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The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

TOMORROW the nation is requested by the authorities to prostrate itself before the Almighty in prayerful acknowledgement of the bountiful harvest. But the nation, though very hypocritical, will do nothing of the kind; only the church-going classes, to whom the price of bread is not a vital social question, will join in thanks—as they would join in any other respectable movement. The large classes indicated by the Census as not sensitive to the blessings of systematic piety will stay in their dirty homes, or lounge at filthy street-corners, enquiring as to how many "souls" the cholera is killing daily, and logically surprised at the misappropriateness of the respectable classes in acknowledging gratitude for the cheapening of provisions at the very moment when the 4lb. loaf is somewhat going up.

There will be, probably, this addition in appropriateness: news of Sebastopol is due, and if a battle be won, or the fortress taken, there will be but little national humility. Until this news rings in all the capitals of Europe, diplomacy is suspended; and as everything turns on the Crimea, we confess that we differ altogether from our daily contemporaries in regard to the Austrian Circular of the 14th inst., which we cannot consider as of the slightest importance on events, though it suggests, what we must all admit, the consummate tact of the Austrian diplomatists in attempting to retain, at great hazards, the position of arbitrate masters of the situation. The Ministerial journals insist that the circular demonstrates Austrian good faith—as if history allowed us to believe in such a thing; and the *Times* asks, "How can you Liberals contend that Austria is aiding Russia by occupying the Principalities, when you see General Hess allowing Omar Pasha to push into Bessarabia?"—the *Times*, perhaps, not knowing that General Hess is too anti-Russian to be admired either by the Austrian diplomacy or by the Austrian army, and the *Times* not perceiving that the advance of the Turks on Bessarabia means, in a political sense, even if true, just nothing. There still are Russian disasters in Asia—the Russians are on the defensive against both Turks and Schamyl; and that change in their game is fatal to them in a part of the world where little depends on resources and everything on prestige. There is a mystery about the Baltic allied fleets—something wrong; but it

would be unjust to charge failure against Napier:—he is a blundering man, but a good sailor, and if his ships could have done anything he would have given them the chance. The firm neutrality of the Northern Powers deranged his calculations, no doubt; and the English public should inquire if we have not lost Sweden and Denmark because our Government declined to give those countries permanent guarantees against Russia. What was the use of sending out a bold admiral if our Government was timid?

The Crimea expedition has inspired the country with confidence in the Government; but, as we have suggested all along, the difficulties of the cabinet commence *after* Sebastopol. The Sheffield meeting on Monday was a failure, because it was anti-ministerial—there being really no anti-ministerial ground whatever to take as yet. But Sheffield might try again; when the perplexity comes to be realised, there will be plenty of meetings: the cabinet itself will probably split on the Austrian alliance, and then Whigs and Peelites will be appealing against one another to those sections of the country which are in their confidence. Meanwhile the country is intent for news of the war,—is not in the least analysing the *politics* of the war. The agricultural interest has been having its meetings, to talk good crops and bad English: not a word anywhere about the Austrian alliance; so that Mr. Disraeli, finding that the time had not yet arrived to give any cue in public affairs, has missed, for the first time for five years, the annual Bucks Farmers' Dinner. Two Liberals have been out, but have talked abjectly *mal à propos*. Mr. Hume has made a speech, in which he seems to take for granted that "we are all Reformers now," that the business of Radicalism has been done in his time (and, indeed, in one sense that is true), and so on, in Mr. Hume's way; while Mr. Frederick Peel, invited to a public ball, and requested to speak before dancing began, lectured young ladies and gentlemen of Bury on—Lord John's last Reform Bill. Can "public opinion" be gathered from these imbecilities? And there is nothing else going on. There is, to be sure, an election for Frome impending: Liberal electors writing to London papers to groan over the dictation of the Earl of Cork, and wondering that no public spirited Reformers will go down and contest the borough. Is everybody out of town? Not a briefless barrister left to advertise his "sentiments?" Our Ministers are all in deep retirement—even Lord Aberdeen has left town;

and those of the Ministers who go north, are caught by Scotch corporations and enslaved into having the "freedom" of various cities (which natives leave with great alacrity), inflicted on them. Sir William Molesworth is undergoing this operation at Edinburgh: and will seize the occasion to point out how, in his person, Radicalism has advanced—forgetting that he is a wealthy baronet, and overlooking the letters of Liberal electors of Frome.

The Perry case (we hope ex-Lieutenant Perry is now behaving morally, so as to be worth the fund that is being raised in his honour) has been balanced by a case, at Gosport, in which a prostitute, the associate of dashing officers, drinks and fights herself to death on board an H. M. S. Society is again indignant: Lieut. Knight is regarded as a blackguardly young man, deserving transportation; and the press is horrified to find that the "officers" of the navy are just as indifferent "gentlemen" as the officers of the army—the press, in its virtuous indignation, not observing that Lieut. Knight is a Marine, and in that respect a fit address for their virtuous homilies. We have elsewhere suggested the affectations of this "public disgust;" we may remark, in addition, that public despair of officers might be suppressed while the country has sent our armies and navies to defend civilisation; and it will not be out of place to hint that journalists are not professionally bound to cant.

From America we get a new story about Cuba. We get facts about Canada.

There is a Ministerial crisis of a strange fashion. The chief minister is ousted and his policy is retained; nay, some of his colleagues form part of his new Ministry, under his old antagonist Alan McNab: as if Lord Derby, having defeated Lord John Russell in the late Ministry, had walked to the Treasury with some of Lord John's colleagues and adopted the Cabinet programme of the Whigs in block. The principal measures of the late Government are: the secularisation of the Clergy reserves; the act of the Imperial Parliament, substituting election for nomination, in the appointment of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada; the emancipation from seigniorial rights in Lower Canada; and the authority for carrying out the Elgin treaty, establishing reciprocity of commercial intercourse with the United States. These were the Hincks' measures, these are the McNab measures, and why, then, has Mr. Hincks been excluded from the lead of a majority elected to support his Ministry, he being so esteemed that leading men in the colonial Parliament shed tears on his resignation? The story is, that Mr. Hincks had promoted the development of a Canadian railway system by the help of London directors and London contractors, while the Parliament men in the colony wished for local contracts, local considerations for claims to diversions in the course of the railways. A grudge against the chief Minis-

ter on these grounds offered a timely instrument for political opponents, who were themselves less scrupulous about consulting local interest. Such is the probable explanation of the anomalous result. Imperially, that result is unimportant.

Ireland is practicalising her politics. Mr. John O'Connell attempts, this week, to establish an association "for general purposes," but without success; the attendance at his meeting was about two; the subscriptions will be about 4d. The Tenant League has had a conference, at which also the attendance was slack, but of which the proceedings were intelligible and sensible. The new circumstances of the country render a Tenant League almost as little required as it is in England; but the League is doing this good—it is keeping the best of the national Irish party together in Parliamentary independence; and their demands are naturally being so modified, that we may begin to entertain a distinct hope of English Radical members and Irish Tenant-right members uniting themselves into a compact organisation in the House of Commons, capable of coercing even a Coalition into Liberalism for both countries. Yet, if the Tory leaders, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, are deliberately about to raise a Protestant cry? We hesitate to believe in such political infamy.

England and France are illustrating the cordial alliance by exchanging compliments. Paris is about to adopt the London system of police. What a blow to romancers!—French statesmen destroying the assumed efficiency of a "secret police,"—a secret police being necessarily a failure.

Australia supplied a new world to commerce, and it is supplying a new world to art. The English "public" is enlarging for all the Englishmen and women who live upon the public. Miss Catharine Hayes, having made a great fortune in America, is piling an Australian (golden) Pelion upon the Californian Ossa. Mr. G. V. Brooke follows, and no doubt we are to see a Hegira of singers and actors. London may get pleasanter by-and-by; and it will be agreeable to see the rough colonists getting so humanised by our "great dramatic artists."

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

THE Form of Prayer for the Day of Thanksgiving (to-morrow) has been published.—It runs thus:—

A Prayer of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the present Abundant Harvest. To be used at Morning and Evening Service, after the General Thanksgiving in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, on Sunday, the 1st of October next.

ALMIGHTY God and Father, of whose only gift it cometh that the earth is made to yield its increase for the sustenance of man, vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, that Thou hast crowned the year with Thy goodness, and caused the earth to bring forth abundantly, that it might give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. We acknowledge, O Lord, that it is of Thy great mercy that the evils of want and scarceness are not added to the dangers of warfare abroad, and the terrors of pestilence at home. We might have sown much, and brought in little; the heaven might have been stayed from dew, and the earth stayed from her fruit. But Thou hast dealt graciously with Thine unworthy servants, and has blest the labour of the husbandman, and filled our garners with all manner of store. And now, Lord, we entreat Thee, together with these temporal mercies, to bestow the inestimable gift of Thy Holy Spirit, that a due sense of Thy goodness toward this land may awaken in us a more sincere repentance toward Thee, and a more earnest faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Grant that the dangers by which we are still threatened—the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the sword which destroyeth at noon-day—may lead us to a more active obedience to Thy laws, a more earnest endeavour to conform to Thy will, and to advance Thy Glory. Dispose the hearts of those to whom abundance has been given, to use that abundance in relieving the necessities of the poor and destitute; that whilst many have gathered plenty, none may pine in want and penury. Thus may Thy judgments and Thy mercies alike work together for the spiritual benefit of all the people of this land, and tend to graft in their hearts an increasing love and fear of Thee, our only refuge in the time of trouble. Hear, we beseech Thee, O Lord, these our humble petitions, and receive these our thanksgivings, for his sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

* To be added where the cholera prevails:—

And may the frequent instances of mortality which we have seen remind us all of the nearness of death, and of the judgment that is to follow; that whether living or dying, we may be found faithful disciples of Him who has taken away the sting of death, and opened the gate of everlasting life to all believers.

THE WAR.

THE CRIMEA.

The landing of the troops was effected, without opposition, at a place called Old Fort, thirty miles from Sebastopol. Eupatoria was, about the same time, occupied by a small force of English, French, and Turkish troops. The army was on full march for Sebastopol. Menschikoff was awaiting the attack of the allied forces in position at Buirlik, on the river Alma. That place would be reached by the allies on the 20th, and there are rumours of a battle having been fought on that day. We may have news to-day (Saturday).

THE DANUBE.

Omar Pacha is advancing into Bessarabia, and marching towards the Pruth. It is said there will be a "Siege of Ismail."

THE BALTIC.

The latest accounts leave the fleet off Revel. There is still a talk of an attack on that city, but nothing is known of what is to be done. Sir C. Napier is not coming home just yet; and it would seem that the future movements of the fleet depend a good deal on the part Sweden may take. Some of her ports would be desirable for a portion of the fleet to winter in.

ASIA.

Two combats have been fought in Georgia between Daniel Bey, Schamyl's lieutenant, and Wrangel's division. The Russians were beaten. The Poles, who formed part of the Russian forces, are reported to have gone over to the enemy with two guns.

THE PACIFIC.

The combined squadron of France and England, consisting of the Virago, President, Amphitrite, Rigue La Forte, L'Eurydice, L'Artemise, and L'Obli-gado were at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, on the 29th July. They were scouring the Pacific in search of Russian vessels.

LORD DUNDONALD AGAIN.

Lord Dundonald is very restless about the command of the Baltic fleet, which was not offered to him. He has written another letter to the papers—as thus:—

The unfounded charge brought against Lord Aberdeen, refuted by "the only testimony that could be adduced," being now transferred to Sir James Graham, accompanied by the assertion of a person that he heard the imputation from a friend of mine, I feel it to be my duty further to declare that Sir James Graham never offered the command of the Baltic fleet to me, and that I did not ask it, under the impression that Admiral Sir Charles Napier was the most capable of undertaking the arduous task of bringing the crews of an undisciplined fleet to order.

I mentioned, however, to Sir James Graham that, if the attack on Sebastopol (the most desirable object of the war) failed to terminate hostilities, I should hold myself in readiness to employ my "secret plan" on any naval enterprise, more especially if such were deemed impracticable by the usual art of war.

Attacked as I have been for stating the truth in regard to Lord Aberdeen, I trust that a generous public will suspend their judgment until at an early day I shall rebut the calumnies with which I have been assailed.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Emperor of the French is again at Boulogne. On Monday he was joined by the Empress. Her Majesty was received by the Emperor and a brilliant staff at the railway terminus. The "poissardes" were also awaiting the Empress with offerings of flowers. The progress of the cortege through the town, was an ovation. It is said that the Empress is considerably improved in health, and that the birth of an heir to the throne of France, within a few months, is by no means an improbable event.

A number of forged shares and other securities have been discovered to be in circulation on the Bourse. An unlicensed broker in the *coulisse* was found to be the guilty person.

The King of Portugal has returned to Lisbon. He was received with great cordiality. He appears to be popular.

There has been a monster petition from all parts of Jutland, against the proposed Danish Constitution. It was to have been presented to the King at Copenhagen by sixty-three deputies; but he refused to see them.

There is a report at Turin, that Garibaldi and Roselli, who was formerly a general in the Roman army, were going to fight a duel.

There has been a report of General O'Donnell's quitting the office of Minister of War in the Spanish Cabinet for that of Foreign Affairs, but it is contradicted; although there is to be some modification of the Cabinet before the meeting of the Cortes.

The King of Prussia has gone to Silesia to inspect personally the damage done by recent floods.

AMERICAN NEWS.

THE Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the British Colonies was signed by the President on the 11th September.

There is a rumour, but said to emanate from a good authority, that despatches had been received from Mr. Soley at Madrid, to the effect that he had made an arrangement with the new Government of Spain for the purchase of Cuba; and that England and France favoured the sale from "motives of sound international policy."

The annexation of the Sandwich Islands by the United States is said to have been determined on.

There has been rioting between the Irish and Americans in New Orleans. Lives were lost, and the disturbance was only quelled after the military had been twice called out.

A fugitive-slave riot has occurred at Chicago. Some men from St. Louis seized a fugitive-slave, as alleged illegally. He was rescued by the mob. The St. Louis men fired on the people, and re-captured the slave. They were arrested.

CANADA.

THE elections produced a majority for the Government. But Mr. Hincks has had to give way, and has resigned, on personal grounds. Sir Allen McNab succeeds to the office of Prime Minister; but makes little or no alteration in the Ministry, or the measures to be proposed. The following is given as the list of members forming the new Ministry:—Upper Canadians.—Sir Allen McNab, President of the Council; William Cayley, Inspector-General; John A. Macdonald, Attorney-General, west; Henry Smith, Solicitor-General, west; Robert Spence, Postmaster-General; John Ross, Speaker, Legislative Council. Lower Canadians.—N. A. Morin, Commissioner of Crown Lands; E. P. Tache, Receiver-General; Jean Chabot, Commissioner of Public Works; L. T. Drummond, Attorney-General; P. J. O. Chauveau, Provincial Secretary; Dunbar Ross, Secretary. It has been announced that the Government measures would be introduced in the following order, viz.,—Debate on the Addresses, Reciprocity Treaty Ratification, Clergy Reserves Secularisation, Seigneurial Tenure Commutation, Elective Legislature, Municipal Improvement in Lower Canada, Reduction of Tariff, and School Bill.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SOME of the Arctic voyagers have returned. A telegraph from Cork states:—

"Arrived her Majesty's ship Phoenix, bringing captains of the Investigator (Mc Clure), Assistance, and Resolute; and part of the crew of Assistance and Resolute."

"The North Star and Talbot convey the remainder of the crews of the Assistance, Resolute, Investigator, and tenders. The first and third lieutenants and surgeon of Resolute, master and clerk in charge of Assistance, and Monsier Debray have arrived in the Phoenix."

ARCHDEACON DENISON PROTESTS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Ditcher, of South Brent, has formally cited Archdeacon Denison before a commission of five clergymen, who are to inquire whether there is any ground for proceeding against him on charges that he has preached and published doctrines with regard to the communion as thus:—

"That the act of consecration causes the bread and wine, though remaining in their natural substances, to have the body and blood of Christ really, though spiritually, joined to them, so that to receive the one is to receive the other."

"That the wicked and unbelieving eat and drink the body and blood of Christ in the Lord's Supper just as much as the faithful."

The archdeacon has made a solemn protest, in legal form, against the proceeding, on the ground that a similar inquiry was entered on by direction of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells, under which he was acquitted of the charges; and that the archbishop has no power to re-open the question.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

AT the Middlesex Registration for the King's-cross district, some claims of persons holding under Freehold Land Societies were disputed on technical grounds, but were allowed, and the Liberal party in that district placed 41 new county voters on the registry.

In the Mile-end district 91 claims were made by the "Long-shore men," in right of freehold shares held by them as "the Potters-ferry Society, in freehold houses and land, and in freehold rights in a ferry at Potters-ferry, Isle of Dogs." It was decided that under their deed the claimants were not the real possessors of the freehold—which was in trustees, and the claims were all disallowed.

WAR TO THE MINISTRY.

THE demonstration at Sheffield "for the purpose of considering whether the present Government is deserving of the confidence of the country in the management of the war with Russia," which was announced last week, came off on Monday.

The feeling of the meeting was not unanimous. The mayor, who took the chair, stated that he did so officially, and that "he did not accord with the views of the requisitionists, but held quite contrary views to them." He complained that a number of the council who had signed the requisition were absent.

Mr. Councillor Alcock said that, as one of the parties who had signed that requisition, he was equally at a loss with the mayor as to who had got up the meeting. He was asked in the town council during its last meeting to sign a requisition for a meeting, but to that document no one could have had any objection, for it was simply that the mayor would call a meeting to consider whether the conduct of Government in reference to the war was deserving the confidence of the country. He had been asked to second a resolution, but not liking the petition to be moved, he had prepared an amendment which he would submit to the meeting. He might say, that it was rumoured this was not a spontaneous movement on the part of the people of Sheffield, but that it had been got up by the Carlton Club in London.

Councillor Saunders said perhaps the mayor would allow him to make his confession. (Laughter.) He explained that he had twice refused to sign a requisition to the mayor to call a meeting to condemn her Majesty's Ministers and to ask for their dismissal from office, on the ground that we were not in possession of sufficient information of the movements of the allied troops. He had received a resolution which he had been appointed to second, but he had written to the promoters of the meeting declining to support that motion. At present he thought we were doing a fair amount of military work in the East, and he could not but believe that in the north of Europe something startling would soon be done.

Mr. Alderman Carr proposed the first resolution:

The last time he had the honour of being before a public audience on this question, his remarks suffered the degradation of being pumice-stoned in Russia. (Laughter.) It would make little difference to him if they suffered the same fate on the present occasion. (Cheers.) He stood there with a clear conscience, satisfied he was doing his duty to himself and his country by moving the resolution that had been placed in his hand. (Cheers.) He entertained the highest respect and the greatest confidence of our great warriors in the East. (Cheers.) He believed that every man of them was there to do his duty, but he doubted whether they had sufficient authority given them to allow them to do their duty to their country. (Loud cheers.) He did not believe there was another man alive like Napier. (Cheers.) The next man to him was in the French army. The English and French alliance was a great blessing to us, and he sincerely hoped and trusted that friendly alliance would be everlasting. Whilst he reprobated as strongly as any man could do the horrors that followed war, yet he knew there were times when it was impossible for any nation to live at peace, and that it was now impossible for this country to live at peace with Russia. (Cheers.) In his last speech in that hall on that subject, he stated his firm belief that if England had been energetic in preventing Russia from occupying the principalities of Turkey, no war would have happened. (Applause.) Unless we had energetic men in our Government to carry us through the war, it would be a lasting one, and its end would be an inglorious one. How was it that authority was not given to our military and naval commanders to carry on the war firmly and strongly, as they wished to do? He did not blame the whole of the Government. There were men amongst them who deprecated the present system as much as any one could, but he could not be satisfied with the conduct of the gentleman who occupied the highest position in this country—the Earl of Aberdeen. (Loud cheers.) If that minister were to reflect a moment that he had been one of the greatest and dearest friends of Russia, delicacy ought to have told him that he was the last man in the world who should hold his present position. (Cheers.) He did not exercise that delicacy, nay, he was in power very much in opposition to a great number of members of Parliament, and a large majority of this nation. (Cheers.) Now, he came forward to call upon his townsmen to speak out and unseat the man who so abused his power. (Cheers.) The motion he had to move was the following:—"That since the declaration of war against Russia by this country, numerous and dangerous diplomatic interruptions, combined with a laxity of purpose, have been permitted to obstruct alike the tactics of our naval and military leaders, and the general progress of the war, and thus prevented measures of a decisive character, tending to the humiliation of Russia, from being adopted."

Mr. Weston briefly seconded the motion.

Mr. Councillor Alcock then rose, and said:—

Though perhaps there would be a difference of opinion, owing to a want of explanations, he trusted there would be no mistake of this meeting's detestation of Russian aggression. (Cheers.) He condemned the cruelty and rapacity of Russia, but he could not agree with the mode in which it was proposed to treat this question. Although he was no admirer of Lord Aberdeen, he could not believe he had the power in the Ministry he was said to have. He did not think that such men as Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston would sit in the council as mere lookers on. They were and ought to be equally responsible for their conduct to England. The policy of this country should not be to single out one man in the cabinet, but to make all responsible to the country. He would now submit an amendment, but if it was hostile to the feelings of the meeting he would withdraw it. The amendment was: "That this meeting feels deep concern at the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers in their mode of carrying on the war. That it considers their conduct in relation to Odessa showed not

only a want of vigour, but a want of due regard to human life; and permitting Austria to occupy the Danubian provinces without even a declaration of war against Russia, this meeting deems impolitic in the highest degree, in no way calculated to impress the Autocrat with their determination of purpose, or secure the ostensible objects of the war." He himself did not like the conduct of the present Whig Government. He accused them of slumbering at their posts, and acting in such a manner as to arouse exceeding watchfulness of their proceedings by the public. Their conduct in reference to Odessa was really like nothing but playing at war. (Cheers.) It had always hitherto been our policy when we obtained an advantage in war to follow it up vigorously, but that we neglected to do at Odessa, and the result was loss to this nation, and the shedding of the blood of our sailors. When we condemned the Cabinet, we should recollect that Lord Palmerston was in office when Poland was partitioned by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The restoration of the independence of Italy, Hungary, and Poland must be the wish of every English patriot, but we must not think that we should get any Government or any House of Commons to forward that movement with our present system of representation. He referred to the part that England took with Russia against the Turks at the battle of Navarino, for which he said Russia showed her gratitude to us by closing the Danube against our ships within a month. Our conduct has been most cowardly. Our wars have been the wars of madness and folly, though he did not say this war partook of the general quality. We must not expect Lord Derby or Mr. Disraeli to forward the independence of Italy, Hungary, and Poland. (A Voice: "We don't want them.") Nor could Bright or Cobden raise a cabinet. He condemned our present policy with respect to Austria, in allowing that power to occupy Turkish territory, and for the shortcomings of the Government he held not only Aberdeen, but the whole Cabinet, responsible. Lord Aberdeen could not control the whole Cabinet, but really, if he could, they ought all to be impeached and shot. (Cheers and laughter.)

The Mayor: Come, Mr. Alcock, you are going too far. (Laughter.)

Mr. Alcock: You don't suppose I mean anything, do you? (Roars of laughter.) The mayor seemed afraid that he was going to say something violent.

The Mayor: No, but that you have already said it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Alcock: Well, what he meant to say was, that if men betrayed their country they deserved to be impeached and punished. (Applause.) He should have less regret for their loss than for the loss of perhaps thousands of our troops which might be brought about by their cowardice and a want of honesty of purpose. The longer this war lasted the greater would be the expense, every shilling of which had to come from the pockets of the people, and therefore he wished it to be speedily concluded; and not so as to secure peace from Russia, as Lord Aberdeen said, for thirty years, but for 300 years. (Cheers.) We ought to raise an effective barrier to the despotism of that power, which, though called barbarian, possessed a monstrous lot of cunning; for as regarded the corn trade, and the right of navigation of the Danube, they had outwitted all our diplomatists. It was not one, but all the Cabinet who were answerable for the conduct of the war, and so they ought to be, for they got money enough for it. (Cheers.)

Councillor Harvey said he had also an amendment to make, which might meet with the same fate as Mr. Alcock's. Strong charges had been made against the Government, and at any rate those should be proved before we pronounced them guilty. The resolution he had to move was to the effect "That, in the opinion of the meeting, the progress of the war hitherto has not been so satisfactory to the country, nor so vigorously prosecuted as the extensive preparations led the country to expect, but as now there seems a determination to act with energy in the Crimea, this meeting be adjourned for a fortnight, to await the issue of the operations there." (A Voice: "Nonsense.") That gentleman might call it nonsense, but he called it good common sense. It was not his intention in moving that amendment to shut up public discussion on the conduct of Government. There was no one on the platform who thought Government had been more lax and negligent in prosecuting the war than he did. (Cheers and laughter.) For the first two or three months they heard of nothing but the captures of cargoes of salt and guano by our powerful fleet. This appeared to him a pettifoggish trifling with the nation. But what had we arrived at now. Perhaps ere this resolution was moved to-night, Sebastopol was in possession of the allied armies. He hoped to God it was. (Cheers.) We had now strong opinions against Aberdeen and his Cabinet, and it was only a few months ago that we entertained somewhat similar opinions of Prince Albert. Yet directly Parliament met, the charge against him was at once blown to the winds. (Cheers.) Seeing it stated in the Morning Herald that the Newcastle people were the only sensible people in the kingdom, and that the people of Sheffield were going to act likewise, he asked them to pause before they allowed it to be said they were the only people who had fallen into that trap. (Cheers.) He urged them to be careful, lest by their conduct they should thwart Government, who had manifested a disposition to carry on the war manfully and with vigour. They should rather encourage Government to go on. In a fortnight or three weeks we should see whether Government were sincere, and the question would lose nothing in the interval. If this Government were turned out, whom would they get in their place? The Derbyites? We knew enough of them. Lord John Russell went slow enough; but Lord Derby put the drag on altogether. (Laughter.) It was a few twaddling bigoted Tory papers who were attempting to rouse up opposition to Government, of whose alleged unfitness no proof was given.

Councillor Alcock seconded the amendment. Mr. Wilkins rose to support Mr. Harvey's amendment, which, however, he thought did not go far enough; because a fortnight was a very short time, and might disclose nothing sufficient to warrant them in pronouncing an opinion adverse to Government. They ought to waive their discussion until the present season was ended, and until Parliament met, so that they might hear the defence of Government, before pro-

ceeding to condemn it. His belief was that Government was wiser than this meeting. The resolution merely supposed a case, but gave no instance of Aberdeen, or his fellows, having done that which the resolution imputed to them. The meeting would be committing itself seriously by pronouncing an opinion upon mere supposition. He hoped that the meeting would not pass the resolution before it, until its assertions had been proved.

Alderman Carr having replied,

The Mayor said, Mr. Wilkins had requested him to state that he only wished the meeting to be adjourned for a certain limited period—not for six months, or sine die. His worship then put the amendment, which was negatived by nearly the whole meeting. The resolution was then put and carried with loud cheers.

Councillor Ironside (Loud Cheers) said his name was down to move another resolution, but he should never object to do duty on an occasion of this description for his worthy friend Mr. Schofield; and, therefore, moved—"That considering the treacherous character of Austria in all her tortuous diplomatic proceedings, no hope is offered to the people of England that any permanent advantages, bearing on the future peace of Europe, can result from accepting her as an ally; and that the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, without declaring war against Russia, is in the highest degree dishonourable and improper." In 1844, Nicholas of Russia visited this country. After his return to Russia he sent a memorandum of what had happened, by Count Nesselrode. Count Nesselrode proposed the partition of Turkey to the British Government, and after making this proposition, the count said:—"That, notwithstanding, will be the more beneficial, inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria. Between her and Russia there exists already an entire conformity of principle in regard to the affairs of Turkey." In conclusion, Nesselrode said, after showing how Turkey was to be partitioned:—"And for the purpose just stated, the policy of Russia and Austria, as we have already said, is closely united by the principle of perfect identity." Now, that was in 1844. Aberdeen, who was then Foreign Secretary, received that proposition, put it into his red box, and neither returned nor rejected it. (Applause.) When the Emperor Nicholas, a fortnight after the accession to power of Lord Aberdeen, saw Sir H. Seymour at St. Petersburg, he got hold of him by the button-hole, and had some conversation with him respecting Turkey. His Majesty said: "The sick man is ready to die; the time has come about which we spoke in 1844." In the course of the conversation, Sir H. Seymour said: "Your Majesty has forgotten Austria. Now, this question affects that power very nearly, and she will expect to be consulted." "Oh," said the Emperor, "but you must understand when I speak of Russia, I speak of Austria as well. (Laughter, and cries of "Hear, hear.") What suits the one suits the other. (Cheers, and cries of "That's it.") Our interests with regard to Turkey are perfectly identical." (Cheers.) He need not say more on that part of the question than to ask the meeting "What is Austria now doing in the Principalities?" Omer Pacha, that noble man (Applause), unaided by us, drove Russia out of the Principalities. Austria was now in. England had influenced the Porte to sign a convention to allow Austria to occupy that territory; and what was Austria doing? Hunting out the refugees—obliging Omer Pacha to give up the Hungarian refugees there; telling them that she would not have the Polish and Hungarian refugees in the Principalities. And our Government were in complicity with that act. (Cheers.) Then, he asked, what were they to do with an adjournment for a fortnight, when, for aught they knew, Austria might be shooting down those poor unfortunate refugees in hundreds, as she had done before. (Cheers.) Why, it made his blood boil to think that England should be a party to so disgraceful and horrible a transaction. (Applause.) Omar Pacha did not want Austria in the Principalities; but Austria was there because the interests of Russia and Austria were "perfectly identical." (Cheers.) Austria held possession of the Principalities as a warming-pan for Russia; and as Russia told Austria to declare war against us, she would do so. Austria would then say: "I am in the Principalities, and I'll not move out of them." He (Mr. Ironside) regarded our toleration of Austria's occupation of the Principalities as a most disgraceful transaction, and called upon the meeting, by its vote, to indorse his opinions. (Cheers.)

Mr. Pearson seconded the motion.

Councillor Alcock hoped that the remainder of the business would be conducted in a more friendly manner. He wanted to know the truth. If what Mr. Ironside had said was true as to Austria's occupation of the Danubian Principalities, that was so serious a matter that it ought to be the first subject for inquiry on the re-assembling of Parliament; and if it were found that Ministers were guilty of the things imputed to them, they ought not to be allowed to exist. (Applause and laughter.) He (Mr. Alcock) saw Mr. Roebuck a short time after Kossuth's visit to Sheffield. Mr. Roebuck expressed great admiration for the noble Hungarian, and his sympathy with Kossuth's nation; but Mr. Roebuck also said that as an English statesman he could not adopt his (Kossuth's) views with reference to Austria. Mr. Roebuck wrote a letter to the promoters of Kossuth's demonstration in Sheffield in June last, in which he stated his reason for dissenting from Kossuth's views on the Austrian question. That letter was never read in public. He (Mr. Alcock) regretted it was not; because it would have given Kossuth an opportunity to reply to them, and to put the points in dispute between him and Mr. Roebuck before the public in a most interesting light. And more than that, he had Mr. Roebuck's authority to make it known that he felt disappointed, as the representative of this town, that his views were not on that occasion laid before the public on such an important question as that of Austria's influence or position with regard to the present war. For his (Mr. Alcock's) own part, he did not like Austrian influence at all; and if the opinion of the Earl of Aberdeen was a correct one, that France could beat Russia and Austria put together, he would rather not see us in alliance with the latter nation; because he was sure that the views of Austria would be inimical to the interests of Turkey in the settlement of this matter. He maintained, however, that there were portions

of the question which had not been fairly brought before the meeting. Government, they must remember, had the advantage of intelligence which the people could not get; and it often happened that charges of treachery fell to the ground when Ministers rose to explain. On that ground he disapproved of the sweeping condemnation of the Ministry contained in the resolution.

Mr. Harvey hoped that Mr. Alcock had not been apologising for him, for he did not require it. All that had been done by former speakers was to quote bits of paper, to talk about hanging patriots, and to appeal to the feelings of the meeting. Those were no proofs. For himself, he could say, that his sympathies with the Hungarian nation were as great as any man's. But if they gave Government credit for countenancing Austria in persecuting the Hungarians at one time, they ought to give them credit for "putting the stopper on" at another. He would read a quotation from the morning papers of the 25th instant: "The Austrian Government sent a despatch yesterday to Baron Hesse, ordering him to concede the occupation of Galatz and Ibraila to the Turks, if Omer Pacha desired it. Thus all differences are handsomely settled."

Mr. Parks asked how it happened that Omer Pacha had been bamboozled for the last few weeks by Austria, and how it happened that Austria had made the concession to Omer Pacha referred to by Mr. Harvey. If no one answered those questions, he should do so.

Mr. Otley said: This was a battle between Whigs and Tories, and he should therefore take no part in the meeting. One observation he would notice:—That if our Government was betraying the interests of the country—that if there was any intrigue going on between some portion of the ministry and Russia, they had forgot in this discussion that we had a powerful ally. Was France to be duped also? Was France in league with Lord Aberdeen and our Ministry to betray the cause of Europe? He thought not; and regretted that the meeting should be led astray by those two factions—the Tories and Whigs—and lose sight of questions of the greatest interest to the country. (Cheers.)

Mr. Ironside claimed the right to reply. Was he a Whig or Tory? Was Alderman Carr a Whig or Tory? What was the meaning of that imputation? [A Voice: "It's only a bit of opposition."] He had been told to read from the papers; and he had read from the Parliamentary blue books, and had never been so disgusted as he had been with what he had read, and never so satisfied as when he had got done with the filth. As to the perfidy of Austria, he would read three little things. Colonel Rose was one of our diplomats. He was at Constantinople during the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Colonel Rose was the only honest man in the blue books. He found out, soon after the talk began about the Latin and Greek churches at Jerusalem, what was the matter. He sent for the fleet from Malta. Admiral Dundas would not attend to the summons. Colonel Rose was snubbed by our Government for sending for the fleet, but Admiral Dundas was praised for his conduct. Colonel Rose was not the kind of man our Government wanted. When Menschikoff went to Constantinople, Colonel Rose endeavoured to find out what his mission was about, but Menschikoff deceived him and our Government as to what it was. Lord John Russell said that Russia had exhausted every form of falsehood; and in one of Colonel Rose's conversations with that wily diplomatist, Menschikoff said that "the military movements of Omer Pacha had excited the suspicions of the Russian Government, who thought that he might carry war and Mazzini's doctrines into the Austrian territory and the Danubian provinces." That was the reason why the Austrians did not like Omer Pacha, or any one with honest energy about him. (Applause.) Lord Clarendon, after the battle of Sinope (Call it the murder.) He would call it the murder of Sinope. After that affair, Lord Clarendon wrote to the Earl of Westmoreland the following letter:

"Dec. 29, 1853.

"My Lord,—A report has reached her Majesty's Government that previous to the attack by the Russian fleet on the Turkish squadron at Sinope, the Austrian Consul-General had been observed to make a telegraphic signal to the Russian fleet. Your lordship will express to Count Buol the disbelief of her Majesty's Government in the truth of the report; but you will at the same time suggest that an inquiry should be made into the origin of such a rumour.

"CLARENDON."

Now, our Government had that information, and attached some credence to it, or they would not have made it the subject of a despatch. Well, then, Westmoreland replied:

"Vienna, Jan. 11, 1854.

"My Lord,—I mentioned to Count Buol the report of which your lordship speaks in your despatch of the 29th of December, as to the Austrian Consul having made telegraphic signals to the Russian fleet at the moment of its entry into that harbour. Count Buol said he considered the report could have its origin only in the attempted calumny against the Austrian Government, and he could not, therefore, take any notice of it. He was happy to find that her Majesty's Government had expressed their disbelief in it, being convinced that the story was wholly undeserving of credit.—I have, &c.,

"WESTMORELAND."

Now, continued Mr. Ironside, our Government had heard of the Austrian Consul-General telegraphing to Russia when the latter attacked the Turkish fleet. They wrote to request an inquiry, at the same time that they said they did not believe the story. Austria replied, "No, it's all a calumny," and there the matter was hushed up. He believed that Austria did telegraph to Russia in that instance. (Cheers.)

The mayor now put the resolution, and it was carried. Mr. Alcock moved the following resolution:—"That, judging from the progress and present position of the war, it does not seem probable that the independence of Poland (so much desired by the people of England) will be secured, without which, it is the opinion of this meeting, no terms for a lasting peace can be effected."

Carried, after several speeches had been made. Mr. Ironside, after a long speech, moved the adoption of the following memorial:

"To her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.—The address of the people of Sheffield, in public meeting assembled

Showeth—"That we, your Majesty's memorialists, have taken a deep interest in the present war with Russia, having often met to express our opinions thereupon, and having cheerfully furnished our portion of the means to prosecute the war.

"That we again find it necessary to meet and calmly note the proceedings of Russia and Austria, and the present position of England.

"That in 1844, a secret, dishonest, and clandestine communication was received from the Czar by the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, obviously contemplating the partition of Turkey, and that this communication was neither rejected nor returned.

"That the existence of this clandestine proposal appears to have been kept a secret for a long time, not only from your Majesty, but from your Majesty's principal responsible advisers, and also from Sir Hamilton Seymour, your Majesty's incorruptible representative at the Court of St. Petersburg.

"That in December, 1852, the resignation of the Earl of Derby's Ministry took place, and on the 27th of that month Lord Aberdeen announced in Parliament the formation of his Ministry, to the great surprise of the country, who were then totally at a loss to discover any sufficient reason for his appointment.

"That on the 9th of January following, being a fortnight after the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, the Czar secretly renewed his clandestine and dishonest proposal, and persisted in forcing its consideration upon Sir H. Seymour, as appears by his remarkable despatches.

"That in the course of the Czar's conversations with Sir H. Seymour, the Czar expressed the great pleasure he felt at the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, and particularly desired Lord Aberdeen to be assured of his regard and esteem.

"That the Czar also stated that the interests of Russia and Austria, as regarded Turkey, were 'perfectly identical.'

"That, coincident with these occurrences, Austria was encouraging Montenegro to revolt, and when early in 1853 Omer Pacha went with 30,000 soldiers to reduce the insurgents there to submission, Austria sent Count Leiningen to Constantinople to say that unless this army were withdrawn Austria would regard it as a declaration of war, on the pretence that Omer Pacha was too near the Austrian frontiers.

"That as the Sultan knew Russia was in the background, and as he was totally unsupported by England, he was compelled to yield to the Austrian demand, and allow the integrity of his empire to be thus violated.

"That immediately after this transaction, Austria sent 90,000 soldiers to the Turkish frontier, thereby weakening the strength of the Sultan to cope with Russia by 50,000 soldiers, which were necessary to keep the Austrians in check.

"That the Czar then sent Menschikoff to Constantinople with his insolent demands, which were indignantly rejected.

"That notwithstanding these and other similar facts, which were officially brought to the knowledge of your Majesty's Ministers, they repeatedly assured the country that the designs of the Czar were honourable, and that there was no reason to doubt his word, nor that of his representative at the English court, although the Ministry were then perfectly aware of Sir H. Seymour's despatches.

"That the Ministry permitted the brutal massacre at Sinope, withheld the Sultan for a long time from chastising Russia, when he had shown his superiority by the victory of Oltenitz, and when the just and righteous indignation of the English nation could no longer be repressed, the Ministry advised a declaration of war against Russia to be made, and your Majesty's solemnly announced purpose was to repress the aggressive spirit of Russia.

"That instead of the Ministry having taken steps for the honest accomplishment of that purpose, they wasted months in fruitless and tortuous diplomatic negotiations—bombaraded Odessa, not because we were at war with Russia, but because a flag of truce had been fired upon—permitted the Sultan, unaided, to accomplish the glorious events of Silistria and Giurgovo, and to drive the Russians out of the Principalities—wasted a whole season in the Baltic by taking Bomarsund, simply to evacuate it, instead of capturing Riga, and thereby causing the heart of the Polish nation to beat high with hopes of deliverance—declined the proffered aid of the Poles to assist in the struggle, and finally have used their influence to compel the Sultan to sign a convention which permits Austria to occupy the Principalities so nobly recovered by them from the wicked grasp of his enemies.

"That this Austrian occupation is the more scandalous from the fact that Austria is not at war with Russia, and avowedly and pertinaciously refuses to declare war until Russia is thoroughly beaten, when there will be no occasion for the help of Austria, but when she will have a voice in the conditions of peace, and name her own terms for the evacuation of the Principalities.

"That some months ago we met together to petition Parliament to take measures for the restoration of Poland, as one of the principal means of prosecuting the war in a really efficient manner, and of securing terms of a lasting and honourable peace, to which opinion we still adhere, and we invited Louis Kossuth to attend our meeting.

"That, shortly after, a similar meeting was held in Nottingham, but the Duke of Newcastle declined to present the petition of the meeting, in a letter wherein he laid down in effect the unwarrantable and unconstitutional doctrine that the people had nothing to do with the conduct of the war.

"That about the same time Lord Westmoreland gave what were termed satisfactory explanations to Austria respecting the re-appearance of Kossuth in public.

"That these, with many other facts, have aroused our grave suspicions that unless a prompt change be made, the honour and the integrity of England will be sacrificed, and her existence perilled.

"That we especially protest against any alliance whatever with Austria, for the reasons herein stated, amongst others, and cannot but regard her present occupation of the principalities as in the highest degree dishonourable to England, and fatal to the peace of Europe.

palities as in the highest degree dishonourable to England, and fatal to the peace of Europe.

"That under these circumstances we regret to find it our duty to communicate to your most gracious Majesty our entire want of confidence in the present administration for the conduct of the war, and to entreat your Majesty to consider whether it is not imperatively necessary to call to your Majesty's councils men who will act honestly, vigorously, and unanimously, and carry on the present war in accordance with the wishes of the nation.

"And your Majesty's memorialists as in duty bound will ever pray."

Mr. Bagshaw seconded the proposition.

Mr. Parks came forward to speak, but the mayor said he had made speeches enough; and after he had occasioned some trouble he gave way.

Mr. John Wilson (grinder) remarked that Mr. Ironside had undertaken to prove everything that the memorial contained; but it was not altogether in accordance with facts, Mr. Ironside's facts and his reasons did not agree. He said that England compelled Turkey to consent to the Austrian occupation of the Principalities; but was not that agreement made by Austria and Turkey, as two independent nations, and then submitted to England and France? The memorial stated that Omer Pacha drove the Russians out of the Principalities; but that was not the fact. Then as to Austria not having declared war against Russia—why Austria had a perfect right, under the agreement, to occupy the Principalities without declaring war. ("No, no.") The agreement between Austria and the Porte was, that Austria was to make Russia leave the Principalities by force, if not otherwise. Well, Russia has left the Principalities. So far Austria's agreement has been fulfilled. Whether Austria will go the lengths of the Western Powers is another thing. Then as to the sweeping charges made in the memorial against Ministers. It was unfortunate that Parliament was not assembled. (Mr. Ironside: "Hear, hear.") Much of what had been said to-night was a repetition of what had been said in the House of Commons and refuted. Mr. Ironside argued that because Lord Aberdeen was a friend of Nicholas in 1844 therefore he is his friend now. There was a gentleman now on the platform that was once a great friend of Mr. Ironside, but they have long been at daggers' points. (Laughter.) And although Nicholas said that the policy of Russia and Austria was one, it did not follow that it was so. If that assertion were true, why had there been so many diplomatists lately at Vienna, and why did Count Nesselrode upbraid Austria with ingratitude? Moreover, Nicholas's suggestion made in 1844 was not agreed to by Lord Aberdeen. Alderman Carr's opinions were doubtless sincere; but it should be remembered that Government has a great deal more information on the matters in question than is possessed by the public. Was no inference to be drawn from the unprecedentedly great preparations that had been made in opposition to Russia? He was desirous to see Poland free; still it came with a bad grace from us to complain of partitionments. It appeared as if some gentlemen, in their zeal for war, cared little for the sacrifice of human life, and that they would have blindly followed Pitt, Castlereagh, and Percival in their blind prosecution of the war in which in their days the country was embroiled. There had been a great descent on Russian territory by the Allied Powers, and this was at variance with the supposition that no harm to Russia was intended. There was much in the memorial with which he could not concur, particularly in the censure of Government. It should be remembered that both the Tories and the Radicals had evinced their confidence in the Government, and they had had as good opportunities of gaining information as Mr. Ironside.

Mr. Buckley (a shoemaker) wished to turn the attention of the meeting to the grievances of Ireland, but the mayor declined to allow the attention of the meeting to be diverted to irrelevant topics.

Mr. Wostenholme said there was much in the memorial of which he approved, but there were several things in it that could not be proved to be correct. Let the mover confirm the statement that in 1844 secret diplomatic correspondence took place between Russia and Lord Aberdeen of which Sir H. Seymour was ignorant. The next was a fearful charge. It was that the English connived at the massacre of Sinope. (The mayor: That, at my request, has been struck out.) Then let Mr. Ironside prove that England impeded the operations of the Turks against the Russians, and were opposed to the latter nation being aided by a Polish legion. If those averments of the memorial were not true, let them be struck out.

Mr. Ironside, after remarking that Mr. Attwood had been invited to the meeting by the committee, said he was more than ever surprised at the conduct of the gentlemen who had taken part in this meeting. The committee who decided to have this meeting appointed a sub-committee, who determined on the resolutions to be submitted. He was not a member of that sub-committee; but he supposed that Mr. Wostenholme, being a member, knew all about these resolutions and the address to the Queen, and yet Mr. Wostenholme now called on him to prove certain statements contained in that address which he was called on to move. (Applause.) The first thing that he would refer to was the observation of Mr. Wilson, that the English Ministry had used their influence to compel Austria to keep out of the Principalities.

Mr. Wilson: My observation was that the Sultan signed it without compulsion, and that the British Government approved.

Mr. Ironside: Does Mr. Wilson believe now, in his heart, that the Sultan was not compelled to sign that convention? Mr. Wilson: Yes.

Mr. Ironside: Then I can only pity Mr. Wilson. Every one knows that every question of that sort was submitted to the four ambassadors at Constantinople; and the reason why England was not a party to that convention is, that she dared not commit English people to it, because if she had done so it would have raised such a feeling of horror in England that the Ministry would have been ousted, and any Ministry that might have attempted it. The other objections of Mr. Wostenholme were, that the English Ministry had held the Sultan a long time from chastising the Russians.

Well, there is the most abundant proof in these blue-books to that effect.

The Mayor, on rising to put the motion to the vote, said they had heard the admirable speech of Mr. Wilson. A very able and convincing speech it was to his mind, and one in which he entirely agreed. There was much more in the address than was ever contemplated in the resolutions, and much more than was warranted by the facts, as far as he could judge of public matters. It was for the meeting to decide whether they would join in a vote of non-confidence in the Ministers on the grounds stated.

The motion in favour of the address was then adopted, amidst cheers, with but a small portion of dissentients.

The business for which the meeting was convened being now concluded, the mayor vacated the chair, and a vote of thanks for presiding was given to him.

Subsequently Mr. Attwood, chairman of the Northern Political Union, delivered a speech, after which

Mr. John Taylor proposed the following resolution:— "That this meeting expresses its gratification at seeing the respected and venerable champion of reform movement, Charles Attwood, Esq., leaving his retirement and boldly asserting the right of the people to interfere directly in foreign affairs, and that a committee, consisting of Alderman Carr, Councillors Ibbitt, Elliott, Schofield, A. Booth, Saunders, Ironside, Wood, and Messrs. Graves, Bagshawe, Gillespie, Ramsden, Pearson, J. S. Taylor, W. Eaton, W. Gill, and S. Biggen, jun., be appointed to co-operate with the Newcastle committee in furtherance of that object; and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Turkish and French embassies, to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and Lord Lyndhurst."

This resolution was seconded by Mr. T. Graves, and carried without opposition.

The remnant of the meeting, which had been rapidly waning for some time, broke up at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock.

[We have received a letter from a correspondent at Sheffield, which throws a doubt on the accuracy of the statements that the meeting was a failure. He says:—"We had a fierce, factious, toadying opposition. The Town Hall was crowded, and all the resolutions went with overwhelming majorities; not thirty in the minority on any one, spite of the mayor being dead against us, and the other opposition."]

OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN AGAIN.

"*Per mare per terram*" is the motto of the Royal Marines. Some members of that corps have been doing their best to extend to the sea the feeling which prevails on shore against the social position which is occupied by those who are popularly called "our gallant defenders." A most fearful affair, ending in the death of a miserable woman, has come to light before a coroner's inquest at Portsmouth. The inquest was held to inquire into the manner in which Matilda Jane Lodge, a young woman, aged 22, daughter of poor but honest parents, came by her death, the cause of which fatal calamity is considered to have been "mainly accelerated" by ill-treatment which she had received on the night of Sunday, the 17th of September, in the wardroom of the hulk in which were berthed the officers and crew of her Majesty's ship *Dauntless*, lying in Portsmouth Harbour. The mother of the young woman stated that she left her residence at Gosport on the evening of Sunday, the 17th inst., in company with one Emma White; she was in good health. She proceeded to say:—

I went on Monday morning to the station-house at Portsea, where I saw her next, about eleven o'clock. I found her in the station-room, her clothes much disordered, the sleeve torn out of her gown, and her scarf very dirty. I said to her, "My dear girl, where have you been to get served like this?" She appeared to be very ill. I tried to lift her up. She said, "Don't, mother; I cannot move. Mother, I am dying; I shan't live long. I have received my deathblow." I said, "You must go home." She said, "I can't." With the assistance of Sophia Stevens, I took off the torn sleeve, and she was ultimately carried into a fly which stood at the door, and I took her home, got her upstairs, and put her to bed, after which I went for a medical man (Mr. Grey), who, however, did not come at once, and I sent for Mr. Munby (chemist), who came immediately. Mr. Grey afterwards came. I then went back to Portsea, and on my return I found my daughter "worse and worse." I said to her, "You have been cruelly ill-treated." She rejoined, "Yes, mother, I have; I shall die." She said something to me besides concerning the outrage, but I told her to lie quiet, and when she got better we would talk it over. I told her, "I hear you were on board of a ship." She said, "Yes, mother, and Emma was there, too; we went together." She said, "After Emma left I was unconscious." I said, "I think you must have been drugged." She replied she did not recollect anything about it. Her arms were black in places, one of her eyes was blackened, her cheek was all colours, and she had a bruise under her chin. She was sensible from the time I first saw her at the station-house until the time of her death, between twelve and one o'clock on Wednesday last. My daughter was about twenty-two, a single woman. She had a chain on her neck when she left home, but she had not got it when I found her.

The evidence of *Emma White*, the girl's companion, is important. She said:—

I am a single woman, and live at Gosport. I was acquainted with deceased. I called for her on Sunday evening last between six and seven o'clock, and we went from her house together. She was then well in health. She had no marks of violence upon her face at that time. We went to Portsmouth by the quarter past seven floating bridge, and

took a walk in the High-street until time to catch the nine o'clock (the last) bridge back. We were before the time, and while we were waiting two gentlemen came, and asked us to go and take some brandy-and-water. They were in private clothes. We went to a house on the Parade, near the main guard, and had some—I and the deceased and the two gentlemen. We stopped only a few minutes, and then left. We parted, and went with the deceased and one of the gentlemen to a house at Point, named the Fortitude, where we each had one glass of brandy-and-water, and on coming out he treated us to some pastry at a shop near. This was about ten o'clock, when he accompanied us to the ferryboat. There was nobody else in the boat but the waterman, and the gentleman then said, "You had as well go on board the ship, and afterwards to Gosport." (He had before said he belonged to her Majesty's ship *Dauntless*.) We both refused to go. He said, "Do come, and have a glass of wine; I'll not keep you long." We then consented to go on board (the deceased, myself, and the gentleman). The name of the waterman was Allen. I know now that the gentleman's name is Light or Knight, or some such name, a lieutenant of the Royal Marines. I and deceased were perfectly sober when we went on board. We went down into the gunroom. On entering or nearing the door I saw a gentleman whom I knew, named Seymour, a lieutenant of Marines, and I ran back. I said "I won't go in there, for there's somebody I know." I afterwards, however, went into the gunroom with deceased and the first-named gentleman. Lieutenant Knight came back, and said I need not be afraid—no one would see me, "Come into my cabin." The cabin is in the gunroom. I went in. The cabin is near the gunroom door. He shut the door, and said, "I'll fetch you a light in a minute." He brought a light and then went for something to drink. He brought some port wine, and some brandy afterwards. He gave deceased a decanter of port wine and a glass, with which she helped herself and then handed the glass from which she had drunk, to me. He afterwards poured out another and handed it to me, saying, "Don't drink much, perhaps it may make you ill." I tasted it, and threw the rest out of the cabin window. She drank hers. After that she had some brandy, and subsequently said, "I'll go out." She went into the gun-room and sat down there, where several gentlemen were present at that time. Lieutenant Seymour was one of them. When she went out, Lieutenant Knight came into me in the cabin, and I came out into the gunroom and said to the deceased, "Do you know what time it is? Do come home." She said, "Never mind," and was singing at the time, and added, "This will cut our acquaintance." I sat down in the gunroom, tried to persuade her to come, but she did not. I saw her partake of nothing after she came out of the cabin. She (deceased) then fainted, and one of the gentlemen asked me if ever I had seen her like that before. I said, "I had," and two gentlemen (officers), whom I do not know, in the gunroom helped her into Lieutenant Knight's cabin. I went into her and shut the door. We two were there alone. Deceased was lying on the bed. I said, "I must go," and did go out of the cabin. I tried to persuade her to go, but she said, "Never mind." I came out of the cabin and said to the officers, "I must go. Let her stay there an hour, she will be better." Lieutenant Seymour said to me, "You'd better go home." I left with him, and he saw me off the gangway. This was after one o'clock at night. Our waterman, whom we had told to wait, said it was after one o'clock. When I left the ship I left the deceased in the cabin of Lieutenant Knight. I did not see deceased again until Tuesday morning, at her mother's. She was very ill. I had never been on board the said ship before. Deceased's face was very much bruised. She had the right eye blackened, and said to me, "I think this will be my deathblow." I asked her who had done it. Her mother told me not to bother her, and I did not say anything more to her then. I saw her again on the morning of the 20th. She was then much worse, and said to me, "I am dying. Was not Light the gentleman's name we went on board with?" I answered, "Yes, I think it was." She then said, "Yes, that was his name, I saw it on his card after you were gone. I thought there was a jealousy between Lieutenant Light and some of the other gentlemen. I think they fought. He (Light) was so much in liquor, he did not care whom he had his revenge on, and I (deceased) suppose that he meant me, and I became unconscious." I did not see her again alive. When I left her on board the *Dauntless* I was perfectly sober, and her (deceased's) clothes and person were in the same state as when we went on board. I think there were as many as six or seven officers drinking in the gunroom of the *Dauntless*. When I left Lieutenant Seymour was not drunk. I have seen him since. Last evening (Thursday, 21st) two gentlemen sent to my house for me. They were waiting at the bottom of South-street, Gosport. It was between seven and eight o'clock. I went to the place named, but there was no one there. I, however, afterwards saw them—they were Lieutenants Seymour and Light. I spoke to Lieutenant Seymour, and he said, "It's a very serious case. Have you seen her?" I replied, "Yes; and she's been used most dreadfully." He said, "Well, I don't know, but she was not used ill while I was on board. I left the ship about an hour, or an hour and a half after you." Lieutenant Knight turned round and said, "She was not used ill on board the ship," and he then left us. Lieutenant Seymour asked me if I knew how it would be brought in. I said I didn't know anything about it. We then parted.

The captain of the forecabin of the *Dauntless* and two privates of marines, who were sentries at the door of the ward-room, and who must have received impressions of the officers not very calculated to promote their authority, deposed to the woman's "screaming" and tumbling about till nearly four o'clock, when they assisted in removing her into a boat, in "a deadly state of intoxication—her clothes all rumpled and disordered, and hair loose." The waterman who took her on shore stated that her clothes were disordered and torn, and, indeed, so scanty, that at first he thought she had only her

night-clothes on. She was conveyed to the station-house at Portsea. A woman who attended there stated that

"She appeared to have been ill-used. She complained of great pain, and asked me to rub her chest, which I did. She complained of the lower part of her side, and tried to relieve herself as many as half-a-dozen times, but could not. She told me she should die, and that the treatment she had received would be the death of her. She vomited something off her stomach, which was port wine, but in the vomit appeared something like a white powder, which did not apparently mix up with it. It was not preserved. Her arms were very much bruised indeed, apparently from great violence. I do not at all think that the state she was in was produced by the wine she had taken, but from something taken in the wine, as not more than about a glassful came off the stomach."

The governor of Portsmouth gaol interrogated her, and she said she had been ill-treated on board the *Dauntless* by Seymour and them—"Seymour is a Marine officer."

The officers implicated in the matter having pressed that they should make a statement, were permitted to do so.

Lieutenant Knight, of the Royal Marines, stated:—

On the evening of last Sunday I went on shore, accompanied by a brother officer. We met two girls at the floating-bridge, both of whom were known to the gentleman I was with. We walked up the street from the bridge to the Parade, and there we went in and had some brandy-and-water. We remained there about 10 minutes, and then left. The officer who was with me (named Buck, belonging to the *Colossus*) left us. I then walked down to Point, accompanied by the two girls, to go on board. On the way down, one of the girls, I don't know which, asked me to give her some pastry. We went into a pastrycook's shop, and they both had something to eat, and we then went towards the boat. One of the girls asked me if the *Colossus* was still alongside the *Victorious* hulk, to which I was going. I said, "Yes." She then said, "Is Lieutenant Seymour on board?" I said, "Yes; I left him in the wardroom of the hulk not long ago." She said, "Will you take me on board to see him?" I said, "Oh, yes." I went on board with them, and went down into the wardroom alone. They came down below by themselves and went into my cabin, the door of which was open. They shut the door and fastened it. I told them that my cabin was in the wardroom, and was the centre one. The door was open for some reason. They did not appear to wish to see Mr. Seymour—so we supposed. I asked them to take some port wine. They opened the door a small distance, and I passed the decanter through the space, out of which I had previously helped myself to a glass. Lieutenant Elphinstone was in command of the ship, and in the wardroom at the time. After some time they passed out the decanter empty. There was perhaps a pint, or a good part of a bottle of wine when I handed it in. They asked for some brandy, and I passed them in two-thirds of a bottle in the same manner. They remained in there by themselves for some time—I could not say how long—when one of them came out, sat down in a chair, and commenced to sing. She had nothing to drink, to the best of my knowledge, after she came out of my cabin. She then became in a state of intoxication, and slipped off her chair. The commanding officer (Lieutenant Elphinstone) then came down and ordered them out of the ship. I do not know the exact time; about one o'clock—it might have been after one. He then sent for a sergeant and a file of men, and ordered her to be carried out. I went to him and said, "Don't have her carried out now, as she is not in a fit state; let her remain an hour, and she'll be better;" which he did, and sent the men away. The medical officer saw her, and said there was nothing the matter; she was drunk. She was making a noise, some time after this, when the commanding officer again sent a sergeant and a file of men to remove her. I did not see the men come into the wardroom. It was about half past two o'clock, and I was lying upon the wardroom table. I again spoke to Lieut. Elphinstone, and she was allowed to remain. Shortly after this I lay down on the table and went to sleep until I heard a noise, and went into my cabin with the steward, and saw the deceased lying on the floor. I assisted the steward to place her on the bed. I know nothing more that occurred, as I lay down on the table and went to sleep again immediately, until the steward came to me, and said, "Here's a boat alongside, shall I send her ashore?" I said, "If you can get any person to take charge of her, take her home, and I will pay all the expenses." I know nothing more, as I went to sleep again immediately. I heard in the morning that Lieutenant Jervis had sat up some time after. I do not know that they drank all the wine and brandy in the decanters. I was not in the cabin. The first-lieutenant would have nothing to say to it. There were in the wardroom Lieutenant Elphinstone, Lieutenant Seymour, Lieutenant Grant, Mr. Roche, Lieutenant Jervis, Mr. Woodman, and Mr. Heath. The captain was not there. I do not recollect going in the cabin before they handed out the decanters. I do not know what they threw out of the window, nor do I know what they wished to avoid Lieutenant Seymour for, but he had known them for several years. I did not see deceased taken out of the ship. Her dress was open in front by order of the doctor who examined her. I saw the two women in the presence of Lieutenant Seymour. Deceased sat down and commenced singing in the presence of the gentlemen named. I witnessed no blow or fighting between any officers, but I saw one of them dancing down one side of the ship, and deceased threatened to throw something at him. I was on the table asleep when the deceased was taken out of the ship. I took her on board. I did not see Lieutenant Seymour or any other officer go into my cabin during the time the girls were there. I saw one of them since, but have time the girls were there. I was with Lieutenant Seymour when not spoken to her. I was with Lieutenant Seymour when he sent for Emma White, and we met the girl subsequently by appointment near the barracks, but I do not know what Mr. Seymour said to her. I saw no quarrelling on board the

bulk, no blows, nor any violence towards deceased. The surgeon was sent for because she was crying.

Mr. Seymour, of the Marines; Lieutenant Jervis, of the navy; and Mr. Roche, the assistant-surgeon of the *Dauntless*, were examined, and their account of the matter was much the same as Mr. Knight's, denying that any violence was used towards the women, and asserting that she was used kindly.

The medical evidence went to show that death was caused by rupture of the bladder, which "might have been caused by a fall after distension by drink. A verdict was found thus:—

According to the evidence given by the medical men, we are bound to return a verdict that Matilda Jane Lodge died a natural death from rupture of the bladder; but we also find, from the evidence given before us, that death was mainly accelerated by ill-treatment which she had received on the night of Sunday, the 17th of September, 1854, in the wardroom on board the hulk of her Majesty's ship *Dauntless*, lying in Portsmouth harbour, to which we respectfully call the attention of the authorities.

Lieutenant Knight has been placed under arrest. A court of inquiry, composed of naval officers, is sitting on board the *Dauntless*, and a criminal prosecution is threatened.

THE ST. GEORGE'S HALL FAILURE AT LIVERPOOL.

The *Liverpool Journal* observes:—

The comparative failure may be attributed to the Corporation management—the Corporation not itself including the classes who redeem the town from the fame of a mere Amsterdam; and if that be so, some organisation should be resorted to for modifying fustocracy at such periods. This fact strikes outside attention very forcibly. The inauguration of the great hall is not of a character appropriate to the town. It is an inauguration commenced in a musical festival and ended in a scientific congress. Excellent that a great commercial town should attempt the exaggerated conception of presenting itself to the world as devoting its chief building to symphonies and logarithms—but the conception has not the appropriateness of truth and naturalness. Merchants, managing the affair, thought it would be shoppy to have associations of 'Change; but it would have been better to have had a commercial congress, and to insist on lectures on international commercial law, on the history and position of trade, &c., &c. The merchants themselves may have something to learn of the philosophy of commerce. In some other year the Chamber of Commerce might do something of this kind.

The worst of all, however, is that the "proceeds will not meet the expenses."

The *Musical World* is severe—as thus:—

The inauguration of the new Grand Hall, yelet St. George's, and to which for some time past all England, musical and commercial, had looked forward as a great and important event, worthy to find narration in the history of the country, has proved a failure—an unmistakable failure—an opprobrium and a disgrace to the city of the "Liver." There is no mistake in this. Had the people of Liverpool come forward and supported what, but for their backwardness, might have elevated itself into a festival instead of a failure, we should have had to record a success. On each performance, morning and evening, strangers more than half filled the hall. Out of a population numbering about 500,000, not one in a thousand could be found to subscribe to the glory of his native town. Is it that ship-broking, dealing in cotton, and speculating on the Stock Exchange, must necessarily be incompatible with a love for the fine arts? Does business, as an inevitable consequence, absorb refinement; or the *amor nummi* preclude a feeling of nationality? Why else should the wealthy merchants and traders have held themselves aloof on such an occasion, and sequestered themselves in their dingy offices, or instead of lifting up their voices in St. George's Hall, when applause followed some glorification of song—joined at the Stock Exchange in the frantic yells of losers and gainers which arose on the declaration of some rise or fall in "those martyred saints the Three per Cents." The boasted "Liver" is no bird of song, and, like the dog in the manger, it neither performs nor permits. It sings not itself, and suffers not others to sing. Look at the difference between Liverpool and Manchester, and between Liverpool and Dublin! In Liverpool the Cravelli-Lambert party were received with coldness; in Manchester their success was great; in Dublin immense. Why should this be? Is the Mersey an unmusical stream, whose naiads are voiceless, and who, in their godlike prerogative, will that the sons and daughters of their tutelage should have neither hearts nor ears for melody? And yet these same sons and daughters appeared to be enthusiastic about Jenny Lind. Ah!—that was a fashion—an excitement of the moment—and, moreover, Jenny Lind brought people to the town, and people brought money to the town, and the money went into their own pockets. Enthusiasm is never so wild as when it has ready money in perspective. If the Liverpool folks ever had a reputation as supporters of the fine arts, the opening of the St. George's Hall has set the world at rest upon that matter. Henceforth, whoever dreams of a musical festival at Liverpool, or the

inauguration of a public building—though never so likely to redound to the honour and glory of the town—will be tempted to smile. I doubt if, for many a long day, we shall see the name of Liverpool connected with art. In future it will be art-less—which, considering its thirst of gold, and its cunning in traffic—is a paradox. Let it pass.

Failure, in so large an attempt, was inevitable in Liverpool. The town which, though the "first port," is chiefly famous for a love of Lords and a fanaticism for Parish Popes, like Dr. McNeile, is, necessarily, a vulgar and a stupid town.

MR. HUME AND MR. F. PEEL IN THE PROVINCES.

Mr. Hume has been ill, but is better, and continues his provincial starrng. Last week he addressed a meeting at Thurso, on the occasion of the presentation of an address to him. He laid down at length his notions on the "main doctrines of Reformers."

At Bury Mr. F. Peel has presented himself before his constituents. The place and circumstances were peculiar. A "Ball" was given in his honour, and about sixteen hundred persons assembled, and they declined to dance until he "had piped unto them." Accordingly Mr. Peel got into the orchestra, displaced the leader of the band, and delivered himself of a very harmless speech—as befitted an under-secretary.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH AND THE NORTH.

Edinburgh has bespoken Sir William Molesworth for a demonstration. A special meeting of the Council has been held, and it was decided to present the freedom of the City to the Right Honourable Baronet, and to ask him to come northwards as soon as he found it convenient. The affair has been fixed for Saturday (this day).

REFORM AT OXFORD.

The recent act for the Reform of the University of Oxford, coming into operation in Michaelmas Term, preparations appear to be going on in this University for complying with its provisions. Among other things a formation of the Hebdomadal Council seems to have been in agitation. The following list is stated to be likely to comprise most of the Members of the Council to be elected by Congregation:—

The Master of University College (ex-Vice-Chancellor); the President of Corpus College (next Vice-Chancellor); the Provost of Oriel College; the Warden of Wadham College; the Principal of Brasenose College; the Master of Balliol College; Regius Professor of Divinity; Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History; Professor of Natural Philosophy; Professor of Moral Philosophy; Professor of Chemistry; Public Orator; Dr. Acland, Lee's Reader in Anatomy; Rev. H. H. Cornish, Corpus Christi College; Rev. O. Gordon, Christ Church; M. J. Johnson, Esq., Radcliffe Observer; C. Neate, Esq., Oriel College; Rev. M. Pattison, Lincoln College.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A MASTER PAINTER named Charles Benjamin was charged at the Southwark Police Court with collecting a mob in the Borough-road, by means of a sort of insano preaching. A witness said:—

On Sunday afternoon, a little before three o'clock, he placed himself near the entrance leading to the Queen's Prison, and his excited manner soon collected a large mob around him. He held a Bible in his hand and abused the Catholics, and spoke much against the Irish. There were several of the latter present, and it was feared very much that a riot would have ensued. The police were sent for to disperse them.

Mr. A'Beckett—Did you say the prisoner was preaching?

Witness—Yes, sir; but very improper. His language was blasphemous, and more likely to cause a disturbance than gain converts.

Mr. A'Beckett—You say he used disgraceful language towards a particular sect and people?

Witness—Yes, sir. He damned the Irish and the Catholics, which I considered very improper conduct. I saw a number of Irishmen near him, and, apprehending from their gestures a disturbance, I sent for the police. The defendant and another man had disgracefully conducted themselves for some Sundays past, and it had become an intolerable nuisance.

The Prisoner who declared "he had a mission from God" defied any one to prevent him from preaching and would not promise not to do so again, was nevertheless discharged by the magistrate, with a kindly warning.

DEAR BREAD.

The effect of leagues and combinations in reference to the price of bread is being tried. The bakers are still contumacious, and the question of "weight" is being agitated. A few facts are subjoined:—

BEAUMARIS.—A notice, signed by the mayor, has been issued, warning all bakers to sell their bread by weight, and threatening to enforce the penalty for every infraction of the law.

AYLESBURY.—The bakers of this town are now selling the best bread at 7½d., and seconds at 6½d. the 4lb. loaf. A "cheap bread cart" visits the town twice a week, and the poor are supplied at 4½d. the 4lb. loaf.

BRIDLINGTON.—Everybody here is greatly surprised at the unexpected rise in the price of corn, in the course of the last two weeks, considering the abundant harvest throughout the empire. The price of seconds' flour, in many places, is 1s. 10d. and 2s. per stone; but here we are paying 2s. 4d. In some places, the 4lb. loaf is 6d., and 5d., and even 4½d.; at Bridlington we have to pay 8d. for the same weight.

BEDFORD.—A flour and bread company is forming here under the title of the "Working Man's League," in 500 shares at 5s. each, the business to be conducted under the superintendence of a treasurer, secretary, assistant secretary, and twelve committee-men, the latter to go out of office every six months. The prices of flour and bread to be regulated by the market price of corn, and the business to be carried on entirely on the ready-money system. The bread to be made pure and unadulterated. About 200 shares are already taken up, a bake-house and oven have been hired, and there is every probability of the new concern commencing operations in the course of a few days.

"One of the baker tribe," resident at Glasgow, suggests a mode of escape for the consumer, if there really is the alleged conspiracy among bakers:—

"Let 200 or more persons form themselves into a joint-stock baking society. The capital required would be as follows—Flour, say ten sacks, or less, at 45s., 22½ 10s.; baking utensils for a small concern, 3½ 10s.; total 26½, and their capital account is closed; rent, taxes, and wages, being paid out of revenue."

"This," as the Glasgow Baker says, "is a very simple remedy;" and it is not without a parallel. When there was a practical monopoly of the flour trade at Leeds, some years ago, a number of people put together one sovereign a piece, and set up a mill to furnish themselves with flour. The mill has become a permanent institution, with three or four thousand sovereign-proprietors, its own customers; and it altogether destroyed the flour monopoly in that great town, securing a good supply at the ordinary market-price of the entire country.

GRAVESEND.—The principal bakers still keep up the price of the first and second qualities to 8½d. and 8d. The butchers are charging for best mutton 1s. a pound, and rump-steak 1s. 2d.

SELLING BREAD BY WEIGHT.—"The existing law for regulating the sale of bread," says the *Oxford Chronicle*, "though passed with a view to prevent fraud and obviate dissatisfaction with the dealings of the bakers, is very far from satisfactory in its working. It binds every baker, under a penalty, to keep scales and weights on his counter for weighing bread; but the use of the scales and weights is not made compulsory upon the baker unless the purchaser shall desire it. The consequence is, that the law is almost wholly inoperative, inasmuch as it happens that ninety-nine out of every hundred purchasers either do not know of such a law being in existence, or are led to hesitate in availing themselves of its provisions. Thus the purchaser is often defrauded, and the fair dealer injured, by a very general practice which has arisen of selling the 4lb. loaf subject to a deficiency of so many ounces more or less in the weight, a specious pretence being made of selling it cheap, while, as the reduction of price is more than counterbalanced by the reduced weight, it is really dearer than it ought to be. It ought, therefore, to be generally understood that purchasers of bread have a right to demand that it shall be sold by weight, and that a 4lb. loaf is not to be deemed of that weight unless the baker shall place it on his scales, and weigh it in presence of the purchaser, failing his doing which on being requested, the law renders him subject to a penalty."

In consequence of complaints having been made to the Mayor and magistrates of Chester, that the reduction in the price of bread now bears no comparison with the reduction which has taken place in the price of grain, a notice has been issued by his Worship, intimating, "That by an act of parliament, made and passed in the 7th year of the reign of his Majesty King William the Fourth, chapter 87, 'any baker or seller of bread who shall sell or cause to be sold bread in any other manner than by weight,' will incur a penalty not exceeding 40s.; but this is not to extend to prevent or hinder a baker or seller of bread from selling bread, usually sold under the denomination of French or fancy bread or rolls, without previously weighing the same. Every baker or

seller of bread is also required to cause to be fixed in some conspicuous part of his shop a beam and scales and proper weights, or other sufficient balance, in order that all bread there sold may from time to time be weighed in the presence of the purchaser thereof, except as aforesaid; and in case any such baker or seller of bread shall neglect to fix such beam and scales or other sufficient balance in manner aforesaid, he shall forfeit and pay for every offence any sum not exceeding 5*l*."

In connection with this matter it may be stated that, in the case of John Bonser, a person charged with firing on the mob during the recent bread riots at Nottingham, further evidence has been taken, and it appears that—

Sarah Machin, a woman about fifty, was wounded by small shot at the back of her head and ears, and was confined in the hospital eight days, owing to the injuries she then received. Clara Barker, 14 years of age, was shot in the left eye, the sight of which she has partially lost in consequence. Sarah Ann Lily was shot in the face, and was also laid up for several days. Arthur Barker, aged 16, was slightly wounded, and William Morris, a lace-maker, was also wounded, but not severely. The first four of these were wounded at the same time. All these witnesses distinctly swore that they saw Mr. Bonser shoot from his window in Prospect-street; and John Flinders, the landlord of the Pheasant-inn, opposite, deposed to the same fact. The examination was adjourned.

On Wednesday, a great number of the bakers in the metropolis increased the price of their bread a halfpenny the 4*lb*. loaf. In the poor and densely populated localities the ordinary price among the cheap bakers is now 7*d*. for what is termed "best wheaten bread," and for "good wheaten bread," or "seconds," is a halfpenny less; but where competition among the bakers is keen, the former quality is frequently to be had for 7*d*. the 4*lb*. loaf. Other bakers are selling their bread at various prices up to 9*d*. the 4*lb*. loaf. The corn chandlers are selling their flour at from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. per peck of 14*lbs*.

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN IRELAND.

The Tenant League held a conference this week. preparatory to the Meeting the *Nation* has had a few words to say. Contrasting the present aspect of the country, with the facts at the time of the Meeting of the Council of the League four years ago, it is said:—

"Of the hundreds of priests, ministers, and laymen of every sect and every province, who there assembled in the attitude of a great National Council, each came through waste lands, through roofless houses, through roads thronged with paupers or emigrants, through a country that seemed to be literally rotting and dropping asunder. Now, as the stranger passes through the land, his eye is charmed with the luxuriance of a glorious harvest, with the look of hope on the farmer's face, with the air of well-paid labour, with a reviving appearance of health and prosperity on every hand. For the space of four years, through all the turmoil and the pauses of the agitation, a great national revolution has been working with slow, terrible, at last salutary throes, side by side with it, to the same end; and coming near the end of it, we see that Tenant Right has ceased to be a question of life and death as it was then, has ceased to be the profound and awful political problem it was then—is becoming more and more every day a question of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, of social mechanics, and legislative reform. The country, disgusted with the treachery of corrupt representatives, has also silently recognised some compensation for its baffled political hopes in the great social changes which have silently taken place."

Now how has all this been brought about. What has changed the relation of Landlord and Tenant? The answer is that,

"Within that period, the Encumbered Estates Court has cleared the country of nearly twelve hundred of the worst of the landlords—the worst, because the most encumbered, and, therefore, the most rack-renting. More than a twelfth of the whole area of the island has thus changed owners; and for one landlord in possession then there are four now. On the other hand, we hardly exaggerate in saying that 100,000 tenants have been cleared out. But these figures, astounding as are the results which they disclose, are not, perhaps, the most striking in the series to which they belong. Within these four years, at least half a million of our population has emigrated. At the beginning of the same period, in the year 1849, there were two millions of people receiving Poor-law relief in Ireland. There is not one pauper now for twenty who were then. And, as if to mark the close of this fateful cycle, two harvests of superabundant fertility have, this year and last year, at last recompensed the farmer for so many seasons of blight, distress, and oppressive taxes. We miss the old pleasant populous look of the country; but we miss, too, in a great measure, the misery and squalor which marred so many a fair scene in Ireland; and, thank God! the sight of a levelled house is now rare to see. With awful suffering, with a terrific uprooting of human ties, and

destruction of human lives, has all this come to pass. But it has come to pass, and is plain to see—whether we please to recognise it or no."

That being so, the duty of the Conference is to deal with the actual impediments in the way of legislation, which are summed up thus:—

"In the first place, there is the matter of Famine Arrears. This question above all has, we believe, been satisfied by the last and the present harvest. The very Statute of Limitations almost removes them. We are pressing for a remedy where the grievance has altogether or almost abated.

"The second clause added to Mr. Crawford's Bill secured tenants who were desirous of making improvements from eviction for a certain limited time. It is worth considering how far the Leasing Powers Bill of Mr. Napier would meet their case.

"Upon the peculiar Tenant Right of Ulster, which has been shamefully abandoned by the Ulster Tenant Righters themselves, we should prefer to say nothing. But we certainly would not be a party to its interfering for one moment with the security of the tenantry of these other provinces, who have borne all the brunt and suffered all the sacrifices of the agitation.

"Finally, we say, it is for the Conference to consider how many of the grievances of the tenants have been cured by mere flux of time and change of circumstances; and taking into consideration the concessions made in the various measures proposed upon the landlord side, to see how a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question may best be obtained."

Mr. John O'Connell has been as successful a man in swamping associations in Ireland as his father was in keeping them up. Nothing daunted, he is trying his hand again. It appears that—

"A meeting has been held in the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin, when Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., moved a series of resolutions for the formation of an association, to be called "The Liberal Association," for the purpose of attending to the parliamentary, municipal, and poor-law franchises of Ireland. Subscribers of 1*l*. to be members, and of 1*s*. to be associates. The resolutions were seconded by Alderman Reynolds, and passed."

The conference of the Tenant League was held on Wednesday. It was not fully attended. Mr. Lucas and Mr. P. O'Brien were the only members. Mr. Serjeant Shee had declined to attend, and stated his reasons, which were in substance that—

"No conference deserving that description will assemble, or if assembled, could deliberate to any useful purpose, until the union between the north and the south, unhappily broken at the conference of last year, is restored, and reparation has been made for the unfounded accusations of personal pecuniary baseness, by which the Irish Liberal representation was distracted and lowered during the late session of Parliament. Never, since the world began, has perseverance in a system of insult and menace conducted to hearty co-operation, disposed men to friendly conduct, or won them from inexpedient courses. Our effort for the improvement of the relation between landlords and tenants in Ireland will be brought to a prosperous issue, without the aid of Dublin conferences, so soon as the adherents of the Government, in both Houses, and some distinguished members of the Cabinet are convinced that we have ceased to quarrel amongst ourselves, and that the Government will receive no party support from the Irish Liberal members until, in addition to an effective protection of the religious liberties, establishments and endowments now secured by act of Parliament to the Irish people, the passing of a good Tenants' Improvements Compensation Bill is made a Cabinet question."

The standing aloof of Sergeant Shee was made the subject of discussion, and it was resolved that the resolutions of the conferences of 1852 and 1853 have not been carried into execution: "That during the last session of Parliament no bill was brought into the House of Commons, in accordance with these resolutions, and that, by this omission, a great injury has been done to the tenant cause."

The following resolutions, as to the future course to be adopted, were also agreed upon:—

That steps be taken forthwith to commence a series of meetings to be held during the autumn in different parts of the country, in order the more effectually to collect and put on record before next session the opinion of the friends of tenant right as to the present state and future management of this question, and that arrangements be at once made to extend the tenant right movement by procuring the junction with the League of members and associates throughout the country, and that the secretary be instructed to prepare cards suitable to each.

That arrangements be made to hold such meetings at different districts throughout the country, and that the first meeting (subject to the approval of our friends in the county of Kilkenny) be held there on as early a day as possible.

That in January next, on a day to be fixed and duly notified by the Council of the League, a Conference be held, to take into consideration the draft Landlord and Tenant Bill, to determine to what members of Parliament the bill as approved of by the Tenant League shall be entrusted, and generally to consider the best means for promoting its success.

THE RAILWAY OUTRAGE IN IRELAND.

A PUBLIC meeting has been held at Londonderry, "to take into consideration the proper steps to be adopted towards discovering the perpetrators of the late diabolical outrage, and to give expression to the general feeling of horror at that atrocious attempt on human life."

In speaking to a resolution to that effect, Sir Robert Bateson denied that the excursion was a party demonstration,—it had nothing to do with Orangism; and he who took part in it was not himself an Orangeman, and it was only on condition that there was to be no party exhibition that he consented to join in it. A slight scene followed.

Mr. Alexander Mehan, who was standing near the chairman, said he should be very sorry to interrupt the harmony of the meeting, but he could not remain silent and agree with statements made by Sir Robert Bateson, that the display of Friday last was not a party demonstration. (*Hisses.*) He denied that it was not a party demonstration. It was considered as such by every Roman Catholic, and by many Protestants, in this city. (*No, no; hisses and cheers, intermingled with cries of "Put him out."*)

The Mayor requested that Mr. Mehan might be heard.

Mr. Mehan continued: If it was not intended as such, it had produced that effect—(*hisses*)—and therefore he could not agree, although he entertained a high personal respect for him, with what Sir Robert Bateson had stated. (*Hisses and cheers.*) Nobody deplored more than he did the atrocious deed which had been committed; but he was indignant that it should be attempted to fasten the commission of that crime on members of the religion which he professed, as had been attempted by a portion of the press. (*Hisses and cheers.*) He repeated that those displays were insulting to his co-religionists; and the mayor should have recollected, when he put himself forward on Friday last, that he was more or less insulting the Roman Catholics of this community. He (Mr. Mehan) respected their maiden walls as much as any of them; but he thought that instead of having such foolish displays, they should invite their friends to visit and co-operate with them for some such laudable object as founding a mechanics' institute—endeavouring to fill their stores with produce, and their docks with shipping, or having their town studded with groups of tall chimneys, and their streets traversed by crowds of industrious artisans. These would be more worthy objects than having such periodical displays. (*Hisses and cheers.*)

Sir R. Bateson: What party demonstration did they make to insult their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens?

Mr. Mehan: Waving Orange handkerchiefs. (*Laughter and hisses.*)

Sir R. Bateson: Am I to suppose that sensible Roman Catholics are like turkey-cocks—insulted by the glitter of any particular colour which may be held before their eyes? (*Loud cheers and laughter.*)

This little difference was arranged, and two clergymen spoke to a sentiment of the meeting:—

"That they desired on their part, and on the part of others, to return thanks, with all reverence, to Almighty God, for his special and providential care over the lives of so many unsuspecting persons, appointed as sheep for the slaughter."

A letter was read from Dr. Loughlin, a Roman Catholic, as follows:—

Excercising, as I do with all my heart, the late sanguinary and demoniacal attempt to destroy the lives of so many of our fellow-beings, and approving cordially of the object of the meeting to be held to-day, namely, to offer a reward for the discovery of the miscreant perpetrators of this horrid deed of blood, have the kindness to put down my name for whatever amount you may think right.

Subscriptions were entered into to form a fund from which rewards of 500*l*. and 200*l*. would be paid to persons discovering any of the perpetrators of the act, and also for the relief and assistance of the sufferers who were in the train.

A person named Michael Griffin died in the infirmary, at Derry, from the injuries he received.

A FEMININE M.D.

It is becoming a matter of course for ladies to graduate in medicine in America, and to practice. It seems that in their scientific researches they wish to extend their inquiries to this country, but at present without success. Edinburgh has been the first place "frighted from its propriety." The *Edinburgh Courant* says:

"A lady graduate of Cleveland College, Ohio, named Miss Blackwell, after having been employed a short time in the Royal Maternity Hospital, applied to the managers of the Royal Infirmary for leave to visit the female wards of that institution. Permission to visit the Infirmary is, we believe, at all times most readily granted to gentlemen who have graduated at English or foreign universities, and who may, on visiting this city, desire it. The request of the lady, however, was to the managers an unprecedented one, and they considered it to be their duty respectfully to decline acceding to it."

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—THE CHOLERA.

THE cholera has not subsided so rapidly as was expected. It appears from the Registrar-General's report—that it is slowly retreating from London; but it destroyed last week 1284 lives, and 19 persons died from the allied disease, diarrhoea.

The deaths from all causes in the three weeks ending September 23, have been 3411, 2836, and 2504, including the 2050, 1549, and 1284 deaths from cholera.

The deaths by cholera in the ten weeks of this eruption have been 8593; the eruption of 1849 broke out earlier, and by the same date, nearly, had destroyed 12,664 of the inhabitants of London.

The Board of Health fights under the same disadvantages in London as a War Minister would if he could only oppose the invasion of an active enemy by the force which every parish and public company would vote and consent to bring into the field; yet we may hope, now that the local machinery is, under due supervision, set in motion, and judicious precautions are issued, to see the mortality decline at an accelerated rate.

A case has occurred in which some striking facts in relation to the sanitary condition of Clerkenwell, have been brought to light. An inquest has been held on a child called James Hinckley, who died of cholera, at No. 3, Allen-street, Clerkenwell. The street in question is one of the filthiest in that filthy district. On either side of it are two yards which are used by tripe-dressers and preparers of dogs' and cats' meat. The effluvia arising from these places is enough to kill any person who has not become acclimatised. Offal and other fetid matter are permitted to be collected until the maggots literally crawl about the neighbourhood. The privies, drains, and gutters are in a most disgraceful state. Fever is scarcely ever absent from the locality, and, in short, the only wonder is that human beings can live in it.

The evidence showed great neglect on the part of the parochial authorities, notwithstanding the pressure put on them by the Board of Health.

The jury, no doubt believing that the cholera was gone, delivered the following verdict:—"We find that the child died of cholera; but still we find that the guardians are not responsible in this case, firmly believing that the Board of Guardians had acted as well as they could up to the present time. Likewise that the Board of Health had done their duty. But we still recommend the guardians to act with promptness with the Board of Health in removing nuisances. We consider that the nuisance in Bailey's-yard should be forthwith removed; and that thanks should be given to Mr. Goacher for his prompt attention in the case, and to Mr. Goddard for the way in which he has acted in the matter."

There has been an increase of cases of cholera in Edinburgh, and it continues to rage in Liverpool. It is declining at Belfast, and has almost disappeared in Dublin.

The total number of deaths from cholera in all France amounted, up to the date of the last accounts, to 88,626.

The cholera has broken out over the whole of Bavaria. Twenty victims fall daily in Munich itself.

LAW REFORMS IN ACTION.

ON and after the 24th October an important alteration will take place with respect to new trials in the superior courts. No new trial is to be granted by reason of the ruling of any judge that the stamp upon any document is sufficient, or that the document does not require a stamp. In every rule nisi for a new trial, or to enter a verdict or nonsuit the grounds upon which such rule is granted shall be shortly stated therein. This is a decided improvement, as parties will know the grounds on which the rules are obtained, and the plaintiffs will have to confine themselves to the points set forth. In all cases of rules to alter a verdict or nonsuit, upon a point reserved at the trial, if the rule to show cause be refused or granted, and then discharged or made absolute, the party decided against may appeal. No appeal is to be allowed unless notice be given in writing within four days of the decision, or such further time as may be allowed. Notice of appeal is to be a stay of execution, provided bail be given to pay the sum recovered and costs in like manner, as bail in Error, within eight days of the decision complained of, or before execution is delivered to the sheriff. The Court of Appeal is to have power to adjudge the payment of costs, and to order restitution, and to have the same powers as the Court of Error. The Court of Error, the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords, are to be the Court of Appeal under the act.

Under the new Common Law Procedure Act, a witness in any cause may be questioned as to whether he has been convicted of any felony or misdemeanor, and if he denies the fact or refuses to answer, the opposite party may prove the conviction and put in a certificate, which upon proof of the identity of the person, is to be evidence of the conviction, without proof of the official character of the person signing it.

ASSAULTS ON WOMEN.

THE working of the recent act for the protection has been illustrated by Mr. Hammill, in a letter to the Home-office, on the occasion of his being charged with undue severity in one of his sentences. He says:—

"I announced, immediately on the passing of the act, that I should adopt such a course of severity on the first case being brought before me, and I have since frequently repeated it, thinking that such announcement by means of the press would deter from what I must almost characterise the common practice of ill-using women in this district. With regard to women of the town, I have continually laid down as to them, that as long as they conduct themselves quietly in the streets they are as much entitled to protection as any other class of her Majesty's subjects, which seems to cause astonishment to the people who hear it, so accustomed have the brutal population of this region been to knock down these poor creatures as if they were so many nine-pins, and without feeling. Notwithstanding the severity with which I have administered the act, I regret to say that such cases are as numerous as ever, and therefore I don't conceive that the time has arrived for me to change the view I have taken of my duty in carrying out the provisions of the act. It can only be, I fear, a remedial measure, until the moral and industrial training of the population is put under a more effectual system than is now permitted. Existing disposition to violence can only be held in check by fear of personal suffering. I assure you, sir, this state of things, daily exhibited before me, has long filled me with anxiety and perplexity, and I don't, under the existing system of what is called education, see much hope of the next generation being better than this."

Wife-beating continues. There have been several cases this week.

At Worship-street, John Murcott was imprisoned for six weeks for deliberately knocking down his wife with his fist. As usual she was dependent on him, and had eight children.

At Lambeth, Henry Perry, a bricklayer, was committed for two months for brutal ill-treatment of his wife.—Both these cases were in one day.

THE SABBATH AT DOVER.

A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded a Bill, which is largely circulated at Dover, which he urges is more likely to cause breaches of the Sabbath, by the propagation of informers, than by the doing of the acts which it condemns in penalties. The magistrates might at least state the statute under which they issue their proclamation.

"Lord's Day.—Sunday Trading.—Borough of Dover, in the County of Kent.—No tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person, shall do or exercise any wordly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings, upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereon (works of necessity and charity only excepted). And every person being of the age of fourteen years or upwards, offending in the premises shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of five shillings.

And no person shall publicly cry, show forth, or expose for sale, any wares, merchandize, fruit, herbs, goods, or chattels whatsoever, upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof, upon pain of forfeiting the same. N.B. A portion of penalties may be paid to informers. This caution is put out by order of the mayor and magistrates.—MATTHEW KENNETT, Clerk to the Magistrates."

A NATIONAL PARTY VIA THE COALITION.

The Glasgow Commonwealth observes:—

"There seems no doubt that the country is universally tired of the experiment of a coalition government, constructed on the principle of the present—that is, on the principle of combining men together so as effectually to destroy the power which they would have as individuals. From all quarters, in all 'retrospects of the session,' whether in Whig, Tory, or Radical organs of opinion, we have had a sentence of condemnation on the coalition government, and a declaration that the country ought not to tolerate it any longer.

Either, then, the coalition must change its tactics next session, and find out real public work which its members can harmoniously and energetically carry out; or it must be dissolved, and its elements re-arranged in new combinations. The first is unlikely; we look for the second. The formation of a strong liberal party out of the best materials of the coalition, with such other independent materials as Parliament offers, is the want of the country. Let the country persist in its clamour for the formation of such a party, and assist in preparing the programme of measures on which such a party ought to incorporate itself. This is the home-work of the recess; and, amid all our excitement about Crimean expeditions and the like, it ought not to be neglected.

OUR CIVILISATION.

MARGARET GILLELAND, of West Rainton, Durham, lived unhappily with her husband. They agreed to separate. She was going to Ireland, and wished to leave her child, a month old, with her husband. She attempted to give it out of the window of the railway carriage to her husband, who pushed it back. She threw it out of the train, and the carriages passed over and killed it. She has been committed for manslaughter.

At Hammersmith Police-court, James Wilson, a smith, was accused of committing a severe assault on his uncle, Thomas Allen, by knocking him down and beating him. The uncle's story was that it was done out of revenge for a refusal to lend the nephew money. The nephew recriminated, stating that the uncle had seduced his sister, a girl of sixteen. The uncle denied it, and said the only ground for such a suspicion was that he had assisted the girl and her mother, who were in great distress. The prisoner was locked up till he could find sureties to keep the peace.

Michael Keating was a Dyke watchman, at Mar-dyke, near Cork. He was found a day or two ago dead, with his throat cut. His head was nearly severed from his body. It was at first supposed that he had committed suicide; but a bloody razor, wrapped in part of a newspaper, was found by his side. His wife was taken into custody on suspicion, as there had been differences between them on account of her intemperate habits, and she often had threatened his life.

At Haverfordwest, the Rev. Patrick Kelly, a Roman Catholic priest, was charged with committing a rape on Mary Sullivan, a girl of fourteen. From the evidence it appeared that he induced her to come to him in the vestry-room of his chapel, under the pretext of sending her to buy him some whisky, throw her on the door-mat, and violated her. The offence was strongly denied. The medical evidence was contradictory—one surgeon being of opinion that there had been recent violation, and another that there had not. The girl's character for veracity was impeached. The magistrates differed equally in opinion, came to no decision, and the prisoner was let free.

ULTRA-PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND.

THERE is a paper published in Dublin on high Protestant Principles, whose watchfulness over those principles is indicated by its name—the *Sentinel*. There is reading in this journal suggestive and instructive as regards religious feeling in Ireland. It seems that "Dissent" is not always necessarily true Protestantism, for the *Sentinel* is not by any means *d'accord* with Mr. Miall, whose "New Lights" do not kindle a sympathising flame in the heart of the Protestant journal. It declares—

We have tried the champion of "Independency," and we pronounce him wanting—in truthfulness, honesty, and simplicity. He cannot succeed in his object—he never will. He is the creature of circumstances. He has no real depth of view or earnestness in him. His hope is based on the power of clamour, the zeal of Papists, the prevalence of prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness. In short, good Mr. Miall is nothing more than a pretentious quack; and the age is just as likely to sweep away the College of Physicians and the Surgeons' Hall, and proclaim Professor Holloway the Surgeon-General, or Mr. Moat Physician to the State and to the Queen's household, as to swallow the moral nostrums of the editor of the *Nonconformist*. Absolute absurdity—aye, verily absurdity, constitutes no small element in the disquisitions of our philosopher. There are many Pistols in the world besides the bombastic ranters of fustian and of Gasconade who frequent the hostilities of the Mrs. Quickly or the Doll Tearshuts; and of these, one is most certainly the honourable member for Rochdale and *factotum* of the anti-State Church Association. He has a *lingo* different, indeed, in its terminology from that of the ancient hero of the Poet, but, in point of mouthing and emptiness, quite equivalent to his.

ELECTIONS.

FROME.

THERE is to be a contest in this borough. It appears that there is to be an attempt to get rid of the influence of the Earl of Cork. The late Colonel Boyle was personally popular, but he was a son of the Earl of Cork, and on his death, the first person in the field was Lord Dungarvon, the grandson of the earl. A large number of the constituency object to this, and they have entered into communication with Mr. Sidney, the present Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Wilcock, the Chancery barrister, who was a candidate at the last election, is also announced as a candidate. A member of the Thynne family is spoken of, who will represent the Marquis of Bath, and the Rev. Mr. Bennet and High Church principles.

AN AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY is a well-known American millionaire. He gave a great dinner in London on the 4th of last July in honour of American Independence. It appeared that the affair did not go off quite satisfactorily, and Mr. Peabody has rushed into print. We find the following in the *New York Courier* :—

"The Boston Post publishes a letter from Mr. George Peabody of London, in answer to an anonymous letter recently published in the *Post*, containing reflections on the patriotism of Mr. Peabody on account of the manner in which the dinner, given by that gentleman at London on the 4th of July last, was conducted. Mr. Peabody states that the conduct of D. S. Sickles, Esq., the American Secretary of Legation, at the dinner referred to, stamps him as the author of the anonymous letter to the *Post*.

"The anonymous letter contained the following statements:—'This being an entertainment avowedly given in commemoration of our national independence, the Americans present were greatly surprised to meet a number of Englishmen at the table; and also to observe full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, on each side of a small picture of Washington, at the head of the table. The absence of any likeness of the President of the United States was noticed. When the toasts were given, what was the surprise of the American portion of the company to hear the Queen proposed with a most servile speech, and this, too, on a national holiday, before the President had been named! The result was, that several gentlemen did not rise, either for the toast itself, or when the air of 'Rule Britannia,' which followed, was performed by the band. The President of the United States was next given, with some lukewarm introductory remarks, when the whole company rose, without exception, and drank the toast with all the honours, spontaneously cheering the chief of our Republic.'

"In answer to the above, Mr. Peabody says that it was well known among the resident Americans that English gentlemen were to be present, as they had been on all similar celebrations given by him; that the picture of Washington was a fine half-length one, and the only one that could be procured for the occasion, and that it was the same one which he, at the request of Mr. Sickles, sent to him to be transmitted to Mr. Belmont for a celebration at the Hague on the 22nd of February last; that no portrait of the President could be obtained; that he did not propose the health of the Queen in a servile speech, that 'Rule Britannia' was not performed at all, and that only one person refused to rise when the 'Queen' was given. With reference to toasting the Queen before the President, Mr. Peabody says it was simply according to the rules of courtesy, and that Mr. Buchanan, to whom he had before spoken on the subject, sanctioned his course in doing so, and stood, at the dinner, doing honour to the Queen, while his Secretary of Legation was sitting, silently looking on."

MONBODDO REFUTED.

It is said that "the great feature" of the proceedings of one of the days of the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool was the discourse of Professor Owen, on the subject of anthropomorphous, or man-like apes, and their relation to the human species:—

"The small concert-room in St. George's-hall, where the address was delivered, was crowded to excess. The arguments, founded upon osteological and anatomical facts, which the learned professor adduced for the purpose of proving the perfect distinctness of species between man and animals of the highest group of quadrupeds, were illustrated by a series of anatomical sketches and crania of man, the chimpanzee, and the orang-outang. The quiet but withal irresistible mode in which the professor demolished the theories of those who, confounding 'gradation' with 'development,' have recently revived a transitional or development theory, the germs of which were enunciated by Lord Monboddo, was received with much applause; and his arguments, founded upon the structure of the vertebrae, the crania, and, above all, upon the development of the dental series in both man and other animals, against the possibility of any transmutation of species, were logical and conclusive."

ENGLISH NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

THE *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* is a remarkable paper. Its dealings with Russian affairs are unfortunately sometimes liable to correction; but of the extraordinary accuracy of its information on matters connected with the army and navy of England, the following extract gives decisive proof:—

"Lieutenant Perry, who was on board the *Tiger* when it was taken by the Russians at Odessa, has been brought before a court-martial. The young man has been acquitted on account of the long and loyal services of his father, but is obliged to leave the royal navy of England and sell his commission. This has caused great excitement, and numerous subscription lists are already opened in favour of Lieutenant Perry."

A STAFF FOR OLD AGE.

PERHAPS a practical pun is intended by the appointment given by the Minister of State in France to an aged actress. She is to support herself on all the sticks in the Exhibition next year, for we hear that—

M. Fould, Minister of State, taking in consideration the advanced age and straitened circumstances of Mlle. Georges, the eminent tragic actress, has accorded to her the privilege of taking charge of the umbrellas and canes at the Exhibition Palace next year. This may be thought a miserable resource for the latter days of a lady who basked so long in the sunshine of public admiration, but the truth is, Mlle. Georges has obtained a splendid appointment, and one which many a gallant colonel's widow, who wears her heart out in making interest for the privilege to keep a cigar-shop, may be content to envy. The *Constitutionnel* calculates that the net profits of the guardianship of the canes and umbrellas will amount to 100,000fr.

Mlle. Georges is Napoleonian, and was worthy of some nobler functions in the reign of the nephew of the uncle of whom she has such touching *souvenirs*.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS OF ENGLAND.

"DIOGENES" has an article on the Know-Nothings of England. This may prove an important suggestion at the present moment to Lord Derby, who has declared himself, recently, at Liverpool, to be qualified to lead some such party. What *Diogenes* remarks is this:—

The papers have recently been a good deal taken up by accounts of a new party which has sprung up in America, calling themselves the "Know-Nothings." A correspondent of the *Times* has given a long account of the constitution and opinions of the party, as well as speculations on their probable influence upon the future of that country.

But we have Know-Nothings in England too. How is it that so little thought is devoted to their principles and influence upon society? We have them here amongst us, not as in the United States, "a secret society, its members bound by oath both to secrecy and obedience, with well-organised councils, signs and symbols;" the Know-Nothing race in England make no secret of it, but at every turn we meet them face to face, thrusting their Know-Nothingism, with distressing prominence, upon our notice; bound by no laws, ruled by no councils, but one vast floating mass of ignorance.

The American Know-Nothings exert their influence chiefly upon the elections. Not so in England. Here the Know-Nothing element acts in a far wider sphere. It is the English Know-Nothings that fill our gaols; that vegetate in festering holes and cellars, spreading disease and death around them; that make our streets unsafe to walk at night. It is the Know-Nothing spirit that expands into the cunning of the pickpocket; that bursts out in the ruffianism of the wife-beater; that sinks into the sensuality of the drunkard.

Dangerous may be the increasing power of the Know-Nothings in America. But how infinitely more so is the tremendous body of Know-Nothings which our own neglect has suffered to grow up among ourselves!

Hoary-headed thieves, who have been Know-Nothings from their cradles. Children, mere babies, left to the teaching of such men, or sent to gaols instead of schools; Know-Nothings, who in time will be as dangerous as their elders. Female Know-Nothings growing up in brutal ignorance, until we wonder why they are depraved. Know-Nothings of all ages, whom our negligence has made so, until they have at last got past our bearing, when we imprison them or hang them for some outbreak of the Know-Nothing spirit which turns round and scourges us. What is the influence of the American Know-Nothing party when compared to this?

FLAX CULTIVATION IN CORK.

THE cultivation of flax as a product of Ireland, seems to be gaining ground, and not without results. The *Cork Examiner* states that the guardians of that city have passed the following resolution:—

"That we find, with the greatest satisfaction, that the great flax operations of Edmund Burke Roche, Esq., M.P., have been so successful as to enable him, in addition to the extensive employment given by him in his own union, to take out of this workhouse fifty young women, with a view of placing them in a position to earn their livelihood by their own industry; and we earnestly wish that all landed proprietors, who are in a position to do so, would imitate such an excellent example; and that we tender him our best and warmest thanks for the relief so far afforded to the ratepayers of this union."

It appears the annual support of these fifty women in the workhouse, was between 300*l.* and 400*l.* a year, and as Mr. Roche is about to employ fifty boys in the same manner, he is said to benefit at once 100 human beings, and diminish rates of the union by 700*l.* a year.

LORD DENMAN.

LORD DENMAN died on the 22nd inst. at Stoke-Albany, Northamptonshire. He was in his seventy-sixth year. Although for the last three or four years Lord Denman has passed from before the public eye, his death will recall many events of interest with which he was intimately connected. During the exciting summer of 1820 his name was, with his "brother Brougham's," in every mouth. For long years after he was a sort of popular saint, through the virtuous sympathy that our people have the happiness of being subject to with those whom they understand to have sacrificed worldly objects for something higher. In the conflict between the claims of law and Parliamentary privilege, from 1836 to 1841, he was the central figure; and with these salient points of the history of our time the name of Thomas Denman will ever be associated.

His personal history may be summed up thus:—He was the only son of the well-known Dr. Denman, and brother-in-law to Dr. Baillie and Sir Richard Croft. He married the daughter of Mr. Vever, a Lincolnshire clergyman, and had fifteen children, of whom eleven survived, five sons and six married daughters, when Lady Denman died in 1852. He was called to the bar and went the Midland Circuit, and his professional career became early an honourable one, and his name was connected especially with causes and trials in which the liberty of the press was concerned.

Mr. Denman was introduced into Parliament in 1818, by Mr. Calcraft, who had him returned for the borough of Wareham. He immediately distinguished himself by his earnest advocacy of popular freedom—side by side with Brougham and Lambton—on all the many occasions furnished by the troubled years of 1819 and 1820. In those times of a Manchester massacre, a Cato-street conspiracy, Burdett letters, and prosecution of authors and printers, Mr. Denman was always found vigilant and eloquent in opposing Seizures of Arms Bills, Seditious Meetings Bills, Blasphemous and Seditious Libels Bills, and doing his best to spoil the whole machinery of moral torture and intellectual restriction framed by the Eldons, Sidmouths, and Castlereaghs of those days. His popularity was already great when his advocacy of the cause of Queen Caroline, on her return in 1820, made him the idol of more than "the populace," with whose admiration he was taunted so scornfully. He accepted the office of Solicitor-General to the Queen—at the sacrifice, he well knew, and everybody knew, of his fair professional prospects. From the hour that, as one of her Commissioners (Mr. Brougham being the other), he met the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh as the King's Commissioners, it was felt that he had ruined himself, if professional advancement was the object of his life. Not only were all the high offices of the law closed to him during the reign of the King, who was not yet crowned, but his "brothers," who were in the course of nature to succeed him, were almost as virulent as the King against all aiders and abettors of the Queen's claims. Mr. Denman suffered, as he knew he must, a long abeyance of professional advancement.

The city of London, however, elected him their Common-Serjeant. In 1830 he was made Earl Grey's Attorney-General; and on the death of Lord Tenterden, in 1834, he became Chief Justice of England. In a short time, Lord Denman pronounced the decision that brought on the perilous quarrel between the Law Courts and Parliament. The history of the controversy need not be given here, as it may be found in the chronicles of the time, and seen to involve much more than Lord Denman's share in the business. It was he who brought on the struggle by his decision, in November, 1836, that the authority of Parliament could not justify the publication of a libel; whereas the House of Commons could not surrender their claim to publish what they thought proper, in entire independence of the Law Courts. The "Hansards" were bandied about between law and privilege; the sheriffs of London were imprisoned, quizzed, pitied, and caricatured; but thoughtful men felt that the occasion was one of extreme seriousness; and Lord Denman had to bear the responsibility of having perilously overstrained one of the indispensable compromises of the constitution. He was confident throughout that he was right, and patriotically employed in vindicating the liberty of the subject from oppression by Parliament; and Parliament was equally convinced that the national liberties depended on their repudiating the control of the law courts. A more difficult question can never occur under a constitutional government; and it is pretty sure to come up from time to time. In the controversy opened and conducted by Lord Denman, the respective claims were left unsettled; and nothing was done but doubtfully providing for the single case of the publication of parliamentary reports. Lord Denman's service in the case was depositing in the armoury of the law courts a quiverful of arguments for the use of successive combatants whenever the battle shall be renewed.

In the case of O'Connell, when it came before the House of Lords, Lord Denman threw himself warmly into the contest on the point of law involved, and delivered a very animated and decided opinion in favour of the objection taken to the conviction. It was on that occasion that he created the phrase which is so constantly in everyone's mouth, when he designated the proceedings "as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

Without possessing those profound acquirements as a lawyer, which distinguished his immediate predecessors, Lord Denman was universally allowed to have filled the office of Chief Justice with ability and singular dignity. Somewhere about 1849 his intimate friend, Lord Campbell (who made his way through life very easy by calling everybody he had to do with his "friend"), discovered that Lord Denman was too old for his office,—though two years younger than Lord Campbell himself. Lord Campbell urged so forcibly upon everybody the decline in his friend's powers, that people who had not perceived it before began to think it must be so. Lord Denman declared himself perfectly up to his work; and his affectionate friend shook his head, and stirred up other people to appeal to Lord Denman's patriotism to retire before his function should suffer further from his weight of years. Hurt, displeased, and reluctant, Lord Denman resigned his office, and his brisk senior nimbly stepped into it, and enlivened with jokes the tribunal which had been graced by his predecessor's sweetness and majesty. Whether Lord Denman's powers were failing, men were not agreed, but there was no dispute about whether Lord Campbell was the proper person to effect his removal. The tributes of respect and affection offered by the bar and the public to the retiring judge were truly consolatory to his ruffled feelings, and as richly deserved as any honours ever offered to an aged public servant.

In his retirement, he manifested great interest in the question of the slave-trade, and was a decided advocate of the abolition of impediments to marriage with a deceased wife's sister; and on these subjects he occasionally wrote, even after he had ceased to attend in Parliament. He was of a high order as a patriot, and high as a man; and it may safely be said that when he retired from his professional career he commanded respect for his unimpaired solicitude for the public weal, and a tender reverence for his personal virtue.

MR JOHN CHAPMAN—HIS DEATH AND HIS LAST PAPER.

We learn, with unfeigned regret, the death of Mr. John Chapman, author of a work recently published, on the "Cotton and Commerce of India," and of many papers, some of which we have ourselves had the pleasure of publishing, while others have appeared in the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Chapman had been called some years back, in the course of his profession as civil engineer, to India; and although the operations in which he was engaged did not turn to the advantage which he expected, and which we believe he deserved, he was enabled to acquire on the spot a considerable amount of information which his shrewd and practical mind turned to good. He had gained the confidence of many Indian reformers, and particularly of the native leaders in Bombay, whose endeavours to obtain extensions of political rights to the natives of India he assisted with his counsel and agency. In this capacity he performed a great amount of work, of much use to India and its natives, which received no payment, and which will unquestionably never receive recognition, for it was as unostentatiously done as it was energetic.

On the 9th inst. he laid before the editor of the *Westminster Review*, the publisher of which was a distant relation, the manuscript of a paper based upon Wilhelm von Humboldt's recently translated work on "The Sphere and Duties of Government;" the article was incomplete, but the writer explained the sequel with his usual vigour. On the following Sunday, at noon, he complained of dizziness, and on Monday morning he died in his sleep. For sometime past his health appeared to be less vigorous than it had been. He was a shrewd, straightforward, keen-sighted, honest, hearty man; he will be greatly regretted by many personal friends, and we do not know where the native reformers of Bombay are likely to find an agent who can supply his place as laboriously, as efficiently, and as influentially.

The paper which is published in the *Westminster Review*, although incomplete, is extremely interesting. Inferior to his brother, either in grasp or strength of mind, Wilhelm von Humboldt still possessed a large share of Alexander's scientific insight, and perhaps a larger share of sentimental

sympathy with his fellow men in the practical business of life. His regard possibly is less to the spheres and more to the surface of this one little globe, with those moving on it. The proposition with which Wilhelm von Humboldt starts, is, to a certain extent a scientific and sentimental parallel to the main idea of Proudhon—a minimising of government.

BRITONS IN BOULOGNE.

The military fêtes at Boulogne are destined to extend the feeling of fraternisation between the French and English soldiers even unto a branch of "our constitutional forces." Witness the *Times* correspondent, as thus:—

"The evolutions of the ensuing week will probably bring many of our military countrymen to Boulogne; but at present the only representative of the British lion here is a corporal of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry. He arrived in full uniform some days ago, and has since been incessantly engaged in scrutinizing the state of the French army. Nothing escapes his notice, and there is no situation, however prominent, in which he does not turn up as a conspicuous feature. Yesterday he went to Honvaut, and, having watched for some time with a superior air an awkward squad or two under drill, proceeded to inspect the camp kitchens. To the chief cook, a swartly soldier from Algiers, he condescendingly introduced himself in the only French words he has yet been heard to utter—'Je suis soldat comme vous.' Having minutely examined the arrangements of the cuisine, the corporal retired with great dignity to the edge of the cliff, whence he made a deliberate reconnaissance of the Channel, evidently calculating in his mind the chances of an invasion. His conclusions on the knotty question are probably reserved till he gets home to Hertford, but, as he appeared this afternoon at the concert, he probably apprehends no immediate danger. At first to-day he satisfied himself with a modest place among the outsiders, but shortly, valour, getting the better of discretion, he was in the circle reserved for the select few, and, before the performance had terminated, his Albert hat, with its dangling horsehair plume, might be seen in the orchestra among the leaders of the different bands. Coming after Corporal Sutton and the other crack men of the Guards brought over by Prince Albert as his orderlies, our Hertfordshire warrior excites an immense sensation amongst the French soldiers. Like Alexander the Great, Richard III., and other fighting celebrities, nature has not been kind to him. She has placed 'an envious mountain on his back,' and ever worse, for his military bearing has made him very knock-kneed. Nor has the regimental tailor of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry been judicious, but in this respect it is unnecessary to enter into details. The corporal is pursued wherever he goes with the most amusing civilities, and the gallant corps to which he belongs will hear with pride that he is generally saluted as 'Notre ami Bœuf' by all the gamins of Boulogne. May the warlike cabinetmaker return safely and brim-full of military experience to his regiment."

Another Briton has been as characteristically conspicuous. The Boulogne theatre was burnt down the other day. During the conflagration an incident occurred which might have deranged the *entente cordiale*.

"There is a law in France that all persons present on such an occasion should aid in extinguishing the flames; but an ignorance of its existence was well nigh bringing a few of our countrymen into trouble, as they crowded the ground merely in the character of spectators, and did not understand the language or brook the manner in which the military called on them to help. Indeed, one of them who, in attempting to pass onward, was prevented by a soldier, immediately wrested the musket from his grasp, and to prevent any injury being inflicted in the scuffle, unscrewed the bayonet. This latter manoeuvre was altogether misunderstood by the bystanders, who, under the impression that he was going to use the bayonet for the purpose of stabbing his antagonist, became fearfully excited against him. He was immediately surrounded and placed in the hands of two of the police, who unceremoniously dragged him to prison, one holding him by the neck-tie and the collar of his coat, and the other impelling him with his hand pressed against the back of his neck. This was an episode to the main act which might have been avoided by a little forbearance."

We do not hear what the police did with our countryman. Probably the Emperor, who was present, ordered his release.

PARIS WITH POLICEMEN!

The Emperor of the French, from a personal knowledge of the Police of London, and the system on which it is organised, has been long anxious for a similar establishment in Paris. A comparative examination of the institutions of police in London and Paris has taken place, and the Minister of the Interior has presented a report recommending the organisation of a police force on the plan of that in London, and which would comprise a force of 2992 men of all ranks. A decree has authorised its establishment.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, September 30.

THE CRIMEA.

Paris, September 29.

A despatch has been received from Marshal St. Arnaud, dated Old Fort, September 18.

Everything was prepared for a movement, but the march had been delayed for a couple of days by circumstances over which the Generals commanding had no control. The advance, however, was to commence on the day following (19th), and it was expected that the allied armies would be on the Alma on the 20th.

Everything promised favourably.

Vienna, Friday, September 29.

Advices from Constantinople of the 21st state that the Allies were marching towards the river Alma on the 20th, and expected to reach the river Katcha next day, where 8000 Russians occupied a fortified position.

Russian accounts of the 19th say that General Canrobert has a fortified position at Eupatoria; that the main body of the allied army is on the small river north of and parallel with the river Alma; 30,000 Russians were posted at the latter, but with insufficient artillery.

Admiral Lyons' squadron and 120 transports had left the Crimea to fetch the reserve.

Baron Hess arrived at Bucharest on the 23rd instant, and was received with every distinction by Omer Pacha and Dervish Pacha.

A brilliant review of Austrian, Turkish, and Wallachian troops was held in honour of his arrival.

Vienna, Friday Evening.

The Greeks have spread a report that the Allies have gained a great victory near Sebastopol.

This is not yet authentically confirmed, nevertheless the funds have risen considerably.

THE BALTIC.

Dantzic, Friday, September, 29.

The Basilisk has arrived. She left the fleet at Nargen on the 26th.

Sir Charles Napier reconnoitred Sweaborg on the 23rd.

The Prince Regent, Neptune, St. George, and Monarch have been ordered home.

Nyborg (Great Belt), September 29.

The French line-of-battle ship, Breslau, Rear-Admiral Penaud, arrived here yesterday from the Baltic, and sailed to-day for the Kattegat. The Vice-Admiral, Parseval Deschesnes, is expected with the rest of the French line-of-battle ships.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

(By Submarine and European Telegraph.)

Marseilles, Friday.

The Indian and Australian mails arrived here at six o'clock this morning.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE TO NEW SOUTH-WALES, VICTORIA, AND SOUTH-AUSTRALIA.—On and from the 1st of October next, the postage upon letters conveyed, whether by packet or private ship, between the United Kingdom and the following British colonies, viz.:—New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, will be reduced to a combined British and colonial rate of,—For a letter exceeding half an ounce in weight, 6d.; for a letter not exceeding half an ounce and not exceeding one ounce, 1s.; for a letter exceeding one ounce and not exceeding two ounces, 2s.; and so on, increasing one shilling for every ounce or fraction of an ounce. The postage upon these letters may be paid in advance, or they may be forwarded unpaid at the option of the sender. The foregoing reduction of postage will extend to all letters directed to Van Diemen's Land which are sent by the Australian Mail Packets, whether those which go direct to Australia, or those which take the route of Singapore, as well as to all letters for New Zealand specially addressed "via Melbourne," or "via Sydney;" but upon such letters, both those for New Zealand, and those for Van Diemen's Land, the postage must be paid in advance, or the letters cannot be forwarded.

THE NEW SHERIFFS.—Mr. Alderman Muggeridge and Mr. Charles Crossley, the new Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, were sworn in on Thursday at Guildhall.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

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.—DE. ARNOLD.

AFTER SEBASTOPOL—WHAT?

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us, commenting on our counsel of a liberal movement on the war, to ask, "Can you carry on war by public meetings?" We venture to answer—Yes. Because the war against Russia will fail if it is to be merely a military war. Because the war with Russia must be a political war.

Sebastopol being taken, the Russian armies in the Crimea annihilated, and the Russian naval force in the Black Sea destroyed, peace may be gazetted. The independence and integrity of Turkey are asserted and secured. An allied army, or a Turkish army, could occupy the Crimea permanently—our cruisers in the Black Sea would render that army safe. The Austrians blocking out Russia in the Principalities guarantee us against a *casus belli* on that side. But what then? The Emperor Nicholas will never sign a peace which the public opinion of England would accept. He will sign no abject peace merely because he loses the Crimea, because his army of the Danube falters even in Bessarabia, because his army of Asia gives way before Schamyl. The Crimea, then, for us, is a *cul-de-sac*: Sebastopol leads nowhere. Nicholas, the Emperor, is humiliated; but Russia, the Empire, remains. We can keep Russia down (supposing the alliance between England and France to be permanent) on the Danube, in the Black Sea, and in the Crimea. But (and the Principalities would probably object to an eternity of military occupation by an alien and abhorred race) we are scarcely equal to an enormous enduring organisation to sustain by armed peace the independence and integrity of Turkey. The slightest retreat—and Russia advances. That is not only Russian policy but Russian necessity. Russia is really conquered, for a long time to come: but Europe would be on the watch.

We must then think of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. "Dictate a peace in St. Petersburg"—that is understood to be the cry of our wisest generals and our most gallant statesmen. In singular contradiction to the cry is the homeward move of the allied fleets of the Baltic.

The censure so universally inflicted on Sir Charles Napier is curiously illogical. He has done nothing in the Baltic. True; but do we forget that Admiral Dundas did nothing in the Black Sea? Odessa balances Bomarsund: precisely the reasons which prevented Dundas bombarding Sebastopol, prevented Napier taking Cronstadt. War must be carried on by armies, not by fleets. Dundas got an army—Napier got none. Dundas is popular—Napier is ridiculed.

Can England and France produce a land force equal to taking St. Petersburg? In the Crimea they do not muster 100,000 men. St. Petersburg would require not only an army, but armies. We have done our utmost in the supply of troops. Louis Napoleon would not empty France of troops. He is popular, but a lost battle might ruin him. And Prussian neutrality is not guaranteed.

But supposing a victorious French and English army marching on St. Petersburg: Paris is France—St. Petersburg is not Russia. Nicholas would retire to Moscow—could retire to Novgorod. He is inassailable in the recesses of his empire. Do we contemplate a permanent occupation simultaneously of the Crimea and of St. Petersburg?

These are the contingencies of a military war—a war extending, necessarily, over several years—in those years Nicholas having a variety of chances: a commercial panic in England; a revolution in France; a quarrel between France and England.

A political war would be more abrupt and more effectual. A political war would be implied in the restoration of Poland—i.e. in the sacrifice of the Austrian alliance. To get peace—the permanent peace that comes from legitimate concessions to nationalities—we must fight for human freedom. Russia is to be conquered by the destruction of Austria. The whole controversy converts itself in the end into that fact; and we assume that the English nation is resolute on conquering Russia—once for all. The Austrian alliance was not to be rejected while England was feeling her way: and is even now to be cultivated—if necessary.

The Sheffield meeting, on Monday, may not have been very sagacious or very logical. But statesmen should study it—it betrayed the instincts of the nation—an instinctive conviction of the unreality and impracticality of a war against Russia which is not likewise a war against Austria. It is a pity the meeting was not unanimous—it would have better that Sheffield, rather than a certain crowd in Sheffield, should have spoken. But it is observable that the resolutions of the promoters of the meeting were carried by large majorities. There was an opposition solely because these promoters of the meeting insisted on the meeting being Anti-Ministerial. This was a blunder. Our present Ministry is a cabinet without a policy—quite ready to do the nation's bidding; and public meetings should dictate to it without opposing it. We want nationality, not Anti-Ministerialism; and, assuredly, Anti-Ministerialism is *mal à propos* in the Sebastopol week. Austrian diplomacy has won the game against our Cabinet,—but if England speaks, that game may soon be played out.

THE THANKSGIVING—AND HOW IT SHOULD BE.

COULD preachers and people rise to the grandeur of the great subject to which tomorrow is consecrated, infinite might be the good extracted from the sermons and reflections. If the people could be fully and universally awakened to the idea, that the sole path for attaining fulness of life is to obey the laws by which God works in this universe where our lot is cast, a greater obedience to those laws might bring us to a greater fulness of life, a trusting and a happier reliance on the end and sequel of life. If men would repent their sins—that is their proved transgression of ascertained laws of God—manifest in his own works—then we also should be helping more to work out the divine government, and more identifying ourselves with the movement of universal life; whereas, forgetting, we suffer mildew to fall on the root we eat, on the vine, on man himself, and perish. If the farmer, most especially, who is the instrument for working out certain of the natural laws in our behalf, could lift himself to a broader view of his high duty, he would see how his class has repeatedly fallen short of its allotted task—how he has blindly persisted in neglecting or even in thwarting the very rules by which the grain, our chief sustenance, is made to grow,

to thrive, and to augment our life. He has, in former days fallen short of his task, he has prevented others from doing better, and even from teaching him. When those assistant priests—the students of nature—have explained to him the laws of the God he worships, he has scoffed; when he has been told that if he will consult the welfare of the labourers who help him, by rendering their lives happier, their limbs stronger, their intellects clearer, and their hearts more willing, he has turned a deaf, sulky ear, and has referred the labourer from God to "the parish." But the farmer, indeed, is not worse than his fellow men. Human pride, pecking its way into the mere crust of knowledge, discovers a crumb, and, glorified at the prize, proclaims that it has discovered the truth, the bread of life, the all; that to seek for more is profane, and that those who still search for truth and trust in that which they believe themselves to have found, are wicked, malignant, to be destroyed, ruined, and put out of social life. There is not a great truth which has been discovered for the benefit of man, which has not at the first been denounced as an impiety, an immorality, or a folly; there always has been a time when the majority conformed to the disbelief in a transatlantic continent, in the Cape route, in the compass, in steam, in the electric powers with which we are now familiar. Christianity and morality were brought against these, as well as the social discoveries that human industry works most productively when free, state order best in freedom. And as we have denied these truths until they were forced upon us, so even to this day we are denying freedom of thought, moral inquiry, independent conviction, and are labouring to thwart, destroy, drive back into utter ruin those who are working out the truth of the future. We know them not, it is true; but we adopt the rule to prohibit and suppress all thought and act that does not accord with that already established. As the farmer of the past has forbidden the corn to grow, the beast to be fattened, the sap to rise in the vine, declaring that he had finally, sufficiently, and exclusively discovered the truth in agriculture, so it is all round; and as corn has been withered, so has life. These are the "judgments" of God: cholera, scarcity, and war are the scourges that lash the disobedient.

We might, indeed, render thanks to-morrow, for having to some extent awakened to our case; and as even a Charles Knightley can declare that God's land has been misused by the farmer,—who tried to grow corn where he might have fed beasts,—beasts where he might have fed them for their milk,—so some amongst us are slowly, doubtfully, and timidly awaking to the idea that perhaps we have not done our best for our fellow-creatures—have withheld them from knowledge, denied their freedom in other ways than political, set up the narrow-closed truth of the past against the ever expanding truth of the future. For this happy reason, as surely as the farmer's better spirit will enable him better to work out the laws of God, and bring us more corn, so surely will a less presumptuous spirit lead us to deal more humbly with the divine laws, and to receive to ourselves more life. For that indeed, as well as the golden earnest of a great harvest, we might give thanks, and fortify ourselves by the act of thanksgiving.

But alas! we are in poor case to render thanks for so great bounty. How can a community divided among themselves—parcelled into conformists, dissenters, disbelievers, sects innumerable, and catholicists unclassifiable—raise the harmonious voice of conscious gratitude? The day will be spent in polite observance by the church of the upper classes, in more or less of gratitude, more or less of malignant praying at other

sects in the chapels of middle-class dissent; and in every conceivable manner *not* conforming by the innumerable rest of the community. The Beer Act will check the crowding at public-houses, but how many will appreciate the abundance of the harvest chiefly by consuming the fermented juice of the barley. How many, with a slight acknowledgment of the form, will use the day for a rush into the country; and how many, when it is all over, will forget all about it, or think of it only as a trivial observance, nine-tenths of which are cant. And the insincere submission of cant deprives us of faculty of returning thanks. We can only make the sacred observance one more addition to the pharisaical nonsense by which we lower our own character. If there are any thanks which the model man will give with heartiness, it will be in thanking God that he is not like other men—which he is.

DENMARK FRIEND OR FOE.

NEVER perhaps was there a more striking example of national retribution inflicted for a political mistake than that which has befallen England in her relation with Denmark, now becoming so important an object of mistrust in the Baltic. What would our Government give for a great hold over the Scandinavian kingdoms? It would indeed be invaluable to us; and what is more, if England had behaved rightly, the hold would have been ready to her hand. Through her Government, however, England behaved ill, and her power is absent. The story, indeed, is one of the most instructive in modern history.

The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein had been guaranteed, by the Danish crown, a certain degree of independence; they were to go together, and they had a right of representation in the German Diet. There was, however, much jealousy between the Germans of the duchies and the Danes of the kingdom—a dispute not assuaged by the fact that there was a Danish party also within the duchies. When the duchies sought to identify their political organisation with Germany in 1848, they were put down by the Government of Denmark, with the assistance of the German Governments. The Danes, indulging their national grudge, united with their king to break down the law of Schleswig Holstein and to put down the Germans of the duchies. The king of Denmark has now visited the Danes with their punishment; by Royal ordinances he has abolished their constitution and established one for "the united empire."

There is to be a federal assembly, comprising fifty members, receiving salaries, twenty of whom are to be named by the king, and thirty to be elected by the States of Denmark—Denmark Proper to elect eighteen; Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenberg, twelve; and this assembly is charged with the double power of acting as a Parliament, and of framing the Constitution for a future Assembly. The Danes, indeed, have the additional cause for shame at their own misconduct, in finding themselves thus braved by an impotent Court.

Having used the Danes against the Duchies, that Court uses the Czar against the Danes and England. Now in opposing the Czar, we might have counted upon the Danes as allies to drive their own Court, if indeed we had acted so as to win the confidence of the Danes. But we forfeited their confidence, as well as that of the Germans, when we not only witnessed the extinction of Constitutions in Germany without protest, but lent an active countenance to the anti-Constitutional treatment of the duchies. On this subject we perfectly agree with our weekly contemporary the *Examiner*, whose

Ministerial leanings do not check the utterance of a generous national feeling:

The Germans feel something more than this sense of self-degradation—this consciousness that neither they themselves, nor their then demi-god, rose to the emergency of a crisis which they and he created. Besides the blush of shame which arises in almost every German face when you speak of their sad misuse of the opportunities of 1848-9, you have also to encounter resentment, not alone for the passive indifference of England to their patriotic struggles, but for the active part which England and France took in the affair of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which are threatening again to force themselves on the attention of Europe. That question had a far greater significance in Germany than it had out of it. With us it meant the preservation of the kingdom of Denmark: in Germany it was the symbol of the Unity. "Germany for Germans" was the idea it involved; and that established, a great point would have been gained. The loss or retention of the duchies was then a pivot on which turned other and far greater questions; it was the touchstone of nationality.

England and France may have been right or wrong in the policy they pursued—that is a matter we have long ago discussed—but their policy deeply wounded the pride of Germany. The professors, the philosophers, the students of Germany cursed the Western Powers in their hearts, when the Duchies were annexed by a European act to Denmark; and even other, more sober and less excitable, politicians saw in the proceeding the hostility of France and England to German unity and nationality. The effects of this opinion the world is now feeling in the present indifference of Germany to the Anglo-French alliance.

"If proper means were used, it surely might not be impossible to revive those noble throbbings in the now torpid hearts of the German people, which if they did beat wildly and injudiciously, still beat highly. "Do they want Germany for the Germans?" Then let them allow Hungary to the Hungarians, Turkey to the Turks, and Poland to the Poles; and applying ourselves at last to the resolute design of reducing the barbarian to subjection, let us, without heeding the effect which the success of any detail of it, such as the destruction of Sebastopol or Cronstadt, may produce at Vienna or Berlin, persevere till we have reduced the power of Russia to such limits as may be compatible with the interests of civilisation and humanity. Surely the great German people have but to be thoroughly disabused of the fear that we desire only to weaken the maritime position of Russia and not to lessen her general pressure and influence on the continent, even yet to rally to the French and English alliance, and nobly accomplish their own freedom in helping to liberate the world."

Yes, England and the Danes, the Western Powers and Germany, ought to be acting together. The German and Scandinavian courts ought to have no hopes, but in taking the side of the allies against the grand despot; and it would be so, if the conduct of our own Government had not given the Danes and Germans equally a right to mistrust us. We may censure the Danes, but we have no claim to their confidence. We may, indeed, blame our own Government, but let us never forget that no Ministers could have acted thus in the name of "England," unless passive permission had been given by the ignorant, and content to be ignorant, English people.

EMIGRATE STILL.

It is beginning to "pay" to stop at home, even in Ireland. That is to say, it pays as compared with the past experience of Ireland. But let us consider a little more closely the facts that are advanced in support of this new and hopeful assertion, and we shall see that if it pays to stop at home, it pays still better to emigrate. It is an extremely interesting inquiry for the working classes, and we beg them to look at it closely. They will find emigration twice blessed—blessing him that goes and him that stays; and they must continue the process if they want to get all the good out of it they can. Now for the proofs.

We have already stated the total amount of emigration during the past year: it was 329,937. There is some difficulty in calculating the exact number of Irish included in that total, since a considerable proportion of the emigrants from Ireland take ship at Liverpool, and some go from the Clyde. The

commissioners, however, calculate the numbers that left Ireland in 1851 at 254,537; in 1852, at 224,997; and in 1853, at 199,392. "Assuming," says the report, "that the calculations of former years were not quite accurate, we can scarcely doubt that the Irish emigration during 1853 was considerably less than for any year since 1848. As this decrease is evidently not caused by the failure of the means of emigration, we accept it as an additional proof that the distress by which Ireland has been so long afflicted is passing away, and that her labouring classes need no longer despair of being able to obtain in their own country the means of an adequate subsistence."

Now this is confirmed by the inquiries of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, instituted at the request of the Emigration Board. It is found in Ireland that there has been an increase in the money value of agricultural labour, while the wages of artisans have improved in a still higher ratio. Here, then, is cause and effect, established on the authority of two Government boards. About a quarter of a million of souls have gone for two or three years, and wages have risen a few pence, or a shilling or two. Can anything be more satisfactory? Now, for our own part, we are by no means satisfied. We do not see why wages should not be raised to a still higher rate; and we are perfectly convinced that, improved as the condition of the labourer may be in Ireland, it bears no comparison with the condition of the labourer in the United States; while a very large proportion of labourers in the American republic are continually passing out of the class of hired workers into that of the land owners. Of the population who have added the new states of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, and others to the Union, multitudes were but a few years ago labourers, and now are land-owners—not tenants, not occupants of conacre, not beggarly farmers struggling with ruin; but owners of enough land to live upon, with the certainty that their children will be independent men. "The sky only," says the poet, "do they change who cross the sea!" But the poet knew nothing of modern emigration. The man that leaves the life of a beggarly farmer in Ireland, or a precarious labourer in England to find employment in the United States, does exchange not only sky, but soul. He ceases to live in fear of the parish, becomes his own master, looks to have a voice in the election of his representative, and can, if he likes, stand upon his own land, no one making him afraid. It is just the same if he goes to Australia. We do not speak of the gold—men must take their chance at that; but we are thinking of the lands to be settled along the Murray, and we say that in that island-continent there will exist a numerous class of working farmers, which can be speedily recruited by our working classes, if our working classes please.

They have already shown that they are not afraid of the voyage, and they are right. Within the last seven years the Commissioners of Emigration have chartered 433 ships; of that number two have been wrecked under circumstances not very likely to occur again; though of course the sea will always have its chances. Of the 140,000 passengers conveyed by those vessels *not one* has been lost. Of the ships despatched from ports under the inspection of the Emigration Commissioners the returns are not quite so favourable. Of the whole 2,311,175 souls only 1567 have been lost at sea, and those principally by the loss of vessels under such circumstances as have checked the recurrence of the disaster. The *Taylor*, for example, was indifferently manned, but the Board of Commissioners have resolved that no vessel shall be cleared out with a smaller crew than four men to each

hundred tons; so that the loss of the *Taylor* is not likely to be repeated. The actual proportion of loss is little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ persons in a thousand emigrants; and that proportion is likely to be decidedly less in future.

The means are to be had, as we have seen before, by the numbers who have actually gone. Although wages have been raised in Ireland there is room to continue the same process: they can be raised higher. They can be raised also in England; and we should be glad to see the whole of the reserves transferred from the miserable grounds of Spitalfields or Paisley—the surplus hands who keep down wages in iron shops or factories carried off to grapple with rough work in America or Australia. We know that mechanical improvements can easily supply the place at home, and that neither manufactures, trade, nor agriculture will suffer. Quite the reverse; they will benefit by the stimulus to invention; while the labouring classes would receive the higher rate of wages commanded by a higher class of labour—just as the powerloom-weaver takes more than the handloom-weaver. If a million or two more could go within the next few years to the land of high wages, social progress, and political independence, those remaining behind would begin to feel at home the benefits of high wages, social progress, and, in consequence, political independence.

GOOD STABLING.

AGRICULTURAL Societies of the old stamp are attaining their perfect stage, for they are declining. One of the great working poets of our day, Professor Owen, has said that the real life of certain insects must be considered to be passed in the caterpillar state, since that may last two or three years; whereas the winged creature lasts but a brief month, perchance a day, and expires. We doubt, however, whether human reason will ratify the scientific rule. A life of schoolboyism, where the student of existence is eating his terms, is not the "perfect" state, although it is long; and although the honeymoon is postponed till the eve of death, still, we fear, there will be a tendency to account that the really perfect stage. On similar grounds we hail the perfection of the old agricultural society in its death. Agriculture and Science are wed, and the society which has fulfilled its functions feels its golden wings dropping off—its subscriptions. It has passed its larva state appropriately, in one eternal dinner; it has undergone a torpor of discouragement, the "sickening" of naturalists, in its pupa state; and now it emerges, glorious, to expire in laying the egg of futurity.

What is agriculture but a constant funeral? Ceres rears her child, only to cut him down again, and bury him; afterwards to rear him again—one of the thousand types of resurrection. So has Agriculture political reared its ideas only to bury them, and the new crop is getting on. Protection is buried to grow agricultural improvement; and having escaped from economical cowardice, which the claim for Protection was, agriculture is growing generous. Taught to rely on itself, Landlord Agriculture, like all true independence, takes thought for others. At Banbury, Mr. Henley preaches, not charity, but good honest aid in improving the condition of the labouring classes.

There is, says Mr. Henley, much bad ploughing; for after all, he insists, the fault is not in the tool, but in the man that uses it. The spade and the digging-machine have failed to supersede the plough; but no branch of agriculture, he insists, requires more skill in the handling and the management than the plough; and these societies, he says, show the workman what is good and bad work. We might ask Mr. Henley whether the societies can teach the man to appreciate

good and bad work? It is not only the actual distinction between a straight line and a crooked one,—between a furrow of unequal depth, and one that cuts the land like the artists' graver; but it is the ready union between the mere perceptive ideas and the mind. It is not only seeing the furrow, but conceiving it neatly; it is not only to conceive it in the mind, but to feel it with the hand; in short to possess a clear intellect, and that close union between mind and muscle, which constitute skill. But the requirement pre-supposes a man of developed mind and well-trained body. We do not mean book-learning: study will not do it, and similar results have been attained without much library lore. But before a man can possess the tact and skill required by Mr. Henley, he must have had opportunity, leisure, and incentives to fetch out his faculties.

However the agricultural idea is growing. "There must," says Mr. Henley, "be improvements in the dwellings." It is, he says, "perhaps one of the most important problems affecting our social position."

He believed there was no subject which had of late years more attracted public attention, and he believed there was no subject more beset with difficulties—no subject which at the present time was receiving more earnest endeavours in many directions to be solved and elucidated. There were many persons in the world who were not rich enough to be able to enjoy the luxury of a good house. That was a thing which fell to the lot of few (*hear, hear*), and the lot of the poor man would never be to have a good house until his situation in life was so elevated that he could afford to pay a reasonable price for it. Charitable institutions were doing something towards that object, but it was like the bread they ate, or the coat they wore—the poor man, after all, must pay the cost. (*Hear, hear, and applause.*) That was a problem which every day's experience would tend more and more to solve, and he believed that, with the cheapening and gradual improvement of building, and the materials connected with building, they might look forward without apprehension to a continued increase in the dwellings of the labouring classes, so as to meet the wishes of almost all of them. Those among them who were old enough might, perhaps, recollect the state of the dwellings of the poor 50 years ago, and they could not be insensible to the fact, how vast an improvement had taken place during those 50 years. They used to live in old mud-built cottages, more resembling a cabin than a cottage, but those had now disappeared. Many of them were put up by the poor themselves, perhaps at the edge of a common; but these had now given way to a better description of houses; and he believed that, as the condition of the poor improved, and they were able to give better rents, instead of having three or four persons sleeping in one room, each one would have his own respective locality. Everything tended to show it was of the greatest consequence that the poor man should be made comfortable in his dwelling, because in the case of every man, whatever might be his respective occupation in life, if his home was comfortable, he could not want to seek for enjoyment out of it.

This is progress indeed, and it is in the natural order of sequence. It is some time since the agriculturists conceived the idea, that instead of making their cattle stand in a heap of straw and filth, and letting them feed how they might, it would be well to study their diet, to secure them plenty of good food, to drain the floor of their stabling, to make the enclosure warm enough, and yet to let there be good ventilation. In other words, the beasts must have food, air, and comfort, or the owner of the cattle would have to pay the penalty in the deterioration of the stock. The same rule holds good with horses. If you would get a maximum of work out of your beast, you must stable him well; and if you want to get the full amount, in quantity and quality, out of the human labourer, you must also stable him well.

It is the more necessary in the case of the human cattle, since, if they be not, as Mr. Henley says, rendered comfortable at home, "they will be driven to the public house." The ill-stabled horse does not take to drinking; nor does the superannuated cow turn to intemperance, until, useless for other pur-

poses, the owner fattens her with grains, and sends her in that condition into the presence of her butcher. Upon the whole, however, the public-house has a very remote relation with bad stabling for horses or for cows; it has a very close relation with the stabling of men. Mr. Henley praises the human stables that have been introduced, and with reason, on the mere ground of comparison; but still we say that neither in town nor country has this improved stabling been yet carried to the point at which sound investment will repay the employer. It is really worth the consideration of farmers, and we specially invite Mr. Henley's attention to the analogy of the horse and ox.

GENTLEMEN AND OFFICERS.

Not a week now passes but we find an incident of disorderly life among officers of the army and navy made conspicuously public. Society and the press are indignant: particularly the press. In reference to the Portsmouth case, the *Morning Chronicle* asks—Shall the army and navy be allowed a special morality?—which is immorality. The *Globe* says, The British public is moral—at least it insists on immorality being concealed—so that the virtuous *Globe* is angry because Lieut. Knight was found out. Both journals, and indeed all the journals, assume that officers are, as a class, distinguished by vices peculiar to themselves.

It is, perhaps, a mistake to assume this. It is, perhaps, an error and an unkindness to argue a Perry case and a Portsmouth case as a question of morality: such are strictly questions of discipline; and the officer is only specially to blame because it is his professional duty to set an example of orderly life and well-balanced nature.

The indignation of the press, as a profession, would only be justified upon proof being shown that our journalists, as a class, are sinless in the respects in which certain unhappy officers have offended against public decency. This, it could be shown, is not at all the case—and could be shown, as in a Perry or Portsmouth case, by reference to notorious public events and characters; and, under such circumstances, the virtuous vindictiveness of our best possible instructors is suggestive of the very worst sort of hypocrisy—supererogatory hypocrisy.

The vexation of society with officers and gentlemen is just as affected. The sins of the detected officers are the sins of young gentlemen—notorious, permitted sins. The young gentlemen of this enlightened, not to say Christian, country, supply our towns with prostitution. The Haymarket flourishes though there is an army in the East. Why, then, this disgust with young officers who, as young gentlemen, follow the fashion of the day? Are young barristers, young solicitors, young stockbrokers, purer than young officers? "Young men will be young men" is a physiological phrase in society:—young officers will be young men—would not that be a charitable addition?

The journalists who have talked morality *à propos* of the Portsmouth scene are appealing to an imaginary public opinion. The public scouts the individuals who are found out, but continues to be considerate to the class. Young officers were never inflexibly chaste—were never vehemently sober—and young officers have always been popular in ball-rooms. Morality on such points as those raised in the Perry and Portsmouth cases is dependent on the public opinion among women. Our young ladies do not insist on a high standard of young gentlemen: whence a variety of private miseries and public vices. A "correct" young man is the butt of society; and there are wise men who contend that the world is always right.

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*.

Our news this week is mostly from abroad. Many readers of the *Leader* may be glad to hear that two young poets of this country, whose works, on their first appearance, we welcomed with hearty and sincere praise, have just been honorably introduced to the notice of the literary world of France in the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The article on Poetry, in the last number of that journal, is devoted to ALEXANDER SMITH and MATHEW ARNOLD. The writer of the notice exhibits no originality of view. He follows the lead of the English critics in estimating the two poets; notices the influence of SHELLEY, in different ways and degrees on each of them; assigns the first place to ALEXANDER SMITH, but warns him to repress his tendencies to extravagance; asserts, as an objection to the classical theories of MATHEW ARNOLD, that he is obviously not indebted to them, but to his own genius for the success which he has achieved; praises the earnestness and reverence in matters of Art, which are becoming more and more the characteristic of the present generation of thinkers in England; and then, rather unhappily, mentions some of these thinkers by name, beginning the list with CARLYLE, and actually ending it with TURPIN! Judged only by its literary merits, such a critical review as we have indicated would call for no special remark. It is not for its own sake, but for the sake of its subject, and in consideration of the honest fairness and even warmth of its tone towards our two young poets, that we direct attention to it here. Both deserved a generous recognition from foreign critics, and we are unaffectedly glad to report that both, so far as the French world of letters is concerned, have now obtained it. What the poets themselves will say to the extracts from their works in French prose, we will not venture to anticipate. The translations seem to us to be carelessly and unintelligently executed. For example, in the noble close to *Sohrab and Rustum*, the river's "luminous home of waters" is translated *la plaine liquide vers laquelle il tend toujours!*—while the expression in ALEXANDER SMITH's Life-Drama, "clothes me with kingdoms," is rendered *me fait un vêtement de royaumes!!* From this disastrous ordeal of French translation, MATHEW ARNOLD comes out least injured, in consequence of his resolute adherence to the most classical simplicity of expression. As for ALEXANDER SMITH, if the French readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wish to do him justice, they must take his merits on trust, or learn English, or do anything, in short, but read the translated extracts presented to them from his poems.

On the Continent, some new books of importance have appeared, or are about to be published. In Florence, a sensation has been produced by a novel on the frightful and impracticable subject of *The Cenci*, from the pen of the politically-famous GUERAZZI. The literary merit of the book, judging of it by report, does not seem to be remarkable, but the authorities have secured its success by prohibiting it. The unseized copies of the first edition circulate everywhere in secret, and a surreptitious second edition is preparing for publication. In Germany, the *Reminiscences* of the Poet HEINE are about to appear at Hamburg, from the publishing house of Messrs. HOFFMAN AND CAMPBELL. In France, the magnificent, the indomitable book-maker, LAMARTINE, has just favoured the reading-world with the first volume of his *Histoire de la Turquie*. "The tocsin of European peril has rung at St. Petersburg," he exclaims in the preface to his History, with his usual ingenuity in the art of saying a very plain thing in a very fine way. "All nations who desire to preserve their hearths free, ought to rush to the fire. The powers, according to us, have been too slow in hearing this appeal. They hear it at last: it is time to speak." Time to speak—consequently, LAMARTINE cannot be silent—therefore he writes the History of Turkey, "Vol. i., 5s." &c., &c. How many more "Vols" are to come we are not told. Perhaps as long as the "tocsin" goes on ringing, LAMARTINE will go on "speaking,"—and, in that case, we think it not at all improbable that the tongue of the bell will be the tongue that is first tired out.

At home there is nothing to report but that the PRINCESS'S THEATRE is to open with DOUGLAS JERROLD's long deferred play, *The Heart of Gold*; and that the new management of the St. JAMES'S THEATRE starts with a drama called *The King's Rival*, by Mr. TOM TAYLOR, and Mr. CHARLES READE. While referring to theatrical matters, we may take an opportunity of mentioning that *The Vicar of Wakefield* has been dramatised for the French stage, and acted with success at the ODEON. We love and honour that sweetest and tenderest of all domestic stories so fervently, that we can hardly endure to think of its being turned into a drama for the Parisian stage. It is provoking even to read a criticism on the performance from one of the Paris newspapers. Think of a slippant French feuilletonniste patronisingly alluding to the dear noble old Vicar, as *ce bon Primerose!* snarling stupidly at delicacies of humour which he is utterly incapable of appreciating; grinning mischievously over the exquisite, the unrivalled tenderness of the sad scenes in the story—in short, criticising, absolutely criticising in the most complacently sarcastic manner, and at this time of day, OLIVER GOLD-SMITH!

As a companion-piece to this exasperating literary curiosity, we cannot refrain from quoting here an epistolary curiosity which is also of French origin. We have found it in a number of the *Colonie Icarienne*, a French newspaper published at Nauvoo, and devoted to the fame and general interests of M. CABET's well-known Socialist Colony. The affairs of Icaria seem to be in anything but a flourishing condition: "Ah, if the Rappists (another colony) would but lend us 500,000 dollars!" exclaims M. CABET himself in the columns of his own newspaper. We have not ascertained, as yet, whether this very modest, sensible, and business-like wish has been complied with. Pending the fulfilment, however, of M. CABET's pecuniary desires, a gentleman is willing to join the Icarian Colony, whose moral value (according to his own account of it) is quite priceless. Here is the letter (literally translated from the French) in which the Most Virtuous Man in the World offers to fraternise with M. CABET:—

CORRESPONDENCE FOR ICARIA.

M. ALBRECHT TO M. CABET.

VENERATED MONSIEUR CABET,—Long since, united with you in heart, I have also long since desired to be admitted a member of your Icarian Colony. For the last six years my favourite study has been the study of the Socialist and Communist systems. I have visited with this object all the Communist Colonies, and I have never failed to proselytise according to the Communist principles.

As for my morality, it is, I think, fit to be submitted to the most searching inquiries. Since childhood, I have been aiming at perfection, and to ensure happiness I have had no other rule of conduct than moderation in all enjoyments. I am a stranger to those bad habits, which may be called vices—such as the use of tobacco (either for smoking, snuffing, or chewing), the imbibing of strong waters, the playing at games of cards, &c., &c.

My creed is the fraternity of men. My form of worship the contemplation and admiration of the beauties of Nature. A musical society called *Germania*, of which I am a member, sticks to this principle—*Each for all and all for each*: equality in rights and in duties. All our members, therefore, freely renounce pecuniary advantages, because laws not founded on social principles cannot insure the liberty and independence of associated brethren, seeing that wherever there is inequality of fortune, true freedom is rendered an illusion, or rather a lie. Fraternity and not Egotism is the great stimulant to useful activity.

Trusting that Communist principles may soon be generally adopted, and hoping that you, venerated Monsieur Cabet, will favour me with a few lines of reply,

I remain, respectfully, your devoted

H. ALBRECHT.

Mourn reader for the Old World, which is about to lose that rare and priceless human gem, a perfectly Virtuous Man! Leap ye little hills of Icaria, smile fertile valleys of Communist Nauvoo, for a Colonist approaches you who aimed at perfection as soon as he was weaned, and has never known what it was to have a bad habit since. And, oh!—above and before all—rejoice and sing, Venerated Monsieur Cabet! Of how little value are those 500,000 dollars you languish for, compared with the one inestimable stranger, who now freely offers himself to you, and does not even so much as mention a price!

Although this is Magazine day, we have only received two—*Blackwood* and *The Dublin University Magazine*. Why cannot the publishers infuse a little system into the issue of their early numbers? Surely it would be to the advantage of everybody—themselves included.

Blackwood has made up a capital number; varied, readable, and for the most part good. The opening article, *Speculators among the Stars*, deals impartially (in a summing-up style) with the controversy headed by WHIEWITZ and BREWSTER about the population or non-population of the planetary bodies. The writer offers no opinion, but treats SIR DAVID's book as being too popular to be worthy of his reputation, and reminds the disputants of JEREMY TAYLOR's truism that—"whatever we talk, things are as they are."

In an article entitled *King Otho and his Classic Kingdom*, the occupation of Greece by the allied forces is pronounced to have been "absolutely necessary to enable any ministry to commence the task of improvement." The moderate defence of the Greek nation contained in the article THUCYDIDES and ALISON on the Greek Revolution, in the August number, is here followed with a pretty smart lecture to the Greeks themselves. King Otho is pronounced to be silly and incompetent; and, if the nationality of the Greeks is held in low estimation, it is entirely their own fault. "They have hawked about their nationality to Munich, Paris, and St. Petersburg, for illicit gains in a falling market, at a very unpatriotic price." In charging them with vanity, the writer says:—"Those who believe in the unmixt purity of the Hellenic blood might cite this besotted pride, after two thousand years of national degradation, as a proof that the Greeks of the present day are literal descendants of those who sold their country to the Macedonians and the Romans, as they have lately attempted to sell it to the Russians."

This is severe but just. For all this, the writer gives a fair character to the classes of Greeks who live beyond the sphere of court and political influence. "If a Greek is neither a courtier, a government official, nor a palikar, he is generally a tolerably lenient man, and by no means a bad fellow, unless he be an Ionian, or a Phanariot." An article upon *Spanish Politics and Cuban Perils*, from the pen of the resident of Madrid, who has lately been illuminating that subject in the pages of *Blackwood*, throws some light upon the position of America, as regards Cuba. The writer appears to think it probable that Cuba will not now be sold; that eminent diplomat M. F. SOULZ (of quadrupartite duel celebrity), having given it as his opinion it must "fall into the lap of the Union without costing a dollar." He appears, however, to regard the filibustero expedition with more certainty and apprehension, and fears that, "owing, perhaps, to the weakness of the

executive arm in the States, the expedition in question will yet sail for the coveted shores of the Pearl of the Antilles." As to its success, that appears problematical. The writer concludes by advising the Spanish Government to close with the American offer to purchase, if repeated:—

"Whilst contemplating the gloomy, or at least uncertain prospects of the Spanish treasury, I am forcibly reminded of Cuba and of American proposals for its purchase. I have not heard a statement of the exact amount the States are disposed to give; but I have been assured, on no mean authority, that it would suffice to pay off the whole of the debt, home and foreign, and that a handsome surplus would still remain for roads and railways. Besides these advantages, Cuba, once sold, Spain might safely reduce her fleet and army, for she would then have no reason to apprehend war with the United States, as she at present has none to anticipate aggression or interference on the part of any European power. Relieved of her heaviest burthens, and blessed with an honest government (if indeed it be possible that such endure in a country upon which the curse of misgovernment seems to rest), Spain might soon and easily forget the loss of that cherished colony, whose retention, under present circumstances, is more a question of pride than of profit, and to whose loss without compensation, she must, I fear, by the force of events, be prepared sooner or later to submit."

In the course of the article, a graphic picture is given of the departure (almost escape) of QUEEN CHRISTINA from Madrid:—

"The determination was come to on the evening of the 27th August. On the 28th, at seven in the morning, the ministers were at the palace, to witness the Queen-mother's departure. The adieux were brief. Christina betrayed no emotion at parting from her daughter, who, on her part, dropped a few decorous tears, but was not very greatly afflicted. There has never been much affection between the two queens, although the elder of them, by her astuteness and superior strength of character, has exercised great influence over the younger. The Queen-mother then took leave of the ministers, whom she must heartily detest; recommended her daughter to the care and watchful guardianship of Espartero, and entered a large travelling-vehicle, accompanied by her husband, who looked grievously dejected, and attended by an ecclesiastic of high rank, and by several persons of her household. Her children's departure had preceded hers. Some were in Portugal, others were in France. Escorted by two squadrons of cavalry, under the command of the well-known General Garrigo, she reached by short stages, and without molestation, the frontier of the former country."

The present number of *Blackwood* is not a little enlivened by an editorial letter to *My dear Eusebius*, upon the congenial subjects *Civilisation—The Census*. Spirited, paradoxical, and epigrammatic, it is of course a composition to defy analysis.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, always pleasant, has an agreeable biographical article entitled *Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes*, with little points about MARSHAL TURENNE, MENAGE, INEZ DE CASTRO, LOPE DE VEGA, MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN, and the two MICHAEL ANGELOS. Not much connexion; but that is a charm in those literary ramblings. *The Slave Trade, from an American Point of View*, is a disappointment; considering the gravity of the subject, it is meagrely treated. There is little need to reproduce those American arguments which attribute the continuation of slavery to free-trade, in order to convince English readers of their absurdity; but we have need of an enlightened exposition of the complication upon this point, in which every State in the Union is now entangled.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD METCALFE.

Life and Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe. By John William Kaye. Bentley. PARLIAMENTARY institutions mischievously limit a nation's Pantheon: Parliament engrosses public attention, and Parliamentary men become the only real public men. Lord Metcalfe came home, after being Governor-General of India, and yet he found himself so insignificant a personage in the country he had so splendidly served, that he hung about the offices of Parliamentary agents in search of a comfortable "seat,"—unaware, in his Indian ignorance, that, like Clive, like Mackintosh, like most men who get eminence outside Parliament,—he was very uncertain of House of Commons' position. When he came home a second time, after having governed Jamaica into peace and prosperity, he was not even "called upon;" he found himself neglected and unnoticed, so that at last he thought it an honour to be invited to dine at Windsor Castle, where, "accidentally," he met Sir Robert Peel for the first time—Sir Robert Peel being the minister whose reign he was illustrating by a great colonial success. When he came home a third time, after his Canadian exploits, he had become a peer, but except in Indian and colonial society, he was still a nobody—he was not one of the public men the public attended to. This Lord Metcalfe, who had thus governed, and with absolute success, and by peace, not war, the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown, and who figured in these illustrious stations, in our own time, dying but a few years before Sir Robert Peel, is a man of whom England still knows very little indeed. And, as he is one of a great class of public servants, the moral of his career may thus be pointed out, somewhat to the detriment of Parliamentary institutions as a machinery for the encouragement of greatness in a nation. A contemporary, concluding a thoughtful and graceful notice of Mr. Kaye's Biography, recommends it to the attention of all those who serve the Crown. But if it teaches anything, it must teach them this, that England, as Englishmen understand it, means merely their own island. They have no conception of the genuine greatness of a great proconsul.

The greatness of Metcalfe was no doubt rather that of character than of intellect. He had a sweet nature, affectionate, generous—his mind was philosophically calm—his temper beautifully balanced and equable—and the thorough integrity of his character had thus an irresistible influence—he made no enemies, and he reconciled to one another men who were enemies. He was so placed in life that his business consisted in making friendships: in India men got on by avoiding giving offence; in Jamaica he had merely to repress excitements and induce logical temperate views; and in Canada, he gained his victories by conciliation of men who were rebels or oppositionists because they believed a British viceroy must be a despotic monarch. He was firm, straightforward, sanguine; and he got on because men instinctively trusted him, and, knowing his objects, involuntarily as it were, began to aid him in carrying them out. But, after all, there were no

traces of superior intellect about him. From a boy he was thoughtful and studious: and he was always making the most of his brains—working hard and remembering, and applying well. He never, however, was a brilliant or a striking man. There are no signs of original vigour in his minutes, and despatches, and speeches; his letters are calm and pleasant, not clever, not witty, not profound; and throughout all the productions of his pen there is the fatal evidence of conscientious mediocrity—cumbersome prolixity. Mr. Kaye, the biographer, selected by Lord Metcalfe's family, and who has dealt with the life as with a brief, is charmed with the succinctness of the Indian minutes, and admires Lord Metcalfe because he always went straight to the point. Mr. Kaye is not the best judge in such a matter, or surely he would have produced a better book than this. It is a dull, though a painstaking and complete book; and the dullness is inexcusable, seeing that the career of Metcalfe is not only individually interesting, but that it constitutes a considerable chapter in imperial history.

The grand positions attained by Charles Metcalfe do not necessarily imply that he impressed his intellect upon his contemporaries and "authorities," though as our successive Ministers were perpetually saying in Parliament that Metcalfe was a hero, the nation, believing that as an abstract assertion, ought to have supplied worshippers. The just, gentle, unassuming man, with a passion for doing his duty and sacrificing himself, was precisely the sort of man "authorities" are partial to—his laborious habits and experienced tact guaranteeing that he would be tolerably equal to trying emergencies. And there never was a more remarkable instance of success by routine promotion. Metcalfe was one of Fortune's pets. He was born into a great civil service career. Son of an Indian Director, who was also an M.P., and in the good Indian times when patronage was patronage, young Metcalfe had his path cut out for him; and "the girl he left behind him" having (so we infer—it is not stated) jilted him, he lost all inducements to vary or to slacken Indian prosperity by runs home and European engagements. He appears to have buried his broken heart in work, careless of the life-destroying climate he worked in. Everybody loved him, and everybody helped him on; and, gallant, good, and discreet, he was pushed on rather than got on, during the best years of his life. His several Residences were successes—he had no enemies, not even in the Calcutta Council, which controlled him—his firmness quelled native dishonesty, and his good dinners and parties charmed Indian society. His becoming Governor-General was mere luck—he merely got the position as senior member of Council, in the interval between the death of one Governor-General in India and the appointment and arrival of another out from England. It was mere luck that the Press question came to be decided by him, he getting the enduring fame, during that brief interval. No matter who had been in that office, the thing would have to have been done. Mr. Kaye, following precedent, exalts the act as wise, and takes all the credit for Metcalfe, because Metcalfe had been for years advocating the liberty of the Indian Press.

We do not see that the measure is entitled to such extravagant encomiums. In India, the question as to a free press was not a question of freedom or slavery—it could only be a question of police. The best thing that can be said for the measure is, that it has done no harm, and has stopped squabbles between newspaper speculators and officials with tempers disappearing after their libels. This inconsistency remains noticeable—that a free press is granted in a country which is made up of serfs (natives) and "services"—civil, military, and uncovenanted, who are serfs too. With regard to Metcalfe's second great act in his Indian history, his exposure of the frauds by the English bankers on the Nizam's revenues, there is this to be said: that he was tardy in the exposure long after he had become familiarised with the facts, and that it was his own over-considerateness and delicacy which exposed him to the misconceptions resulting in England in a parliamentary attack on him. But he did expose a bad system of British plunder of native princes; and there is no doubt that his conduct established a precedent that enabled other Residents to insist on common honesty,—so initiating a new system, not yet, alas, invariable, but progressively more pure. He behaved like an honest, just man; and the character was a novelty in India—notwithstanding the incessant encouragement given by the Indian authorities to Christian missionaries among the available natives.

It is, however, not for the purpose of dwelling on his Indian or on his Jamaica careers that we, this week, refer to this clumsy book. Our object is to call attention, at the moment of a ministerial embarrassment in Canada, to the difficulties Lord Metcalfe had to deal with when sent out there ten years ago—when the theory of "responsible Government," now consummated by Lord Elgin, first began to be spoken of.

Our statesmen are glorying in our success with Canada: and it is indeed wonderful to see how calmly Canadians can now manage a ministerial crisis—the Governor-General being of no account at all in the arrangements. For England's success in that great dependency the main credit is due to the beginning made by Lord Metcalfe, in proving the possibility of constitutional Government in a colony, and that colony, half French, half Catholic, at the moment wholly discontented. The success of Metcalfe was the more surprising that he was an old Indian—trained in a despotic and brutal system. It was a success attributable to his being the only man in the colony who kept his temper—that, again, being a marvel; for, all the time, he was dying, and knew it, of cancer. He bore with the cancer, and stuck to his post, because he felt it was his duty, and that he alone could do the work. He was an heroic gentle, man.

He reached Kingston, Canada, in 1843. "His first care on establishing himself at Kingston," says naïf Mr. Kaye, "was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Government over which he was commissioned to preside."—a sentence that indicates the commonplace thought of the whole biography.

He found in Canada a Legislature embracing, as in Jamaica, three constituent parts:—the Governor, or representative of the Crown; the Legislative Council, nominated by the Crown; and the Representative Assembly, elected by the people. But there was a very important difference, in respect of the manner in which the Government was practically administered, between the West-Indian island and the North-American province; for whereas in the former the Legislative and Executive Council was one, and the office-holders of whom it was composed retained their places during good conduct, in the latter there was a separate Executive Council, holding office virtually by the sufferance of the popular branch of the Legislature, though nominally

appointed by the Crown. This Executive Council was composed of members of both Houses—principally of the Lower House, to which they declared themselves directly responsible.

This, in fact, was that Responsible Government of which subsequently so much was heard in all discussions on Canadian affairs. The responsibility was the responsibility of the Executive Council to a majority in the House of Assembly. They professed to govern the province through that majority. They represented, indeed, the representatives of the people, and, therefore, governed through and for the community. So far was this theory of Responsible Government sufficiently sound—but when it came to be reduced to practice there were some obtrusive difficulties in the way of its successful application. And among the most difficult questions which suggested themselves was this—What, under such a state of things, was to become of the Governor-General?

This question filled Metcalfe's mind; and when he addressed himself to its solution, it was natural that he should have considered, in the first instance, how his predecessors had dealt with the difficulties which he was now called upon to encounter. The name of Responsible Government was, at all events, nothing new to the North-American Colonies. It had been talked of by Lord Durham; and tried by Lord Sydenham and Sir Charles Bagot.

In one of his first despatches Metcalfe said:—

"Now, I conceive," he said, "is the first time when the scheme of Responsible Government, as here construed, has come forward to be carried fully into effect in any colony. Lord Durham had no difficulty in writing at leisure in praise of Responsible Government, which had no effect during his administration, and was treated by him as a general question, without any definition of the details by which it was to be carried into effect. Lord Sydenham put the idea in force without suffering himself to be much restrained by it; and for the greater part of his administration it had no existence, and was only coming into operation when he died. Sir Charles Bagot yielded to the coercive effect of Lord Sydenham's arrangements; and thence Responsible Government, as understood by its extreme advocates, is said to be Sir Charles Bagot's policy; but though he yielded to the extent of calling certain parties into his Council, he had not the least intent of surrendering his power into their hands; and for the remainder of his time the contest was staved off by his illness; but that very cause rendered it more certain for his successor. Now comes the tug of war, and supposing absolute submission to be out of the question, I cannot say that I see the end of the struggle if the parties alluded to really mean to maintain it."

He found himself a name—not a governor. Sir Charles Bagot had been an invalid; and the Executive Council had usurped all the power. Metcalfe at once contended that there was no parallel between the home Government by party, and the colonial Government by party; that the Governor-General ought not to be a cypher; and that the two systems must be incompatible. He had therefore a new experiment in constitutions to make.

He found that there were three parties in the colony, and more than three races of men. He found that there was a loyal Conservative party; a Liberal, or Reform, party; and a French-Canadian party. The first was composed principally of Englishmen; the second, of Englishmen, Irishmen, and people of American stock; the third consisted entirely of the old French settlers, who since the union of the two Canadas had been gradually rising in importance. It was only among the first of these three parties that loyalty, as signifying attachment to the mother country, existed in any force. It was only, therefore, with that party that Metcalfe, as the representative of the Imperial Government, could properly sympathise. But that party was the Opposition of the day. The Reformers and the French-Canadians constituted the majority in the Representative Assembly, and, therefore, the Executive Council—the Responsible Government—which Metcalfe found in the province was composed of the leading men of those two Radical parties.

The difficulty of managing all these discordant parties without a Council Metcalfe might have overcome; but the interposition of the Council rendered the work almost an impossibility. Determined, as far as he could, to abstain from identifying himself with any party, and to render equal justice to all, he still felt that the very Catholicity which he desired to infuse into his administration, might become in itself a new source of difficulty and embarrassment. "The course which I intend to pursue," he wrote, soon after he had assumed the charge of the Government, "with regard to all parties, is to treat all alike, and to make no distinctions as far as depends on my personal conduct, unless I discover, which I do not at present, that principles and motives are concerned which render a different course proper." But he presently added: "If I had a fair open field, I should endeavour to conciliate and bring together the good men of all parties, and to win the confidence and co-operation of the legislative bodies by measures calculated to promote the general welfare in accordance with public feeling; but fettered as I am by the necessity of acting with a Council brought into place by a coalition of parties, and at present in possession of a decided majority in the Representative Assembly, I must, in some degree, forego my own inclinations in those respects; although I may still strive as a mediator to allay the bitterness of party-spirit."

There was very little British loyal element in his council. The leading men, Sullivan, Daly, Morin, Aylwin, Lafontaine, and Baldwin, were of Irish, French Canadian, or American origin,—decided rebels, if possible. Metcalfe understood it, and decided not to allow the province to drift away from the Crown he served. At the period O'Connellism was at its height in Ireland: had there been a successful rebellion in Ireland, Metcalfe calculated that the Irish would pour into Canada from the United States, and supply opportunely rebels of all sorts wanted for a collision with him. The collision came soon enough, but not after this fashion. Metcalfe made an appointment; his council disapproved of the selection: he was firm; they resigned. There was the test of the exact position. Canada was not free yet; the English Crown was not yet disposed to grant that practical Republicanism at present enjoyed by the province, and so much still desired in England. The excitement in Canada was intense: the Parliament was prorogued: the people held public meetings, and there was at least absolute freedom in talking, writing, and addressing.

To all remonstrances Metcalfe returned rhetorical and dignified replies; stating the differences between English and Canadian constitutional circumstances, and contending that it was for the public good he should not allow a party, which was not the colony, to be absolute in a colony containing so many parties and so many interests. The ex-councillors, in return, laughed at his pedantry, and nick-named him "Old Square-toes." The public mind deliberated; there was no rebellion; Metcalfe won. He could now have thrown himself on the Conservative party; but he declined to govern by party even when the party could have carried him easily through. He attempted a coalition—such as that of Sir Alan M'Nab; but that was premature; some bold men came to his aid, and he carried on government by a sort of commission—filling vacant places with unpledged men; and, in the end, he was driven to the danger of dissolving the Assembly. He was fast making personal friends in his usual way, and at last he got half a dozen loving friends,

such as Viger and Draper, who took seats in the Council, and got Government into organisation. The Governor-General thus was acquiring the prestige of beating his opponents, and the elections were in his favour. The rest was easy. It was a conquest of good temper—and that saved Canada to England.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquest. From the German of Doctor Wagner. By Francis Pulszky. Nelson and Sons.

THE awkward and unsuitable title to this volume, will give few readers any correct idea of its contents. Doctor Moritz Wagner, a Bavarian naturalist, lived three years in Algeria, and published, in 1841, an account of his experiences there. This work Mr. Pulszky now introduces to the English public. He has condensed the first volume of the original, has translated the second, has furnished an account of recent events from the capture of Constantine to the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, and has added a statement of the present condition of Algeria, taken from the official French Report published in 1853. The book thus compiled has no very remarkable merits, and no very glaring faults. Those portions of it which describe the native races of Algiers, are the best in a literary point of view; but as they go over ground which has been, for the most part, long since occupied by previous travel-writers, they are not so likely to interest the general reader, as the last division of the volume, which is devoted to narrating the history of the French Conquest and occupation of Algeria. This portion of Doctor Wagner's subject has, in England at least, the merit of some freshness to recommend it. We know too little, in this country, about what the French have done, and are doing in Algeria—the famous training-school for the officers and soldiers of the army, with which we are now allied. It is only justice to Mr. Pulszky's translation and compilation to say, that it will supply the general reader with all the main points of information which he can require on the subject of the French settlements in Algeria. Of the style in which this information is conveyed, we will say nothing. Mr. Pulszky is a foreigner, and, as a writer of English, has, therefore, claims to our indulgence which we most willingly allow. We shall be doing his book the best service in our power, if we abstain from criticising it too minutely, and if we extract, instead, some of the passages which appear to give it a fair title to the attention of the general reader.

Let us begin with a truthful-looking description of

MOORISH AND FRENCH COFFEE-HOUSES IN ALGIERS.

Among the places which I recommend every tourist to visit at Algiers, I must especially mention the Moorish coffee-houses, of which, in the upper part of the city alone, there are above sixty. I spent an hour there almost every evening, and I seldom regretted my visit; for, whoever is interested in the people and their language, finds instruction here. No place is more favourable for the acquirement of the Arabic language. Even if not much talk is going on, still the Moors are here less taciturn than anywhere else. The long rows of different guests, sitting with crossed legs, offer a most interesting opportunity for the study of physiognomies. At the side of the immovably calm Moor, or Kurugli in gaudy Turkish garb, we behold a sable negro in the same style of attire, but mostly of dirty yellow material. Next to him is a fine tall Arab with sunburnt face, his mighty frame clad in white garments, and a rope of camel's hair twisted round his head. Then again we notice a short grown Kabyle, ragged, wild, with piercing glance, or a Mozabite of the Sahara, and a Biskari from the Belad-el-Jerid, and among them again, a Frenchman in regimentals, or clad according to Paris fashion, adapting himself to every society, and everywhere happy by his merry turn of mind. The finest Moorish coffee-house was formerly situated in the Rue de la Marine, not far from the large mosque. It had a hall partitioned into several galleries, and supported by columns which could accommodate hundreds of people. Another coffee-house of the same style, though not as spacious, I saw as late as at the close of 1836, in the street Bab-a-Zun. Now, however, both have disappeared. European speculators have bought these houses, and have raised stately buildings in their stead—hotels and store-houses, which enrich Algiers with some good French architecture, but have impoverished it of specimens of building characteristically Moorish, for among all yet existing coffee-houses there is not one as remarkable for its style as those which have been destroyed. The present ones are lengthy vaults without marble columns, furnished only with two rows of stone benches which are covered with mats, braided of palm-leaves. On these the guests sit down in the well-known Oriental way. The kitchen, a small smoky corner, is in a niche at the outside of the vault. The coffee is served in small china cups, resting on tin stands, and mixed for the French with moist sugar; it is pretty strong and of pleasant flavour; the sediment fills almost half the cup. It is offered together with a red earthenware pipe on a long tube, filled with excellent tobacco. The whole costs one sou (about one halfpenny); it is hardly possible to fancy a cheaper treat. The proprietor of a larger coffee-house usually little troubles himself with his business; but, sitting at the entrance with calm gravity, he greets his European guest with "Good evening, sir," and his own co-religionists with the warmer welcome, "Peace be upon thee;" and then he shouts to the servants, "Bring coffee, bring a pipe." The cook is usually a negro, the waiters, Moorish lads with milk-white and rosy faces, who, instead of the turban, wear a red skull-cap on their completely shorn heads. The larger coffee-houses have regularly music in the evening; the orchestra is placed close to the kitchen, from the smoking kettles of which the musicians receive from time to time invigorating coffee. The instruments of these African artists are most usually a three-corded violin, called rebabb, several pipes and guitars, and a peculiar kind of drum, the tarr, which, however, is oftener heard in the streets; the brass instruments, likewise, which deafen us at the celebration of the Bairam, and at nuptials, are excluded from the coffee-houses. Here one seeks repose; and a soft monotonous lulling music, which is well adapted to the idle enjoyment of the assembly, does not disturb vague contemplation, or scare away the misty dreams, in which the fertile imagination of these effeminate Moors delights, who do not wish to be roused here by energetic sounds to the remembrance of the clattering arms and the chivalrous feats of their ancestors. A celebrated coffee-house stands near to the Roman Catholic Church, where we mostly met with many Europeans, as the coffee is excellent, the society interesting, and the orchestra very good. Its conductor is an old Moor, who handles his instrument, the violin, with peculiar originality, and the play of his features, the movements of his head, accompanied by grave and monotonous gestures, are strikingly funny. He was one of the musicians to the last Dey, and for sixty years he has ever enlivened all the festivals of Algiers. In consequence, he is likewise highly respected, and a welcome friend to the families whom he has cheered and comforted by his sounds in the days of joy and of woe; at the nuptials, when his melodies directed the steps of the dancers, and at the funerals, when his strings uttered the same melancholy monotonous sounds which seem to match equally well the feelings of regret as of calm enjoyment. In the coffee-house of the Divan-street, we sometimes saw dancing girls, singing to the music. The proprietor of this coffee-house is the brother of the Braham Shapsh, the execu-

tioner of Algiers, who is a stately man, very rich, and highly esteemed by the Moors. —Some coffee-houses in the upper part of the town present more original and merrier scenes, especially in the neighbourhood of the castle. There is the Greek coffee-house, whose owner, a Spezziot, tries to allure his customers by scenes of the lowest description. The worst folks from among the natives, often mixed up with good-for-nothing Europeans, revel there without difference of race and religion: Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, Europeans, and Africans. A French painter sketched this abominable der, which belongs to the oldest, but, at the same time, to the most revolting pictures of Algerian life.

Algiers has as many brilliant French coffee-houses as dull Moorish ones. There is an establishment of this kind in the house Latour du Pin, which may vie with the most splendid cafés of Paris. 25,000 francs (1000*l.*) were wasted on mirrors and ornaments in the large hall alone. Such speculations are natural in a new country, where a wide field for enterprise attracts a disproportionate number of people anxious to make money; and as there exists hardly an easier and more pleasant trade than that of an inn or coffee-house keeper, many took to this business. But competition soon compelled them to use every means to allure guests, and consequently the speculators soon surpassed one another in the splendour and costliness of their establishments. Besides, the number of consumers is very considerable here. It is a young, life-enjoying, and heedless kind of people that immigrates hither from Europe. The tradesmen, who earn a great deal, spend everything; and constant attendance is secured by the numerous military men, amongst whom there are numbers of rich officers, who receive an ample income from France, and lead a most extravagant life.

Long as it is, the following extract will be read with interest, for it is a description by an eye-witness of

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN BUGEAUD AND ABD-EL-KADER.

On the 1st of June, the interview took place between Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kader. It was one of the most interesting episodes of the African war, as it was here that the veteran of the wars of the empire, the courtier of Louis Philippe, the statesman trained in the debates of the Chamber, was overreached in diplomacy by the young Arab prince, whom the general had defeated on the Sikak. Captain Amédée Muralt, of Bern, who had accompanied Bugeaud, and was present at that famous interview, gave me the following narrative of the event:—

"General Bugeaud started at six o'clock in the morning with his staff from the camp on the Tafna, and proceeded to the place where the interview was to take place. He was accompanied by six battalions of infantry, his cavalry, and artillery. He wished to receive the Emir with all military honours, to have the music sounded, and the salute fired from all the guns. Therefore, as soon as they arrived at the place of meeting—a wild spot, with scanty Mastich-bushes and dwarf-palms—he placed the troops in a most imposing array. It was evidently his intention to impress the imagination of the Arab prince and his followers with the powerful forces of the French, by the greatest amount of military display. Several hours passed in impatient expectation, but no trace of the Emir was to be seen. At last an Arab chieftain appeared, the minister of Abd-el-Kader, as it was said, bringing a letter of his 'Sultan' to General Bugeaud. The general opened it: we crowded with curiosity around him. As soon as Bugeaud was apprised of the contents by his dragoman, the Syrian Ramsha, his features darkened, and turning to the interpreter, he said, 'Tell the minister that I am tired of his subterfuges: I have only half of my army with me, yet I invite his master to come, and to fight us in battle.' Ramsha and the chieftain galloped speedily away to carry the defying answer to the Emir. Abd-el-Kader had, in his letter, inquired about the prices of the arms and ammunition promised to him. He and the chieftain openly laid the greatest stress on that clause of the treaty. This circumstance alone should have opened the eyes of the French general about the plans and intentions of the Emir. An enemy who claims arms and powder in a treaty of peace, shows surely that he is not in earnest in his protestations of good will, and that he is preparing already for a breach of the treaty. Bugeaud was too intelligent not to surmise the consequences of the agreement, but he knew he had engaged himself too deeply; the advantageous season for military operations had passed, and his provisions were scanty. He feared to compromise himself, and dreaded the just attacks of a hostile press in case he should return to Oran without having either fought or made peace, or attained any result by an expedition so pompously announced. To spare himself a personal vexation he sacrificed all higher considerations.

"Time passed, the sun began to set, and yet no vestige of Abd-el-Kader! Our dragoman likewise failed to return. Bugeaud could not conceal his mortification; the officers grumbled, and I heard one say: 'Abd-el-Kader will not appear at all, and our general receives a good slap.' Biting remarks were made, and the general, in order not to hear them, and not to see the discontent expressed in all faces, lay down on the grass and tried to sleep. Arab messengers came now with laconic words. One said the 'Sultan' had been unwell, and had started late from his camp; the other assured us that he was coming; the third, that he was near, but had been detained. Bugeaud received them rudely, had the fronts of his battalions and his cannon shown to them, and sent them back.

"Amongst these present, the most distinguished, not by rank, but both by talent and character, was Colonel Combes, a man of the highest principles, enthusiastic for the glory of his country, but mild, simple, yet imposing in his demeanour. The colonel was republican, and therefore in political opposition to the general; but Bugeaud had great confidence in him: they had been personal friends, though they seldom agreed in their views. I saw both in eager conversation: Combes called upon Bugeaud not to waste precious time in futile negotiations; should the provisions not suffice for the campaign of forty days which had been planned, still an expedition of eight days might not be too much, and would keep the enemy in check. The colonel spoke with warmth, and deplored the millions wasted here by France: every sensible man could not but approve his views. Bugeaud gave vent to his anger and mortification by violent exclamations: 'What is to become of us! In a few days we have been reduced to an inability of making war! My orders have not been executed. I would be the first to fight; I am as brave as you; but we cannot do it! If the Emir retires and does not come at all, what shall we do then? Oh, this warfare is difficult!' These were the words of Bugeaud: his vacillation was evident. Had Combes been the commander, the events would have taken a different turn.

"At last our dragoman arrived at full speed. Abd-el-Kader started with his army just when he left him; he was to appear in a few minutes. Bugeaud was now again in high spirits. Ramsha, tired to death, sat down on a stone and wrote a few lines, an additional article to the treaty, dictated to him by the general. But time passed on again, and the Emir was not yet to be seen. In the distance, we saw Arab cavalry occupying the heights. It was five in the evening. The general, who wished to lead his troops back to the camp before night, determined at last himself to seek the Emir. Accompanied by some officers, five mounted rifles, and a few Spahis, he rode off at a gallop. I followed them with my friend Captain Stürler: we were altogether about twenty. The reason of Abd-el-Kader's tarrying was, of course, not distrust, but calculations of pride. Before the front of the hostile army he could not maintain his dignity of Sultan, and had to stand on terms of equality with the French general. But he knew the character of the French, and reckoned upon the impatience of his adversary to give him a triumph over the general, and heighten the respect of the Arabs for their 'Sultan.'

"After a ride of nearly an hour on a rough path, we thought we saw Abd-el-Kader

and his horsemen on the slope of a hill. It was a delusion: a few Arabs were there waving their white handkerchiefs. At last Buhamedi appeared, the chief of the Kabyles on the Tafna, and assured the general that the Emir was approaching. Some Arab horsemen wheeled their horses on our flanks and in our rear; the retinue began to feel uneasy, and voices were heard—'General, we expose ourselves too much: let us halt.' Bugeaud immediately answered,—'Gentlemen, it is too late.' He was right; prudence would have been too late: we were already surrounded by several groups of horsemen, but their demonstrations had nothing hostile. Buhamedi had remarked the uneasiness of some officers, and said, 'Be tranquil, do not fear.' 'I do not know fear,' retorted the general, 'I am accustomed to fight; but I find it very rude of thy chief to let me wait, and not to hasten to meet me.' 'There he is,' said the Kabyle; 'you shall see him immediately.' The way bent here round a hill, and we saw the Emir suddenly before us. Abd-el-Kader was seated on a black steed; at his side, his negro brass band; around him, the principal chiefs in rich costume on the noblest horses; and behind him, his army, horsemen and infantry, encamped on the slopes of the mountain in a most picturesque way.

"When Bugeaud perceived the Emir, he took a few paces in advance to meet him, and invited him with courteous gesture to do the same. Abd-el-Kader did not pay any attention to him, but gave the spurs to his steed and displayed his horsemanship. The fiery horse made leaps four and five feet high, and again pranced for several minutes, leaning back on its hind-quarters, while its long mane touched the soil, and its snorting was audible. The hundred and fifty or two hundred chieftains behind him, all of them of imposing features, some with jet-black, others with silver-grey beards, began likewise to move, and made their horses prance. Seeing that the Emir did not approach at all, the general galloped towards him, and cavalier-like, offered him his hand. The Arab prince received him proudly, in an almost offensive way; we looked at one another, and became rather uneasy, suspecting treachery. Bugeaud vaulted from his horse, Abd-el-Kader followed him, and stretched himself immediately on the grass without inviting the general to do the same. As to the retinue, the Emir did not vouchsafe us a glance; he seemed to despise us altogether like dogs. Bugeaud now seated himself unceremoniously at the side of the Emir; close to him Ramsha, the dragoman. Near Abd-el-Kader sat Milud-ben-Arash, his Agha and confidant; the chieftains, Marabouts, and Sheikhs, remained on their horses, and formed a large crescent behind the group; two of them rode close before us, and took position between us and their master, evidently with the intention of protecting their Sultan in case any of us might risk his life in order to murder the dangerous enemy.

"Abd-el-Kader is of small and delicate frame. His forehead is well developed, his mouth rather large, his eye soft. The expression of his features shows devotion and piety, but not without affectation. That day he was clad in the most common garb, a brown burnus, woven of camel's hair. We did not know whom most to admire in this interesting group; the Emir or his chieftains, with their majestic deportment and rich flowing attire, the interest being yet heightened by the Arab army of eight thousand horsemen; indeed as many infantry covered all the hills around. Deep silence prevailed, and the conversation began. Ramsha read the treaty.

"The first article of the treaty was the recognition of the sovereignty of the King of the French in Africa. 'How so?' exclaimed the Emir; 'shall all the princes of Africa, Morocco, and Tunis, likewise acknowledge him?'—'What does this concern you?' answered Bugeaud. Abd-el-Kader remained silent, and the reading of the articles was continued. Bugeaud claimed hostages as a guarantee of the treaty. 'In that case,' said the Emir, 'I have likewise to claim hostages. The faith and the customs of the Arab should suffice you. Every treaty is sacred to me; I never forfeited my pledge; the French generals cannot boast of the same good faith.' He repeated this once more with emphasis. 'I trust your word,' replied the general, 'and pledge myself for your faith to the King of the French: I offer you my friendship.'

"'I accept your friendship; but let the French beware not to lend their ear to intriguers,' was the answer of the Emir.

"The French are not accustomed to be led by any one. Isolated outrages will not be regarded as a breach of the treaty; but such will be the case if the conditions of the treaty are not strictly held, or if hostilities of importance should be committed. As to isolated crimes, we shall denounce them to one another, and mutually punish the guilty.'

"'Well,' said the Emir, 'the guilty shall not escape punishment.'

"'I recommend to you the Kuruglis of Tlemsan for good treatment.'

"'Be satisfied; I will treat them like all the Hadars.' (townsfolk.)

"Abd-el-Kader inquired now about the prices of arms and ammunition. General Bugeaud grew impatient, and said, turning to the interpreter,—'*Mais que diable!* Tell him we are not children; he shall have them at army-prices.' Abd-el-Kader seemed to be satisfied.

"After a short pause, Bugeaud asked, 'Have you ordered the commercial intercourse with our cities to be restored?'

"'No; this will only happen when thou shalt deliver up Tlemsan.'

"'You are aware that I cannot deliver up Tlemsan before my king has ratified the treaty.'

"'Then you have no power to treat?'

"'I am authorised to do it, but the treaty must be ratified. It is required for your own sake, since, if signed only by me, my successor might discard it; but, when ratified by my king, my successor is likewise bound to keep it.'

"'If Tlemsan is not delivered to me, I have no inducement for any agreement. It will not be peace; only a truce.'

"'No doubt it may be only a truce, but always only for your advantage. Do you not dread my artillery? What if I destroy and burn down your crops now before harvest?'

"'My artillery,' answered the Emir, 'is the sun, which will destroy your army. Burn down your crops if you please: we shall find wheat elsewhere. Our country is great, and your columns cannot follow us: the heat and diseases will overpower you. Wherever you appear, we retreat, and you will be short of provisions. We rovers find food anywhere: we shall not fall into your hands.'

"'I do not think all the Arabs think as you do,' said the general. 'They long for peace, and many have thanked me for having spared their fields.'

"Abd-el-Kader laughed contemptuously, and asked what time it required till the ratification might arrive.

"'Three weeks,' said the general.

"'It is a long time.'

"'You do not lose by it; it is the time of harvest,' replied the general.

"Ben-Arash approached, and said to Bugeaud, 'Three weeks is too long; we can only wait for ten days or a fortnight.'

"'Can you command the sea?' exclaimed the general.

"'Well, we shall not renew the commercial intercourse until the ratification of thy king has arrived,' was the answer.

"Ramsha told me likewise that Bugeaud said to the Emir, 'Should you take me prisoner, or kill me, it would be of no avail; there are, besides me, thousands of generals in France.'

"After the conversation had lasted three quarters of an hour, Bugeaud rose, whilst the Emir without heeding him, remained stretched on the grass. The general was startled, and gazing at him, crossing his arms; then he caught his hand, and raised him with a sudden jerk. The Emir smiled graciously, as if thanking him for a civility.

The French public, reading the account of those proceedings, believed the general had done a bold deed. But the Arabs looked at it from the contrary point of view. They saw only a humiliation of the French general, the act of a servant, like that when Emperor Barbarossa held the stirrups of the Pope. It was half-past six when the conversation came to a close: the sun was hidden behind clouds. Abd-el-Kader, without looking back, vaulted on his horse, and galloped at full speed up the hill; his hundred and fifty chieftains followed him. The army, which until now had remained motionless, uttered a long protracted yell, which began at the foot of the mountains, and rolled upwards like the surge of the tide. A sudden clap of thunder, re-echoed by the mountains, heightened the sublimity of the effect.

If our readers, from this specimen, desire to know more of the scenes which grow out of the narrative of the Conquest of Algeria, we must now refer them from our pages to the pages of Doctor Wagner and Mr. Pulszky.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

Lights and Shadows of Australian Life. By Mrs. Charles Clacy. Hurst and Blackett. Books about Australia are always welcome—if it were only as a relief from the avalanches of literature about the seat of war, the variety would be agreeable. But there is something more than that in real downright Australian adventure from an eye-witness. It has been said that if any man, even in the old world, simply wrote the story of his life, there would be something worth knowing related. But Australia is just now the land of practical romance, and no one can go into the bush without having moving incidents to tell. The gold-diggings have had all sorts of anecdotists, and a year ago "A Lady's Visit" to these regions was likely enough to be accepted as a novelty, even before it was read; when read its intrinsic merits at once stamped it with public approbation; and Mrs. Clacy must have been assured that further contributions from her notes of experiences would be worthily acknowledged. Accordingly she makes a second appearance in *Lights and Shadows of Australian Life*. The form she has chosen is that of short stories or novelettes—a defective form in dealing with such materials—but interwoven with fiction is a vast variety of realities which constitute graphic pictures of Australian life, still and active. They are touched with a skillful and, notwithstanding its being only Mrs. Clacy's second essay, a tolerably practised hand.

We submit such extracts as our space allows: A wayfarer in the bush has parted from his caravan, and meets with a companion:—

He now sat upon the ground and thought over his situation—little need to say it was an uneasy one. He recalled the stories he had lately heard of the bushrangers—what if he should encounter them?—and whilst his thoughts were thus occupied he was startled by a sound apparently not far distant.

"If not an animal," said he to himself, "it is a human being from whom those sounds proceed. I must sell my life as dearly as I can; for none but desperate people would inhabit this wild and dreary forest."

The sounds approached nearer; George gazed intently into the bush, and then perceived the figure of a man advancing towards him. He was unarmed, and came forward with some slight hesitation, as if himself uncertain as to whom he might have to encounter; but this, in the excitement of the moment, escaped George's observation. He remarked only that the stranger was a tall, powerful man; and, but for the superiority of his possessing firearms, George would not have felt over-confident as to the result of a close conflict with him. How many comrades he might have in ambush was a consideration of a rather disagreeable nature.

As this rapidly passed through his mind, he thought it advisable to stop the nearer approach of the stranger—at least till he had learned something respecting him; therefore, assuming as well as possible the manner of one accustomed to the bush and to deal with bushrangers, he cried out:—

"Who are you?"

"The same man you robbed and pretty nearly murdered three days ago, and I've been living in this forest ever since, though it's a precious sight more like dying. You'll get nothing more out of me, so, if you mean to shoot me, get it over at once."

"Who the devil do you take me for?" cried out George, who had been so astonished at the first portion of the speech that he remained silent until it was concluded.

"A bushranger, to be sure; though I must confess you're rather a more respectable-looking one than usual."

"If you meet with no worse people than myself, you'll not hurt," replied George, laughing; and he then related his mishap in losing his way.

A very few minutes suffice to make people friends in the bush—no standing upon etiquette or requiring to be introduced there; and George soon learned the misfortunes of his new acquaintance, which completely threw his own into the shade.

He was stock-keeper to an Illawarra settler, and had been to Campbelltown to receive some money for his master. On his way home he had been beset by a party of four bushrangers—robbed, knocked about, and probably would have been murdered, had not something diverted their attention and made them hurry away, leaving him upon the ground (as they most likely thought dead), stunned and greatly injured by their blows.

Left alone in the bush, plundered of every article that could have been of service to him, starvation appeared inevitable; and such would possibly have been his miserable fate, had not he stumbled on his clasp-knife, which providentially had dropped from him in the scuffle, and remained unnoticed on the ground. By means of this he, with some difficulty, killed an opossum, which, although bad eating, was better than nothing; and this, with the tree-grubs, or maggots, and a few snakes, had been all on which he had subsisted for the last three days.

"But, thank God," he added, "I'll have some kangaroo steak before sunset;" and at this moment a large one came springing through the brushwood, and bounded on before them.

"There's a boomah!—something like a kangaroo, that," and whilst saying this he snatched the gun from the hand of George—levelled—fired; and the animal, though mortally wounded, still sprang on through the forest—the two pursuing it.

Gradually the bounds became slower and more weak, and at length, with one convulsive spring, it fell dead upon the ground.

"What a noble fellow!" said the stranger, as, panting with the chase, they reached the spot where it had fallen; "why, he's a regular old man kangaroo, and must have stood pretty high six feet. And now let's carry him to where we met, and cook ourselves a good breakfast."

The kangaroo conveyed to George's camping-place, he, with true bush freemasonry, took possession of George's knife, and, cutting some steaks from the legs—the titbit of the animal—prepared to cook them.

George busied himself in kindling a fire, and, the wood being dry, it soon became a heap of red-hot embers, upon which the steaks were placed; this, with water from the stream, qualified by a little of the brandy, formed, to them, a most delicious repast.

An attack by Bushrangers is a natural Australian event:—

"Suppose we divide arms a little, in case of an attack. How are we off for powder?"

"Flask full, and shot-bag ditto," said George, congratulating himself on having filled them before leaving the bullock-drivers; "and as to bullets, here are nineteen, and plenty of percussion-caps and wadding."

A division of arms now took place; and being, thus, to a certain extent, prepared for all hazards, they turned their thoughts to getting out of the forest.

"That animal," said Tom, looking at the horse, "will be rather in the way; for ten to one we have to force a road through the underwood. However, he must carry the best part of the kangaroo as long as we can keep him with us. Now, where's the sun? I see—we

must strike off here" (pointing to the right), "and take some object in our eye, or we shall never keep a straight path. That great tree yonder, bigger than its mates, will just do; and when we've reached that, we'll take another observation, as the sailors say. Now, let's be off, in case Colney or his mates have seen our smoke."

"I see you're accustomed to the bush," said George.

"I've had more than twenty years of it, and this last three days roaming by myself, so that I ought to know something of it."

"I am only surprised that you did not get out of the forest before you met me."

"Why, it's the difference of being starved or eating a hearty meal. My first thought, after I recovered my senses, was to get food, and so I wandered about no one knows where. But it's an awful thing to be lost in the bush alone, even if you have plenty of provender with you."

"I know that," said George; "I felt it yesterday; I seemed in a sort of dreamy bewilderment—not knowing where to turn, and apparently unable to concentrate my thoughts—"

"Hush!" interrupted the other; and he flung himself upon the ground, where his well-practised ear could better distinguish between the soundings of an animal and the footsteps of man.

"It's gone, whatever it was," said he, as he regained his feet. "I can't help fancying those bushrangers are hanging about."

"They seem to have given you a terrible fright."

"True," returned Tom, "I don't mind owning it. I am in a mortal fear of them; and so you'd be, if you knew their leader."

"Who is he?"

"Colney, to be sure; and, as a specimen of his character, I'll tell you his last known exploit before molesting me. He's a convict, you must know; most, if not all, of these bushranging vagabonds are runaway convicts; and Colney was Government servant to a settler near —. Well, he did something wrong; what, is more than I've heard; and he was had up before the nearest magistrate, and sentenced to twenty-five lashes. That put his blood up; he swore he'd be revenged on his mistress, for she'd been the main hand in getting the master to punish him, and dearly she paid for it in the end. He didn't make much secret of his revengeful wishes, so he was watched pretty close; and they'd have returned him to Government, but work was heavy at the time, and hands few. Well, what does he do one day but watches his opportunity and murders the poor mistress, and then, as he knew he was always well looked after when outside the house, he strips the poor woman's dress from her—horrible, wasn't it—puts it on somehow about himself, and her large sun-bonnet and cloak, and walks out as cool as you can believe. Colney's a small thin man—not a great fellow, as you'd imagine him to be—and he actually passed by some other servants without so much as their guessing who it was, and, they say, within two or three hundred yards of the master himself. However, to cut my story short, he got clear off, and the clothes were found afterwards where he'd pitched them away; and there's a nice reward out for him, I guess."

Now, although Tom rather enjoyed telling the story—which he did in a mysterious undertone, and with constant interruptions for the sake of listening—it was not a very inspiring one for George to hear; and he began to think that in the bush, "discretion was the better part of valour," particularly when such sanguinary mortals as Colney were likely to be encountered.

"Still you may be mistaken," said he, "as to his heading the party who attacked you."

"Mistaken?—Not I; Colney's easy to be known, and that helps to make him desperate, I believe. It's a wonder and a miracle that he didn't put an end to me; but they must have heard something, or had other business in hand."

"Well, but how is he known so readily?" demanded George. "I'm rather curious to have a personal description of this redoubtable monster."

"I'm no hand at your personal descriptions. Colney's easy to tell by a great red scar right across his forehead; except that, he's not so bad-looking when he's not in a rage, and then—Oh, Lord!" and he suddenly stopped.

George did the same; and both could distinguish a rustling noise near them, and now and again the fall of a footstep, or even of more than one.

To say that his heart did not throb more violently than usual would be contrary to the truth; but George was as brave as he was adventurous, and, after the first moment of surprise, it was the excitement of danger, not the fear of it, that occasioned its quickened pulsations.

Nor was Tom deficient in courage; less daring than his companion he certainly was, but he had genuine English blood in his veins, and needed only the stimulus of a comrade to make him strong enough to engage two together.

"Now," said George, "we'd better get on, and not stand like targets to be shot at."

"They've only one gun among them, and that Colney uses."

"Then let us move on—the nearer we can get to the edge of the forest the better;" and for an hour or more they pursued their way, occasionally pausing, as before, to listen—sometimes catching, they thought, the sound of footsteps; sometimes hearing only the rustling of the leaves or the movements of the birds.

"Here they are!" cried Tom, suddenly, as a gun was fired, and the bullet came whistling close past his ear.

"We must plant our backs against something, and fire at them carefully when they appear. All we have to dread is being overpowered by numbers if we get to close quarters; but we're better armed;" and as he said this, George cast his eye round for a suitable stand.

He espied a large rock, against which they now planted themselves, having first tied the horse to a tree close by.

"I wish they'd come on at once."

"No fear—they'll be here soon enough for me; and if that Colney only aims as he usually does, one of us might just as well have eaten no kangaroo—it was a great waste to kill the poor animal."

George, despite the danger in which he stood, could not forbear a smile at the pathetic tone in which this was said; but it soon gave place to a graver expression as two balls came through the air, one of which left a vacancy in the low crown of his broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Ventilation gratis—lucky I'm only five feet ten," said he, looking as unconcerned as possible, for he saw that Tom was rather dispirited at the double discharge.

"If we could but see the scoundrels, instead of only hearing their bullets, and d— it, feeling them too," Tom added, as another shot told upon his left shoulder.

"They have more than one gun, that's evident."

"Killed some poor devil, I'll be bound."

"Ah, there's an aim!" and George fired with such good effect that the advancing figure fell.

It was Colney himself; and, his leg being wounded by the shot, he, having managed to raise himself to his feet, limped away to his former lurking-place, and for a short time no further attack was made.

"What can the rascals be up to now?" inquired George. "You know their ways better than I do; should you fancy they have given us up as a bad job?"

"Not with Colney at their head; and I fancy that chap you hit was him."

"The greater reason for their leaving us."

"Little you know, Colney—he's a very devil for revenge; and you're a marked man with him from this hour."

"Then I suppose we shall hear or feel something of them in a minute."

"If that animal would carry us now, we might have a chance," said Tom, and he advanced towards the horse. "Why, he's lamed."

It was true; a shot had struck one of his fore legs.

Whilst examining the extent of the injury, which, after all, was but slight, the discharge of a gun sent Tom back to the rock. Several shots now whizzed past without taking any effect, for, as there was a slightly cleared space before them, the bushrangers, in order to protect their own persons, remained among the trees, and were too far off to take an exact aim.

But another expedient proved more successful.

Before the echoes of the last shots had died away, a slight noise above him made George cast up his eyes, and one glance revealed the mischief they had planned and executed during the time they had left them unmolested.

Bearing over the summit of the rock, were two or three figures, and the heavy stones they were holding ready to cast down upon their heads, left no doubt as to their intentions.

It was the act of a moment to spring aside and to push Tom out of immediate danger, and the next minute two large pieces of rock fell at their feet.

"The devil!" shouted Tom, and he fired: it was waste of powder and shot, for the assailants instantly withdrew.

"Pleasant this," he muttered; but there was no time for reflection—two more bullets whistled through the air, and Tom was again wounded.

The next minute a stone from above knocked his gun from George's hand, and, without the delay of a second, another, flung by a safer arm—that of Colney himself—descended on his head, and he sank, stunned, to the earth.

A specimen of Australian scenery, with its drawbacks:—

About noon, after travelling over several ranges, an exquisite scene burst upon them as they stood upon one of the heights.

Before them, bounding the horizon, were the clear blue waves of the South Pacific, heaving to and fro in the blaze of an Australian noontide sun; at their feet, yet still distant, was Mawarra, with its lakes and shady glens—its tropical foliage—its clustering vines—its meadows filled with cattle—its farms and Arcadian-looking homesteads, which told of the presence of civilised man; behind were the parched and sandy forests, whose arid soil and stunted trees served to give greater effect to the lovely view, on which even the roughest could not gaze without pleasure.

"Well may this be called the 'Eden of New South Wales,'" murmured George to himself; "our first parents could scarcely have opened their eyes on a fairer spot." And at this moment, as if to make the comparison more perfect, a slight rustling among the underwood could be heard, and a graceful snake, with head slightly raised, and body winding through the bush, came onwards to the spot where George remained rooted, as it were, with fascination.

It was about ten feet long, and nearly grey in colour; spotted with dark brown (hence this species is known as the carpet snake); and, from its length, appeared to George rather a formidable opponent. He was rather behind his companions at the time of its appearance; and when it approached to within five feet of himself he recovered his presence of mind, and retreated before it with rapid steps.

It advanced more swiftly towards him.

"Turn off to the left," shouted one of the draymen.

George had just time to obey the direction and spring aside, as the snake passed over the place which he had left, and disappeared into the forest.

"Well, I've had a narrow escape," said he to Tom, when he had caught up his party; "I declare I was more frightened at that snake than at Colney."

Tom laughed.

"They're nasty varmint enough at times—some of them at least; but that's not a hurtful sort."

"At all events it ran after me."

"Not it; it ran towards its hole, as they always will when they're frightened; and all you had to do was to step out of its way."

"Pity there should be any noxious creature in such a lovely country!"

"Why, as to that, this is not a natural country in anything."

"Not natural!" ejaculated George; "there's nothing very artificial here."

"About artificial I don't know," said Tom, sententiously; "I'm not learned; but I do know that most things in Australia are very unnatural."

"How so?"

"Why, in everything. There's the air, to begin with; it's so piping hot at Christmas time, that a fellow needs to be ever drinking like a fish; and then at Midsummer-day it's the middle of winter! Then they tell me that the sun shines at contrary hours to what it does in England, which I don't believe. But look at the animals, all unnatural-like: one of them housing its little ones in a pouch, and sitting on its tail. As to the birds, they're like so many fine folks—only good to be looked at. Those trees haven't been taught proper manners, and keep on their leaves all the year round. And as to the human beings, they're unnatural, I think—wearing no clothes, and their skin as dark as the back of a chimney; and they make their females wait on them, and provide the meals, which is quite contrary to our ways, I'm sure, though uncommonly sensible."

George could not help laughing at this list of grievances.

"I imagined you liked this country, but you speak as if your twenty years' experience in it had produced a different effect."

"I like Australia," replied Tom, "and I always write to all my friends to emigrate, except those, perhaps, as have a lot of wee piccaninies about them, which is troublesome at first; but Australia's like everything in this world: it has its ups and its downs, its good and its bad, and they're pretty equal. Now, in the old place there's a precious small sight of good for the poor: it's all hard work and small pay, and the workhouse to end it; here there's independence for every one that chooses. You see, sir, when I'm downhearted, lost in the bush, and bruised about by a set of rascally bushrangers, I'm ready to find fault with Australia; but when I see, as I often do, those who were starving in England, living here in comfort, with happy faces round them, and a something to fall back upon when they're old, then, say I, it's a pity and a crime that one-half of the poor, starving things in the old country, haven't the means given them to come out here too."

"I heartily agree with you," returned George; "and since I have been in Australia, it appears to me astounding that so few among the wealthy and influential look upon emigration in the important light it deserves. They know, or ought to know, that there are hundreds almost starving, and that there is a land where they might live in plenty, yet they look on supinely, content to watch the efforts of the few who nobly exert themselves to people this vast continent."

THE PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY AND CONTRAST OF COLOURS, AND THEIR APPLICATION TO THE ARTS.

The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts. By M. E. Chevreul, Membre de l'Institut de France. Translated by Charles Martel. Longmans and Co.

THE painters have found a chamelion. The beauty that I see, says one, is all red. No; that's impossible, says another, it must be all blue; while a third swears, by his eye, it should be all yellow. You are all wrong, says Mr. Neutral, for true beauty is no colour at all—*Chiar-oscuro* is my maxim; you cannot have beautiful colour without light and shade, tone and harmony.

There exists a raging faction of Neri and Bianchi amongst painters. The one sect contending that "tone" is the grand element of pictorial effect—that here lies the secret of the old masters; the other, despising the beauty of mystery and the charm of obscurity, would even rival Nature's brightest tints of the noonday.

All these clever men may be quite right in their way—they may have got hold of the skirt of Truth; they colour to please their own eye: what other guide should they, or could they, follow? Certainly the painter may be allowed to work by his rule of eye just as the potter does by his rule of thumb; the painting of a picture is, we admit, a very delicate matter to legislate upon, and yet there must be laws here as everywhere else, and the sooner they are found out the better.

Artists are about the least likely men to discover the dry "laws" that lie at the bottom of their art. Their organisation is not designed for such investigations; if it were, their art would fade. Art and art-life are so completely matters of sensibility, of ideality, of fealty to the instincts of the imagination, if the expression may be allowed, that if you attempt to fetter an artist with the bonds of science and the calculations of mathematics, you cripple him at once. He must learn by his own mistakes, and unless he be

more sensitive than his critics of his failures, we may place him without the pale, for no preaching of ours will mend him.

That there are certain wholesome academy rules of pictorial colouring is true, but they are purely empirical: the science of colouring is yet to be discovered. It required a man like M. Chevreul, a hard-headed experimenter, thoroughly used to the scientific method, to make any way in the subject of colour.

It must be borne in mind that pictorial colouring is as different from ornamental colouring as the ornamental is from the natural; and not being concerned in manufacture, it is not "an exigency" that the artistic habits should be disturbed. So we find M. Chevreul, as director of the dyeing at the Gobelins' factory, devoting himself to the practical and commercial relations of colour.

We had several books putting forth theories and speculations, but the experimental facts were like Falstaff's bread to the sack—a beggarly disproportion. And as our so-called Charles Martel says, written in "a jargon of lucubrations, valueless and obsolete." A vast deal of trouble bestowed upon the analogy of the scale in music to the spectrum of light, and terms, such as *advancing* and *retiring* applied to colours, which are simply absurd. Or we find it insisted upon that so many square feet of red must have so many of blue "to balance"—all which we believe to be "moonshine."

Much of the writing hitherto about colour has been really mere words—e. g. (Field): "Colour depends physically upon a latent concurrence of those principles which are sensible, transiently in light and shade, and inherently in black and white, as is demonstrated synthetically by their composing the neutral grey." This seems worthy of Ennemoser. Or take what an artist writes:—

Harmony in Pictorial Colour, does not depend upon any particular proportionate quantities of the different tints; nor in any particular disposition or arrangement of them; but upon the qualities and the treatment of the individual colours. . . . It is equally necessary that Colours should be so treated as to produce *Unity*; and that, as with lights and shadows, so whatever variety of tints may be introduced into a picture, they must be so blended and incorporated with each other, that they still form parts of a whole:—that whether the lights be white, and the shadows black, or differently coloured, the same necessity for graduation remains, so that Colours must not be in flat patches. And in the treatment of Colours, besides the graduation-requisite for Breadth of Chiaroscuro, it is necessary to pay attention to the peculiar quality termed *Tone*, which is indispensable in a coloured work of Art. As well as Breadth of Chiaroscuro, there must be BREADTH OF TONE, the fundamental quality of Harmony.

Now let us see what comfort we shall derive from Chevreul's experimental treatment of the subject. Here is the simplest evidence of the existence of the law of contrast which his work goes to establish and apply:—

If we look simultaneously upon two stripes of different tones of the same colour, or upon two stripes of the same tone of different colours, placed side by side, if the stripes are not too wide, the eye perceives certain modifications which in the first place influence the intensity of colour, and in the second, the optical composition of the two juxtaposed colours respectively.

Now as these modifications make the stripes appear different from what they really are, I give to them the name of *simultaneous contrast of colours*; and I call *contrast of tone* the modification in intensity of colour, and *contrast of colour* that which affects the optical composition of each juxtaposed colour.

Divide a piece of cardboard into ten stripes, each of about a quarter of an inch in width, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and cover it with a uniform wash of Indian ink. When it is dry, spread a second wash over all the stripes except the first. When this second wash is dry, spread a third over all the stripes except 1 and 2; and proceed thus to cover all the stripes with a flat tint, each one becoming darker and darker as it recedes from the first (1).

If we take ten stripes of the same grey, but each of a different tone, and glue them upon a card so as to observe the preceding gradations, it will serve the same purpose.

On now looking at the card, we shall perceive that instead of exhibiting flat tints, each stripe appears of a tone gradually shaded from the edge *a a* to the edge *b b*. In the band 1, the contrast is produced simply by the contiguity of the edge *b b* with the edge *a a* of the stripe 2; in the stripe 10 it is simply by the contact of the edge *a a* with the edge *b b* of the stripe 9. But in each of the intermediate stripes, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, the contrast is produced by a double cause: one, the contiguity of the edge *a a* with the edge *b b* of the stripe which precedes it; the other by the contiguity of the edge *b b* with the edge *a a* of the darker stripe which follows it. The first cause tends to raise the tone of the half of the intermediate stripe, while the second cause tends to lower the tone of the other half of this same stripe.

The result of this contrast is, that the stripes, seen from a suitable distance, resemble channelled grooves (*glyphs*) more than plane surfaces. For in the stripes 2 and 3, for instance, the grey being insensibly shaded from the edge *a a* to the edge *b b*, they present to the eye the same effect as if the light fell upon a channelled surface, so as to light the part near to *b b*, while the part *a a* will appear to be in the shade; but with this difference, that in a real channel the lighted part would throw a reflection on the dark part.

He then gives the results of seventeen experiments with strips of coloured paper, or stuff, to show the modifications of tint thrown over the two colours placed side by side; he deduces the following:—

It follows then, from the experiments described in this chapter, that two coloured surfaces in juxtaposition will exhibit two modifications to the eye viewing them simultaneously, the one relative to the height of tone of their respective colours, and the other relative to the physical composition of these same colours.

After having satisfied myself that the preceding phenomena constantly recurred when my sight was not fatigued, and that many persons accustomed to judge of colours saw them as I did, I endeavoured to reduce them to some general expression that would suffice to enable us to predict the effect that would be produced upon the organ of sight by the juxtaposition of two given colours. All the phenomena I have observed seem to me to depend upon a very simple law, which, taken in its most general signification, may be expressed in these terms:—

In the case where the eye sees at the same time two contiguous colours, they will appear as dissimilar as possible, both in their optical composition, and the height of their tone. We have then, at the same time, simultaneous contrast of colour properly so called, and contrast of tone.

In examining the results of his experiments of contrast, we see that the tint thrown over contiguous colours (or, if we choose to say so, the illusive impression on the retina) is the complementary colour of each bestowed upon its neighbour. Red beside blue, gets a yellow tint which is the complementary of blue, and blue gets a green tint the complementary of red:—

We shall see that the colours will acquire a most remarkable brilliancy, strength, and purity, and this result, in perfect conformity with the law, is easily understood. For example, an orange-coloured object reflects blue rays, just as a blue object reflects orange rays. Therefore, when we put a blue stripe in contact with an orange stripe, whether we admit that the first appears to the eye to receive some blue from the proximity of the second, as this latter appears to acquire orange through the vicinity of the blue stripe—or, which is the same thing, whether we admit that the blue stripe appears to destroy the effect of the blue rays of the second stripe, as this latter appears to destroy the effect of the orange rays of the blue stripe—it is evident that the colours of the two objects in contact will purely each

ther, and become more vivid. But it may happen that the blue will appear to incline to green or to violet, and the orange to yellow or to red, that is to say the modification acts not only upon the intensity of the colour, but also upon its physical composition; whatever it be, if the latter effect takes place, it is undoubtedly always much feebler than the first. Besides, if we look a certain number of times at these same coloured bands we shall see that the blue, which at first appeared greener, will soon appear more violet, and that the orange, which at first appeared yellower, will become redder, so that the phenomenon of modification, dependent upon the physical composition of colour, will not be so constant as those which are the subject of the seventeen preceding observations.

These complementary colours have long been known; they are the spectral colours that appear to the eye after looking at a real colour. We must consider them as inseparable from the sensation of colour. The merit of Chevreul's view consists in proving how the complementary colours act when two such colours are contrasted simultaneously.

(To be continued.)

A BATCH OF BOOKS.*

OVER some men, who have filled no inconsiderable space in the history of their own times, the scene closes, and their names are never heard of again. Others belong to all time. They are the lords of the world, are enshrined as deities in every heart, and command perpetual admiration. Of such a kind was *Julius Cæsar*—the last and most conspicuous of the sons of Rome. The secret of his success was his marvellous organisation. Alive to every enjoyment, enduring beyond measure, the first in everything he attempted, the peerless general, the consummate orator, the accomplished writer, the master of statecraft, he was born to win and wield universal dominion. As the history of Rome is the grandest of all histories, so does Cæsar stand forth as the type of intellectual and physical greatness. Arnold was the first who dared to express his deep abhorrence of the moral character of this man. It was he who said that "the whole range of history can scarcely furnish a picture of greater deformity," and that "never did any man occasion so large an amount of human misery with so little provocation." He dwelt, with indignant severity, on the millions he slaughtered, the sufferings he caused by his spoliation and confiscations, and all this in order that he might be able to attack his country. In spite of conscience, however, the world will never cease to reverence success as such, and Cæsar is the man of all others, at least in ancient history, who was at once most brilliant and most successful. But whether we agree or not with Arnold, who generally tries to exalt Pompey at the expense of Cæsar, who loved the pure character of the one, as he detested the moral degradation of the other, we are never weary of hearing about the nephew of Marius, who, after conquering the world, perished vilely by the hands of assassins, who were also his friends. Archdeacon Williams, therefore, has chosen an attractive subject. Ever since the time of Plutarch the biographer has commanded more readers than the historian, and when he deals with a well-known name, of whom all wish to know everything that can be said, it is his own fault if he does not succeed. Archdeacon Williams tells us, in his preface, that "he has been far more anxious to represent facts, their causes and consequences, as they were represented by Cæsar himself and his contemporaries, than to exhibit them as coloured by modern writers, more anxious to discover in the history of past events a confirmation of their own prejudices, than the conclusions which an unbiased judgment must necessarily draw." The first chapter is introductory, and the remaining portion consists of a faithful narrative of Cæsar's life, from which the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. The fault of the book is that it is too much a mere record of facts—it is deficient in personal interest—there is no warmth of tone, no brilliant colouring. Still, it is the work of an accomplished scholar, who has taken obvious pains to state all the necessary facts about the life of Julius Cæsar, and will, no doubt, take its place as a very useful and readable biography.

A new edition of *Gay's Fables, with an Original Memoir, Introduction, and Annotations*, by Octavius Freere Owen, has been published by Messrs. Routledge. The editor takes extraordinary credit to himself for originality. "We live," he says, "in the days of literary veneer; the true Spanish mahogany upon the Honduras of originality is nearly withered to the stump: nothing is said but what has been spoken before. The 'points' of our best novels are merely old friends in a new dress; the 'tags' of our dramas, the airs of our overtures, are the odds and ends of ancient compositions." This tremendous dish of satire is an introduction to a short *Life of Gay*, and a few notes scattered here and there among the Fables. It is to be hoped that Mr. Owen will not content himself with this. When an author denounces with such vehemence the plagiarism of his fellows, and comes forward himself as the apostle of "originality and common sense," we wait in anxious suspense for a new revelation. But in spite of his bombastic preface, and some commonplace dullness in the Annotations, Mr. Owen has produced a very creditable edition of *Gay's Fables*, and we hope that it will be successful.

The Volunteer Rifleman and the Rifle, by John Boucher, is one of the many books which we owe to the war. It was written for the use of the Hanover Park Rifle Association, was originally circulated in a manuscript form, and is published at the request of some military friends. It is full of practical directions, and has the merit of being the first treatise of the kind. In days when the majority of Englishmen have forgotten how to fight, the following remarks are well worth reading:—

The cant phrase with those who sneer at the idea of preparing for danger in the time of peace, is, that, in the event of an invasion taking place, "England would rise as one man;" but this is absurd, for what would be the use of a half-armed undisciplined rabble, such as could be got together on a sudden emergency? The great mass know no more about a gun than they do of the working of a steam-engine, and, if intrusted with arms and formed into line, would be much more likely to cause destruc-

tion among their friends, than injury to their foes. Of the hundreds of thousands in England, few of them have ever handled a musket, and fewer still have ever fired a ball, or have even seen a ball-cartridge. Is this a population to be suddenly called into the field and opposed to the fire of veteran soldiers? Are these the intrepid hearts and skilful hands that are to "drive the enemy into the sea," or "find for every invader a bullet and a grave?"

The fact is, that England, as a nation, cannot spring at once full armed into the arena of the battle-field. "Peasants and burghers, however brave," says Mr. Macaulay, the historian, "are unable to stand their ground against veteran soldiers, whose whole life is a preparation for the day of battle; whose nerves have been braced by long familiarity with danger, and whose movements have all the precision of clock-work." Yet these men, who from their childhood have lived a life of peace and quietness at home, "buying and selling, or tilling their broad acres," possess the individual bravery and physical strength of disciplined troops, and only require to be trained and accustomed to the use of arms, in order to place England in a position to defy invasion; for, as Lord Palmerston once remarked, "there is no fortification like brave men, armed, organised, and ready to meet an enemy; that is the best fortification, and such a fortification you will always find in the hearts and arms of Englishmen."

Dr. Balfour's Outlines of Botany contain the substance of the article BOTANY in the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and are now published, "with the view of supplying a cheap work, which may be useful in schools, colleges, and philosophical institutions." The book is not so much a treatise on botany as a full and accurate record of the facts of the science, given in the briefest possible form.

The Photographic Primer is the name given to thirty pages of lessons on photography, and is published with the authority of the Institution in Bond-street.

To those who are fond of metaphysical inquiries, we announce the publication of a book called the *Philosophy of the Infinite*, by Henry Calderwood. The object is to solve the very difficult problem, "What can we know of the Infinite God?" The present state of the question is this:—The opinions regarding the unconditioned, as an immediate object of knowledge and of thought may be reduced to four: 1. The unconditioned is uncognisable and inconceivable, its notion being only negative of the conditioned. 2. It is not an object of knowledge; but its notion, as a regulative principle of the mind itself, is more than a negation of the conditioned. 3. It is cognizable, but not conceivable. 4. It is cognisable and conceivable by consciousness and reflection, under relation, difference, and plurality. Sir William Hamilton holds the first of these opinions, Kant the second, Schelling the third, and M. Cousin the fourth. Mr. Calderwood, a pupil of Sir William Hamilton, differs from that philosopher, as well as from M. Cousin, describing the doctrine of the former as irrelevant, that of the latter as erroneous. Having set aside their theories, he maintains that clear ground is left in the centre, and arrives at the conclusion that "the infinite, as absolute, is that which is essentially independent and unrestricted, but which may nevertheless exist in relation, and be thus recognised by the mind." We do not pretend to offer an opinion.

A Defence of Religion is not the most intelligible title in the world. One naturally asks which religion Mr. Crosskey proposes to defend? Only think of a good orthodox Protestant attracted by the title, and purchasing Mr. Crosskey's Defence! What a disappointment would ensue! It is true that the book is saved from any such fate by the circumstance that it forms a portion of "Chapman's Library for the People," but still we advise the author to fix upon some more distinctive appellation. *The Defence of Religion* is inscribed to George Jacob Holyoake, for whose "brave sincerity, and reverence for truth and justice," the author professes great regard. Mr. Crosskey is a theist, and defends his position by arguments drawn from the constitution of human nature, and by an appeal to experience, on which latter point he says that "the experience of all religious natures is that man can easily hold real, and actual, and living communion with his God." Then if we require a test of experience, the required test is to be found in the simple axiom that *truth must last*. The following extract is taken from a chapter on "Objections to the reality and worth of the religious sentiment":—

Priests, for their own interest, are charged with persuading men to receive tales about the Gods. But, unless an actual tendency of human nature is seized upon, the chance to deceive is not great. The vain man is deceived by propitiating his vanity—the proud man by appeals to his pride. The deceiver always needs something to work upon in the character of the deceived. Granted the existence, therefore, of any number of fraudulent priests, it yet remains to be explained what tendencies of character they took advantage of in order to be successful in deceit. History shows no possibility of such a wide-spread fraud as this account represents religion, altogether unconnected with any part of the natural constitution of man. Moreover, priests have always been opposed to pure and fresh manifestations of the Religious Sentiment. These priests, said to have been its inventors, have been its greatest antagonists. Who opposed the Jewish Prophets? The priests. Who were Christ's bitterest foes? The priests. Who were Luther's antagonists? The priests. A priest is one claiming to stand between a man and his God—a mediator and intercessor. Religion is personal and individual communion with the ever-present Father. Therefore has every great religious reformation been fought against the priests, and they have been inveterate antagonists of the purely religious life of humanity. To priests, therefore, can hardly be ascribed the invention of that against which they have ever faithfully made war.

The most striking feature in *Diprose's Funny Book* is that it is not at all funny, consisting of some very old English jokes, and some not good American ones.

In addition to the above, we need only announce that Mr. Bentley has published in a cheap form Mr. Prescott's well-known and most valuable works, *The Conquest of Mexico*, and *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio we have already noticed. *Fraser's Handbook for Ireland* has reached a fourth edition, and, "from the altered state of travelling consequent on the railways, may, in a great measure, be regarded as a new work." *Anderson's Mercantile Correspondence* is sufficiently well known to render any criticism needless. The only other books on our list are an edition of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*, published by Nelson; a pamphlet by Mr. Rawlinson on the *Drainage of Towns*; and a re-publication of the *Speeches on National Education*, delivered by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords on the 24th of July and the 4th of August, 1864.

* *Williams' Life of Julius Cæsar*. (Routledge.)—*Gay's Fables*. By O. F. Owen, M.A. (Routledge.)—*The Volunteer Rifleman and the Rifle*. By John Boucher. (Hurdwicke.)—*Balfour's Outlines of Botany*. (Adam and Charles Black.)—*Philosophy of the Infinite*. By Henry Calderwood. (Constable and Co.)—*A Defence of Religion*. By H. W. Crosskey. (Chapman.)—*The Photographic Primer*. By Joseph Candel. (Photographic Institution.)—*Diprose's Funny Book*. (Hurdwicke.)—*Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico*. (Bentley.)—*Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*. (Bentley.)—*Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio*. (Ward and Lock.)—*Fraser's Handbook for Ireland*. (James M'Glashan, Dublin.)—*Anderson's Mercantile Correspondence*. (Edinburgh Wilson.)—*Milton's Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained*. (Nelson.)

GORTSCHAKOFF IN A RAGE.—Prince Gortschakoff is on military tour in Bessarabia, and he left Jassy in a passion. He had ordered that he should not be subjected to any ceremonious leave-taking; but notwithstanding his order, some yards did assemble, through politeness, in his apartments, and accompanied him to his carriage. As soon as the Prince had taken his seat in it a young boyard, in very ambiguous language, reminded the Prince that he had, in Krajova and Bucharest, promised the speedy return of the Russians, it had not given the same promise in Jassy, probably through forgetfulness. The Prince did not vouchsafe a word in reply, and started in towering wrath, without any parting salutation.

THE REVENUE.—The new plan for assimilating the financial to the natural year, will not, as regards the making of the public accounts, be carried into effect immediately. The Revenue returns for the current quarter will, accordingly, be carried up to the 10th of October, as heretofore.—*lobe.*

AMUSING THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.—There are some Russian and Finnish officers living at Sheerness on parole. A cricket match was being got up by some gentlemen of the neighbourhood for their amusement. The inhabitants vie with each other who shall pay them the most attention. The Russians are especially hospitable. The Russians seem to think that their position is quite as good as it would be at Sebastopol.

MR. DISRAELI IN THE PROVINCES.—Mr. Disraeli is on a visit to Mr. Triscott, at Plymouth. He has had a dinner with his host, at which "gentlemen of various shades of political opinions were invited to meet him;" assisted Sir Larry Smith to review the South Devon Militia; inspected the Dockyard, visited Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and dined with the officers of the Devon Militia.

DEATH OF MRS. WARNER.—Mrs. Warner, the actress, died on Sunday last, after long suffering from a most painful disease—cancer. She was nearly fifty years of age.

PITT AND FOX.—At Berlin, there is being played, with great success, a five-act comedy, called "Pitt and Fox." Its author is M. Gottschall.

PERFECT IN LEAPING.—A Spartan is said to have leapt fifty-two, and a native of Crotona, fifty-five feet. The Welsh have a similar legend; and Strutt mentions a Yorkshireman who leapt, without spring-board or help, over nine fuses placed side by side with a man seated on the centre one, who jumped over a garter held fourteen feet high, and ended by kicking a bladder sixteen feet from the ground.—*two Monthly.*

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, September 26.

BANKRUPTS.—PETER POLAND and EVAN BARNETT (EREDITH, Bread-street, Cheap-side, furriers—CHARLES LAISTER, Evershot-street, St. Pancras, draper—WILLIAM YREE, Blackfriars-road, boot manufacturer—JOSEPH HAYE, Torquay, builder—ELIAS WARBURST, Manchester member merchant—GEORGE WILSON, Salford, ironfounder—WILLIAM HOUSTON Manchester, joiner—JOHN HARWOOD, Blackburn, tailor.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. M'CUCCLOCH, Glasgow, warehouseman—W. BARR, Glasgow, steamboat steward—J. T. TURNBULL, Leith, merchant—D. Low and Co., Glasgow, commission merchants—J. M'CONNELL, Helzelden, enfrewhshire, bleacher.

Friday, September 29.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—THOMAS BELSHAM (UTTON, wine merchant, Birmingham.

BANKRUPTS.—HARRY WOODRIDGE, publisher, Strand—JOHN BARBER, engraver to calico printers, Manchester—JOHN MILLS, printer, Leeds—ROBERT GETTY, ship-builder, Liverpool—JOHN BERINGER, silversmith, Penzance—PAUL HODGES, innkeeper, Monstone, Yorkshire—JOHN CHANCELLOR, funeral carriage-maker, Dorrington-street, Clerkenwell—WILLIAM JOHN REVE, coal merchant, Beaufort-wharf, Strand—WILLIAM WHITE, builder, St. John's-wood—CHARLES GOODA, baker, Great Yarmouth.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BROOKE.—September 17, in the Castle at Zante, the wife of Captain Charles A. Brooke, R.E.; a daughter.
BURTON.—September 23, at Vallotort-place, Stoke, the wife of Commander Burton, R.N.; a son.
BURTON.—September 23, at Windmill-hill, Sussex, the lady of H. M. Curteis, Esq.; a daughter.
HERVEY.—September 24th, at Ickworth, the Lady Arthur Hervey; a son.
REVOR.—Aug. 25, at Aden, South Arabia, the wife of Major Trevor, Madras Artillery; a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WELTER.—LUSHINGTON.—September 27, Captain James Drummond Welter, Royal Artillery, to Jane Helen, widow of the late Charles Amos Lushington Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, and daughter of the late Colonel R. Boycott Jenkins, of the Bengal Army.
SMILE.—BOOTH.—September 27, Frederick William Smile, Esq., 30, Thornhill-crescent, Barnsbury-park, London, to Alice, youngest daughter of the late George Booth, Esq., and niece of the late John Booth, Esq., Richmond-hill, Bowdon, Cheshire.
FISHER.—WOODHAM.—September 25, William Webster Fisher, Esq., M.D., Downing, Professor of Medicine in the University, to Catherine Montagu, youngest daughter of the late H. E. H. Woodham, Esq., of Nowbury, Berks.

DEATHS.

BRERETON.—September 19th, at Chichester, after a few days' illness, Mary Charlotte Brereton, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Brereton, of the above place.
COLSTON.—September 22nd, at Rotterdam, of Asiatic cholera, Samuel Hunt, the youngest son of the late Edward Francis Colston, Esq., of Roundway-park, Wilts.
WALKER.—September 22nd, at Bolling Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire, Mrs. Walker, in the 86th year of her age.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, September 29, 1854.
THE funds have been steady the whole week, awaiting the news from the Crimea. Shares are very heavy and dull—hardly any business doing. Money is reported to be exceedingly tight, and the rate paid yesterday for carrying over speculative accounts serves to show what a heavy bullion account the present one has been. Crystal Palace shares, after a slight rally, have again shown weakness. Turkish scrip has been not quite so much in favour during the week, but to-day begins to look better. Mining shares are mostly neglected. Some Californian mines were a little firmer the early part of the week, but are not now inquired after. Consols closed at four o'clock flatter than they opened this morning:—for money, 95½; for account, 95½.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....
3 per Cent. Red.
3 per Cent. Con. An.	95	95	95	95½	95½	95½
Consols for Account	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½
3½ per Cent. An.
New 2½ per Cents.
Long Ans. 1860.....	4 9-16	4½
India Stock.....	226
Ditto Bonds, £1000
Ditto, under £1000
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	6 p	9 p	9 p	8	5 p
Ditto, £500.....	6 p	6 p	9 p	6 p	5	5 p
Ditto, Small.....	9 p	6 p	9 p	6 p	5	5 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	101½	Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents 1822	99½
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.	56	Russian 4½ per Cents.....	88
Chilian 3 per Cents.....	75½	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def. 18½
Danish 5 per Cents.....	102	Spanish Committee Cert. of Coup. not fun.	5½
Ecuador Bonds.....	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	52
Mexican 3 per Cents.....	24½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.....	62
Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc.	Dutch 2½ per Cents.....	94½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	40½	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.
Portuguese 5 p. Cents.	43½

MICHAELMAS HOLYDAYS.

PATRON—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. An entirely new DUBOSQ'S ILLUMINATED CASCADE APPARATUS, throwing three Jets instead of one, and displaying a variety of beautiful colours, exhibited every evening at a Quarter past Nine.

Also DUBOSQ'S NEW SUBMARINE ELECTRIC LAMP. MODEL OF THE HARBOUR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL, made by Sergeant FALKLAND and Corporal THOMAS, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, Woolwich.

DISSOLVING VIEWS OF THE SEAT OF WAR in the BALTIC AND BLACK SEA, with new PICTURES OF THE HOLY PLACES, and the HARBOURS OF SEBASTOPOL and CRONSTADT.

LECTURES ON THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, ON NATURE-PRINTING, and on CHEMISTRY.

THE LARGE CHEMICAL LABORATORY, and the PHOTOGRAPHIC SCHOOL and PORTRAIT GALLERY, open daily.

In consequence of a family bereavement, Mr. Brayley's LECTURE ON GEOLOGY is unavoidably postponed until MONDAY, the 16th inst.

A LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY will be given by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., F.C.S., A.C.E., &c., in its stead, on Monday the 2nd instant.

A MUSEMENT AND SCIENCE

COMBINED.—DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM (800 Anatomical Wax Figures), (Top of Haymarket), PICCADILLY. Open for Gentlemen from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten daily. New Lectures at Twelve, Two, Four, and Half-past Seven in the Evening, by Dr. SEXTON, F.R.G.S. On Wednesdays and Fridays a portion of the Museum is open for Ladies only, from Two till Five. Lecture at Three, by Mrs. SEXTON. Gentlemen are still admitted on those days from Eleven till Two, and from Seven till Ten. Admission, One Shilling.

N.B. Dr. Kahn executes orders for Anatomical Wax Models at the shortest possible notice, upon the most advantageous terms. All letters addressed as above.

MICHAELMAS HOLIDAYS.

TURKISH EXHIBITION AND ORIENTAL MUSEUM, HYDE PARK CORNER.

This superb and unique Collection of Models from Life, illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Turkish Nation, "Past and Present," realised by Correct Costume, including every minute detail of Arms, &c., is now completed, and exhibited at the ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY.—OPEN DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., with the exception of Saturday, when it closes at 6 p.m.

Price of Admission 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. 6d.; Family Tickets (admitting five persons), 10s.; on Saturdays, 5s.; Children, 2s. 6d.

Family Tickets may be previously secured at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.—A Hand Book to the Exhibition is published, with Illustrations Price 1s.

Mr. P. O. Williams will preside at the Grand Pianoforte and Patent Harmonium.

CRYSTAL PALACE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENT COURT.

—Mr. WM. REA has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry that he will, next Saturday, perform a series of compositions on the New Repetition Grand Cottage Pianoforte. Manufactured and Exhibited by MESSRS. LEVESQUE, EDMONDS, and CO., of 40, Cheap-side. To commence at Three o'clock.

FRENCH MODERATOR LAMPS.—A very large and superior stock now ON SALE at DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s (Opening to the Monument), London Bridge.

Established A.D. 1700.

EFFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARICOSE VEINS.—This elastic and compressing stocking, or article of any other required form, is pervious, light, and inexpensive, and easily drawn on without lacing or bandaging. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ORTHOPÆDIC MECHANISM. Every description of apparatus for the CURE or RELIEF of BODILY DEFORMITY, and diseases requiring mechanical assistance, may be had of Mr. HEATHER BIGG, 29, LEICESTER-SQUARE, who, having recently visited the principal continental Orthopædic Institutions, is in possession of every modern improvement.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The most elegant, easy, economical, and best method of MARKING LINEN, SILK, BOOKS, &c., without the ink spreading or fading, is with the INCORRODIBLE ARGENTINE PLATES. No preparation required. Any person can use them with the greatest facility. Name, 2s.; Initials, 1s. 6d.; Numbers, per set, 2s. 6d.; Crest, 5s. Sent, post free, with directions, for stamps or post order.

FREDK. WHITEMAN, Inventor and Sole Maker, 19, Little Queen-street, Holborn.

DUTY OFF TEA.—The REDUCTION of the TEA DUTY, and the easy state of the Tea-market, enables PHILLIPS and Company to SELL—

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s.
Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d.
The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s.
Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d.
Best Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. 8d.
The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s.
Prime Coffees, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d.
The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d.
Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 3, King William-street, City, London.

A general price-current sent free on application.

THE CHOLERA!!!

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