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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VOL. IV. No. 189.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

News of the Week.

THE latest accounts from Turkey are complicated and unsatisfactory. War has broken out on the Danube, just as renewed negotiations were attempted through Constantinople. It is a double story. It is now reported that in the last Note from St. Petersburgh, it was proposed that the dispute should be settled by direct negotiations between Prince Gortschakoff and the Government of the Sultan;—a proposal which appears to us, in its very nature, to convey an insult to the mediating Powers. That was, of course, declined; but it led to the suggestion of a new Note by France and England; which document received the sanction of Austria and Prussia, the acquiescence of Russia, and the adoption of the Porte. The Sultan had resolved upon an extension of the armistice to the 1st of November, in order to allow time for completing these new and hopeful negotiations. In the meanwhile, obeying his early instructions, and not having yet received a countermand, Omer Pacha, after the expiration of the armistice, crossed the Danube on the 27th of October, with a force variously stated between 20,000 and 30,000 men, a movement naturally leading to actual hostilities. Nor is that the only scene of conflict. A battle in Asia is reported, and it is clear that Russia has tough work cut out for her in the Caucasus. The Czar might evidently be reduced to reason, if the Western Powers were not clogged by Austria and Prussia, or by their own over-nice timidity.

No conflict which is proceeding between the Russians and the Turks, however momentous in its ultimate consequences, can be half so important to the progress of civilization and the welfare of mankind, as that which is now going on in our own country between education and anti-education, between genuine enlightened religion and dark anti-religious sectarianism. Whether we look to the advances of education and science into the light of religion, or to the struggles of sectarian presumption to remain undisturbed in bigotry, we equally see causes for satisfaction and hope. The Palmerston letter on the true piety in pestilence-prevention, has not only marked a distinct æra in the progress of recognised opinion, but has called forth an expression of concurrence which could scarcely have been foreseen; while the attacks which it has provoked have the felicity of confirming the philosophy of the letter by the futility of their assault. The expulsion of Professor Maurice from King's College, for attempting to impart a more generous construction to the standards of the Church of England, is an act of aggression on the part of a certain "orthodox" sect within the Church, which will also do excellent service in promoting freedom of opinion. It is no disparagement to the admirable discourse delivered by Dr. Lyon Playfair to the promoters of the People's College, at Sheffield, if we say, that that noble spectacle, of working men assembled to meet a great practical instructor, in the endeavour to improve and promote the education of the people by immediate exertions of their own, is transcended in importance by these great struggles between sectarianism and religion.

If it had occurred alone, that meeting at Sheffield would have been sufficient to mark our day as one singularly blessed by the union of science and labour. It is not because the working promoters of the People's College are content with a comparatively humble and practical view of education that the union between science and labour is less expedited by them—but the reverse. Mr. Cobden remarked, at Burnley, that the working classes of the United States, being better educated than our own, threaten us with a competition that would be fatal to English trade. For our own part, we feel no rivalry with the people of the United States; but while they possess such magnificent domains to conquer, offering such boundless fields for that industry which is nobler than manufactures as they have hitherto been pursued—agriculture—we have no desire to see an American factory-system extinguish the industry and wealth of this country. It is not only the prospect of competition with America that ought to incite our working-classes; they are threatened with another rivalry, which, on the one hand, they can have no hope of resisting, but which, on the other hand, they might convert to their own use, in rendering their condition infinitely better than it is. A very rapid transition is going on from rude manual labour to machine labour intellectually directed. When railways superseded the common roads, many old stage-coach proprietors and carriers, many old inn-keepers, who stood upon the old ways, saw their traffic depart from them, and they were ruined. Others of the same class converted themselves into proprietors of railways, into carriers upon railways, or into keepers of inns at railway stations; and those men have realized an amount of wealth unknown in their old occupations. Exactly the same alternative is now before the working-man—either to become identified, like the handloom weavers, with an expiring trade, or to become, like many a working engineer, capable of carrying on handiwork with a scientific insight and an intelligence to direct the machinery. But a clown cannot at once understand the language or conceive the ideas of science; he must be educated in the speech of reason, trained in the faculties of conception; and it is that primary education which the People's College at Sheffield is enabling itself to introduce amongst the working classes. The necessity for doing so, the method of doing it, the true spirit of disinterested and elevated love of knowledge for its own sake, were eloquently and practically explained by Dr. Playfair. With his assistance it is to be hoped that the People's College at Sheffield will become a model for imitation in other great towns; perhaps, also, after the suggestion of Farmer Martin, at Tarporley, in the agricultural counties.

Some few of our readers, though certainly not all, may at first fail to apprehend why we regard as conducive to freedom of opinion the expulsion of Professor Maurice from King's College. He has been detected in publishing a book, written to show Unitarians that, however erroneous on particular points, they may still regard themselves as essentially belonging to the Church of England. To us it appears that Professor Maurice was endeavouring to give the Church of England a character less exclusive as a sect, and more proper to a church claiming an apostolical Christianity and professing to be the Church of a nation. We believe indeed that Mr. Maurice is too far imbued with sectarian prejudices to concur in imparting a truly national character to his church—such a character as would render it the open Church of the People of England; but we cannot, although we are deeply conscious of the sectarian timidities of the man, deny his intellectual abilities, or the generosity of the attempt. It would seem, however, that the Church of England, by its constituted authorities and its orthodox representatives, will not permit itself to be made the Church of the People of England. The highly orthodox Principal of King's College, with the concurrence of his Council, has arrested the lectures of the Professor, and has caused him to be dismissed from his chair

of Theological History. We understand, indeed, that whatever may be the decision of the Council, this judgment has not been made without calling forth an emphatic protest from Church dignitaries infinitely higher in rank and influence than Dr. Jelf; amongst the students there is the bitterest anger at the expulsion of so favourite a teacher; and out of doors the friends of the Church, who do not belong to the "Low" party, deeply regret a manifestation which implies that the Church must repel from itself the services of its most eminent divines.

The effect produced by Lord Palmerston's letter, however, is both direct and collateral, and can scarcely be overrated. The Presbytery at Edinburgh, whose proceedings we mentioned last week, presumed upon the acquiescence of the Home Secretary; because, whenever any established religious body professes to claim some observance, whether of humiliation or thanksgiving, in the most exalted of all names, the cant of conformity obliged official men to fall in and acquiesce; or at least their own subserviency made them suppose themselves to be obliged. For some time amongst enlightened men, whose number is every day increasing, this conformity was regarded, at first with a sarcastic amusement, but more latterly with vexation and contempt. It has been reserved for our own day to restore a more religious feeling to the higher classes of educated and scientific men, and this true sense of religion imparted a graver revulsion to the acquiescence in cant and superstition. The question was, How long shall the submission of better knowledge to ignorant bigotry go on? Lord Palmerston has replied, No longer! He has not only stopped a superstitious practice, but he has shown the relation which practical science bears to a true religious view; he has even shown—for the conclusion is involved in his letter—that sect is no longer to be paramount in regulating the executive administration of the country. While the Church of England, through its Jelfishness, is rendering itself more sectarian, Lord Palmerston is practically enunciating the doctrine that the administration of a State like England is not to be regulated by sect, but is to derive its spirit from a religion infinitely largor and higher than any sect in existence. This manifesto from the Home-office has given a courage to opinion, and made many men come forth and declare that for a long time they have thought so too—only they left bolder people to *say* it. Nor is it to be regarded as an impulse on the part of the ablest man in the Government. It would be quite possible, we believe, to trace in Lord Palmerston's own speeches, and in speeches of his colleagues, a continuity of thought which might be connected with the noble speech delivered by Prince Albert at the meeting in the Mansion-house, on the 21st March, 1849. This speech was delivered nine days before our own journal was in existence; but the speech itself has been no nine days' novelty; it so thoroughly belongs to the doctrines which we have laboured to extend, and to the religious and intellectual movements of the immediate week, that we have reprinted the principal portion in another column.

It has been proposed to erect a statue to Prince Albert before the time for such monumental compliments. The statue should commemorate an entire man, and the entire man is not yet before history. But whatever errors might be regarded as a set-off before we sum up the judgment on a fellow creature, erring like ourselves, nothing can unsay those noble words. If the Lord Mayor wishes to immortalize his royal friend, he could not do it better than by having those great words printed in letters of gold, and placing them in the centre of the metropolis as a text to mark the emancipation of religion from the trammels of sect for the solace and benefit of mankind. We talk of the dulness of these times, but really there is a progress going on which we can as little measure as we can the ground that we traverse in an express train.

The strike which continues in Lancashire—the masters showing more obstinacy than the men—has been carried to violence and bloodshed. Wigan has thus far been the principal scene of disorders. There was a riot on Friday night last week, after a meeting of coal-owners, who had resolved to make no concessions, and who were fruitlessly pursued by a large number of colliers. Failing to catch the "firm," but flying coal-owners, the rallying colliers attacked, first the Royal hotel, then the lamps of the town, and ultimately various unpopular shop fronts, which "suffered" severely. The gallant Mayor faced the rioters with a force of *nine* policemen, and thus proved to the colliers, experimentally, the utter incompetency of the local authorities to defend the town. The detachment of military from Preston secured the peace on the Saturday.

On the Monday evening, however, a renewed attack was made upon a party of Welch colliers, secretly brought to supply the place of men who had turned out from the works of Lord Balcarres, at Haigh: the rioters were repulsed, with a loss of seven wounded; and the military again secured the tranquillity of Haigh.

But now the demand for soldiers began to exceed the supply. Wigan wanted more; but Preston could not spare them, and Manchester had to furnish a detachment of dragoons. The strike continues; patience on both sides is evidently failing; and it is probable that re-inforcements will be required to cure the disaffection of the working classes.

Queen Victoria has taken her uncle Leopold to see the gigantic palace and gardens which are making for the people at Sydenham; and a body of United Irishmen, united by art and industry, have performed the final scene of the Dublin Exhibition, by giving a dinner to William Dargan. These are the fêtes of that private enterprise of which we boast so much, we Great Britons. Say what we like about patronage, it is a pleasant and a useful thing to find royalty setting the seal of its approbation on works calculated to lead the multitude from evil courses, and to cultivate their taste for the beautiful at the same time.

The meeting in Willis's Rooms, to set on foot the subscription for the Bellot testimonial, carried out the expectation: the room was crowded to excess; the leading men were high in rank, social, official, and scientific; the spirit was exactly such as might have been expected. This is saying everything.

While London, we might say England, meets to commemorate the name of Bellot, Lynn keeps festival on the return of its hero, Cresswell, from the perils of the Arctic Seas, in the presence of his father. Sir Edward Parry was there also to place the chaplet of his approbation on the brows of the young man; and while Norfolk can produce her Cresswells, as in the old time she produced her Nelson, England will not want for defenders on the seas.

Scotland meets at Edinburgh, and in solemn form, and with due bitterness, claims her "rights" from us Southrons with proper Scottish emphasis. We get all the money, we manage Scottish business, we paint and paper and gild our palaces while Holyrood is open to sun and rain; we give the Londoners Kensington Gardens, while the gardens at Holyrood are let to grow cabbage for the Edinburgh market; we monopolize all the harbours of refuge, and, above all, we insult the Scottish Lion! A pretty long list of grievances. What can we say in answer to them? What!

PRINCE ALBERT'S SPEECH TO THE MAYORS IN 1849.

In March, 1849, Prince Albert met the Mayors of many towns, and made unto them a speech on behalf of the Great Exhibition, then only a project. Some part of the speech referred to the special occasion; but the greater portion referred to truths which belong to all time, and are in striking unity with Lord Palmerston's letter. That portion of the speech we now reprint.

"I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and, as far as in him lies, to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present æra, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end, to which indeed all history points, the realization of the unity of mankind,—not a unity which breaks down the limits, and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible ease; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity and even by the power of lightning. On the other hand, the great principle of division of labour, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is being extended to all branches of science, industry, and art. Whilst formerly the greatest mental energies strove at universal knowledge, and that knowledge was confined to the few, now they are directed to specialties, and in these, again, even to the minutest points: but the knowledge acquired becomes at once the property of the community at large; whilst formerly discovery was wrapt in secrecy, the publicity of the present day causes that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is already improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts. The products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is the best and cheapest for our purposes; and the powers of production are entrusted to the stimulus of competition and capital. So man is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world: his reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs his creation, and, by making those laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use—himself a Divine instrument. Science discovers these laws of power, motion, and transformation. Industry applies them to the raw matter, which the earth yields us in abundance, but which becomes valuable only by knowledge. Art teaches us the immutable laws of beauty and symmetry, and gives to our productions forms in accordance to them. Gentlemen, the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions.'

DR. PLAYFAIR AT SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield has an independent spirit, and we are not at all surprised to hear that the People's College is in a flourishing, self-supporting state, nor that "the men of Hallamshire" invited Dr. Lyon Playfair to preside over their anniversary meeting, and make a speech to them. The People's College has educated, more or less, 2500 persons—men and women—in five years. It has refused help from the rich, and has existed by its own vitality.

Dr. Playfair delivered an admirable address, showing the increasing value of intellectual cultivation, and the decreasing value of hand-labour and the raw material—describing how much better it would be both for industry and science, if industry remembered that science was her best friend, and made more provision for the learned class by whom manufacturers profit, instead of squeezing all the good possible out of the men of science, and then letting them starve; inculcating a noble motive,—that of cultivating science for its own sake,—and speaking with all the weight of his own experience of the joys of scientific study, and the increase of dignity and self-respect which it entails. Here is a specimen of his oration:—

"There are two classes of objectors to the diffusion of this higher class of instruction among the artisans of this country. The first class object that if the artisans be educated in science, they will soar above their position, and neglect manual labour. Admitting that this is the tendency of such education, an adjustment on the principle of supply and demand would soon be effected, for unless they found a demand for their intellectual, instead of their manual labour, the disposition could not be gratified. The same fear was expressed when the Royal Naval School at Greenwich began to educate sailors. Those who feared that an insubordinate spirit would arise with education, kept it at a low ebb, and a miserable amount of reading and writing, with the additional variety of being attached to the whipping-post, was thought to be the orthodox education for the true British seaman. But singularly enough, the Greenwich boy, in spite of this severity and ignorance, became a bad and insubordinate man, and captains of ships were thoroughly dissatisfied with the Greenwich contributions to their vessels. A bold change was then introduced, and the boys gathered up from the sweepings of Wapping and Portsmouth were treated with kindness, and viewed as fit subjects for intellectual training. They were now actually taught mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, and navigation, in addition to this elementary instruction. The latter did not suffer, but was much improved by the opening out of the faculties by the sciences; and at the same time reading, writing, and geography were learned more efficiently. Nay, more, the boys were taught, as if they were to be captains, to take latitudes and longitudes, and to navigate ships; and at fifteen they were drafted, as of old, into the navy and into merchant vessels. Did this high education unfit them for their position as ordinary seamen? On the contrary, they were much more fit. There were far fewer desertions than formerly, and scarcely any records of bad behaviour; and the captains, who declined their services before, now eagerly demand them. It is true they rise in life, and from common seamen become warrant officers, or even mates and masters of ships. But this is just as it should be, and is a logical result of their increased knowledge. Depend upon it that knowledge will never unfit a man to be a citizen of the world. Ignorance will lead a man astray, and as the father of false notions, will give birth to an enemy to social progress; but true knowledge can only produce loyalty, patriotism, love of order, and love of duty. The second class of objectors, who are now rare indeed, dislike the scientific instruction of our population, because they fear that it is apt to make man sceptical to the truths of religion. In regard to these objectors, I have neither sympathy with their fears, nor inclination to argue the point with them. The opinion, in fact, resolves itself into an apprehension that a study of God's wisdom is likely to subvert God's truth. It is, in fact, to think that the contemplation of the infinite wisdom and power of the Creator is likely to alienate you from Him. But if you are still told that the study of God's power as displayed in creation is likely to depreciate your love and veneration for the Creator of all things, refer the objector to that inspired Word which gives you a warranty for the

study. 'But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, they shall tell thee. Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who seeth not that in all these the hand of the Lord hath wrought this—in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.'"

Dr. Playfair's address was rich in illustration, beautiful in style, yet not above the capacities of those whom he addressed.

CLOSE OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

TRUE to their word, the Committee closed the Crystal Palace on the appointed day — Tuesday. Many thousands of persons had gathered for the last time within its walls. Preparations had been made for a solemn ending, and a band of five hundred musicians were there to perform a service of sacred music. About three o'clock, the Earl and Countess St. Germans entered, and were loudly cheered on their way to the dais. Around them were the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, the Provost of Trinity College, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Massareene, Lord Ward, Lord Dunboyne, Sir Edward and Lady Blakeney, Sir Edward M'Donnel, the Earl of Bective, Sir John Young, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Colonel Pennefather, Mr. William Dargan, Viscountess Gort, Colonel Browne, Colonel Eden, the Attorney-General, Sir John Benson, and the members of the committee.

As soon as the musical service had ended, the Lord-Lieutenant rose from his seat, and Mr. C. P. Roney, the secretary of the Exhibition, having been introduced by Alderman Roe, his Excellency desired him to kneel, for the purpose of receiving the honour of knighthood. Mr. Roney having obeyed the request, his Excellency touched him with a sword, and said, "Rise, Sir Cusac Patrick Roney," whereupon a loud and hearty cheer proceeded from the assembled multitude, who thus evinced their approbation of the honour conferred upon the able secretary.

The Viceroy came forward, and in a clear, distinct voice said:—

"I cannot declare the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853 to be closed without expressing an earnest wish for the health, happiness, and prosperity of the man to whom we are all indebted for the instruction we have received from the many productions of art and nature which are contained within these walls. I also desire to acknowledge the liberality of the owners of those treasures for permitting them to be exhibited. Let me also pay a tribute of praise to the committee, the secretaries, and the other officers connected with it, for the zeal, the assiduity, and the intelligence with which they have discharged their many duties. Lastly, let me, in the name of this assembly, offer to Almighty God our heartfelt thanks for having blessed and prospered this undertaking. I now declare this Exhibition to be closed."

Lord St. Germans then concluded by calling for three cheers for Mr. Dargan. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

And so the Exhibition ended, the brilliant audience leaving the building, while the organ, the orchestra, and the military bands played the National Anthem.

The Dargan banquet came off on Wednesday, in the Mansion-house. Men of all ranks and parties—peers, merchants, and country gentlemen, gathered round the table, and afforded gratifying evidence of the "union" effected by William Dargan.

DISMISSAL OF PROFESSOR MAURICE.

ON Saturday last, the Principal of King's College announced that Mr. Maurice's lectures on Ecclesiastical History would be discontinued. Early in the summer, Mr. Maurice published a volume of "Theological Essays," addressed to Unitarians, which were originally delivered, in the shape of sermons. It seems that Dr. Jelf has spent his vacation in examining into this production, and has discovered that it contains opinions which he deems to be contrary to the teaching of the Established Church. On the meeting of the College for the Winter term, a council was summoned, and the result is, that Mr. Maurice has been forbidden to continue his lectures to the students, on the ground that his teaching is dangerous. Later information has transpired to the effect that the Bishop of Lichfield, former Principal of the College, never received his summons to attend the council, and Mr. Gladstone and the Rev. James Anderson sent written protests to the council, deprecating the hastiness of the decision. It is understood that the Bishop of Lichfield has expressed his deep sympathy with Mr. Maurice, and regret at his condemnation by the council.

THE QUEEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Queen and Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, went on Tuesday to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and spent three hours in examining the works. They arrived punctually at noon, and were received at the north entrance of the western transept by Mr. Laing and the directors and chief officers of the company. The weather harmonized with the occasion, and persons who have been in the habit of going out to Sydenham frequently to view the building, remarked that they had never seen the atmosphere so free from haze, and the prospect so unclouded and splendid. The works, too, have now reached a point where all the evidences of laborious drudgery through which they have thus far been prosecuted are rapidly disappearing, when the bare skeleton is being clothed not only with the fibre and tissue, but with the integument of a graceful interior—when every stroke of the hammer tells in the general effect, and when, through the apparent turmoil and confusion of constructive details, the distinct forms of the architect's original design are rising into shape and splendid consistency. It was, therefore, a happy moment to select for such a visit.

The royal visitors, ascending to the lower gallery at the west end of the building, commenced their tour of inspection by a deliberate survey of the interior, and its general effect. A flood of mellow autumnal light poured through the arched roof, and was agreeably checkered and diversified by the endless, yet fairy-like details of construction and embellishment. Under its influence the remarkable effect of the "long drawn" central aisle was unusually splendid, and, while at the further end scaffolding and a less advanced state of the work indicated that the whole was seen to great advantage, nearer at hand more complete arrangements suggested what it would be when finished. Thousands of plants, including camellias, acacias, and pines, have recently been introduced there and distributed in symmetrical order. The colouring which it is proposed to adopt throughout the building has also been carried out up to the western transept, and so far the royal party were enabled to form some faint idea of the scale upon which it is considered necessary to proceed in providing a suitable palace for that exacting body, the public. Proceeding along the south gallery, the Queen and her guests paused at the end of the western transept to look out upon the park, with its terraces, avenues, and refreshing diversified slopes. Far as the eye could reach, their view extended over a smiling prospect, in which villages and church spires blended happily with the rich details of rural English scenery. Another halt, at the central transept, gave time for a leisurely view of its gigantic proportions, and of the nature of those mechanical arrangements by which Messrs. Fox and Henderson are, at length. bringing this, the most formidable part of their work, to a successful completion. Alone it would well repay a visit to Sydenham; and the difficulties which the contractors have had to contend against in the execution of so remarkable a feature of the building will deservedly add to their professional reputation. From the great transept the Royal party passed along the gallery overlooking Mr. Digby Wyatt's architectural courts, and which is crowded with casts intended for the embellishment of them. The Templar Knights, the Jonas of Raffaele, the grand creations of Michael Angelo, copies of the finest gates, doors, relievoes, tombs, friezes, and statues of the modern schools, attracted their attention; but as these occupy their present position merely *in transitu*, it would be useless to linger over them. They each possess great special interest; but until they are seen properly grouped and arranged, it is impossible to appreciate their full value and instructiveness. The eastern end of the building, though roofed, or nearly so, is that part where the interior work is most behindhand; and here, beyond pausing for a few moments, to hear from Mr. Ferguson what he intended to make of his Assyrian court, which is now being rapidly pushed forward, and promises to be very attractive, the Royal party made no stay. They proceeded at once to the north gallery, overlooking Mr. Owen Jones's architectectural courts. This gallery was at first made the chief receptacle for works of art as they arrived in the building from all quarters; and, though of late many of its greatest treasures have been withdrawn, it still retains a large number of attractive objects. Among them the collection of busts now begins to form a prominent feature; nor can it be doubted that the study of physiognomy will derive an additional attractiveness through the facilities of observation which such a collection presents. The sculpture in this gallery was examined with great interest; and here, also, the attention of the illustrious visitors was directed to a series of drawings and models sent in by ten of the best artists in Europe for the purpose, on a requisition of the Crystal Palace Company, asking to be furnished with designs for ornamental fountains. Having completed their survey of the objects in the north gallery, the Royal party proceeded to examine the series of architectural courts which occupy the ground-floor of the building, from the central transept eastward. These courts are arranged in historical succession on either side of the nave, their *façades* fronting it being characteristic of each school, and restored and embellished after the most approved examples. Their present state, interesting and attractive as it is, gives but a very faint and imperfect conception of what they are intended to be. Her Majesty and her illustrious guests saw them, therefore, to great advantage, and it seems probable that for some time after the doors of the palace have been thrown open to the public, portions of these elaborate reproductions will remain to tax the taste and learning of the accomplished artists, to whose care they have been intrusted. Each court contains within it several subdivisions, which give scope for the varieties of the style which it represents, without violating harmony of proportion. They will, therefore, bring out by the best examples not only the national peculiarities of architectural epochs, but all the leading characteristics in detail, so that the series will embody a complete course of instruction in art. The Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Alhambra courts are under the care of Mr. Owen Jones, who, ably assisted by Mr. Bonomi and Signor Monti, has succeeded in pushing forward all but the last-named court to a point which enables one to form some faint idea of what they will be when completed. It is difficult to gather from bare walls and pillars their exact expression when clothed with brilliant and effective colouring. Still more difficult is it to anticipate the charms of perspectives now closed in on every side by hoardings, but which are destined to be relieved and heightened by the vegetation of the countries the architecture of which is represented. To help the imagination of the illustrious visitors Mr. Owen Jones drew their particular attention to his coloured restoration of one of the friezes of the Parthenon. The critics will be in great wrath with him for this innovation on their ideas of classic propriety; but the effect is undoubtedly excellent, and if the figures in relief were not so painted the artist will carry the public along with him in saying that they ought to be. With the wall surfaces all prepared, the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Courts will not take long to embellish. The Alhambra Court is a greater undertaking, and more in arrear. Upon its details the greatest care is to be bestowed, and some idea of the difficulty attending it may be formed from the fact that the honeycombed and painted roof of the inner hall will consist of 5000 pieces, which have all to be fixed before the brush is applied to them.

In the Byzantine Court, on the southern side of the nave, the principal features will be restorations of the Cloister of St. Mary, in the capitol at Cologne, and of that of St. John the Lateran, with its gold mosaics, In the centre will be the fountain of Heislerback, in Derbyshire marble, and on doors or built into the walls will be represented the principal remains of Romanesque art from Italy, Germany, and England. A remarkable series of English Kings and Queens from Fontevraud and Mans will also be included in this court. The Mediæval Court will comprise compartments illustrating the German, French, Italian, and Englishs chools, which take the pointed arch as their leading symbol. In this group our own architectural, sculptural, and monumental remains will be most largely represented, and in a national point of view this collection will be the most important one of the kind that has ever been brought together. The German gothic will include examples of the works of Peter Vischer and Adam Krafft—the great Nuremberg door and the remarkable effigies of the Archbishop Electors of Mayence. Among the more prominent objects of the French and Italian Courts will be the bas reliefs from the Choir of Notre Dame. Mr. Wyatt proposes to make the façade of the Renaissance Court a restoration of the Hotel Bourgtho-rould at Rouen, and to decorate the interior with such objects as the great window of the Cortosa, the Giuberti door from Florence, Cellini's Nymph from Fontainebleau, and the Caryatides of Jean Juyon English *Renaissance*, or, as it is usually called, Elizabethan, will be fully illustrated with such objects as the tombs of Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth; metal work and ivory and wood carvings. The Later Italian Court will be furnished with Michael Angelo's masterpieces, and those of Vignola and other artists, its architectural details being founded on the cortile of the Farnese palace at Rome. Such is an outline of the plan which Mr. Digby Wyatt has laid down for himself to execute. Taken in connexion with what Mr. Owen Jones is doing, it brings together nearly everything that is requisite to give the people of this country a just estimate of what the genius of man, working through his love of the beautiful in art, to civilize and refine the world, has effected in different ages and countries, from the time of the Pharaohs down to the present age. Such a lesson, presented in so condensed a form, in so striking a manner, and made so accessible, was, probably, never before presented to any nation.

From the examination of the architectural courts the Royal party proceeded to the Pompeian House, where, by a happy arrangement, luncheon was provided for them. They were thus enabled, in perfect leisure and seclusion, to admire the exquisite manner in which this restoration has been effected by Signor Abbate. For months he and his assistants have laboured at their work, which will soon be completed. That it will secure the warm admiration of every person of taste we cannot doubt. Even now, unfinished as they are, the decorations possess a charm of elegance which is beyond praise, and which one never tires of wondering at, as the style in which houses were adorned seventeen centuries ago. On leaving the apartments to resume their survey of the works, Signor Abbate was presented to Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians, both of whom complimented him on the success of his labours.

The Royal party now directed their attention to the grounds, which, by a very simple kind of footpath, made of faggots covered over with fine gravel, they were enabled to visit in perfect comfort. Drenching rains on a heavy clay soil have for some time past made every bit of the Park, not turfed over and out of

the hands of "navvies," a complete Slough of Despond, but nothing in this country is allowed to prevent the Queen going where she desires, and so the company were prepared for her. Sir Joseph Paxton explained the plan upon which the immense terraces and the other spacious arrangements of the grounds had been laid out. A beautiful model, placed near the west end of the building, enabled the party to appreciate more fully the magnitude of the works. But the outside of the building, and all the details of fountains, avenue, slope, and garden connected with it speak every day more and more effectually for themselves. It is the prerogative of great material undertakings to be their own best exponents. Those who want truly to understand what the Palace and its park are must go to see them; and when they are in the grounds they may take the opportunity, as the Queen did on Tuesday, of examining herself and showing her astonished guests the wonderful animal forms, which, with consummate skill, Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins is, in a remote shed, building up from the vestiges and tracings of an earlier world. The gigantic Iguanadon, the Ichthyosaurus, with his singular screw-propeller tail, the toads and turtles of pre-Adamite epochs, created no ordinary impression upon the minds of the illustrious strangers.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER XCVII.

Paris, Thursday Evening, Nov. 3, 1853.

THE trial of the conspiracies of the Hippodrome and the Opéra Comique begins this day. I have collected a few details on the subject. A former writer in *La Presse*, M. Jules Alix, inventor among other things of the *Télegraphe Escargotique*, or in other words of a telegraph worked by sympathetic snails, had organized a small secret society of some forty individuals which he had christened absurdly enough the *Cordon sanitaire*. Alix is a man destitute of judgment but full of pretensions, which are only equal to his incapacity. He put himself in communication with some persons of La Chapelle St. Denis, and proposed to them a plan of insurrection. When he was asked if he had any arms? he replied, that he had some cannons. When asked what sort of cannons? he replied, zinc pipes, covered with tarred canvas, strongly bound round with a cord. These cannons in short were the twin-brothers of those canvas-covered pipes which were said to have been discovered about a year ago. This was the degree of invention and progress to which Alix had at length attained. His cannons, however, were adopted, but his plan of barricades rejected. The men with whom he was in communication, soon submerged him; and at their second meeting, it was proposed to put an end to Bonaparte by way of a beginning. After disposing of Bonaparte, his body was to be carried through Paris, barricades to be erected, the republic proclaimed, and *Blanqui* placed at its head! This was on the 5th of June. On the 7th they were to declare themselves *en permanence* with two other secret societies, one that of the *Droits du peuple*, the other that of the *Etudiants*, composed each of about fifty or sixty men, who would proceed to the Bois de Boulogne and to the Hippodrome to strike the blow. On the 7th, in effect, these men presented themselves at the stations assigned to them; but the chiefs of the organization had omitted one trivial requirement—to give them arms. The conspirators in the Bois de Boulogne saw Bonaparte pass; but finding themselves totally unsupported, and having only three pistols to a dozen men, they let him pass without making any attempt. At the Hippodrome it was much the same. About five o'clock, just as the *sergents de ville* were keeping back the crowd to let Bonaparte pass out, one of the chiefs, by name Lux, clapped his hands as a signal for the attack. Every man came forth from his ambush, the ranks were closed; but as they had no arms, Bonaparte passed on without accident. Two days after, on the 9th of June, Lux, Alix, and one Joseph Bréault by name, a man of some energy, it seems, and a chief of the society of the *Droits du Peuple*, were arrested. As soon as they were taken, others stepped in to their places. This time it was a Belgian, by name De Méren, who assumed the direction of affairs. He centralized in his own hands the three societies and awaited events. On the 9th of July a placard gave notice that Bonaparte would visit the Opera Comique on the following day. De Méren started his men and distributed among them eight pistols. They were in all about 170. He selected a picked detachment and stationed them round the Opera Comique; three men in the street near the private door, six more near the principal entrance, while six others remained as an immediate reserve. The rest of the conspirators remained without arms on the Boulevards. Bonaparte it appears was to have been stabbed and shot at once. The signal was to be a cry of *Vive l'Empereur* shouted by De Méren. It appears that the three individuals posted near the private door excited the attention of the *sergents de ville* by their obstinacy in pressing close to the entrance. The *sergents de ville* were on the point of arresting them when a pistol fell in the scuffle. Six men of the reserve rushed up to rescue their comrades, but three or four brigades of *sergents de ville* fell on them, and arrested 14 out of 18. Such in substance was the affair of the Opéra Comique. The police arrested in all seventy-seven persons, of whom forty-four were subsequently released. There remain thirty-three who are to be tried before the Cour d'Assises de la Seine, on the charge of having been accessories to a conspiracy designed to make an attempt on the life of the Emperor, "an attempt," says the indictment, "which was even partially put into execution." The articles of the code cited by the indictment are precisely those two articles (86, 87) which excited so keen an opposition last May in the Chamber of Deputies. The Government proposed the re-establishment of those articles, and consequently of the punishment of death for political offences. Thanks to the obstinacy of the Chamber the punishment of death was re-enacted only in case of an actual attempt on the life of the sovereign. In the present case, therefore, the accused have really staked their lives.

The examination of the Delescluze affair continues. The persons arrested in the provinces, among others M.M. Rocher, Masselin, and David of Nantes, have been brought to Paris, and imprisoned in the Conciergerie. Two hundred more arrests have been made this week.

All these *contretemps* do not prevent Bonaparte from quietly advancing to his goal. He is not yet crowned, you know, and *that* is the *summum* of his hopes. The coronation is to be on the second of December next, I believe I may state with something like certainty. All the preparations for this event were quietly pursued during August and September. Everything is ready now, even to the state carriages: a friend of mine has seen them. As it is, after all, simply a restoration, they have been content to furbish up the carriages of 1809, which have since figured at the coronation of Charles X. The gildings and the paintings have been freshened up, and eagles put at the four corners of the roof. For old Jerome, too, the carriage which served at the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux, now Comte de Chambord, has been revived. Three other carriages are prepared for the rest of the Royal family. I think you may rely on this news as a certainty.

Our foreign politics are beginning to be slightly modified. In the first place, Bonaparte has been studying divers plans of campaigns, which he ordered to be submitted to him in the prevision of a possible continental war. Two of these plans especially attracted his attention. The first proposed the creation of seven armies, to act upon our northern and eastern frontiers. In the second and more reasonable one, two armies are proposed for operating, the one on the Rhine, the other, to be called the "Army of the Var," and to have its head-quarters at Toulon, would be destined to operate in Piedmont and in Lombardy. Besides these preparations, Bonaparte, you may be aware, has just removed M. De Lacour from Constantinople, and has sent General Baraguay d'Hilliers in his stead.

This general is a soldier of great energy. He has storted for his post with an opposing military staff ofdifferent grades and branches of the service.

As your Government discountenanced sending French officers into Turkey for service in the Ottoman Army, this is as good a way as any of waiving the assent to such a step. The news of the passage of the Danube by the Turks at Widden is confirmed. Only it is to be apprehended, that this fact has not the importance generally ascribed to it.

The Russians, by withdrawing their forces from Little Wallachia (situated eighty leagues from Bucharest), laid a trap for the Turks. Their object was to decoy Omer Pasha into that district. They reckoned on his abandoning the route from Schumla to Bucharest to throw his forces into Little Wallachia, in the hope of operating on the flank of the enemy. But Omer Pasha, without quitting his post, simply took advantage of the feint of the enemy to throw on that point a small detachment of 5200 men, and not of 52,000 men, as has been reported. By this means he has secured himself a bridge across the Danube; and he has acted with equal decision and skill. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The *resumé* of the week's intelligence from the seat of war will be found on our first page. We have only to add the following notes. It was not till the 22nd ult. that the combined fleets left Besika Bay. It was blowing a gale of wind. The steam-frigates could not take the sailing vessels in tow, and the fleets, after having been some hours under weigh, were dispersed in the different anchorages of the Dardanelles, without one being able to enter the Sea of Marmora. On the 23rd, Rear-Admiral le Barbier de Tinan was able to reach Gallipoli with three sail of the line. Admiral Dundas could only reach the anchorage of the first castle, with the *Britannia* and the steam-frigate *Furious*. The *Albion*, two-decker, and the steam-frigates *Retribution* and *Vengeance*, anchored under the old castle. The rest of the ships, however, sustained no damage. The *Caradoc* despatch-steamer, which reached Marseilles on the 29th, reported having fallen in with the fleets in tow of the steamers, with topmasts struck, and the French admiral leading. It was said that the English ships would anchor at Lamsachi, and the French at Gallipoli, at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora. The English steamer, *Spitfire*, was taking soundings in the Bosphorus. When the declaration of war was read to the assembled troops at Schumla, Omer Pacha addressed them as follows:—

"Officers and soldiers, from Asia, Africa, and Europe—The blood of your ancestors has more than once reddened this soil, which a powerful enemy wishes to take from you. It has by your fathers been confided to your patriotic honour; it has as yet no blot. Know, then, that you cannot move a step without a voice rising forth from the earth, and saying, 'This dust that you tread under foot is our ashes, the ashes of your ancestors; defend it.' Soldiers, let us all together swear to spill our blood unto the last drop to uphold the integrity of the throne of our Emperor and beloved Sovereign the Sultan Abdul-Medjid."

Nanuch Pacha, Minister of Commerce, is *en route* to Paris and London, to negotiate a loan, it is supposed, of four millions. The new Minister of Finance, Safeti Pacha, one of the old Mussulman party, is a man of rare energy and skill in the financial department. There is a great want of workmen at Constantinople, all men capable of bearing arms having enrolled themselves as soldiers.

All the officials of the Russian Chancery, at Constantinople, had left the city; and a steam-frigate was preparing to embark the Russian subjects.

The Russian ships in the Black Sea sail under the Austrian flag.

The correspondent of the *Débats* writes as follows, on the 15th ult., touching the "fanaticism" of the Turks and the dangers of the Christian population at Constantinople: "Constantinople is still perfectly calm, and the Christians, whether Frank or rayah, enjoy the most complete security. Far from feeling any disquietude, they laugh at the rumours which are spread in Europe. These rumours were the subject of general conversation at a very brilliant *fête* given last night at Therapia, in the house of one of the richest bankers of the country. During the whole night, caiques conveying ladies, to or from the ball, circulated without the least disquietude amongst the vessels of war, manned by thousands of the Turks, who are represented as animated with the most violent fanaticism against the Christians, and as ready to devour us. But these rumours are only fables."

The last telegraphic reports are to the effect that—

"The Danubian Principalities are declared in a state of siege.

"Martial law is proclaimed.

"All intercourse with the Turks is prohibited on pain of death.

"A conflict is expected to take place at Krajowa (capital of Little Wallachia); 6000 Russian cavalry have arrived there."

Prince Gortshakoff had left Bucharest for Krajowa. A line of avant couriers was established between these towns.

Hostilities have commenced we hear. A serious engagement took place on the 21st.

The following is the proclamaoion which has been addressed to his army by Omer Pasha, previous to crossing the Danube:—

"Imperial Soldiers—When firm and courageous, we shall engage the enemy. We will not fly, but sacrifice body and soul to be avenged. Look to the Koran; on the Koran we have sworn. You are Mussulmans, and I doubt not you are ready to sacrifice body and soul for your religion and your Government. But if there be among you a single man afraid of war let him say so, for it is dangerous to face the enemy with such men. He who is under the feeling of fear should be employed in the hospitals or other occupations; but he who remains with us and turns his back on the enemy shall be shot! Let the courageous men who long to manifest their devotedness to their religion and the throne, remain. Their hearts are united with God, and if faithful to religion they prove themselves brave. God will assuredly give them the victory. Soldiers, let us purify our hearts, and then put confidence in the aid of God. Let us do battle, and sacrifice ourselves like our ancestors, and, as they bequeathed our country and our religion to us, we ought to bequeath them to our children. You are all aware that the great object of this life is to serve God and the Sultan worthily, and thus win Heaven. Soldiers! May God protect all who have the honour to believe and to serve in these principles."

Prince Stirbey (Hospodar of Wallachia) and his son had arrived at Hermannstadt on their way to Vienna.

Baron Prokesch, President of the German Diet, has left Vienna for Berlin to persuade the Prussian Government to a joint declaration with Austria on the Eastern question. But Prussia refuses to accede to any pledge.

The excellent Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* gives the following anecdote, current in political society in Paris. M. Thiers, in speaking of the recal of M. de Lacour from Constantinople, is reported to have said—"The Eastern question seems to be an unpropitious one to ministers and ambassadors. I fell because I wanted to be too firm. M. Lavalette was replaced in 1853, because he demanded too much. M. de Lacour is so now, because he has not been firm enough; and yet M. de Lavalette did not go beyond his instructions, and M. de Lacour followed exactly the course prescribed to him. I hope General Baraguay d'Hilliers will be more fortunate than his predecessors, and that, above all, he will not be recalled for too much energy."

General Baraguay d'Hilliers, the newly appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Constantinople, in the place of M. de Lacour, is an officer who has served in Algeria. Before the revolution of '48 he was comparatively unknown. When the reaction set in he signalized himself by his passionate hostility to everything republican, and was a leading organizer of the famous club of the Rue de Poitiers, established to disseminate Conservative tracts. When the French Government had destroyed the Roman Republic, this General was sent to escort the Pope to Rome, and there remained Commander-in-Chief. He attached himself reservedly to the cause of Louis Napoleon, and, after the *coup d'état*, was rewarded with the Vice-Presidency of the Senate. He is a more *sabreur* in politics. The character of his mission

to Constantinople is sufficiently denoted by that of his staff; he has a suite of officers of various branches and grades of the army. He is just the man to do no more and no less than his instructions warrant; but he is not the man to conduct the mystifications of a pacific solution. Otherwise, his political leanings would be towards Russia and Austria, as the preserver of "order" in Europe, and he would be disposed to resist the possibilities of a revolutionary or liberating war in Europe.

The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* tells auother good story; the point of which will be best appreciated by those who know the universal gangrene of corruption which pervades Russian society and every branch of the administration of the empire:—

"General Jomini, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, is at present at Paris. The other day some persons were conversing before him of the amount of stock-jobbing that had taken place within the last twelve months at the Paris Bourse. The general allowed the conversation on the point to arrive naturally at its conclusion, and then said, 'Gentlemen, a nation cannot live by the differences of Bourse transactions, or by speculations in railway shares. To me it appears inevitable either that France will become enervated by such a course, and consequently be lost; or she will again become the great nation she formerly was, both in politics and in military affairs—in which case she will be saved. But there is no medium between the two.'"

The *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor of Russia talking like a purist on political morals!

While attention is concentrated upon the East of Europe, Russia is not slumbering in the North.

The Swedish government has been lately fortifying the island of Gotland. The new fortifications appear to have excited the jealousy of the Russian government. Two ships of war paid a sudden visit recently, and left as suddenly as they came without paying their pilots. A glance at the map is enough to demonstrate the importance of Gotland to Russia. A war steamer and a frigate were lying in Copenhagen roads by the last advices, and a Russian fleet cruising east of Bornholm. England has not a cock-boat in the Baltic.

Few royal assurances have been more "rich" than the magnificent promise of the Russian Emperor, that he would not molest our ships if we spared his in case of hostilities. The odds are so evidently in *our* favour!

There are apprehensions of a *coup d'état* in Denmark in the Russian interest. The Danish Parliament has demanded a conference of the whole House, to consider the Government project for modifying the Constitution: but the Ministry is disposed to settle the question by Royal ordonnance, which would at once bring the Throne into collision with the Parliament: the latter being resolved not to sink into vassalage to Russia.

The King of Denmark is, perhaps, the most disreputable of reigning sovereigns—a superiority not easy to achieve by any ordinary amount of depravity.

The King of Sardinia has recently made a batch of senators, among whom is Count Casati, Podesta of Milan in March, 1848, and Count Borromeo, the Lombard exile, whose possessions have been confiscated by Austria. Among the other names is the estimable Massimo d'Azeglio, for whom all parties feel affection and respect.

Prince Napoleon Jerome is reported to be contemplating a visit to Italy. It appears that the grudge of the King of Naples against the Duc de Lesparre, one of the officers sent by the French Emperor to the Neapolitan reviews, was, that he had already been complimenting the King of Piedmont, for whom, as a constitutional sovereign, King Bomba has a legitimate aversion.

Prince Napoleon Jerome has returned to Paris from Stuttgard, where he was welcomed by his uncle, the King of Wurtemburg, with profuse honours and attentions.

The visit of Prince Napoleon Jerome to Stuttgardt is said to have had reference to a proposed marriage with the granddaughter of the Princess Stephanie of Baden.

There is great activity in the French navy. On the 31st ult. the screw steamer *Le Joinville*, of 650 horse power, was launched at Brest.

A steam frigate of the largest size, to be called *L'Impératrice Eugénie*, is ordered to be placed on the stocks. She is to be 800 horse power, and to serve as a model for several other ships of the same class.

The Austrian Government is said to have contracted a loan *subscribed by the Imperial Bank and other great financial establishments at St. Petersburg.* Talk of Austrian neutrality after this. The loan was impossible in Paris or London.

The Prussian Chambers are convoked for the 28th inst.

The Duke and Duchess of Brabant are expected to pay a visit to the courts of Wurtemburg and Bavaria next month.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who is travelling *incognito*, and his son, dined with the Pope on the 20th ult.; Cardinal Wiseman was one of the guests. Before leaving Florence the Grand Duke signed a decree leaving the entire government of the Duchy to his Ministers during his absence. He is said to be going to Naples to ask for Neapolitan troops in case the Austrians are wanted elsewhere.

Great excitement exists throughout Italy. Numerous arrests have been made in Lombardy.

By decree of the 28th ult., signed De Burger, Imperial and Royal Lieutenant of Lombardy, an additional tax of 3½ kreutzers per florin (about one-twentieth), is to be levied in 1854 upon land, incomes, and trade, to cover the deficit of 1853.

The Queen of Spain presided on the evening of the 28th ult. at a Cabinet Council, at which it was decided to grant a special burial ground to the Protestants. The present Government has already seized a journal, the *Diario Español*, for a hostile article.

General Narvaez has left Paris on his return to Spain.

Louis Napoleon has availed himself of the sojourn of the Belgian Royal Family in England to assure them of his friendly dispositions towards Belgium and the reigning family. His alliance with England is the guarantee for his pacific intentions towards Belgium and Prussia.

We are glad to find among the appointments in the *Moniteur*, the promotion of M. de Lesseps, the diplomatist, to the grade of Minister Plenipotentiary of the first class; if, as we believe, it is the same M. de Lesseps who, in 1849, entrusted by the then French Government with a perfidious and double-faced mission to the Roman Republic, had the courage to forfeit the favour of his superiors by his good faith, and to speak of Mazzini as he found him.

SIR CHARLES SHAW ON THE TURKISH ARMY.

SIR CHARLES SHAW, the officer who drew attention to the Minié rifle, has published a letter in the *Chronicle*, on the Turkish army. He disputes the claim of the Russians to a military reputation, and that of the Czar to the renown of a moderate and magnanimous king. He shows that the Turkish defeats in 1828 and 1829 had been preceded by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino and the massacre of the Janisaries, leaving only raw soldiers to contend against the Russian troops who had fought Napoleon. At the close of his letter he cites some valuable and recent opinions on the state of the army. To begin with the Circassians, as irregulars on whom much depends:—

"The noble Circassians, who have been fighting against Russia independent of Turkey, have been within this short time taken into the Turkish army; and it may be interesting to give a description, by a Prussian officer, of the Circassian cavalry, who are about to take a prominent part in the coming conflict. He says—'The Circassian wears a pointed steel helmet, with a long horse-tail pendant from it. A net of steel work hangs down from the lower part of the helmet, protects the front and nape of the neck, and is looped together under the chin, underneath a short red vest, cut in the Polish fashion. He is clad in a species of coat of mail, consisting of small bright rings of steel intervened. His arms, from the wrist to the elbow, and his legs, from the foot of the shin bone to the knee, are guarded by thin plates of steel; he also wears close pantaloons and laced boots. Two long Turkish pistols, as well as a poniard, are stuck into his girdle. He has a leather strap with a noose, like a Mexican lasso, hanging at his side, which he throws with great dexterity over the head of his enemy. A Turkish sabre and a long Turkish musket are slung behind his back, and two cartridge holders across his breast. The skill with which the Circassians use their weapons is really beyond belief. I have seen them repeatedly fire at a piece of card lying on the ground, at full speed, without ever missing. They will pick up a piece of money from the ground while executing a charge, by bending themselves round below the horse's belly, and, after seizing the piece, suddenly throw themselves back into the saddle. They form the choicest body of cavalry in the Turkish service, and I have watched them when charging, attack their opponents with a sabre in each hand, managing their reins with their mouth; they will spring out of their saddles, take aim and fire from behind their horses, then jump into their saddles again, wheel round and reload their gun as they retreat in full career. They are perfect madmen in the attack, and few troops could withstand the utter recklessness of danger they evince.'

Next take the irregular Asiatics:—

"Hear what that most intelligent and experienced officer, Captain Nolan, of the 15th British Hussars, says, in his admirable book on cavalry tactics. Speaking of the British cavalry, he says—'By taking a lesson from the Asiatics, England might so arm and instruct her dragoons as to make them equal to any of the people of the East in single combat.' Of the Russian cavalry, Captain Nolan says: 'Heavy Russian cuirassiers, when opposed to the Turks, were obliged to form in close columns, or in squares, requiring artillery and infantry to protect them from the sharp scimitars of the Moslem. These Turks had no discipline, no lances; had nothing but their own good swords and steeds to trust to.'"

Here is still later information:—

"All accounts lately received are unanimous on the superior equipment and efficiency of the Turkish artillery, and the opinion of Sir Charles O'Donnell, of the Turkish army, now in the field, is worthy of every attention. Sir Charles has seen much service, and he has lately been visiting the greater part of the European armies. He says:—'The Turks are physically a fine race of men, capable of enduring fatigue, sober, patient, intelligent, and altogether well conducted. All is completely European, and the spectator may here fancy himself amongst the Prussian or French soldiers in their encampments. They are animated by a laudable fervour for their religion and their country, and aware of the consequences to them of the coming crisis. Their fatalism has exalted their courage, and they say they will conquer or die with their arms in their hands. The Turks have adopted for their cavalry and infantry the French system, and for their artillery the Prussian system of organisation and manœuvre. The whole army is well armed, equipped, and organised, and, upon the whole, in good order. Instructed by Europeans in the various branches of the military art, the Turks have totally given up their former system of warfare, and have made rapid strides towards efficiency in European tactics. The artillery is the arm in which they most excel; it is numerous, well-managed, and understood. The equipment of the mountain guns carried on mules is well arranged.' In 1815 the Duke of Wellington reviewed the Russian army of 100,000 men. He expressed admiration of them as a body, but was struck with the slowness of their movements, and said to the Marquis of Londonderry, 'Charles, my little army could move round them in any direction whilst they were effecting a single change.' The navy of Russia is powerful in men and guns, but, having only one or two months in manœuvring during the whole year, Admiral Napier need not have much fear of that much dreaded 27 ships of the line in the Baltic, of which he speaks so much; as one might say to him, 'Charley, with five ships you would sail round and through them whenever you choose.' But the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is powerful and well manned, and, for the sake of Turkey, it behoves us not to talk and diplomatise, and nothing more, but to follow the hint given by Lord Palmerston in his letter of 19th October, to the Edinburgh Presbytery—'Don't talk, but keep your powder dry, gentlemen.'"

If this be true—and the witnesses are all credible persons—the passage of the Danube may not be such a precipitate thing as the Russian organs would fain have us believe.

SCOTTISH RIGHTS.

IT seems that Scotland is a wronged nation, and a "National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights" has been solemnly formed. They held a grand meeting in Edinburgh on Wednesday, with the Earl of Eglinton, the paladin of the association, in the chair. His oration, full of bitter complaint against England, embodies the pith of the grievances. Centralization, he says, is carried out to a greater extent than the treaty of Union requires. The palaces and parks of Scotland, "poor old Holyrood" and Mary's birthplace, are shamefully neglected, and are fast falling to decay. All the money is spent in London, whose streets are scarcely passable, while the grass grows greenly in Edinburgh. The Scotch are not represented in sufficient numbers; they have not a single harbour of refuge from Wick to Berwick; the Scottish lion is degraded from his position in the regal shield; and Scotland is handed over to the anomalous and irresponsible government of the Lord Advocate, instead of being placed in the hands of a Secretary of State for Scotland.

These sentiments were heartily cheered by the audience, and speeches were made in a similar spirit by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Archibald Alison, the notorious Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and Professor Aytoun. It was stated that the defence of Scotland is entrusted to 1800 men! and Sir Archibald Alison, with that accuracy of judgment which is his characteristic, dilated on the probability of the Russians overrunning the country, landing at Glasgow (!), and sacking and plundering all around. Resolutions in the spirit of the speeches were carried, and the sturdy Scots of Auld Reekie departed well pleased.

OUR SANITARY STATE.

CHOLERA is making progress in London; and the great fall of rain, and continuance of mild weather, seems to increase the ravages of the epidemic. No fewer than 96 perished last week in London—a small number compared to the vast population, but the total who have died since August is nearly double that of the corresponding period in 1848. This shows that the present attack on the country is more fatal than its predecessor. The South side of the Thames still maintains its fatal supremacy in deaths; and all the news we receive tends to show the absolute necessity of the utmost preparation for the coming spring.

In the country the deaths are fewer, but extend over a larger surface—stretching from Tenterden, on the south coast, to Berwick, on the Scotch borders. Cholera has also appeared in Bedfordshire, Essex, and Bucks. It still lingers at Newcastle and the adjacent parts, and has crossed the border, selecting Dundee, apparently, as its next victim. There diarrhœa is prevalent, and several persons, not of the poorer classes, have died of cholera. Measures have been taken to meet the probable extension of the epidemic, and not before they are needed; for Dundee is reported to be filthier than any town yet visited by the inspectors of the Board of Health; the inhabitants lacking the means for performing in decency the common necessities of existence, except in horrible places of public resort. Edinburgh is also liable to an attack from the same causes; and Arbroath is already the scene of death.

THE WAGES QUESTION.

MR. HUME has addressed a letter to the Chairman of the Operatives' Association, in Preston, in which he gives a decided opinion, that "all strikes, whether of workmen or of masters, are injurious to both, and detrimental to the public interests." After glancing at the repeal of the Combination Laws, in 1824, he thus refers to the Preston dispute:—

"You declare that workmen have always been for arbitration, and that the masters have refused that fair course. I am not in a condition to know whether you are correct or not; but whichever party have refused to refer their differences to arbitration, have much to answer for, both to the public, and to the parties who have become the sufferers thereby. I consider the benefits of Free-trade to be great, and to be increasing. The freeing of labour, in 1824, from the shackles that then interfered with and bound the working classes, was the commencement of that great movement; and I do yet hope that the good sense of both masters and men will enable them to see the advantage of doing what was the object in view by the repeal of the combination laws—of referring all disputes to arbitration."

There is little hope, however, of any speedy reconciliation. There is no lack of placards, issued by the workmen. George Cowell still exercises an enormous influence over the operatives—speaking in the broad

dialect of the county, and "using all the idioms of the class, with a clear consciousness of the force he gains by so doing, and stems all opposition by the good-humoured decision with which he puts aside all objections." The men expect that they can hold out until past Christmas. The most significant circumstance, in the present condition of the strikes, is the absence of enthusiasm, and the stern determination with which they maintain their ground. Nor, on the other hand, do the masters exhibit any inclination to depart from their resolution. Masters, like men, have combined, and henceforth there can be no individual action.

The seamen demand an increase of wages at Hull. They refuse to go on a Baltic voyage for less than 5*l.* a month, a much larger sum than was paid a year or two ago. And there is little probability that the rate of wages will generally decrease while there is such a demand for seamen in other ports. On Monday the majority, if not the whole, of the crew of the barque *Fergus*, signed for 4*l.* 15*s.* a month, and were to be on board that night or on the following morning. The time arrived some of them were not to be found, although they had received advance notes. Subsequently two of them were found intoxicated, in which state they were taken to the station-house, and were committed to prison for three months. The *Fergus* left the Old Dock on Tuesday evening. A number of seamen assembled near, and shouted and threatened the crew as the vessel glided down the harbour. They, however, separated peaceably, owing probably to the appearance of Inspector Dorsey and three or four police officers.

THE CITY COMMISSION.

THE Commission of Inquiry into the state of the Corporation of London met on Tuesday to receive evidence. Mr. Labouchere, Sir John Patteson, and Mr. Cornewall Lewis, were present. As yet only two witnesses have been examined—Mr. James Acland, secretary of the City Municipal Reform Association, and Mr. John Ingram Travers. Their evidence does not go for much. Mr. Acland brings charges of bribery in general against all the branches of the Corporation. Aldermen, he says, are elected by bribes, Common Councilmen have patronage—an equivalent for bribery; the Chamberlain by direct and avowed bribery; the Sheriffs by bribery, the Bridgemaster, and the various officers, usually by bribery. He brings charges of nepotism, backed by the names of the parties, against both Aldermen and Common Councilmen; and he charges the latter with directly bribing the daily press. Here is the charge:—

In the year 1849 the consolidated committee, considering that the corporation had been misrepresented before the Government and the public, made a report to the Court of Common Council, asking for a grant of money for the purpose of setting themselves right with the public through the instrumentality of the press. The Court had since voted the committee a sum of 1000*l.* annually, to be allotted for that purpose, and I believe that 4000*l.* during the last four years have been spent in the ordering of hundreds of papers upon occasions when a newspaper reported the proceedings of the Corporation, as they thought satisfactorily. I am quite sure that during all that period the *Times* has not received one farthing of that money. I am quite certain that the expenditure of that money directly or indirectly induces the papers to suppress that which would be unfavourable to the Corporation if known, and to give as favourable a report of its proceedings as by their ingenuity they may be able to do.

The Chairman: Are not the details of this expenditure of 1000*l.* a year laid before the Court of Common Council, and afterwards before the public?

Mr. Acland: Certainly not. There are many details of moneys expended by the Corporation which are not published.

Mr. C. Lewis: Assuming that certain quantities of newspapers are purchased, who decides which newspaper shall be selected, and how many copies shall be taken?

Mr. Acland: The members of the consolidated committee.

Mr. C. Lewis: Do you believe the question is brought before the committee and put to the vote?

Mr. Acland: No; I think the committee will have some confidential agent or leading member, or they have confidence in some of their officers; and an intimation that a paper has a satisfactory report on a particular day will be followed by the sending for 500 copies. I believe that in some cases the application is made, "Won't you take some papers—we have an excellent article on the Corporation in our paper to-day?" I believe that is the system.

Mr. Travers deals with the question in a summary fashion. He looks upon the city system as worn out and obsolete. He would sweep away its municipal institutions altogether.

Of course the charges of Mr. Acland could not be permitted to pass by the Court of Common Council which met the next day. Mr. Anderton asked if the charge was true? The Chairman of the Committee implicated having caused the report mentioned to be read, gave the following explanation:—

"I will now tell the court what the committee, in the exercise of their discretion, thought it proper to do as a kind of temporary proceeding. The impression upon many members' minds at the time was, that perhaps there should be some communication of a permanent character, by which justice should be done to the conduct and character of the gentlemen composing this court. There was much difficulty in seeing how it could be done, but in the end the committee came to the conclusion of directing the hall-keeper in this place, without reference to name of paper or politics, or otherwise, to look at the newspapers on the morning after each sitting of the court, and to select from them the one that seemed to him to contain the best account of the proceedings——"

Mr. Blake: "The longest, the most voluminous account."

Mr. Wood: "The hall-keeper was to select the newspaper which contained the longest account of the proceedings of the previous day. That course has been pursued up to the present time. The result of the order of the committee to the hall-keeper has been thought by members of advantage to the corporation in this way—it has brought to their notice that the proceedings have been fully and fairly reported in many instances. The hall-keeper has, by direction of the committee, ordered 300 copies of the paper containing the longest report of the proceedings of the court. Of this number about 250 are circulated amongst the members of the court, the other 50 being sent to the town clerks of the various boroughs throughout the kingdom, in order that the country corporations may know what is going on here. The cost of this amounts to 5*l.* or 6*l.* each time the papers are purchased, and does not exceed 150*l.* a year."

A great deal of warm feeling was manifested at the "misstatements" of Mr. Acland; but it was generally agreed that Mr. Anderton had put an inconvenient question, and that the place to reply to them would be before the Commission.

NORFOLK WORTHIES: LIEUTENANT CRESSWELL.

LYNN, in Norfolk, is the birth-place of Lieutenant Cresswell, the gallant subordinate of M'Clure, who has actually made the North-West Passage. For three years he has been absent, and great anxiety has been felt by his parents and townsmen for his safety. Now that he has come back among them, and brought so much honour, they make much of him, showing that some prophets are honoured in their own country.

It was a touching sight, that, in the Town Hall of Lynn, on the 26th ult., the third anniversary of the discovery of the passage. There were the civic dignitaries of Lynn, with a cordial address; there was Sir Edward Parry, who had travelled two hundred miles to be present; there was Lord Stanley, Lynn's clever Member; and, above all, there was Lieutenant Cresswell's father. After the address had been read, Lieutenant Cresswell returned hearty thanks to his townsmen, and in return gave a narrative of the voyage of the *Investigator*. Sir Edward Parry followed with a few cordial and appropriate words, and that ceremony was over.

In the evening there was a banquet to the hero of the icy seas. Here the speechmaking was renewed; and Sir Edward Parry delivered some interesting notions on the subject of Arctic expeditions.

"In the first place, I spent many of the best years of my own life in services similar to that in which Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell has been engaged. It is now thirty-five years since I commenced upon the same field of labour, and it is thirty-four years since it pleased God to permit me, with two of our ships, to penetrate to the western end of Melville Island. That I was permitted to accomplish in a single season; and, considering the nature of that enterprise, there is no doubt I had a favourable season, and was very much favoured in doing it, because, until the year 1852, from the time I speak of in 1819, although several efforts have been made, no one has ever reached within 300 or 400 miles of the same spot. Whilst this was going on, the north coast of America, from Behring's Straits, was being surveyed by several accomplished Arctic travellers. We have in the list our dear friend Franklin, Richardson, and Deedes, and Simpson, and Wray, and Beechey, and Pullen, and Hooper, and perhaps one or two others whom I have forgotten. But you see there is a long list of gallant nautical men engaged in surveying that part of the coasts of America which you see before you on the chart. So that in point of fact, when I reached the western extremity of Melville Island, and saw Banks's Land sixty miles from it, which is laid down in my chart of that day, there then remained a considerable portion from the continent upwards to that point yet to be explored. Our dear young friend has had the privilege of accomplishing that (applause); and I venture to say that there is no portion of the north-west passage more difficult of accomplishment than that. I will say, too, that there never has been an instance in which so magnificent a navigation has been performed in a single season as was performed by Captain M'Clure and his officers. Gentlemen, there is nothing in Arctic discovery to be compared to that one summer's exploit in the year 1852. It is between 900 and 1000 miles, very nearly 1000, from Point Barrow, which we consider any ship may reach in those days—we don't think so much of getting a little into the ice as we formerly did—but from Point Barrow along to Cape Parry, from which our friend struck off in the *Investigator*, to the Island you see there—Baring Island, and then upward to the Bay of Mercy, where the *Investigator*, I am afraid, is till this moment confined, is from 900 to 1000 miles; and I assure you, from the experience I have had of the navigation of those seas, it is a most marvellous navigation to accomplish. I believe no man can tell more of the difficulty of it than I can; and I repeat that there has been nothing in the whole course of Arctic discovery equal to that which Captain M'Clure and his companions accomplished. The exploit then comes to this, that by this gallant achievement the existence of the whole of the north-west passage has been ascertained beyond a doubt; and it is a curious circumstance that Captain M'Clure should just have been enabled to reach from the westward to the Bay of Mercy, which is, in point of fact, upon the very land I saw in coming from the eastward, but could not reach, so that there we are met within sixty miles, and I only hope that the crowning triumph of getting completely through may be reserved for our gallant friend, Captain M'Clure (cheers). . . . I was one of the committee appointed by the Admiralty to propose the plans for the recent expedition, and was therefore personally concerned in sending our young friend Cresswell out; so that I did feel upon that point a personal responsibility, though I believed I had done the best thing that could be done, and believe it still. It was the best chance of finding our dear friend Franklin, if he was to be found; but still I did feel a personal responsibility, having taken a part as one of the committee to recommend the plan which was put into practice. Then give me leave to say, that there is still another reason why my interest and anxiety was deep in this matter,—and that was that I had no small hand in sending out our dear young friend himself (applause). His dear and revered father, who sits before me now, knows that we talked it over, and I advised him. I said, 'Let the young man go; I give you the advice I would for my own dear son in the navy. Let him go by all means if he wishes. We must not stand upon these points, but let him go where honour and reputation are to be earned.' I need not tell you that Mr. Cresswell was not long in responding to that. It was the young man's wish to go, and go he did. . . . . I can form but a single idea as to the probable fate of Franklin. I do not agree with our friend, Gurney Cresswell, about the probability of both ships having gone down and nothing been seen of them, because, although it is true that nothing might be seen of the ships themselves, I do not believe the crews would all have perished at one moment. I think there is that stuff and stamina in one hundred and twenty Englishmen, that somehow or other they would have maintained themselves as well as a parcel of Esquimaux would. They would have found the Esquimaux, and there would have been something like a trace of them if they had been on earth. The only thing which I can suggest is this: Wellington Strait was discovered by myself on the expedition I spoke of. It is a large opening from Lancaster Sound. When I was going up westward from Melville Island, we saw Wellington Straits perfectly free from ice, and so I marked it on my chart. It was not my business to go north as long as I could get west, and therefore we ran past, and did not examine it. But it has always been a favourite idea of those who imagined the north-west passage was to be easily made by going north. That we know was the favourite idea of Franklin, and we know he did intend, if he could not get westward, to go up Wellington Channel. We have it from his own lips. My belief is still that after the first winter he did go up that channel, and that having steam power (which I had not in my time), it is possible he may have gone up in a favourable season. For you cannot imagine anything more different than a favourable and an unfavourable season in those regions. You cannot imagine the changes that take place in the ice there. I have been myself sometimes beset for two or three days together by the ice, in such a way that from the masthead I could not see sufficient water to float that bottle in; and in twenty-four hours there was not a bit of ice to be seen—nobody could tell why—I cannot tell why; and you might have sailed about as you may in your own river, as far as ice is concerned. Therefore in a favourable season he may have gone up that inlet, and may, by the power of steam and favourable circumstances, have got so far to the north-west that in an ordinary season he could not get back again. And those who knew Franklin know this—that he would push on year after year so long as his provisions lasted. Nothing could stop him. He was not a man to look back if he believed the thing was still possible. He may have got beyond the reach of our searching parties, for Sir Edward Belcher has not been able to get far up, and we have not been able to get the investigation completed. . . . . I hope you will pardon the loquacity of an old, old Arctic voyager. I must say that when I hear those stories, as I heard this morning, and as I read them—of what has been performed, the way in which the last link of the north-west passage has been discovered—that to which I devoted the best years of my life—it rekindles in my bosom all the ardour of enterprise, ay, and much of the vigour of youth (loud applause). I will just say, that the only thing I regret in coming here to-day is this simple fact, that we have been obliged to designate our dear young friend by the name of *Lieutenant* Cresswell. I know not anything of the intention of the Admiralty; but I will say this, that I do not believe the Admiralty of Great Britain can possibly refuse to give promotion to the first man who, since the world began, has ever traversed the north-west passage." (Loud and continued cheers.)

Lord Stanley subsequently made a speech, and backed up the strong hint for Cresswell's promotion used by Sir Edward Parry.

THE WIGAN RIOTS.

UNFORTUNATELY the men on strike at Wigan have damaged their cause by a riot, in the course of which much property was wantonly destroyed.

Desirous of taking measures in concert to resist the men, the masters met at the Royal Hotel on Friday, and there deliberated. While they did so, a great crowd of collier and factory hands gathered in the street outside, anxiously awaiting the decision of the coal owners, and willing, it is said, to take one half of the advance they demanded. Foremost among the employers is the Earl of Balcarres; and his man, a Mr. Peace, had brought up a lot of colliers from Wales. Peace's son, a young man, got into a quarrel with some factory boys, and was obliged to take refuge in a public-house. While this was going on, the decision of the masters became known. They agreed to adjourn for a fortnight, and give the colliers the option of returning to work at the old wages. The men did not like this, and stood about the front of the hotel in a state

of great excitement. Two gentlemen came out; somebody said they were employers; hooting began; from hooting the transition to stoning is easy; the two gentlemen ran into a watchmaker's shop, and their retreat was followed by a stone which smashed in the shop window. But the watchmaker's popularity saved his windows; the two gentlemen retreated to the next public-house, and there stayed, the mob gathering force, and the police called out to oppose them retiring, for fear of causing "irritation." The mayor was called upon, and came out; but vain were his efforts; the mob made an attack on the Royal Hotel. It was fair day; the streets were crowded. The mayor, the regular police, some special constables, came up to the scene of action; the mayor, Mr. Eckersley, was for "going at" the rioters, but there was nobody to second him, and again the police retreated; the mayor going to the railway station to telegraph to Preston for "troops."

On went the mob, a career of destruction before them. The shops were hastily shut; night closed in; the newly lighted gas lamps were extinguished; the windows of several hotels, of the Town-hall, the Moot-hall, and police station, and other public buildings, were broken; the Royal Hotel was again assaulted, front and rear, carried, and for a time in the hands of the mob, who smashed mirrors, flung out furniture, and tore down curtains. The houses of three manufacturers were similarly served, and one was set on fire, but fortunately extinguished. Another attack was made on the Royal Hotel, and the shops of two provision dealers were entered and sacked. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and the mob grew tired. Their homeward footsteps were quickened by the cry that the soldiers had at length come from Preston, and only a few boys were arrested. The troops took up their position for the rest of the night in the town. The next day all was quiet; but the streets were full of colliers, who seemed rather to enjoy the destruction they had caused.

The Wigan corporation are chary of their money, and keep up but a small police force. Hence this riot continued for several hours unchecked. Parsimony is but too often extravagance.

The quiet of Saturday and Sunday had dissipated all fear of the soldiers from the minds of the Wigan men. Besides, a new subject of exasperation had arisen: Mr. Peace had brought up a lot of Welsh colliers to work in the mines of Lord Balcarres. When it grew dusk on Monday, an audacious band of 400 young men marched through the town, drums and fifes playing at their head. The soldiers were instantly ordered out; all was bustle among the magistrates; but the rioters had got the start. They had taken the road to the saw mills; but as that was not believed to be their real destination, the soldiers waited for orders.

Shortly before seven o'clock, a servant of Lord Balcarres arrived on horseback with a message from Mr. Peace to the authorities at Wigan, demanding the aid of the military. This man reported the road to the saw-mills to be very dangerous, and crowded with riotous people, from whom he had received several blows as he rode through them. The military now started on the track of the turn-outs.

What are called the saw-mills are, in fact, the works generally of the sawyers, carpenters, and other artisans employed in preparing timber, wagons, ironwork, and other materials for the extensive colliery of the Earl of Balcarres. Mr. Peace, the manager, has his offices there, and transacts his principal business at the works. The canal forms the left boundary of the premises, and substantial buildings of stone enclose it on the right and further side. At the front entrance a temporary wooden fence, six or seven feet high, in which is a wooden door, had been run up to complete the enclosure on that side. A pile of warehouses across the centre of the premises, with a gateway in the middle, divides them into two spacious yards, the first being about 100 and the second nearly 200 yards in length, the width varying from a few yards at the entrance to 100 yards along the greater portion of the place.

It appears that early in the morning a note had been received at the saw-mills, stating that two meetings of the colliers were to be held, one at Wigan and the other at Aspull, after which one party was to attack the "knob-sticks" at the saw-mills, while the other was to find work for the authorities and military at Wigan. Inspector Gillott, with ten men of the Bolton division of the county police, was sent for from Aspull to augment the small defensive force of workmen on the premises, and they were stationed in the outer yard. About six o'clock in the evening, a noise was heard of a great number of workmen coming from the direction of Wigan, and it was soon ascertained that they were armed with heavy sticks and stones. The mob was about 350 in number. On reaching the front gates of the saw-mills it appeared evident that they had expected to meet a large reinforcement of colliers from Aspull and Blackrod. One of the leaders said their promised allies were "soft ——," and dared not join them. They passed on a short distance towards Aspull, but, receiving no accession of strength, they stopped, and, after a short consultation, wheeled about and attacked the saw-mills by trying to force the gates of the outer yard, assailing them with stones and pieces of wood. Stones were also thrown at the police inside. As they were unable to force an entrance, they attempted to scale the boarding; but immediately their hands appeared on the top of this fence the police struck them with their truncheons, and beat them off. Mr. Peace was there with four of his men, and they, with the policemen, fought with the greatest determination. The besiegers seemed equally resolute, and several had to be struck heavily on the head, so that the scalp was lacerated, before they would drop. After this point of defence had been maintained about a quarter of an hour, many of the rioters got to a part of the fence whence they commanded the flank and rear of the defenders; and one of their huge missiles knocked down a policeman, and rendered him senseless for a few moments. Another party of the assailants were at the same time steadily working to open a passage by tearing off some of the boards, in which they were at length successful. The police-sergeant steadily refused to use firearms, but said his men should stand at the gates as long as they could hold them. Mr. Peace, seeing their danger—for the mob were maddened by the resistance they had experienced, and yelled and uttered dreadful threats—now advised that they should retire to the inner yard, where they would be able to keep their assailants at bay more effectually until the soldiery, who had already been sent for, were at hand. Immediately after this retreat, the mob burst into the yard in great numbers, and it was taken possession of by between 200 and 300 men, mostly active young colliers. A large fire was burning in the centre, and this they overturned, and commenced kicking about, to the serious danger of the surrounding property. The police held the doorway between the two yards, and Mr. Peace and his men took up a position in the warehouses, of which these gates form the centre, and the windows of which commanded the spot where the rioters were now assembled. One of the men in the warehouses now fired his gun at them through the window, having first broken the glass with its muzzle, and this inspired them with a momentary panic, in which they retreated to near the outer gate. Some of the leaders here called out to their companions, that they were "soft" if they were frightened at that, and they were rallied, and again advanced about seventy yards towards the inner yard. Four more guns were discharged at them from the warehouse, which evidently took effect, and led to a precipitate and general flight. The mob immediately evacuated the premises, and Sergeant Gillott and his men now left by a back way, and gained the main road, where they found the rioters dispersing towards Wigan. Mr. Superintendent Scott soon afterwards arrived with cutlasses for the police, and now took the command of them himself.

It was not until half an hour after that the soldiers reached the besieged place; the colliers had passed them on the road. The night was pitch dark; the long files of steel were visible only by the light of the fire in the yard at the saw mills. Groups of men were hanging about, and skulking behind the shelter of hedges looking on. Fifty soldiers were left at the mills as a guard, the rest returning to Wigan.

The next morning a troop of dragoons from Manchester trotted into the town.

Peace has been restored, but apprehension prevails in the borough. The military force has been increased to 280 men; and three troops of cavalry—Dragoons, Lancashire Hussars, and Yeomanry are in the town. Messengers, well mounted, ride from point to point during the night carrying intelligence. Some of the colliers have returned to work, and those who stand out are reduced to great distress.

The authorities were seriously alarmed, however, for orders were sent to Portsmouth on Wednesday for two regiments to hold themselves in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice to the scene of the riots, on receipt of a telegraphic message ordering them to do so.

The latest reports state that the town and neighbourhood remained quiet, but there was no security for this state of things so long as the struggle between masters and operatives continued. The civil and military forces in the borough and neighbourhood are sufficient to overawe the people for the present, but it would not be by any means safe to withdraw them.

THE DALHOUSIE WRECK.

THE loss by the recent foundering of the *Dalhousie* is greater than was stated at the time. Four young men—a missionary, a surgeon, a midshipman, and sail-maker—were drowned.

"Joseph Reed, the only survivor, was so far recovered yesterday as to be enabled to furnish some important details of the catastrophe, in addition to those which were embodied in the protest of the ship's loss. He says, it was the chief mate's watch when he took the wheel at 2 o'clock on the morning she foundered; but Captain Butterworth was up on deck the whole night, now and then going into the cabin for short intervals. At 4 o'clock all hands were on deck, and so continued. He did not see any of the passengers until the vessel lurched over on her beam ends. He remained at the wheel till the water came up to his knees. A few minutes before she went over he remarked to Burley, a fellow seaman, who was by him, that if she had a few more such lurches she would go over altogether. At 4 o'clock a.m. he began to suspect that there was a considerable quantity of water in her hold. The last time he heard the captain give orders was when he was among the men directing them to throw the deck load overboard; this was about 5 o'clock. After the ship went over on her starboard beam ends, he saw Captain Butterworth abreast of the maintopmast backstay, and he thought he must have come up the poop ladder. The larboard quarter boat remained, and, with Burley, endeavoured to get her clear. He had arranged the tackling, and called some Lascars to keep her head up while he got the stern round. In doing so, however, the Lascars got frightened and let go, when she swamped, and went down between the main and mizen masts. When she was on her beam ends, Captain Butterworth, seeing that the ship was lost, told them to do the best they could to save their lives, not forgetting the passengers. He pointed to the schooner, apparently bearing down to the wreck, which might save them. The passengers who were dragged through the galley window were Mr. and Mrs. Underwood and two children, and the young lady who was taken out of the water, and had come out of one of the poop cabins, was Mr. Underwood's eldest daughter, a young lady about 19 years of age. Just before a fearful sea had swept off Mr. and Mrs. Underwood and the two children he observed them embrace each other and in earnest prayer, evidently quite conscious and resigned to their fate. Captain Butterworth was holding on near him, when Miss Underwood, in her night dress, was washed out of the poop, and he exclaimed, pointing to the unfortunate girl, "For God's sake, look here!" She was floating away, when he (Reed) caught her up under the arms, and with the aid of Burley he got her out. He should never forget the look she gave him. He had cut a piece of rope to secure himself to a spar (the spare main-yard), but seeing there was no chance for the girl, he said, "You had better let me lash you to this; it is your only chance, and you may be picked up; if you perish, there is some hope of your body being found." She looked up imploringly at him and said, "Yes, do." He immediately lashed her to the spar, and when it was sent adrift from him she ejaculated to Reed, "May God bless you, and spare you to get ashore!" (Reed was moved to tears while reciting this scene.) He observed the spar going to windward full 10 minutes after the ship had foundered. There were also clinging to it Captain Butterworth, Mr. Fitch, second mate; James Burley, the young assistant sailmaker: a youth named Simpson, (son of Mr. Simpson, cabin passenger), and three or four Lascars. From the heavy sea which was sweeping over the spar he thought it very improbable that any of them could live many hours. He was unable to form any correct conclusion as to the cause of the ship going over. He did not think that the ship had shifted, and if she had touched a wreck he fancied they must have felt the shock. If a bolt was rusty a sudden strain might start it; but he would not say that was the case in this instance. He saw nothing in the ship up to that morning to give the least uneasiness as to her safety; in fact, he was quite proud of being on board such a vessel, so well had she rode out the gale in the Downs. He believed the Lascars sometimes quarrelled among themselves and would get sulky, but he observed nothing in their conduct to indicate that they intended mischief. The chock just enabled him to kneel upon it, and with a piece of deal planking he held up a sort of sail. He adhered to the former statement regarding the conduct of the schooner which bore away from the drowning people. The weather would prevent her lowering a boat, but he added, that she could easily have come up to windward, and as for only seeing three men in the water, as she had reported to the Cowes Pilot, more than thrice that number must have been observed.

Reed's escape altogether is most marvellous; besides his ordinary clothing, he had on a heavy oilskin coat, with a thick Guernsey underneath. Fortunately he is a very expert swimmer, to which circumstance he mainly owes his life. He, however, has expressed himself in most thankful terms to the captain and crew of the *Mitchel Grove*, Captain Ransom, who picked him up and for the great kindness he received on board."

The body of Mrs. Butterworth has been picked up off Hastings; an inquest has been held, and a verdict of "found drowned" returned.

A subscription has been opened in the city for the relief of the widows and orphans of the lost men.

The master and crew of the steamer alluded to have published a statement of the facts. They deny that they sailed away before they were compelled by the weather. They describe, in nautical phrase, what was done to keep the schooner on the spot. "The vessel would not come to windward, or near the unfortunate men who were struggling in the water. All hands were in attendance with head-lines, cork fenders, in fact, everything we had available for the purpose of saving life, but it was of no avail. By reason of the distance we were from them, we could render them no assistance whatever, the sea at this time making clean breaches over our little vessel, being only 119 tons, and heavily laden with coals." As they were drifting on a lee shore, they determined to steer down channel, a resolve come to, we are assured, "with anything but enviable feelings."

BOILER EXPLOSION.

THERE has been a terrific, a fatal boiler explosion at Blackburn in the factory of a cotton spinner, Mr. Hesketh. The engine was stopped at eight for breakfast. At half-past eight o'clock it was started again, and almost immediately afterwards the boiler exploded with a tremendous report, the back plate flying through the engine-house into a yard behind the houses in a street called Salford; whilst the boiler shot in the opposite direction a distance of about twenty yards right across Starkie-street, and imbedding itself in one of the lower rooms of the Fleece Inn, at the corner of Penny-street. It passed through three walls in its passage; first the outer wall of the boiler-house (nine inches thick), then a 14-inch boundary wall in front of the public-house, and lastly through the wall of the house itself, also about nine inches in thickness. The effects of the explosion were of the most widely spread and disastrous character, the whole of the boiler-house being levelled with the ground, as also the one-story portion of the weaving shed; and the upper story of the remainder, the lower story of the back part of this building, and also the engine house, were completely gutted. The nearest of the two cottages before spoken of was shaken entirely down, not a fragment of a wall being left standing, except the party wall dividing it from the next cottage, and a short piece of the front wall, where it joins the latter. A piece of calico from the looms was found after the accident carried over the top of this piece of wall, and twisted tightly among the exposed rafters of the roof of the cottage adjoining. Two rooms (one over the other) at the back of this second

cottage, were also exposed by the falling of the party wall at that end, all the way from the roof to the ground, and the floor between them was partly destroyed also. On this side of Starkie-street there is a space of about thirty yards square laid open, one corner of which is occupied by the ruins of the weaving-room, and the remainder is a mere mass of bricks, fallen timber, broken looms, and other machinery, the engine being completely destroyed. On the other side of the street, besides the low boundary wall, the greater part of the outer wall of the dining-room of the Fleece Inn was thrown down. Five persons were killed and several injured.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

A HORRIBLE murder has been committed at Burnham Abbey Farm. The details came out before an inquest opened on Wednesday. The victim is a woman named Mary Ann Sturgeon, housekeeper to Mr. Willis Goodwin, a gentleman farmer occupying Barnham Farm. According to the testimony already taken, it appears that Mr. Goodwin is unmarried, and that his household consisted of Sturgeon and a groom named Moses Attow. In the farmyard there is a cottage occupied by John Bunce, the groundkeeper, who lodges in his house several labourers employed on the farm. In the evening of Tuesday Mr. Goodwin left his home soon after six o'clock, on a visit to a neighbour, and returned about half-past eleven. During Mr. Goodwin's absence, Sturgeon called at the cottage of Bunce, where she remained until about nine o'clock, when she returned to the house, for the purpose, as she said, of preparing the supper for the groom. The groom states that he was served with his supper by Sturgeon, and that he soon afterwards went to bed. The farmhouse is a modern and convenient dwelling. The kitchen in which the groom had his supper is separated from the other part of the house, at night, by a door, which he says was locked on Tuesday night by Sturgeon, Attow himself sleeping in a small chamber approached by a ladder from the kitchen. He further says that when he had been in bed some time he was aroused by a noise as of some one falling down, and he thereupon got up, and proceeded to the cottage of Bunce, who was partly dressed, with the intention of looking round the yard, as he feared something was the matter with one of the colts. This proved to be the case; and, after the animal had been attended to, Bunce and Attow went round the yard, but could observe nothing wrong. At half-past eleven Mr. Goodwin came home, and Attow took his horse as usual. Letting himself into the house by a latch-key, Mr. Goodwin was surprised not to find his candle burning, as was customary, and on walking along the passage upstairs, after he had provided himself with a light, he discovered on the floor a human tooth and a hairpin. He also perceived a dense mass of smoke and a strong smell of burning, both of which appeared to proceed from the bedroom of the deceased, at the further end of the passage. Calling Bunce and Attow to his assistance, he went to the housekeeper's room. The bedroom is provided with a fireplace, and, in contemplation of a visit from some relatives, Mr. Goodwin had ordered fires to be lighted in that and the other chamber. When the door was opened and objects could be distinguished through the smoke, the body of the unfortunate woman was found lying with her head near the mantelpiece, her legs on the hearthrug, in the direction of the bedstead; and on her legs and the lower part of her body was a mass of fire still burning furiously, and consuming her flesh! A dressing-table and a quantity of linen had been used as fuel. The fire had burnt through the floor of the chamber, and was already consuming the joists. Had Mr. Goodwin's return been delayed one half-hour, the house would have been on fire, past redemption. On examining the body of the deceased, it was found that both legs had been burnt off nearly close to the trunk, from which they were completely separated. The head and upper part of the body were not injured by the fire, but exhibited marks of great violence. One of the teeth was missing—the tooth found by Mr. Goodwin in the passage. The head was injured as if by some blunt instrument. Near the head of deceased was a large pool of blood, and on the door of her apartment and on the handrail of the staircase there were marks of blood. Some jewellery was also missing. Suspicion rested on Attow, but he is believed to be innocent.

The Central Criminal Court concluded its sittings on Saturday.

The Reverend Wade Martin Meara, accused of publishing scandalous libels of and concerning Mr. Craven Berkeley and others, pleaded guilty, and put in a full and abject apology, confessing that all he had written was false. He was liberated on his own recognizances to appear and receive judgment when called on.

Mr. Abraham, the surveyor, at whose door the coroner's jury lay the responsibility of the catastrophe attending the fall of the house in the Strand, has taken his trial and has been acquitted. The grand jury did not find a true bill against him; and he was arraigned on the depositions taken before the coroner. Mr. Abraham was attended by troops of friends in the court. Mr. Justice Cresswell did not find sufficient evidence in the depositions to warrant the finding Mr. Abraham guilty of manslaughter. In the first place, he said, there appeared to be a very great contrariety of opinion among the witnesses whether anything had been left undone which ought to have been done to prevent the accident; and, in the next place, all those who seemed to think that something else might have been done differed among themselves as to what that something should have been. It was proved, also, that the defendant was absent at the time the accident occurred, and there was nothing to show that there was any negligence on his part in being absent. It appeared to him that a physician might just as well be indicted for the manslaughter of a patient where three or four others were called in who thought that something else might have been done which might possibly have saved the patient's life but none of them agreeing what should have been done, and an apothecary in the meantime making up a prescription and administering it to the patient, of the contents of which the physician was ignorant. Mr. Abraham was acquitted, and left the court felicitated by his friends.

The trial of Pardington and Woods, the engine-driver and stoker of the express train, which was upset recently at Hornsey, afforded another instance of the peculiar state of the law respecting "accidents." The charge in this case was that the prisoners did not regard a red danger-signal—a flag waved before them—nor the ordinary danger signal. Our readers will remember that on the 31st August the tender of a coal train, while being shunted at Hornsey, got off the rails. The express was due, and ran into the tender—injuring the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. J. A. Roebuck, Sir James Duke, and others. The question at issue was, whether the offence with which Woods and Pardington were charged came within the meaning of the act—whether not seeing a danger signal was equivalent to wilfully doing something tending to endanger the safety of the passengers? Mr. Chambers, the prosecuting counsel, was bound to admit that, supposing there had been no obstruction, the defendants were driving the train at a rate quite in accordance with their duty.

Mr. Justice Cresswell said,—"Then, supposing no signal had been up, the defendants would only have been acting in the proper performance of their duty?"

Mr. Chambers.—"Undoubtedly that would be the fact."

Mr. Justice Cresswell.—"Then the real offence with which they are charged is not seeing the signal. Can you say that this amounts to wilfully doing an act tending to endanger the safety of the passengers? It is quite clear to me that it is not."

Mr. Chambers.—"It was an act of omission and not of commission, certainly."

Mr. Justice Cresswell.—Yes, but not of wilful omission.

Serjeant Wilkins.—Unless they intended to destroy their own lives.

Mr. Chambers called the attention of the Court to the fact that the defendants would be proved to have been talking together at the time, instead of keeping a look-out, and that it was their undoubted duty to keep such a look-out as to see any signals that might be presented. "There could be no doubt that it was negligence on their part not to have seen the signal; but, of course, he was aware that the question here was whether the act imputed to the defendants amounted to a misdemeanour under the act of Parliament.

A verdict of not guilty was returned, by the direction of the judge. Mr. Justice Cresswell, although he was of opinion that the mere fact of omitting to see a signal would not amount, according to the words of the statute, to "wilfully doing an act to endanger the safety of the passengers," could not help remarking that it appeared to be cutting it very fine to have the coal train shunted across the line so near to the period when the express train was due.

Patrick Connor, a journeyman boot and shoemaker, and Hannah, his wife, were charged with neglecting their children. The pair were taken drunk at a public-house. From the evidence, it appeared that the prisoners, who could with the greatest ease earn two pounds or guineas a week, were out on "strike," and spent the most of their time in the public-houses and coffee-shops, and quite neglected their children. On the morning of Monday week the prisoners went to the public-house, and remaining there all day, returned home quite drunk. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday they did the same, and on Friday morning, they again went to the public-house. On the afternoon of that day, a poor, wretched child, Ellen, two years, was left alone in their room, lying on a few filthy rags, and having no food from the Tuesday preceding. She crawled from her resting-place to the landing, and tumbled down a flight of stairs. Her faint cries brought some females in the house to her assistance, and they found her with nothing on but a small piece of filthy flannel, through which two holes were made to admit her arms to pass. The case of gross neglect was clearly established, and both the prisoners were fully committed for trial.

One of the policemen of the Hammersmith division hung himself last week. He was most probably insane, as he had, in early life, when in the army, attempted suicide. Pecuniary embarrassment brought on a return of the madness.

Another "cavalier" has been pursuing his perilous calling in the neighbourhood of Brockley; for, on Saturday evening week, as Mrs. Ford, of Nailsea, was returning with some other women from market in her cart, when on this side of Brockley Combe, a fellow rode up and stopped the vehicle, by calling out to the women, and, as a means of enforcing his mandate, firing a ball into the tilt of the cart. He then demanded their money, but the women began shouting, so the fellow, scared by the noise, took to his scrapers. It is conjectured to be the same fellow who robbed Mr. Hamlin.

The electric telegraph is the great detective of our days. One M'Grave absconded from Dublin with money; the police sent a message to Manchester that probably M'Grave would call there; the chief of the Manchester police sent two men immediately to the railway station; M'Grave came and was captured with the money.

Great cleverness goes to make a rogue in these days; or else well-to-do gentlemen are easily taken in. A gang of swindlers have been preying upon the human kindness of Devonshire lately, and one of them has been arrested. He was in the habit of calling at gentlemen's houses, and representing himself to be a young clergyman, whose "papa was in the Exminster asylum, having been driven there by losses over which he had no control." In this way he got 10*s.* out of the Rev. Mr. Belfield, and 1*l.* 5*s.* out of the Rev. Mr. Suckling, besides smaller sums from other gentlemen. He had left the town of Paington and gone to Totness, whither he was pursued. Parnall, police-officer of Paington, caught the "clerical gentleman" in a beer-house, transformed into a "jolly tar," and engaged in dancing the sailor's hornpipe. He was at once apprehended, and has been since committed for trial. He is the same fellow who, a short time ago, was sent to Bridewell for swindling the Duke of Bedford out of 20*l.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Belgian visitors are still residing with the Queen at Windsor Castle; and various Ministers, Lord Elgin, Lord Hardinge, and other guests, have dined there this week.

The Queen took her Royal friends to see the wonders of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham on Tuesday. They went over the building and the grounds, and lunched in the Palace. Much has been done; the Queen saw many wonders, and could form some idea of the astonishing beauty of the place when finished. The Royal party stayed nearly five hours; and it is said that the visit has given great pleasure to her Majesty.

We have heard, with most sincere regret, that Mr. Bickham Escott is lying dangerously ill at his seat, Hartrow, Somersetshire.

The Persian Ambassador has been recalled by his court. He left London on Thursday.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany and his heir have gone to Rome.

The Belgian Princes went over the military wonders at Woolwich, and reviewed the troops on the common, on Monday.

The Grand Duchess Maria of Russia has returned to St. Petersburg.

The Duchess of Gloucester, who has attained to the ripe old age of seventy-seven, is now seriously ill.

The will of the late Sir Charles Napier has been proved, and the amount of his property sworn under 20,000*l.*

Lord Cloncurry, so well known as an Irish patriot, and having some pretensions to literature, died on Friday week. He was a most benevolent man; and his death is a severe loss to his country.

Ministers have another bishop to appoint. Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, died on Friday week. He was eighty-three years of age. He was one of the Commissioners of the National Education Board.

Lord Londonderry, while walking from the Dublin Exhibition last week, walked into one of those holes in the pavement made for shooting coals into the cellars. The hole had been carelessly left open. He was much hurt but his leg was not broken. He left Dublin on Tuesday.

It is stated that Mr. Leeman, of York, has purchased Newby-park from Mr. Hudson for 190,000*l.* The purchase is made on behalf of Viscount Downe, already a large landed proprietor in Yorkshire.—*Evening Paper.*

The Wellington Statue Committee of the City have selected the models sent in by Adams, Behnes, Bell, Foley, Smith, and Thomas, as entitled to the premium of 100 guineas each. The number of models before the committee was thirty.

More money is still required for the Lawson Observatory Fund. Last week the committee worked hard, and collected 300*l.* Those who have any money to spare for this beneficent project can help to make up the 1000*l.* still needed.

Wiltshire has an Archæological Society, which completed its first year last week. The Marquis of Lansdowne took the chair on the occasion; and Mr. Poulett Scrope, elected president for the year, made a long speech of great local interest.

The Ragged-school in Blandford Mews, Marylebone, which has been closed some months for want of funds, is about to be re-opened. Lord Shaftesbury is the chief donor of the needful money.

A "Ragged Church" has been projected for Spitalfields. It seems the poorest people in that region tell their pastors that their want of decent clothes prevents them from going to the regular churches! So a special church for low, ragged Christians is to be built. Some 500*l.* has been subscribed; 1500*l.* are required.

Twenty-six reformed delinquents are about to be sent to America by the London Reformatory Institute. These men have been under treatment for years, and have sedulously conformed to the rules of the institute.

It is stated that there exists an intention on the part of the ecclesiastical commissioners to remove the college of St. David, at Lampeter, from that town to Christ Church College, at Brecon, and likewise that the portion of the diocese of St. David in which the latter is situated, is to be severed from that see and annexed to the diocese of Llandaff.

The London and North-Western Railway Company, anxious to promote the mental improvement of their men, have organized examinations and offered prizes for progress in the usual literary studies among the young men at Crewe. The first annual examination will be held in the month of October, 1854, when the candidates for the prizes will be examined by her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the district in a course of studies embracing British history, mechanics, and geography. The day of examination will be announced one month previous thereto, when every candidate will be required to send in to the Rev. Mr. Butler his age, the prize for which he intends to compete, and a certificate of good conduct for the previous twelve months. Every young man in the works under 18 years of age is eligible to become a candidate. The highest prize will be 6*l.*, the second 4*l.*, the third 3*l.*, and 7*l.* will be divided among those who shall prove themselves to have been diligent and studious in the course marked out.

Sir Culling Eardley called together a number of gentlemen interested in the draining of the marshes on the right and left banks of the Thames, east of London. They met at Belvedere, the seat of Sir Culling, on Tuesday. Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Edwin Chadwick attended. It was clearly made out that the Kent and Essex marshes not

only give us fogs, but ague and influenza; and what is more to the purpose in these days—it was proved that it would *pay* to drain them. Steps were taken for making a beginning; and it would really seem that something effectual is about to be done.

The last annual report of the Westminster Freehold Land Society states that the present number of shares is 1575, and making, with those taken up on the distributed estates, 1774. The entire subscriptions have reached the sum of 22,187*l.* 12*s.*, of which 6777*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* has been received during the present year. The number of votes obtained by the members previous to the last registration was, for East Surrey, 35; and West Surrey, 77. The recent revision has, however, added considerably to the number in both divisions of the county.

The numbers attending the Museum of Art, at Marlborough House, during the month of October, were as follows:—25,807 persons on the public days, and admitted free; 1466 persons on the students' days, and admitted as students on the payment of 6*d.* each, besides the registered students of the classes and schools. The numbers during this month have nearly doubled the usual average.

A meeting of the electors of Salisbury was held last week. Resolutions in favour of the ballot were unanimously adopted.

At a crowded meeting in Cheltenham last week on the Turkish question, resolutions in favour of resistance to Russia, and adverse to secret diplomacy, were adopted; and a memorial was drawn up for presentation to Ministers, founded upon them.

At Tipton, in Staffordshire, a 2½*d.* rate was proposed last week, which was objected to, and a penny one was proposed in its stead. The latter was carried by 843 to 356. At All Saints, Southampton, the opponents of church-rates have gained a triumph by 424 to 378.

Sir Henry Barkly, the new Governor of Jamaica, arrived at Kingston, on the 4th of October. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm. His inauguration took place on the 6th. His first public act as Governor was to prorogue the Assembly until the 18th of October, then to meet for real work. Sir Charles Grey had taken private lodgings in Spanish town.

At the opening of Term, on Wednesday, four new Queen's Counsel, from the Common Law bar, were called within the bar. They were, Mr. Temple, Mr. Montague Smith, Mr. Edward James, and Mr. Grove.

The curious case of Lumley *versus* Gye is still pending, and will be tried at the sittings after the ensuing Michaelmas Term. It is an action against Mr. Gye for inducing, as is asserted, Miss Johanna Wagner, the celebrated German *artiste*, to break her alleged contract with Mr. Lumley, who lays his damages at no less a sum than 30,000*l.* The principal witnesses, including Miss Wagner herself, being beyond the regular jurisdiction of the English Courts, a commission has been issued to take their evidence at Berlin, where their examination and cross-examination will be conducted by English counsel, through the medium of a sworn interpreter. Mr. Hayward, Queen's Counsel, has been named sole commissioner, and will discharge, *pro tanto*, the duties of a judge at a *nisi prius* trial. The commission is to be opened at Berlin on the 7th instant.—*Morning Chronicle.*

A new promenade and pier, at Yarmouth, named after the Duke of Wellington, was opened on Monday by the civic authorities.

The *Argo* made the passage home in sixty-four days; she came round Cape Horn; in going out her course was round the Cape of Good Hope. The General Steam Screw Shipping Company have reason to be proud of her.

The *Victoria* made the passage out in *sixty* days; but it was from Gravesend to Adelaide. She belongs to the Australian Mail Company.

Two sailing ships have also made quick passages from Liverpool to Melbourne. The *Indian Queen* went in eighty-three and the *Falcon* in eighty-four days.

A French clipper of 1100 tons, the largest yet constructed in the dockyards of the Loire for the merchant navy, has just been built by M. Guibert at Nantes. It is called the *Sigisbert Cezard.*

There have been tremendous floods in the South of Ireland. Cork has suffered severely. The streets have been flooded; the river rising to a great height, dashed along with fearful force; some piers of a bridge were carried away and lives lost; portions of the quays have fallen; and fears were entertained for another bridge. Soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were out and obliged to use force to prevent the people from rushing into danger. Articles of furniture were floating down from the country districts. A man was seen clinging to a bed; ropes were thrown and he was saved. The loss of life and property has been great, and the floods had not reached their height.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, November 5.

WE receive intelligence both peaceful and warlike this morning. There is now no doubt but that the Turks have passed the Danube; and some decisive news may be expected daily. An official communication from Bucharest, without a date, states that "two thousand Turks appeared at Giurgevo, and fired into the town. In a conflict near Dam, many Russians and Turks were killed. The Turks retreated up the river, and the Russians followed them. At Kalafat there are daily skirmishes. The Turks respect foreign property under the Austrian flag."

Another statement comes from Vienna, dated yesterday.

The Vienna *Presse* confirms the intelligence of the arrival of 7000 Turks at Kalafat, and of the advance of the left wing of the Turkish army, besides 8000 of the Turkish reserve from Sophia. The vanguard, under Namik Pacha and General Prim, had a serious conflict with 2500 Russian cavalry, between Kalafat and Krajowa. The affair lasted two hours, when the Russians retreated towards Slatina. A private despatch says the Turks were defeated.

Meanwhile, Prince Gortschakoff has proclaimed martial law throughout Moldo-Wallachia.

The Hospodar, Demetri Stirbey, is superseded; he has retired from his Principality, and is already in Transylvania.

The members of the civil courts are ordered into the interior, and all offences are to be tried by the Russian courts-martial. All communication with the Turks is declared punishable with death.

From Belgrade, October 21, we hear that "the war with Russia was proclaimed by Izzet Pacha in presence of the Servian ministers and dignitaries." It does not follow from this that the Servians will join the Turks.

The peaceful news is from Vienna. The *Presse* states, on the authority of Constantinople letters of the 21st ult., that Redschid Pasha has consented to a fresh draught of a Note, proposed by Lord Redcliffe, and based on the Czar's admissions at Olmutz. Redschid Pasha is said to have given his consent after a series of "stormy" conferences.

The allied fleets have moved up the Bosphorus.

The meeting yesterday at Willis's Rooms, to provide for the erection of a monument to the memory of Lieutenant Bellot was densely crowded. Sir Roderick Murchison performed his part as chairman with great taste and good feeling, enumerating in a cordial spirit the characteristic incidents in the young man's life, showing his daring and disinterestedness in the pursuit of science, and his obedience under orders. Sir James Graham, moving the first resolution, heartily entered into the object of the meeting, and paid a noble tribute to the memory of the young hero. Sir James said, that when Captain Inglefield's expedition last year was determined on, Lieutenant Bellot applied to go as a volunteer, but as the complement of the ship was made up, Sir James declined his request.

"Lieutenant Bellot pressed his application, notwithstanding my refusal in the first instance. He even sought to bring to bear upon me official influence. Others seek favours in the shape of official influence, but the favour Lieutenant Bellot sought was only that he might be allowed again to enter a British ship, to join British comrades, and to encounter the greatest dangers without any reward, nothing but honest fame being his object. (Cheers.) He actually persuaded the French Ambassador, almost as a national favour, to ask that he might be permitted to go. ('Hear,' and cheers.) After such an application I laid the case before Captain Inglefield, who, along with his officers, said, 'By all means let him come as our comrade; we shall rejoice in his society.' (Cheers.) Lieutenant Bellot said, 'Give me but a plank to lie upon, and a corner in which to put my clothes; I ask no more.' Captain Inglefield and his officers said, 'Let us have him as our associate;' and I believe they abridged in some measure their own accommodation in consequence, and that—except the cabin of Captain Inglefield—Lieutenant Bellot had the best accommodation in the ship. Now, what was the conduct of Lieutenant Bellot under such circumstances? What are the real characteristics of a distinguished naval officer? I should sum them up thus,—assiduity in the discharge of his duties; gallantry in the hour of danger; and obedience under command. What does Captain Inglefield report of Lieutenant Bellot under all these heads? With respect to assiduity, Captain Inglefield says that Lieutenant Bellot was an example to all on board the *Phœnix*. Late and early he was at his duty. The dip of the needle occupied his attention by day; the night he devoted to scientific observations. Such was his example to the British officers and sailors. With respect to his gallantry, there never was an occasion when danger was to be braved, or when difficulties were to be confronted, on which he was not a volunteer. (Loud cheers.)"

The other speakers were, Sir Edward Parry, Captain Inglefield, Mr. Barrow, Colonel Campbell, Captain Austen, Colonel Sabine, Captain Ommaney, and Captain Fitzroy.

The business upshot of the meeting was embodied in the resolutions. A monument will be erected to Bellot, near Greenwich Hospital; and the surplus fund, after its cost is defrayed, will be bestowed on Bellot's family.

Mr. James Acland, in giving his evidence, yesterday, before the Commission, put in a copy of the report of the Committee of the Common Council, recommending the allotment of money for purchasing copies of newspapers. He persisted in his statement that they were authorized, that it was "well understood" the committee might spend 1000*l.* a year; but he could not prove it. However, he pointed out that the accounts of the corporation leave them under suspicion. The matter will not rest here. As it stands, there is no "proof" that the press has been subsidized.

News from Cork of yesterday's date gives fuller details of the destructive floods in that city. It is said that thirty people have been drowned. The streets were like mountain torrents. Much property is destroyed.

Nothing more has transpired relative to the Burnham murder. Suspicion rests on the groom—Hatto—(not Attow) of Mr. Goodwin; but there is no legal evidence against him.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 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.

CHURCH ANARCHY: DISMISSAL OF PROFESSOR MAURICE.

THE profound disquietudes of the Church of England again become apparent to the public gaze. Bishop is again protesting against bishop, and four archbishops against the unauthorized movements of their clergy. A notable Professor, one of the most subtle and eloquent of modern divines, has been ousted from his professorial chair for dangerous teaching, and low church organs are rampant at his fall.

But a still better proof of the internal discords of the state ecclesiastical establishment of Great Britain and Ireland is to be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, itself the work of a clergyman. The writer, whoever he may be, is well acquainted with the anatomy of the "Church Parties" whom he undertakes to describe; and he points out their characteristics with relentless fidelity, tempered with toleration. He lays bare to us the Low, the High, and the Broad Church parties, and he subdivides these further by marking the extremes of each. He has no mercy on the depraving and judaizing tendency of the Low Church, of which the *Record* is the fitting prophet; he does not spare the Romanizing adherents of the High Church with their love of gewgaws and gesticulation; he settles down himself in the Broad Church, that medium ground where clever men of taste and culture take refuge from the inroads of modern science upon historical Christianity, and of modern ethics upon doctrinal beliefs. The writer settles down in the Broad Church after pleasantly discussing the others; and having perused these descriptions, we feel more than ever tempted to ask, where is the boasted unity of the Church of England? There is abundant evidence in the article of an immense change from the general apathy and low morality of the Church in the last century, to the vast activity and responsive perturbation of the Church in this. But as apathy was unity, so activity has led to discord.

In the latter half of the last century the Church was corrupt, without thought, without learning, without great men. Education was neglected, charities were perverted, nepotism abounded, and many clergymen holding preferments openly professed a disbelief in the fundamental articles. But Wesley roused the Church from its luxurious sleep, and making plentiful use of damnation, rendered it essential that clergymen should feel, think, and believe; Wilberforce, being the minister's friend, turning his fervid gaze on great national sins, made it essential that they should act; education spreading among the laity, made it further essential that clergymen should be learned. Thought once encouraged, the change from quiescence to activity once made, and the mere political and sporting parsons once got rid of, the wide spread of education, the onsets of free thought, the influx of German speculations, threw the whole institution into a ferment, which for the last thirty years has increased day by day. Churchmen, like the other intellectual classes, were caught up and carried away by the spirit of the age. All men were out upon exploring expeditions—in science, in history, in theology. Inquiry could not be evaded. Active minds and restless spirits abounded; some sought and found peace and safety, with a not quite easy conscience perhaps, in science; some were carried by their gloomy natures into what we call evangelism; some thought and syllogized themselves back to the borders where old Anglican creeds and systems touch upon the thin partitions which divide them from Romanism, and some dashed through and became Papists.

As a result of the fierce controversies and conflicts, out of the tortures of private struggles be-

tween imperative doubts, but more imperative interests, parties rose into sharp distinctness, and the anarchy of the Church became a visible thing. An institution based less securely than this wonderful product of a thousand years would have been ere this in ruins.

But fortunately, at least for the Church, Henry's Reformation made her, and Charles' and William's Settlement left her, one of the most complete organizations, as a political institution, the world ever saw. Bound up in the State, her chief officers appointed by the responsible Ministry of the Sovereign, and made subservient to political purposes; half her property under lay patronage, a mass of it in the hands of the Lord Chancellor; her Ministry opened as a "career" to the ambitious, like law, arms or physic, and her so called sacred office classed as one of the learned professions; welded into the very fabric of society from its highest to its lowest platforms, the Church has survived the roughest handling, and lost very little of her real power. Fortunately, also, she was deprived of temporal power, and disappeared as a Church militant; and with unconscious prescience, or unusual foresight, the suspicious patrons of the Church even locked up her Parliament House, and deposited the keys in the safe keeping of the Crown. Everything that worldly wisdom could do to strengthen and uphold her politically has been done. Gold, reputation, honours, even veneration, have been hers. One thing alone was wanting; and had that been attainable, perhaps the clergy of the Church of England would have been "content to dwell in decencies for ever." The Church lacked the dogma of infallibility in its head. Ministers of no day could stop theological controversy; the human mind, even when environed with formulas, and often lulled to sleep in substantial luxuries, could not be at rest. Hence came divisions; hence bitter feuds; hence anathemas hurled here and there; hence secessions and concessions; hence flagrant inconsistencies; hence disbelief, misbelief, unbelief, all lodged in the same great almshouse, all fed at the same buttery, all clothed with the same external attributes, and all making, officially, the same professions. The astute politicians who fixed the status of the Church of England, made its temporal conditions of existence so strong, so entirely one with the interest of the ruling faction in the state, so blended with the whole system of tenure in the country, that even the passionate disputes and profound antagonisms of its members cannot split it asunder. At the present moment the property of the Church is its true *religo*, without which its members would split up into the fifty sects they really are, though apparently one.

We should have the Low Church, the High Church, the Broad Church, and all their offshoots. Some would cling to the Apostolical Succession, and Baptismal Regeneration, some to justification by faith, and conversion by grace; some would recognise only the elect, and damn all the rejected; and some would reconcile *all* the doctrines, and explain them—with the utmost haziness, but with apparent self-content. Take away the bond of property, and where would be the Church of England, one and indivisible? We do not even exclude the *Record* party from the condemnation implied in this sweeping charge. We put the question point blank to the *Record*, for is it not the organ of purity and unworldliness?

Do not let it be said that we are supposing an impossible—we had almost said, an improbable case. The elements of separation and scision are all at work; the formations to which they give birth crop out here and there, jutting up afresh daily, and demonstrating the anarchy of the central fires of the system. Have we not seen how the scalpel has been remorselessly applied by the *Edinburgh Review*, laying bare the anatomy of the Church, apparently for the sake of making an useful contribution to its natural history, utterly forgetful of the effect produced upon the ingenuous mind of the public? Do we not see one bishop returning from the consecration of a Protestant Church at Geneva, only to meet the indignant reproaches of his own party who, red-hot Calvinists, accuse the prelate of consorting with Arians and Socinians? and another bishop, who protested against the act of the Church in appointing a Bishop of Jerusalem, and has now renewed that protest? Is there not a slumbering Etna in the diocese of Bath and Wells, where Mr. Denison, only a few months ago, was quarrelling with his superior about the real presence? And, lastly, has not the Reverend Frederick Maurice just been dismissed from the chair of theology at King's College, London, for teaching which was dangerous, unsettling, and liable to misinterpretation.

We pause over this latest fact. Mr. Frederick Maurice is a man well known to our readers. Those who do not agree with him respect and admire him. So subtle, so profound, so eloquent have been his expositions of divinity, that bishops are proud to acknowledge how much they owe to him. High Churchmen consider him "one of the most original and independent thinkers of the day." The *Chronicle* and *Guardian* express open sympathy with him; he is the favourite aversion of the lowest of Low Church papers—the *Record*. Indeed, it is whispered that two members of the College Council vainly opposed the removal of Mr. Maurice; and that they were—the one, a bishop,—the other, Mr. Gladstone! The dismissal of such a man, therefore, is no ordinary symptom of the anarchy of the Church; and on both sides we hear prognostics of strife and mischief.

Well may what is called the "religious" world feel some alarm; well may the *Chronicle* eagerly deprecate controversy—nay, almost the exercise of the power lodged in the Council. Well may the *Guardian*, which is never "good at need," and always flinches in an emergency, give personal praise to Mr. Maurice, but profess to look at the act of the Council only as a bystander, and to dare no opinion. Here is one of the lights of the Church, one of the foremost men, practically considered an unsound teacher of youth. Here is private society already agitated with the rising tempest; here are the vindication of Mr. Maurice, and the justification of the Council issuing from the press; here is the pugnacious *Record* rubbing its fat palms with glee, and predicting, *more suo*, "a fierce and lengthened controversy." It is not for us to prophecy; but, noting that the controversy will rage over the doctrine of eternal punishment—something to contend for—we shall stand by and look on, keeping a record of the progress of the battle, and handing it now and then to our readers.

THE WAR OF WIGAN.

"THE Strikes," as they are called, present several questions which are in their nature really distinct, and a great contemporary has not rendered the whole more clear by mixing them up with a totally distinct subject—that of the franchise. We see as strongly as any politicians the culpability of using violence without the hope of success by that means; but if the doctrine is to be maintained that those who resort to violence in vindication of what they conceive to be their just rights, *ipso facto* prove themselves worthy to be disfranchised, then the whole English nation, which has obtained most of its valuable political rights by means of force, ought to be disfranchised at the dictate of closet philosophers. Let us, however, dismiss that question, with the single remark that the subject of the franchise is not to be decided by the impulses of the hour.

The most important questions which are mixed up in the discussion under the conspicuous title of "the Strikes," are the adjustment of wages, the method of arranging differences, the right of the men to act in concert with each other, and the preservation of the public peace. The last point we hold to be as important as any. We would have the public peace preserved at all events. We do not indeed regard with so much abhorrence those who resort to the *ultima ratio*. Where a subject cannot be decided by logic, where philosophy has not yet arrived at any final decision, force is a very convenient and a very time-honoured method of settling a dispute provisionally,—of finding out which party is the stronger, and leaving that party in possession of the administration undisturbed by the discontents of a weaker and less able party. Where two sides are essentially arrayed against each other, it is manifest that the victory for the time must remain with the stronger; and it is for the interest of both sides that the victory should be ascertained as soon as possible, and with as little waste as possible of penalty to either. The stronger party in the factory districts—that party which is most united with the whole body of the nation, and is in fact both able and bound to dictate the municipal law, ought to be prepared to maintain its authority, happen what may. With all our sympathies for the working-classes, we are not prepared to admit that the rioters at Wigan ought to administer the law in those districts. We consider that the law ought to be administered by the constituted authorities, and we do hold that the constituted authorities, and those who hold themselves peculiarly interested in siding with the constituted authorities, were grossly culpable for not having provided more efficient means to sustain the uninterrupted power of the law. With four thousand colliers, all more or less disaffected; with six thousand operatives in a similar mood; with masters not only resisting demands that the men regard as just, but resisting in a spirit not unadulterated by perversity, it is manifest that the peace of the town was very likely to be disturbed by large bodies of a vigorous and impulsive population, not greatly under the moral control of public officers appointed by mill-owners and coal-owners. It was necessary, therefore, that forces should be provided to maintain the law against crowds of colliers and working men. The forces which the local governors provided consisted of eleven men, one of whom was sick, and another absent. To sustain the majesty of the law as against hundreds and thousands of a justly angered population, the Mayor had nine men! It became necessary to summon the military; but the local governors had taken no steps to prepare the military for the summons. The weakness of the force was no doubt one of the causes which tempted the rioters to violence; and the blood which was afterwards shed in suppressing violence must, in part at least, be laid at the doors of those who tempted aggression by exposing the deplorable weakness of the local government.

The employing classes, who are really the governing classes in those districts, wish to eat their cake and have it. The men have offered negotiations, but the offer has not been accepted. Some of the employing class have actually tried conferences with the men, and successfully. We have mentioned one manufacturer in Manchester, who, by showing his books, convinced his workpeople that he could not maintain his trade if he granted their demands; and they revoked those demands. Another instance has come to our knowledge, of a coal-owning proprietary, who appointed one person, to meet one person appointed by the men; and, after a single conversation, we believe, those two persons arranged matters to the satisfaction of both sides. In their over-land circular for India, Messrs. Maudsley and Co.—a firm whose eminence is known throughout the world—specially recommend councils of sage men, like those in France, for the adjustment of differences. In an excellent letter to the committee of working men at Preston, Mr. Hume, while deprecating strikes, says—

"You declare, that workmen have always been for arbitration, and that the masters have refused that fair course. I am not in a condition to know whether you are correct or not; but whichever party have refused to refer their differences to arbitration, have much to answer for, both to the public, and to the parties who have become the sufferers thereby.

"I see on the list of advocates for arbitration to settle the disputes of nations, instead of having recourse to war, many master manufacturers who are at this moment in strife against their men."

The masters at Preston, however, as represented in a circular just issued by Messrs. Birley and Co., not only refuse negotiation, but call upon the men to abandon their union, without which abandonment no man shall be employed. The masters then refuse all terms except their own; and require the men to pay no attention to Æsop's fable of the Lion and the Four Bulls. For our part, we recommend that book to all classes as a store-house of practical wisdom; and that fable is most especially pertinent to this question of union.

There is no doubt that many of these persons, who are now refusing arbitration, which they recommend to nations at war, have been amongst the most prominent to attack the standing army. They have opposed the estimates in the House of Commons; they have got up public meetings and resolutions against the forces; and now, in their tribulation, they are only too glad to accept the assistance of the forces which they vilify, in suppressing the men with whom they refuse to treat. Such is the practical manner in which the commercial adherents of the Peace party carry out their own doctrine in conduct! They refuse that which they recommend; they accept assistance from that which they reprobate; and they with-

hold a generous acknowledgment from those whom they call in to "save society."

For our own part we do not highly value a standing army. It is an expensive and a dangerous mode of concentrating the manly strength of a country. In the absence of a standing army, a national force, such as that of a militia, is the true reliance for defending the State, both against the external invader and the internal traitor. It would be a wild idea to attempt the invasion of the United States, whose whole manhood forms its standing army; and experience has proved that disaffection is powerless to attempt any subversive movement in the Union, which is its own guardian of its own peace. The militia of the United States has always distinguished itself by its fidelity, not less than its gallantry, in the preservation of national order. The insurrectionary movement during the native American riots, the anti-English Macready riots in New York, the revolution in New Jersey, the practical attempt at separation in North Carolina, were suppressed, not by a standing army, but by a national force.

The republic has its own views, and highly national they are; but it is quite prepared to maintain its own authority, its own self-possession, against the partial impulse of its own inconsiderate citizens. There is no essential difference between English people and American people; there is no reason to suppose that the English people, brought to a sense of discipline—as all trained bodies are—would be less faithful to order than the American militia. But the shop-keeping class, which in some districts has obtained too great a preponderance in local administration, is not competent to master any one of the alternative methods of governing a state. It will neither cultivate harmony between man and man by direct face to face conference; nor will it train the body of the people to discipline and self-defence; nor will it even thank, or pay without grudge, that standing army upon whom it depends for a rescue against the disorders which itself provokes.

ADMINISTRATION OF LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

LONDON is inundated just now with incentives to material improvements, with promises and plans out of number; and yet the universal remark is, that there is neither person, nor power, nor plan, to reduce these improvements to a consistent whole, or even to carry out those of which the necessity, and the design, are already before the superior authorities. This is a wide assertion; but it can be made good in every particular, and there does appear some possibility that practical conception of the actual state of the case is leading to a radical cure, and to such a material improvement of this metropolis as few have hitherto contemplated.

In all processes of improvement there is a work of demolition as well as that of construction. In London, the work of demolition is not only necessary beyond the usual degree, but it is also easy, nay, in some respects, self-acting. We have so great a variety of things to be done, that it would be hopeless to compose an entire list. We have, for example, overcrowded grave-yards,—drains constructed in all sorts of fashions at different periods,—buildings without any drains at all,—streets which are too narrow for the traffic that now passes through them,—whole districts built upon a plan devised about fifty years ago, for constructing houses very cheaply, to stand a limited number of years, —more than one great bridge over the river becoming unsafe from the spontaneous tendency to fall down,—a river which might be the finest in the world, but which is crowded with the ugliest buildings or ruins that any metropolis could exhibit,—the water converted to the stream of a great common sewer,—we have some millions of fires, daily disgorging a smoke which covers our public buildings with a coat of black,—we have public buildings, some of them constructed for their purpose, and with an eye to architectural effect, others consisting of temporary buildings permanently occupied, in obscure streets and out-of-the-way places of "no thoroughfare," the whole public service being scattered about the whole metropolis,—we have works of art which illustrate the incompetency of the nation either to construct a public building, or to give a suitable abode for the works of foreign masters, or even to improve the natural capabilities of that which we boast as the greatest metropolis in the world.

A direct remedy for these several evils lies in many different hands. We have a Home Secretary to close the grave-yards; a Board of Health to stir up crowded and infected neighbourhoods; a Commission of Sewers to exercise imperfect powers for constructing drains "looming in the future;" another Commission of Sewers to make suggestions to the Common Council for similar purposes; a Corporation of the City, with a power to make improvements, from funds originally raised by a tax on coal for the benefit of widows and orphans in the city, and expended on outlying "approaches" so far off as Oxford-street; we have a Board of Public Works, with a Cabinet Minister at its head, to receive and sanction plans that must be referred in part to Parliament, in part to the Commissioners of Sewers, in part to the City of London, and in part to somebody whom it would be difficult to discover in this crowd of separate authorities.

In neither of the preceding lists have we exhausted each subject, nor would it be possible to present anything like a correct account of the plans already under consideration, if not accepted for the improvement of the metropolis. There are some already going forward with real amendments upon the old state of things. There is Victoria-street, in a state of chronic demolition; the ancient refuse of Westminster in that particular line swept away, but the promised magnificent street, with improved buildings on the Scotch plan, a separate house upon every floor, as yet existing only in the imagination. We have the Commissioners of Sewers announcing a great project for intercepting the drainage on the North and the South of the river, by three drains, one on the North side, and two on the South, at a low and a high level; we have the City Commission of Sewers taking the lead in recommending to the Court of Common Council a cemetery of the most improved plan. We have all but commenced an experimental underground railway, probably to become a circular line around London; we have a new market for cattle in rapid progress of construction, at Copenhagen-fields; there is one scheme for the improvement of the Thames by a new embankment, with a new frontage for business on both sides from Richmond or Battersea, to London bridge, on the North side, and on the North side a railroad. There is also lying somewhere, *perdu*, a plan for the redistribution of public offices for the convenience of the service and the improvement of the metropolis. These, again, are a few specimens of the improvements designed and more or less accepted or commenced.

Some of these plans will probably succeed; others will fail; but it is certain that the gross amount of success would be much greater if it extended beyond these designs—if they could all be reduced to a whole, and be made to work together. Let us take a single example of the advantage to be derived from unity of design and concentration if not unity of authority. A discussion is proceeding, with some promise, on the subject of re-organizing the Civil Service. We are aware it has been under consideration of statesmen in office with a view to improvements. We have no knowledge as to the practical extent to which this consideration has gone, or to the existence of any settled plan for carrying out the proposed reforms. But the idea has taken root, and it is mooted with so much interest and ability, that it is likely before many years to attain some tangible results. One suggestion is, that the whole of the service should be consolidated into one; somewhat in the way that the army is at present. Every clerk is now allotted to a particular department, or even to a section of a department, in which his career must commence and terminate, with a prospect of promotion only within a few rooms. Amongst many other inconveniences there is the limitation of promotion, the very partial knowledge which falls within the training of any individual clerk; with the necessity, therefore, of repeating many processes many times over; also a certain fixity in the distribution of the individuals, which deprives the superior authorities of the power of picking and choosing their men according to capacity. The varied experience, the moveableness, the wide range of promotion offered by the organization of the army, are totally wanting in the Civil Service. To render the inconveniences as great as possible, the service is distributed about several buildings in London — even the same department being divided. Finance, for example, finds a fragmentary abode in every quarter—the Customs in one part, the Inland Revenue in another, the Exchequer in a third, the Treasury in a fourth, the Pay Office in a fifth, the Audit Office in a sixth, the actual paying department, the Bank of England, in a seventh. The notion respecting improved buildings is, to continue a reform already commenced, by concentrating the departments more to themselves, and lodging them in suitable offices. This is in part effected by the better gathering together of the Inland Revenue Office in Somerset House. There is another suggestion —that a magnificent suite of public buildings should be constructed on the side of Whitehall now occupied by the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, the Pay Office, and others. Some of the buildings in that quarter have recently been improved, but there would be advantage, as there would be ground, for laying out a much more comprehensive range than any existing in that quarter. The new offices might be built behind those already standing, and either incorporated with the best of them or presenting an entirely new range of buildings. The idea is, to construct them with a face forming an arc of a very large circle from Great George-street nearly to Charing-cross, with two wings projecting backwards on the line with Great George-street, and a corresponding wing about Spring-gardens. Here the major part of the public offices connected with the Supreme Government might be collected; an arrangement, coupled with an improved organization of the service, which would get an amount of work out of the same staff of public servants far exceeding what is now practicable. While recommended on these grounds, the improvement would also give, without cost, a magnificent range of buildings added to the ornaments of the metropolis. If we had a Ministry of Public Works, with power, staff, and means sufficient for its objects, the public might save itself endless expense and trouble, and a fine guiding point would be offered for the general improvement of the metropolis.

But even much humbler works remain without the means or the authority. The plan for intercepting the drainage of the Thames, just promulgated by the Commissioners of Sewers, would, in the language of Mr. Robert Stephenson, "scarcely be felt, if not followed up by similar designs of much greater magnitude, both on the North and South sides of the Thames." These partial plans, however, would appear to involve the expenditure of nearly a million of money; whereas the Commissioners have only authority to raise about 200,000*l.* a year; a sum insufficient by about 50,000*l.* for the annual expenses in current works of a much more ordinary kind. Again, while the Home Secretary is shutting up grave yards, and parishes are forced to find burial grounds beyond the bounds of the metropolis, the City alone has sufficient power and means to provide a cemetery for a large section of the metropolis in one spot, and on one adequate design. And yet again, the City, which has so many improvements in hand, and which has performed improvements for Finsbury or Marylebone, is obliged to filch the money for the purpose out of the coal cellar of the poor as well as the rich—of the rustic in Hertfordshire as well as the real citizen. This part of the great scheme of improvements rests upon a fraudulent species of coal tax, levied in a manner which renders its continuance a bare possibility, if so much; another part rests upon the authority of the Commissioners of Sewers, ludicrous for lacking both powers and means; and others, again, repose in trading companies like the railway companies, bound to no allegiance, but only by some Act of Parliament. If we blame the metropolis for lacking the taste to arrange its own material dwelling place according to its own dignity and importance, the metropolis might reply that it has indeed no collective existence. And here we come to the greatest improvement of all, if it should be carried out—the promised incorporation of the whole metropolis, comprising a population of more than two millions, the wealthiest population in the world, with men of the highest attainments and experience, resident in many quarters of it, and having at command a larger amount of accomplished and thoroughly informed professional and scientific men than any other city save Paris. The metropolis only wants a collective existence and an administrative power to call forth the means for placing itself in order, and becoming in aspect, what it is in commerce and politics, a great civic *imperium in imperio*.

THE HOME OFFICE AND THE "SAINTS."

PLAIN truth uttered from the Home Office is a novelty so rare that it has naturally cast dismay far and wide. The Presbytery of Edinburgh proposed that the people of Great Britain should approach the Throne of Grace in order to beg immunity from the consequence of sin, while they were persevering in sin. And in order that their dictation might be adopted by, the country, they proposed that Lord Palmerston should constitute himself a fugleman for the people in that illogical, not to say impious act of presumption. In accordance with the spirit that hitherto prevailed on such subjects, while an imperfect religion shrank from the light of science, it has been the custom to acquiesce in such demands almost as a matter of course. But there are circumstances which render it peculiarly unsuitable at the present moment. Amongst the immediate causes of cholera is the general apprehension on the subject, which, like an hysterical affection, creates the very evil that it dreads; and any national recognition of cholera as engendered by causes possessing a supernatural character would have given an excessive impulse to that proximate cause. The efficient causes of health and disease, in common with other questions of science, are better understood than they were, even ten years ago, especially in their general relations; and there is a striking absurdity in suggesting supernatural causes when the palpable causes are evident to all the senses, as they are to the cultivated judgment of our own day. To pray for exemption from cholera, while we permit its active incentives to lie around us, is to imitate the barbarism of those who view the comet with superstitious awe, or those who imprisoned Galileo for too great freedom in proclaiming the laws of positive science so far as he comprehended it. When Galileo stood alone, with an establishment and society against him, it was easy to laugh at him, especially after he had grown old, had been imprisoned and coerced. But at present the Galileos are many, and the adherents of Galileo, as a body amongst the educated classes of society, outnumber the leading members of any sect whatever in the United Kingdom. Every Minister, therefore, who renders himself the servant of an obsolete superstition like that adopted by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, renders himself ridiculous in the eyes of that educated class—ridiculous and contemptible as a man rendering subserviency to a low and debasing influence which he does not share. The difficulty of that subserviency becomes the greater, when a man's own intellect and conscience share in the contempt; and at last this higher view has become so powerful, that it utters from the Home Office a declaration of plain truth.

Many journals have now noticed this letter; and when they have done so it has of course been in the sense and spirit of our day, with exceptions—the exceptions also being a matter of course. A pious bi-weekly paper—pious, that is, after the old fashion which disparaged Providence, and ascribed to Divine authority all the mistakes and bad passions of mankind—that journal of old piety has of course attacked the Home Secretary. It was bound to do so, *ex-officio*, as the organ of a superstition and a party in the Church of England, whose existence is incompatible with the general recognition of the truth proclaimed from the Home Office. That journal pronounces it "an indecent ebullition of epicurean atheism." At this rate one might string epithets together without end. We might call the article "a disgraceful effervescence of Calvinistic dæmonism;" but the use of epithets advances no argument.

In order to prove its candour, the *Record* calls to mind that it has paid tribute to Lord Palmerston's "versatile genius and consummate abilities;" and there is one characteristic reason for the love which our contemporary bears him—"the hatred with which he was viewed by the Papists, who regard him as the enemy of the Jesuits throughout Europe." It is this memory of hatred and enmity which peculiarly touches the Christian heart of the *Record*.

The letter it declares to be "painful and disgusting;" and we do not wonder that it is so to the *Record*. It abolishes that canting conformity with long-enduring superstition, and puts an end to those forms which have too long disgraced this country; the *Record* and its party are identified with the maintenance of superstitious uses, and a bath-warrant is always "painful and disgusting" to the condemned. We have no doubt that the final kick which St. George gave to the dragon was pronounced by that scaly individual "painful and disgusting."

The *Record* disputes the premises of the Edinburgh letter. It cannot deny, of course, that the Maker of the Universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, or that the weal or woe of mankind depend upon the observance or neglect of these laws; "for," says the *Record*, "it is no doubt true that Almighty God governs the universe by certain laws which it is our privilege and duty to study." But here the censor uses his exclusive intelligence, altogether superior to that of the Home Secretary. "It is not true that in establishing these laws, the Lord has abdicated the sovereign control, or left his purposes to be carried out by the blind operation of second causes." Now, to repeat the phrase of our contemporary, "this sentence contains both truth and falsehood." Does the Christian writer mean to say, that the Creator never works by second causes; for if so, we have to ask, what do theological writers mean by referring to "instruments"? Are these instruments blind, or have they some partnership in the transaction? Our contemporary will not be inclined to affirm the partnership, and must be content with the passiveness. But there is a deep falsehood in the sentence which implies that Lord Palmerston had asserted the abdication in question: the implication is the reverse of truth. On the contrary, the whole spirit of the letter indicates the constant sustaining of the universe by a living decree, under a law from the Divine Ruler—without a hint of "blindness,"—without a hint of independent power in secondary causes,—without a hint of anything but that there is a law, and that it must be obeyed under pain of direct consequences for disobedience. "Is it reverential," says the *Record*, repeating this falsehood—"is it decent to speak of these second causes as omnipotent, certain to breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death?" as if Lord Palmerston had ever said that second causes were "omnipotent." Of course they are not: it is the solemn levity and blind dæmonology of the *Record* which associate the idea of omnipotency and of secondary causes.

"Does Lord Palmerston suppose," asks our contemporary, "that atmospheric influences, the excessive rains, the disturbance of the electric fluids, have had no influence on the progress and malignity of the cholera?" Of course he does. Lord Palmerston knows as well as any one else, that excessive rains predispose to pestilence; disturbance of "the electric fluid"—if it *is* a "fluid," but our contemporary seems more fluent than accurate in his scientific nomenclature—is among the probable predisposing conditions; and, of course, he would not deny, that an "influence" may have an influence. The critic wishes to escape from the more distinct examples of pestilential causes, such as specific gaseous exhalations, into the misty region of meteorology; where still superstition may dally with science. But second causes have their effects, whatever may be the original law which gave them vital action. If you put your finger between the joints of a door, and squeeze it, you know that your hand will get black and blue. If you take a dose of chloroform, you know the consequences. There is an impiety in irreverentially dragging in higher causes for comparatively simple effects. It is not we, but the *Record*, that drags "the finger of God" into these questions. Second causes have their known effects, and we may anticipate these effects, without ascribing "omnipotency" to the chloroform or the door, as the *Record* accuses Lord Palmerston of doing.

Our contemporary, however, makes his admissions:—

"'Shall there be evil in a city, and I have not done it?' are words before which the faithful tremble. They do not, however, discard means. They will even receive Lord Palmerston's rebuke as justly applying to many parts of the country; but they will not cease to call upon our rulers to permit a national prayer to be offered up, and a national fast to be observed, to show before God and the nations, that we are not all Epicurean infidels, or worshippers of blind chance; but that, as for us and our house, we are determined to serve the Lord."

The *Record* admits that we must do certain things, but in connexion with prayer and dependence on God. Lord Palmerston did not deny the connexion; but he said, do not let us pray for immunity while we disobey. It is a much more trusting dependency on God which teaches us to obey his laws, thoroughly confident that whether the result be life or death, in the ordinary sense of these words, the true result will be life everlasting. The *Record* admits that Lord Palmerston's rebuke justly applies to many parts of the country, but it says "they will not cease to call upon our rulers to permit national prayer to be offered up;" another falsehood, implying that Lord Palmerston has prohibited national prayer. If the nation be moved to prayer, its prayers will rise, and no act of his as fugleman could give force or common life to that petition. But the fact is, that with a better understanding of our duties, we are beginning to perceive that men may pray in act as well as in word—better in act than in word; and it is by acts conforming to the laws which they should obey, that they earn the virtues of obedience in the divine blessing. That is the true faith uttered from the Home Office, confirmed by the whole array of intellect in the present day. And our day, let it be observed, is memorable if only for this, that whereas intellect and religion have been considered as things divorced, the great strength of living intellect has now been directed to reunite religion and science, and to make science the means of more distinctly comprehending and obeying the laws of God.

CITY PROPOSAL FOR OBSEQUIES TO PRINCE ALBERT.

IT is an old fiction of allegorical moralists to represent some fatal influence as brought to a favourite hero in the most tempting form. When Sir Guyon visits the Bower of Bliss, a comely lady presents to him a cup which she declares is to confer immortal youth, but which is really an incentive to corruption, and all its consequences. The poisoned chalice comes with flattering aspect, but not less bitter are the efforts of swallowing it. In like manner the City of London approaches a hero of our own day—Prince Albert, with a complimentary proposal to raise a statue to him. The Lord Mayor is the lovely dame who confers this tempting dainty, but it is the well-known "poisoned Challis," and it is probable that the virtuous and sagacious Prince will decline to quaff.

There are indeed many reasons why a statue might be erected to Prince Albert. In the first place, we all like him, and we are disposed to have the portraits of those we esteem. Every Romeo of our own day likes to have a photograph of his Juliet; and Juliet of course desires to commemorate her Romeo, and why not Britannia her Albert? The impulse is as pretty as it is natural. All Romeos are not good-looking, and policy as well as modesty may sometimes throw hesitation upon compliance with the demand of the too fond Juliet. But in the present instance there is no such objection. The Prince cannot allege his ugliness or unseemly figure as a reason for declining the invitation, and amongst Metropolitan statues it would be agreeable, if only on the score of variety, to have a good-looking original. After the statue of George the Third, so remarkable for the comprehensive extension of the horse's tail—or that of Pitt, perennially extending his nose in the direction of George-street, or that of the Duke of York, who is mounted so high to be out of the way of his creditors, it would not be unpleasing to have the effigy of a man who so frankly meets his countrymen face to face, and has lent an agreeable countenance to so many meritorious works.

But reasons also present themselves against having a statue of the Prince—at least yet. There are many men to whom such a compliment should be paid. Indeed, when the foreigner visits London, he is struck with the conspicuous *absence* of Great Englishmen from the prominent thoroughfares of the Metropolis. He has read in history of our Shakespeare and our Milton, our Alfred and our Cœur de Lion, our Cromwell and our Blake, our Caxton and our Watt; but when he arrives in London he finds us bare of these great men, and discovers only a crowned beadle like his Majesty George the Third, or a clever administrator as presiding genius of some not-much-frequented square. In this country statuesque sacrifice to patriotism seems to have drawn the line at Major Cartwright. There is a long list of such men to whom a statue is due, as a much older debt. Let the Prince be placed in the list and welcome; but how many hundreds down he would stand we would rather leave to a readier arithmetician to reckon. We are about to erect

a statue to Richard Cœur de Lion—not the best, though not a bad commencement of that long list; but it will take some time and diligence in statue-making before we come down to Prince Albert.

There is one statue, indeed, in this metropolis, in gallant and graceful port, and chivalrous aspect a striking contrast to the caricatures that disgrace our streets, which, in all points of view, possesses a singular fascination for the most various beholders.

Charles "the Martyr," whose sovereign virtues are constitutionally embalmed in the ritual of a congenial "Establishment," confronts the common gaze, prancing gaily towards that spot on which he laid his sacred head, a monument for all time of the perjury of Kings, and the righteous Nemesis of peoples. Royalists and republicans alike may well cherish *that* statue, and leave *that* royal effigy in his pride of place.

Our vices and our follies may have asked for a king again, as Israel asked. But if that statue be a trophy of reactionary Courts, it is also a warning of popular justice. It is a sign to generation after generation of that retribution which the national wrath of England, strong in her right and inflexible in her might, once flung in the face of continental despotisms, a century and a-half before French Revolutions were even dreamed of in the contemptuous philosophy of Versailles. Let crowned accomplices and diplomatic pacificators, who think to sacrifice the liberties of Europe to the obsolete pretensions of the *Almanach de Gotha*, remember that monument at Charing-cross, when, in their official parleys and secret conclaves, they babble of England palsied by trade, and gamble away the rights of nations on the tables of oppressors.

There is a radical reason opposed to the premature consecration of Prince Albert. He has not yet completed his life, and although we have the utmost confidence, as people say, in his principles, yet to err is human, and we can but remember that to forgive may be the province of Queen Victoria, if not of her faithful people. We do not, indeed, anticipate any necessity for the exercise of that divine virtue, but who can predict the other half of a life heretofore shielded against much temptation, guarded by vigilant angels, and happily, perhaps, finding it almost difficult to err? There is no gainsaying the merits of the Prince, thus far; but it would be awkward to raise a statue now, and then find later that we have cause to erase it, or retain it only as a memorandum of regret.

We understand that a rival project has been suggested, which would logically carry out the statue plan. It is, to erect a *monument* to Prince Albert. The epitaph is already proposed, stating how he had survived to the age of seventy years, how he had watched over the early reign of his son, the king; how he had never ——

It is not for us, however, to divulge all the averments of this epitaph. The only objection to it is, that it might be liable to correction hereafter; but it is difficult to correct a proof of which the letters are inscribed in stone. To erect a statue would scarcely be more reasonable than to erect a monument. Indeed, admirers have carried the suggestion yet farther than the tomb. The Duke of Wellington had a State funeral after his death; but how imperfect must have been his gratification at that compliment, when he had no opportunity of inspecting the arrangements from the Heralds' Office or the undertaker's department. The idea has occurred of giving to Prince Albert the gratification withheld from the Duke of Wellington, by rehearsing before him that State funeral which will one day be provided by a grateful nation. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of this report, but it is not more unreasonable to mourn in State before the time, than to commemorate before completion.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

"The emancipation of all the oppressed and suffering is the vocation of the century."—GERVINUS.

THE time has come when RUSSIAN SERFDOM should be made, if not an European, at least an English question. London, which has become the permanent œcumenical seat of council for all movements of liberty, emancipation, progression, can scarcely remain indifferent to such a question as that of White Slavery in Russia.*

White Slavery in Russia has been too little attacked: perhaps because it has not been defended with the fierce tenacity of Transatlantic slaveholders. For it is to be remarked, that although many of the rich landholders in Russia passionately desire the maintenance of serfdom, no one is found to justify the institution—no one to undertake its defence: not even the Government.

It is nevertheless a question of capital importance. Indeed, the whole *Russian Question*, for the present at least, may be said to be included in that of Serfdom. Russia cannot make a step in advance until she has abolished slavery. The serfdom of the Russian peasant is the servitude of the Russian Empire.

The political and social existence of Western Europe formerly was concentrated in *châteaux* and in cities. It was essentially an aristocratic or municipal existence. The peasant remained outside of the movement. The Revolution took little thought of him. The sale of national property had no effect upon his condition, except to create a limited provincial bourgeoisie. The serf knew well enough that the land did not belong to him: he only looked for a personal and negative emancipation: an emancipation of the labourer. In Russia the reverse is the case.

The original organization of that agricultural and communistic people was essentially democratic. There were no châteaux, very few towns, and those few nothing but large villages. No distinction existed between the peasant and the citizen. The rural *commune*, as it still exists, is the exact image of the great *communes* of Novogrod, Pskow, Kioff. Muscovite centralization, indeed, destroyed the autonomy of the towns: but the humble word *commune* preserved its self-government, its trial by jury, its justices of the peace, till after the reign of Ivan the Terrible: that is to say, till the 17th century.

The soil was not as yet the subject of individual property: each rural commune held its allotment of land. Each of its members had the right to cultivate a portion of that holding, and each appropriated in effect the fruits of his own labour. Such is still the tenure of thirty million of peasants, *de la commune* as they are called. Land, water, and woods were equally unrestricted by any feudal rights: fishing, hunting, and the navigation of rivers, were completely free. Moreover, the members of *any commune* could leave it and be admitted into another, or settle in the towns. The land was the basis of taxation; but the quality was considered; thus it was differently taxed on either side of the Oka and the Volga.

The condition of the peasants of the Crown has little changed. The Government, far from comprehending the wisdom of the old institutions, instituted for the land-tax a uniform capitation tax, in its very essence profoundly unjust. In some localities the peasants inhabited a domain belonging to a private person. The cession of the soil was made not to each peasant individually, but to the body (*l'ensemble*) of the cultivators, to the *commune*, on the condition of cultivating it at half profits, or of supporting some other charge or service. The non-proprietary *communes* were besides organized like all the rest, and the peasant abandoned them at his own discretion.

It should not be forgotten that the proprietor of this soil thus farmed (*loué*) had absolutely nothing in common with the *seigneur* of Western nations. In fact he was nothing but a peasant like the rest, a peasant who had got rich, or who had served the Crown.

Russia had never preserved an organized aristocracy: it was much less an institution than a *customary* fact, (*fait coutumier*) vague and undetermined in character. The few Norman families who accompanied Rurick in the 10th century to Novogrod, were in less than a century after completely absorbed. The Boyards who surrounded the Grand Prince and the appanaged Princes, were almost all soldiers of fortune, who had achieved their titles by personal claims, and did not hand them down to their children.

There was no conquering race, and therefore there could be no real aristocracy. But a purely artificial aristocracy was in course of formation; a mongrel, heterogenous aristocracy, destitute of any legal basis.

The appanaged Princes, mediatized in the 16th century, and their descendants, formed the first nucleus of this *quasi*-aristocracy; then came the Tartar Mirzas; then adventurers from all the countries of Europe, Poles, Servians, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Greeks. The Boyards and other dignitaries finally surrendered their hereditary titles.

SERFDOM was established, step by step, at the commencement of the 17th century, and attained its development under the "philosophical" reign of Catherine II. This seems inconceivable, and it will take many years to make Europe comprehend the course of Russian serfdom. Its origin and its development form so extravagant and unparalleled a history, that they almost defy belief.

For ourselves, indeed, the monstrous and chaotic disorder of the *régime* to which we are accustomed from our birth, alone explains the phenomenon. In this institution, as in many others in Russia, there is an indefinable, indeterminate vagueness and looseness, an amalgam of customs not written and not practised; and this strange incoherence it is, perhaps, which renders them less intolerable and more intelligible.

How, indeed, is it possible to believe that one-half of a population of the same race, endowed with rare physical and intellectual faculties, should be reduced to slavery, not by war, not by conquest, not by revolution, but by a series of special *ordonnances*, by immoral concessions, by abominable pretensions?

Yet this is the fact; and a fact accomplished scarcely a century and a-half ago.

On his very countenance the Russian peasant bears the evidence of this strange anomaly of recent growth.

He has nothing (it is the observation of Custine, Haxthausen, Blazius, and all Russian travellers) of a slave in his features, but only an expression of profound dejection. He is, in truth, unhappy, and knows not his own identity in the strange position to which he is reduced. He has been caught unawares in the toils of the bureaucracy; driven by a blind government, at the crack of the knout, into the ambush laid for him by the *seigneurs*.

From time immemorial he has settled without fear on the seigneurial lands; he never drew a contract; nay, his master was as incapable of drawing a contract as himself. To this day he never draws a contract with his equals. All his agreements are transacted by a shake of the hand and a glass of brandy, and the act is as binding as if it passed under the seal of a notary. Just in this way companies of carriers used to transport merchandise from the frontiers of China to Nüni, without even a way-bill of the goods.

Deprived of means, destitute of organization, the old Muscovite administration scarcely ever reached the peasant: all it looked to was, that the taxes were more or less regularly paid, and its power not disputed. The peasant lived peaceably enough under the shelter of that charter given him by Nature in Russia—protected by the impassable morasses, by the impenetrable and roadless mud. The State cared nothing for the peasant, or the peasant for the State. While he was dragging on this tranquil and reckless existence, an usurping Tzar, Bovis Godounoff, and a few petty seigneurs, seduced by the example of the German *chevaliers*, who had introduced a cruel serfdom into their Baltic possessions about the end of the sixteenth century, fastened on the *commune* fetters drawn more tight from day to day. First, the right of passing from one *commune* to another was limited: it could only be exercised on one day in the year, on St. George's day (*Youri*). Some time after, the privilege of that single day was abolished, without, however, as yet putting the personal rights of those cultivators of the land in question. Finally came a grand master, Peter the Great: he rivetted the chain by a clasp forged *à l'Allemande*.

Employés of the State, fresh shaved, bearing the titles of *landrath*, *landfiscal*, and I know not what other Swedish or German designations, scoured the villages, ridiculously costumed, publishing everywhere an edict, written in a balderdash of mangled Russian. These functionaries proceeded to a census; then they gave notice "that the dwellers on the seigneurial domains would be *adscribed* to the land and to the *seigneur*, if within a given delay they did not protest." The advent of these strangers in bizarre dresses had perhaps thrown the peasants into a state of vague apprehension: they were quite glad to see them go away without having done more harm! They had no notion of what was being said and done by those harmless visitors. Not only had the people no notion of what was going on, but the Government itself knew nothing, and to this day is utterly blind to what it has done, and to what it maintains.

Neither Peter the First, nor his successors, nor his predecessors—in short, no one has ever explained what these words mean—"to be adscribed (*fermes*) to the land and to the lord."

"I am quite sure," wrote the Emperor Alexander with his own hand, "that the sale of serfs, *without that of the land*, has been long forbidden by the law." He then asked the Council of State by virtue of what regulations peasants were sold *individually?* The Council of State, knowing no law which authorized a sale of the kind, referred to the Senate. In vain were the archives of that corps searched for precedents: not a scrap could be found approaching to such an authorization; but ordonnances and laws in a contrary sense abounded. In a ukase of Peter the First, addressed to the Senate, the Tzar is indignant "that men should be sold in Russia like cattle;" and he ordains "the preparation of a law prohibiting such a traffic, and prohibiting in general the sale of men *without the land—if possible.*" The Senate did nothing. A century later, it did worse than nothing. Too deeply interested in the maintenance of this traffic of human flesh, it resuscitated a tariff of registration (*tarif de l'enregistrement*), dating so far back as the reign of the Empress Anne. This tariff maintained, among other things, that the duties were to be paid on the sale of men *on the land* (*dans la terre*). The Council of State,

* At the moment when all England was displaying a profound and active sympathy for the slaves in the Southern States of North America, incited thereto by the great work of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, no one seemed to remember that nearer to England, across the Baltic, is an entire population the *legal* property of a batch of seigneurs; a population not of 3,000,000 but of 20,000,000! A friend of mine proposed to publish a pamphlet to remind English charity of this fact. But his pamphlet was never published. I have taken it up and added a few general considerations, which however insufficient in themselves, may, I trust, contribute to throw some light on the melancholy subject.—A. H.

after long debates, acknowledged that this tariff was not a legal basis for their sales; drew up a new law, corrected and re-corrected it, and finally sent it up to the Minister of the Interior. *This took place at the time of the Congress of Verona.*

Council of State, Minister, Emperor, not a soul has ever breathed a word of it since.

This precious history is related to us by Nicholas Turgenieff. The author was then Secretary of State, and took part in drawing up the project of law in question. He terminates the recital by an anecdote profoundly sad in its significance. The President of the Council, Count Katshubey, a man of that profoundly cynical humour which experience often brings with the loss of illusions, approaching M. Turgenieff after the sitting, said to him with a smile, half of bitterness, half of raillery:—"Only imagine, the Emperor is persuaded that for the last twenty years men have been no longer sold *in retail.*"

This anecdote makes one's blood boil.

The Emperor Nicholas introduced some restrictions to this sale of men. But he, too, unhappily did more harm in trying to do some good. Such is the result of half-measures and of arbitrary acts. The law in forbidding the noble who has no land to buy serfs, implicitly recognises the right of buying serfs in the noble who does possess land. This law was a mistake; it gave a legal basis to the sale of men, and opened the door to the most monstrous abuses, by omitting to regulate in the slightest degree this abominable traffic.

On the pretext of colonizing a piece of land, already covered with a surplus population, one may purchase entire families of servants, of cooks, of painters, of washerwomen, of musicians. The Government, it is true, is too modest to allow the sale of serfs to be publicly announced in the journals; matters are transacted more decently. The public advertisements will not tell you of "*a coachman,*" but of the *services of a coachman.* And besides, is not the Russian Government bound with England by a solemn treaty to combat the slave trade? Has not the Czar, too, declared every negro *free* who touches the soil of his empire? What business have the Russian serfs to be born white like their masters? The existence of this class of serfs is extra-legal, abandoned without regulation to the arbitrary will of the nobles.

The caprice, the interest, of the lord alone dictates his every act; his cruelty is tempered only by the knife or the axe of the peasant, and probably the difficulty of the situation will be thus cut through, for the nobles wait and do nothing, the Government takes measures which it fails to execute. The nobles, break their contract with the peasant, or they *allow* him to purchase his redemption by paying the maximum auction price. There remain only two resources for the oppressed—if he wishes to gain his freedom, the scythe and the axe. The blood then spilt will recoil on the ruling house of Romanoff, and what torrents must flow! The terrible example left us hy Pugatcheff is warning enough.

What always astonishes me is the absolute, radical incapacity of the Czars. Alexander contemplated, Nicholas was said to be preparing, a measure of emancipation. After forty years what is the result? The absurd ukase of April 2, 1842.

But, it will be asked, what are the means at the disposal of Government? Its means? Suffice it to say, *it could if it would.* When did the Russian Government grow so scrupulous in the choice of its means? Did it want for means when, in the 18th century, it introduced Serfdom into Little Russia, and, in the 19th, organized military colonies? By what means did it cut up Poland into Russian provinces, and reduce the united Greek to the orthodox Russian church? Was the Government of St. Petersburgh ever embarrassed? What crimes and cruelties has it ever flinched from in the accomplishment of its terrorist designs?

The emancipation of the peasants will happily not necessitate the cruelty, nor the immorality, which was indispensable in the perpetration of those crimes by the Government. The whole people will be in favour of such a measure. All the civilized nobles, all those in Russia who can be called an "*Opposition,*" are bound, at the risk of disavowing their principles, to support the Government in this.

There will remain, then, none but the most retrograde section—the most tenacious of the privileges of the nobility. Well! this party has preached so vehemently the religion of passive obedience, that the Government, for once, may demand a single practical illustration of its favourite doctrine. Besides, what rights do such persons possess? They have robbed the people by the grace of the Tzar, and the *disgrace* of the Czar will arrest their robberies. There is no reason why the Government should refuse an indemnity to the actual *usufructuaries* of a past iniquity. The Government may propose a series of financial measures; the greater part of the property of the nobles is mortgaged in the banks of the State: overwhelmed with debts they cannot even pay the interest.

Let the State, instead of transforming foundling hospitals into shameful peasant markets,* enter into an arrangement with the peasants on lands for sale, and content itself with receiving annuities therefrom.

If it were in want of disposable capital for the purpose, it has but to raise a loan exclusively applicable to that purpose; or rather, it has but to hold aloof to let the nobles create committees in the provinces; to let who will make collections and form associations. Two guarantees only would be required of the Government; first, that the money should not be diverted from its destination; next, that there should be no prosecutions against persons of good will. Besides, what projects have been invented, published, and submitted to the Government since 1842? It has neither the courage nor the capacity to resolve to take some step. Perhaps it feels that its own hands are not pure, its heart not free from stain. At all events it does nothing.

But what is the people about? Does not a people which submits to such a tyranny deserve it? Yes, it deserves it, as Ireland deserved the famine, and as Italy deserves the yoke of Austria. I am so accustomed to hear that ferocious cry of *væ victis,* that it no longer excites my surprise. Up, and to arms against all that suffer, unpitied, unredressed! It is not enough that the landless labourer (*proletaire*) is poor, and starving: let us crown his bitter life with a derision more bitter still. The Russian peasant is a serf: let us reproach him with it; let us say that he has deserved his chain; and then turn away our eyes from his hideous sufferings. Still, before abandoning him for ever, let us thank those forgotten slaves for the wisdom which *we* have gained at the cost of cruel hunger to some—the fierce sweat of many—the brutal degradation of all; let us who are the double blossom of this glorious civilization, be grateful, whose smiling gardens are watered with the blood and tears of the poor.

I am ill at ease when I speak of the "People." It is the word most twisted from its meaning, and least understood in this 'democratic' age. The idea attached to the word is, for the most part, vague, rhetorical, superficial. It is one moment vaunted to the skies, the next, dragged in the mire. Unhappily, the noble indignation of the heart, no less than the most exalted declamation, fails to express an exact and true notion of what is meant by the "People"—that large foundation of granite, cemented by immemorial traditions—that vast ground floor (*rez-de-chaussée*), upon which is scaffolded the paltry *baraque* of our political institutions. To the question, to what does the Russian people look? I answer—the commencement of a social revolution in Europe, and that, unconsciously, by the force of their position, and by instinct. Already, thanks to the socialistic movement, the question of emancipation has made immense progress. Government, nobles, people, no longer believe in the possible emancipation of the commune—that is, of the peasant, *without the land.* And still, regarded from the point of view of an absolute and imprescriptible right of possession, there is no visible solution of the problem. An emancipation, based on that which Alexander sanctioned for the serfs of the Baltic provinces, would, we do not hesitate to say, be one of those errors which destroy a nation. The question, now so simple, would be hopelessly entangled. The result would be a *proletariat* of twenty millions of men, in a country already so ill governed, that the free peasant and the *petit bourgeoisie* find no shelter against the vexations of an arbitrary police—where, in a word, such a thing as personal security does not exist. The lords would coalesce, the Government support the coalition! The communal element, the grand element of Sclavonic life, would be utterly destroyed (*frappé au cœur*)—the *commune* would be broken up. We should witness the ruin of the only blessing which the Russian peasant has preserved—the base, the keystone, without which Russia would crumble into decay—without which that monstrous Panautocracy, which extends from Torneo to the Amur, would cease to exist.

I know that there are persons so rationally disposed that they would abandon a positive and certain pledge for the germ of a possible expectation. They would rejoice in the formation of a *proletariat,* because they would see in it the source of revolutionary expansion; but is every *proletaire* necessarily a revolutionist?

ALEXANDRE HERZEN.

(To be continued.)

* The mortgage banks have their room for sales by auction of the seigneurial lands in the Orphan and Foundling Hospitals, which are supported by them.

IGNORANCE.

THE great organ of enlightened selfishness talks about the ignorance of the working men, and couples it with hesitation to extend the franchise. But if ignorance is to be a reason for disfranchisement, we should apply the rule to other classes. Surely, the middle class, which played such strange pranks during the railway mania, ought to have its qualifications for the franchise scrutinized. If a man could see no likelier or honester road to fortune than by a railway leading nowhither, was he fitted to choose a Member? Among what classes was table-moving prevalent, if not most especially in the *salons?*—a proof of their education! If a man cannot discern what moves a table, how shall he judge what moves parties and states?

But we may extend this charge of ignorance to the teachers. What insight have they into the things they write of most glibly? One pious philosopher writes about an "electric *fluid*"—it is the custom to talk of "Australia" as if it were one colony, almost one village—and daily have we communications on foreign affairs which we can only compare to our old friend Zadkiel, whose "voice of the stars" for 1854 reads uncommonly like leading articles for 1853. Take the following:—

"The transits and other tokens are likely to trouble the French Emperor just now; either a grievous loss in his family, or some attempt against his people, which though he may gain the day, brings much bloodshed. The Emperor of Austria suffers near this time; tumults arise in his dominions, and he is haunted by the fear of his people's hate. Turkey still very unsettled; intrigue and poison at work in the Divan; disease ravaging the provinces of the empire. The middle of the month will be remarkable for some violent deeds in Paris, where fires abound and *émeutes* take place, accompanied by much bloodshed. In England there are some changes taking place in the governing powers, who, however, seem to reap some honours and advantages just now. The revenue flourishes; but the people in Ireland are grumbling and discontented with their share of the Income-tax, &c. The wily Russian Czar is successfully planning his schemes of ambition; he is peaceful in his professions just now, but he succeeds ere long in some great political *coup,* and will outwit both France and England, and spread his skirts towards the east, most prosperously. Meantime all goes quietly on in England as to foreign politics, and her Ministers, as aforetime, will be overreached by the artful Russian and his myrmidons in Greece, where, though all be peaceful now, a storm is brewing for King Otho. It will burst about the month of July next, and then will be seen the value of Russian protestations of peaceful intentions, &c."

If Zadkiel would only abstain from prophesying that in November, 1854, the Queen of Spain will have a male heir, he might rival any editor; for is it more difficult to penetrate the veil of the future, than the veil of secret diplomacy? Yet are our oracles so content with their ignorance, that they raise no demand for the removal of that wanton veil!

Open Council.

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

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

FREE SPEECH IN COVENTRY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—The nautical *Emperors* on the Clyde and the Tamar, victorious over pseudo-Sabbath sanctity, may deserve celebration—but inland successes, in the direction of intellectual fair play, are perhaps no less worthy of a brief chronicle. A short time ago the good city of Coventry, somewhat given to quietness and mediocrity, was needlessly startled by a lecture delivered in St. Mary's Hall on some theological topic, by Mr. Robert Cooper. The land of Peeping Tom, albeit well used to spiritual expositions, rebelled at the mooting of the counter side. The clergy of the Church of England did themselves the discredit of petitioning the Town Council to close the said Hall against all unorthodox lecturers. This disposition to refuse fair play to opponents nowhere appears save in Theology. The Church of England clergy, would to a man shrink from the infamy of drawing the bullets of an adversary in a duel, but in the combat of Theology they condescend to take this advantage of their opponents—speaking to satiety themselves, but refusing their antagonists equal opportunity—and this baseness of spirit passes mostly unreprobated. But the people of Coventry, to their honour be it said, have set their faces against this conduct. A public meeting was called in St. Mary's Hall, when a memorial was adopted to the worthy corporation, requiring of the Mayor an equal exercise of his prerogative, in letting the Hall for lectures on secularism as well as Christianity; and a Requisition was signed by a very large number of respectable inhabitants in Coventry, who (meaning what they did) gave their *names and addresses,* petitioning that Mr. G. J. Holyoake should be allowed to lecture in St. Mary's Hall. One object of the clergy in opposing it was to prevent the Hall's desecration. We agree with this sentiment, but we hold, as the citizens hold, that impartiality of privilege is not a desecration.

True Unitarians are somewhat apathetic. First among rationalist Christians, they yet suffer a low sectarianism to warp the souls of the people—yet Free Thought, Free Speech, and Fair-play are under immense obligations to Unitarianism everywhere. In the name of the Christian Religion it stands a barrier against bigotry in every town and city. Too often dumb-mouthed, indeed—but though silent, it is nevertheless a silent *influence.* However, it findeth tongue sometimes. What young man has forgotten the eloquent denunciation the Rev. George Harris poured on the Rathcormac massacre?

When the St. Mary's Hall meeting was proceeding in Coventry, an auditor stepped upon the platform and volunteered what Carlyle would call "manfulest" advocacy of fair play for *all* opinions—it was the Rev. John Gordon, Unitarian minister! No voice so powerful and eloquent as his does Coventry hold. The enthusiasm of the meeting honoured the bravery and generosity of the preacher—as an English audience always will where they discover such qualities. The reverend orator did not plead in the hackneyed language of the universal formula for "civil and *religious* liberty"—

leaving unreligious or unorthodox or heretical persons, to get liberty how they could. *He* pleaded for fair play to *all* parties—Secularist as well as Christian. Differing widely from Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Gordon yet bore generous testimony that the privilege of free speech would be perfectly safe in his hands. Despite the memorial of all the Clergy, the Mayor (all honour to his name) granted the use of the Hall, and Mr. Holyoake lectured on "Secularism the Positive Side of Free Inquiry," to a large audience on Friday, 21st of October last. The place and subject were conceded. The triumph was legitimate and complete. It was a stand up battle of reason, influence, numbers, fair play, heresy, and progress—against prejudice, precedent, coteries, intolerance, and standstillism. The great party of things as they are in the Churches, fought—and the modern party of things as they ought to be, *won*.

Other ministers—let the fact be recorded—may be supposed friendly to equal liberty in Coventry as well as Mr. Gordon. The Rev. Mr. Delf, Independent Minister, said publicly afterwards, that had he been present, he too would have spoken also for a *free* public Hall for Secularists. Very good—respect for those who *would* have done it—reverence for him who *did* it. Conservative Coventry shared the advanced sentiment. Various persons unconnected with these proceedings, sent presents of money to cover any possible costs of the contest—and the working-class, at the bottom of the movement, conducted their part with good sense. They displayed resolution without invective, and the town (as it always will in such cases) went with them.

Did not the press in Coventry take part? "Didn't they?" Didn't the glorious old *Standard* shake its banners—in exactly 39 tatters? It predicted massacres, insubordinations, rapes, immoralities in general, and French Revolutions in particular. It wove prophecy out. Insensate Coventry, it heeded not the aged Mrs. Harris. The *Standard* is a fine old Tory fossil—rather clipped and dulled by being shown week after week as a new living literary organism. But there is a live fibre in it. Its petrifaction is perfect. It is, as was said on Friday the 21st, in St. Mary's Hall—it is the Rip Van Winkle of Warwickshire politics. Winkle, that immortal, immovable, and unalterable patriot, described by Washington Irving, slept twenty-five years under the Catskill mountains, and on awaking, laudably proceeded to lecture his fellow villagers on the necessity of loyalty to old King George, *twenty* years after the Declaration of American Independence had been signed! And with like relevance, the *Coventry Standard* talks homilies and municipal politics of the days of Lady Godiva to the people of the 19th century.

The *Coventry Herald* took the part of the people and progress, and rendered honourable and vigorous service to principle. It rose in the estimation of the inhabitants in consequence, showing that decision and courage are honoured in the city of spires as elsewhere. Other provincial papers with half the ability of the *Coventry Herald*, attract the metropolitan eye, and rule local opinion. The *Coventry Herald* has shown the power to do this. Good men pray that it may be exercised oftener. N. O. I.

WORKMEN AND MACHINES.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

SIR,—In your "Open Council" of the 22nd ult., there was a communication, which as it has some interest for "between three and four thousand persons in Scotland," we have taken the freedom of asking for a small nook in your paper, therein to enter our protest against the extermination that your learned correspondent so *naively* encourages us, the block printers, to submit to; and as if the names of Archimedes and Euclid were potent enough to induce us quietly to yield our breath, quotes them, we know not to what purpose. We shall leave all mention of these ancient gentlemen, noting of Archimedes, that had anything of the kind been proposed to him, the lever to pitch the world out of its course, and into destruction, would, in all probability, have been in instant requisition; Euclid, we may suppose, would, more rationally, have taken his land surveyor's chain, and meted out his share of alma mater, seeing that his artificial pap had been taken away, by man's wicked invention. As we can make nothing more close, at best, than a vague surmise as to how *these persons* would have demeaned themselves, had they been shawl printers, in these our times, I pass to the consideration of the last paragraph in your correspondent's epistle, as the matter that I would mainly object to. It runneth thus:' "Methinks, then, it were well to pause, before he (the printer) blame." Well and wisely said. No light thing is it, under any circumstances, to *blame*, till, at least, a pause, nay a very long pause, has been made. In a question like this, of the politico-economical kind, a reading of Adam Smith and his commentators, would as naturally suggest itself as would a visit from the doctor to a sick person—a task, this, implying a *pause* that, even were your correspondent of the Lord Eldon school, must surely seem of sufficient length. In addition, the writings of one who has obtained some small respect among his fellow-men, home and foreign, might be advantageously glanced at: as, for instance, what think you of this, in Carlyle's *Past and Present*, treating of a Manchester strike? "And this was what these poor Manchester operatives, with all the darkness that was in them, and round them, did manage to perform. They put their huge inarticulate question, 'What do you mean to do with us?' in a manner audible to every reflective soul in the kingdom." Your correspondent has probably read this—surely may profit by reading it again. But allow us, in the meantime, to assure him that there are printers, though, it may be, not of his acquaintance, who have paused and reflected on this subject, long before his advice had reached the light, yet, nevertheless, do continue to throw blame, heavy blame on all discoveries that diminish the amount of labour to be done, *no provision being made by society for those who are thus supplanted*. As a grateful return for the doubtlessly well-meant advice to "pause," we will give to the readers of the *Leader*, who take an interest in shawl printers, apart from their mechanical value, and as men, our notions on this particular aid to production. It is intended, then, by a good many of the operative printers, to club their shillings, purchase machines, and work them, too. What think you of this? You must surely give us credit for thought here, and to some purpose, too, about machinery, and its effects upon our temporalities. Our forefathers would have thought of breaking, burning, preceded by, of course, long denunciations of the machine, because of its unfitness. We act differently. We propose waiting till those who have become fat in their purses by our labour, shall have demonstrated the fitness of this discovery, to effect the printing of a shawl or plaid, and then to step in and share with them. We think ourselves fully entitled to this favour at our employers' hands, in return for our having elevated them, or many of them, at any rate, to a position they could never, unaided by our order, have reached. Will this satisfy Tim?

Oct. 26, 1853. PISTIS.

HOTEL CHARGES.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 19th Oct. 1853.

SIR,—Your kindness in giving room in your columns to the few lines suggested to me by what I had read in the *Leader* respecting the new system of hotels, projected by the "Crystal Palace Company," makes me bold enough to submit to your consideration the rate of charges that might be established in hotels at Paris conducted on a similar system; as also the great advantage that it would be to the many English who come to France either for pleasure or for business.

One may well suppose that the wealthy who travel from place to place in company with their "ennui," care very little whether they spend "so much" or "so much." But the artist—we do not mean the "millionaire"—the observer, the poet, who wish to visit a country for the sake of instruction, the artisan of a certain class,* will be glad when the sum which brings them as far as the natural limits of home will give them a much larger field for exploration.

For instance, take the present charges of secondary hotels on our side of the water. You will find:—breakfast, 2 francs; dinner, 3f.; wine, ordinaire, 2f.; tea, 1f. 50c.; bed, from 2 to 3f.; servants—we can't say. But we pick one from among "the lot," and say 1f.; altogether rather above than under 11f. 50c. That sum of course does not include the many items so overcharged in hotels of all description.

Now, let us calculate what it might be under a new system:—Breakfast, 1f.; dinner, 2f.; good sound wine, 1f.; tea, 0f. 75c.; bed, 1f.; servants, 50c. Altogether 6f. 25c., allowing at once a saving of 5f. 25c. per diem. . . . Of course "items" would be in the same proportion; and, again, a tariff might allow a reduction either for a family, a party, or for travellers staying a certain number of days in the hotel.

Nay, we have no doubt even, that hotels could be established under the following rate of charges, viz.:—Breakfast, 75c.; dinner, 1f. 50c.; tea, 60c.; bed, 75c.; wine, 75c.; servants, 50c. Altogether 4f. 85c.

Now, who would not be satisfied to live as well, or better perhaps than many respectable families live, that is—cold meat, coffee or tea, and bread and butter for breakfast. A good substantial dinner, composed of:—*potage*, fish, a good joint, salad and cheese, with pudding or pie.

Admitting, therefore, that many would be satisfied—and many do not require more—with a good breakfast and dinner, including half a bottle of wine, it would reduce the expense to 3f. 90c., that is 3*s*. 2*d*. per day with servants.

Another great advantage that might be added to the new system of hotels, would be to organizé it so that in each hotel there would be a person for the almost exclusive purpose of giving the travellers all the information they generally require, and that with sincerity and truth. . . . In fact the traveller should be considered as a friend visiting another friend.

Some people will say, but how is it possible to realize so ideal a thought? We think it just as easy as it is for any company to have good agents, for we suppose, of course, that each hotel would be conducted by a director chosen by the company, and who would be responsible for the comfort and welfare of his guest.

It must become clear to every one that the traveller, whether travelling for pleasure, instruction, or business, would in either case know that the moment he had intrusted himself to the protection of the company, he would be surrounded with every kind of attention, and that, free from the mercenary motives which prompt the many idlers that assail him and settle upon him like so many flies on a lump of sugar. And, again, what a comfort for those travellers having to make several stations on their way to the point of destination. . . . How often have we known travellers who could not afford outrageous impositions, or defenceless ladies suffer from want of refreshments sooner than submit to extortions.

Hoping again that you will excuse the "English" of a Frenchman, I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant, P. BONNEFOY.

* Until travelling be brought within the means of almost every class.

MR. GOUGH AND HUMANITY.

(*To the Editor of the Leader.*)

Burrhead, 24th October, 1853.

EXCEPT an accidental allusion to Mr. Gough in the "Non-Elector's" sketch of the Earl of Carlisle, I confess to my disappointment not to be aware that any distinct mention of him, or his orations, has appeared in your journal.

Now this much I can say for Mr. Gough, that in this thriving village where I reside, his appearance as an orator was the greatest event of the kind which has happened in it. With difficulty our Mechanics' Institution sells 300 tickets, at 1*s*. each, for a course of lectures, while twice within one week, tickets 6*d*. each, Mr. Gough filled a church which holds eleven hundred persons. His popularity was greater than that of Padre Gavazzi.

In some lights this fact is a moral triumph. Consider what a motley audience had to be kept awake—those who would otherwise have been chewing tobacco, and chuckling over the last "clever dodge" at the treet corners. The overtoiled mechanic, who otherwise would have been yawning on a chair, the farmer, whose eye scarcely ever grew irradiate, save over healthy cattle and enormous turnips, the man, whose soul swayed most particularly with the markets and the funds, the young lady, who had got little else to think of but a party or a prayer-meeting, the young gent, whose smartest remark was a feeble echo of "Bell's Life, the person whose loudest laugh was sacred to the card-party, and the well-balanced individual who never laughed at all; these were all of the audience, and their attention, upon the whole, was remarkably vivid during three hours of Gough.

Then consider what was the subject-matter which produced this unusual intellectual activity—personal reform; not upon authority, but by the recommendations of experience. Every one in that audience was told he had in his constitution the test of the truth or falsehood of the orator's remarks. For once, in talking about morality, a Scotch audience failed to hear of Palestine. Moses and the prophets were no longer seen in a glare. But positive conviction was sought to be established, regarding many social duties, upon knowledge furnished by the senses, or by information, the best quality of which was, that it was always ready to become our knowledge by further inquiry. Many of the orator's similes were vividly condensed accounts of interesting natural and social phenomena in America, tending to arouse interest in such things. Altogether, although I would have been prouder to have seen Mr. Emerson attended like Mr. Gough, I must say the latter is such a vast improvement on our clergy with their own subjects—so much of the human and progressive element was in the man's discourse—that, since hearing him, I have grown more hopeful of humanity. TIM.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. IX. of the "Governing Classes"—Sir James Graham—is unavoidably deferred till next week.

We have forwarded the remonstrance of a "Stockport Mormon" to the writer of the letters against which he protests.

We cannot undertake to correspond with unpublished poets, still less to return the tons of verse which we are in the habit of receiving from gentlemen who write in the Spenserian stanza.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER-MAKING.—Artificial flower-making is not an insignificant trade. An inquiry was made into the industrial statistics of Paris in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, which lets us into a little secret in this matter. The total manufacture of cambric flowers in that year was prodigious, amounting in value to more than four hundred thousand pounds sterling. We, in England, only took twelve thousand pounds' worth of this value; for we pride ourselves on being able to make our own artificial flowers. The cambric, muslin, gauze, velvet, silk, and other materials were procured from St. Etienne, St. Quentin, and Lyons; the dyes and colours were prepared expressly for the purpose by manufacturing chemists; the buds, leaves, petals, stamens, pistils, and other component parts, were made in small workshops by persons who each attended to only one part of a flower; while the whole were fitted together in other workshops. Even these workshops are frequently limited to one single kind of flower each; so completely is the division of labour carried out.

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.*

ALL those who suffer the chronic malady of "neglected genius," and who believe that in this age poetry is a "drug," because their own drug-poetry does not sell, will attribute the extraordinary success of ALEXANDER SMITH's poems to luck, accident, or the "puffery of critics." We ourselves have been accused of having puffed this bubble. We do not think, however, that our efforts would succeed so well with *another* kind of bubble, and suspect that if we were to become dithyrambic on JONES, it would not prevent JONES from being considered a drug. Be it luck, or be it genius—or even perhaps a combination of both—ALEXANDER SMITH's success is a fact. He has had all the honours. He has been lauded, he has been abused, he has been learned by heart, and his autographs eagerly sought for. And now finally comes the avatar of fashion: he is to be "taken up" by "the great." At present we hear that he is staying on a visit with the Duke and Duchess of ARGYLE. This fact will probably excite general misgivings as to his future, "lest his head should be turned," and "society," the syren, should ruin him. We do not share those misgivings; we believe that it is only a weak head that can be so turned; and weak heads would be turned as easily by the flattery of the *bourgeoisie* as by that of high society. Now, unless we have made a fundamental mistake with regard to ALEXANDER SMITH, he is remarkably endowed with sagacity and direct good sense. Success and flattery may fluster him for a little, and make him feel like a man who has suddenly fallen into the water, rising to the surface with a confused ringing in his ears, and rather a random sense of helplessness, until he gets his head fairly above water, when he strikes calmly out, and swims with such strength as God has given to him.

The Magazines this month contain much that is interesting. *Fraser* concludes its very remarkable contribution to history, in the shape of an enquiry into the *Morals of Queen Elizabeth*, a masterly vindication of Elizabeth's character, and a searching analysis of the evidence or want of evidence, upon which the charges against her have been founded. *Anatomy in Long Clothes* is the quaint title of a biographical article on VESALIUS, the father of modern anatomy. It bears the trace of that able hand which in the same magazine recently described the career of CONRAD GESNER, and however removed from the sympathies of the general reader the life of an anatomist might appear, the writer of the present article has contrived to tell the story in a way which will be interesting to all readers. The difficulties with which VESALIUS had to contend, fighting as he did against ignorance and prejudice, which made it seem impious to lay the scalpel on the "human form divine," furnish the biographer with good material. We will give a specimen of the sublime "bodysnatching" to which this great man of science was doomed, in an age when only dogs and monkeys were allowed to furnish evidence of our wonderful mechanism. While VESALIUS was at Louvain, he rambled outside the gates with his friend, and came to the Tyburn of Louvain.

"Now there had been executed on that spot a noted robber, who, since he deserved more than ordinary hanging, had been chained to the top of a high stake, and roasted alive. He had been roasted by a slow fire made of straw, that was kept burning at some distance below his feet. In that way there had been a dish cooked for the fowls of heaven, which had been regarded by them as a special dainty. The sweet flesh of the delicately roasted thief they had preferred to every other; his bones, therefore, had been elaborately picked, and there was left suspended on the stake a skeleton dissected out and cleaned by many beaks with rare precision. The dazzling skeleton, complete and clean, was lifted up on high before the eyes of the anatomist, who had been striving hitherto to piece together such a thing out of the bones of many people, gathered as occasion offered. That was a flower to be plucked from its tall stem.

"Mounting upon the shoulders of his friend, and aided by him from below, young Andreas ascended the charred stake, and tore away whatever bones he found accessible, breaking the ligaments which tied the legs and arms to the main trunk. The trunk itself was bound by iron chains so firmly to the stake, that it was left there hanging. With stolen bones under their clothes, the two young men returned into Louvain.

"But in the evening Vesalius went out alone to take another walk, did not return in haste, and suffered the town gates to close against him. He had resolved to spend the night a-field under the stars; while honest men were sleeping in their beds he meant to share the vigil of the thieves. There was the trunk of the skeleton yet to be had. At midnight none would dare to brave the spectacle of fleshly horrors, to say nothing of such ghostly accidents as might befal them among corpses of the wicked, under rain, moon, stars, or flitting night-clouds. Certain, therefore, that no man would come to witness his offence, Vesalius at midnight again climbed the tree to gather its remaining blossom. By main force he deliberately wrested the whole set of bones out of the grasp of the great iron fetters, and then having removed his treasure to a secret spot, he buried it. In the morning he returned home empty-handed. At leisure then, and carefully, he smuggled through the gates day after day bone after bone. But when the perfect skeleton was set up in his own house, he did not scruple to display it openly, and to demonstrate from it, giving out that it had been brought by him to Louvain from Paris."

Another article in this number, which will not be left unread, is *Thoughts on Shelley and Byron*, by a hand easily recognisable. It may be considered as a continuation of the paper last month in favour of POPE, and in protest against the poetical tendency of our age. It is fierce, eloquent, abrupt, exaggerated, and startling, the tendency of it being to elevate BYRON, because he recognised a Law which he was perpetually breaking, (and in so far he must be dear to Orthodoxy, since his very fierceness of misanthropy was homage, as Orthodoxy interprets it,) and to depreciate SHELLEY, because instead of saying, "There is a Law, and therefore I am miserable; why cannot I keep the Law? SHELLEY says, There is a law, and therefore I am miserable; why should not the law be abolished?" To any one who accepts this description of the two men, the article will be triumphant in its success. But we do not think those who know and love SHELLEY will fail to see through this sophisticate statement. SHELLEY, of course, like all men who think at all, recognised that there was a Law of right and wrong, good and evil, truth and falsehood; but in the place of that Law, obscuring it, misrepresenting it, pretending to *be* it, but being in fact a divergent distortion thereof,—was a Law made by man, and not by God; and *this* was the Law SHELLEY said should be abolished.

Blackwood treats us to one of its admirable analyses of foreign works, in the shape of an article on Dr. TSCHUDI's *Brute Life in the Alpine Regions*. From this article, which will specially interest the naturalists, we select a passage about bats:—

"They are the owls amongst mammalia; like them they are dismal, nocturnal, carniverous creatures, unamiable and shy. Our naturalists are probably still far from a thorough knowledge of them, their secret abodes and nocturnal habits rendering this very difficult to attain. And in this respect natural history receives small aid from man, who loathes the bat, because he does not know that it is his benefactor; kills it when he can, and throws it away. Strange it is that man has such a profound aversion and almost invincible horror for many animals which are positively useful and no way injurious! He shuns and persecutes toads and lizards, which destroy so many locusts, worms, spiders, flies, and snails; blind worms and snakes, which rid him of vermin and of mice; moles, owls, and bats, which are his true benefactors, and should be carefully protected. The last named are, like swallows, active destroyers of insects, and devour millions of beetles, injurious water insects, tree-caterpillars, cabbage-butterflies, night-moths, and May-bugs, and crunch, with their numerous and extremely sharp-teeth, even the hard-winged dung-beetle. Certainly they have not the agreeable aspect or the amiable manners of canaries or goldfinches; they are wild and fierce, and ready enough to open their wide red gullets against the head of man. They are hard to tame, and, when held captive, usually refuse all nourishment. Their musky smell, the thin oily skin of their wings, their tawny hair, their hissing and grumbling, their little tail and their claws, are not particularly attractive; but one might forgive them all that, and leave them in peace, inasmuch as they do great and good service. Popular superstition classes them as venomous, with toads, frogs, and snakes. They are just as little so as any of these, and have not the absurd passion attributed to them of flying into people's hair. Weasels and polecats, martens and dogs, and especially owls, their sworn foes, persecute them sufficiently, to prevent their numbers ever becoming troublesome to man, though he should leave them unmolested."

The Romans in Scotland, and *Athens in* 1853, are two articles which will be read with interest. But there is something more than interest in the concluding paper on *The Narcotics we Indulge in*. Opium, hemp, and coca are treated as hop and tobacco were before, with great knowledge, clearness of exposition, and admirable impartiality:—

"It will strike the reader of the present article as somewhat remarkable, that modern, perhaps more impartial and truth-loving inquiry, should strip so many of these narcotic indulgencies of the horrid and repulsive aspect they have always hitherto worn. We find now that they have all a fair side as well as a foul, and that it becomes a question for reasonable discussion whether an educated population, trained to the exercise of a reasonable self-control, might not be safely left to avail themselves of the strangely fascinating enjoyments they are capable of affording, without much risk of their becoming the source of any greatly extended after-misery. But when, it may be pertinently asked, can we hope to see the mass of our population so trained to self-denial and self-restraint?"

In the *Dublin University Magazine*, pigs are honoured by a display of erudition and sympathy in their behalf which must extort approving grunts from the most indifferent of porkers. The article is entitled *Pig Lore;* and, as a slight taste of its quality, read this:—

"It seems difficult to account for the almost universal connexion of swine with religious ceremony. The ancient Romans sacrificed the sow to Bacchus and to Ceres; while he amongst them who *unconsciously* desecrated the public holiday, or *feriæ publicæ*, might atone for the offence by sacrificing a pig, though he whose disobedience was *intentional*, was deemed to have transgressed beyond reparation. Homer, amongst various epithets which he bestows upon Artemis, speaks of her as one 'rejoicing in the wild boar and stag.' The Argives offered the sow to Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love and Beauty; while, in a very different region of the earth, the natives of the Sandwich Isles still sacrifice the pig to Pele, the witch-goddess who personifies the crater of Kerauea. The mythology of the East represents that when the earth was hidden away by the malice of *the giant Hiranyakshana*, the God Vishñ assumed the form of a mighty boar, with fiery tusks, and rooted it up from the depths of Patalas, restoring it to its proper place, and thus dignifying the pig, in the estimation of a large portion of the people of Asia, by associating it with his third, or *Vahara* Avatar; in commemoration of which he is sometimes represented in Hindu temples with the head of a pig."

The Colloquies of Erasmus furnish another entertaining paper; but readers will probably neglect everything for the very humorous paper, by the author of the "Bachelor of the Albany," in which he describes an *Excursion to the Limbos*. We can only find room for this vision of the hotel-keeper's hell, as sketched by the demon himself:—

"Then he gave me some details of this most appropriate punishment that could possibly be inflicted on the Bonifaces; how they were to be arraigned and convicted at their own bars; how they were to be scorched, in *secula seculorum*, by their own wax-candles; how all the caravanserais in Turkey, and all the inns in Russia and Spain were to give up their legions of fleas to stock the bedrooms with; how they were to be inexorably doomed to drink their own wines pure; how they were to be served and waited on through endless ages by their own waiters; how their own interminable bills were to be presented to them every morning and every

night, while eternity lasted; and how they were to be made to undergo in the spirit what they had so ruthlessly inflicted on others in the flesh—the horrors of paying their own flagitious reckonings. So minute, indeed, were these infernal arrangements for the entertainment of our earthly hosts, that, taking a hint from the well-known proprietor of the Hotel Gibbon at Lausanne, who had the honour of originating the charge for *èveillage*, it was admirably provided that, while the hotel-keepers are never permitted to slumber, by reason of the armies of fleas, and other nocturnal visitations, they are rigorously to be made to pay through the nose for the service of being roused from their beds after nights of sleepless torment."

Space only permits us to add, that GEORGE GILFILLAN is very severe upon SHERIDAN in *Hogg's Instructor*, and that the *Triad of Great Poets* is concluded in this month's *Tait*.

On taking up the *Record*, that "amusing print," which delights our *very* "low Church," we are always prepared for a large supply of the Christian malevolence emanating from men who regard doubts of eternal tortures in Hell as "attempts to rob man of his last and greatest solace." What, indeed, would be the "comfort" of Religion if we did not believe that our adversaries would roast?

But among the outrages on truth and decency to which the piety of the *Record* impels it, there is, this week, a manifestation of pruriency which we single out for notice, because it is one of the errors needful to be exposed. A lady writes to the Editor complaining that the "disgusting human form" (which, by the way, seems to be as alluring as it is disgusting) is getting familiarized to the British eye through the medium of Art; and the consequences of this familiarity with "God's image" are too dreadful to be named. She assures us:—

"I can say with truth that *my unmarried sisters have literally shuddered* at our breakfast-table, when some of these Italian boys have *stood before our window with statues of the Greek Slave*, taller than my eldest child; and even my little girl had sense enough to ask if I did not think it '*very indelicate* to have such naked statues in the streets?' Literally, one is afraid to cast a glance in the shop windows, at some of the very beautiful prints, for fear of finding, close behind some historical or other picture, *one of these disgusting portraits of the human form.*

"Certain I am that Englishwomen generally would deeply regret the *continuance*, to say nothing of the *increase*, of nudity in pictures and statues. I was sorry to see that two statues of Venus, and *another heathen specimen of immodesty*, were erected at the fountains of Osborne."

To our apprehension it seems that minds must have been perverted by education, if plaster casts of statues, not in themselves suggestive of voluptuous thoughts, can so "set the blood ablaze." We do not lay claim to any peculiar coldness of temperament, yet it is absolutely *impossible* for us to place ourselves imaginatively in the state of mind which could be "tempted" by a statue or a picture, not obviously designed for that effect. This good lady, however, thinks differently:—

"I should be very sorry to see my children (of whom I have a goodly number) growing up *with more temptations to evil thoughts and desires than I found around me when I was a girl.*"

She fears the evil thoughts suggested by such things, believes they would constitute "temptations." In such belief, on the part of a woman, we see nothing but the distorted perception resulting from an unnatural education. But it is different with the Editor of the *Record*. Men have no such educations. They are not taught from infancy upwards to "shudder" at statues; and when the Editor of the *Record* appends such comments as those which follow, we can only attribute them to pruriency or hypocrisy:—

"We thank our correspondent for her excellent remarks. When a man or woman can complacently look upon a naked figure without any of that sense of shame felt by Adam and Eve after the fall, this is a proof of the fine edge of their moral feelings being already blunted. Our correspondent's child *only obeyed the pure and healthy impulses of her moral instincts*, when she asked if it were not '*very indelicate* to have such naked statues in the streets.'" The offensive exhibitions so loudly complained of have been too much tolerated, perhaps, by many of our fair countrywomen; and we fear that the high sense of principle and refinement of moral feeling for which English women were always so distinguished, has in some degree been deteriorated by frequent intercourse with the Continent. Is not the introduction of the immodest and unbecoming continental fashion of very low dresses, one of *the evil results of too much familiarity with licentious works of art?* We feel, however, assured that Christian mothers, and all serious religious professors, will exhibit to the world, in this respect, a better taste and more chastened spirit, following the apostolic injunction, 'I will, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety.' Let them protest, each in their own circle, against all demoralizing exhibitions of works of art, and they will go far in putting them down, and purifying the present relaxed public standard of moral feeling; for women are, in an eminent degree, the guardians of public morals in every nation."

As a matter of fact our reverend "Recordite" should be told that so far from the fashion of low dresses coming from our recent intercourse with the Continent, all over the Continent it is a matter of surprise that Englishwomen are so daring in that respect. But let the fashion come whence it may, it has nothing to do with Art, and only prurient susceptibility could see in Art a licentious influence. It is true such pruriency *has* done so, from time immemorial. *Tartufe* was, like our "Recordite," unable to see the naked shoulders of *Dorine*, and insisted on her covering them:—

"Couvrez ce sein que je ne saurois voir.
Par de pareils objets les âmes sont blessées
Et cela fait venir de coupables pensées."

Yes, in a gross *Tartufe* the sight suggested wicked thoughts; but to *Dorine's* simple mind *that* fact only proved how easily he was moved.

"Vous êtes donc bien tendre à la tentation,
Et la chair sur vos sens fait grande impression!
Certes, je ne sais pas quelle chaleur vous monte:
Mais à convoiter, moi, je ne suis point si prompte."

People of narrow minds and strong animal propensities may certainly find temptations in a variety of objects, which are not naturally suggestive of voluptuous thoughts; but it is the sign of a vicious or perverted mind, when, instead of appealing to the intellect and sentiments, a work of Art appeals in any way to the animal propensities; and all the cant about delicacy is not only false delicacy, but breeds the very evil it would check. It is by such refinement that America puts trousers on the legs of a pianoforte; for are they not *legs*, and do not naked legs suggest ideas? Nay, ought the word "naked" itself to be permitted—does it not tend to "blunt the edge of our moral feelings?" And when orators use the phrase "naked vigour and resolution," ought we not to put up our fans and stuff our licentious ears with cotton? SWIFT says, "a *nice* man is a man with nasty ideas." The *Record* has few ideas, and half of them are nasty.

HUXLEY ON THE CELL-THEORY.

The British and Foreign Medical Review. No. XXIV. October, 1853. Price 6*s.* S. Highley.

ACCORDING to promise we return to this number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, to consider Mr. Huxley's valuable and somewhat startling paper on the *Cell-Theory*, as it is at present understood. It is a paper calculated to stimulate thought, and prevent the stagnation of acquiescent minds; but it is also, from its very power, calculated to *mislead*, and we feel it necessary to question Mr. Huxley's positions with the same freedom he has used towards Schleiden and Schwann.

To begin our objections; the general impression derived from the article is, that Mr. Huxley knocks down Schleiden and Schwann, and sets up in their place an older philosopher whom he has discovered. When we say discovered, we mean as regards the actual significance of his writings; for although Wolff's writings have been tolerably well known in Germany, it is only, we believe, in Mr. Huxley's hands that they have been found to anticipate (in a somewhat correcter form), the doctrines of Schleiden and Schwann. It is true that Mr. Huxley also discovers in a vague sentence quoted from Actuarius, "a concise expression of the cell theory such as may be found in many a handbook of the day. So far," he adds, "and no further, have three centuries brought us!" This small passage renders us suspicious of his Wolfian discovery; the more so as he does not *quote* Wolff, but *interprets* him thus:

"Wolff's doctrine concerning histological development is shortly this. Every organ, he says, is composed at first of a little mass of clear, viscous, nutritive fluid, which possesses no organization of any kind, but is at most composed of globules. In this semi-fluid mass, cavities (*Bläschen, Zellen*) are now developed; these, if they remain rounded or polygonal, become the subsequent cells—if they elongate, the vessels; and the process is identically the same, whether it is examined in the vegetating point of a plant, or in the young budding organs of an animal. Both cells and vessels may subsequently be thickened, by deposits from the 'solidescible' nutritive fluid. In the plant, the cells at first communicate, but subsequently become separated from one another; in the animal, they always remain in communication. In each case, they are mere cavities, and not independent entities; organization is not effected by them, but they are the visible results of the action of the organizing power inherent in the living mass, or what Wolff calls the *vis essentialis*. For him, however, this 'vis essentialis' is no mythical *archæus*, but simply a convenient name for two facts which he takes a great deal of trouble to demonstrate; the first, the existence in living tissues (before any passages are developed in them) of currents of the nutritious fluid determined to particular parts by some power which is independent of all external influence; and the second, the peculiar changes of form and composition, which take place in the same manner.

"Now there is really no very great difference between these views of the mode of development of the tissues, and those of Schleiden and Schwann. The 'solidescible nutritive fluid' of Wolff is the 'cytoblastema' of Schleiden and Schwann; with the exception of the supposed relation of the nucleus to the development of the cell (which, as we shall see, is incorrect) Wolff's description of the latter process is nearly that of Schleiden; Wolff maintains that the 'vessels' of plants are the result of the greater activity of the nutritive currents in particular directions; and so does Schleiden."

Now, considering the notorious erudition of German philosophers, the enmity which Schleiden's caustic criticisms have excited, and the claims of originality set up by both Schleiden and Schwann never contradicted, it does to us seem very incredible that this claim set up for Wolff should never before have been alluded to. Schleiden and Hugo von Mohl both quote Wolff; indeed, the great teacher of Epigenisis was not likely to have been overlooked by them or others. Our belief is that Mr. Huxley, fully possessed of all the details of the cell-theory, has *read into* Wolff what Wolff never conceived; as, to use an extreme illustration, Bacon read physical theories in the "Wisdom of the Ancients."

Thus much in historical rectification. With regard to the speculative portions of Mr. Huxley's paper, amid much that is admirable and suggestive, we perceive with regret a *metaphysical* leaven, of which he seems unconscious. Thus, in his—

CONTRAST BETWEEN WOLFF AND SCHWANN.

"In the 'Theoria Generationis,' and in the essay on the vital forces published thirty years afterwards, Wolff developed some very remarkable views on the relation of life to organization—of the vital processes to the organic elements—in which he diverges very widely from all who preceded, and from most who have followed him,—most of all from Schleiden and Schwann. We may best exhibit the bearing of these views by contrasting them with those of the latter writers.

"Schleiden and Schwann teach implicitly that the primary histological elements (cells) are independent, anatomically and physiologically; that they stand in the relation of *causes* or *centres*, to organization and the 'organizing force;' and that the whole organism is the result of the union and combined action of these primarily separate elements. Wolff, on the other hand, asserts that the primary histological elements (cells too, but not always defined in the same way) are not either anatomically or physiologically independent; that they stand in the relation of *effects* to the organizing or vital force (vis essentialis); and that the organism results from the 'differentiation' of a primarily homogeneous whole into these parts.

Such a doctrine is, in fact, a most obvious and almost a necessary development of the doctrine of epigenesis in general. To one who had worked out the conclusion, that the most complex, grosser, animal or vegetable organizations, arise from a semi-fluid and homogeneous mass, by the continual and successive establishment of differences in it, it would be only natural to suppose that the method of nature, in that finer organization which we call histological, was the same; and that as the organ is developed by the differentiation of cells, so the cells are the result of the differentiation of inorganic matter. If the organism be not constituted by the coalescence of its organs and tissues in consequence of their peculiar forces, *but if, on the other hand, the organism exists before its organs and tissuss, and evolves them from itself,*—is it not probable that the organs and tissues also, are not produced by the coalescence of the cells of which they are composed, in consequence of *their* peculiar forces, but, contrariwise, that the cells are a product of the differentiation of something which existed before them?

"For Schwann the organism is a beehive, its actions and forces resulting from the separate but harmonious action of all its parts (compare Schwann, l. c., p. 229). For Wolff it is a mosaic, every portion of which expresses only the conditions under which the formative power acted, and the tendencies by which it was guided."

Here, while upholding the doctrine of Epigenisis, he expresses that of Evolution, for he conceives the organism to exist before its organs, and to evolve them from itself! What is that but the doctrine of pre-existent germs evolving *into* organisms? Then again, he asks whether the cells are not products of the differentiation of "something" which existed before them. Assuredly. Schwann would be equally emphatic in maintaining such a position; but he would add the "something" is not an organism, because an organism is the sum total of its organs. There are other indications of a metaphysical tendency, but we pass on to the criticism of the cell-theory.

Mr. Huxley undertakes to establish the error of these three fundamental positions assumed by Schleiden and Schwann:—

"1. The prevalent notion of the anatomical independence of the vegetable cell, considered as a separate entity.

"2. The prevalent conception of the structure of the vegetable cell.

"3. The doctrine of the mode of its development."

His remarks on the first count are, in our opinion, to be rejected as inconclusive, and opposed by the strongest evidence. The vegetable cell *is* independent, and dependent also; just as human beings are independent, yet considered as parts of the social organism they are mutually dependent. A cell may live isolated, or in aggregation with others, just as a man may. And the biological series displays immense varieties in the *gradation of dependence*, so that in the complex organisms the individual cell has lost its power of independence merged in a dependence on a higher life. Schwann's remarks on this point are so good, that the reader will thank us, if we take the volume from our shelves and quote them:—

"We have seen that all organized bodies are composed of essentially similar parts, namely, of cells; that these cells are formed and grow in accordance with essentially similar laws; and, therefore, that these processes must, in every instance, be produced by the same powers. Now, if we find that some of these elementary parts, not differing from the others are capable of separating themselves from the organism, and pursuing an independent growth, we may thence conclude that each of the other elementary parts, each cell, is already possessed of power to take up fresh molecules and grow; and that, therefore, every elementary part possesses a power of its own, an independent life, by means of which it would be enabled to develop itself independently, if the relations which it bore to external parts were but similar to those in which it stands in the organism. The ova of animals afford us examples of such independent cells, growing apart from the organism. It may, indeed, be said of the ova of higher animals, that after impregnation the ovum is essentially different from the other cells of the organism; that by impregnation there is a something conveyed to the ovum, which is more to it than an external condition for vitality, more than nutrient matter; and that it might thereby have first received its peculiar vitality, and therefore that nothing can be inferred from it with respect to the other cells. But this fails in application to those classes which consist only of female individuals, as well as with the spores of the lower plants; and, *besides, in the inferior plants any given cell may be separated from the plant, and then grow alone.* So that here are whole plants consisting of cells, which can be positively proved to have independent vitality. Now, as all cells grow according to the same laws, and consequently the cause of growth cannot in one case lie in the cell, and in another in the whole organism; and since it may be further proved that some cells, which do not differ from the rest in their mode of growth, are developed independently, we must ascribe to all cells an independent vitality, that is, such combinations of molecules as occur in any single cell, are capable of setting free the power by which it is enabled to take up fresh molecules. The cause of nutrition and growth resides not in the organism as a whole, but in the separate elementary parts—the cells. The failure of growth in the case of any particular cell, when separated from an organized body, is as slight an objection to this theory, as it is an objection against the independent vitality of a bee, that it cannot continue long in existence after being separated from its swarm. The manifestation of the power which resides in the cell depends upon conditions to which it is subject only when in connexion with the whole (organism)."

The second and third counts, namely, respecting the structure and development of the vegetable cell, Mr. Huxley proves with success. The discovery of the *primordial utricle* by Hugo von Mohl necessarily altered the aspect of the whole question. Schwann, however, knew of the existence of cells *without* nuclei, and regarded the nucleus as a primary cell; and we will here give his explanation:—

"The fact that many nuclei are developed into hollow vesicles, and the difficulty of distinguishing some of these hollow nuclei from cells, forms quite sufficient ground for the supposition that a nucleus does not differ essentially from a cell; that an ordinary nucleated cell is nothing more than a cell formed around the outside of another cell, the nucleus; and that the only difference between the two consists in the inner one being more slowly and less completely developed, after the external one has been formed around it. If this description were correct, we might express ourselves with more precision, and designate the nuclei as cells of the first order, and the ordinary nucleated cells as cells of the second order. Hitherto we have decidedly maintained a distinction between cell and nucleus; and it was convenient to do so as long as we were engaged in merely describing the observations. There can be no doubt that the nuclei correspond to one another in all cells; but the designation, 'cells of the first order,' includes a theoretical view of the matter which has yet to be proved, namely, the identity of the formative process of the cell and the nucleus. This identity, however, is of the greatest importance for our theory, and we must therefore compare the two processes somewhat more closely. The formation of the cell commenced with the deposition of a precipitate around the nucleus; the same occurs in the formation of the nucleus around the nucleolus. The deposit becomes defined externally into a solid stratum: the same takes place in the formation of the nucleus. The development proceeds no farther in many nuclei, and we also meet with cells which remain stationary at the same point. The further development of the cells is manifested either by the entire stratum, or only the external part of it becoming consolidated into a membrane; this is precisely what occurs with the nuclei which undergo further development. The cell-membrane increases in its superficies, and often in thickness also, and separates from the nucleus, which remains lying on the wall; the membrane of the hollow cell-nuclei grows in the same manner, and the nucleolus remains adherent to a spot upon the wall. A transformation of the cell-contents frequently follows, giving rise to a formation of new products in the cell-cavity. In most of the hollow cell-nuclei, the contents become paler, less granulous, and in some of them fat-globules, &c., are formed. We may therefore say that the formation of cells is but repetition around the nucleus of the same process by which the nucleus was formed around the nucleolus, the only difference being that the process is more intense and complete in the formation of cells than in that of nuclei."

After reading this passage we can accept what Mr. Huxley says, without its greatly altering Schwann's theory:—

"Since, then, the functions of the vegetable 'cell' can be effectually carried on by the primordial utricle alone; since the 'nucleus' has precisely the same chemical composition as the primordial utricle; and since, in some cases of cell-division, new nuclei are seen to arise in the substance of the endoplast, by a mere process of chemical and morphological differentiation (Von Mohl, l. c., p. 52), it follows, we think, that the primordial utricle must be regarded as the essential part of the endoplast—the protoplasm and nucleus being simply its subordinate, and, we had almost said, *accidental* anatomical modifications."

We cannot enter further into details, but refer to Mr. Huxley's paper, and conclude these observations with an extract or two from his speculative passages:—

WHAT ARE CELLS?

"What is the meaning of the unquestionable fact, that the first indication of vitality, in the higher organisms at any rate, is the assumption of the cellular structure?

"In answering these questions, we would first draw attention to the definition of the nature of development in general, first clearly enunciated by Von Baer. 'The history of development,' he says, 'is the history of a gradually increasing differentiation of that which was at first homogeneous.' The yelk is homogeneous; the blastoderma is a portion of it which becomes different from the rest, as the result of the operation of the laws of growth; the blastoderma, again, comparatively homogeneous, becomes differentiated into two or more layers; the layers, originally identical throughout, set up different actions in their various parts, and are differentiated into dorsal and visceral plates, chorda dorsalis and bodies of vertebræ, &c. &c. No one, however, imagines that there is any causal connexion between these successive morphological states. No one has dreamt of explaining the development of the dorsal and visceral plates by blastodermic force, nor that of the vertebræ by chorda-dorsalic force. On the other hand, all these states are considered, and justly, to result from the operation of some common determining power, apart from them all—to be, in fact, the modes of manifestation of that power.

"Now, why should we not extend this view to histology, which, as we have explained, is only ultimate morphology? *As the whole animal is the result of the differentiation of a structureless yelk, so is every tissue the result of the differentiation of a structureless blastema—the first step in that differentiation being the separation of the blastema into endoplast and periplast, or the formation of what is called a 'nucleated cell.'* Then, just as in the development of the embryo, when the blastodermic membrane is once formed, new organs are not developed in other parts of the yelk, but proceed wholly from the differentiation of the blastoderm,—so histologically, the 'nucleated cell,' the periplast with its endoplast, once formed, further development takes place by their growth and differentiation into new endoplasts and periplasts. The further change into a special tissue, of course, succeeds and results from this primary differentiation, as we have seen the bodies of the vertebræ succeed the chorda dorsalis; but is there any more reason for supposing a causal connexion between the one pair of phenomena, than between the other? The cellular structure precedes the special structure; but is the latter, therefore, the result of a 'cell-force,' of whose existence there is on other grounds no evidence whatever. We must answer in the negative. For us the primarily cellular structure of plants and animals is simply a fact in the history of their histological development—a histologically necessary stage, if one may so call it, which has no more causal connexion with that which follows it, than the equally puzzling morphological necessity for the existence of a chorda dorsalis or of Wolffian bodies has, with the development of the true vertebræ or of the true kidneys."

We beg to add, in passing, that there *is* a causal connexion between the chorda dorsalis and the vertebræ, the Wolffian bodies and the kidneys. (The reason is given in *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*, p. 34.)

THE STRUCTURE OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

"Vitality, the faculty, that is, of exhibiting definite cycles of change in form and composition, is a property inherent in certain kinds of matter.

"There is a condition of all kinds of living matter in which it is an amorphous germ—that is, in which its external form depends merely on ordinary physical laws, and in which it possesses no internal structure.

"Now, according to the nature of certain previous conditions—the character of the changes undergone—of the different states necessarily exhibited—or, in other words, the successive differentiations of the amorphous mass will be different.

"Conceived as a whole, from their commencement to their termination, they constitute the individuality of the living being, and the passage of the living being through these states, is called its development. Development, therefore, and life are, strictly speaking, one thing, though we are accustomed to limit the former to the progressive half of life merely, and to speak of the retrogressive half as decay, considering an imaginary resting point between the two as the adult or perfect state.

"The individuality of a living thing, then, or a single life, is a continuous development, and development is the continual differentiation, the constant cyclical change of that which was, at first, morphologically and chemically indifferent and homogeneous.

"The morphological differentiation may be of two kinds. In the lowest animals and plants—the so-called unicellular organisms—it may be said to be *external*, the changes of form being essentially confined to the outward shape of the germ, and being unaccompanied by the development of any internal structure.

"But in all other animals and plants, an internal morphological differentiation precedes or accompanies the external, and the homogeneous germ becomes separated into a certain central portion, which we have called the *endoplast*, and a peripheral portion, the *periplast*. Inasmuch as the separate existence of the former necessarily implies a cavity, in which it lies, the germ in this state constitutes a vesicle with a central particle, or a 'nucleated cell.'

"There is no evidence whatever that the molecular forces of the living matter (the 'vis essentialis' of Wolff, or the vital forces of the moderns) are by this act of differentiation localized in the endoplast, to the exclusion of the periplast, or *vice versâ*. Neither is there any evidence that any attraction or other influence is exercised by the one over the other; the changes which each subsequently undergoes, though they are in harmony, having no causal connexion with one another, but each proceeding, as it would seem, in accordance with the general determining laws of the organism. On the other hand, the 'vis essentialis' appears to have essentially different and independent ends in view—if we may for the nonce speak metaphorically—in thus separating the endoplast from the periplast.

"The endoplast grows and divides; but, except in a few more or less doubtful cases, it would seem to undergo no other morphological change. It frequently disappears altogether; but as a rule, it undergoes neither chemical nor morphological metamorphosis. So far from being the centre of activity of the vital actions, it would appear much rather to be the less important histological element.

"The periplast, on the other hand, which has hitherto passed under the names of cell-wall, contents, and intercellular substance, is the subject of all the most important metamorphic processes, whether morphological or chemical, in the animal and in the plant. By its differentiation, every variety of tissue is produced; and this differentiation is the result not of any matabolic action of the endoplast, which has frequently disappeared before the metamorphosis begins, but of intimate molecular changes in its substance, which take place under the guidance of the 'vis essentialis,' or, to use a strictly positive phrase, occur in a definite order, we know not why.

"The metamorphoses of the periplastic substance are twofold—chemical and structural. The former may be of the nature either of *conversion:* change of cellulose into xylogen, intercellular substance, &c., of the indifferent tissue of embryos into collagen, chondrin, &c.; or of *deposit:* as of silica in plants, of calcareous salts in animals.

"The structural metamorphoses, again, are of two kinds—*vacuolation*, or the formation of cavities; as in the intercellular passages of plants, the first vascular canals of animals; and *fibrillation*, or the development of a tendency to break up in certain definite lines rather than in others, a peculiar modification of the cohesive forces of the tissue, such as we have in connective tissue, in muscle, and in the 'secondary deposits' of the vegetable cell."

These views are illustrated in detail; and no student of the cell theory should omit to give the paper his serious attention. We do not think Mr. Huxley makes out all his positions, but we thank him heartily for this contribution to structural anatomy.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Hope: a Story of Chequered Life. By Alfred W. Cole, Esq. author of *Cape and the Kaffirs*, &c. 3 vols. Price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* T. C. Newby.

THE name of Alfred Cole is familiar enough to the readers of magazines affixed to many a lively bit of prose and verse, and it now figures on the title page of a novel in three volumes, courting criticism. If the reader bring with him a circulating library standard, he will find much to be pleased with in *Hope;* we warn him to expect nothing measurable by higher standards. It is a story of love and adversity, not new, by any means; not very probable in its details, but readable—that first of all qualities in a novel. Frank Nugent is the son of a wealthy banker, who blows out his brains in the first chapter, on finding himself a bankrupt; thus leaving Frank in that (for a novelist) most desirable condition, "penniless, and an orphan." If your hero has not the wealth and accomplishments of *Monte Christo*, you must make him a beggar, Frank, instead of doing what sons of wealthy bankers do in real life, prefers the invariable course of orphans in fiction—advertises in the newspapers, receives no answer for some time, an insulting one afterwards, and finally, just as starvation is approaching, gets a temporary rescue—becomes "teacher" to the children of a vulgar woman, in whose house we are introduced to some low-life scenes. Frank "takes to literature," as it is called; writes for the periodicals; meets with old friends, who introduce him once more into "society;" and so the story alternates between chandeliers and "short fours," varied by perils, troubles, and adventures of the approved kind. There is a Flora Danvers, whom you recognise at once as the wife of Frank Nugent—after a three-volume probation; and a Captain Dashwood, whom you detect to be "the military villain;" and there is a David Tonks, meant for a character, and illustrating the "penny-a-liners."

"Love and Literature" the book might have been called. "Love," because it is a novel, and must have that element, or remain unread; "Literature," because it is the author's profession, and nearest his heart. As a specimen of the style, and the author's opinions, we will quote this fragment of a conversation very undramatically placed in the mouths of two women, in a "love confidence."

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

"'But *is* literature so ill paid?' asked Flora. 'I have heard that disputed; and I think one of our greatest living writers denies it emphatically.'

"'You are right,' was the reply; 'but is he altogether a fair judge? Would you take a bishop's opinion of the sufficiency of the clergy's remuneration? Would you consider a Lord Chancellor an impartial judge in the case of the bar? Grant that such men have attained to their positions by their own high talents alone, and that they have earned splendid rewards most justly, still the question remains, are the hardworking members of the same professions, with less talent, but with sufficient to render them of the greatest service to the world, well paid or ill paid? Do the working clergy receive a fair remuneration for their labours? Ask *them*, and hear their answer, and not that of the bench of bishops. Do the struggling juniors of the bar, who have read deeply and fought hard to master their profession well, do they earn a fair subsistence? And do the men who entertain us week by week, and month by month, in papers and periodicals, the men who produce educational works, the results of long and earnest labour, the writers of fiction, whose works circulate extensively throughout the libraries of the kingdom, though not so extensively as to make their names and the names of their authors 'familiar in our mouths as household words,' do these men—*can* these men—earn the subsistence of gentlemen with a fair chance of provision for sickness, old age, and the other ills that flesh is heir to? I fear *not*, Flora. Even the greatest novelist we have had, not judging selfishly because his own earnings have been in proportion to his own high merits, but thinking of the cases of his less gifted and less fortunate brethren, proclaimed that 'Literature was a good walking-stick, but a bad crutch.' The age of Hogarth's starving poet in the garret may have passed; but the age in which Leigh Hunt was left dependent on a pension, and Moore the same,—in which Hood died in poverty, and Laman Blanchard almost in want,—is surely not the one in which one or two brilliant exceptions can complacently affirm that literature is well paid.'

"'Are not the general masses in all professions ill paid, then?' asked Flora; 'for instance, the church and the bar; and I suppose medicine is no better.'

"'I believe that all professions *are* ill paid, as far as the great body of those who follow them is concerned,' replied Mrs. St. Leger.

"'Then literature is no worse than the rest, and literary men have no more cause for complaint than men of other professions, so it seems to me,' said Flora. 'Am I right?'

"'Not exactly, I think, and for this reason. It seems to me that literature should be better paid than any other profession, because it requires a higher class of intellect. Nearly any man, of the most ordinary abilities, can with proper study pass the examinations necessary to fit him for ordination into the church. The veriest boobies are 'crammed,' as it is called, sufficiently to send them through the Apothecaries' Hall examinations. For admission to the bar, there is no examination at all. Thus, any man may become a member of either of those professions—divinity, physic, or law—if he chooses to undergo the prescribed ordeal. But is it so with literature? Can a man resolve to be a literary man, as he would undertake any other profession? Can he by any length of study, or any ordeal in the world, fit himself to be an author? Not unless a certain amount of talent belong to him; talent which, even in mediocre authors, is infinitely greater than in nine-tenths of the members of the other professions I have instanced. If the requisites, the mental requirements, of an author be greater and rarer than those of other men, surely his remuneration should be proportionately higher.'

"'In strict justice it seems so,' replied Flora; 'but how is it to be accomplished? If an author's works do not, by their sale, remunerate him, how are we to devise the means of recompensing him?'

"'True; there are *no* means of doing so. But at least one thing may be done, and it is in the power of all to aid in it. If we cannot remunerate literature, we can, at least, *honour* it. Yet to this day, Flora, it is a matter of deliberation in some quarters whether an author is, as such, a gentleman; though if he have eaten dinners in the Temple, and be a barrister-at-law, the question is at rest directly. Let literature be honoured; let society pronounce it the highest of professions, or above *all* professions, and authors will have some consolation for their poverty, even if their poverty be not actually diminished through the exaltation of their rank. At the present moment, an author who is known to be the favoured and honoured guest of the great and noble, is ten times more eagerly read than one of equal mental calibre, whose place in society is unknown. If you doubt my word, ask at your circulating library, and be assured of the fact.'

"'I do not doubt it,' said Flora; 'it is consistent with what Carlyle calls the 'Flunkeyism' of the age we live in.'"

We cannot let this pass without a protest. The passage very fairly represents the opinions of a numerous class of writers; the same things have been repeatedly said before; but with all our professional *amour propre* we cannot admit what seems to us an unwise, because unnecessary, exaggeration respecting the superiority of intellect displayed in Literature. We do not think the intellect so great as writers assume it to be; and we think the question of comparative reward placed on a false footing.

To write anything readable requires a certain talent; to write even the old stories which delight the readers of inferior periodicals, requires a special talent, small, perhaps, yet *special*, since many a wise and able man will be found perfectly incompetent to write such things. But in crediting a special talent we do not assign its value. The wise and able man in whom it is deficient will not lose one iota of our respect; possessing it, he would possess a talent the more; wanting it, we are not conscious of the loss; he is equally unable to dance on the tight-rope, or to rival Charles Kean in *Sardanapalus*. When, therefore, it is said that "authors have infinitely greater talent" than the members of other professions, an absurdity is uttered; the talent is different, not greater, not we believe so great. If, when you speak of authors, you think only of the great names, and mentally compare them with the average professional mind, of course the superiority is sufficiently obvious; but, obeying the conditions of the argument, and keeping in view the mass of writers—the compilers, drudges, annotators, journalists, novelists, dramatists, philosophers—we cannot say that experience justifies us for one moment in proclaiming their superiority. The Lawyer, Surgeon, and Physician display more intellect in the exercise of their profession, than does the average man of letters in his. If the majority of professional men consist of men routiniary and not wise, will any one pretend that the majority of writers can boast of being wise and not routiniary? How few men of letters *think* at all! How few think with originality and success! How few do the thing they pretend to do! Literary talent is, strictly speaking, the talent of *expression;* it is frequently the whole budget of an author. Without for a moment ignoring or undervaluing the pleasures and the uses of such a talent, we cannot, in sober seriousness, declare that its possession implies greater *intellectual calibre* than is implied in the successful exercise of the other professions.

If it be granted, as on a dispassionate survey it must be, that, comparing Literature with the other Professions, there is *no* superiority of intellectual power and variety to be assumed as implied in the former, we then come to the second question of "reward." It is a very delicate question. Probably no man thinks he is duly rewarded. But the reward being ultimately a purely commercial transaction, we must all of us submit to the "conditions of the market." Baggs, who writes metaphysical profundities, and Brown who publishes volumes of verse, naturally complain of an age which will spend money on trash, when *their* works are unsold; and they ask, Should not great Intellect be rewarded? Forgetting that they demand a pecuniary reward for a product not estimated in pecuniary value. To "underpaid" novelists, dramatists, &c. we should say: Either one of two things: The paying public is but moderately eager to read your works; or else the talent you possess, undeniable though it be, is possessed by many rvials; if Jenny Linds were as abundant as authors they would be paid as ill."

Portfolio.

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

THE HAYTHORNE PAPERS.

No. VII.

THE USE OF ANTHROPOMORPHISM.

THAT long fit of indignation which seizes all generous natures when first they commence contemplating human affairs, having fairly spent itself, there begins to arise a more or less distinct perception that the institutions, beliefs, and forms so vehemently condemned are not so wholly bad as they seemed. This reaction runs to curious lengths. In some, merely to a comparative contentment with the arrangements under which they live. In others, to a recognition of the fitness that exists between each people and its government, tyrannical as that may be. In some, again, to the conviction, that hateful though it is to us, and highly injurious as it would be now, slavery was once beneficial—was one of the necessary phases of human progress. Again, in others, to the suspicion that great benefit has indirectly arisen from the perpetual warfare of past times, insuring as this did the spread of the strongest races, and so providing good raw material for civilization. And in a few this mode of thought ends in the generalization that all evolutions of humanity subserve, in the times and places in which they occur, some useful function; that though bad in the abstract, they are relatively good, are the best which the then existing conditions admit of.

This generalization commits those who arrive at it to sundry startling propositions. It involves, for example, the assertion that polygamy was once beneficial. I have myself that faith in the generalization, that even were there no saying how polygamy could ever have been beneficial, I should incline to the opinion that it was so. But the assertion may be justified. I think it may be shown, that like war, and like slavery, polygamy, in the earlier stages of human progress, helps to secure the supremacy and multiplication of the best. For conceding as we must, that in all states of society the men who acquire wealth and power are men who possess, in a more than average degree, the faculties needed in that state of society—faculties which, though little to be admired in themselves, are yet good relatively to surrounding conditions; conceding this, it will follow that the men who, under a polygamous regime are able to obtain and to support more wives than one, must be men superior to the average; and hence there must result an increased multiplication of the best, and a diminished multiplication of the worst. If the moral degradation accompanying the system be urged as a more than counterbalancing evil, it is replied that there cannot be degradation until there has been elevation, and that under the phase of character to which polygamy appears natural, the moral elevation is not great enough to render degradation possible. The feelings to which the institution is repugnant are the growths of a higher civilization. When they begin to make their appearance, polygamy begins to be morally hurtful. But until they do so, there is no such set-off to the benefits achieved. Thus it becomes possible to hold, that vicious as such a relationship of the sexes is in the abstract, there are conditions under which it produces more good than harm.

Another startling conclusion to which this faith in the essential beneficence of things commits us is, that the religious creeds through which mankind successively pass are during the eras in which they are severally held the best that could be held; and that this is true, not only of the latest and most refined creeds, but of all, even to the earliest and most gross. Those who regard men's faiths as given to them from without—as having origins either directly divine or diabolical, and who, considering their own as the sole example of the one, class all the rest under the other, will think this a very shocking opinion. I can imagine, too, that many of those who have abandoned current theologies—who have come to look at religions as so many natural phenomena, so many products of human nature—who, having lost that antagonism towards their old creed which they felt whilst shaking themselves free from it, can now see that it was highly beneficial to past generations, and is beneficial still to a large part of mankind. I can imagine even these hardly prepared to admit, that all religions, down to the lowest Fetichism, have, in their places, fulfilled useful functions. If such, however, will consistently develop their thinking, they will find this inference involved.

For on following out the doctrine that humanity in its social, as well as in its individual manifestations, is a growth, and not a manufacture, it becomes obvious, that during each phase, men's theologies, as well as their political and social arrangements, are determined into such forms as the conditions require. In the one case, as in the others, by a tentative process, things from time to time re-settle themselves in a way that best consists with social equilibrium. As out of plots, and the struggles of chieftains, it continually results that the strongest gets to the top, and by virtue of his proud superiority, ensures a period of quiet, and gives society time to grow; as out of incidental expedients there periodically arise new divisions of labour, which get permanently established only by serving men's wants better than the previous arrangements did; so the creed which each period evolves must be the one most in conformity with the needs of the time. Not to rest in general statements, however, let us consider why this must be so. Let us see whether, in the genesis of men's ideas of deity, there is not involved a necessity to conceive of deity under the aspect most influential with them.

It is now generally admitted that a more or less idealized humanity is the form which every conception of a personal God must take. Anthropomorphism is an inevitable result of the laws of thought. We cannot take a step towards constructing an idea of God; we cannot even speak of a divine will without the ascription of human attributes, for we know nothing of volition, save as a property of our own minds.

Whilst this anthromorphic tendency, or rather necessity, is manifested by themselves with sufficient grossness—a grossness that is offensive to those more advanced—Christians are vehemently indignant at the still grosser manifestations of it seen amongst uncivilized men. Certainly, such conceptions as those of some Polynesians, who believe that their gods feed upon the souls of the dead, or as those of the Greeks, who ascribed to the personages of their Pantheon every vice, from domestic cannibalism downwards, are repulsive enough. But if we cease to regard these notions from the outside as they look to us, and more philosophically consider them from the inside as they look to believers, and observe the relationships they bear to the natures and needs of such, we shall begin to think of them with some tolerance. The question to be considered is, whether these beliefs were beneficent in their effects over those who held them; not whether they would be beneficent for us or for perfect men; and thus considered, we shall see, that whilst absolutely bad, they were relatively good.

For is it not obvious that the savage man will be most effectually controlled by his fears of a savage deity? Must it not happen, that if his nature requires great restraint, the supposed consequences of transgression, to be a check upon him, must be proportionately terrible; and for these to be proportionately terrible, must not his god be conceived as proportionately cruel and revengeful? Is it not well that the treacherous, thievish, lying Hindoo should believe in a hell where the wicked are fastened to red-hot iron pillars, boiled in caldrons, rolled down mountains bristling with knives, and sawn asunder between flaming iron posts? and that there may be provided such a hell, is it not needful that he should believe in a divinity, delighting in human immolations, and the self-torture of fakirs? Does it not seem clear, that during the earlier times of Christendom, when men's feelings were so hard as that a holy father of the church could describe one of the delights of heaven to be the contemplation of the torments of the damned—does it not seem clear that, whilst the general nature was so unsympathetic, there needed to keep men in order all the prospective tortures described by Dante, and a deity implacable enough to inflict them?

And if it be admitted, as I think it must, that it is well for the savage man to believe in a savage god, then we at once see the great usefulness of this anthromorphic tendency, or, as before said, necessity. We have in it another illustration of that essential beneficence of things seen everywhere throughout nature. This inability under which we labour to conceive of a deity, save as some idealization of ourselves, inevitably involves that in each age, amongst each people, and to a great extent, in each individual, there shall arise just that conception of deity best adapted to the needs of the case. If, being violent and bloodthirsty, the nature be one calling for stringent control, it involves the idea of a ruler equally violent and bloodthirsty, and fitted to afford this control. When, by ages of discipline, of adaptation to the social state, the degree of restraint required has become less, the diabolical characteristics before ascribed to the deity are less predominant in the conception of him. And gradually, as all need for restraint disappears, this conception approximates towards that of a purely beneficent necessity. Thus man's constitution is in this, as in other respects, self-adjusting, self-balancing. The mind itself evolves a compensating check to its own movements, varying always in proportion to the requirement. Its centrifugal and its centripetal forces are necessarily in correspondence, because the one generates the other. We see that the forms of both religious and secular rule follow the same law—that as an ill-controlled national character produces a despotic terrestrial government, so also does it produce a despotic celestial government, the one acting through the senses, the other through the imagination; and that in the converse case the same relationship holds good.

Organic as this relationship is in its origin, no artificial interference can permanently affect it. Whatever perturbations an external agency may seem to produce, they are soon neutralized in part, if not in appearance. I was recently struck with this in reading a missionary account of the "gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit at Vewa," one of the Feejee islands. Describing a "penitent meeting," the account says:—

> "Certainly the feelings of the Vewa people were not ordinary. They literally roared for hours together for the disquietude of their souls. This frequently terminated in fainting from exhaustion, which was the only respite some of them had till they found peace. They no sooner recovered their consciousness, than they prayed themselves first into an agony, and then again into a state of entire insensibility."

Now these Feejee islanders are the most savage of all the uncivilized races. They are given to cannibalism, infanticide, and human sacrifices; they are so bloodthirsty and so treacherous, that members of the same family dare not trust each other; and, in harmony with these characteristics, they have for their aboriginal god a serpent. Is it not clear then, that these violent emotions which the missionaries describe, these terrors and agonies of despair which they rejoiced over, were nothing but the worship of the old god under a new name? Is it not clear that these Feejees had simply understood and assimilated those parts of the Christian creed which agree in spirit with their own—the vengeance, the perpetual torments, the diabolism of it; that these harmonizing with their natural conceptions of divine rule, they realized them with extreme vividness, and that the extremity of the fear which made them "literally roar for hours together," arose from the fact that, whilst they could fully take in and believe the primitive element, the merciful one was beyond their comprehension? This is the obvious inference. And if it be admitted, it carries with it the further one, that in essence their new belief was merely their old one under a new form—the same substantial conception with a new history and new names.

However great, therefore, may be the seeming change adventitiously produced in a people's religion, the anthropomorphic tendency prevents it from being other than a superficial change—insures such modifications of the new religion as to give it all the potency of the old one—obscures whatever higher elements there may be in it until the people have reached the capability of being acted upon by them, and so re-establishes the equilibrium between the impulses and the control they need. If any one requires detailed illustration of this, he will find it in abundance in the history of the modifications of Christianity throughout Europe.

Ceasing then to regard heathen theologies from the personal point of view, and considering them solely with reference to the function they fulfil where they are indigenous, we must recognise them in common with all theologies, as good for their times and places; and this mental necessity, which disables us from conceiving of a deity save as some idealization of ourselves, we must recognise as the agency by which harmony is produced and maintained between every phase of human character and its religious creed.

The Arts.

RE-OPENING OF THE LYCEUM.

You know my affection for the LYCEUM, and will not be surprised to hear that I gave myself an indigestion, making dinner *rudis indigestaque moles* by precipitate mastication, in anxiety to see the curtain rise. How vain are earthly struggles! mundane vanities! The curtain *had* risen before we arrived, which considerably ruffled Julia, who, although "the sweetest of tempers," is scarcely so amiable when "put out;" accordingly she was taciturn, (*I* thought sulky,) and looked "daggers"—(or milk-jugs!)—at me. With the cowardice natural to our sex, I persisted in not seeing her change of manner, but rattled on with gay carelessness, laughing whenever I could at the *Curious Case*, and silently wondering what Charles Mathews would do had he a Julia in the article-of-domestic-porcelain state of mind. . . . . .

Female whose eye may be glancing over this page from *Les Confessions de Vivian*, "lend an ear" as well as an eye! Take the solemn warning of a πολυδακρυτος ανηρ, "a man of many tears," (shed on his shoulder!)—never sit by the man who loves you and, all the time vowing that "nothing" is the matter, make him feel that he is immensely criminal, although, perhaps, unconscious of the crime! . . . . . .

As this is somewhat digressive, and only remotely related to the theatrical question, I abruptly cease. I wanted to make you understand Julia's state of mind and my own, in order that you might appreciate the effect upon us both of the sudden appearance of Wright on the front bench of the pit! The performance was, *The Commencement of a Bad Farce*, in which Frank Mathews lost his cues, saw his daughter coming from Prompt Side when she really entered from O. P.—these and other mistakes caused a hiss. With the proverbial good-nature of a British pit (not yet bored), the pit was indignant at this hiss, and tried to drown it in applause. The bad farce proceeded, and the hiss became fiercer, was taken up by other hissers, when on rushed Charles Mathews, in a state of managerial exasperation, accusing the hisser as the "emissary of a rival theatre." The audience fell into the trap; "Name! name!" was shouted, and Mathews at length named the man and the theatre. "Mr. Wright from the Princess's," whereupon Mr. Wright jumped upon the seat, and turning his well-known face of ruddy drollery to the audience, was received with a hurricane of applause and laughter, which lasted some minutes. During the surprised excitement, Julia turned to me, her eyes running over with the liquid light of mirth, and only seeking sympathy in mine. The "daggers" were sheathed from that moment. She seemed to say: "*J'ai ri: me voilà desarmé*—I can't be lofty with you, after laughing with you."

It is very old business this of an actor taking his place among the audience, but it never fails of its effect; and the smart dialogue which ensued between the actors on the stage and Wright in the pit (aided occasionally by some of the audience) produced "roars." After Wright's criticising the theatres generally and the LYCEUM specially, he was invited to get upon the stage and act. He did so; the curtain descended, to re-ascend for *Wright at last*, a clumsy, ill-written version of *Quand on attend sa bourse*. A most unlucky chance or choice was this farce, the stupidity of which amounted almost to the insulting! It had no drollery of story, no character, no situation; while the dialogue was oppressively *ambitiously* bad, always running after jokes and only catching poor puns and oddities. There was a standing dish of three pair of soles, which was served up in every inconceivable way. If any one alluded to body or soul—there were six *soles* ready for jocular application; and Mrs. Frank asks after her parasol merely to let Wright answer, "he has three *pair o' soles* in the next room." How Mathews, a man of wit and experience, could have produced such a farce, will be perfectly incomprehensible to those who, only judging of pieces when they see them performed, have no idea how difficult it is to say beforehand what will and what will not succeed.

In the way of gossip, I may notice the opening of the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, for English opera and ballet. At DRURY LANE "legitimate" horsemanship continues its career; at the PRINCESS'S there has been *another* version of *Le Fils de Famille*, of which I spoke when Webster produced his *Discarded Son*. What is it makes managers run so much in each other's track?

VIVIAN.

VARIORUM.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S comedy of *Money* is become quite a stock piece; and, in many respects, it deserves to be. It is not defective in construction; the dialogue is pointed; the situations are interesting. The cynicism is just of that temper and profundity which the youngest "man of the world" in the audience can applaud, and appropriate: and for the weaker and better half of the audience, there is plenty of that sentimentality which "tells" on muslin in the boxes. We have a word to say of Mr. George Vandenhoff. He fulfils our expectations of his capacities for serious comedy. His *Evelyn* is always manly and intelligent, and (a happy contrast to Mr. Barry Sullivan) intelligently dressed: and, if he is "stagey" at times, why, the language he has to utter is eminently stagey, and he must talk for ever in capital letters and italics. But Compton's *Graves* is *the* character in the performance.

The St. James's Theatre has been opened for a (conditional) season of forty nights for the performance of English operas, and foreign operas done into English. The performances are creditable to the company, and certainly seem to satisfy the public. Miss Lowe, as *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*, achieves a respectable success. She acts becomingly; but her voice, although sweet, is too slight for the music—a mere *filet de voix*. The same cannot be said of the masculine performers.

We hear Mr. Hatch's musical, descriptive, and pictorial Irish entertainment at Hanover Square Rooms, agreeably spoken of. Miss Rainforth announces a Scotch ballad entertainment, for the success of which her name is a sufficient guarantee.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

The number of deaths from all causes registered in the week that ended on Saturday was 1144, exhibiting an increase of about 100 on the first three weeks of October. In ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52, the average number was 974, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1071. There is, therefore, an excess of 73 in the present return on the corrected average, arising chiefly from the epidemic, the progress of which has been recorded during the last two months, and which has now attacked many parts of the metropolis, widely distant, between Hammersmith and Whitechapel.

The deaths from cholera, which were about 16 weekly in the beginning of September, rose last week to 96. Fifty-four males and 42 females sunk under the disease; 32 died under 15 years of age, 49 between 15 and 60 years of age, and 15 at 60 years and upwards. The 96 deaths occurred in the five metropolitan divisions as follows:—In the west districts 16, in the north 3, in the central 1, in the east 24, on the south side of the Thames 52.

Last week, the births of 817 boys and 800 girls, in all 1617 children, were registered in London. The average number in eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 was 1400.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29·690 in. The mean temperature was 55·5 deg., which is 7·7 deg. above the average of the same week in 38 years. The mean daily temperature was from 8 degs. to 10 degs. above the average on every day of the week except Saturday, when the excess was only 1·5 deg. The greatest difference between the dew-point temperature and air-temperature occurred on Wednesday, when it amounted to 11·2 deg.; the mean difference of the week was 3·9 deg. The amount of rain in the week was 1·46 in., of which 1·05 in. fell on Thursday. The wind blew from the south-west and south.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 3rd of September, at Rio de Janeiro, the wife of Frederick Benjamin, Esq.: a son.

On the 26th of October, the wife of Major Saurin: a son.

On the 27th, at Princes-park-terrace, Liverpool, the wife of O. Burchardt, Esq., Prussian Consul: a son.

On the 31st, at No. 3, Onslow-square, Brompton, the wife of Henry Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th of September, at Peshawur, Captain Gravenor Kirby, Artillery H. E. I. C. S., to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John Ross, Esq., of Cranton-lodge, Aberdeen.

On the 25th of October, at Llanelly Church, by the Lord Bishop of St. David's, assisted by the Rev. Edward Morris, of Malvern, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., of Glamorgan-house, Clifton, to Emily, eldest daughter of William Chambers, jun., Esq., of Llanelly-house, Carmarthenshire.

On the 27th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Lord Frederick James Fitzroy, third son of the Duke of Grafton, to Catherine Sarah Wilhelmina, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Wescomb, rector of Langford, Essex.

On the 1st of November, at Charles Church, Plymouth, Devon, Henry Gill, Esq., C.E., eldest surviving son of R. Gill, Esq., of Lonsdale-square, Islington, to Della Hunter, youngest daughter of Captain Hunter Brown, H.E.I.C.S., Plymouth.

On the 2nd, at St. George-the-Martyr, Queen-square, James Rickett, of Waltham Abbey, Essex, to Mary Ann King, only daughter of Mr. Thomas King, of the same town.

On the 3rd, at St. Mary's Church, Dolgelly, Giulio Giovannini, Esq., of Folkestone, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Travers, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd of September last, in an engagement between a detachment under the command of Brigadier Mayne, which he joined as a volunteer, and an Arab force, in the Nizam's territories, Horace de Berckem Bosworth, Ensign in the 26th Regiment Bombay N. I., third son of Thomas Holmes Bosworth, Esq., of Westerham, Kent, aged twenty-two.

On the 26th of October, at Hindip-house, the Right Hon. Jane Viscountess Southwell, after a long and painful illness, aged seventy-five.

On the 28th, at her residence, in Merrion-square, Dublin, the Hon. Lady Levinge, aged sixty-seven.

On the 29th, after a few hours' illness, the Rev. Samuel Pitman, of Oulton-hall, in the county of Norfolk, upwards of thirty years a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant.

On the 31st, at Great Malvern, Valentine, Earl of Kenmare.

On the 31st, at No. 1, Lower Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, the Hon. and Rev. James Norton, of Anningsley-park, Chertsey, Potnalls, Virginia Water, and Vachery Cranley, brother of the Right Hon. Lord Grantley, and of the Hon. G. C. Norton, Police Magistrate and Recorder of Guildford.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, November 4, 1853.

Notwithstanding the bad news in the papers from day to day, during the past week, and the almost certainty of a collision having taken place in the East, Funds have during the week with great buoyancy continued to rise, and in all probability, if the war question was set at rest, would reach four or five per cent. higher. No doubt the price has been kept mainly up by the necessity of the Bears buying back for the account on the 10th, not a little assisted by the apparent determination of most members of the House not to believe the bad news or the possibility of war. Money is easier, too, and gives Consols a lift. On Saturday they closed at 92¼ 3 for the account, and on Monday left off about one per cent. better. Although Tuesday was a holiday at the Stock Exchange, some business was done at lower prices, in consequence of the bad news of the day; opening next day at 92¼ 3, and from that price steadily rising, leaving off on Thursday at 94⅞ 5, and closing yesterday 94⅞ ½. The fancy to Bear Birmingham Stock still keeps up its price, and heavy backwardation was paid last account for carrying over Stock. Little is done in Mines or Railways, and their deserted markets on Change contrast strangely with the excitement and confusion of the Consol Market, where most of the jobbers are seen till five o'clock.

Caledonians, 52¾ 53¼; Eastern Counties, 12⅜ ⅝; Great Northern 81½ 82½; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 101 103; Great Western, 80⅜ 81; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 64¼ 64¾; London and Brighton, 95½ 96½; London and North Western, 103 103¾; London and South Western, 72 74; Midlands, 60¾ 61¼; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, 63¾ 64¾; York and North Midland, 47 48; East Indian, 3¼ ¾ pm.; Great Trunk of Canada Shares and Bonds, 3¾ 3¼ dis.; Great Central France, ½ to ¾ pm.; Northern of France, 33¾ 34¼; Paris and Lyons, 16 to 16¼ pm.; Paris and Strasbourg, 36¼ 36¾; South Eastern, France, ¼ dis. to par; Western France, 7⅞ 8½ pm.; Aqua Frias, ⅝ ¾ pm.; Colonials, ¼ ⅜ pm.; Great Nuggett, ⅛ ⅜ pm.; Nouveau Monde, ⅜ ½ pm.; London Chartered Bank of Australia, ½ 1 pm.; Oriental Bank, 47 48; Australasia, 75 77; Agricultural Land, 41 43; South Australian Land, 35 37; Van Diemen's, 15 16.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, November 5, 1853.

The principal feature of the arrivals this week is a cargo of Flour reported from Nantes, which, in the face of the advancing markets in France, has caused some surprise; it is, however, said to be a cargo of Spanish Flour which had put into Nantes, and was transhipped. Some Flour had also arrived direct from Santander. The supplies of Wheat are not large, and of Oats and Barley moderate; the demand for the former is slow, but there is no disposition to press sales, and the business done is consequently at about Monday's rates. Barley and Oats fully maintain former rates. Beans and peas scarce, and fully as dear.

The packet from the United States, expected to-day, has not yet arrived; we have consequently nothing new to report. The Baltic markets are quiet at former rates. The demand for Oats for home consumption in Holland continues to such an extent, that prices rise there daily, and it is impossible to offer anything for shipment to this country.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	*Mond.*	*Tuesd.*	*Wedn.*	*Thurs.*	*Frid.*
Bank Stock	218	212	.....	213	216	.....
3 per Cent. Red.	92¼	93⅛	.....	92⅝	93⅞	.....
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	93	94	.....	93⅛	95⅛	.....
Consols for Account	93	94	.....	93⅛	94⅝	.....
3¼ per Cent. An.	94¼	95⅛	.....	94⅛	96⅛	.....
New 5 per Cents.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans. 1860	5 5-16	5 5-16	.....	5 5-16	5 9-16	.....
India Stock	.....	247	.....	248	244	.....
Ditto Bonds, £1000	1 d	2 d	.....	2 d	.....	.....
Ditto, under £1000	5 p	.....	.....	2 d	1 p	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000	par	4 p	.....	par	par	.....
Ditto, £500	par	.....	.....	5 p	5 p	.....
Ditto, Small	par	1 p	.....	5 p	5 p	.....

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Cuba Bonds	101	Russian 5 per Cents., 1822	113
Equador Bonds	5⅛	Sardinian Bonds, 5 per Ct.	93¼
Grenada Deferred	8	Spanish 3 per Cents.	44⅞
Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc. November 28	26⅜	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	21⅛
Peruvian Bonds, 4½ p. Ct.	72½	Spanish Committee Cert. of Coup. not fun.	5
Peruvian 3 per Cents.	50½	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	33
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	42	Austrian 5 per Cents.	94
Portuguese 4 per Cents., ex all over due coupons	38½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.	94¼
		Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	95

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LONDON: Printed by GEORGE HOOPER, (of No. 3, Northend Terrace, Hammersmith Road, in the County of Middlesex,) at the Office of Messrs. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, *Chandos Street,* in the Parish of St. Paul, *Covent Garden,* in the same County; and Published by THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, (of No. 12, Bentinck Terrace, Regent's Park,) at THE LEADER OFFICE, No. 7, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, in the Precinct of the *Savoy,* both in the same County.—SATURDAY, November 5, 1853.