hungarian emigration into this country after the revolution, a very distinguished minister or religious teacher of Hungary was talking to me on the subject of our education, and I told him a large portion of our people could neither read nor write. He could not believe it, and said, 'If it is true a large proportion of your people can neither read nor write, how do you maintain your constitutional franchises and your political liberties? Why, it is evident to me that your institutions are rather ahead of your people, and that this self-government is only a habit with you.' It is a habit, and we will cling to it and hold it; but I want a safer foundation. I want to have our self-government a habit of appreciation—something our people will be proud of, and not simply a habit; and there is no security unless it is based upon a wider intelligence of the people than we meet with at the present moment. It meets us at every turn—you can't do anything in social reform but you are met with the question of education. Take the question

of sanitary reform. Why do people live in bad cellars, surrounded by filth and disease? You may say it is their poverty, but their poverty comes as much from their ignorance as their vices; and their vices often spring from their ignorance. (Applause.) The great mass of the people don't know what the sanitary laws are; they don't know that ventilation is good for health; they don't know that the miasma of an unscavenged street or impure alley is productive of cholera and disease. If they did know these things, people would take care they inhabited better houses; and if people were only more careful in their habits than they are, and husbanded their means, they might get into better houses."

Another illustration came pat to his hand; and here he made some significant admissions:—

"I see in different parts of the country a great social movement going on between different classes of the community. For instance, in the town of Preston you have 20,000 or 30,000 persons out of work, and there is in that place not a chimney but is cold and cheerless—neither smoke nor steam cheering your eyes. Look at the destitution and misery caused by leaving a town in this state for a month or six weeks. Why is this? I answer, it springs from ignorance. (Hear, hear.) Not ignorance confined to one party in the dispute. (Applause.) It is ignorance on both sides, and deplorable is its result. (Renewed applause.) But do you suppose, that when the world becomes more enlightened you will have such a scene as this, of a whole community stopping its labours for a month or six weeks, and creating misery, immorality, and destitution that may not be removed for five or six years to come? (Hear, hear.) When masters and men understand the principles upon which the rate of wages and profits depend, they will settle their matters and arrange their differences in a less bungling way than that which now brings so much misery upon all parties to the quarrel. (Applause.) Even now, however, we see great progress in this respect. I remember the time when the cessation of labour by 25,000 persons would have led to riot and disturbance, and the calling out of the military. This is not to be seen now. (Hear, hear.) We see passive resistance and firmness to an extent which, if they had policy and propriety at their back, would be highly desirable, and most commendable. (Hear, hear.) But, gentlemen, we shall probably live to see the time when another step will be taken onward. You will live to see the time when men will settle these matters, not by resorting to blind passion, by vituperation and counter-vituperation—when the question of wages will be left to the master and man to arrange according to their own interest—when the whole question of wages, and the rate of wages, will be settled just as quietly as you now see the price of any article fixed in the public market. (Hear, hear.) They did not find that people who went to market with cattle, potatoes, or anything else, struck against the buyers of those cattle or potatoes. They did not find that the seller of the cattle struck against the seller of the potatoes, and that the buyers and the eaters of the potatoes stood quietly by and starved while the potatoes rotted. They did not find men doing such things; but they found that it was by the higgling of the market that they tranquilly decided its price; they thus fixed the price of the day, and the whole thing was quietly settled without that irritation and waste of property, without that misery and suffering, which I consider most painful, and, as a sign of the intelligence of the day, the most discreditable—that struggle between master and workpeople which is passing in our time. (Applause.) I am not saying one word of the merits of either side upon this question. Both parties think themselves right, and both are, no doubt, right in attempting to get the best price they can, the one for his labour, and the other for his capital; but if there were more intelligence upon this question—if the laws were better understood which decide finally and inexorably the relative value of labour as well as everything else, these matters would be settled without that hideous amount of suffering which I deplore to see accompanying these strikes and troubles in the manufacturing districts. (Applause.)"

Here he instituted a comparison between the people of England and the people of the United States, in point of education, giving the palm to the latter, and backing up his position with an instructive Manchester anecdote.

"When I came through Manchester the other day I found many of the most influential manufacturing capitalists talking very gravely upon a report which had reached them from a gentleman who was selected by the Government to go out to America, to make a report upon the Great Exhibition in New York. That gentleman was one of the most eminent of the mechanicians and machine-makers of Manchester, employing a very large number of workpeople, renowned for the quality of his productions, and known in the scientific world, and whose scientific attainments were appreciated from the Astronomer Royal downwards. He has been over to New York to report upon the progress of mechanics and mechanical arts in the United States. Well, he has returned. No report from him to the Government has, as yet, been published, and what he has to say specifically upon the subject will not be known until that report has been so made and published to the country. But it has oozed out in Manchester among his neighbours, that he has found in America a degree of intelligence among the manufacturing operatives, and a state of things in the mechanical arts, which have convinced him that, if we are to hold our own—if we are not to fall back in the race of nations—we must educate our people so as to put them upon a level with the more educated artisans of the United States. (Applause.)"

This intelligence of danger filled him with gladness.

"Napoleon used to say to those in communication with him, 'If you have any bad news to tell me, awake me at any hour of the night, for good news will keep, but bad news I cannot know too soon.' I say, then, I am delighted with this, for let but Englishmen know of a dan-

ger to face, and of a difficulty to surmount, and there is nothing within the compass of human capacity which they will not accomplish; but the great misfortune is, that Englishmen are too much given up to and incrustured with their insular pride and prejudice,—a sort of Chinese notion of superiority,—that they will not awaken up and use their eyes as to what is going on in other countries until it is too late. I am glad, therefore, that this question is to be brought forward; but why should America be better educated than England! Do you think that a new country which has the wilderness to cultivate, primeval forests to level, roads to make, and every bridge and church to erect,—do you think that such a country is in a position to rival an old country, if that country will only do its duty to its people? No, an old country has greater advantages and facilities at command than a new one; and if you find a new country beating an old one in this matter, depend upon it, it is because of some fault in the old one. We don't read in ancient Greece, when she sent forth her colonies, that they became the teachers of the mother country. No; Athens always remained the teacher of the whole world. And it is a shame if a new people, sent out from us only yesterday, is to be held up for our admiration and example, and this too in the matter of education. Now, I hope that it won't be said that there is anything in these remarks which is out of place in an assembly such as this. It appears to me that if there can be a meeting at which such an object as this should be discussed, it is just such a meeting as this. We are all here, at all events, presumed to feel a great interest in the subject of education, and therefore anxious to promote it. And I don't despair even now. I should not despair of this country, if the people of this country would only resolve to do it, surpassing all the world in education in a generation or two. ('Hear, hear,' and applause.) But we must not refuse to adopt the improved machinery of other countries. We must not be like the Chinese with their junks, who refuse to build their ships after our improved model; we must not refuse to adopt what we see in other countries if better than our own. If we see the Americans beating us in our spinning-jennies and in their sailing-boats, we adopt their improvements; if they send over a yacht which beats ours, we send over and build one which will beat them; if a man comes over and picks our locks, we may wonder how it is he makes better locks than we do, but we buy them; and so it is in other matters of this kind. But, on the question of education, they have in the United States adopted a system which we in this country have not adopted, except in Scotland to some extent; and what is so natural as that we should follow the same rule in this matter as we do in the manufacture of our machines for spinning cotton, and in the construction of our ships? I take it that, the result being in favour of American education, it proves that they have adopted better means than we have, and, if we would rival them, we must not be ashamed to adopt their plan, if better than our own. ('Hear, hear,' and applause.)"

Other gentlemen addressed the meeting, and at half-past ten the proceedings ended.

The gathering at Tamworth was a double celebration—that of the Tamworth Library, and that of the Midland Counties Association of Mechanics' Institutes. Its chief interest for the cause of education lay in the peculiar association of persons—Lord Yarborough, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Recorder Hill, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and others. These gentlemen made good speeches, but not above the level of good speaking now-a-days. Sir Robert Peel is the President of the Association for the coming year, and was the host of the speakers whose names we have set down. The most noticeable thing in his speech was an attack on strikes. More confident in his political economy than Mr. Cobden, Sir Robert denounced the conduct of the operatives, while he left untouched that of the masters. Dr. Lyon Playfair made a practical speech, recommending courses of lectures in regular order on art or science, instead of lectures capriciously selected on the topics uppermost in the public mind at the time. At the business meeting of the delegates it was resolved that this course should be recommended to the institutes forming the Association.

FINE ART PROJECTS.

MR. HENRY COLE, the prime originator of the Great Exhibition, has come before the public to-day with a plan for carrying out the proposals of the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, with respect to the establishment of institutions for the promotion of Art and Science, at Kensington, rather by the public themselves than by Government. Mr. Cole argues that, in this country, private enterprise is more efficient than Government agency, and he therefore wants the public to back up his plan. That plan he describes in these words:—

"The plans involve the erection of spacious and attractive buildings (themselves developing the highest state of Science and Art) for the purpose of exhibiting collections, which should illustrate the progress of Science and Art; the formation of the collections themselves, and the execution of various extensive works, conducive to popular improvement and recreation. Besides, it is proposed to erect certain buildings for Government objects, such as the Department of Science and Art, and for any Institutions which may require them, such as the Royal Academy of Music, which has already applied for ground at Kensington for a building.

"The Government and the Commissioners would have to lay down certain general conditions defining whether the whole, or only a part of the plans, should be executed by private agency.

"The following course of action might probably be arranged, and would seem calculated, on the one hand, to secure the advantages of responsible and unfettered action,

and enlist the strongest motives to produce the highest excellence; whilst, on the other, it would enable the Government to adopt the result as a national work without incurring the risks of a failure. A charter should be granted to a public company, conferring the privileges of carrying out the erection of the buildings, and the decoration of them; the laying out the grounds with terraces, fountains, and sculpture, and the formation of certain collections, including all that ought to be comprehended in a National Gallery of Painting, Sculpture, and other decorative Arts. As respects the few paintings already national property, the Government might lend them, and agree to pay a fair rental for the space occupied by them. The Company should be the sole judges of the scale of its expenditure and the execution of the works. When the structures and collections were sufficiently complete to be opened to the public, the Government, in return for its assistance, should have the right to determine whether the public should be admitted gratuitously or by payment. If it were determined gratuitously, then the whole works would be purchased for the nation at a fair valuation, upon principles previously settled. If the Government declined the purchase, then the public should be admitted on payment, so successfully tried at the Exhibition of 1851, and the Company would undertake the future management, Government still reserving the right of purchase at the expiration of certain periods of time. The Company might also contract to provide buildings for private institutions. Space in the buildings might also be provided to exhibit the existing Government collections of Sculpture, &c. under certain conditions; but these at present form a small part of what systematic collections of Art and Science would become by the energies of private enterprise, which would create galleries as extensive as those of the Louvre, as systematic as those at Berlin, and as rich in illustrations of the decorative Arts as the Historical Collections in the Zwinger and Green Vaults at Dresden."

BRITISH OPINION ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

MR. BOUVERIE AT KILMARNOCK.

AS Member for the Kilmarnock Burghs Mr. Pleydell Bouverie made his appearance at Kilmarnock on Friday week. His object was to give an account of his political conduct during the past year; but of course he went beyond a mere retrospective glance at the chief subjects of recent legislation, and touched on the Eastern question, and the probabilities of war. Here are his views. First he contended that our large armaments are necessary to our security; and that the Peace party rather overlook the fact that security, above all things, is essential to trade and commerce. But war is coming.

"Now, the war which is likely to take place is a war between Turkey and Russia. I for one confess I like neither the Russians nor the Turks. Russia is a vast country, with an enormous territory, with a great population scattered over it, governed by absolute despotism, and with an enormous army. For the last 150 years it has extended its empire in every direction, and it is one of the questions which the future will have to solve, how far and to what extent that great empire is to go on increasing? Probably the time has now come for the solution of that question. I don't like Russia. I confess the conduct of that Power has been, as far as I can judge, destructive of liberty, equity, and justice, and has been solely prompted by that which is said to be the object of all princes—the possession of more territory and people. None of us, I apprehend, as citizens of a free country, can very much admire a pure despotism. We don't know what a thing it is in this country. I may relate to you a short anecdote which I was only reading lately in connexion with Russia, and which will show you this. There is a very strict censorship of the press in Russia, and it is so strict that the words freedom and liberty are absolutely forbidden. Well, a learned scientific man, who was publishing a book containing, among other things, an account of a particular machine, said the parts were so connected that they worked freely together. The censor struck out 'freely' from the book, saying he could not possibly admit that word. (Laughter.) That is an illustration of the totally different feeling and spirit which exist there and in this country, and, therefore, I say I have no sympathy with Russia. I cannot say I am fond of the Turks either. In the first place, they conquered a great Christian country 400 years ago—for it is exactly 400 years since Constantinople was taken from the Greek empire. They are a barbarous, uncivilized, ignorant, and persecuting people, although our sympathy is excited for them now because they have been most unjustly treated. It is only thirty years since the Greek revolution took place; and when the Greeks first rose in insurrection against their sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey, he issued an edict ordering that every Christian in his dominions should be massacred. And, whether he issued it or not, within a few weeks something like 40,000 Christians in the Turkish dominions were massacred in cold blood, and the Patriarch of the Greek Church was dragged in ignominy before a Court and hung in front of his own church. As another proof of what a barbarous people they are in their feelings and practices, I may mention that, at the time of that great contest, there was a Greek general defending the ancient pass of Thermopylae—a pass once defended by another Greek against an invading foe. He was taken before the pasha, who asked him if he would enter the Turkish service. He replied, 'Never; and what do you think they did with him? Why, thirty years ago—a period in the memory of many of those who are now about me—he was ordered to be impaled and roasted alive before a slow fire: and so he was. Now, I don't say these things to excite an odium against the Turks, but I tell you them to show that they are a barbarous savage race, who have really none of the civilization and improvements which we have in this country, and who are animated by passions and feelings which we must most

heartily detest; and, therefore, I have no sympathy with the Turks. All we have to trouble ourselves with is our own best interests, and the interests of Europe. Now, it is agreed on all hands that it is of absolute importance that the Russians should not get possession of Turkey. All the statesmen of this country are agreed upon that, and think that it would be in a great measure fatal. It is agreed also that the Turks are aggrieved in this case, and that the attack upon them is of a most unprovoked and unwarranted description. If my sympathies are to be given at all I must give them to the party unjustly treated. If I see a big man licking a little boy I don't stop to consider whether he is a bad boy or not, or whether his past mode of life has been evil. I see an act of injustice done towards him, and I say to the man—'You are ill-treating that little fellow, you are very unjust, and you shan't do it.' (Laughter and cheers.) Well, that is very much what the two great Powers, France and England, have been saying to Russia, and we seem likely to be embarked in a war in consequence. It necessarily follows, if you interfere with a party, what argument have you to use with the stronger, except saying, 'If you don't give up the attack I will compel you.' My illustration of the little boy comes in here again, and I would say to the man, 'If you don't give up beating him why I will fight you myself, and see whether I cannot give you a licking.' You have no other argument to use with the Russians unless they submit to you as an arbitrator, but to say, 'You withdraw the aggression on the dominions of Turkey; don't carry out the attack which you meditate, or, if you do, we shall be obliged to make you withdraw.' Force between nations is the court of last resort, and nothing but force can be appealed to. Hence we have no alternative but to be plunged—though Heaven forbid—in a European war. As I said, if that takes place—if there should be a general European war—nobody can tell the consequences, or what may take place throughout Europe. As I said, I hope to Heaven that every effort will be made, consistent with the best interests of Europe, to secure us against the dire calamities of war, and to promote the great blessings of peace."

We take the report from the columns of the *North British Daily Mail*, and leave that journal responsible for the indications of popular feeling.

METROPOLIS.

The inhabitants of Pimlico met in great numbers on Tuesday, in the Lecture Hall of the Athenæum Literary Institute, and passed resolutions condemning alike the aggression of the Emperor of Russia and the policy of Lord Aberdeen. There was some opposition on the peace side, but in vain.

The people of the Tower Hamlets held a meeting on Wednesday, Captain Mayne Reid in the chair. Captain Reid showed that both the Russian and Turkish armies are eating up corn which would otherwise have found its way to England. The salient part of his speech was an attack on Lord Palmerston for betraying Hungary:—

"Some persons may ask, Are we to suspect our Cabinet Ministers of trifling with English honour? Suspect! ay, more than suspect, and I draw my reasoning and my conclusion from the conduct of this same Ministry but five years ago, when Hungary was struggling for independence. (Loud cheers.) I dare boldly pronounce upon this platform—and I will not announce what I cannot prove—that in the struggle of Hungary the oligarchical Ministry of this country did as much to crush Hungary as the Russian despot. The blue-books, doctored and mutilated as they are, prove that to be the case. I can prove, from Lord Palmerston's own despatches, that he had counselled Turkey to take no part in the work of Hungary. I can show that the Principalities were used to organize the armies of the despots in their attacks upon Hungary. I can go further, and show that when the representatives of Kossuth and the Hungarians at Constantinople obtained permission from Turkey to bring 200,000 muskets up the Danube, they were prevented from going by English influence. I will go further with respect to Lord Palmerston, and say that he had no hand whatever in rescuing Kossuth and his brave companions from the fangs of Austria and Russia; that his despatch to the Sultan did not reach Constantinople until two days after the Sultan had given his answer to the Czar; and I can prove that the demand for assistance in this country remained unanswered for thirteen days; and that is the man, some say, to save our country." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. William Newton, Mr. David Urquhart, Mr. Howell, and others, addressed the meeting. The following resolutions were adopted:—

"That the invasion of the Danubian Principalities by the Emperor of Russia is a wanton and unjustifiable aggression on the territories of Turkey, and a violation of international law, calculated to endanger the interests, and imperil the liberties of Western Europe; and that it is therefore the duty of this country to afford effectual assistance to enable Turkey to repel this aggression, and to abstain from diplomatic intercourse with Russia until satisfactory reparation has been made;—That the conduct of Ministers has been characterized by a want of energy, which has mainly contributed to bring about the present crisis; that the people of this country cannot have any confidence that the foreign relations will be administered with that good faith and energy the occasion demands, so long as they are under the uncontrolled guidance of the present Cabinet; and that the position now occupied by Russia could only have been brought about by the collusion of the English Government;—That it is time the foreign affairs of a great nation like England were conducted straightforwardly and openly, and not through the tortuous channels of secret diplomacy; and this meeting is of opinion that Parliament should be immediately summoned, so that the representatives of the nation may decide on the course which ought to be pursued."

These opinions were to be embodied in an address to the Queen.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LETTER XCVI.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Oct. 27, 1853.

WE are still in the thick of arrests: it is worse than ever, this bout, and it appears the arrest of Charles Delescluze has done all the mischief. More than 400 persons in Paris have been thrown into prison; and in the later batches of arrests there have been a considerable number of working men. In the provinces, too, the arrests have been on a large scale. At Tours, about 40; at the Croix Rousse, the workmen's quarter at Lyons, some say, nearly 300. Charles Delescluze is reported to have had 15,000 copies of a pamphlet, by Ledru Rollin, with him; they were all seized. Even in the little town of Epernay, ten working men were arrested in the act of hawking this *brochure*. There have been strange rumours of a conspiracy, resembling the affair of the Opéra Comique, which was to have broken out at Compiègne. Bonaparte was to have been shot out hunting: the authors of this plot are, it is said, arrested, and it is seriously proposed to convoke the High Court of Justice to try them. As to the affair of the Opéra Comique, the 7th of next month is still fixed as the day for the trial before the Cour d'Assises. A thousand contradictory reports are afloat on this subject. Some pretend that the affair is very grave, and that the accused will be sentenced to death; others assert that the prisoners have defended themselves strenuously, and that it has been found impossible to establish against them the slightest proof. It is again affirmed, that the conspirators were betrayed by one of themselves. As the trial is about to come off, we shall soon know the worst.

At this moment we are suffering a recrudescence of severity in a regime already severe enough, in all conscience! The press, it may be conceived, has its full share of these blessings: during the last three weeks the provincial press has received twenty-five "warnings." Corn riots are still apprehended in some departments. The severest orders have been transmitted to the Prefects and to the commanding officers. In every garrison the soldiers carry sixty rounds of cartridge in their knapsacks, so as to be in a condition to march at a moment's notice. The prospects of the peasants are not pleasant: it is fair, perhaps, they should enjoy some of the sweets of the regime they founded: I don't pity them.

The scarcity, the financial crisis, and the alarms of war, have nearly paralyzed all business. Complaints are universal. Nothing is talked of but deputations to *His Majesty*. The trade of St. Quentin has opened the ball. It has sent the President of its Chamber of Commerce to Compiègne, to ask Bonaparte whether the Eastern Question would soon be settled. The speaker added, that the fear of war paralyzed commercial operations, and that it was important to put an end to such a state of things as speedily as possible. Brave fellows! "muttons" worthy of Panurge. Bonaparte, you may imagine, contented himself with uttering a few evasive words, and went out hunting again. Hunting and fêtes in the forest of Compiègne have been "our" principal occupations of late. Perhaps he is right: his time may not last long; he does well to get what he can—on account. There have been all sorts of entertainments, déjeuners, and divertissements. The other day, the whole field was dressed in Louis XV. costume. Bonaparte, I suppose, was Louis XV., and his wife the Marquise de Pompadour. It was on that day that the accidents occurred of which you have seen accounts in the newspapers. The stag, hotly pursued, threw herself into a sort of *hangar*, and there stood at bay. Bonaparte was on the point of firing at the poor animal, when Edgar Ney rushed forward, in his capacity of Grand Huntsman, to kill the stag with a knife. But Edgar Ney was too nervous to kill—he only wounded the stag. The maddened beast dashed round, and struck the horse of Madame Thayer. The horse reared up, and threw Madame Thayer just in front of a carriage going at full trot. The wheel passed over her thigh, and fractured it in three places. At the same time, M. de Nieuwerkerque was wounded in the arm, and another rider broke his leg. Two days afterwards there was another hunt, as if nothing had happened.

This evening news from the East is expected. Advances from Vienna speak of hostilities commenced, and report that the Turks had taken possession of some islands in the Danube after driving the Russians out. It is also stated that a Russian field-officer had been killed with a cannon-shot, through his obstinacy in taking river soundings in spite of the caution of Omer Pacha. On the other hand, it is known that the Russian army at Bucharest had quitted that town and was concentrated opposite to Rontschouk. Another rumour has reached us, also through Vienna, dated the 22nd. It is that the Turks had passed the Danube at Oltenyza, and beaten the Russians. In the first place, as there were no Russians at Oltenyza, they could not be beaten there. If the Turks have fought any engagement at that spot, it could only have been against some insignificant detachment sent forward to watch the movements on the river. However, it is high time that the Turks should do something for themselves, for the two Governments of France and

England are visibly backing out. Vely Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador in Paris, asked Bonaparte the other day to lend the Porte a General of Division, a General of Brigade, and a staff of colonels. Bonaparte gave no reply, but at once consulted the British Government, which pronounced itself for the negative. It appears, too, that M. de Kisseleff, the Russian Ambassador, has terribly frightened Bonaparte by declaring that at the first hostile movement of France he would demand his passports. And this is why the allied fleets which were to be at Constantinople on the 14th, were not within the Golden Horn on the 20th.

S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

At length the *Moniteur* entitles us to say the fleets have entered the Dardanelles, and are anchored off Gallipoli, at the entrance of the sea of Marmora. According to M. Xavier Raymond, who represents the *Journal des Débats* at Constantinople, and whose information is worthy of all credit, the Turkish Minister had assured the Ambassadors of the Western Powers that after war had been declared, the Porte could only desire the presence of the fleets at Constantinople in the character of *active allies*. The idea of coercing the Turkish population was simply absurd; for the Sultan and his people are not *two* in council and in action, as in some States, but one. The Government is one with the nation. The correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, who cannot be accused of any predilection for the Turks, having written, at Paris, much in the spirit of the *Times* on the Eastern question, now bears this unimpeachable witness to the admirable conduct of the Turkish population.

"I still find it difficult to understand how it is that the truth has not come out, in spite of all who are interested in representing the Turkish capital as a prey to the most menacing agitations. When I yesterday received by the Austrian mail newspapers from Europe, I was more astonished than I can tell you, to find it generally believed that all the Christians and all the Franks in Turkey are threatened in their persons and their property. Nothing is more false, I state positively. On this point, at least, all here were agreed, and all Franks, whether English, French, Italian, or German, acknowledge that never have Christians enjoyed such perfect security, or been treated with more respect than they are here now."

The same correspondent states that when the Turkish Government definitively refused the note of Vienna, it was disposed to invite the assistance of the fleets, on the plea of preserving the tranquillity of the city, which was never threatened; the real object being to induce the two Governments to compromise themselves by a movement which would be regarded by Russia as aggressive; but that when once war was declared and diplomacy suspended, there was a scarcely disguised disinclination to admit the fleets within the Dardanelles, except on clearly defined terms; and a distinct opinion expressed that their appearance at Constantinople would be a confession of weakness in the Government of the Porte, if it were not a movement of active alliance.

M. X. Raymond states the universal conviction at Constantinople to be, that the Turks will be superior to the Russians, at all events in the first encounters. He says he has not met a single person who holds a contrary opinion.

The new patriarch Anthemos has publicly declared himself opposed to the pretensions of the Czar. We trust this declaration may not shorten the Patriarch's existence.

It is reported that M. de Bruck, the Austrian Nuncio, has presented a fresh note to Reschid Pasha, on the subject of the refugees in Omer Pasha's army.

The Porte has officially recognised Schlamyl and the other chiefs of the Circassian insurrection, by giving them titles according to their grade, and sending them arms and ammunition.

At Odessa there has been a panic in the corn market. Prices have fallen a third, from the fear of exportation being suddenly interdicted. We shall see whether Christian Russia will be as humane as barbarous Turkey, which has promised perfect security to neutral flags.

The Russian officials were to leave Constantinople on the 21st inst.

The Austrian Government has addressed a circular to its diplomatic agents abroad to the effect that it would observe a strict neutrality in the event of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, and that "it did not yet despair of a pacific solution." Of course not; when did diplomacy ever despair? It would be a confession of impotence.

The *Moniteur* of Thursday publishes the following despatch from Bucharest, dated Oct. 22;—"Two Russian steamers and eight gun-boats forced a passage on the Danube on Sunday, and were encountered by a smart fire from the Turkish forts of Isactcha, between Reni and Ismail. The Russians had a lieutenant-colonel, three officers, and twelve men killed, and fifty wounded. They allege having set fire to the fortress of Isactcha."

Advices from Moldavia state that fresh Russian troops are still pouring in and marching to the Danube.

The town of Jassy has a garrison of 6,000 Russian troops.

Precautionary measures have been taken to prevent the entrance of Polish travellers into the Danubian Principalities.

The new Patriarch has been invited to attend the sittings of the Privy Council. The Minister of Finance, Moultar Bey, has resigned his post. Moussa Safetti Pasha has been appointed in his place. A corps of 25,000 Russians has been landed at Redout Kalé, with a view, it is supposed, of attacking Batoun.

General Guyon (our countryman) of Hungarian celebrity, and who has since the war commanded at Damascus in the quality of a Pasha, has been appointed to a command in Asia.

General Klapka is not yet in Turkey. He is expected in Constantinople early in November. General Dembinski is stated to have left Paris for the same destination.

"Three great facts," observes the semi-official *Patrie*, "result from the article of the *Moniteur* (the official article which appeared on Thursday on the entry of the fleets into the Dardanelles):—1. The intimate union, the perfect understanding, of France and England in common action as in negotiations. 2. The firm resolution of the two Powers to maintain the sovereign rights of the Sultan—the only sure basis of the independence of the Ottoman Empire, and, consequently, of the balance of power in Europe. 3. The neutrality, from their own interest, of Prussia and Austria, notwithstanding the maritime demonstrations in the Dardanelles, and the hope of their co-operation in all the ulterior negotiations which may hereafter serve to facilitate the solution of the difference."

All accounts represent the Russian army as decimated by disease and desertions, ill-disciplined, and demoralized; while the Turkish forces are stated by eye-witnesses to be in the highest state of health and efficiency.

Le Charivari which displays more good sense with wit, than heavy official journals without it, on the Eastern question, thus ridicules the diplomatic story of a "pacific solution." After a pitched battle, the following is to be the solution of the Russo-Turkish dispute.

"The Generals will advance to a tent hastily pitched in the middle of the plain, a brilliant staff will surround them, and several diplomatists will form part of the *cortège*. Omar Pasha is to be the first to advance. 'General,' he will say to Prince Gortschakoff, 'now that at least five thousand of his subjects remain on the field of battle, the Sultan, my master, loudly declares that he has no kind of repugnance to accept the note of Russia, and that he will sign it as soon as the Emperor shall think proper.' Prince Gortschakoff will reply to Omar Pasha, 'General, the death of ten thousand Russian soldiers in the late battle permits me to declare, in the name of the Czar, my master, that he has never entertained the slightest intention to attack the consideration of his old and faithful ally.' The two Generals will embrace, and the diplomatists will advance to the front of the tent and sing the final couplet which M. Clairville* is occupied in composing at this very moment. 'And do you really believe,' asks our interlocutor, 'that things will pass off in this way?' 'Positively, I do.' 'That Russia, after having put in motion an army of 200,000 men, and invaded two provinces, will quietly return home after exchanging a few shots?' 'I have no doubt of it.' 'That Turkey has exhausted her last resources, and demanded from Islamism its last man and its last piastre, to accept the note after an insignificant demonstration?' 'It is certain, according to the *Constitutionnel*.' On receiving this reply, our man left us to go and spread the excellent news at the Bourse and on the Boulevards. The return of Clairville is expected every moment. He has been, it is said, made a Russian Pasha by the Emperor, and a three-tailed Boyard by the Sultan."

The Emperor and Empress returned from Compiègne to Paris on Thursday. They are expected to go to Fontainebleau in a few days.

Railway accidents are becoming almost as fashionable in France as in England. There have been three or four serious accidents within a few weeks. The latest took place on Wednesday last, on the Versailles line, and was occasioned by a rail breaking, between Courbevoie and Asnières. The train ran off the rails, and dashed with great violence against the iron columns of a bridge. Three of the carriages were upset, and dashed to pieces. According to one account, seven passengers were wounded, two of whom have since died; according to another, three were mortally and nine dangerously hurt, and several received contusions more or less severe. The subsequent trains were delayed for an hour beyond their time in consequence of the accident.

Several letters appear in the French papers on the causes of the recent severe accident on the Bordeaux line. They agree in attributing it to the fact of there being only one line of rails, and to the confusion of goods and passenger trains through the unpunctuality of the latter, and they call for the same simple remedies as we are for ever ineffectually demanding nearer home.

Three persons have been convicted of selling portraits of various "pretenders" of the two Bourbon branches, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs.

A tragical affair has happened at Chalons-sur-Marne. The General commanding the district has been shot dead by one of his aides-de-camp, who was entertaining illicit relations with the General's wife.

From the 27th inst. public sales of butchers' meat are to be held by auction at the *halles*. Surely it would be far better to abolish the *octrois*, and to throw open the trade.

The Atlantic squadron, composed of four ships of the line, two steam frigates, and a steam corvette, sailed from Cherbourg for Brest on the 21st.

Strange complications are rife among the 'Powers.' Louis Napoleon has been affronted by King Bomba of Naples, and has withdrawn his brother *sinister* and ambassador to that court, M. de Maupas. He had sent three staff officers to attend the review of King Bomba's army; but it seems that the antecedents of one of these officers, M. de Lespance, were obnoxious to the Neapolitan Monarch. Accordingly, on the sorry pretext of quarantine, the French officers were not permitted to land. After ineffectual remonstrances, they decided to return in high dudgeon to France, and report the insult to the Emperor. It is thought that the King of Naples, having the fear of Murat before his eyes, will be content with having inflicted this petty affront upon France, and will patch up the quarrel how he can.

A certain Polish Saint was to be canonised. According to custom, the good works of the Saint are specially examined. Certain Polish monks were referred to on the subject, who, without consulting the Pope of the Russians, Nicholas the Czar, gave the information desired. This independence on the part of the Poles of his spiritual authority so grievously offended the Czar that he resolved

to recall his Ambassador, M. de Boutenief. Perhaps the Ambassador has incurred disgrace for having suffered this insult to the Emperor.

It may be remembered that when the Emperor Nicholas apologised to Pope Gregory XVI., for the barbarous treatment of the poor nuns of Minsk, the aged Pope rebuked the Emperor with a fearless humility that made the proud Czar quail.

A deputation of the refugees at Turin has presented an address to M. de Cavour, repudiating any implication in the recent riots in that city.

M. Ratazzi, President of the Chamber of deputies, and a decided liberal, has been appointed Minister of Justice, in the place of M. Boncompagni, who had resigned.

The Piedmontese government is said to have refused its *exequatur* to the newly appointed American Consul at Genoa, M. Foreste.

The young Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on the 22nd inst. from a visit to his intended bride at Possenhofen, where he had been living in amorous retirement.

A writer in the Vienna *Zuschauer* proposes, as a panacea for all revolutionary apprehensions, that the Continent of Europe should be hermetically sealed against the Anglo-Saxon race. Why not propose to dry up the Thames, and to drain the Atlantic?

The King of Prussia has returned from Magdeburg to Potsdam. His excitable majesty has been delivering a characteristic speech against religious liberty; a strange contradiction to the tenets of the recent Evangelical conference at Berlin.

There has been a great deal of diplomatic business going on at Berlin between the King, M. de Manteuffel, and the Ambassadors of Prussia and Austria.

It is stated that the Austrian Government have commenced, within the last few weeks, an issue of a new kind of inconvertible paper, in the shape of 5 per cent. mortgage bonds, to an amount equal to 4,000,000*l.* Were this a revolutionary government, we should hear a cry of assignats; but under an Emperor, it is all order and propriety.

Advices from St. Petersburg of the 19th inst. mention that in a second interview which some of the English merchants had with the Minister of Finance, they were informed that, as regards any English vessels that might be in the port, in case of war, their treatment would entirely depend on that received by Russian vessels from Great Britain.

The French garrison at Rome is decidedly to be increased, although the *Moniteur* denies the fact.

An arrangement between France and Piedmont, with the consent of England, is whispered of in the event of certain European eventualities, by which the revolutionary movement in Italy would be restricted to proper "constitutional" limits, and Austria would at least be preserved for the sake of the "balance of power." We shall notice this diplomatic mystification more particularly on an early occasion.

The reception of the Queen Isabella at Spain, at the Opera, on the 19th ult., alluded to in another part of our paper, is thus described in a leading article of the *Times* on the decline of the passion of the Spaniards for monarchy: a passion which, indeed, has been severely put to the test. *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, was once the law of Spain: to touch a monarch, even to save him, or her, from death, was treason. But Isabella the Second has herself been the first to break the tradition. We have alluded to the morals of the Spanish Court more than once of late. Were we to enter into details familiar to all Madrid, we should be unfit for family reading. Yet Isabella offers up frequent supplications to the Virgin of Atacha, and is still styled "Her most religious and Catholic" (not her Most Moral) Majesty. "The Queen," says the *Times*, "entered the Royal box with her consort—with the consort of Louis Philippe's finding. She stood prepared for the usual loyal demonstrations. The splendour of the scene was mechanically suspended that the Royal March, according to custom, might give time and harmony to the glad acclamations of her subjects. But from all sides of the hall—a hall crowded with the most illustrious personages of Spain—a cry of aversion resounded. There should be no march played. There should be no glad cry of welcome. Where the Queen of Spain looked for cheers her ears were greeted with hisses and expressions of disgust:—'*Basta, basta, de eso!*'—'We have had enough of this!'—'*Que continue la opera!*'—'Let the opera proceed!' Was it insensibility—was it scorn? The Queen did not change countenance. Not so the husband of the Queen by registry and by name. Not so another person in that house, who at the present moment occupies a post at Madrid for which no name is given in the hierarchy of Spanish dignities, although a Spanish mulcture would be at little loss to supply the requisite denomination. There stood the successor of Charles V., glancing down upon the people, who were cursing her in their hearts, and hissing at her with their lips, with no one to rely upon save the person who for the moment had succeeded to her favour. All this passed at Madrid on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th of the present month."

THE BARBARIANS AND THE CIVILIZED.

(From *Le Charivari*.)

THE Russians who, if we are to believe certain writers, are a *civilized* people, invade, in time of peace, the territory belonging to a friendly nation.

The Turks, who pass for *barbarians* in the opinion of some, maintain a perfect respect for all their neighbours.

The *civilized* Power replies to observations addressed to it on its interpretation of public law, that it acts thus because it believes itself to be the strongest.

The *barbarian* Power pauses at the representations of its allies, who entreat it to wait awhile before driving out the enemy from its borders, so as not to compromise the peace of Europe.

* A well known vaudevilliste.

The *civilized* Power promises to disarm, and advances new troops.

The *barbarian* Power seeks to restrain the popular impulse, and makes no preparations for war but such as the commonest prudence suggests.

The *civilized* Power pretends to negotiate, and spurns negotiations.

The *barbarian* Power takes diplomacy seriously, and awaits with confidence the result of the negotiations.

The *civilized* Power seizes the property belonging to the inhabitants of the country which it arbitrarily holds in military occupation.

The *barbarian* Power secures by new guarantees the property of foreign subjects under its rule.

The *civilized* Power sequesters the property of the Wallachians, whom it suspects of not regarding favourably its domination.

The *barbarian* Power declares that to lay embargoes on commerce is an unjust measure, and declines to exercise it.

The *civilized* Power interrupts the communication between the Danubian provinces.

The *barbarian* Power announces that the waters of the Straits shall remain open during hostilities between the two nations.

The *civilized* Power interrupts commercial relations.

The *barbarian* Power employs all its efforts to prevent commerce suffering more than can possibly be helped from the necessities of war.

The *civilized* Power confiscates the property of the barbarians.

The *barbarian* Power permits the *civilized*, who are the aggressors in the war, to withdraw themselves, with their fortunes, realized in the barbarian country.

The *civilized* Power makes war like barbarians.

The *barbarian* Power conducts itself with a generosity of principles not always observed in analogous circumstances by nations the most advanced in civilization.

The *civilized* Power takes everything, and pays for nothing.

The barbarians pay for all they take.

The *civilized* Power obliges men to shave off their beards because they are Jews, and their wives to renounce the ornament of long hair.

The barbarians let the Jews dress as they like, and accord them the same rights as to believers of other religions.

The *civilized* Power sends away to Siberia, aged, sick, and infirm nuns, because they honour the Pope of Rome more than the Patriarch of Moscow.

The barbarians suffer the followers of the Patriarch of Moscow, and those of the Pope of Rome, to pray according to their respective faiths.

The *civilized* Power uses the knout to make proselytes.

The barbarians do not seek to make proselytes, and reject the influence of the knout in religious matters.

The *civilized* Power excites the fanaticism of the ignorant.

The barbarians strive against the ignorance of fanatics.

The *civilized* Power makes, from the evangelical pulpits of its churches, daily appeals to the lusts and passions of the masses.

The barbarians endeavour to enlighten the masses.

The *civilized* Power has no other motive for war but that of enriching itself with the property of others.

The barbarians are fighting for the defence of their honour, their country, their religion.

The *civilized* Power has had recourse to trickery, employed false pretexts, and to the latest moment tried to mislead and deceive Europe.

The barbarians have acted frankly, in the face of the world, and have deceived nobody.

The *civilized* Power reckons on its might.

The barbarians rest upon the right.

The *civilized* Power is barbarous.

The barbarians are civilized.

CORPORATION REFORM.

SUBJOINED is the copy of a letter which has been addressed to the Lord Mayor by Mr. Coleridge, the secretary to the royal commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the corporation of the city of London.

"Downing-street, Oct. 22.

"MY LORD,—I am directed by the commissioners for inquiring into the state of the corporation of the city of London, to inform your lordship, that at their first meeting, which they have held this day at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, they have taken into consideration the course of their future proceedings.

"As full documentary evidence with regard to the constitution of the city of London, up to a very recent period, already exists in an authentic form, the commissioners purpose to commence their investigation with receiving the evidence of persons who may have complaints to make or alterations to suggest with respect to the present state and government of the corporation. At a future stage of the inquiry the commissioners will be prepared to examine the officers of the corporation.

"With a view to afford the requisite information as speedily as possible to the persons more particularly interested in the proceedings of the commission, the commissioners will take steps to communicate to them printed

copies of the evidence taken before them from time to time. I am, my lord, your lordship's obedient servant,
(Signed) "J. D. COLERIDGE, Secretary.

"The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, &c. &c."

It may be stated that Mr. Coleridge, the secretary, is a son of one of the learned commissioners, and the nephew of another.

At a meeting of the City Common Council, on Thursday, the Lord Mayor took occasion to state, that the letter printed in the newspapers had not been copied from the original sent to him.

The royal commissioners assembled, on Thursday, in their chamber at the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, Downing-street, Mr. Henry Labouchere, the chief commissioner, presiding, and the secretary to the commission (Mr. Coleridge) being present. The object of the meeting was preliminary to the inquiry, which it was decided should commence on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock. It was stated that the gentlemen of the press would be afforded every accommodation which the limited space permitted, and it was announced that the formal proceedings would open with the evidence of Mr. James Acland, secretary to the Municipal Reform Association.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE relations of the United States and Mexico are extremely ticklish just now. Ever since his assumption of power, General Santa Anna has cried, Hurrah for independence! upon every possible occasion; and has talked a great deal, and written more, about leading his brave soldiers, who had been so often defeated, to victory or death. He has collected a considerable army on the Texan frontier, and rumours have been freely circulated in the United States that he intends to proclaim himself emperor of Mexico, and then make war on the Yankees.

These reports have drawn forth a letter from General Almonte, Minister at Washington. He ostentatiously denies that Santa Anna intends to attack a "friendly power;" and he explains that the troops have been concentrated in order to repel the incursions of bands of men from the American side, and to hold the Indians in check. The latter duty, he avers, the United States undertook to perform by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—a treaty they have neglected to fulfil; hence the armaments. The charge of neglecting to carry out the treaty is adroitly made in the shape of a statement of fact.

It seems that the *New York Herald* has assumed the character of a prophet, led on by its opposition to the present government. The *Herald* predicts a commercial crisis, and lays the blame at the door of the Pierce cabinet. But another journal not democratic in its principles, pooh-poohs the prediction. It is said that Mr. James Gordon Bennett has actually had the audacity to apply for the post of United States' Minister to Paris, and has of course been refused. Hence the gross party attacks made so constantly by the *Herald* on the government, and its virtuous abuse of "office seekers."

The post of Minister in Paris has been given to Mr. John Mason, of Virginia, late Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

CAPE AFFAIRS.

THE latest advices from the Cape are less cheerful than usual; and the brief sunshine of peace is already overshadowed by rumours of renewed discontent. The colonists are alarmed at the order for the withdrawal of four regiments, part of the force stationed in the Amatolas; and not less so by an inexplicable report that the instructions of Sir George Clerk are to prepare for the entire withdrawal of British authority from the Orange sovereignty. The people there are strongly opposed to separation; and petitions have been forwarded home, begging Ministers to reconsider their measures.

"The tribes recently subdued have not, indeed, manifested any directly hostile spirit, but it is known that the chiefs are discontented, and have expressed their indignation strongly, to General Cathcart, at the limited extent of country he has assigned them. About three weeks since, at a meeting which his Excellency held with them, Macomo, on behalf of the other chiefs, declared that the land given them was too small—it was all stones, they could not till it, and there was no bush for firewood—they wanted the Amatolas." This General Cathcart decidedly refused, giving them to understand that their possession of that locality would certainly involve another war; and the Kafirs, it is stated, left the meeting not at all satisfied with the result. These Amatolas—the Gibraltar of Kafirland—are at present held in military occupation by a portion of the troops now about to be removed.

"A public work of great importance to the western districts of the colony has just been completed. Between Cape Town and the rich corn-growing regions of Worcester there interposes, at a distance of about forty miles, a vast range of mountains stretching across the country, and nearly cutting off the capital from all communication with the interior in that direction. These mountains are only passable at a few points, where it was formerly necessary to unload a wagon at one side, carry over the packages by hand, or on the backs of horses, and re-load them into another at the other side—in short, they form as complete a barrier to intercourse by wheel carriages as the Isthmus of Darien to ships. At an expense of 50,000*l.*, with the labour of our colonial convicts, this mighty barrier has been cut through, from one side to the other—upwards of

18 miles—and a magnificent road constructed, by which the untold wealth of the interior may pour down unobstructed to the shores of Table Bay. This road was opened for public use last week, amidst great rejoicings."

The term of the old Legislative Council expires next July, and it has been officially informed of the measures adopted for bringing the new constitution into operation.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW FOR ENGLAND.

EVERYTHING happens in these our modern or latter days. Some gentlemen have actually met at Manchester, and begun the latest "development" of teetotalism. Their object is the chimerical one of suppressing all traffic in spirituous liquors and intoxicating drinks by act of Parliament. The engine with which this is to be effected is to be called the "United Kingdom Alliance." There was an exceedingly crowded meeting, and among the leading advocates of the movement present were—Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, chairman; Mr. James Silk Buckingham, Dr. F. R. Lees, the Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., London; Messrs. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebbiley; Lawrence Panting, M.A., Chebsey; Fergus Ferguson, B.A., Glasgow; Henry Gale, B.C.L., West Lambrook; D. M' Rae; Samuel Bowley; and W. Willis, of Luton. The principal resolution was as follows:—

"That this meeting, regarding the liquor-vending establishments of the country as a source of temptation and a nursery of crime, incompatible with the advance of society in the path of true civilization, calls for the entire suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. That this meeting cordially approves the objects and constitution of the 'United Kingdom Alliance,' for procuring the legislative prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating beverages, and accords to that movement its hearty sanction and support."

The movement has at least the merit of running counter to free-trade.

THE SANITARY STATE OF THE NATION.

THE week ending Saturday last shows an increase of cholera in London. It will be remembered that in the two previous weeks the number of deaths were 66 and 45; last week it rose to 83. The south districts still hold that fatal pre-eminence in death which has all along distinguished them; no fewer than forty-nine out of the 83 having occurred there. It is clear, also, that the severity of the epidemic is greater this year than it was in 1848; for in the corresponding week in that year, the number of deaths was 34. Yet, with all this special mortality, arising, as it is now so clearly shown, from the accumulated filth of years, the health of London is, on the average, as good as it has been for the last ten years. The deaths were 1054. This is exactly the number resulting from a calculation founded on the average of the same week in former years.

It cannot be said that the cholera has not given fair warning; and the local authorities, to whom the inspectors are revealing the foul abominations in the districts under their charge, have the winter before them to make provision for meeting any renewed outbreak in the spring. Even on the north side of the Thames there are shocking dwelling-places. Mr. Grainger gives a specimen.

"The worst specimen that came under my notice was a place called Gray's-buildings, Duke-street, Manchester-square. It is densely crowded, closed at the west end by high buildings, preventing ventilation, and with the surface strewn with refuse. There are here numerous miserable, dark, damp, cellars; there is no open area,—nothing but an iron grating for the admission of light. One of these areas was measured; it was eight feet below the street, and only twenty-seven wide. In the front cellar lived a man and wife, with one child, with two other grown-up people, the rent 2*s.* 6*d.* In the back cellar, a gloomy hole, were living a woman and her son; rent 2*s.* On inspection, I found several ash-pits, almost full; the dustmen, it was stated by several women, did not come more than once a fortnight, and then did not remove all the refuse, the worst at the bottom being left. The men expect beer, and will not do their duty without it. One woman, who had lived two years in the house, had never known the pit emptied to the bottom. The stench was described as horrible, especially when the filth was thus disturbed without complete removal; 'the smell often made them sick.' The privies, as usual, were most offensive."

The medical evidence collected shows that, in 1849, the inhabitants of this dangerous class of dwellings suffered most severely from cholera; that scarlet fever in its most malignant form constantly recurs and rapidly spreads in them; and that the worst class of typhus occurring in London is seen there. As an example of the rate of disease found, on inspection, prevalent, Mr. Grainger cites the following:—

"I visited No. 9, Bell-street, Lisson-grove, wherein a family occupied the two cellars, having seven children, four of whom had just had the scarlet fever; whilst from the back room above, another boy had been removed with the same disease to the Fever Hospital. The history of this family is most instructive; they are very respectable people, with all the comforts of life as to food, clothing, &c.; the rooms are quite clean, neat, and well furnished; but thus living seven feet four inches below the surface of the street, and in very low and small rooms, they have been most sickly. They have lived here five years—not from choice, but from having a large family; and there being great demand for house accommodation, they could

not obtain upper rooms. Landlords on these occasions objected to receive them as tenants. In the five years all the children have had the measles and hooping-cough; six have had small-pox; and that is all, excepting the infant; and now four, if not five, have had scarlet fever."

The grand remedy for these evils, but one which will require time to enforce, will be the establishment of model lodging-houses for the poor. Soon or late, this must be done.

In the provinces, the cholera is rather slackening its fire in its old quarters. Not one death was registered in Newcastle on Tuesday; but it is still felt in the filthy localities of the Gateshead, South Shields, and Bedlington Unions; and it has stretched away northward to Dundee, where three died on the 20th; has appeared at Cockermouth, and has carried off some victims at Luton and Hemel Hempstead. It would appear, also, that the scourge has not ceased at Liverpool; German emigrants have mainly suffered hitherto, and there has been no serious outbreak.

No time should be lost by the municipal authorities to take advantage of the winter, and prepare for the spring.

THE WAGES MOVEMENT.

LONDON.

In the metropolis the relations between masters and men are still unsettled. The carpenters have made a new move. They met last week at Exeter Hall, and adopted resolutions against systematic overtime. On Saturday they gave notice to their employers that it was their intention to discontinue working systematic overtime. In cases of emergency, when contracts require to be completed, or when extra hands cannot be obtained, the men will continue to work overtime as heretofore. The men have come to this determination for two reasons—first, to afford themselves necessary relaxation from labour and social comfort; secondly, to effect a more equal distribution of the labour, systematic overtime keeping hundreds of men continually out of work. The carpenters' daily working time is now fixed at 10 hours—wages, 5s. 6d.

The basket-makers accepted the offer of an advance of 7½ per cent. made by the masters, instead of 10 per cent., and are returning to work, having sold the material purchased to form their co-operative association.

The hair-dressers have resolved to put their short time movement, and close on Sundays at 2 o'clock, A.M., instead of 9 P.M., and one hour earlier in the week.

THE COUNTRY.

Preston chimneys are still cold and cheerless, and at present we do not see the end of the strike of the masters. The men have held several meetings this week; and have shown considerable spirit. At a meeting of the weavers on Wednesday, Mr. Tonge, of Stockport, the chairman, announced that the committee had this morning received a cheque for 500*l.* from a gentleman in London; his name our correspondent was unable to ascertain. Mr. Walton stated that a communication had been received from the Archbishop of Dublin, expressing his approval of the conduct of the unemployed operatives of this town. With reference to the cheque before mentioned, Mr. Walton remarked that that was a piece of bad news for the manufacturers of Preston; but they might rest assured that that would not be the only contribution towards the support of the factory hands of this town. Mr. Waddington mentioned the receipt of a letter from Aberdeen, requesting particulars of this movement, prior to the formation of an association in that town, from which pecuniary assistance might be expected towards the close of the week. Mr. Rhodes was of opinion, considering the advanced prices offered for Preston goods in the Manchester market, that the manufacturers of this town would soon be glad to re-open their mills at the required advance of 10 per cent. At the spinners' meeting on Tuesday, the secretary (Mr. Gallaher) announced that the committee were paying the hands connected with that branch 7s. per head, and they expected to be in a position to allow them 8s. each next week. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That it is the determination of this meeting to stand firm and united for a 10 per cent. and a strict adherence to our union."

At Wigan apparently the mills are also closed, and the dispute unadjusted.

But according to the *North British Mail*, the master block-printers, and about 7000 men have become "reconciled."

"At a numerous attended conference of the employers and employed, held at Paisley last week, at which delegates were present from Kilmarnock and Barrhead, a compromise was effected, the masters agreeing to pay the men fortnightly, instead of monthly, on and after the 1st of January, 1854, at the same time signifying their willingness to grant reasonable advances on the earnings of the employed for the intermediate fortnights up till that date. The strike is consequently now at an end."

The colliers have not been pacified. Lord Balcarras seems disposed to be chivalrous on the subject, and desirous of taking a "material" guarantee, after the fashion of the Czar.

The leading coal owners, with the Earl of Balcarras at their head, are resolved to resist the demand of the colliers, and it is understood that so determined is the bellicose Earl in his opposition to the present movement of the men, that he has given instructions to his agents to eject from their occupancy of the cottages on the Haigh estate, all the colliers who are mixed up with the present movement. Meanwhile, by the exertions of boatmen, and others, who have some slight knowledge of the colliery business, we learn that about 100 tons of coal are now being raised daily on the Haigh estates. The master colliers meet on Friday next, at Wigan, and until that time, the probability is, that nothing further will be decided upon.

The master shoemakers have resolved to make a stand against the "unreasonable" demand of the men for increased wages. The masters say trade will not permit a rise; and declare that they will stand by the scale of fifteen years ago.

REFORM CLUB DEBENTURES.

An action was brought in the Westminster County Court this week by Mr. Featherstone against Sir Benjamin Hall, to recover 13*l.* 10s., being the amount of some five-and-a-half year's interest due on a debenture for 50*l.* issued by the Reform Club. The defendant was sued in his character as one of the "general committee" signing the debenture. Mr. Petersdorff, with Mr. Duncan, appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Hawkins for the defendant. The learned counsel for the plaintiff explained the difficulties which surrounded actions on similar documents, and then stated the facts of the case, from which it appears that, in the year 1840, a Mr. Alexander Galloway, an engineer, since deceased, advanced 200*l.* to the Reform Club, and for which he received four debentures of 50*l.* each. Two of these securities were afterwards paid off, and the remaining two (on one of which the present proceedings were founded) were given by him to his youngest daughter about twelve months previous to his death. She transferred them to her brother, and he sold them to the present plaintiff. The Reform Club refused to pay the interest, alleging that the executors claimed the debentures, and the present action was the result. Three of the executors, John A. Galloway, Richard Hodgson Galloway, and George Washington Galloway, are illegitimate sons of the deceased, and they grounded their claim upon the fact of the debentures having been assigned by mere delivery, although the bonds state that interest should be paid to the "holder." Mr. Petersdorff hoped that the case would be decided upon its merits, and that he should not be met with technical objections; but on the debenture being handed in, Mr. Hawkins contended that, as it was unstamped, it could not be received in evidence. At length it was discovered that the document was stamped, when Mr. Hawkins objected that the present application was a "chase in action," and therefore not maintainable at law. The Court concurred in this view, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

THE records of the criminal justice give us the usual number of illustrations of the modes of life of the classes who are not only untrained, but uncared for.

Mobbs, the murderer of his wife, is now a condemned felon. His trial took place at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday. The story of the tragic event was most completely told by the witnesses. One showed that Mrs. Mobbs came to her house for shelter on the day before; another, Julia Ayling, that Mrs. Mobbs sat up all night with her; and that her husband came and inquired for her in the morning. I stood before her, but did not make any answer. The prisoner looked round the room, and, when he saw his wife, asked her to fetch him some beer, and she refused, and said she was going before the Lord Mayor in the course of the day 'for proof that he should not murder her.' The moment she said this the prisoner laid hold of her, and dragged her out of the room by her clothes. I saw him drag her afterwards along the court, and he dashed her into their own house. The deceased said, she would not go upstairs unless I went with her, and I went into their room and stayed there about 10 minutes. While I was in the room I heard the prisoner accuse his wife of having been with a policeman all night, and the deceased said she was not, and that she had been in my place all night. I went away, and about 10 minutes afterwards I heard the deceased scream, and also heard her call out, that if he would not leave her alone, she would jump out of the window. She opened the window and called out to me, 'Was I not in your place all night, my dear?' I replied, 'Yes, ma'am.' She then turned to her husband and said, 'Now, are you satisfied?' The prisoner did not make any answer to this that I heard. Several heard screams of murder, Frances Lancaster among them. 'As soon as I got into the court I heard the deceased cry 'Murder' several times, and she also faintly cried 'Help!' I also heard the youngest child cry out 'Oh! mother!' Upon hearing these cries I and some of the other neighbours went to the door of the prisoner's room, and Mrs. Jones knocked, and I heard a noise as of a box being moved from the door. Directly afterwards the deceased came out. Her throat was cut and she was covered with blood, and her hair was hanging about her shoulders. She walked up the court past one or two houses, and I saw no more of her. I went upstairs again, and there saw the prisoner lying on the floor of his room, and the child sitting by him. There was a pool of blood near where he was lying, but I did not observe that his throat was cut. I saw another pool of blood close to the fireplace. When the prisoner was drunk he and his wife used to live very unhappily. The deceased was a sober quiet woman." Lastly the policeman came and found the prisoner lying on the floor with his throat cut. He had a dark-handled knife in his hand, and witness said to him, 'I suppose this is the knife with which the deed was done?' He replied, 'No, it was not; it was done with a white-handled knife which is in that cupboard.' There was a large pool of blood near the place where the prisoner was lying, and another pool of blood was upon the floor, near the fireplace. When the surgeon arrived witness opened the cupboard the prisoner had referred to, and he there found a white-handled knife covered with blood, which appeared quite fresh. The dark-handled knife was also bloody. Before the prisoner was taken away to the hospital he gave witness 22 duplicates, and also said that he should not have done it if he had not seen his wife in company with a policeman upon the night when she left him. Upon searching the room he found a whetstone which appeared to have been recently used." As there was no doubt of the guilt of Mobbs, the jury found a verdict to that effect, and the Judge solemnly passed sentence of death.

No less than fourteen prisoners were tried at the Central Criminal Court for uttering bad money. Two of the prisoners convicted, being old offenders, were sentenced to four years' penal servitude. It appeared from one of the cases that a new trick has been adopted. A woman, with apparently a sick infant in her arms, had in several instances gone into a chemist's shop, and succeeded in passing some bad silver in payment for a trifling article of medicine for the relief of the child.

Florence Driscoll was tried at the Middlesex sessions on a charge of indecently assaulting Emma Gooding. The young woman had been out at a Sunday evening party on the 2nd of October. On her way home alone, at three o'clock the next morning, Driscoll met her in the Commercial-road, and seizing her, forced her against a wall. A policeman on duty heard a woman's voice crying, "Let me alone, or I will scream for protection." He went towards the spot in consequence, and heard the sound of running as he went there. When that stopped there were screams of "Police!" and "Murder!" He went up and found the prisoner with his arm round the prosecutrix's neck. She was trying to get away as hard as she could, and appeared to be very exhausted. He pulled the prisoner away. When the constable took Driscoll into custody, he said to the woman—"Why did you take my money?" This exclamation a jurymen connected with the fact that Gooding did not know the name of the persons who gave the party, and desired to know what kind of house it was where the party was given. But no information on this head was forthcoming. Mr. Sergeant Adams could not help being struck with the circumstances of the case. She went to this house with her sweetheart, and did not even know the name of the person to whom the house belonged. Then, although the young man lodged in the house, he went away, leaving her alone, instead of walking home with her. It seemed so contrary to the usual habits of young people, that he should like to know something more about it. Nothing was established except that the sweetheart and the brother of the woman were both respectable. The charge of an indecent assault was withdrawn, and that of a common assault preferred. Driscoll was sent to prison for one month.

William Green seduced Hannah Osenam, and her parents turned her adrift. She was not without resources; and had Green been anything but a scoundrel, the mischief done by her parents might have been obviated. She could earn a living with her needle, and did so—keeping both. But by and by she fell sick, and could earn no longer; and Green compelled her then to adopt the last and lowest means of earning a living. Not content with this, as usually happens, he commenced beating her, and finally he assaulted her with a red-hot poker, and burnt her severely. Fortunately a policeman rushed into the room, and knocked the ruffian down with his staff. Mr. Tyrwhitt sent Green to prison for six months' hard labour, with a further imprisonment for the same period, unless sureties come forward who will give bail that he keep the peace.

But this kind of conduct is not confined to the lowest classes of society in point of means. John Stokes, described as "a person of considerable property," appeared at the Southwark office to answer a charge of endangering the life of his wife. Mrs. Stokes is the mother of eleven children, and has been married fifteen years. The assault was brutal in the extreme—the husband pulling the poor woman out of bed and beating her. Mr. A. Beckett, who, it appears, was aware that Stokes had been accustomed to beat his wife, sent him to prison for six months—a sentence which greatly surprised him. He had been repeatedly bound over to keep the peace.

"William Smith," a medical student, "annoyed" a lady in St. Paul's Churchyard, by putting his arms on her shoulders, and offering to carry her parcel. She appealed to a policeman; Smith knocked him down. He was drunk, and three constables were required to carry him to the station-house. Sir Robert Carden reproved Smith. Ladies must be protected; and he therefore fined the prisoner 40s. for the assault on the officer, 20s. for that on the lady, and 5s. for being drunk. The fines were immediately paid.

Cool impudence has long been a characteristic of the whole race of London thieves. No less than four charges were preferred against William Wood for stealing sheets and clothing. His plan was to take apartments in a "straightforward" manner, then rise extremely early next morning and carry off everything he could. His victims, of course, were landladies. Mrs. Herring has the merit of cutting short his career for a while. Being a prudent woman, she went up "to see that Wood had put out his light," and caught him in the act of ransacking the contents of a box. Wood, the innocent, was "stretched on his bed pretending to be asleep." Mrs. Herring locked him in, and woke him with a policeman. Wood had "nothing" to say, and the Worship-street magistrate has committed him for trial, for Tuesday week.

A shocking case of depraved and wanton cruelty was disclosed at the Lambeth police court on Tuesday. Anne Bull, who fills an office which it is loathsome to name, was charged with cruelty to her niece, who is only eleven years old. Her acts were those of a passionate beast. Sometimes she beat the poor little thing, breaking her head with a saucepan or anything that came to hand. On Saturday, the monster stripped the child of every rag of clothing, and made her scrub the stairs. A policeman saw the naked girl through a window and interfered. Anne Bull was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour; and the magistrate ordered the officers to take the child to the workhouse, so that she might be sent to her parents in the country, and rescued from that "den of iniquity."

John Lansky, a foot guardsman, was charged by Edward Gerard, describing himself as an artist, with stealing his watch. Gerard represents that he took Lansky home to sit as a model; and that while Gerard was in another room Lansky took the watch. They subsequently went about drinking together until Gerard gave the man into custody. Lansky said Gerard wanted him to stay all

night, and that the charge of robbery was only invented when he refused. Mr. A. Beckett dismissed the case.

Mon She Shantmalla, a native of Benares, tried to drown himself last week, but was saved. He was formerly in the service of the late Rajah of Coorg, but had been dismissed for intemperance and loose habits of life. Suffering from disease, despairing of cure, and friendless, the Hindoo attempted suicide. Brought before Mr. Broderip, at the Westminster office, he was charged with the offence; but at the suggestion of the magistrate, he was sent to a hospital instead of a prison. The ex-Rajah attended, and took an interest in the unfortunate. The man has been cured, and will be sent home.

Another instance of the Nemesis which awaits criminals in this age of steam and electricity has come to light. James St. Albin, a collector in the service of Messrs. Train, shipowners of Liverpool, decamped for Melbourne in 1852 with 1300*l.* At Melbourne he entered business as a general merchant, and "made" 5000*l.* But a knowledge of his whereabouts having been communicated to his duped employers, a warrant was sent out, and St. Albin was brought home. On Tuesday he was committed for trial by the Liverpool police magistrate.

Mr. Richard Turpin has re-appeared on our highways. Last week, Mr. Hamlin, a solicitor of Redhill, near Bristol, was suddenly driving home in the evening, when a horseman presented a pistol and demanded money. Another highwayman rode up at the same time; and being an invalid, and a little frightened, Mr. Hamlin surrendered his property. His clerk was with him; but what chance is there for a lawyer and clerk versus two highwaymen?

THE WRECK OF THE "ISAAC WRIGHT" EMIGRANT SHIP.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

MR. LOVELADY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL,
14, Derby-street, Whitechapel,
Liverpool, Oct. 7, 1853.

At a Committee meeting convened by the passengers of the ship *Isaac Wright*, Mr. John Watt in the chair, for the purpose of giving publicity to the main facts of the disaster and bad treatment sustained by the passengers from the officers and crew of that vessel.

The Committee, with myself, were all second cabin passengers.

The *Isaac Wright*, Black Ball liner, Captain Abeel, commander, advertised to sail on the 16th of September, received the majority of her passengers on board on Saturday, the 17th, while she lay in the Waterloo dock; removed out into the river on the 18th, where the remainder of the passengers were taken on board, a great number of the last comers being Germans; on the 20th, p.m., we were taken in tow for sea by the *Constitution* steamer, which left us on the 21st, a.m., near to Holyhead, with 600 passengers on board.

We had a three days provisions served out to us on the 20th, a.m., while we lay in the river; but on this occasion none received oatmeal, nor salt, and only a few received rice. We proceeded on our voyage, and received no more ship's provisions until the 27th, when we again had provisions served out to us, amounting in quantity to not more on an average than a three days supply, consequently we were five days at sea without any supply of provisions from the ship. On the 25th, we were not supplied with any water from the ship; on another day, the water served out to us was bad and unfit for use, being more like unto soap-suds than anything to which it could be compared; on another day, the water served out to many of the passengers was bad, being thick, and quite red in colour; the biscuit, too, received by many on the 27th, was quite unfit for food, being mouldy, and full of maggots.

After being at sea for five days, we had experienced strong equinoctial gales, from which the ship sustained no injury, excepting the splitting of one or two of her sails.—27th. Up to this date, seven of the lower deck passengers had died; in the morning of this day it was a little foggy, but cleared out at noon, when the captain took the sun again; it came in rather foggy for about two hours before dark, after which we had a beautiful star-light night. About half past eight o'clock this night, a cry was heard upon deck of breakers ahead, which caused a great number of passengers to rush upon deck; and to our consternation the ship was found to be close alongside of a stupendous rock, said to be Mizenhead, in the neighbourhood of Cape Clear. This was during the second mate's watch. The chief mate instantly rushed on deck in his shirt, and in a most prompt manner succeeded in weighing the ship off the rock, the captain now at the helm; notwithstanding, she struck upon it heavily with her keel, which materially damaged her rudder, and caused her to spring a leak. (This disaster could be attributed to nothing but ignorance and mismanagement—the captain expecting, from what we had heard through the mates, that we were now clear of land, and far out into the Western Ocean.) The pumps were sounded, and we found the ship to have made some twenty inches of water, which afterwards increased to three feet. The pumps were at once most willingly manned by the male passengers, who formed themselves into gangs, and successfully pumped the ship night and day, up to the 3rd of October, when she was again moored in Liverpool river. The salvation of the ship from sinking was solely and entirely owing to the indefatigable exertions of the passengers, who also lent the crew material aid all this time in otherwise working the ship. On the 28th, the ship's

rudder went away entirely. During all this time, in justice to Mr. M'Gill, the chief mate, too much praise cannot be given to him for his praiseworthy conduct in managing and devising means for the navigation of our now disabled vessel. He immediately set about and had a temporary rudder constructed; which was shipped on the 30th, and proved to be a good substitute for steering the ship, until we were taken in tow by the *Constitution* steamer, and received a pilot on board, near to Holyhead, on the forenoon of Monday, the 3rd of October.

A few days after we had struck, being in a hopeless condition, just at the mercy of the wind and waves, a flag of distress being hoisted, a ship from St. John's, bound for Liverpool, bore down upon us, with British flag—a joyous sight—and took on board from us a gentleman, with his family, servants, and luggage, being first cabin passengers, who, on arrival at Liverpool, sent the steamer in search of us.

While we were still in the midst of our distress, and previous to the achievement of the erection of our new rudder, another ship bore down upon us, and hailed us, asking the captain if he wanted any assistance. This "model navigator" replied "No."

During the time we were at sea, many of the passengers received most barbarous treatment at the hands of the crew; for instance, the sailor's, or cabin cook, a man of colour, threw a quantity of hot water upon a poor Irishman, for just asking of him a little water; another poor Irishman who, when in the act of stooping outside the cook-house, for the purpose of getting a little water from a tub, was kicked violently on the head by this black cook, and knocked down; he then took a large iron ladle, and dealt the poor man a severe blow, as he rose, on the forehead, by which he was cut, and caused to bleed profusely. The cook then, like a tiger, seized the poor man by the neck, when a number of the crew came to the cook's assistance with drawn knives. The Irishman was immediately put in irons, and imprisoned by the officers, but he was soon after released.

29th September.—Fatal disease had now dreadfully set in amongst the steerage passengers, which began with the Germans; and although it was as yet confined to the lower deck, we found the numbers of those who daily fell into the grim jaws of death to be rapidly increasing; in fact, it was most alarming to witness, for, generally speaking, no sooner was it announced that there were so many more cases of disease than the poor creatures had swallowed *Dr. Hornbook's Panacea*, breathed their last, and were consigned to the deep; and notwithstanding that very many of the passengers were now confined to their miserable beds, from severe illness, which daily proved fatal, numbers of them, while in this helpless condition, were pulled out by the hair of their heads and beaten with a wooden pin, or a piece of hard rope, by the merciless crew.

From the inadequacy and bad condition of the passengers' cookhouse it was utterly impossible for so many to get the necessaries of life cooked daily, hence the only resource left for those who had money was to purchase hot water from the cabin cook, after the rate of 6*d.* for about three gills; consequently numbers of the steerage passengers who had no money had to suffer the consequences of being deprived of hot water for tea, gruel, or any such warm preparation of food, and in this state many of them died. Many who survived are now ready to attest that, but for the humane supply of food and water to them by the second cabin passengers, they must have died also, for some who we supplied had not tasted food or water for one and two days, and many had not tasted anything warm for four and five days.

Soon after we had sailed, the deck hospital was partly demolished by the second mate, and a sheep, some poultry, turnips, and hay were put therein.

The partition also in the steerage, which separated the young men from the females, was totally taken away by the crew.

The treatment of the dead also was most inhuman and barbarous; they were generally sewed up and put overboard ere they were cold, and, in some instances, nothing put on them to cause them to sink; and for burial service the crew were usually heard to utter, in the spirit of the most iniquitous levity, language like unto this—"Go along, you old —; we have had too much trouble with you;" and "Good night, you old —;" at the same time kicking the corpse with their assassin-like feet; then the crew proceeded to plunder the dead of what clothing and valuables they might possess. On one morning, when illness was at its height, the whole of the second cabin and steerage passengers were driven on deck by the second mate and crew, for the purpose of stoving the steerage deck with tar, and sprinkling the second cabin with a prepared liquid and lime, which we considered to be quite requisite, but we have to complain that at this time the chests of several of the passengers were broken open below decks, and robbed of their clothing and money by the crew. Some of the passengers applied to the captain and chief mate for redress in regard of the things stolen, when those officers either coolly told us that "there was no redress—they knew the crew to be big rogues;" or that "You ought to have taken better care of your things;" or rudely ordered the applicant from the quarter-deck.

We have to complain, too, of the improper conduct and seeming incompetency of the "ship surgeon." He invariably prescribed one universal powder for all the sick; but he never saw that his patients were supplied, say with gruel, or such like nourishment. We could, also, say much more about the base language generally used by this "surgeon" in regard of the dying and the dead, but we forbear.

There were, also, some pigs kept in a house amidstships, next door to the hospital, the stench from which was most odious, all the time we were at sea, and enough of itself to breed a pestilence.

We have to notice, too, that the second cabin had attached to it a water-closet for the use of its passengers, which was open for their inspection while the ship lay in dock. When she removed out into the river it was fastened up by the officers. The chief mate was asked, while we lay in the river, to open it for our use. He replied, it should when we got out to sea; but when we got out to sea, he coolly told us, in answer to repeated applications, that this water-closet had not been opened for the use of the passengers for two years, and that the Government Inspector would not allow one to be there; consequently, the female portion of our cabin passengers especially were put to the most filthy inconvenience, the only places accessible, both for male and female, being amidstships, and it was disgusting to be compelled to enter them.

We lament to say, that up to the time of the passengers being taken on shore at Liverpool, fifty deaths had taken place, of which just two belonged to the second cabin; one of the number was a poor Irishman of the lower deck, who, it was said, went overboard in a fit of despair one night at sea in the midst of our distress. Efforts were made to save him, but proved fruitless. We could have enlarged upon many heads, but thought it wise to confine ourselves merely to a concentration of facts.

It is due to the authorities of Liverpool, to state, that so soon as the calamity of the *Isaac Wright* was known, the Government emigration agent, Captain Chamburg, waited upon the Mayor, when ample provision was at once made for the reception of our unfortunate passengers. Hence, on the ship being safely moored, the active chief constable gave the whole of our luggage into the charge of his men, which was safely delivered to us next day; and then, under the guidance of his force, we were marched to the workhouse, where the wants of all were supplied—the sick being placed under medical care in the hospital. Of course, those of us having means withdrew to our respective places of abode; but to the majority this benign reception was a great blessing, who told me, on inquiry, that they had every comfort. I noticed, too, that the utmost kindness and attention of the intelligent manager of the institution was universally rendered.

And I now beg, in the name of the passengers, to tender to the authorities of Liverpool our most grateful thanks for this very humane and timely demonstration of their kindness.

JOHN WATT.

Committee:

ROBERT WILSON.	WILLIAM C. MUIR.
ALEXANDER MUIR.	FREDERICK GRAHAM.
THOMAS KENNA.	JAMES GRAHAM.
SAMUEL AARON.	JOHN HALL.
ISAAC SIMPSON PEACOCK.	WILLIAM HARRISON.
ROBERT M'WILLIAM ADAMS.	JAMES BAIN.

JOHN WATT, Chairman.

P.S.—It is also due to the owners of the ship, to state, that their brokers, Messrs. Charles Hill and Co., returned the passengers their passage money in full, with the exception of those who wished to be sent out in other ships; and on being pressed, they also paid to each man 2*l.* 2*s.*, as a remuneration for having pumped the ship.

J. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUBLIC affairs and the entertainment of her guests have fully occupied the Queen since her arrival from the bleak hills of the North.

At the Privy Council held on Monday, Parliament was prorogued from the 27th inst. to the 29th of November. Mr. John Parker was sworn of the Privy Council, and a new Scotch representative Peer was ordered to be elected in the room of Lord Saltoun.

A Court followed, when the Persian minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir William Hotham, Lords Aberdeen, Clarendon, Granville, and Lord John Russell had audiences of the Queen.

Prince Albert has been out shooting with the Belgian gentlemen, and Queen Victoria riding and driving with the Duchess of Brabant. Both the Queen and her guests have visited town during the week.

Lord Clarendon, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Aberdeen, and the Belgian and Austrian Ministers, have dined with her Majesty.

The periodical budget of news from India, China, and Australia, has been received. They point to the most extensive disturbances. Our new Burman territory was in a state of war. Large bodies of armed men, not more "robbers," but 14,000 strong, were in possession of fortified places, whence they sallied to attack our

posts in detail. They were said to be instigated by the King of Ava, and the resumption of hostilities was considered inevitable.

Colonel Mackeson had been assassinated by an Afghan, at Peshawur; while Captain Parker and Ensign Bosworth had been killed in an affair with Arabs in the Nizam's country.

The Chinese revolution was going on bravely; and it is even thought that Peking has fallen by this time.

From Australia we hear that the Constitutional Committee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales had recommenced the establishment of the Upper Chamber on the nominee system, and negatived the proposal to make it executive. Large quantities of gold continued to be found.

Drafts from nine regiments, in all 400 men, embarked on board the *Leopard*, lying at Queenstown, on Tuesday, for the Mediterranean.

Reinforcements of Royal Artillery are about to be sent from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu to complete the companies at these stations.

Lord Mayor Challis proposes to erect a statue to Prince Albert in Hyde Park, on the site of the Crystal Palace. He has got a host of dukes, marquises, artists, and others to assist him. There is to be a meeting at the Mansion House next week.

A committee, comprising the names of the most prominent of living men of science, has been formed to erect a monument to the memory of Arago.

The testimonial, so long in contemplation, to commemorate the share which Mr. John Bright took in the Anti-Corn Law campaign, has been at length handed over to that gentleman, in the shape of books and bookcase, worth upwards of 5000*l*.

The two candidates for Salisbury are General Buckley, quasi-Conservative, and Captain Julius Roberts, "Liberal and Independent," whatever that may mean.

The annual soiree of the People's College, Sheffield, was held on Wednesday evening, in the Cutlers' Hall. The number of students and friends of the college present was about 300.

The Lawson Observatory, although we may presume that it is secured, is not yet out of its difficulties. The committee still want about 1800*l*.

The Russian Grand Duchess Marie has left England. She embarked on board the mail packet, *Fivid*, at Dover, on Saturday, bound for Ostend. We remark that she was attended on board by the Duchess of Hamilton and Baron Brunow; and saluted on leaving.

Major-General Fleming has been appointed to the colonelcy of the Enniskillens. He has served in every quarter of the globe, and has a war medal with three clasps.

Captain Denman, who gained a name in aiding to suppress the slave-trade, is appointed to command the Queen's steam-yacht squadron.

The *United Service Gazette* states that Lieutenant Colonel Beatson, an officer who served in the Spanish Legion, and who has since commanded a brigade of the Nizam's army, goes to discipline the Osmanli regulars in Turkey.

At the final review and inspection of the Royal Bucks Militia, Colonel Bushe, from the War-office, confessed his astonishment at the "undeniable excellence" of the display after only fourteen days' training. Mr. Disraeli was present on the occasion.

Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, died suddenly on Wednesday morning, at his residence near Blackrock.

The late residence of the Duke of Buckingham, in Pall-mall, has been let to the Carlton Club for 1800*l*., till Midsummer, 1855. The tenancy of Buckingham-house by the club will be during the alterations which are to be made in their own building.

Mr. Charles Lane Fox, of the Grenadier Guards, has been bound over in heavy securities to keep the peace for twelve months. Mr. Fox could not say, upon his honour, that no hostile meeting was likely to occur between himself and Sir Jukes Clifton.

Next week, the Anti-State-Church Association holds a conference in London.

The yellow fever at Bermuda had not abated on the 22nd of September. The Sappers had suffered severely; the three senior officers in command had died; and only one clerk in the Ordnance Department survived.

Lagos, so often the scene of little wars, figures again in contemporary history. In August King Akatoi ruled there; but he was assailed by a pretender to the throne, Kosuko. Encouraged by a rebellion in the King's town, of the king's subjects, Kosuko ventured on an attack, but unfortunately for him Admiral Bruce happened to come up in a ship of war, a force of sailors and marines was landed, and the man-of-war's boats were sent up. Thus Kosuko was routed. But King Akatoi shortly after died of drink and vexation, and Ducemo, his son, ruled in his stead.

A boatman, on returning to Fano in Sleswig, on the 5th inst., reported that he had sighted a vessel at sea capsized. Boats were sent out in search, and on approaching the hull a tapping was heard. A hole was made in the bottom, and a young Englishman discovered in a delirious state, standing up to his chest in water. He was taken to Norilby, and carefully tended, but died there on the 8th inst. In his wanderings he continually repeated the inscription of a medal he wore, "Let every man do his duty." It is supposed that the vessel had been bound from Hull to Hamburg, and was lost in the storm of the night of 26th September, in which case our hapless fellow-countryman had been in that pitiable position eleven days before he was extricated.

Henceforward, according to a circular issued by the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police, promotion is to go entirely by merit, and not by favour. In order to secure this the officers of the force are forbidden to attempt to obtain promotion through the influence of private friends. Even applications to the Secretary of State are forbidden.

In anticipation of the new tariff now under consideration at Washington, the Belfast Chamber of Commerce has memorialized our own Government to urge the claims of Irish linen to a full participation in any reduction of duties. America manufactures but a small quantity of flax—only 14,550 spindles being employed, half as many as there are in one Irish mill alone. What she does produce is coarse, and does not compete with Irish linen. No less than 20 per cent. is now levied, but it does not operate as a protective duty. The Belfast men seem to have made out a good case.

The steamer *Argo* has made the quickest passage on record to Australia. She belongs to the General Screw Shipping Company.

"Burton-upon-Trent," taking advantage of "the price of malt and hops," has raised the price of pale ale. [Some people make an outcry at this; but if the manufacturers have a right to resist an advance of wages, under Free-trade, surely Mr. Bass has a right to ask for a rise. Free-trade sanctions the strictest competition and the sharpest bargaining.]

Postscript.

SATURDAY, October 29.

ANOTHER Minister has spoken. Sir Charles Wood dined with his constituents at Halifax on Thursday, and afterwards rendered an account of his stewardship. Like all the recent speeches, it was retrospective, touching on free trade, the temporary extinction of party, and the measures of last session. On the question of peace or war, Sir Charles seemed afraid to speak out. He is not surprised, but he is nevertheless grieved, that the Sultan, acting against the advice of his friends, has declared war; but he admits the right of the Sultan to act so. Sir Charles believes that war may yet be avoided, although slight hostilities may occur.

The Earl of Haddington, the Duke of Atholl, and Lord Panmure were yesterday solemnly invested with the Order of the Thistle, in a Chapter of the Order, held under the presidency of the Queen, at Windsor Castle.

The Convocation of the Clergy has been formally prorogued until the 30th November.

Next Friday, a public meeting, under the presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, will be held in Willis's Rooms, to promote a testimonial to the memory of Lieutenant Bellot. Sir James Graham has declined to preside, for official reasons, but he will move the first resolution. Lord Aberdeen heartily concurs in the project.

The French Ocean Squadron arrived at Brest, on the 26th instant.

Letters from Constantinople state that the Russian agent, M. Argyropulo, has had an interview with the Austrian internuncio, and has formally placed the Russians in Turkey under his protection.

Mr. Soule, the new Minister from the United States, at Madrid, has been received by the Queen of Spain.

There is reason to believe that the number of operatives on strike in the cotton districts has now been increased to between 60,000 and 70,000. Taking the number out of employ at Preston to be 25,000, and those in Wigan at 5000, we have now to add to them 15,000 in the Bacup district, and 20,000 at Burnley and Padiham, making a total of 65,000. Besides these there are 1000 hands on strike at Bury, and several thousand (including dyers) at Manchester. Altogether, therefore, the number out of work is little short of 70,000.

Last night, says a telegraphic despatch, there was a riotous assemblage of miners at Wigan. The lights were put out, and many windows were broken. Troops were sent for, and arrived at one o'clock this morning. All quiet.

Hayes, the ruffian who killed his wife at Shepherd's Bush a short time since, was yesterday found guilty of manslaughter, at the Old Bailey, and has received the sentence of transportation for life.

Quiet little Malvern has been in a state of agitation for the last fortnight, about a mysterious robbery. Some time ago a man, named Filtess, was engaged as bath-attendant there. A gentleman named Kelsell came, and growing intimate with Mrs. Filtess, went on a country tour with her. When Mr. Kelsell returned, Filtess suddenly disappeared, and Mr. Kelsell missed a quantity of property. Search was made, but Filtess could not be found. At length a letter from him reached the Malvern police, directing them where to find him, "devoting his unhappy days to God." They found him sitting in the parlour of a public-house, reading a Bible, and praying to the Almighty "to forgive him his wicked sins," adding that "the happiest moment of his life was when he saw the officers enter the house." He said that since he had left Malvern a new light had opened upon him, and had prompted him to give himself up, and make clear this inquiry. He then went down on his knees in the room, and exhorted the people present to bring up their children in the fear of God. Brought before the Malvern magistrates, Filtess set up a strange defence; he did not steal the money—it was given him by Mr. Kelsell whilst in the bath, for consenting to a deed we cannot name. Mr. Kelsell indignantly denied the charge. Filtess also declares that he has been intimate with persons in high society. Certain it is that bail was opposed by Police Sergeant Smith, who said that the prisoner had told him confidentially that two noblemen of distinction had placed 500*l*. at his disposal to purchase bail, and take himself out of the country as quickly as possible, and that the prisoner had plenty of money. On this, bail was refused, and Filtess committed for trial.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatsoever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

Public Affairs.

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

ANTI-TURKISH OPINION ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

FOR many years there seems to have been growing up in this country a new form of the old spirit which led our forefathers to the crusades. A conviction seems to have been creeping into the minds of speculative and amateur politicians that something or other ought to be done with the Ottoman empire, equivalent, allowance being made for the more sneaking necessities of modern procedure, to the splendid attempt of the mediæval chivalry upon the same Oriental region. Travellers in the east have of late done all they could to feed this longing for a new crusade. With considerable unanimity they have been telling us of the anarchy and misrule prevailing in the provincial populations of the Turkish empire; of the deadly enmity of the Syrians, the Arabs, and the Greeks, to their Turkish masters; of the horror which remote tribes have of the Turkish conscription; and of a universal prophetic anticipation said to exist in every village between the Mediterranean and the Tigris, that the Franks are again to appear in that portion of the world, to act the part of deliverers and governors. All this information, whether false or authentic, falls on a very inflammable state of the public mind at home. The seeds of the crusading fever are still in the English blood. There are hundreds of students of history with susceptible imaginations, who, at the very mention of the Ottoman Empire, leap back a thousand or two thousand years, to the times when the lands now included in that empire, were the fairest, the most populous, the most civilized on earth; when Nineveh and Babylon, and Tyre, and Jerusalem, and Ephesus, and Rhodes, and Sardis, and Troy, and Constantinople, and Alexandria, were in the pride of their glory; and the muse of history had hardly anything to listen to but the ceaseless hum of the busy East. And, then, partly out of mere sentimental antiquarianism, partly out of a belief that fine elements still slumber in those classic and Biblical lands, if only the organizing touch were at hand to evoke and re-arrange them, they fall foul of the Turks, and ask whether it is not to the discredit of the politics of Christendom that these lands should be at the mercy of unenlightened and misbelieving bashas? In some minds this sentiment takes even a deeper form. Other lands they may let alone; for Tyre and Constantinople they may care nothing; but there is one land over which they hover wistfully—the land of Jerusalem and of Bethlehem. The geography of Palestine is an actual part of the religion of Great Britain. There are at this moment hundreds of clergymen, of all denominations, to whom the progress of the Eastern question is a matter at once of pious interest and of professional curiosity. With preconceived interpretations of the prophetic books in their minds, and with such works as those of Robinson and De Sauley before them, they are intent upon a revolution which they suppose is about to befall that land to which their most sacred studies refer: that land,

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

This revolution, they have predetermined, is to consist in the downfall of the Turkish Empire. Hence, this is a notion widely disseminated among all those with whom the pulpit is still an educating power. There are, we believe, parts of England, and, at any rate, there are parts of Presbyterian Scotland, where, if a Peter the Hermit were again to appear, telling of the present condition of the Holy Land, and urging a crusade, he would find followers. With certain facilities thrown in the way, we can fancy a Scottish crusading expedition sailing for Beyrout to conquer the Holy Land from the Turks, in the interest of that theological speculation which predicts the return of the Jews. This, we say, is a curious ingredient, more powerful than is perhaps suspected, in the present display of anti-Turkish feeling breaking out amongst us. It is certainly not for such romantic reasons that Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright contemplate, with that amount of satisfaction which they have professed, the prospect of a disintegration of Turkey. But in their rhetoric on the Eastern Question, they, as well as the *Times*, gladly avail themselves of these reasons.

On the other hand, the poor Turks have their friends. In spite of all that has been said against them, they have now, and have always had, a band of apologists. It is said, and apparently without the possibility of contradiction, that personally the Turks are a more honourable, just, and upright race of men, with more of that sturdy quality, which Englishmen admire under the name of *bone*, than any of the supple and chattering races among which they hold rule. It is more than thirty years ago since Lord Byron, who knew the different nations of Europe as well as most people, and whose known sympathy with the Greeks was likely to make him judge severely of their enemies, thus expressed his opinion of the Turks:

"In all money transactions with the Moslems I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses of Pera. * * In the capital and at Court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses of more or less extent in Greece and Asia Minor. The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country towns, would be more incommode in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. * * The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are not. They are not treacherous; they are not cowardly; they do not burn heretics; they are not assassins; nor has an enemy advanced to their capital. They are faithful to their Sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser. * * With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee, or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not. * * In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught, without the Church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet published; nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenious youth of the turban should be taught not to pray to God in *their* way. The Greeks also—a kind of eastern Irish Papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English Legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms?"

There are many well-informed men who en-

dorse every sentence of this estimate of the Turks by Lord Byron, and who, moreover, point to the fact that since Byron wrote, many reforms have been introduced in Turkey, making the country and its Government even more respectable than they were then. They tell us of enlarged commerce, of increased toleration, of a freedom in travelling unknown in France or Germany, of unabated honour and punctuality in all commercial dealings, of noble firmness in protecting exiles and refugees. When the abuses still remaining in the Turkish administration are cited to them, they reply, with Byron, that there are worse abuses in many countries that have a better name; that all careers of reform must have a beginning; and that the Turks seem to have made *their* beginning, while certain nations nearer home have stopped short. If the fact that it is only the other day that the Turks admitted Christian testimony in their courts of law is cast in their teeth, they ask whether there was not also a certain moment, not very long ago, when it first came into our own sublime British heads to grant Catholic Emancipation. Stop, they say: Turkey may yet have a Parliament and all its concomitant proofs of free government and civilization—a Tory, a Whig, and a Radical party; a Turkish Sir Robert Inglis, defending orthodoxy and the Koran; a polygamous Cobden preaching free trade in Phrygia; and a Lord John Russell in very wide trousers, dubious as to the extension of the electoral districts in Mesopotamia, and uncertain whether he ought to go so low as a hundred-piastre franchise. A little while later and there may even be sceptical societies, publicly debating the Koran; and Constantinopolitan congresses, with branch-meetings in Damascus and Bagdad, advocating the suppression of the hareem-system and the cause of female education. In short, without denying that there is at present much exaction and many abuses in Turkish rule in the East, they are hopeful that, without any external and violent attempt to oust the Turks from the factitious empire which they have made for themselves, the motley elements of that empire may yet come into a better state of organization. At least they see no good practical mode of external interference. Mr. Urquhart goes so far as to say that "if we had not the Turks in the East we should be obliged to create them." It is an opinion, too, of Lord Palmerston, recorded in many a page of Hansard, that "it is of extreme importance, with a view to the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, that Turkey should be maintained in a state of independence." The "Greek Empire" notion, offered by many as a means of letting down Turkey easy, and the universal expectation of the advent of the Franks, which travellers in Syria report as prevalent among the tribes there, are, by these apologists of the Turks, traced, in part at least, to the subtle intrigues of Russia, always preparing by intellectual missionaries for the work she completes by armies.

Sympathizing with the opinion of Mr. Cobden that this is not a time for shirking or keeping back any consideration pertinent to the whole question of the East, we have thus fairly represented the two sides of what may be called the *abstract* Eastern question. Our own opinions on this head have been already expressed in these columns. But what we desire emphatically to protest against, and what we think we may protest against all the more effectively, after having shown that we do not blink the abstract question, is the fallacy of substituting this abstract question, this purely speculative controversy, for the real practical question now flung by stern facts on the floor of Europe. There may be two opinions as to the likeability and necessity of the Turks in their present situation; there can, we think, be but one opinion among wise and liberal men in Western Europe as to the desirability of seeing the Russians where the Turks now are. But it is the trick of some orators and newspapers to keep the two questions interblended, and to make disparage of Turkey do the work of that argument in behalf of Russia which they do not even pretend to find.

PROGRESS OF THE STRIKES.

On a question of commercial industry it is a great point, to have, we must not say, the admission, but the distinct affirmation of Mr. Cobden, in regard to the Lancashire strike; "that there is ignorance, not confined to one party in the dispute, but ignorance on both sides, and deplor-

able in its results." This is strictly true. We believe that both sides are ignorant to a degree, even greater than either one supposes. Certainly, neither can taunt the other with its want of knowledge; least of all can the masters level their taunts at the workmen. From their position, and from their opportunities, they are bound to know many things, which the men must be excused from knowing, and they remain untaught in the most essential principles of their position.

For example, they withhold explicit statements from the men; they regard their workpeople with a haughty distrust; they insist on treating the question as one of interest, and yet they talk to the men about their "misconduct" in resorting to strikes. If the masters knew but half of what any man may know respecting the working-classes, they would be aware that a very little of candour, of rational representation, and of honest, direct language—language not servile, but respectful and manly, would at once draw from the working classes much more than a corresponding spirit of amicable advance. If the matter is to be treated as one of interest, it should be dealt with, exclusively, on that ground; and when the masters talk of the social obligations of the men, they either deal in cant, or they stultify their own profession to consider the question as one purely of self-interest and self-regard.

We cannot claim for the men any exclusiveness of correct judgment. They fall into the same error with the masters,—they treat the matter as one of their own self-interest, while they reproach the masters with want of consideration, want of humanity, and want of other qualities which have nothing to do with the question of self-interest. If the men pursue their own advantage, which they have a right to do, they must expect the masters to do the same; if it is to be a matter of good feeling on one side, it must be a matter of good feeling on the other. But good feeling is never a thing that can be extorted; it can only be voluntarily rendered.

Both sides, indeed, are keenly alive to their own interest—to the great advantages which would be attained simply by their own success—strongly conscious of their own sacrifices, and very slightly considerate of the interests or sacrifices on the other side. The master feels that his capital, and the welfare of his family, are risked; and if his books show him that he cannot pay higher wages, the conduct of the men on strike appears wantonly to sacrifice that capital and those family interests. But the men feel, that every abatement of wages is a diminution of comfort, if not of food, for their dearest dependents; and when the master, in the exercise of an unexplained pride, stops his mill, the working-man, forgetting his own pride, blames the master for the pale looks of his wife and children. A little explanation would make the workman understand, that if the master's outlay exceeds his income, not only could he have no motive to continue his business, but the very means of carrying it on would be taken from him by the inexorable laws of commerce.

But the master is, it appears to us, chargeable with unfair conduct to the hands. It has constantly happened that the employer has represented to his men the necessity of yielding to him willing work when he saw the trade obliged him to give less payment to his labour. He thus made willing labour, which he had purchased before, a matter of good feeling, and thus *morally* incurred an obligation to his hands. Yet, on subsequent occasions of prosperity, it has often happened that the master has not repaid, by a spontaneous rise of wages, the loss to which the men had submitted in adverse times. At the end of '47, for example, the working people were giving to their employers the same labour, and the same zeal, as before the ten per cent. was taken off; but when the times had somewhat improved—and they have *somewhat*, although not to the full extent supposed,—the masters did not stretch a point, as they expected the men to do, and did not exhibit that zeal in payment which they had demanded in labour. On these grounds, the men are right in considering their claim as being a "debt."

There is another consideration which the working man has a perfect right to advance. At present there is a tendency for wages to decline while food is rising. While wages are ten per cent. less than they were in '46, bread is forty per cent. higher than it was in that year. In Norfolk and Essex, men, heads of families, are receiving

not more than 10s. a week; in parts of Somersetshire they are as low as 6s., with an allowance of the rough indigenous cider. It is very difficult to support life on such allowances; much more easy to find food, comfort, political freedom, and the chance of prosperity, in Australia or America; and if the employer will not, or cannot give better wages at home, it would unquestionably be better if the men, whether of Lancashire or Somersetshire, were to seek their fortune across the Atlantic or the Southern ocean.

The mistake which workmen make is that of supposing that masters can pay wages according to their good will; whereas, if masters were to let their outlay exceed their income they would soon go into the Gazette, and their mills would stop altogether. If the manufacturing interest is to be preserved, for the benefit of men as well as masters, it must be helped over the period of difficulty. Now, the men can understand problems of that sort quite as well as the masters. They are not so accustomed to the inquiry. But a very little explanation would enable the leading minds to see the whole principle at once.

The men are more willing to make sacrifices than the masters; what they want is, exact information as to the state of labour, and its commercial value in other parts of the country. If they had that, they would not make demands commercially preposterous. Their means do not enable them to secure the information from a sufficiently comprehensive field. The masters, under the operation of that ignorance which Mr. Cobden deplores, have thought fit to withhold that information from the men, or, in certain cases, to give it only in an imperfect, garbled, and misleading form, hence these quarrels, in which property and trade are wasted beyond calculation. If the masters want to prevent such inflictions, they will do their best to supply themselves and their men with specific, detailed, and comprehensive information on the commercial subjects in agitation between them; and thus they will secure a trustworthy standard for settling these disputes, instead of bungling out the arrangement by wager of battle.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

A CONTEMPORARY, not addicted to religious polemics, has forcibly exposed the cant of "misbelief," which writers in the Russian interest have twanged against the Turks, by way of strengthening the pacific prostration of Manchester with the evangelical delirium of Exeter Hall in a crusade against the Crescent. We have, for obvious reasons, forbore to press the tempting comparisons suggested by the policy of the infidel, Abd-ul-Medjid, on the one hand, and the orthodox Christian, Nicholas, on the other. We have, it is true, in the words of an eye-witness, described the orthodox Christianity of the Russian Church, as it is practised throughout the dominions of the Czar. We have shown it to be such a confusion of bestial idolatry, debauchery, ignorance, as even statecraft and priestcraft, under the most favourable circumstances, have seldom fabricated. But we have desisted from pressing the contrasts and analogies in which the religious phase of the Russo-Turkish dispute abounds. They are edifying and suggestive enough to give sincere observers pause. It is not the fault of those whose orthodoxy may seem open to question, that the great organ of the enlightened selfishness of this age and country should, day by day, have represented the existence of Turkey as opposed to true religion, and the Christian protectorate as a justifiable pretension of an evangelical Czar. It is not our fault that the faith as it is in Nicholas the God-fearing, and the faith as it is in Allah, should be tested by their fruits. The *Times*, adopting its vocabulary to the calibre of the Great British evangelical intellect, never discusses the Russo-Turkish question without stigmatizing the poor Mussulman as misbelieving and infidel. These epithets do not, it is true, betray any strikingly original conception, nor do they communicate anything new: but they tell upon that weak side of the eminently self-righteous Great British mind which cherishes cant, as if it were a certificate of holiness:—

"In the first place," says the *Economist* of Saturday last, "it is not true, in the sense in which it is ordinarily alleged, that the Russians are our fellow Christians, and that the Turks are 'unbelievers.' Both, according to our view of their creed, are 'misbelievers.' We very much question whether, if the matter were truly understood, we should not find that English Pro-

testants, and Scotch Protestants still more, have not more and closer sympathies of faith and feeling with the Mahometan than with the benighted votaries of the Greek Church. The Turks pray to God only—the same God as ours—'The God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob': the Russians pray exclusively to the Virgin Mary, and a host of saints, who are an abomination in our eyes. The foundation and the first points of the creed of all three Churches—the Mahometan, the Oriental Christian, and our own—are identical. We all believe in one God, and in Moses and Jesus—we as a Divine Saviour, they as his Prophets. There we stop: the Russian and the Turk both go further;—the latter add Mahomet—the former add St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, and an interminable calendar of canonized priests and worthies. The former have added a multitude of corruptions—the latter have introduced but one. It is sad and unsatisfactory to be called upon thus to cast the balance between two false and guilty theologies; but we will appeal to almost any earnest Protestant who has lived in Turkey, whether he did not feel more prompt and natural religious sympathy with the followers of Mahomet, whose simple faith is comprised in two formulas—prayer to God, and charity to man; who never fails, night and morning, at business or at table, when the Muezzin sounds the hour for his devotions; and who never passes a mendicant without bestowing alms upon him 'for the love of God,' however poor he may be himself:—than with the so-called Christian of the Oriental Church, whose whole religion is a mass of fasts and superstitious ceremonies, who is enslaved by a priest almost as ignorant as himself, who knows little of his Saviour, and less, even, of his God.

"In the next place, in the immediate affair now under discussion, it is the Turk who has acted like a sensible Christian, and the Russian who has acted like a rapacious infidel. And how can a Potentate claim our sympathy on the ground of a common creed, while trampling under foot every commandment of that creed, and acting in the most flagrant contravention of its spirit! 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And we have the highest authority for embracing in the closest bonds of fraternity those of every nation and of every faith who 'walk humbly' in the presence of God, and 'act justly in the face of man, and for refusing to recognise as Christians all those, whatever may be their profession or their name, who are 'oppressors, extortioners, or unjust.' 'In that day many shall say, Lord, Lord, have we not preached in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity.' Nor is this the only case in which in the Ottoman dominions heathen crimes are perpetrated by the Christians, and Christian duties are reserved for the practice of the 'unbeliever.' No one who has been at Jerusalem at Easter, or who has read the accounts of those who have, can fail to be aware of the scandalous scenes transacted there every year;—how the Greek and the Catholic Christians fight round the very sepulchre of their professed Lord and their common Saviour, till blood flows in torrents on the sacred floor, and how the astonished and disgusted Ottomans have to provide a regular police for the occasion, to compose the feuds of the 'true believers,' and to separate the infuriated 'Christian' combatants."

All this, no doubt, is very true to fact, very sound in doctrine, and altogether very well put by our semi-ministerial contemporary. But is it not a waste of common sense and sincerity upon those who identify Gospel truth with Gortschakoff—upon those who sent a bishop to Jerusalem, who, after many years' labours numbers more nursery-maids than converts—upon those who in one breath condemn free thought and anathematize the Pope, as the champions of a bastard and barren Protestantism; upon those who are taught to sympathize with State Churches wherever established, especially when the Altar and the Throne are one; upon those who forget that more than one Christian empire is kept alive by Jews; and that in our own Indian empire we can offer no satisfactory substitute to Buddhism for the poor Hindoo whom our missionaries have preached out of their native faith; no substitute, we mean, which the Hindoo will in his soul accept; while forty millions of our Indian subjects, and those not the least brave or the least cultivated, are misbelievers like the Turks?

In our century, and in the classic land of cant, the cry of "infidel" is the cheap revenge of hypocritical conformity upon the few who remain faithful to their own consciences in the teeth of social ostracism and civil disabilities. It is the safe and easy refuge of enlightened selfishness. "Misbelief" is, after all, in more senses than one, too much a question of latitude. Perhaps it is likely to remain so for some time longer in the Christian knowledge sense, unless, indeed, the "Coming Struggle" (price 2d.) should be cut short by the Millennium. It is one thing in Turkey, another

in Russia, another at Calcutta, another in Ceylon, another in Rome, another in London. But we need not be surprised that those who, with the conduct of the Turkish Government throughout these tedious complications before their eyes, can speak of the dignified calmness and moderation of the Porte, in spite of vacillating allies and hostile outrages, as the indisposition to come to extremities with the invader, and of the patriotic uprising of a martial people in defence of their nationality, their faith, and their independence, as an outburst of fanatical barbarism—we need not, we say, be surprised that writers who are compelled to such perversities as these, should be little ashamed to pander to the ignorant clamour of evangelical platforms, with the vulgar claptrap of "the misbelieving" Turk.

TURNPIKE JOBS AND COUNTY MAGISTRATES.

SOME weeks since our attention was invited to a flagrant local job about to be perpetrated, by an offspring of that prolific parent of jobbery and model of maladministration, the Turnpike Trust. Indeed, we had remarked in a Bristol paper some very trenchant and vigorous letters, written apparently by one on the spot, and practically familiar with the operations of which the special case denounced was but an occasional example. A contemporary has already glanced at this particular case, not without a necessary apology for the "utter staleness" of the whole subject; and, to say the truth, it was nothing but the sense of this staleness that prevented our taking up an instance of so marked a character, and so full of illustration.

In common with the entire turnpike trust system of the country, the turnpike trust of Bristol is not in a wholesome condition. It is, indeed, a *paying* concern, in the sense of paying "for superintendence only, a sum equal to one-sixth of the outlay." It has lately been attempted to erect a new gate upon the Ashton road: in other words, to levy a new toll precisely on that branch of the trust which did return a profit. The total cost of this road is stated to be 1306*l.* its revenue 1301*l.*; leaving a balance in hand of 85*l.* Why, then, levy a new tax? Obviously for no other reason than to squeeze out of this Ashton road some more profits to prop up the ill-conducted credit of the general trust. Other circumstances, indeed, with which we are made acquainted, suggest other reasons. Within two miles of the proposed new toll-gate, there are collieries, the transit from which to the adjacent districts at present has no turnpike to pass. But had the contemplated job succeeded, these coals would have had to pay, and the rival collieries at Bedminster, whose coals have to pass the existing gate, would have rejoiced in an impost, which would arrest the natural flow from the rival pits, to the exclusive advantage of their own. The promoters of the intended turnpike are reported to have comprised in their councils several worthies more or less indirectly associated with the Bedminster collieries. It is not coalowners only, however, who would have been mulcted at the gate. The stoppage would have been a nuisance to the rich of the neighbourhood; to the poor it would have been an intolerable exaction. But there are other circumstances attending this happily defeated project of establishing an additional tollgate within eight and a half miles of the *paying* tollgate at Bedminster, worthy of notice. We do not desire to press the case as if it were exceptional. On the contrary we have too much reason to know that it is but one flagrant exposure of a radically vicious and disorderly system. No doubt on many other roads a gang of surveyors and sub-surveyors divide the spoils of which the public is defrauded; no doubt on other roads the lame, the halt, and the blind are employed at the public expense to find rent for their employers; just as in other counties, no doubt, there are magistrates who, like sea-lawyers, know just enough of law to botch some to their neighbours, and to bring the law itself into contempt. But in this particular case of the Bristol Turnpike Trust, there is the amusing and edifying point of the treasurer summoning a meeting of trustees without authority, and thereby exposing himself to a severe penalty, and to the disability of ever acting again in the Trust. And this treasurer, as often happens we dare say, is described as a gentleman of active powers of annoyance and restless local ambition, who "cumulates" the functions of a branch banker with the severe,

There is nothing in the material circumstances of Turkey to do so. If anything can warrant a Government in anticipating its future resources, it is the continuing growth of the resources at its command. The resources of Turkey have been expanding with the increased freedom of the people. The province of Bulgaria especially has made rapid progress; and the expansion of our own trade in the Ottoman empire is a sufficient proof of the elasticity of its resources. Should Turkey succeed, as is probable, in preventing the annexation of her empire to that of Russia, a most important trade to this country will be rescued; the resources from which the loan is to be repaid will be preserved, and the interests of our own com-

mercial body are not slightly staked on the success of that rescue. Hence a farseeing intelligence would justify this loan, as well as the ordinary commercial principles which regulate advances to foreign States.

We might, indeed, draw some credit to Turkey by contrasting her with other foreign States whose names are more familiar in our market. Spain has shared largely in English advances, with what results we have recently described. An instance has just occurred of the peculiar manner in which Spain pays her debts. A sum of money is considered to be due to Espartero for long standing arrears, and it was recently determined to pay him 25,000 dollars (5000*l.*). With regard to the merit of the particular claim we express no opinion, simply remarking that it is admitted by the Spanish Government, and a payment is ordered. The Spanish Government confesses itself bound to pay to Espartero 5000*l.*, and her Majesty signs the order for the purpose. It is to be paid in what is called *denda personal del tesoro*, a species of payment which bears a large discount—in the present case, fifty per cent. Acknowledging itself, therefore, bound to pay Espartero five thousand pounds, the Spanish Government charges him fifty per cent. discount on its own tardy afterthought of honesty. Such is Spanish finance.

Shall we take another comparison, from the great empire of Austria, also well known in our market? We recently had occasion to mention the financial credit of that State and its hopeless insolvency—with a yearly deficit concealed, but not cured, by yearly loans; the pressure of which loans is magnified, not prevented, by repeated depreciations of the inconvertible paper money. The Government of Vienna has just issued a new kind of inconvertible paper money; as if the newness of the paper upon which the obligation is printed could impart some freshness of health to Austrian finance.

Nay, let us take for comparison with the Turkish Government its great rival and enemy, its magnanimous "ally," the Emperor Nicholas, so powerful and so wealthy! The Emperor also is known as a borrower in the London market; having, not many years since, contracted a loan for 5,500,000*l.*, ostensibly to pay for the completion of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, but, really, it is understood for meeting the expense of the war in Hungary. By a peculiar contrivance his gracious Majesty, "the God-fearing Emperor," is converting himself into a creditor of the principality of Wallachia, which enjoys, at the present moment, his special patronage. When the Russian armies were introduced into the Principalities, Russia announced that the local Governments would have to furnish supplies for the soldiers, which should be paid for at a rate and at a time to be agreed upon. The resources of Wallachia are not very varied, and consist principally in two branches of revenue—a duty on the corn exported and a duty on the cattle which are exported, or which pass through the provinces on their way to the Black Sea. Part of this revenue has been checked by the infamous conduct of the Russian Government in permitting, perhaps designedly, the choking of the Sulina mouth of the Danube; this has prevented the export of corn. It is partly by the action of the Russian Government itself that Wallachia has been unable to comply with the exactions of that Russian Government. The local authorities having been unable to make good the whole of the supplies demanded, the Emperor keeps a record of these deficiencies, and he chalks them up as "debts" due from Wallachia to Russia. Thus the supplies extorted from Wallachia to an invading army, under promise of future payment, are booked in the great Russian ledger as a debt due from the Principalities to the Emperor. It is a debt like that which the Bishop of Hereford owed to Robin Hood, and may perhaps hereafter constitute a claim, upon the strength of which the Emperor Nicholas may march to the Principality with the jolly purpose of making it dance to the tune of its own gold. Such is Russian faith in money matters.

It appears to us that Turkey will stand a comparison even with these highly dignified States; that the Mahomedan Sultan may not shrink from the comparison with her most Christian Majesty of Spain, or his imperial Majesty of Austria, or with the Czar of all the Russias. If Mr. Cobden cannot carry out his "crumpling" project in respect to Russia without the assistance of British

war-ships, here is an opportunity for the converse process in favour of Turkey. Austria is wanting cash, but it appears to us that, politically as well as commercially, she fails to justify speculation in her "securities." We agree with Mr. Cobden in thinking that Russia will want cash at least as much as she did in the Hungarian war, but perhaps British contractors who negotiated that advance in London will have adopted Mr. Cobden's view as to the statesmanship and morale of loans to iniquitous Powers. Turkey wants some aid in present means, and commercial principles, as well as political morals, and the interest of our country, justify this aid, not less than that which Ministers are prepared to lend. Here then is an opportunity for the Liberal Member for the City of London to show that the house of Rothschild, and all its treasuries, are not at the service of the Absolutist Powers alone, but that the great financial and Cosmopolitan family can use their resources on behalf of those principles which the Baron professes to represent in Parliament by favour of the London constituency.

MR. COBDEN AT BARNSELEY.

WE have been so often brought into collision with Mr. Cobden on great public questions, that it is a pleasure to meet with words of his in which we can, for the most part, express a hearty concurrence. Such is the address he has just delivered to the mechanics and middle-class men of Barnsley, on the re-opening of the Institute in that manufacturing town; an address free from those disfigurements of self-sufficient assertion in which the most strenuous champion of the Peace Society is so apt to indulge. In scenes like this at Barnsley, and upon topics of domestic improvement and social amelioration, Mr. Cobden is most happily and completely at home. His clear, crisp, wedgelike faculty of exposition, with a full grasp of the subject at hand in all its bearings and details, and his tone of easy candour and conversational simplicity, lend a charm to persuasion, while the hardy concision of his language strikes his audience with the force of a demonstration, and the illustrations he groups around a subject which ordinary speakers treat with a repulsive dryness, assign to him a position as a popular teacher far above that Cobden who denounces conscientious opponents as fools, when he is himself pugnaciously dictating terms of peace to all the world. Mr. Cobden won his original reputation for unadorned eloquence by those lucid and compact expositions, those homely illustrations, those pointed arguments *ad crumenam* which made an Epic of the corn-law agitation. He achieved a considerable name; but when his object was gained, when the free-trade and Richard Cobden had received the crowning testimony from the statesman who converted an agitation into a policy, the Leaguer's reputation waned almost as rapidly as it rose. How was this? Simply because the man's mind was one essentially of limited capacity; a mind tenacious of one subject when that subject is sharply defined; prompt in exposition of that subject, ample and felicitous in illustration; but a mind ostentatiously incapable of comprehending large questions of social and national polity when their relations are intricate and extended, and when they deal with the grander emotions and passions of men. Thus the Corn-Law question Mr. Cobden thoroughly mastered, and effectively expounded. But the Corn-Law question was comparatively a small matter, and the principles of free-trade lay ready to his hand. Unrestricted competition was effected by negative legislation; commerce was set free to do as it would with its own; it was not subjected to the guidance of a grand policy. Since 1846, the year of Mr. Cobden's triumph, he has turned his mind to many subjects, prominently to what is called the peace question, involving that of international relations. Now, these questions require the most comprehensive treatment—treatment not dictated by profit and loss, and mere material gain, but treatment which should be based on a knowledge of human nature, not only on its economical, or what for the moment may be called its *cotton* side, but eminently on its emotional side. They are complicated questions. Great Britain alone is not concerned in their solution. The idea of honour enters as an element; the idea of national sovereignty enters as an element. To deal with such questions as war and peace and international relations requires a mind accustomed to take vast surveys not only of historical fact, but of

the geography of human ideas, feelings, passions, and aspirations. Whatever knowledge Mr. Cobden sets himself to acquire, he acquires. But it is an old saying that a man only sees that which he brings his eyes to see; in other words, a man only sees that meaning in facts which it is within the limits of his capacity to see. One man looks at a drop of water with the naked eye, and he sees a lucid sphere; another man looks at the same drop of water with a microscope, and he sees a globe of water full of life. So it is with history, past or present. One man sees the simple fact, or series of facts, which constitute an event; another man sees those facts full of life, and discerns their distant consequences and their more remote relations. It is this limitedness of vision, this power of only seeing one thing at a time, this want of large views on the life-and-death struggles of empires, which has made the views of Mr. Cobden so often narrow and unsound, and, not to speak it offensively, untrue. He has no imagination.

How different is it when Mr. Cobden takes up a local topic of essential import, but limited, easily grasped, and made plain to his hand. Then he is genial, instructive, sound. Then he forgets or lays aside those affectations of superior intelligence, those accents of dictation; that irritating vulgarity of manner and matter, which, although, leavened with truth, offends good taste, and delays the triumph of his cause. At Barnsley, for instance, Mr. Cobden had a topic—the evils of ignorance—which no public speaker can handle better. We are made to feel grateful to Mr. Cobden for his persevering efforts in the cause of education; and the wish rises unbidden in the mind, that he would confine his energies to so practicable a field. Mr. Cobden speaks with almost paternal affection, with almost apostolic fervour on this theme. He warns, instructs, exhorts, in the kindest manner. He rises above party, above Manchester, when he comes to education. "I don't care," he exclaims, "through what it comes. Give me voluntary education, or State education, but education I want." Statistics showing the number of people who attend schools, are no evidences against his senses. The people are not being educated, that he sees clearly. "Only yesterday" a Manchester merchant had told him, that he had attended at the swearing in of militia men, and found that not one-half could read, and one-third write their names. Last week "an old friend," attending a coroner at a Preston inquest, found that out of thirteen jurymen, only five could write. Mr. Cobden "deliberately" asserts that "in point of school-learning, the English people are the least instructed of any Protestant community in Europe." As instances of the evils and the prevalence of ignorance, he pointed to sanitary reform,—“the great mass of the people don't know what the sanitary laws are”—and therefore they live in filth. Another evil of ignorance is that chronic war of labour and capital, called "strikes." Mr. Cobden spoke with a generous candour on this point. The ignorance, he mentioned, was not ignorance confined to one party in the dispute. "It is ignorance on both sides." Neither masters nor men understand the principles which settle the rate of wages, or there would not be "lock outs" on one side, and "turn outs" on the other.

Then, America is better educated than England. A commissioner of our government has come over with an official report in his pocket, showing that the artisans of the United States are not only smart, but instructed; and Mr. Cobden tells us that Manchester is in alarm, lest smart and instructed Yankeeism should beat us in the race of nations. Why, he asks, is a young country like America better educated than an old country like England? Because, he replies, there is some fault in the old one. Why can't we adopt their plan if it be better than ours?

We do not in the least wish to qualify commendation of Mr. Cobden's speech. It is a good and useful speech—so far as it goes. But even on this question of education, Mr. Cobden's peculiar philosophy and life-rule of profit and loss, negatively vitiates the general excellence of his speech. Why man should be instructed and elevated occurs to him only in one form. Nowhere are we told to get knowledge because it is our duty to develop to the uttermost every faculty of doing, every capacity for apprehending, for suffering, every power within us by which we are enabled to do our duty in our state

of life, in any position, in any emergency, where we may find ourselves. Mr. Cobden says, if we knew the sanitary laws we should be cleanly, and avoid cholera; if we are intelligent we shall keep our franchises; if masters and men were well up in the laws of political economy, they would not "strike;" if we were as smart as the Americans, they would not beat us in manufactures; if the masses were educated—the "masses who really govern" the country, who are "always called on in the last resort"—they would be safer to meet, in times of trouble, than if they were immersed in ignorance and passion. It is the exclusive addiction to arguments like these—proper arguments enough for the slate, the ledger, and the till—arguments unrelieved by any appeals to higher and more spiritual motives—that deprives the teaching of Mr. Cobden of half its force and all its dignity; and it is the very lack of those higher faculties that deprives England of a great statesman, capable of reconciling the jarring contrasts and harsh anomalies of our industrial epoch with the rights of humanity and the laws of God.

SCIENCE OF RELIGION IN WINCHESTER.

In his abstract of Comte's *Philosophy of the Sciences*, Lewes gives an instance of barbaric theology still usurping the place of scientific observation. Astronomy, he says, is a positive science; "but so far is meteorology from such a condition, that prayers for dry or rainy weather are still offered up in churches, whereas, if once the laws of these phenomena were traced, there would no more be prayers for rain than for the sun to rise at midnight."

The same old notion of weather regulation still exists, as we find by the following extract, in a private letter from Valparaiso, written in August last:—

"The ignorance and superstition encouraged at Santiago exceed all belief. To give you an instance that has just occurred. The rainy season was passing over, yet the drought continued excessive, and cattle died by hundreds. Under these circumstances, the people requested the priests to have the processions that they usually resort to in such a case, but they endeavoured to put them off till the rain was evidently near. However, the people became importunate, and would wait no longer. The procession was got up in due form, but the rain did not come, and the priests had recourse to the desperate measure of putting their favourite St. Isidore into chains. Their usual way of compelling him to listen to their prayers is to put him head downwards into hot bran-and-water. This alarmed most of the poor people, who kept burning lights before his image in all their houses. The weather, at this time, was close and oppressive, the thermometer standing at seventy-two in the shade; and this in the depth of winter. A general dread of a great earthquake prevailed; but it ended in a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, such as cannot be remembered here. Of course this was construed into St. Isidore's angry answer, and as heavy rains succeeded, they are well satisfied. This is a fact in the nineteenth century."

Positive science has not made more unqualified progress even in parts of the most civilized country in the world—meaning, of course, England. We never forget that, on the occasion of prayer and humiliation for the cholera, more than one minister, even of the "Established Church of England," was found to trace these "judgments" to their evident proximate causes—human disobedience to "the laws of Nature and of the God of Nature." Some clergymen, however, have not yet so far advanced in their knowledge of God's works, and in one diocese, lately, we noticed that prayers were offered up for the cessation of rain, the bishop of that diocese apparently being much better advised as to the expediency of turning on the waters of the sky, or turning them off, than a superior authority is supposed to be. The parish clerk, by virtue of his orthodoxy, is considered, *ex officio*, "clerk of the weather," and the bishop puts himself forward as the grand turncock of the diocese.

In the same diocese of Winchester, however, was recently held a meeting of an archdeaconry, and the archdeacon delivered an important charge, the drift of which, upon the whole, was laudable. Clergymen, he said, had meddled too much in politics and mundane affairs. This is most true: we find the Reverend John Cox preaching "universal suffrage" at a meeting of ancient Protectionist agriculturists; and we find no end of bishops and church dignitaries managing that great charitable trust, the property of the church, for the benefit of "existing interests," at the ex-

pense of successors, of the public at present, and of the cure of souls for all times. The cure of souls, indeed, like the cure of red herrings, seems to be carried on only for the benefit of the dealers in the commodity; and if we judge by the frequent effects in the upper ranks of the "jolly full bottle" establishment, the cure of souls is a species of "bloater." If the advice of the Winchester archdeacon were observed, clergymen would absolve themselves from this reproach; and by restricting themselves to preach "the word" according to the standard of the Church of England, they would strictly define themselves as members of a special sect. They would then be quit of equivocal connexions, and we should understand distinctly what the Church of England is. It is now, by a fiction of law, supposed to be the Church of the people of England; whereas it is only the Church of some of the clergymen of England, and of that comparatively small part of the population that follows the clergymen into the parish church. The Winchester archdeacon proposes to divorce the church from mistaken connexion with the people of England, and with the present state of opinion and feeling in this country, and to narrow its mission to a pure dogmatic sanction. This would complete the divorce of science and religion, in which dogmatists so wonderfully co-operate with materialists.

It is in the same diocese of Winchester that we discover a mediæval instrument, singularly harmonizing with the notion of a pure dogmatic preaching and prayers to regulate the weather. It is an instrument of torture, not only preserved in Winchester jail as in a museum, but there applied for the cure of souls. It consists of an iron frame with leathern straps; the frame is fastened to the hips of the prisoner, and iron crutches which pass up under the arms, and which may be lengthened at pleasure, stretch the arms to dislocation. Such appears to be a main reliance for the correctional discipline in the diocese and jail. But why not apply it to still higher purposes,—say, to a process like that of Santiago. They want rain, and they torture St. Isidore; we want no rain, but we have no St. Isidore to torture. Yet we have a saint, and a torture screw—we have a Bishop and the Winchester crutch. Why not refute Comte by combining those two infallible elements of dry weather, and placing the Bishop in the crutch throughout the remainder of the present rain?

THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

No. VIII.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

THERE is as little accounting for the special peculiarities of families as for the national peculiarities of peoples. But there is as little doubt of the idiosyncracies of tribes as of the distinctions of nations. A strong, odd man, turns up, marries, grips land, and founds: and for hundreds and hundreds of years, his descendants retain, continue, and intensify his characteristics. It is unnecessary to give instances of a notorious fact: in every man's society the phrase is heard, "just like the family." Who of us, with a family tree, which we all pretend to have, does not excuse a failing or a vice in the same way as Lucretia: "I am a Borgia, and must have blood; my father sheds it?" We do more than excuse ourselves; we pardon others from some such consideration; for, as Lady Shugborough said to Mrs. Norton, "The Sheridans were always witty and vulgar," to which Mrs. Norton replied, that "the Shugboroughs were always vulgar without being witty." And it is such a consideration which is forced upon the notice in examining the character and career of Edward Geoffrey Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby. Looking to the family, as well as to the individual history, we find that for several centuries there has existed the same man—occasionally, but not often, incarnated in a different figure; and that the present Lord Derby, accommodating himself to this century, is doing exactly what the first Lord Derby did in his time—taking the odds in history. For, as the Napiers are all Gascons, so the Stanleys are all sportsmen. "*Sans changer*" is truer of the clan than most family mottoes; true in the sense that every Stanley is whimsically versatile; so true, that the very motives which led the first Earl to desert his King, were visible on the three different occasions when the present Earl deserted three different parties—Whigs, Peelites, and Protectionists.

"*Sans changer*," properly translated, means, "Every Stanley hedges."

The Earl of Derby is a magnificent, hearty, clever man, and he has enemies only in those who are too solemn to comprehend him. It is absurd to censure with gravity a man for the shape of whose cerebellum, as for the shape of whose legs, thirteen queer Earls are accountable; and whatever the jerks of his career, and the mischief of his capers, there is neither frowning nor laughing at a man who looks upon politics as a scrimmage, and history as a spree. Your laws, in establishing a senate of hereditary legislators, took the chances of temperaments; and if Lord Derby looks upon life as a joke, and chooses to poke fun at posterity, who is to blame—you or he? If you don't take the joke of his career, you are very dull. But even if you prefer to talk unreal twaddle about the "character of public men,"—talk utterly out of place in an age of Coalition, which means an age of no opinions,—and to refer to the inconsistencies of Lord Derby, his admirers, of whom I am one, have no difficulty in his defence. For if he has passed his life in deserting his colleagues, yet this is true—that he always left a winning for a losing side; or that, as in the last case, if he gave up a hopeless party, it was to take to a principle still more impracticable,—to be the Mrs. Partington of the ocean of Democracy! History (Mr. Macaulay's) intensely admires Lord Halifax, who, though a trimmer, had a fine prejudice in favour of impossible causes; and similarly chivalrous has Lord Derby always been; his political book has always been so made up, that under no possible circumstances could he ever win. A Vicar of Bray, who changes to keep his living, is contemptible; but heroic is the inconsistency of him who goes forth into the political world as knight errant of dead principles and damned projects.

We may consider the career of this remarkable man with the impartiality of posterity; for, as a politician, he is defunct. He had his opportunity when he was allowed to be Premier, and he threw away the opportunity; and no man ever got two chances. Reviewing his career without partisan passion we see much to excuse and much to respect. And whatever has to be said of his character, the distinction is not to be denied him, that he is the only clever eldest son produced by the British Peerage for a hundred and fifty years; Lord John Russell being the only clever younger son of the British Peerage during the same period. Smart, clever, dashing, daring, he always was; and there is no use in saying he was not more, for he never pretended to be more; and if his order and the Conservative classes plunged at him and made him Premier, greedy to get hold of the only clever born Earl known in the memory of living man, why he was the person in the realm the most astonished; and if he made a mess of it, as he knew he would, who was to blame—you or he? He must have been immensely delighted at the joke of sending him, a breezy young fellow of thirty, to govern Ireland, the most ungovernable of countries; but if Parliament and nation did not see the indecency of it, why should he not enjoy the joke—and go? He did go, and passed a very jolly time; and if he set north and south by the cars, and drove O'Connell into chronic insurrection, why that was Parliament's business—not his. When Lord John asked him to govern the Colonial Empire, a year or two after, he accepted the office with a chuckle; it was a joke for a man who had never been out of England, except to Ireland, and who had never read a book, except Shakespeare's historic plays and the *Racing Calendar*, to be asked to organise the most complicated Colonial system in the world; and if he very nearly destroyed the Colonial Empire, why how absurd to impeach him—who asked him? Doesn't know where Tamboff is! Well, did he ever pretend to know where Tamboff is? Did he ever set up in the Colonial Office to know anything? Did he ever presume to be wiser than the clerks? Did he ever contradict King Stevens in his life? Of course he never did. There was never any concealment or sham about him. He found he was born into a seat in the Commons and then into the Lords, just as he was born into Knowsley and a third of Liverpool; and he always said he did not see why he should not amuse himself in governing—it was as good fun as racing—and besides, he could do both, as he always has done, at the same time—running losing horses in both. He hated work, as he told everybody; he'd fight in the House as long as they liked, and whom they liked—it was all the same to him—but drudge, as

he always said, he would *not*; and if they chose to give him office, why they must look out for a deuce of a mess—and there always was a deuce of a mess. He liked office, of course; it enabled him to provide for friends and relatives; it added to the social distinction; and it must be pleasant, on a death-bed, to recall that one has been Secretary of State and Lord of the Treasury; besides, it enhanced the fun of the history which he was requested to act. The race is more exciting when you have something to lose; and taking office was, with Lord Derby, regarded as a sort of bet with the Opposition. Those who study the drama of politics in the theatre, and not in the closet—who judge of an actor not by the dialogue, but by his look and voice—and because so few do, there is in England great knowledge of politics, but total ignorance of politicians—have ever come to the same conclusion about Lord Derby: that in public life he is merely the sportsman and the gladiator. He used to call O'Connell a "heavy weight," and his great attacks on that eminent giant, "rounds." Lord Derby was—he is growing bald now—the ideal of a "sparrer." When he spoke in Parliament, his lithe, sinewy frame, "breed" in every fibre, and his handsome face, lit up with a daring smile, suggested "fight;" and his style was always a fighting style; he never argued, he replied and attacked. Even when Premier, and steadied into a good deal of discretion, he couldn't keep his hands off tempting faces. And the moment he left Premierdom he breathed freely again, and relapsed. As he quitted office he made an assault on Sir James Graham, merely because Sir James Graham happened to be sitting in the gallery, killing time; and since Lord Derby has been in Opposition again, he has twice driven Lord Aberdeen, and once Lord Clarendon, and every day the Duke of Newcastle, into a passion. Nor has he done with the Coalition yet; for though exploded as a political chief, he has still a career, as a veteran bruiser, to train young Tory peers, who have very small heads and a venomous belief that a hatred of primogeniture is at the bottom of Radicalism.

Mr. Stanley became a Whig because the House of Derby, with its inveterate tendency to the weaker side, was Whig; and while the Whigs were struggling at the era of the Reform Bill, Mr. Stanley was a capital Whig. It is an historical incident how he leaped on the table at Brookes', and poured out his passionate nonsense to keep the waverers together—which the nonsense, being a future Earl's, really did. But he became a waverer himself directly the Whigs got safe into Downing-street; and the moment that they were going to make Ireland sure for ever to England, by the ruin of the Irish Church, off he went, a desperate young Tory. His father, a solid Whig, who voted for Lord John to the last day of his life, shook his venerable and worthy head, and took to ruining the property by collecting the Stanleys—all the oddities—of the brute and bird creation into a menagerie at Knowsley, which was the admiration of Lancashire, and the terror of Africa and Asia; but neither the remonstrances of family connexion, party, or purse, stopped the chivalrous defender of that ecclesiastical institution, the most dishonest, and disgraceful, and despotic, which modern mankind have permitted to exist; the Whigs were getting too strong, were really annihilating the Tories, and a Tory champion would Lord Stanley therefore be. That pugnacity had its consequences—it ruined the Whigs. They could have done without the intellects and the honours of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham; but Lord Stanley made such a clatter in his desertion that the aristocracy got frightened; the Whig lords told the Whig leaders that Radicalism would not do; that they were getting on a little too fast; and from that day to this the Whigs never proposed a bold measure!—were passed by the Tories, in bold measures, and have sunk behind the Tories in a Coalition. Peel flourished when Stanley joined him in Opposition; and Peel, Graham, and Stanley gave tone to Opposition, re-collected a Tory party, and much as Wellington did for Conservatism, it is probable that Peel owed his rapid return to power in 1841 more to Lord Stanley than to the Duke. A clever peer is such a card for an ambitious parvenu, and poor Peel had no very few! Then Lord Stanley went back to the Colonial Office, to the great delight of the clerks and the horror of Canadians, Australians, West

Indians, Ionians, and in fact all the outlying subjects of Her Majesty; and there for two or three years Lord Stanley, in the intervals of racing, amused himself enormously, and, according to those who have studied his proceedings, developed an amazing genius for confusion—the Topsy of the Colonial Office. Colonies were to him games and counters; and Government a *rouge et noir*. Dealing with them came out the inveterate combative spirit of his family; and it was a matter of course that he should set one against another, and all of them against England. His grandfather died, and in bed, in witnessing a pair of game cocks (the Derby breed is celebrated in the north) spurring one another to death on his coverlet. And the grandson enjoyed the dignity of his position—having colonies for cocks. In his consulship, in fact, appeared the school of colonial reformers, and Charles Buller, Lord Howick, Mr. Rintoul, and Sir William Molesworth, spoke and wrote a great deal in the amusing apprehension that they were making the Colonial Secretary very angry. Then came the Maynooth and Irish Colleges question. The same Lord Stanley, who would not appropriate the revenues of the Irish Establishment, should now have resigned, as Mr. Gladstone did, on an attempt to endow and organize the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood; and so Lord Stanley would have resigned but for one reason—the Peel Ministry was tottering in consequence of so daring a proposal. Desert the weak of course he would not, so he stayed and carried Peel through that crisis; for the old Peers and young Conservatives, both with remarkably small heads, which is the characteristic of British aristocracy, had now all the more confidence in him that he had once been a revolutionary Whig, besides liking and loving him for his fine nature and his magnificent manner. But then came Peel's proposal in the Cabinet to repeal the Corn laws. That carried in the Cabinet without a dissentient—would have carried Peel as Premier to the end of his days; would have made the Ministry eternal; would have consolidated the Tory party, and taken the ground from under the Whigs. Now, then, was Lord Stanley's time go on winning for ever? Not he; he resigned. Singular that such a man should have such power; but the history England is now living is the consequence of Lord Stanley's resignation in 1846. He had ruined the Whigs, he now ruined Peel. Lord Stanley's was a name; without it there could have been no presentable Protectionist party; with his name to rally round, a new great furious party was a matter of course; Peel was separated from the Tories; all the skilful administrators who had adhered to Peel, like honest men, were separated from the Tories; and now, as the result of all that, we have a Coalition—not of parties, but of men; so that Lord Stanley, by virtue of simple recklessness, has been enabled, in a short lifetime, to destroy every party in turn! How he must enjoy all that! He, certainly, enjoyed the Protectionist fight—simply because it was so hopeless. The glee with which he must have brought out Lord George Bentinck, whom he told to go in and win!—that sporting nobleman going in accordingly, and *not* winning, with glorious animal energy and strength of lungs. Peel was so slow and solemn, and discreet and good, that Lord Stanley must have pined, when sitting by him in the Cabinet, to show him up—or to double him up; and he used, undoubtedly, to read Disraeli's superbly malignant Peelics with tears in his eyes. It is only a Lord Stanley who would have encouraged such a man as Mr. Disraeli to hope for great office; but of all the jokes Lord Stanley had encountered in politics, the joke of presenting Mr. Disraeli as leader of the bigoted Tory and Protestant party, must have struck him as the most uniquely sublime! Mr. Disraeli was a man after Lord Stanley's own heart; and the way he kept him up—despite the consternation and the remonstrances of the English and the old Peers of his new party—does the highest credit to his character as a wag. Notoriously all the dull and decorous small heads were for giving Mr. Disraeli a small office out of the Cabinet, when, in consequence of the royal row between Lord John and Lord Palmerston, the Protectionists—because there was nobody else—got in; but Lord Derby had a screw to lift Mr. Disraeli,—he threatened to go down again to the Lords and tell them,—the truth,—that in the whole Tory aristocracy of England there was not a man fit to preside in a Government bureau! He said that once, as a capital joke; and he

was just the man to say it again if they wouldn't let him have his way! So he landed Mr. Disraeli into the lead of the Commons: and we can fancy Lord Derby saying to himself, "*Tandem*, I have completed my fame, as a kicking peer of the realm; I have made a fashionable novelist Chancellor of the British Exchequer; and now, I can die happy!" Yet he was not content, even with that; he made Mr. Walpole a Secretary of State, and put him up to proposing a Militia Franchise! More; he took all his squad down to Oxford and made 'em Doctors! As a collective joke, perhaps that was his finest. But his ministry was altogether a practical joke. In a minority in Parliament, detested and despised in the country, he appreciated the furious joke of persisting in remaining in power in the face of the opposition, not only of Parliament, but of people—he looked upon the whole business as a fight—as a race, and he did his best to win,—taking the odds—and ends, as in Major Beresford. He posted his money; he made all the rich peers post their money; and he got together an enormous sum of money, and he did his best to bribe the majority out of the electors; and he did get 300 for a laughing chorus, and would have got all, but that the Whigs bribed enormously too, and that there are certain places which won't be bribed, which would not take the joke, and which did send up Radicals;—Whigs, Radicals, and the floating balance of Roman Catholics and waverers accordingly turning him out. They turned him out because he did not know when to stop joking. Mr. Disraeli's was a funny Budget; but Budgets are serious things; and the result was that such slow men as Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone came in—to govern us seriously. And the worst of it was, that Lord Derby had joked away his own party, too; for in putting up Mr. Disraeli to laugh at the notion that Lord Derby had ever been a Protectionist, the country might have been amused; but the Newdegates (prices were not as high then as they are now) were disgusted. So that when Lord Derby left power he left party; and the Coalition carries all before it. Perhaps, therefore, he is now, for the first time in his life, beginning to think and look serious; for there is neither a party to desert nor to join! In his desperation he has undertaken to anticipate a party—a democratic party—to whom he bids defiance valiantly. But that's hardly funny; all jokers overstrain the point now and then.

Yet the satire is very fine. It is a very rich notion—a Democracy in England!—a Democracy in a country which has seen Lord Derby a Minister, and made him chief governor! A Democracy in a country which permits such an electoral system that a man like Lord Derby can break up Ministries by leaving them, or by joining them! Until we realize what a thoroughly ludicrous people we are, we can never understand such a man as Lord Derby. English politics are a joke; and he only evidences his superior nature and finer honesty in openly laughing at all the shams, and grinningly taking advantage of them. Were we, indeed, a self-governed, self-reliant people—if we were thoughtful and wise—if we were free at home, and did not adore our nobility—if we had a policy abroad, and had the manhood to work it out—Lord Derby would be steadied into greatness by respect for his countrymen. As it is, he is tempted into intolerant Toryism by his very derision of them

NON-ELECTOR.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are again unavoidably compelled to postpone the first of a series of articles, of extreme interest and importance, on RUSSIAN SERFDOM, for which we are indebted to the distinguished pen of M. Alexandre Herzen. RUSSIAN SERFDOM must now be made an *European Question*; not like Uncle Tomism, a Stafford-House Question.

Several letters to our Open Council, and other articles, are necessarily omitted this week.

PRINTING FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The expense to the public for printing for the Houses of Parliament last year was 54,030*l*.

COLLECTION OF THE REVENUE.—In the year ended the 5th January last the charges of collection on the revenue amounted to 2,638,733*l*.

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*.

ALTHOUGH the connexion between the Stage and the Pulpit is more obvious in a sarcasm than in a serious consideration of the two—although “hypocrite” primarily means “actor”—and although young gentlemen with lofty aspirations, and five detestable acts of very blank verse in their pockets, tell us emphatically, that “the Stage is a Lay Pulpit” (which sonorously dignifies a very agreeable recreation), we have not yet made out the subtle link of sympathy, which seems to connect the two. That the Rev. W. GRUELS should first learn his hideous elocution from an “old established actor,” and then mount the pulpit to fulminate against all actors, is intelligible enough. But what is it which lures the “old established” from the boards “which KEMBLE, SIDDONS, KEAN have trod” to the pulpit, not made illustrious by the Rev. GRUELS?

There have been many actors who have quitted the stage for the pulpit; we have not heard of any one quitting the pulpit for the stage—probably because all actors imperiously claim “leading parts.” But in all the changes, we remember none more curious than that of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, who, having secured a first place among dramatists, tried bravely to secure a place among actors; giving up at last, when the fight was no longer promising either to dramatist or actor, he turned theologian, and published a work against the Pope; and now, we hear, he has taken his place in the pulpit, with chance of being a popular preacher. All these phases of a long career are assuredly intelligible enough to those who know the man, and have traced the gradual process of each change; but to the public they are paradoxical, and may impede his acceptance.

In France Dr. VERON is exciting considerable uneasiness by following the common, but unscrupulous, plan of publishing the letters he has, from time to time, received from men with whom he has had transactions. The other day a bootmaker wrote to a wit respecting a small financial operation desired on the bootmaker's part. The wit, on being reproached with not even answering the letter, replied, that he was “afraid of one day seeing his epistle in the *Mémoires d'un Bottier de Paris*.” Biography has certainly put a great check on correspondence. We know more than one public personage in constant vigilance with respect to letters even on trifling subjects. Lovers of gossip will, nevertheless, flock to Mr. JEFFS's shop to secure the first volume of VERON's book.

It will be interesting to many of our readers to learn, that AUGUSTE COMTE has just issued the third volume of his *Système de Politique Positive*, which contains the “Philosophy of History,” and may, therefore, be studied as a separate work, especially by those who have the exposition of COMTE, recently published in *Bohn's Scientific Library*.

This volume, of six hundred and twenty pages of abstract matter, COMTE assures us he has written, “without precipitation or fatigue, in six months.” It is the fruit of “the honourable protection afforded him by the *élite* of the western peoples, which permits him to devote himself exclusively to his mission.” The volume opens with a preface, in the style of his late prefaces, which must pain all his sincere friends; and is succeeded by two circulars, one addressed to the Emperor NICHOLAS, the other to RESCHID PASHA—both the naïve productions of a man who, living in hermit-like retirement, occupied in revolving his own thoughts, has lost the sense of ordinary affairs.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

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| <i>The Coal Mines: their Dangers and Means of Safety.</i> By James Mather. | Longman and Co. |
| <i>Decimal Coinage Tables.</i> By R. Mears. | W. J. Adams. |
| <i>Asiatic Cholera.</i> By R. Barwell. | John Churchill. |
| <i>The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman.</i> By C. Bede. | 1s. Nathaniel Cooke. |
| <i>The Universal Library.</i> 1s. | Nathaniel Cooke. |
| <i>Outlines of General History, Ancient and Modern.</i> By D. Scrymgeour. | 1s. Sutherland and Knox. |
| <i>Vacher's Stamp Duties Digest.</i> | Vacher and Sons. |
| <i>Free Thoughts on Natural and Revealed Religion.</i> | Charles Fox. |
| <i>Christianity in China.—The History of Christian Missions and of the Present Insurrection.</i> 1s. | W. S. Orr and Co. |
| <i>The Traveller's Library.—A Love Story: a Fragment from “The Doctor,” &c.</i> By the late R. Southey. | 1s. Longman and Co. |
| <i>The Genius and Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.</i> By the Rev. C. Colton. | By J. S. Hodson. |
| <i>Margaret; or, Prejudice At Home, and its Victims.</i> An Autobiography. 2 vols. 7s. | R. Bentley. |

LIFE OF ABERNETHY.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S. With a view of his Lectures, Writings, and Character. By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. In Two Vols. Price 21s.

ABERNETHY's name, once so celebrated, both as that of an able practitioner and eccentric character, is now only mentioned as the hero of some popular anecdotes, although in the History of the Art he practised he must for some time continue to hold a place, as an independent thinker and able teacher. The “Life” of such a man, if published when his reputation was still warm, so to speak, might have been a desirable work. At present

the need for such a work can hardly exist; certainly not for such a work as that of Mr. George Macilwain. The book is a mistake. As a biography it is meagre beyond excuse; the few biographical facts would barely make up a scanty “Memoir” prefixed to an edition of Abernethy's works, and are not narrated by Mr. Macilwain in a style to make their meagreness forgotten. The two volumes of digression and gossip, slop and science, which he has devoted to the subject, ought to have been one, and that one small in bulk. If Mr. Macilwain feels an indwelling *æstrus* irresistibly compelling him to publish his views on “things medical,” let him by all means do so; only to beguile a reader by promising a book on Abernethy, and having allured him with such a promise to give him “leaves from the note-book of a medical man” is not wise, for the entrapped reader rebelling against such procedure, is unjust to the matter Mr. Macilwain does give him.

Thus much by way of warning and objection. For the rest, medical men will read the volumes with a certain interest, if they come prepared not to find much about Abernethy; while “general” readers must be informed that the biographical interest of the book is null, and that even the anecdotes are sparing. Here is one which is new to us and is very dramatic:—

“On one occasion, Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand that on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, that he, Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the Hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he had been understood to have promised. Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such a pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said, at parting: ‘Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the Hospital, I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!’”

We shall indulge in only one more extract, and that one shall be an abbreviation of Mr. Macilwain's exposition of

ABERNETHY ON ANIMAL HEAT.

“The discovery of oxygen gas by Priestley, not only gave a great impetus to chemical inquiries, but affected physiology in a very remarkable manner; when it was found that the more obvious phenomena of all cases of ordinary burning, lamps, candles, and fires of every kind, consisted of the chemical union of charcoal and oxygen (carbonic acid), and again, when it was discovered that animals in breathing somehow or other produced a similar change, one may conceive how ready every one was to cry: ‘I have found it! The heat of animals is nothing more than combustion! We inhale oxygen; we breathe out carbonic acid; the thing is plain. This is the cause of animal heat!’”

“It has always struck us as a curious thing that chemists should have attached such a dominant influence in the production of heat in animals, to the union of carbon and oxygen; because nobody is necessarily so familiar as they are, with the fact that the evolution of heat is not at all peculiar to the union of these bodies; but is a circumstance common to all changes of every kind, in all forms of matter; there always being either the absorption or the evolution of heat.

“There is no doubt that the analogy is very striking between the changes which appear to be wrought in respiration, and those which take place in ordinary combustion. A very little consideration shows that the idea that respiration is the cause of animal heat, or that it is due to any other change of oxygen, is not only an assumption; but in the highest degree doubtful. In the first place, the carbonic acid thrown out when we expire is certainly not made by the immediate union of oxygen with charcoal expired; secondly, nothing is so clear that in respiration there is an immense quantity of heat thrown out of the body.”

“In order to estimate correctly the value of these surfaces to the animal or vegetable, it is obviously of great importance to us to know what they do, and if they give off anything, to ascertain its nature. That either animal or vegetable may be healthy, the processes of nature, whatever they are, must be carried on; and we may be assured, that the fragrance of the rose is just as necessary an exhalation from the plant, as it is an agreeable impression to us.

“But all animals may be said to breathe quite as much by their skin as by their lungs. Leaves, too, are the breathing surfaces of vegetables; and therefore to ascertain the facts in the one without inquiring into those observable in the other, would be likely to fog our reasoning and falsify our conclusions. The first impression we obtain from all animals is from external form and appearance—from, in fact, its outward covering. It was the first organ to which Abernethy devoted his most particular attention, and here again his investigations show how little those knew of his mind who imagined that his thoughts were restricted to any one set of organs.”

Abernethy directing his attention to ascertaining what the skin actually gave off, and what were the changes of the air in the lungs during inspiration, made a series of experiments:—

“Having a trough containing a large quantity of quicksilver, he filled a glass jar (sufficiently capacious to contain his hand and wrist) with that metal. He inverted it into the trough in the usual way of proceeding in collecting gases. He fixed the glass jar in a sloping position, that he might introduce his hand the more readily beneath the quicksilver. In this way, whatever was given off from the skin of the hand, rising through the quicksilver to the top of the glass, and of course displacing a proportionate quantity of quicksilver, could be made the subject of analysis.

“He describes his first experiment as follows: ‘I held my hand ten minutes in the jar beneath the surface of the quicksilver, and frequently moved it in that situation, in order to detach any atmospheric air that might accidentally adhere to it, and afterwards introduced it into the inverted jar. The quicksilver soon acquired a degree of warmth which rendered it not unpleasant. Minute air-bubbles ascended to the top of the quicksilver, more speedily in the beginning of the experiment, more tardily towards the conclusion. After an hour had elapsed, I withdrew my hand; the bubbles of air, which now appeared on the top of the quicksilver, were, I suppose, in bulk equal to one scruple of water.’

“In sixteen hours, I collected a half-ounce measure of air, which makes fifteen grains the averaged product of an hour. No kind of moisture appeared on the surface of the quicksilver. Some sucking-paper was put up, which was withdrawn unmoistened. My hand was always damp when taken out of the quicksilver. Whatever aqueous perspiration was produced adhered to its surface, whilst the ariform ascended to the top of the jar. To the air I had thus collected, I threw up lime-water, when about two-thirds of it were rapidly

absorbed; to the remainder I added a bubble of nitrous gas; but could not discover any red fumes, nor any diminution of the quantity. I repeated this experiment six times with similar, though not uniform results. I believe it will be found that the air perspired consists of carbonic gas, or fixed air, a little more than two-thirds; of nitrogenous gas, a little less than one-third. In one experiment, the nitrogen made only one-fourth part of the air collected; in another, I thought it exceeded one-third.

"He then made a series of experiments of the same kind, but substituting water for the quicksilver, sometimes heating himself previously by exercise. The results of these were not materially different from those in which he held his hand in quicksilver; but they are less clear because the carbonic acid gas given off seemed absorbed by the water. In the next series of experiments, he held his hand and arm in atmospheric air. In this case, he found that, in addition to the giving off of carbonic acid, that a portion of the oxygen of the air became absorbed. This is exactly what happens in the lungs. Now, as the carbonic acid, when given off, is in both cases accompanied by the disappearance of oxygen, and as carbonic acid is composed of oxygen and carbon, it had been usually conceived that the oxygen taken in, contributed to form the carbonic acid given off, and the idea is still entertained very generally.

"The experiments of Abernethy, however, presently to be adverted to, in regard to the skin; and those of Edwards, long after, in regard to the lungs, satisfactorily prove, we think, that the carbonic acid is not at all derived in the manner supposed.

"To test this matter, Mr. Abernethy confined his hand and arm in various gases containing no oxygen, as hydrogen, and then in nitrogen; but he found the carbonic acid gas still given off as before. He then placed his hand in a gas containing oxygen, (nitrous oxide,) and lastly in oxygen itself, to see if it increased or otherwise affected the elimination of carbonic acid; but in neither of those experiments was the carbonic acid thrown off, increased, or in any way affected by it.

"In a subsequent part of the paper, he remarks on the idea that physiologists entertained of the carbonic acid given off by the lungs, being made by the oxygen inspired; but he says very justly, that the quantity of oxygen is too small for the formation of so much carbonic acid gas as we find given out by those bodies, and that his experiments on the skin clearly prove that the exhaling vessels of the skin emit carbonic acid in a state of complete formation, and then adds, what it is difficult to estimate the merits of, without recollection, that it was said half a century ago, (and before the experiments of Edwards,) and, 'doubtless, those of the lungs perform a similar office.'"

The reader desirous of pursuing this subject by the light of modern chemistry, will do well to consult Robin and Verdeil, *Traité de Chimie Anatomique*, Vol. II., p. 53, sq. We cannot enter on it here.

In parting from these volumes, we must not forget to praise the excellent account given of Abernethy as a lecturer, which, as we learn from an illustrious pupil, is singularly correct and lifelike; the remarks also on the ordinary faults of lecturers are good and well-timed.

OUR DUSKY BRETHREN.

The Ethnographical Library. Conducted by Edwin Norris, Esq. Vol. I. *The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago, Papuans.* By George Windsor Earl. Price 10s. 6d. H. Baillière.

MR. BAILLIÈRE with this volume commences a series of works on Ethnography, a science daily acquiring fresh importance, and capable of being made extremely entertaining. In the present volume, Mr. Earl, avoiding speculation, contents himself with describing the Papuans, enlarging his own experience by contributions from Dutch and French travellers. He has produced a very agreeable though not a scientific work. The result of all observations on the Papuans is given here, together with many interesting pictures; but the author's purpose has been descriptive rather than scientific. Maps and five lithograph plates are added. In future, the drawings of the human form must be made by an anatomist, or at least carefully supervised by one, since in matters like these the "approximate" style of drawing will never do. Form is so important, that attention to it is indispensable.

Describing the Papuans, Mr. Earl says:

"Their most striking peculiarity consists in their frizzled or woolly hair, which does not spread over the surface of the head, as is usual with the negroes of Africa, but grows in small tufts, each of which keeps separate from the rest; and the hairs, if allowed to grow, twist round each other, and form spiral ringlets. Many of the tribes, more especially the mountaineers who hold intercourse with more civilized races, from whom they can procure cutting instruments, keep the hair closely cropped. The tufts then assume the form of little knobs, about the size of large peas, which give the head a singular but not altogether unpleasant appearance; for the regularity of these little knobs is so great, that the first idea which strikes a stranger is that they have been produced by means of a stamp; and the writer has every reason to believe that the hair of some tribes is naturally short, this knob-like appearance arising without the superfluous hair being cropped. Among the coast tribes of New Guinea, however, the spiral ringlets sometimes grow to the length of a foot, when they are either cut off close to the head and made into wigs, by inserting the ends into skull-caps formed of matting; or the ringlets are opened out by the hand, and kept spread by the constant use of a sort of comb of bamboo with four or five long prongs. The hair then assumes a capacious, bushy appearance, which has caused the people who adopt the latter practice to be called 'mop-headed Papuans.' Some of the less known tribes plait the ringlets over the crown of the head, where they form a thick ridge."

But we venture to question, though with submission, the accuracy of Mr. Earl's subsequent remark, that this description of twisted hair is peculiar to Papuans. "A comparatively slight mixture with the brown race removes the peculiarity, at least has done so in all cases that have come under the writer's observation." We should be glad to hear Dr. Latham's opinion on this point. The "Aztec" children, exhibited a few weeks ago, were assuredly not pure Papuans, whatever they were, yet they had this twisted hair.

Among the very curious details of this volume, there are several which vividly illustrate the ever-recurrent—yet to our pride repugnant—idea of close affinity between our race and that of the chimpanzee.

OUR BRETHREN IN TREES.

"On the afternoon of the day in which the encounter took place, the Naturalists, well armed, returned to the creek at high water, and saw a spectacle which was

also witnessed by those on board with the aid of telescopes; namely, the trees full of natives of both sexes, who, with weapons on their backs, sprang from branch to branch like monkeys, making the same gestures as in the morning, and shouting and laughing in like manner, without our people being able to tempt them out of the trees by throwing presents towards them, so that they returned on board again.

"Perhaps the pride of man may be wounded on finding how closely his species may approximate to that of the quadrumanes; but a little consideration will induce him to regard with admiration the wonderful adaptation of God's creatures to any circumstances under which they may be placed. It is a singular fact that, on the south-west coast of New Guinea, the kangaroo, apparently the least suited of all animals for the process of climbing, has adapted himself to the half-drowned nature of the country by becoming an inhabitant of the trees."

Elsewhere, in speaking of the Ajetas or Negritos:—

"The people with whom I had come to amalgamate for several days, appeared to me rather in the light of a large family of apes than of human beings. Even their voices resembled the small cries of these animals, and their gestures were identical. The only difference I found consisted in their knowledge of the use of the bow and lance, and in being able to make a fire; but in order to depict them well, I will commence by describing their forms and physiognomies. The Ajetas or Negritos are ebony-black, like the negroes of Africa. Their utmost stature is four feet and a half; the hair is woolly, and as they take no pains in clearing it, and do not know how to arrange it, it forms a sort of crown around the head, which gives them an exceedingly fantastic aspect, and makes the head appear, when seen from a distance, as if surrounded with a sort of *auréole*. The eyes are rather yellow, but of a vivacity and brilliancy comparable to that of the eagle. The necessity of living by the chase, and of pursuing the prey without cessation, exercises this organ in a manner which gives it this remarkable vivacity. The features of the Ajetas somewhat resemble (*tiennent un peu*) those of the African blacks; the lips, however, are less prominent. While still young they are neatly formed; but the life they lead in the woods, sleeping always in the open air without shelter, eating a large quantity one day and often nothing the next, and prolonged fasts followed by repasts eaten with the gluttony of wild beasts, produce a large stomach, and render the extremities meagre and lank. They wear no clothing, with the exception of a little belt of the bark of trees, eight or ten inches wide, which encircles the waist.

"Their arms consist of a lance of bamboo, a bow of palm-wood, and poisoned arrows. They live upon roots, fruits, and the produce of the chase. They devour their meat almost raw, and live together in tribes consisting of fifty to sixty individuals. During the day, the old people, the infirm, and the children, assemble around a large fire, while the others are hunting in the woods; and when they obtain a prey that will last for some days, they all remain around the fire. At night they all sleep *pêle-mêle* among the ashes of the fire. It is extremely curious to see fifty of these creatures of all ages, and more or less deformed, thus collected together. The old women especially are hideous; their decrepit limbs, large stomachs, and extraordinary head of hair, give them the appearance of furies or old witches.

"The Ajetas have no religion, and adore no star. It appears, however, that they have transmitted to the Tanguianes (a brown race inhabiting the neighbourhood), or have learned from the latter, the practice of worshipping for a day a rock, or the trunk of a tree, in which they find a resemblance to some animal or other. Then they leave it, and think no more about idols until they meet with some other fantastical form, which becomes a new object of an equally frivolous worship.

"The Ajetas has an incredible agility and address in all his movements. He ascends the highest trees like the monkeys, seizing the trunk with both hands, and applying the soles of his feet. He runs like a deer when in the pursuit of large game—his favourite occupation. It is extremely curious to see these people departing on a hunting excursion; men, women, and children, all go together, like a troop of orang-outangs on a plundering expedition. They are always accompanied by one or two small dogs of a singular breed, which aid them in pursuing the prey after it has been wounded."

Of the Arruans, inhabitants of the islands on the south-west coast of New Guinea, and in every way a superior specimen of the Papuan race, we read, among other things:—

"One of the most striking peculiarities in connexion with the customs of the Arruans, consists in the high value they place upon elephants' tusks, brass gongs, and large porcelain dishes, which are in such demand, that they generally form part of the cargoes brought by the foreign traders. The writer has a lively recollection of the incredulous surprise with which he listened to the statements of the Arruans traders he met with in Java and Singapore during his earlier visits to the Archipelago, who informed him that the islanders hoarded up these valuables, without making any ostensible use of them, and gave prices which enabled the Bughis traders to buy up these articles on any terms,—in fact, to command the market. Siam and Cochin-China were then the chief sources of the supply of ivory, but latterly African tusks have been imported from Europe by the Netherlands Company for the Moluccan trade, so that the demand seems rather to be on the increase. This singular practice of hoarding articles of such value, which is common also to the natives of Timor-Laut and the Serwatty Islands, will have to be noticed more fully when the brown-coloured tribes of the Archipelago come under review. With the Timor-Laut and Serwatty islanders, the practice is connected with religious observances, the tusks more especially being purchased by the wealthy for display during their funeral ceremonies, after which they are preserved by their descendants as relics. Probably this will prove to be the case with the Arruans also, when more full information is obtained concerning their customs."

Of the Alfoers:—

"It is certainly worthy of remark that these simple Alfoers, without the hope of reward or fear of punishment after death (Mr. Kolff here alludes to the ignorance of the Arruans respecting a future state), live in such peace and brotherly love with one another, and that they recognise the right of property in the fullest sense of the word, without their being any other authority among them than the decisions of their elders, according to the customs of their forefathers, which are held in the highest regard. During my stay among them, I never perceived the least discord, either among themselves or with their neighbours in the adjacent villages, which one would suppose might naturally take place from the clashing of interests in the tropic fishery, or from their appetite for strong drink. This last is the chief, if not the sole vice which exists among them.

"No Alfoer can take unto himself a wife until he has delivered the marriage present, which consists of elephants' teeth, brass gongs, cloth, &c. This is not

usually all paid at once, but by instalments during several years. A father, who has many daughters, becomes a rich man by the presents which he receives on their marriage. If a young man wishes to marry, and is possessed of nothing, it often occurs that he makes a voyage of a year's duration among the other islands; and making known his purpose, demands contributions from those he visits to enable him to make up the instalment of goods which it is necessary to place in the hands of the parents. The ceremony of betrothing is celebrated by a feast, at which arrack forms a very necessary adjunct.

"It is not lawful for a man to enter the house of a neighbour during his absence, and if any one offends in this particular, he is obliged to pay a piece of cloth, or some other goods, to the owner of the house. The sentence is passed by the elders, who openly call upon the offender to pay the fine, which makes him so ashamed, that he either does so, or immediately leaves the village. This fine is called 'pakul dende' by the natives. Should any one even touch the wife of another, he must make a large atonement for the offence. The Macassar traders informed me that they were always obliged to watch their people narrowly, to keep them from approaching too near the married women, as the least touch would render them liable to a fine; and unless this was paid, the Alfoers would not be satisfied.

"Among the Alfoers, the treatment of their dead betrays, in the greatest degree, their uncivilized condition, and the uncertainty which exists among them as to their future state. When a man dies, his relations assemble, and destroy all the goods he may have collected during his life; even the gongs are broken to pieces, and thrown away. In their villages I met with several heaps of porcelain plates and basins, the property of deceased individuals, the survivors entertaining an idea that they have no right to make use of them. After death, the body is laid out on a small mat, and supported against a ladder until the relatives of the deceased assemble, which seldom takes place until four days have elapsed; and as decomposition will have commenced before this, the parts where moisture has appeared are covered with lime. Fruitless endeavours to stop the progress of decay! In the meantime, damar or resin is continually burnt in the house, while the guests who have already assembled regale themselves with quantities of arrack, and of a spirit they themselves prepare from the juice of a fruit, amid violent raving, the discord being increased by the beating of gongs, and the howling and lamentation of the women. Food is offered to the deceased, and when they find he does not partake of it, the mouth is filled with eatables—siri and arrack—until it runs down the body and spreads over the floor. When the friends and relatives are all collected, the body is placed upon a bier, on which numerous pieces of cloth have been laid, the quantity being according to the ability of the deceased; and under the bier are placed large dishes of China porcelain, to catch any moisture that may fall from the body. The dishes which have been put to this purpose are afterwards much prized by the Alfoers. The body is then brought out before the house, and supported against a post, when attempts are made to induce it to eat. Lighted cigars, arrack, rice, fruit, &c., are again stuffed into its mouth, and the bystanders, striking up a song, demand whether the sight of all his friends and fellow-villagers will not induce the deceased to awaken! At length, when they find all these endeavours to be fruitless, they place the body on a bier, adorned with flags, and carry it out into the forest, where it is fixed upon the top of four posts. A tree—usually the Pavetta Indica—is then planted near it; and it is remarkable that at this last ceremony none but women, entirely naked, are present. This is called by the Alfoers 'sudah buang,' by which they mean that the body is now cast away, and can listen to them no longer. The entire ceremony proves that the Alfoers are deprived of that consolation afforded by our religion, and that they only give expression to the grief they naturally feel at parting with one to whom they have been attached."

The foregoing extracts suffice to indicate the attractions of this volume, and to pique the reader's curiosity; he will not read it without being assailed by crowding thoughts on man, man's destiny, and the enormous progress which these living indices of his infancy so vividly throw into relief.

LETTERS OF THE POET GRAY.

The Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason: to which are added some Letters addressed by Gray to the Rev. James Brown, D.D. With Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. John Mitford. Price 15s. Bentley.

THERE is a form of literature imposingly frivolous and pedantically trifling much cultivated by a certain bookish class, and holding something of the position towards literature in general that morning calls do to the serious purposes of life. We will not say that in idle moments or in languid moods the works referred to have not been very acceptable; just as the statesman and philosopher have found relaxation in the flitting gossip of a morning call. But we cannot help calling attention to the frivolity and worthlessness concealed beneath the bigwig erudition, and ostentatious research which characterize the works we speak of. Some bookworm undertakes to "edit" a poet or the poet's letters; whether the poet be a classic or an illustrious obscure, the editor's zeal is displayed in bringing from far and wide, out of forgotten refuse heaps and the mere gutters of literary history, anything in any way relating to persons or subjects mentioned in the text. Read the notes to almost any classic and pause awhile over their pitiable stupidity and irrelevancy! Read the notes to any English classic and marvel at the gravity with which the editor repeats a platitude from Warburton or an observation from Hurd! It is difficult to estimate the extent of this literary sewage, gravely mistaken for manure; but every reader will recall examples of what we allude to; and here before us lies a choice specimen.

The Rev. John Mitford is what is called "a man thoroughly well read in our literature." He has the *Monthly Review* by heart. He knows the *chronique scandaleuse* of Grub-street. He knows all that Englishmen with unfeigned unanimity have declared they will forget. He is an expert editor of his class; zealous, painstaking, accurate, and immensely tedious. His notes are "replete with information" of the kind you desire not to know. The gravity with which he quotes, and the painstaking zeal with which he gleans the veriest stubble, are only surpassed by the like follies in "classical" editors. We will pick tolerably at random. In the preface he says of Gray,—"A complete decay of the powers of nature, long threatening and steadily advancing, preceded his death." On this passage we have this note:

"The Rev. Mr. Carey, through whom the great Florentine Poet has become our own, has mentioned his conversing with the college servant who helped to remove Gray from the dinner table in the hall, when suddenly attacked by his last fatal illness."

Mr. Cary (spelt Carey by Mr. Mitford—what will Mr. Peter Cunningham or Mr. Halliwell say to such a mistake!) did actually converse with the college servant, and that fact is deemed worthy of rescue from oblivion. But what did the servant say? On that point, complete silence!

Here is another gem:

"The inscription which Gray wrote on his mother's tomb may be seen in his *Life and Works*, vol. i. p. xxxi. Sir James Mackintosh used to speak with high praise of the expression in it, 'the careful, tender mother of many children.' It occurs, however, in an older writer, 'These were tender nurses, careful mothers.' See *Braithwaite's English Gentlewoman*, 4to, p. 109. 1633."

One more and we desist. Gray mentions in passing a poem called *Avon*; from a note by Mr. Mitford, we extract this concluding sentence:

"The Rev. John Cowper, Fellow of Corp. Chr. Cambridge (brother of the poet), says in a letter, Jan. 1786, to Mr. Gough, 'A little poem called *Avon* has its merit.' See *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, viii. p. 562."

It is amusing to picture to oneself the condition of mind which can render these "researches" the occupation of a life, and which can imagine the wants of the public to be in any way furthered by them!

We have taken Mr. Mitford as a specimen of his class, but have no wish to speak in ridicule of him more than of his brethren. He has done his work so as to earn the applause of his brethren, and will be supremely indifferent to our ingratitude. Grateful we cannot feel. The letters between Gray and Mason are indeed, thanks to him, now published with something more of completeness; but we do not think the world is much enriched thereby.

"The Correspondence between Gray and Mason, which is now published in its entire form, was carefully preserved and arranged by the latter, from which he made a partial selection in his *Memoirs of Gray*. This volume at his death was bequeathed to his friend Mr. Stonhewer, and from him it passed into the hands of his relative, Mr. Bright, of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire. When, in the year 1845, the library of Gray was sold by the sons of that gentleman, then deceased, this volume of Correspondence was purchased by Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park, and by him was kindly placed in my hands for publication."

To those readers fond of small literary gossip, and especially those unacquainted with the previously published Letters of Gray, we can promise an agreeable volume to lounge over. Many of Gray's letters are altogether charming, and some of his critical remarks will be relished by poetry readers and writers, although Gray does avow that he thinks "even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that was ever made on it."

The letters have many sly humorous touches, such as "I cannot now enter into the particulars of my travels, because I have not yet gathered up my quotations from the Classics to intersperse, like Mr. Addison," or this on

LAUREATES:

"Though I very well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, 'I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two for form's sake, in public once a-year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think every body I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureat."

Or this:

"I feel a contrition for my long silence, and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about; nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a mercer's wife that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better, for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness; but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing, absolutely nothing, not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours, but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's *Lisbon*, which angers you so."

For a wind up we will quote one passage which has not unfrequently been quoted before, but is *repeatable* for its truly literary view:

"If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm, stick a flower in it, gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied."

Portfolio.

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

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

EPILOGUE.

Valperdata, June 27, 1853.

MY DEAR MARK,—I write on the calculation that this letter will reach you just as you return; for I do not suppose that even Julie can keep you longer from business; or that you would longer trust even Margaret's father. It must be confessed that he has not Margaret's genius, or yours. Julie must have received the letter which Yseult addressed to her at Brussels; for I suppose you

left directions whither it should follow you in the forest. That letter must have reported all about our departure and arrival—at least the broad facts; but as we have not yet had a line either from you or Julie, we are uncertain about your having received it. Sarah torments herself with the idea that you and Julie will be “uneasy;” or rather Julie, for she regards you as being above any weakness so unbusiness-like. “I do not believe,” she says about once a day, “that Mr. Markham would turn pale if he knew that he was going to be a bankrupt to-morrow; but it is for Mrs. Markham that I feel.” And she imagines Julie as constantly solicitous as she is herself about Margaret—indeed about us all. Dear woman! Deprived of a life herself—one of those mournful, resigned negations, which are so common with you, she has thrown her whole soul into the care of Margaret. She loves her for her beauty, her courage, her success,—loves her for being so admired and so loved. It needed all Margaret’s inflexible resolve to make her mother understand that they must part—that most estimable silk gown, fading and shrinking out of existence, seemed to feel that it must quite be cast off and laid aside if the sustaining Margaret were removed; although I do think poor Mrs. Johnson now begins to look up to you as the Zeus of her system; and to the wayward Julie as to a superior wisdom—“she has such a position now.”

Yseult told you generally of our brief peril in the gulf. It is you know often stormy; but only once do I remember encountering so black and sudden a hurricane; black as midnight—a thick, palpable midnight; save when the lightning poured down, straight like a blinding cataract upon the boiling waves; which shivered under the shock. Ropes and spars broke away like flower stalks. We had just overtaken Audley’s yacht when it began; and it seemed scarcely five minutes before it was daylight again, and we lay a maimed wreck, and the yacht was gone. We got them all, however; with one exception, which Yseult could not tell, because I have not yet told her. We were just pulling off from the wreck, when I heard my own name called from the surface of the water. It was King; his left arm round a spar, his right still helpless. The sound of my own name in his voice—the sight of him, in his helplessness, and even of the arm which Edwardes had crippled, roused a paroxysm of anger that I could not understand when I first looked back upon it, though now I do know why I resented his appeal to a common humanity, to rescue him partly from the effects of his just retribution. Obeying a double impulse, I cried out to him,—“Sir, I detest you, and I despise you;” and I held out my hand. He left his hold of the spar; but instead of seizing my outstretched hand, he folded his unwounded arm over the other; and, with a steadfast look at me, lay back against the wave that rose behind him, and disappeared. I could hardly have supposed that the fellow’s countenance could have assumed so much dignity; but it was an ending that redeemed much of his mean existence.

Next week we take Margaret to Milan. The man with whom we shall place her is in some sort related to Giorgio, who will conduct us; and under such influence, with the constant guard of the devoted Sarah, Margaret would be safe, even if she could not be her own guard. But the very storm and hideous ruin of that day could not shake her. I do not think that this is properly “firmness,” as we have called it—still less the hardness of heart, which the perverse Julie calls it—but it is more like a farsightedness, which can look beyond the hour, and reposes independently to brief vicissitude. Resting, so to speak, on many waves, is not tossed about. Sarah could not conceal her terror, and almost remonstrated with fate for exposing her Margaret. Yseult, with that gentleness that makes us so surprised at her rare bursts of vehemence, lay perfectly still and placid. “I’m not afraid,” she said; “if we die, it will be together.”

However, we reached Valperduta unharmed, unaltered from what we were at Marseilles. It was delicious indeed to witness Yseult’s child-like interest and delight at all she saw,—her first landing “in Italy!” her arrival at Valperduta over the unsubdued mountains,—her wonder at the magnificence of the house, its size, its picturesque position, its marble hall, its painted walls,—her unconcealed admiration for its majestic owner, and the still lovely Helen, with her dear counterfeits. At first she feared that she could not speak enough Italian, for she had forgotten that Helen was born her countrywoman; and even Giorgio tries to break the ponderous song of his Italian tongue into clipped English words, with that courtesy in which the Italians exceed all people on the face of the earth. So here we are, gradually getting “at home,” Yseult making herself the elder sister of Helen’s dear young counterfeit, and all of us anxiously awaiting Stanhope and Edwardes in the autumn.

Since I have returned to Valperduta, I have, of course, been subject to endless examinations by Giorgio on the state of England; and it is curious to note the effect on his own mind. He will hardly believe any ill of England. Like many liberal Italians, he is minutely familiar with her literature, her history, her institutions; and regards her as a model in everything but music and painting. When I describe to him a political condition almost without that passion which all other nations call patriotism—a society pharisaically “moral,” yet presenting the spectacles of London streets, and scourged by vices, and by sacrifices as bad as vices,—when I paint the corrupting devotion to the commercial idol of profit,—when I compare our enormous wealth with our hideous, unpitied poverty,—when I ask, of what use is liberty, that ends only in “agitation,” or scientific freedom of thought that ends in social nullification, thought without act,—he smiles, and tells me I am prejudiced. But, the next moment, he draws consolation from what I say, in thinking that, after all her degradations, Italy is not so very much worse off even than boasted England. “Our Pope,” he says, “can seize our papers and our persons; but I do not think he so much enslaves our minds as your woman Pope, la Signora Grondi. We have our unhappinesses and our chains; but perhaps life is not in such chains here as in England. We are a degraded nation, since we are enslaved; but patriotism still lives as a passion in our hearts; and, perhaps, an Italian can better know what was moving itself in the heart of a Hampden or a Chatham than your most favourite elected Englishman of your own day.”

And he is right, so far. Yet, I cannot justify the inaction of such men

as he is—men of great minds, who see their country enslaved, and yet who remain quiescent, content to cultivate themselves, and to preserve a freedom in the midst of slavery.

Keeping alive, he says, the sacred fire of thought. “And as to quiescence,—you in England—or, at least, *they* in England,”—for he knows that I disclaim the land of the Collar and of Anti-Hampden,—“they in England are quiescent; only their quiescence is not so perfect. We must wait on, while great minds work, till the world shall be ready for action again.”

“Wait! it is the German idea—the contemplative principle; and when their time comes they are *unable* to act.”

“We must wait until statesmanship, public opinion, science, and art, are all brought to an equal height, and a true direction can be given to act.”

“And yet,” exclaimed Margaret, “would it not hasten the time, to carry art into the world, and there let it work its own influence in bringing on the day when action can be better understood?”

“The world spoils it,” replied Giorgio.

“Nothing strong is spoiled. The world kills bad art, and converts it into a manufacturing accessory,” I said; “but true art can always sustain itself by the force of its own labour, and its own vitality. Margaret so far is right. If we all wait, as you teach, the world would never end with waiting. It is only by incessantly watching the moment to begin, that we can seize the first opportunity.”

“Look there!” said Giorgio. He pointed to the low wall at the end of the viotto in which we were sitting, separating the vineyard from the road. Standing on the other side of the wall were a young couple, whom I recognized at once: but lifted above the head of Lionardo, seated on one of his hands, while the other held it up for me to see, was a very young infant. “That,” said Giorgio, “is the answer. Let art go on; let us who understand the mystery, keep alive the sacred fire.” Let those who have the strength,—and he laid his paternal hand on Margaret’s shoulder,—“carry forth the sounds of truth into the ears of the world. Let native-born life like that,” pointing to the child, “still go on, where learning has not pestered it into pining. Let the world agitate, as it does in England, with its imperfect problems, the world saving it from death. Let all these things go on, and the day will come when the three elements, life, art, and science, shall understand one another. And on that day Anarch Custom, as you say, shall fall off his cruel throne, and the people shall be free.”

The Arts.

OPENING OF THE HAYMARKET.

ON Monday, Buckstone revealed the result of an active “recess,” and presented the Haymarket as an elegant and much improved house. These improvements I suppose he counted on as attractive enough for the first week, for his programme was specifically *unattractive*. Not being well, I seized hold of the excuse to stay away. But I did see two acts of the new *Hamlet*, which were enough to show that in Mr. George Vandenhoff we have an intelligent, graceful actor, who will be an immense improvement on Mr. Barry Sullivan, and I dare say will be very effective in serious comedy. *Hamlet* he was not. He did what all the *Hamlets* do—*declaim* instead of *feel*—and he did it in the old-established way. But his “reading” was that of a cultivated man, his bearing gracefully conventional, his person prepossessing, and his voice agreeable.

Who says that Shakspeare wont draw now-a-days? Does he not reign supreme at *Sadler’s Wells*? Is not the *Surrey* triumphant with the *Tempest*? Does not the *Haymarket* give us *Hamlet*? Have not the *Princess’s* and the *Marylebone* each their *Macbeth*? Really, theatricals seem bursting into a new bloom of popularity! Everywhere there is a “hit” of some kind or other. The last has been that of Mrs. Wallack, of whose performance another pen will write.

VIVIAN.

LADY MACBETH AT THE MARYLEBONE.

PERCEIVING from the advertisements that Mrs. J. W. Wallack had “achieved a triumphant success” (that fine old conventional phrase!), I went on Monday to the Marylebone.

Mrs. Wallack is what would be called a “Lady Macbeth-style of woman,” tall, majestic, and commanding. Her features are capable of great expression, her voice of modulation; her attitudes are imposing, and her reading of the text good. Her greatest defect is being Mrs. Wallack, as she has in some measure formed herself upon her husband, not the best model she could have chosen. She is, however, the best *Lady Macbeth* I have ever seen, as, notwithstanding a certain amount of mouthing and rant, more fitted for Fitzball than Shakspeare, she has much feminine sweetness. An unpleasant drawl in her tones reminded me of Laura Addison, but her acting, in the first scene especially, was so womanly, and evinced so much tender pride in *Macbeth’s* success, that I have scarcely seen it equalled on the stage.

Mr. Wallack has a handsome face, fine figure, deep voice, and large calves. The possession of these accessories constituted him as the hero of the tragedy in the eyes of his principal audience, the pit and gallery, and they braved and halloed till they were hoarse. Mr. H. Vandenhoff divided *Macduff* into two separate portions, playing the first three acts in a jaunty Charles Mathews-like style, the last two, after the example of the renowned Hicks. Mr. Shadders was the *First Witch*, and relieved the tedium of the tragedy with many of the buffooneries of the circus. Miss Gordon played *Mecate*, and sang Locke’s music with spirit.

E. H. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY.*

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

THE CAMERA AND THE EASEL.

IN the course of the more or less important proceedings of the British Association at Hull, last month, Professor Hunt read a delightful paper, which, though purporting only to explain the process of photography, embraced the whole subject of ray-power. Our notes of the lecture will furnish us with illustrations as we proceed, but at present we have only to quote Professor Hunt for the purpose of differing with him. Not on a question of science, we hasten to say. We would only endeavour to persuade him out of his fear that heliography may "induce our young artists to follow too closely a naturalistic theory of adherence to minute details, to the sacrifice of those efforts of imagination so essential to the full development of the poetical and the beautiful." No painter, having imagination, will be likely to sacrifice it to details, whether presented to him in Nature or in a Talbotype. To our thinking, heliography has not so much affected the process of Art as it has confirmed it. Take Titian, for instance. If any proof were wanted that his method of painting was true to the life, you have that proof in a good paper heliograph of the naked form. And certainly Titian would not have changed his method if Fox Talbot's invention had dated from the pontificate of Clement the Seventh.

Let us not, however, affect a doubt of Robert Hunt's intention to have a rap at the "Pre-Raphaelites." We may regret that, saying as much as he did, he should have said no more than has been loudly repeated every first Monday in May, since some wicked wag told the critic of the *Times* that Millais systematically "cribbed" from a calotype; still Robert Hunt says nothing without a meaning. If the reader will give himself the trouble of going back to the reported sentence, he will see that the allusion is unmistakeable, although, as we believe, absurd. Indeed, we might at once dispose of the idea by bringing forward a simple fact; Millais, Hunt, and Collins do not, and never did paint from heliographs, or even borrow a single hint from their effects. But we prefer to show cause why they do not; and why they are the very men who would most have to readjust their materials, before they could profit from studying that natural arrangement, of which heliography is the imperfect reflex. Apart from other considerations, it is a mere matter of justice to these young painters, to remember that their details are incidents, not accidents. A daguerreo-

type of Claudio's prison-cell, even had two consummate actors stood as models for the brother and sister, would not have given the apple-blossoms outside the grated window; or the church-spire, pointing heavenward, as formally but not more so than the disciplined life of the *religieuse*. The robin twittering among the leaves near Ophelia, as she sinks to her "muddy death;" the butterfly on the gnarled bark of the hollow tree in which the fugitive lies hid; the wild flowers dropped by the sleeping child on the floor of his father's dungeon—such are the "minute details" of the school; and such, it is hardly necessary to add, are not the accidental objects in a calotype. The distracting multiplicity of detail belongs to, and affects the story, as much or perhaps more than it does the picture.

The minute exactness of the heliograph is only one of its characteristics, though it is more obvious and more a matter of course, than the rest. A uniformly certain result of solidity, whether the shadows be black and strongly defined, and the middle tints hardly distinguishable, or whether the impression be but faint, and the half tints undeveloped, may always be ascertained by the stereoscope. There is no rule by which you can say from the degree of depth, which is a mere chemical accident in the tint, whether or not a picture, obtained through any heliographic process, will be brought into relief by Professor Wheatstone's beautiful instrument. Suppose the double image, or view, to have been accurately focussed in the camera, the effect will be the same, whatever the influence of the chemical agents. Now as this effect is independent of the greater or less amount of sharpness obtained in the after process of heliography, we are led to believe that exactness of detail and general truth, in the disposition of shadows, are distinct qualities of the heliograph; and that the circumstance of minute detail being the most apparent quality, has led to the association of minutely exact paintings with heliography. An effect almost stereoscopic may be obtained by looking at certain paintings with one eye, employing a roll of paper, so as to exclude the view of the frame. The analogy, here, between painting and heliography, is strengthened in our mind, by observation: Pyne, not a minutely elaborate painter, by any means, achieves more wonderful stereoscopic effects than any artist living; while Maclise, whose outline truly resembles that of the daguerreotype, is just as effective in a cartoon as in a picture.

The artist, in brief, who studies Nature closely, (through the heliograph or not,) will be

"Taught both by what she shows and what conceals."

It is not the appearance (which, even in nature, may be false), of the object to be painted, that he will strive to imitate. He must realize the expression, which can only be done, even in a solitary case, through acquaintance with a type. In mere portraiture, the exactness of Millais beats the daguerreotype hollow; in natural arrangement he has, till recently, fallen far short of it. His "naturalistic theory," assuming that he has any such, might, therefore, have been improved by a study of heliographic effects; while his manual skill has eclipsed the precision of heliography, and has nothing to gain from it. In speaking so far of him, we speak, also, of Hunt and Collins. It is not, we think, probable that they will take the hint, but we recommend that their designs, for next year's pictures, be, in the first stage, Talbotypes.

Q.

* The term most commonly in use makes the best title, however erroneous a term it may be. The word *Heliography* will be substituted in the body of this and succeeding papers, and will of course mean, practically, the same thing as the word *Photography* means, practically. In a literal sense, the terms differ. Years and years before the beautiful inventions of Fox Talbot, and Daguerre, the untold marvels of the calotype were disconnected from the specific phenomena of *light*. Actinic science had, in the nonage of the present century, established the certain fact that the chemical rays are distinct from the rays of light and heat, and exist even above the spectrum; though it is in the highest visible rays (violet) that the greatest chemical influence is found. Between the terms *Photography*, meaning the production of pictures by light, and *Heliography*, or sun-painting, the best authorities have decided in favour of the latter, which is correct as far as it goes, instead of the former, which particularizes falsely.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

A THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FOUR deaths were registered in London in the week that ended on Saturday. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 958, which with a correction for increase of population, becomes 1054. It happens that the actual mortality of last week, and a calculation founded on the average of the same week in former years, present in this case identical results.

It will be seen with regret that the deaths from cholera, which had declined in the two previous weeks from 66 to 45, rose again last week to 83. Forty males and 43 females perished by this disease. The districts on the south side of the river still assert their fatal pre-eminence, 49 out of the whole number of cases having occurred there. Rotherhithe, Battersea, St. Saviour, St. George, are the parts of that division which suffered most. The deaths from cholera in London in the corresponding week of 1848 were 34.

The public have been frequently cautioned against indulgence in spirituous liquors at periods of epidemic cholera. The readers of the Registrars' notes, published from week to week, will find too many instances in which this advice has been neglected. A person drinks to excess, in a few hours he is suffering from an attack of diarrhoea, and the disease runs through its several stages to a fatal termination. When cholera is at the door temperance in the use of intoxicating liquors, and an almost total abstinence from gin and other spirits, becomes extremely necessary for the preservation of life.

It is admitted that diarrhoea generally precedes cholera; that there are few, if any, exceptions to the rule. But it is of importance both to establish the rule, and show its extent, by a mass of observations accurately recorded. It is therefore desirable that medical informants should inquire specially in all cases whether the attack of cholera commences by "diarrhoea," and state the interval in *hours* and *days* between the appearance of diarrhoea and the prevention of the other characteristic symptoms of cholera. Last week the 83 deaths from cholera occurred as follows.—In the West Districts 2, in the North, 5, in the Central 3, in the East 24, and in those on the South side Thames, 40.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 15th of August, at Victoria, Hong-Kong, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin, Commanding Royal Artillery in China: a son.
On the 21st October, at Poleston, the Lady Mary Farquhar: a daughter.
On the 22nd, at Philorth, Aberdeenshire, the Lady Saltoun: a son.
On the 26th, at Brookley-Court, Somersetshire, the wife of Henry Smyth Pigott, Esq.: a daughter.

On the 25th, at Langley-park, the Marchioness of Chandos: a daughter.

On the 25th, at North Mimms-place, Herts, the Lady Rosa Greville: a son, who survived his birth but a short time.

MARRIAGES.

On the 13th October, at Armdilly, Banffshire, Hamilton Forbes, Esq., Bengal Cavalry, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Hon. William Fraser, of Saltoun, and sister of the present Lord Saltoun.

On the 19th, at All Saints', Learnington, Warwickshire, the Rev. Francis Wheler Molony, second son of James Molony, Esq., of Kiltanon, county of Clare, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Captain George Baker, Royal Navy.

On the 22nd, at Lewisham, by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Legge, Mr. Alfred George Kennedy, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Hall, Esq., Commander R.N.

On the 25th, at St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, William Brodick, Esq., eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. W. J. Brodick, rector of Bath, and nephew of Viscount Middleton, to Augusta Mary, third daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Francis Fremantle, Bart., of Swanbourne, Bucks.

On the 26th, at Putney, Captain George G. Wellesley, R.N., youngest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D., to Elizabeth Doughty, youngest daughter of the late Robert Lukin, Esq., of the War-office.

DEATHS.

On the 1st of August, at Calcutta, the Rev. William Ord Ruspin, M.A., grandson of the first Chevalier Ruspin.

On the 21st of September, at St. George's, Bermuda, of the prevalent malignant yellow fever, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Congreve Robe, commanding the Royal Artillery in those islands. Lieutenant-Colonel Robe was the third son of the late Colonel Sir William Robe, K.C.B., K.T.S., and K.C.H., of the Royal Horse Artillery, and is the fourth of that officer's sons who have died while serving their country on foreign stations; aged fifty-four.

On the 6th October, at sea, on board the steamer *Hope*, Charles Wethered Pears, Lieutenant R.N., aged forty-six.

On the 19th, perished at sea, by the foundering of the ship *Dalhousie*, off Beachey-head, on their passage to Sydney, Mr. John Underwood, his wife, Mary Anne, and their three children, Katherine, Frederick, and Alfred, late of Clapham-park and Banstead, Surrey.

On the 19th, Edward Lloyd Ward, Esq., First Lieutenant in the Royal Denbigh Rifles, and son of Thomas Edward Ward, Esq., of the Lodge, Chirk, aged thirty-nine.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 28, 1853.

Consols opened well this morning upon the intelligence of so much gold having arrived, and were done at 92½, but the information just arrived that hostilities have commenced between Russia and Turkey, has led to renewed sales of stock, whereby the prices are now lowered to 92 to 92½. The New Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents, have been quoted 93½ to 93½, and the Three per Cents, 91½ to 91½. East India Stock has been 247 to 250. Exchequer Bills

are still depressed, having realized 1s. discount to 1s. premium. South Sea Old Annuities bring 99½.

Foreign Stocks have been very quiet. Spanish Three per Cent. Deferred Annuities are 21½. Portuguese Four per Cents, bring 40, and the Old Five per Cents, 42½. Peruvian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, have been quoted 70½. Mexican Bonds have been firm at 24½. Brazilian Five per Cents, have been quoted 97. Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents, have been at 62½.

The Railway Share Market is extremely quiet, and the prices have given way generally in the few instances where sales have been made. Caledonian have dropped ½ to ¾, North Western, ½ to 1, and Great Western ½ to ¾. French shares have been about 6s. to 10s. lower.

The Gold Mine Shares have been steady with moderate purchases, and the Australian Bank and Land Shares are dearer.

The arrival of the General Screw Steam Ship Company's ship *Argo* from Australia in sixty-four days, is justly regarded in the city as another triumph of steam navigation. It is exceedingly important, too, that the attempt to come home by way of Cape Horn has proved as successful in the case of a steamer as of some of the clipper vessels that have made the passage, and that the *Argo* appears to have had scarcely any need to use her coals, having sailed the greater part of the distance.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, October 28, 1853.

There has been a fair supply of Wheat, Barley, and Oats during the week. Notwithstanding heavy rain has fallen during yesterday and last night, no advance has been established in the value of Wheat since Monday. Oats are 1s. dearer, and Barley fully maintains its previous value. It is stated that the export of corn from Turkey is prohibited by the Ottoman Government; but this prohibition is not supposed to extend beyond the provinces near Constantinople. The markets in the Baltic ports have advanced several shillings since last week.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	214	215	212	212	214	214
3 per Cent. Red.	90½	90½	90½	91½	91½	90½
3 per Cent. Con. Ann.	91½	91½	92	92½	92½	91½
Consols for Account	91½	91½	92	92½	92½	91½
3½ per Cent. An.	92½	92½	92½	93½	93½	93
New 5 per Cents.				5 5-10	5 5-10	5 5-10
Long Ann. 1860	5½	5½	5½	5 5-10	5 5-10	5 5-10
India Stock	248	248	249		250	250
Ditto Bonds, £1000	2 4½		2 d		5 p	5 p
Ditto, under £1000				3 p	5 p	5 p
Ex. Bills, £1000	2 d	4 p	4 p	3 p	3 p	3 p
Ditto, £500	4 p	4 p	4 p	3 p	3 p	3 p
Ditto, Small	4 p	4 p	4 p	3 p	3 p	4 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	97	Russian Bonds, 1852, 5 p. C.	112½
Ditto Small	97½	Russian 4½ per Cents.	97
Mexican 3 per Cents.	24½	Sardinian Bonds, 5 per C.	90½
Portuguese 5 per Cents.	42½	Spanish 3 p. Cl. New Def.	21½
Ditto 4 per Cent.	40½	Peruvian Bonds, 4½ p. Cl.	70½

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—
Lessee and Manager, MR. ALFRED WIGAN.

On Monday, October 31, and during the week, the new Extravaganza, called THE CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC, in which will appear Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, F. Robson, Cooper, and Galli; Mesdames A. Wigan, Stirling, P. Horton, Chatterly, E. Turner, and Wyndham. After which, an Original Drama, in Three Acts, called PLOT AND PASSION. Principal characters, Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, Leslie, Cooper, White, and A. Wigan; Miss E. Turner and Mrs. Stirling.

Box-office open from Eleven to Four. Doors open at Seven, and commence at Half-past Seven. Stalls, 5s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

HUNGARIAN PROMENADE CON-

CERTS at the ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE, Adelaide-street, West Strand, EVERY EVENING, at Eight, introducing the performances of the renowned HUNGARIAN BAND, in their national costume, conducted by Kalozdy. Vocalists—Miss J. Brougham and Miss E. Brougham, from the Wednesday Evening Concerts; Mrs. Theodore Distin, and Miss Josephine Braun, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin; Mr. Theodore Distin, Mr. William Distin, and Mr. Henry Distin. Instrumentalists—Herr Toyhrnairre, on the Hungarian national instrument, the Zither Hongrois; the Brothers Distin, the celebrated performers on the Sax Horn; and the Hungarian Band. Stalls, 2s. 6d.; reserved Seats, 1s. 6d.; Upper Balcony, 1s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s. Private Boxes and Stalls may be secured at Mitchell's, Andrews', and Sams's Libraries. Afternoon Performance on Wednesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM,

consisting of more than 700 Models, has just received a very considerable addition, is Now Open, at the PORTLAND GALLERY, Regent Street, every day, except Friday, for Gentlemen only, from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten. On Fridays, however, the Morning Exhibition for Gentlemen will close at Two o'clock, when Ladies only will be admitted until Five o'clock. Explanations for Gentlemen by Dr. Leach; and for Ladies by Mrs. Leach.—Admission, One Shilling.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS, 39, Oxford-street, (corner of Newman-street), Nos. 1 and 2, Newman-street, and Perry's-place. They are the largest in the world, and contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, £2 14s. to £5 10s.; ditto with ornolu 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 ornolu ornaments, from £2 15s. to £7 7s.; Fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. the set to £4 4s. Sylvester and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges,

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

Secondly—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

DISH COVERS AND HOT-WATER

DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. the set of six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 27s. 2d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 32s. 3d. to 57s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 73s. to 110s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot-water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 13s. to 19s.; Britannia Metal, 20s. to 72s.; Sheffield plated, full size, £9 10s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the Shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated, and japanned wares, iron and brass bedsteads), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1 & 2, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 & 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

CAUTION.—TO TRADESMEN, MER-

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

TEETH.—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters

Patent.—Newly-invented and Patented application of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Gums, and Palates.—MR. EPHRAIM MOSELEY, Surgeon-Dentist, 61, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, Sole Inventor and Patentee. A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of chemically-prepared WHITE INDIA RUBBER as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of their most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided, no springs, wires, or fastenings are required, a greatly increased freedom of suction is supplied, a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit, perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured, while from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the chemically-prepared White India-rubber, and, as it is a non-conductor, fluids of any temperature may with thorough comfort be imbibed and retained in the mouth, all unpleasantness of smell and taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation.—To be obtained only at

61, LOWER GROSVENOR-STREET, LONDON.

22, Guy-street, Bath.

34, Grainger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

SALE BY AUCTION OF ROBERTS' "HOLY LAND."

SOUTHGATE and BARRETT beg to announce that they have received instructions TO SELL BY AUCTION, at their Rooms, 22, FLEET-STREET, London, DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, the entire remaining Copies of "ROBERTS' HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, IDUMEA, AND ARABIA."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIVE GUINEAS.—MR. WM. H. HALSE, the Medical Galvanist, of 22, Brunswick-square, London, informs his friends that his FIVE GUINEA APPARATUSES are now ready.—Send two postage stamps for his Pamphlet on Medical Galvanism.

ARRIVAL of the NEW SEASON'S TEA.

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

We are still selling prime COFFEE at 1s. and 1s. 2d. per lb. The best Mocha and the best WEST INDIA COFFEE, at 1s. 4d.

Teas, coffees, and all other Goods sent carriage free, by our own vans and carts, if within eight miles; and Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent Carriage free to any part of England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea and Colonial Merchants, 8, King William Street, City, London. A General Price Current sent post free, on application.

TEA!

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY.—

The advantages, both in quality and price, to be derived from purchasing at a first-class City house must be too apparent to every one to need comment.

We are now selling

The very Best Black Tea, at 4s. 0d. the pound.

Good sound Congou 3s. 0d. "

Finest Pekoe ditto 3s. 8d. "

Fine Gunpowder 4s. 0d. "

Choice Coffee 1s. 0d. "

Finest Homoeopathic Cocoa 1s. 0d. "

This is the most pleasant and nutritious preparation of Cocoa.

For the convenience of our numerous customers, we retail the finest West India and Refined Sugars at market prices.

All goods delivered by our own vans, free of charge, within eight miles of London. Parcels of Tea and Coffee, of the value of Two Pounds sterling, are sent, carriage free, to any part of England.

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY,

Tea-merchants and Dealers,

27, SKINNER-STREET, SNOW-HILL, CITY.

SUPERIOR TO COFFEE, BUT LOWER IN PRICE.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE, 1s. per pound, or

In packets, 6d., 3d., and 1d. each, a preparation from the choicest of Cocons of the English markets, and manufactured by the most approved French method. Coffee is far inferior in nutritive qualities to Cocoa. And Chocolate, or properly prepared Cocoa, is now universally recommended by the Medical Profession, as more conducive to health than any other vegetable substance which enters into the human dietary. The superiority of the above One Shilling French Chocolate over raw and unprepared Cocoa, may be judged of by the perfection attained in its manufacture, owing to which, it may be used either as food or beverage.

PARIS CHOCOLATE COMPANY, distinguished by the Patronage of her Majesty the Queen, and the unanimous award of both "Council" and "Prize" Medals at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Manufacturers of Breakfast Chocolate, Bonbons, and French Syrups.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by the principal Grocers, Confectioners, and Druggists in the Kingdom. Chocolate Mills, Isleworth; Wholesale Depot, 35, Pudding-lane, City; West-end Agent, Mr. JOHN HAZFIELD, 221, Regent-street.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

DEPARTURES OUTWARDS.

INDIA and CHINA, via EGYPT.—For Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong on the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and on the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

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

MALTA and EGYPT.—On the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE.—On the 27th of every month from Southampton.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—For Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, from Southampton, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

CALCUTTA and CHINA.—Vessels of the Company ply occasionally (generally once a month) between Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

For further information and tariffs of the Company's rates of passage money and freight, for plans of the vessels, and to secure passages, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 123, Leadenhall-street, London, and Oriental-place, Southampton.

STEAM to INDIA, via the Cape.—The

following Ships of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company will leave Southampton for CALCUTTA, calling at Plymouth for the mails, and touching at the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, and Madras:—

Dates.	Ships.	Tons.	Captains.
1853.			
November	Indiana,	1800	Lambert.
December	Mauritius,	1800	J. Goodall.
1854.			
January	Calcutta.	1800	S. Seales.

Applications for freight and passages to be made at the Company's Offices, 1, Adelaide-place, London-bridge. Parcels will also be received by Messrs. Balfour, Laming, and Owen, 16, St. Mary-axe; and by Messrs. Grindley and Co., 9, St. Martin's-place, Charing-cross.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

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

Established May, 1844.

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

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

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses free on application.

SAVINGS BANKS' DEPOSITORS and

other INVESTORS are informed that the ROYAL INVESTMENT SOCIETY is allowing Depositors 4½ to 5 per cent. interest on Deposits, which are all invested on real security by this Society. No partnership liability.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton.

The Hon R. E. Howard, D.C.L.

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