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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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## News of the Week.

BY the latest news, it will be seen that the siege of Sebastopol had at last commenced: and that already it had been varied by a sally of the besieged in such a force as almost to entitle us to speak of the repulse being a battle. Of the result it would be disloyal in us to have a doubt: and advancing beyond Sebastopol, our nation is calculating already what further Russian troops, Osten-Sacken's reinforcements, are to be encountered and beaten at Perekop. How long will it take to clear the Crimea? Is it to be left in possession of a garrison army: and what will be the work for Lord Raglan after his Crimea achievements? Menschikoff being still missing, our public, and probably even our army, is in doubt as to what is the Russian position northward of Sebastopol; and Omar Pasha, motionless, does not seem quite certain of what is in contemplation in Bes-sarabia.

Events, as was anticipated, are drifting the German Powers out of their neutrality. Austria seems, at last, preparing to join against Russia: and among the reasons why she takes this course, one, perhaps, is that Russia, striking the first blow, is concentrating troops on the Austrian frontier, as if to force her into action. An Arch-duke or two, preliminarily blessed by the Czar at St. Petersburg, is appearing at Warsaw, where a vast army is being collected, with facilities for operations with Prussia against Austria; or, for defence against both; or, as a Moscow trick, for the vindication of a re-created kingdom of Poland. Meanwhile, Austria is getting into a condition for action by getting money, through the French Crédit Mobilier, upon the mortgage of the State railways in Hungary and Bohemia: the operation being clever as an original piece of finance, only likely to be thought of by a painfully embarrassed Government, but being applauded by Western Europe as indicating that the Court of Vienna, thus encouraging French capitalists, trusts more to reliance upon Paris than to faith in St. Petersburg. We shall soon know. A great military council, the second since the Russian invasion of the Principalities, has been held at Vienna: and the result must, ere long, be clear to Europe. A council of war never fights—i. e. if it can avoid fighting.

Prussia is not yet sufficiently near direct danger to induce her to take a side: but what the Secretary to the Treasury would call the "screw" is being contemplated by the English Government by means of a modification of those enlightened maritime laws so unanimously agreed to last session as wisest and best, and of which it was foreseen as inevitable that Prussia would be enabled to take advantage—a circumstance to which our merchants have reconciled themselves, by the consideration that those laws have done us the least

possible mischief consistent with a condition of war. The Prussian press rebukes the nonsense which some of our journals have written on this subject; and mercantile opinion in England is assuredly too strongly in favour of the compromise with war to permit any change. Lord Palmerston owes all his position, such as it is, to rendering politics carefully subservient to commercial interests, and he surely would not sanction a reactionary barbarity, the defence of which might be that it would injure Russia, while its obvious condemnation would be that it would also injure us. Meanwhile, Prussia issues marry-come-up manifestoes and petulant protocols, wrangling with Austria, and sneering at England and France: the Prussian monarchy going down so thoroughly in European estimation—it is as low now as it was before that battle of Jena which Napoleon bulletined as having destroyed at one blow the monarchy and the army—that even Manteuffel, disgusted, makes an effort to escape his post,—returning to it only in compliance with the maudlin entreaties of the bemuddled king.

The alliance between France and England, daily more and more close, so that it is one public opinion, like the one army, which faces Russia, is, will it is announced, be confirmed in solemn festivities at Windsor, when the Emperor and Empress of the French are to be the guests of Queen Victoria and her husband. Another story is, that the houses of Napoleon and Coburg and Orleans, are to be allied by the marriage of Prince Napoleon, heir presumptive to the French throne, and the daughter (by the daughter of Louis Philippe) of King Leopold. Such a fact would doubtless present, possibly, a new prospect in French politics: but there are many signs that Louis Napoleon is not the man to trust to marriages for the consolidation of his dynasty—or rather of his system. As he commenced he is continuing—securing predominance by rigorously suppressing dissent. His management of the press is still the management of an Attila; and the refusal which his Government has this week given of permission to talkative M. Soulé to enter France, suggests none of the sagacity which is the characteristic of men who feel safe.

The English nation will, however, make no objection to the promised Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle. Some of our journalists seem to think that bread is going to be very dear this winter, and that would be an element in the popular contemplation of Court banquets. But this frightened expectation does not seem justified by a review of all the facts. The 4lb. loaf is now 10s., and may be 1s. 3d. within ten days: but this may be because we are now living on the last sacks of the last two harvests,—which were bad. Almost every autumn sees a rise in the price of bread, whether the harvest be bad or good: and as the present harvest is being held back altogether from the market, in a stupid anticipation

of "war prices," the passing stress may be accounted for,—and as merely episodic. The whilom Protectionist journals are being galvanised into some sort of vitality in the presence of such circumstances: it does happen that they predicted that Free-trade would ruin the farmer; but that does not withhold them from the argument, that the hopes held out by the Free-traders to the people have not been realised. No doubt certain Free-traders afford some excuse for this nonsense by talking parallel absurdities—as that the golden harvests of California and Australia have tempted masses of men away from agricultural labour; or as that the war with Russia has restrained Russian supplies. For the last few years corn has increased in marketable value; and there can, therefore, we may rely upon it, have been no diminution in the production. As regards Russian supplies, what restrains them, when our corn can come from Riga? Odessa has no corn-growing lands behind it—the loss of Odessian supplies is not the total loss of Russian supplies. The best defence of the Free-traders is in the question—What would just now be the price of grain under a Protectionist system? As to the farmers, the traditions of their fathers are not applicable: the valley of the Mississippi was not thickly populated when Marengo, Jena, and Austerlitz were being fought.

"Domestic movements" are few. The public is occupied in subscribing to the Patriotic and other funds (among them the Cambridge Asylum seems to us the most practical) with a prompt profusion which does the nation credit, and will get it the better served in this war. Can any money be spared for a monument to Franklin—for pensions to the widows of the poor seamen who died of cold and starvation with him? These poor fellows, too, were serving their country: and the earnest grief which followed the announcement of the discovery of their remains shows that the country is not ungrateful for a self-devotion even more sublime than that which carries men into a battle;—facing the ice of the Arctic seas is more dreadful than facing the fire of a battalion.

Lord John Russell is, of course, a domestic movement; he has passed the recess in advertising himself in all parts of the country. But at Bedford and Bristol he has not been felicitous; for in both places his bald common-place was contrasted with the vigorous and hearty talk of *men*—Sir Horace Seymour and Sir Robert Peel—each of whom carried away the lionising of the evening from their noble friend. No wonder: at Bristol Lord John had nothing better to say than to compare the British Constitution to "a neighbouring building," which had been—propped up and repaired—and to suggest that a good History of England had not yet been written—forgetting that even Lord John Russell has tried—and ungrateful for the sacrifice which Macaulay has made of genius and conscience to Whiggery.

## THE WAR.

## SEBASTOPOL.

THE week has passed without a single official (English) communication from the seat of war. The Vienna telegraph, with its usual fertility, has done its best to supply the anxious requirements of the public for intelligence. The fact of the opening of the bombardment on the 17th has reached this country only from a Russian source, i.e., via St. Petersburg; but the statement, though having such an origin, may be accepted as true. In the beginning of the week we were obliged to be content with such items of news as these:

The *Moniteur* gives the following news as having been transmitted by the Minister of France at Vienna to the Minister of Foreign Affairs:

"The English consular agent at Varna wrote on the 16th to Mr. Colquhoun, at Bucharest, that he had just received a letter, dated the 13th, from the Sebastopol heights, containing these words: 'We open the fire with 200 guns; the place cannot hold out longer than five days.' Mr. Colquhoun transmits this news to Lords Westmoreland and Clarendon, but with every reserve."

Understanding Mr. Colquhoun's informant to mean that the allied armies were on the point of opening their fire on the 13th, his statement would agree with a telegraphic message from St. Petersburg, stating that the bombardment had not commenced at that date.

The *Vienna Lloyd* has accounts from the Crimea, in which mention is made of a somewhat lively skirmish which came off on the road near Khaut, on the 6th inst. An English picquet of 120 fell in with a party of Russian horse 200 strong. The English are said to have at first given way, in order to allure the Russians to a more convenient spot, and then suddenly to have attacked the enemy, and, after a brief combat, pursued him to the trenches of Sebastopol. The Russians had ten men killed and several wounded; the English lost but two.

Letters from Odessa of the 18th state that the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael have passed through Nicolaieff, on their way to Kichenev, in Bessarabia.

Seventeen battalions of the Turkish army are marching from Shumla on Varna and Pravadi.

The following Russian official despatch, dated St. Petersburg, the 20th, is published in the *Kreuz Zeitung*:

"Prince Menschikoff announces that on the 14th of October all was going on well at Sebastopol."

The Austrian papers assert that Russian reinforcements had entered the Crimea.

The next day we were favoured with very moderate accounts:

"Advices from the Crimea of the 13th state that the trenches were opened on the night of the 9th. The allies were 700 metres from Sebastopol. Earthworks were still being thrown up. It was thought that the firing would commence on the 15th. The Russians fire without effect. They have attempted various sorties without result."

The English batteries were ready; the French batteries were not completed.

The allies lose from four to five men daily.

On Wednesday, something more important was made public. As thus:—"Eupatoria was retaken by the Russians on the 9th. Various transports, with troops, have arrived, and left for the East."

"Advices from 'ST. PETERSBURG' of the 21st state that intelligence had been received from Prince Menschikoff to the effect that the bombardment of Sebastopol commenced on the 17th, by land and sea. The bombardment lasted till nightfall. Five hundred Russians were put *hors de combat*. Admiral Korniloff—he commanded at Sinope—was killed. On the 18th the bombardment was renewed on the land side, but not from the sea."

This is the Russian account, for which we are, of course, obliged, in the absence of any other information.

The French public has been more fortunate than ours, for there has been a publication of official despatches. Thus:—

The French minister of War has received from General Canrobert the following dispatch:

"Head-quarters, before Sebastopol, Oct 13, 1854.

"We opened the trenches during the night between the 9th and 10th. The enemy, who did not seem to expect us at that point, did not disturb the work, which we actively pursued. I hope we shall have by the day after to-morrow (the 15th) seventy guns in battery. Since ten this morning a hot fire has been directed upon us at intervals, but without any success. Our loss is almost nominal. The works of the English army proceed on a parallel with our own.

"The weather, for a short time very bad and very cold, has fortunately turned out fine again."

The French Chargé d'Affaires to His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

"Therapia, Oct. 18.

"Two vessels of war—one French, the other English—arrive from Constantinople, coming from the Crimea; they bring news of the 15th from Sebastopol. It appeared certain that the fire of all our batteries will be opened on the 17th. The two fleets were to lend their aid to the land troops, and there was every reason for believing that the ships would be usefully employed on an important point. It was not doubted that the place would be soon reduced by the power of our artillery. The general situation was very satisfactory, and the sanitary condition of the troops excellent."

PARIS, Thursday Evening.

On the departure of the steamboat on the 16th from Constantinople, all the disposable troops of the garrison were about to embark for the Crimea.

Several steamers had arrived from Balaklava with men who had been wounded in repelling a sortie made by 30,000 Russians from Sebastopol.

With respect to Menschikoff's reinforcements, the *Pays* seems to expect that they will come up in time, and anticipates a pitched battle "independently of the siege operations." After repeating news from Germany to the effect that Menschikoff certainly went northward, after the battle of the Alma, to put himself at the head of troops collected together some time since at Perekop, and that he would advance to the aid of Sebastopol with an army amounting altogether to 76,000 men, the *Pays* says:—

"For our own parts we are convinced that Prince Menschikoff will try this last effort, and to us it is evident that when, after the battle of the Alma, he kept the open country instead of shutting himself up in Sebastopol, he had no other object and no other strategical plan. Let him come on. He will find at least an equal force, composed of the victors of Alma, ready and desirous to meet him. It is not too much to presume victory when we consider the excellent conditions under which we shall give battle. The very slowness, the prudential slowness, with which the siege operations are conducted, is a proof that Lord Raglan and General Canrobert have calculated all chances, and have no fear of an attack from Prince Menschikoff."

The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, of the 15th, announces that by an ukase Prince Menschikoff is appointed Commander-in-Chief and Governor of all the Imperial forces in the Crimea. The same ukase appoints General Tcheodjeff, hitherto commanding the 6th corps, to the command of all reserve infantry troops; and gives the 6th corps to General Prince Gortchakoff III., a brother of the hero of the Danube.

A letter from St. Petersburg thus describes the last ceremony in which the Czar figured in public:—

"The reserve of the Imperial Guard, composed of 30,000 men, has just been placed on a war footing. The Emperor has reviewed them, and has availed himself of the opportunity to bless, at the head of his troops, the two Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, who, it is said, are to join the active army. The benediction took place with much pomp. The two Grand Dukes went on their knees to receive it, and all the troops also knelt."

A despatch of the 23rd states that the Czar's eldest son, the Grand Duke Alexander, had left St. Petersburg to join the guards on their march to Warsaw, their new head-quarters. The same city is also the head-quarters of the Grenadiers, under General Rudiger, and of the active army in Poland under Marshal Paskiewitch. A Vienna journal computes that on the arrival of the Guards at their destination, the troops concentrated on the Austrian frontier will amount to 166,000 men, viz., 80,000 infantry of the line, 48,000 infantry of the Guards, 22,000 Grenadiers, and 16,000 cavalry, besides the usual proportion of artillery.

The *Invalide Russe*, which hitherto has not taken the least notice of the slight affair on the Alma, or the seizure of Balaklava, published on the 14th inst. an extraordinary supplement, for the purpose of announcing "News from the Black Sea." We subjoin the *Invalide's* news, which appears to refer to one of the flying visits made by our steamers to various points of the Russian coasts, for the purpose of distracting the enemy during the more serious operations before Sebastopol. In the construction of his story the writer appears to have strictly followed traditional models—the fighting priest, the efficacious cross, and the "one man wounded," being very familiar expedients in this class of Russian literature:—

"On the 22nd of September (Oct. 4), at six o'clock in the morning, four steamers of the enemy, two of which were under the English flag, and two were French, approached the Nicholas battery, provisionally erected on Cape Otchakoff, in order to defend the entrance to the estuary of the Dnieper. The Lieutenant-Colonel of Horse Artillery Golovatcheff, who commands the detachment stationed near Otchakoff, immediately took measures for repelling the enemy, whom he received with red-hot balls fired from the battery. A flotilla of five gun-boats, then at Otchakoff, under the command of Commander Endogouroff, opened its fire at the same time. The steamers of the enemy,

armed with a great number of heavy guns, rained, for three hours and a half, balls, bombs, and rockets on our battery, but without much injuring it. They themselves, after being damaged, found themselves compelled to retire, one after the other, from out of the range of our guns. At ten in the morning all was over; the inhabitants of the shore saw distinctly the steamers of the enemy make for the island of Berezane, and there bury their dead. On our side, one soldier alone was wounded, and four received contusions.

"In his report, Lieutenant-Colonel Golovatcheff, commanding the detachment of Otchakoff, testifies to the unshakable firmness of the company of the sixth reserve battalion of the regiment of Litomir Chasseurs, which manned the battery under the command of the second captain Tereshoff; he in particular highly praises the coolness and courage of Ensign Kryloff, of the field artillery, who directed the battery, as likewise the self-denial of R. P. Gabriel Southkovski, priest of the Otchakoff church, who repaired spontaneously with the cross in his hand to the battery, and where he blessed its defenders under the enemy's fire, and whom he even helped to load their pieces."

DEPARTURE OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE GUARDS IN THE CRIMEA.—On Thursday, in obedience to orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief, the detachments of the three regiments of Foot Guards under orders for embarkation to join the service companies of their respective battalions in the Crimea, were paraded in their respective barrack-squares, viz., 80 for the third battalion of Grenadier Guards, 50 for the first battalion of Coldstream Guards, and 100 for the first battalion of Scots Fusilier Guards; making a total reinforcement of 230. The detachments having been inspected, the respective commanding officers addressed the men; and precisely at eight o'clock the Grenadiers marched from the Wellington Barracks to the terminus of the South-Western Railway. The Coldstream Guards and Scots Fusiliers, who met in Trafalgar-square, marched along the Strand to the railway terminus. The embarkation was to take place on Thursday afternoon at Portsmouth, on board the General Screw Company's steam-ship Queen of the South, which vessel will immediately proceed direct for Balaklava, Crimea.

MADAME ST. ARNAUD.—The Emperor of the French has written a letter of condolence to Madame St. Arnaud, which has been published in the *Moniteur*. In its non-official part the *Moniteur* announces that the Council of State was occupied, by order of the Emperor, with a bill to grant a pension of 20,000 francs to the Maréchale St. Arnaud as a national recompense. The Council of State was also to raise the pension of the wife of the late Marshal Bugeaud to the same amount.

## THE NURSES FOR THE WOUNDED.

The first detachment of nurses for the wounded in the Crimea, numbering thirty-seven, under the superintendence of Miss Nightingale, left London on Sunday night, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brambrige, and a clergyman. They arrived at Boulogne on Monday. The authorities there had received orders to give them every facility for proceeding. They received a very warm reception; the porters and hotel-keepers refused to receive remuneration for services and accommodation. One of the journals states that—

"Miss Nightingale is a lady of family and fortune. She is the daughter of Mr. Nightingale, of Emly-park, near Southampton, a gentleman of great accomplishments and high connexions. She has devoted herself to the education of the more humble of her sex, and is described as a lady of the most remarkable accomplishments, and of a loftiness of purpose little understood in general circles of society."

A number of Miss Sellon's sisterhood, and several of the members of the different societies of Sisters of Mercy in England and Ireland, have also taken their departure on the same philanthropic errand.

As yet the principal event of the siege has been a sortie of the Russians on the 12th, which has been sufficiently magnified. It is thus described by the correspondent of the *Times*:—

Contrary to their usual custom, the Russian batteries were again silent last night. This silence was so ominous that we fully expected a sortie from the fort, and it was also rumoured that the Russians said to be in our rear would attack Balaklava, while the Greeks were to aid them by setting fire to the town. The information on this point was so positive that the authorities resorted to the extreme measure of ordering the Greeks—men, women, and children—to leave the town, and the order was rigidly carried into effect ere evening. Captain Gordon, R.E., commenced the formation of our right attack soon after dark. 400 men were furnished from the 2nd and light divisions on the works, and strong covering parties were sent out in front and in rear to protect them. The working party was divided into four companies of 100 men each, and they worked on during the night with such good-will that ere morning No. 1 party had completed 160 yards; No. 2, 78 yards; No. 3, 95 yards; No. 4, 80 yards—in all, 363 yards of trench ready for conversion into batteries. These trenches are covered very perfectly. It was intended that a party of similar strength should be employed on the left and centre, but owing to one of those accidents which unavoidably occur in night-work, the



sappers and miners missed their way, and got in advance towards the lines of the enemy. They were perceived by an advanced post, which seems to have been the van of a sortie. The Russians opened fire on them at short distances with rifles, and, wonderful to relate, missed them all. The flashes, however, showed our men that strong battalions of Russian infantry were moving silently on towards our works, and the alarm was given to the division in the rear. At 1.25 a furious cannonade was opened by the enemy on our lines, as they had then ascertained that we had discovered their approach. The second and light divisions turned out, and our field guns attached to them opened fire on the enemy, who were advancing under the fire of our batteries. Owing to some misunderstanding, the covering parties received orders to retire, and fell back on their lines—all but one company of riflemen, who maintained the ground with tenacity, and fired into the columns of the enemy with effect. The Russians pushed on field-pieces to support their assault. The batteries behind them were livid with incessant flashes, and the roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant ping-pinging of rifle and musket-balls. All the camps were up. The French on the left got under arms, and the rattle of drums and our shrill blast of trumpets were heard amid the roll of cannon and small-arms. For nearly half an hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer was audible on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect, for the Russians, already pounded by our guns, and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours was very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the four-gun battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac.

The latest accounts are not more satisfactory than those previously received.

Constantinople, Oct. 19.

No news has yet been received that the bombardment began on the 17th, as was proposed.

Lord Raglan was requested to spare one part of the town where the women and children would be sent. He replied that could not be, but that they might leave the town unhurt.

The British now occupy part of the northern shore of the bay, and their guns command the harbour.

Paris, Friday Morning.

A telegraph from Prince Menschikoff has been received at St. Petersburg, and transmitted thence through Vienna.

It is dated from Sebastopol, the 21st of October.

He says the Russian fire has successfully answered the fire of the allies.

The damage done to the fortifications was but trifling. The fire from the fleets had not continued.

A part of the reserve had arrived.

The rest was expected immediately.

The *Morning Post* says:—

We have received our usual despatches from our correspondents in the Crimea. We have dates down to the 13th inst., on the night of which the trenches were finally completed.

A Russian war-steamer has been captured by the fleet.

The sortie alleged by the Russian accounts to have been made upon the forces of the allies has been absurdly exaggerated. It originated thus:—A party of sappers and miners employed in the trenches on the night of the 11th advanced towards Sebastopol reconnoitering, and, having mistaken their route in returning to the British camp, an overwhelming force of Russians gave chase to them. The whole party gained the British lines in safety.

Sir George Brown had a miraculous escape on the night of the 7th inst. Sir George had been out visiting his advanced picquets in front of the enemy, and was returning by another route into the lines, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, when a party of Rifles, on duty near the spot, opened fire. Sir George was untouched, but a ball passed through the coat of his aide-de-camp.

Mr. Upton has afforded valuable information touching the fortifications of Sebastopol, and no doubt is entertained that the fortress must fall very shortly after the attack is opened.

Captain Cameron, Grenadier Guards; Lieutenant W. Knollys, Scots Fusilier Guards; Capt. Conolly, 30th Regiment; Capt. Raines, 95th Regiment; and Lieut. S. R. Chapman, 20th Regiment, have volunteered to act as engineers, and their services have been accepted by Sir John Burgoyne.

The weather has become piercing cold, and the horses are dying rapidly.

Our correspondent announces one lamentable fact—that out of 3000 effective bayonets in the Guards brigade on the 20th of July, only 1740 are now available. And out of nearly forty officers then attached to each battalion, only fourteen remain on the effective list.

At Constantinople, the wounded are represented as rapidly recovering. On the 11th, 500 English and French soldiers were declared to have recovered from the wounds which they had received at the battle of the Alma, and had taken their departure for the Crimea. Dr. Levy and three other surgeons, accompanied by 40 assistant-surgeons, were to embark on the 15th for Sebastopol, to establish there a large hospital as soon as the town was taken.

#### THE BALTIC.

Sir Charles Napier was at Kiel by the last advices, and of course slowly on his way home.

#### ASIA.

In a despatch from Mossoul, dated the 25th, Muchir de Van announces that the Ottoman army of Kars has taken signal revenge on the Russians. The Turkish troops attacked a corps which was covering Gumri, and completely dispersed it, capturing tents, baggage, and thirty pieces of cannon. A Russian general was killed. The Turks then commenced the siege of the citadel. The Russian army, which had been victorious before at Abagazid, having, on the receipt of this news, set out for Rivan to deliver Gumri, was completely repulsed, and shut up in a defile, where it suffered considerable loss.

#### THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

WHILE everyone is anxious and ready to contribute to the Patriotic Fund which has been established by royal commission, a number of inquiries have sprung up with regard to the existence or non-existence of the Patriotic Fund of 1803; and if it has an existence, what of its whereabouts and condition? A report of the committee of the Fund of 1803 supplies at least a clue to its origin and history.

The movement was commenced under the auspices of the far-famed shipping corporation known as "Lloyd's," the members of which were convened in general meeting, with the view of affording relief to such of their countrymen as fell, or were wounded, in the great European war. A vote was passed for the appropriation of 20,000*l.* to this purpose, and with that splendid and unparalleled donation the contribution list was circulated throughout the country. In looking over the resolutions passed by that assembly, we find a curious specimen of the state of public feeling at that period. The preliminary proposition begins thus—"That in a conjuncture when the vital interests of our country are involved in the issue of the present contest—when we are menaced by an enemy whose haughty presumption is grounded only on the present unfortunate position of the Continental Powers, and when we seem to be placed as the last barrier against the total subjugation of Europe by the overbearing influence of France, it behoves us to meet our situation as men, as free men, but above all as Britons. On this alone, with Divine aid, depends our exemption from the yoke of Gallic despotism—whether our nation shall become an obsequious tributary, an enslaved, a plundered, and degraded department of a foreign empire. Therefore, it behoves us, as patriots, to hold out every encouragement to such of our fellow-subjects as may be in any way instrumental in repelling or annoying our implacable foe; and to prove to them that we are ready to drain both our purses and our veins in this great cause. Resolved accordingly—That to animate the efforts of our defenders, it is expedient to raise by the patriotism of the community at large a suitable fund for their comfort and relief—for the purpose of assuaging the anguish of their wounds, or palliating in some degree the more weighty misfortune of the loss of limbs—of alleviating the distresses of the widow and orphan—of soothing the brow of sorrow for the fall of dearest relatives, and of granting pecuniary rewards or honourable badges of distinction for successful exertions of valour or merit." This resolution was followed by another for the appropriation of 20,000*l.* for the purposes named, all of which were carried by acclamation. What a strange contrast betwixt the expressions just quoted, and those to which utterance has been given in latter years! Happily, these national foes, as they were termed, are now linked with us in the closest bonds of amity, and Heaven grant that the golden cord may never again be broken. But to return to the fund. Within a few months—scarcely more than half a year—the 20,000*l.* of Lloyd's Corporation was increased nearly tenfold, and that sum was invested for the benefit of penniless and distressed warriors, both those of the land and the sea. Having made an analysis of this splendid national offering, we find that among the donations was one of 20,000*l.*, two of 5000*l.*, one of 2500*l.*, two of 2000*l.*, 19 of 1000*l.*, 49 of 500*l.*, 28 of 300*l.*, 68 of 200*l.*, 258 of 100*l.*, and 212 of 50*l.* As a guide to those who may propose assisting in this noble effort, we have extracted a number of items from the subscription list of 1803, and let us hope that the living will strive to emulate those who have gone before.

First, then, we begin with our merchant princes and great mercantile corporations. At a meeting of the underwriters connected with Lloyd's, the handsome donation of 20,000*l.* worth of stock was voted—one of the most magnificent gifts on record. The Bank of England and the East India Company subscribed 5000*l.*

each, the Corporation of London gave 2500*l.*, the Sun Fire Office and the London Assurance Corporation each presented cheques for 2000*l.* Among the donors of 1000*l.* were the Bishop of Durham, the Duke of Queensbury, Sir F. Baring, M.P., Messrs. Hoare and Co., B. Goldschmid, Esq., Messrs. Denison and Co., and the Goldsmiths', Grocers', Tailors', Skinners', and Fishmongers' Corporations. Some other donations of 1000*l.* were also sent in from individuals whose names are now forgotten. There were also nearly fifty contributors of 500*l.* each, among whom may be mentioned the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord Eardly, Messrs. Coutts and Co., Truman, Hanbury, and Co., Child and Co., and Foster and Co. Besides these were the Right Hon. H. Addington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 300 guineas; Sir R. Peel (grandfather of the present baronet), 300*l.*; the Chelsea Waterworks Company, 300*l.*; the Clothworkers' Company, 300*l.*; Messrs. Masterman and Co., 300 guineas; the Speaker of the House of Commons, 100 guineas; and the Company of Apothecaries, 100*l.* The above are but a few of the splendid contributions placed on record; to multiply them would be trespassing too much upon our space.

But another interesting feature in this display of patriotism was the sympathy evinced by the militia and other branches of the service. Thus we find the Worcester Militia giving a day's pay, thereby realising nearly 60*l.*; then one of the regiments of the line—the 1st Dragoons—gave two days' pay, by which 115*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* was raised; the South Devon Militia gave a week's pay, amounting to 178*l.*; Lord Grey's Cheshire regiment contributed the handsome sum of 252*l.*; and the Foot Guards, who served in Egypt, sent 202*l.* We also find the name of one John Cooke, a private in the Warwickshire Militia, who sent a donation of 5*l.* 5*s.* Many other similar instances might be quoted, but this will suffice to show the prevalent spirit of the time.

We must now make some allusion to individual efforts; for, after all, the 200,000*l.* was not wholly contributed by the opulent—the people themselves were large donors. An appeal was made to the national heart, and out of its fulness and its depths a mighty response was sent forth. Foremost among the offerings of that day were those poured in from the women of our island, a band of fair contributors, who realised nearly 800*l.* Let us hope that this mission of mercy may not be neglected by the ladies of our own generation, for to them more peculiarly belongs the task before us—that of administering the cordial of relief. Another splendid instance of private bounty and activity was exhibited by a Suffolk gentleman—a Mr. J. Swales—who first contributed a handsome donation himself, and then traversed various parts of the country for the purpose of collecting the subscriptions of his neighbours. His labours were rewarded by the realisation of 683*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, which we find entered in the report as an honourable testimony of his zeal. A third specimen of public sympathy is recorded of Ealing, in Middlesex, the parishioners of which subscribed nearly 1250*l.* Nottingham and some other towns also occupied the foreground in this laudable work, examples which we hope to see imitated. But so far we have only mentioned some of the more luminous facts in connexion with this grand exhibition of sympathy, therefore we must now quote a few of the lesser contributions—less only in amount—though not less in importance. Here we find that one "John Morris, and seventeen hop-gatherers," gave 8*s.* 6*d.*; then a certain "Maid Servant" contributed 2*s.* 6*d.*; "A Briton" sent 40*s.*, and "Thirteen farmers' labourers and a boy" raised 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; the "Firemen of the Sun Fire-office" collected 21*l.*; the "Everlasting Society of Eccentrics" voted 21*l.*; and the "Rev. Dr. Valpy and eleven of his children" gave 63*l.* Now, all the above items are extracted from a published report, and we have been at the pains of quoting them, for the purpose of showing that something may be done by every member of the community—that the subscription must be a universal one. There is the offering of the father of the family and the domestic, the mite of the labourer, the donation of the club, as well as the contribution of the general workman and patriot. Thus for every class and grade of society there is a lesson; let us see that it is not passed by unheeded.

Hitherto we have omitted to mention the theatres, but we have not overlooked them. The lessee of Drury-lane gave a benefit, which realised 538*l.* 6*s.*; Covent-garden, 278*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*; Haymarket, 201*l.* 11*s.*; the Royal Circus, 115*l.* 19*s.*; the Liverpool Theatre, 317*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; Yarmouth Theatre, 26*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and Bridgnorth Theatre, 22*l.* 15*s.*; Braham, the great singer, also gave 21*l.*

Among the donations from Birmingham and the district, we find one of 300*l.* from Sir Robert Peel, 105 guineas from Lord Harrowby, 100*l.* from Mr. Matthew Boulton, of Soho; 200*l.* from Messrs. Boulton and Watt, &c., &c.

So far as to the history of the Patriotic Fund of former years. Its present position has also been explained. A communication was made to the chairman of the institution by the secretaries of the new Fund, which elicited the following answer:—

"Patriotic Fund, Lloyd's,

"Office, Sun-chambers, 61, Threadneedle-st., Oct. 18.

"Gentlemen,—with reference to the interview yester-

day with Captain Lefroy by a deputation from the committee for managing this fund, I, as acting chairman, beg leave to address you on the subject then adverted to.

"This fund—the existence of which is presumed to have been unknown to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle—emanated from Lloyd's at the outbreak of hostilities in 1803, by a grant of 20,000*l.* Consols, voted as an example to other public bodies, and the appeal made to the mercantile world and the public in general on its behalf was so nobly responded to, as to enable the committee fully to carry out the original intentions of the subscribers during the long and arduous contest up to its termination in 1815, the fund remaining open for the reception of claims up to 1825, when it was closed so far as regards the sufferers in that war; and the resolution passed in May of that year left the balance remaining of the fund as a nucleus for any subscription likely to be raised in the event of a future war. That resolution, with a statement of the subsequent purposes to which the fund has been applied up to May, 1844, are stated in the accompanying printed circular.

"In consequence of the late declaration of war with Russia, and in order to carry out the resolution of 1825, the committee were specially summoned in May last, but active measures were deferred until some naval or military operations of importance occurred, and upon which an appeal to the public to aid us in carrying out the objects of this institution could be founded. The battle of the Alma afforded this opportunity, but in the interval which elapsed before the meeting of the committee yesterday the Royal Commission for collecting a Patriotic Fund was issued. The committee, consequently, thought it would be better, and at the same time be more courteous to the commissioners, before coming to any resolution, to communicate with you, for the information of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, as to the most advisable way in which we should make our appeal, so as to go hand in hand with you in furtherance of the great objects in view.

"You will please understand that there are annuities remaining on our fund to be paid, and we have other duties which make it incumbent on us to keep our institution distinct and separate from any other association. Our unappropriated balance has grown to be considerable. Our funds now are 77,500*l.* Reduced and 35,000*l.* Long Annuities, but the duration of the latter is only for a few years, and we shall then have to rely solely on the interest of the Reduced, and the present charge on the fund is about 1600*l.* a year; and therefore, if our funds are to be extended to the sufferers in the present war, an appeal for additional support from the public would be necessary, and to make an appeal now on behalf of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund might seem to be something like opposition to the Royal Commission.

"It will be observed that by our regulations the widows, orphans, and dependent relatives of both officers and men in the army and navy whose circumstances require assistance are entitled to relief, as also are those disabled from wounds, which latter class does not appear to come within the scope of the Royal Commission.

"I may further add, that there has been distributed by our committee a sum amounting to nearly 600,000*l.*, from the commencement up to the present time.

"We have constantly in Greenwich Hospital schools between fifty and sixty boys—a privilege obtained by a grant in 1806 of 40,000*l.* to the Royal Naval Asylum—and we have also provided for twelve boys in perpetuity in the Royal Naval School, boarded and educated gratuitously, and admitted on our nomination in virtue of a grant of 8000*l.* in 1844 to that establishment, and secured by an Act of Parliament, paid for out of the funds of this institution.

"Allow me, in conclusion, to state that, if any explanation or further information be required by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, or yourselves, I shall be happy to wait upon you at any time you may please to appoint.

This letter is to be submitted to the Royal Commissioners at their first meeting.

In the meantime the question of the new fund has been taken up in the best spirit all over the country. Meetings are being held everywhere—to mention places would only be a catalogue of names of almost every town, district, and corporate body in the country. The Corporation of London has voted 2,000*l.*; the first subscription list has been published, headed by the Queen with a donation of 1,000*l.*; the Crystal Palace gives a fête this day, at which will be assembled fifteen military bands; its own band, and last, but by no means least, the band of the Guides has been sent over, for the express purpose of aiding the fund, by the Emperor of the French. There seems to be no reason why there should not be a fund of half a million before Christmas; and let us trust that that will be too much.

#### LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN MOTION.

The President of the Council is testing his personal popularity. He has returned from his minor starring in the North, and on his way to Bristol broke ground at Woburn, at a *soirée* of the Literary and Scientific Institution. He moved a resolution and made a long

speech, in which he argued the value of such institutions to those who are occupied in the business of life, although he did not say that lectures were absolutely necessary for the purpose of study and writing, for John Bunyan had composed his great work in an adjacent prison. This illustration afforded an opportunity for contrasting the freedom of thought and liberty enjoyed now with the fetters imposed on Bunyan and his like. He then argued that England was not liable to decline and fall, and objected to Macaulay's New Zealander on a broken arch of London-bridge. Other states had fallen through luxury; but we were more luxurious than any ancient ever was, and yet look at the officers of the Guards how they bore the transition from Pall-mall to the Crimea. Nor was England likely to fall like states which despotism, religious persecution and bigotry, or financial difficulty, or the institution of slavery, had brought to decay. He thus concluded:—

"As to other sources of danger, our means of political defence will tend to ward them off. There are events in progress the results of which we cannot conceive. No one can claim foresight in a nation's history; events may arise which we little anticipate; but upon this subject you and your successors have a duty to perform as well as liberty to enjoy. It devolves upon you to maintain your liberties and your religious privileges, and not merely to hand them down unimpaired but strengthened; and by your researches in science, and promotion of literature, and cultivation of arts, you may do much to ensure this. The more your young men proceed in this study the more you will discover that a steadfast adherence to the institutions of your country is likely to conduce to the enjoyment of your liberties and to your temporal and eternal safety. With regard to your political liberties, you enjoy a constitution which, while it gives no scope to the noisy demagogue, neither does it to the military dictator. With regard to your religious institutions, they leave entire freedom of conscience; and it is only by perfect freedom of conscience that a belief can be engendered to which man can steadfastly adhere. I met a gentleman only a short time ago, who, when in Portugal, happened to give expression to opinions thought to be objectionable, when in the night he had a visit from guards, who had his house searched, and in the morning he found himself in prison; he discovered that it was his uncle, who was at dinner with him, who had him confined merely as a warning to him not to indulge in such free expressions of opinion in future. It is that spirit from which we are free. Nothing but the most complete freedom is sufficient to guard against the decline of national prosperity. It is not enough to say 'this opinion is so very mischievous'; the only rule is complete freedom. It is only when men act contrary to the state or the claims of morality that the ministers of justice can lay their hands upon any one in this great and free country. While it is mere thought, mere expression, and mere language, depend upon it no danger will arise even to opinions the most erroneous. And such is the force of truth that it will triumph in the end. I have pleasure in moving the following resolution:—'That literary and scientific mechanics' institutions have greatly tended to the benefit of the people in this country, by cultivating their minds, refining their tastes, and improving their social habits.'

Sir Hamilton Seymour also spoke, regretting that he was "so poor a specimen of diplomacy to be produced before the assembly." He talked of John Howard as connected with Bedford, and whose name was also associated with that Crimea, which was in every one's mind just now. Referring to the present state of European affairs, he said:—

"It is totally impossible that, by any concurrence of events, the state of affairs on the Continent can be restored to the position in which they were a few months ago. He thought that already great results had been effected; he was not referring to the capture of that fortress which was intended to have been a most strong one, nor to what had lately transpired. He would take the case of that great man the Emperor of Russia, who had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. That man had had wrested from him a power which no power on earth can restore him. He was no longer the important personage he was a few months ago in every European Court. That was one great thing to have obtained. As an immediate result, the Courts of Germany would be free from those chains with which they had been so long confined; and that he took to be a matter of the gravest moment. He wished to observe that his ideas were not worth much, for he was a 'gentleman out of place.' He did not wish it to be understood that these were the views of the Government; but they were his own. Well, what did they think of the union between England and France? The battle of Waterloo was called glorious; but on the part of the French it was a fostering wound. The triumph of England over France would only have made matters worse; and the triumph of France over England was so unpleasant an eventuality that he could not entertain it. The advantage of the union of the two nations was a sentiment in which all concurred. There was another matter to which he might refer. We had now enjoyed peace for forty years; we had all the time thought ourselves very fine fellows; he did not know what reason

we had for coming to such a conclusion, but now there was no doubt of it. Perhaps the sons and brothers of some in that room had lately displayed their military prowess; and it was a matter of high gratification that the mantle which fell from the shoulders of Wellington had fallen upon such a successor. There were some people who found fault with the expedition, and inquired—'Are you not helping the infidel?' Yes, we are," said Sir Hamilton; "and God forbid that we should not help every infidel when he is so cruelly oppressed as this one. But for this no second opinion could be tolerated. Let the principle be applied to individuals which was applied to nations. A person is charged before a city magistrate with stealing a watch—what would be thought of the individual who would say to the justice: 'There's no doubt that the offence has been committed, but the gentleman who lost the watch is a Jew and the other is a Protestant.'

Referring to religious persecution on the continent he said:

"They must surely thank God that they lived in a gloriously free country. During the thirty-six years he had resided abroad wonderful changes had taken place in England. The poor were better housed, the churches were better served, and amongst other things, to show the advance of the nation, he might refer to the meeting of to-night, to attend which afforded him the very greatest gratification."

On Thursday Lord John went to Bristol to attend the opening of the Athenæum in that city. In company with the local magistrates he went over the building, and had his health drunk at a *déjeuner*. In the evening the inaugural ceremony took place, and Lord John delivered an address. It was not long, and remarkable principally for an attack on David Hume as a writer of history (a subject of study which Lord John strongly recommended to his audience), whom he declared to be unfitted for such a work, because he was deficient in the elements which should go to make up a historian, literature, liberty, and religion. Lord John's principal topic was the void in the history of our country, which he declares has still to be written by an author possessed of the attributes, in which he declared all our previous historians to be deficient. Beyond this his address was confined to generalities.

Sir Robert Peel, who was present, delivered a good speech. He made a point worthy of reproduction. He said—

"I am glad to find, as one important feature of your institution, that your reading room is well provided with the current literature of the day, as represented by the newspapers. I once asked that veteran friend of education, Mr. Joseph Hume, what he thought of the introduction of newspapers into institutions of this kind, and he told me that he, for one, would never support any institution which did not admit newspapers. I know that some people talk of excluding politics from mechanics' institutions. Why, good God! political knowledge is that which we all feel to be of the utmost importance to this country; and I for one would impress upon all the artisans and mechanics of England, that they ought to inquire into the nature of our institutions, and, as the noble lord has said, into the history of our liberties, so that they may be fitted to take their part in the working of those institutions which are gradually and rapidly developing, so as to be extended to them. It is only in this way that those classes can gain that knowledge without which popular power has more than once degenerated into an instrument of oppression. And I would further suggest, that by reading the works of great and good men many prejudices would be removed which have hitherto operated most bitterly to the prejudices of the working classes. I have been given to understand that this institution was established in 1845, in order to afford rational occupation to those young persons who are now released from their hours of work at an earlier period than they used to be, through the generous efforts of another association—the Early Closing Association. Now, in connexion with this subject, there is one question that has struck me, which would be of vast advantage to us all to advocate. It is a question which is equally interesting to the industrious labourer, to the employer, and to the public at large—the question of having public holidays at certain fixed periods. I think that this question is one of great public importance. I find that it is recommended in the report of a committee that sat lately on the subject of the Post-office, so that you see it comes recommended by great authority. If you give a relaxation to the labourer—of course without diminution of his wages—oh, of course without diminution of his wages or salary—that must always be understood—I am sure it will add much to the friendly feeling between master and man; and, instead of enervating the labourers of this country, I am sure it will invigorate them."

#### SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S PARTY.

The last Arctic expeditions have scarcely returned home without tidings of Sir John Franklin's ships and crews, when evidence as nearly conclusive as possible of the melancholy fate of that unfortunate party has been supplied by a private individual. Dr. Rae, a well-known Arctic traveller, was surveying



the coast of Boothia, when he received information which he thus reports to the Admiralty:—

"During my journey over the ice and snows this spring, with the view of completing the survey of the west shore of Boothia, I met with Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from one of whom I learnt that a party of 'white men' (Kabloonans) had perished for want of food some distance to the westward, and not far beyond a large river containing many falls and rapids. Subsequently, further particulars were received, and a number of articles purchased, which places the fate of a portion, if not of all, of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin's long-lost party beyond a doubt—a fate as terrible as the imagination can conceive.

"The substance of the information obtained at various times, and from various sources, was as follows:—

"In the spring, four winters past (spring 1850), a party of 'white men,' amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux, who were killing seals near the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island. None of the party could speak the Esquimaux language intelligibly, but by signs the natives were made to understand that their ship, or ships, had been crushed by ice, and that they were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom except one officer looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives. At a later date the same season, but previously to the breaking up of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the N.W. of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux Oot-ko-li-ca-lik), as its description and that of the low shore in the neighbourhood of Point Ogle and Montreal island agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

"From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence.

"There appeared to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives out of the kegs or cases containing it; and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, compasses, telescopes, guns (several double-barrelled), &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the Esquimaux, and, together with some silver spoons and forks, purchased as many as I could get. A list of the most important of these I enclose, with a rough sketch of the crests and initials on the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company on my arrival in London.

"None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the 'whites,' nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there and who had seen the party when travelling.

"I offer no apology for taking the liberty of addressing you, as I do so from a belief that their Lordships would be desirous of being put in possession at as early a date as possible of any tidings, however meagre and unexpectedly obtained, regarding this painfully interesting subject."

It appears that Sir James Ross and Captain Bellot must have been within a few miles of the spot to which the party had straggled; and some of them must have survived until May, 1850, as shots were heard and fish bones and feathers of birds were noticed near the scene of the sad event. The following is a list of articles purchased from the Esquimaux, said to have been obtained at the place where the bodies of the persons reported to have died of famine were found, viz.:—

"1 silver table fork—crest, an animal's head with wings extended above; 3 silver table forks—crest, a bird with wings extended; 1 silver table spoon—crest, with initials 'F. R. M. C.' (Captain Crozier, Terror); 1 silver table spoon and 1 fork—crest, bird with laurel branch in mouth, motto, 'Spero meliora'; 1 silver table spoon, 1 tea spoon, and 1 dessert fork—crest, a fish's head looking upwards, with laurel branches on each side; 1 silver table fork—initials, 'H. D. S. G.' (Harry D. S. Goodsir, assistant-surgeon, Erebus); 1 silver table fork—initials, 'A. M'D.' (Alexander M'Donald, assistant-surgeon, Terror); 1 silver table fork—initials, 'G. A. M.' (Gilles A. Macbean, second-master, Terror); 1 silver table fork—initials, 'J. T.'; 1 silver dessert spoon—initials, 'J. S. P.' (John S. Peddie, surgeon, Erebus); 1 round silver plate, engraved, 'Sir John Franklin, K.C.B.'; a star or order, with motto, 'Neo aspera terrent, G. R. III., MDCCCXV.'

"Also a number of other articles with no marks by which they could be recognised."

Dr. Rae adds, that from what he could learn there is no reason to suspect that any violence had been offered to the sufferers by the natives. It seems but too evident that they had perished from hunger, aggravated by the extreme severity of the climate. Some of the corpses had been sadly mutilated, and had been stripped by those who had the misery to survive them, and who were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes. The articles brought home by Dr. Rae had all been worn as ornaments by the Esquimaux, the coins being pierced with holes, so as to be suspended as medals. A large number of books were also found, but these not being valued by the natives had either been destroyed or neglected. Dr. Rae has no doubt, from the careful habits of these people, that almost every article which the unhappy sufferers had preserved could be recovered, but he thought it better to come home direct with the intelligence he had obtained than to run the risk of having to spend another winter in the snow.

The *Shipping Gazette* states that "Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Arctic Expedition, had an audience with Sir James Graham on Tuesday, at the Admiralty, on the subject of his discovery of the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. The interview occupied a considerable time, in the course of which, we understand, Sir James Graham announced the intention of the Government to send out early in the ensuing spring an expedition, in order to make further search for the remains spoken of by the Esquimaux; and the command of the expedition was offered to Dr. Rae."

The Admiralty have received documents, being the latest records of Captain Collinson, found by Commander Meham, dated August 27, 1852, Ramsay Island, lat. 71 deg. 39 min. N., long. 119 deg. 5 min. W.

It is thought that Captain Collinson is on the right track homewards, and great hopes of his safety are entertained.

Among the earlier explorers of the Arctic regions was Dr. King, who headed an expedition in search of Sir John Ross, and who opened a correspondence with the Admiralty in 1847 and 1848, to urge the sending out a land party in search of Franklin. Dr. King pointed out the Great Fish River as the proper route by which to meet Franklin's party—the very river near the mouth of which the thirty-five bodies have been found. Dr. King intends to volunteer forthwith on the same mission.

#### THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND SERJEANT ADAMS.

THE Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions is again, and perhaps naturally, indignant. The "Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women" seems sometimes to take up cases of indecent assaults on women without sufficient authority. Two cases of the kind on girls were brought before the sessions last week, and broke down at once. Serjeant Adams then delivered himself thus. He said—

"A case of the same kind was tried before him at the last session at Westminster, and the first he had now tried was more disgusting, if possible, than that to which he had just alluded, and which was also prosecuted by this society. If they raked up such cases, and prosecuted them, as they did, without instructions, no man would be safe from the accusations of the vilest of women. With respect to the last case he would make this observation, which, of course, he had abstained from making before the verdict of the jury was returned, that the last answer he received from the father of the girl was, that he had given no instructions for the prosecution, but that this society, or rather the solicitor, had taken up the case through seeing it in the newspapers. Now, he wished to know what right the society, however laudable its objects might be, had to prosecute without instructions merely for the sake of costs; and he would say this, that a man was indicted for obtaining money by false pretences by getting money paid to him for a prosecution which he had taken up without instructions, and if there had been money obtained in these instances, there having been no instructions given, that man's fate would have been staring the society in the face. He had no great notion at all of volunteer prosecutors. This society might be an admirably-conducted one, but it became a nuisance if it took up these prosecutions for the mere sake of costs. These two cases and another had occurred in about a fortnight, and it ought to be discontinued. He should not allow the costs."

The next day the court was enlightened by one of those scenes for which the Middlesex Sessions is famous, and which present its bench and bar in an aspect to which the public is not accustomed elsewhere, and does not recognise, in the administration of justice by our tribunals.

Mr. Parry, whose mission seems to be the exhibition of all possible contempt for the presiding judge, presented himself in the character of standing counsel to the society in question to protest against the censure of the bench. He denied that there was any ground for the observations which had been made on the solicitor of the society, or the society itself, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury was

president, and which was supported by several bishops and laymen of high character—like Mr. Samuel Gurney and Mr. John Labouchere. He read the newspaper report, and said he found Mr. Serjeant Adams remarked that one of the cases was "more disgusting if possible" than one he had tried at a previous session. The matter then proceeded after the manner of the Middlesex Sessions—a criminal court of solemn jurisdiction—thus:

The Assistant-Judge—Those were the terms I used. Mr. Parry said he knew they were, when he saw the report.

The Assistant-Judge—I am in the habit of speaking the truth.

Mr. Parry proceeded—That report contained observations conveying a very serious imputation on the society, and on their solicitor. Now, he remembered those two cases very well, but when they were tried he was unable to appear himself, but his friend Mr. Lawrence kindly appeared for him. They were cases which had been fully investigated, and sent for trial by magistrates of equal rank and character as himself (Mr. Serjeant Adams), and who were gentlemen of ability and experience, though not so high in position as he, and they were magistrates of the county and of the metropolis.

The Assistant-Judge would willingly hear anything Mr. Parry had to say, so long as what he did say was not irregular. What Mr. Parry had just said was very irregular.

Mr. Parry—Not half so irregular as your original observations.

The Assistant-Judge—Then, Mr. Parry, I cannot hear anything more you have to say on the subject.

Mr. Parry would say no more, then, of course.

The Assistant-Judge—Mr. Parry, I will listen to any language which one gentleman may utter and another hear, but in this court you shall use no other. I repeat over again what I said yesterday, that a more disgusting case was never brought before a jury. [The jury concurred.]

Mr. Parry said he was not irregular, because he was about to make a motion, and no judge could deprive him of his right to do so. The society was highly respectable, and after what took place on Tuesday he advised the preparation of a tabular statement of the society's proceedings in these cases, which he now held in his hand, and among the cases mentioned therein, he could select several the prosecution of which had been attended with important results, and which would show the amount of good done by the society. He might mention the cases of the Belgian girl, Alice Leroy, which attracted a good deal of public attention, and that of Cunningham, the surgeon, who was transported for abortion, and others. This document, with the report, he was ready to place before the court, and it would show that in 32 cases there had been 26 convictions. So it would be seen how useful their exertions had been. They never interfered as volunteers in prosecutions, but they had taken up cases at the instance of the police and various other authorities who applied to them for the very purpose. Yet, notwithstanding this, it was insinuated in broad terms by a judge on the bench, that these prosecutions were taken up by the solicitor for the mere sake of costs, and that such solicitor was liable to an indictment for obtaining money under false pretences; (reading from the report) "and he would say this, that a man had been indicted for obtaining money by false pretences, by getting money paid to him for a prosecution which he had taken up without instructions; and if there had been money obtained in these instances, there having been no instructions given, that man's fate would have been staring the society in the face." Now, he challenged him (Mr. Serjeant Adams) to put the law in execution if Mr. Shuen had done wrong, or even if there was a shadow of wrong about the matter, and it was perfectly monstrous that such statements should go forth from a judicial bench to the whole world—statements affecting the honour and character of a gentleman every way equal personally with the Assistant-Judge. As to the refusal to allow the costs, neither he nor the society cared about it. The costs of the prosecutions would be paid out of the funds of the society, which were ample, and they did not go about to get up cases for the sake of prosecuting for costs; on the contrary, they had taken cases in hand at the request and instance of others, and had rendered great public service.

Denying the right of the Judge to utter "gross libels" from his judgment seat, which "he would not have dared to put in circulation privately," he asked him to reconsider the question of costs, urging that the society acted in the place of a public prosecutor, and that the case in question had been sent for trial after investigation by the magistrate.

The allowance of the costs was a matter of no moment to the society, but he asked that the Assistant-Judge would now grant that which he had improperly and rashly refused. He hoped he would take time to consider of it, as he refused in a moment of temper, and if, after consideration, the refusal should be persisted in, the whole of the circumstances would be brought under review in a higher quarter, and as the costs of prosecutions were paid out of the consolidated fund, the Secretary of State might have power to order them to be paid.

The Assistant-Judge—Is this meant as intimidation? Mr. Parry said he was but doing his duty. If the motion he now made was refused, the matter would be brought before the Secretary of State, and it would then be seen whether these epithets were justifiable on a gentleman equal in rank and of as high honour as the Assistant-Judge himself; and they would then obtain that justice which has been refused them here.

The Judge protested against language being used to him which would not have been addressed to any other Judge, and mentioned that Mr. Parry had made an attack on him on a matter of which he had no formal knowledge, as he had not attended to the cases himself.

"One of the cases was tried at Westminster, and the other two at Clerkenwell. In the one, the jury was not called upon to give any verdict at all, it was so disgusting; and he would repeat it again, disgusting. When the costs were allowed in that case, he told the officer of the society that he hoped such a case would not be brought before the court for the future. What he said on the preceding day he would now repeat. If the society was well managed, and its operations properly conducted, it would be a valuable one, and would do a good deal of public good; but if not, and such cases as those now in question were taken up by it, instead of being a good, it would become a nuisance. When he said he should disallow the costs, he did not intend that to apply to the witnesses who had been bound over, but to the costs incurred by the society. The witnesses were paid, but the latter was not; and a surgeon who had been subpoenaed, but not bound over, had to make a special application, and his fee was allowed. It had been distinctly asserted that the society did not volunteer prosecutions. The father of one of the girls stated to him on oath that he gave instructions to no one, and that the society took up the case through seeing it mentioned in the newspapers."

He complained of the *animus* of the attack made on him by Mr. Parry, who called him "Serjeant Adams," instead of using the ordinary "my lord," and ended with a threat of bringing the matter before the Secretary of State; which he hoped would be done, as the notes of the case would be laid before that functionary.

A more disgusting case than the first tried the day before he never saw, and he would not unsay any one thing he had said. If the society took up such cases as those three, it would become a nuisance instead of a public advantage, which it would be if properly conducted. He did not think the society ought to take up such cases or seeing them in the newspapers; and with respect to the costs in those now under consideration, he wished it to go forth; that though he said he should not allow the costs, the ordinary costs to the witnesses were allowed, and the society's costs refused.

Mr. Lawrence said he did not apply for them.

The Assistant-Judge remarked thereupon that the counsel who was present did not ask for the costs, while a counsel who was absent afterwards came and attacked him in open court, and threatened to bring the matter before the Secretary of State if he did not allow them. It was not endurable; it was sufficient to make the blood boil in one's veins to be thus treated after a professional experience of over forty years.

As the learned serjeant resumed his seat there was some applause, but it was speedily repressed.

Mr. Payne (the senior member of the bar present) said that speaking for himself, he thought such an occurrence was a discredit to the bar, and he was sorry that any man at the bar could be found to make a motion in the terms which had been used by Mr. Parry.

A magistrate present was about make some observation, when

Mr. Parry rose and made a remark with reference to the term "discredit" used by Mr. Payne, but it was lost in the confusion which prevailed at the moment. There were a good many interruptions during the discussion.

So ended the latest "scene" at the Middlesex Sessions.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE *Debats* says:—"We have received a piece of news which at all times could not have failed to produce a great sensation in the industrial world, but which in the present state of things assumes all the importance of a political event. On Saturday, the Emperor Francis Joseph signed at Vienna a treaty, conceding to a company of capitalists, represented by MM. Pereira and E. André, of Paris, and by MM. Sina and Eskóles, of Vienna, the railway lines hitherto constructed and worked by the State, in the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. We are not yet completely acquainted with the conditions on which this important affair has been concluded, but we think we can state that the capitalists who have brought these laborious negotiations to a successful issue, have entered into them only with the full conviction that the Austrian government will not place its policy in opposition to that of the Western Powers. Thus has been terminated this affair, which will produce to the Austrian government, in addition to the 500 millions of florins accruing from the loan, very considerable resources.

It is stated by a correspondent of the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph* that "The Austrian Government has discovered that Russian agents are endeavouring to excite a revolt in Hungary, and it has, in consequence, caused 150 persons to be arrested. Amongst these appear the names of six heads of commercial houses, and thirty Greek priests from the Banat.

All steamers arriving from the Lower Danube have been stopped at Pesth and strictly examined, as well as the passengers on board."

Accounts from Madrid mention reports of there being differences in the Cabinet upon various important questions, the solution of which has been postponed in consequence; they are the general theme of conversation in political circles, and are much commented on by the press. The subjects of most importance, and upon which some decision must soon be taken, are—1. The formation of a project of a new constitution. 2. Are the Cortes to be opened with a royal speech merely, or without it? 3. The question of raising 25,000 men, by a new conscription, to supply in some measure the vast gap made in the army by the giving up of two years' service, independently of the usual number whose term of service expires every year.

Rumours of a ministerial crisis were current, and the names of gentlemen supposed to be likely to form a new Cabinet were mentioned. Espartero figures amongst them as President of the Council, but O'Donnell is not named; he is, it is said, to be appointed President of the Supreme Tribunal of the Army and Navy. It is understood that matters have been since arranged. The *Espana* declares that the Carlist party is actively engaged in conspiracies, but that it can do nothing to excite serious fears.

The King of the Belgians will be back in Brussels on October 24th. The Chambers are to be convoked, it is said, for the 7th of November.

A new interest has been added to the episode of the case of abduction in Portugal, by the appearance of Marshal Saldanha on the scene. He has published a long letter in the daily journals, indignantly denying all participation in the attempt to obtain the young daughter of Senhor Ferreira, beyond a simple proposal of the marriage of his son, Count Saldanha, with that lady. He throws down the gauntlet boldly to his accusers, and challenges them to prove their assertions in the public tribunals, protesting that he never gave a *carte blanche*, as was stated by the mother of the fair damsel in her letter from Vigo.

It is rumoured that the duke intends to prosecute the opposition journals for libel, and that every effort will be made to obtain a verdict against them.

*La Presse* says that Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, has quitted his post for a time; and that it is only preparatory to his entire withdrawal from the embassy.

M. Soulé, the Minister of the United States at Madrid, left London this week for the Continent. It is said that permission to enter France on his way was refused him.

A letter from the Hague of the 21st states that Mr. Gibson has left for America with despatches announcing the result of the Congress held lately at Ostend by the American Ministers of Madrid, London, and Paris, under the presidency of Mr. Mann, Under-Secretary of State of the American Government.

The King of Denmark's reply to the deputation carrying up the impeachment of the Ministers, was a proclamation dissolving the House of Commons, for the third time within twenty months. The new elections are fixed for the 1st of December.

An address to the Danish people calls upon them to support the whole state plans of the Ministry, and threatens all persons in public employment, especially the clergy, should they oppose or refuse to support the Cabinet.

After Orsted had read the decree for the dissolution of the House, Lindberg proposed, "The Constitution unchanged for ever!" which was rapturously applauded, with nine cheers for the speaker.

The galleries then gave enthusiastic cheers for the Danish Parliament, and loud cries of "Down with the Ministry!"

The Upper House have agreed to join the Commons and send up an address. It is stated that the Emperor of the French has hinted to the Danish Cabinet, through his Minister at Copenhagen, that he cannot permit the execution of their plans by any illegal military act.

The *Ost Deutsch Post* contains a letter from Berlin, in which the writer says "that the representatives of Saxony and Bavaria have recently had several conferences with Baron von Manteuffel, but it is a question whether they are to be considered as denoting a warmer appreciation of the policy of the Prussian Cabinet or the contrary; but if one may venture to decide from hints dropped at the Berlin Foreign-office, the Cabinet of Munich is more favourable to this policy than that of Dresden."

#### THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN ENGLAND —; AND BELGIUM.

THE *Morning Chronicle* renews with still greater distinctness a statement that the Emperor and Empress of the French may be soon expected in England; and more, that his Majesty is to be made a Knight of the Garter. The account runs thus:—

"The Queen and the Prince Consort, immediately after keeping the birthday of the Princess Royal at Windsor Castle, who completes her fourteenth year on the 21st November, will proceed with the royal family, as usual at this time of the year, to the Isle of Wight. The Court will remain at Osborne until about the middle of December. Here, at her Majesty's marine residence, and about this period, the Emperor and Empress of the French, it is expected, will pay their first visit to the British Court. On the arrival of the illustrious visitors her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert will accompany them to Windsor Castle, where a series of banquets, balls, concerts, &c., on a scale of magnificence, liberality, and splendour unequalled in the present reign, will be given.

"During the stay of the Imperial visitors at the Castle, which it is expected will be about six or eight days, the Emperor will be installed a Knight of the Garter, with all the pomp and ceremonies incidental on the admission of a foreign potentate into this most ancient and honourable fraternity. The three knights who have also been nominated to fill the vacancies occasioned by the demise of the Marquis of Anglesea, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Duke of Beaufort, namely, the Earls of Carlisle, Ellesmere, and Eglington, will also be installed at the same time. Should the weather admit, there will be a review of the Royal Horse Guards and other troops in the neighbourhood of Windsor, but, in the absence of so many regiments which have gone to the East, and the lateness of the season, there will be no attempt at any grand military display. We understand that the portion of the Castle occupied by the King of Prussia when that Sovereign last visited England, will be fitted up not only magnificently, but with every attention to comfort, for the express use of the Emperor and Empress and suite during their stay at Windsor."

It is not here stated, as has been freely done elsewhere, that at the same chapter of the Garter, the Czar will be degraded from the Order—as he has degraded the Wallachian functionary who has gone over to Austria and the Porte.

If there be anything in another report, it would not appear strange that the Emperor should be made free of the English court, for he is to receive something more than the "imprimatur" of King Leopold; which would of itself pass him current through most of the Courts of Europe. We find that

"The *Cologne Gazette* notices a rumour current at Brussels, according to which Prince Napoleon, the heir presumptive to the French throne, is about to espouse the daughter of King Leopold, a grandchild of Louis Philippe."

The dynasty would then be founded indeed.

#### THE UNITED STATES' BABIES.

AT Springfield, in Ohio, there is a great fair. Probably the finest cattle and the best productions of the State were exhibited with success; but something more it seems was required to give the gathering a position worthy of it, and so the improvement of the human (American) race was made a feature, and a "Baby-show" was organised, and premiums for the best specimens of infancy offered. The managers of the show were taken aback at the interest excited, and the number of babies entered:—

They had supposed that even their liberal premiums would not tempt more than a dozen babies or so, and had made arrangements accordingly. Ten o'clock in the morning convinced them that they had underrated "the importance of the occasion." Devoted mothers and doating fathers, with their little pets in their arms, came pouring into the fair grounds, each, no doubt, confident of leaving it with one of the prizes. A small canvas tent had been assigned as the receptacle of the entries, and into that mothers, babies, and nurses were ushered by gentlemen wearing rosettes upon their breasts. Soon there was "music within."

The young Americans soon got excited:—

Astonished, probably, at finding themselves in "mass meeting assembled," the little ones sent up a cry which shook the canvas top and pierced the ears of the people. In vain did the brass band toot their instruments to drown, if possible, "the piercing cry." Young America was aroused, and, scorning to be beaten, sent forth notes which blamed the keys of the bugle, and made the trombone blush for its weakness. "The babies!" "the babies!" was on the lips of every one. Plaques, embroidery, reaping machines, fancy goods, mechanical skill, and agricultural success were all forgotten in a moment. Blood horses and short-horn cattle were "no whar!" The people—men, women, and children, ladies, gentlemen, and growing juveniles—made a rush for the "Baby Tent." Being barred admission, however, they were obliged for the present to content themselves by listening to the music. Some, more anxious than the



rest—gentlemen, we mean—climbed the adjoining trees, and enjoyed, free, gratis, for nothing, a stolen peep at the Baby Convention, which, from their expressions, we judged was highly gratifying.

The judges, comprising experienced matrons, medical men, and, it is to be supposed, an agriculturist or two, were appointed, and about to proceed with their duties, when a telegraphic despatch implored delay for the arrival of "more babies." At length they entered the tent, which presented a scene such as this:—

The mothers and nurses were seated, and had the "little darlings" all ready for inspection—that is, as near ready as could be. To see so many babies together was novel; to note the maternal efforts to present them in the best mood was amusing, and to gaze upon their innocent faces and purest of charms was certainly interesting.

There sat a mother, her eyes directed alternately on the judges and on a little cherub which lay in her lap. By her sat another, holding up proudly a lovely little girl, whose flaxen curls and sweet blue eyes would soften the heart of the greatest baby-hater in Christendom. Next to her a nurse was endeavouring to quiet a stout, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked "one-year-old," who insisted on pulling the jet-black ringlets of another about its own age. One lady pointed with pride to the chubby legs of her darling boy, while another glowingly referred to the delicate, but well-formed features of her sweet babe. One boasted of having the largest of its age; another of the smallest and smartest. Some of the babies seemed to feel their importance on this occasion, and, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, would be in mischief and keep up a continued noise. Others appeared unwilling to "believe their eyes," and lay quietly in their mothers' arms, watching the proceedings with apparent interest, while others insisted on hiding their innocent faces in their mothers' bosoms, as if they knew their refuge was there.

One hundred and twenty-seven babies were entered for exhibition, coming from Ohio, Indiana, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. The prettiest baby was admitted to be from Cincinnati.

Large and fat children seemed to predominate. One from Indiana, only five months old, weighed 27½ lb. Another, four months old, weighed 20 lb.

A pair of twins, of Clark county, attracted much attention. They were very pretty, and as near alike as two peas.

An elderly lady was present with her seventeenth baby, only two months old. She claimed nothing extraordinary in the child, but thought she was deserving of a premium.

The prizes were awarded thus:—

First prize, a splendid service of silver plate, including a large salver, to the daughter of William Romner, of Vienna, Clark county, aged 10 months.

Second prize, a service of silver plate, to the son of William McDowall, of Fulton, Hamilton county, Ohio, aged 13 months.

Third prize, a plain service of silver, to the daughter of Mr. A. Canon, of Philadelphia.

The show is to be repeated next year.

#### AGRICULTURISTS AT DINNER.

DERBYSHIRE and Essex dining agriculturally were disturbed by Mr. Colville and Major Beresford. Those gentlemen used language which they have severally been obliged to unsay; but the virus seems to spread. Lord Bateman (whose name one cannot dissociate from a celebrated ballad) is Lord-Lieutenant of Herefordshire, and in that capacity had his health proposed at the dinner of the Leominster Agricultural Society. A minister of the Church of England intervened, and objected to drink the toast till his lordship "purged himself from charges brought against him of a gross violation of his promises," to wit, not to raise the rents of his tenantry, whereas he had increased them 50 per cent. After a row, the company were allowed to drink the toast according to their feelings, every one being free to wish either the Lord-Lieutenant or Lord Bateman personally the usual felicitations. The subsided tumult was, however, afterwards renewed, for Lord Bateman rose to propose the health of the mayor, and delivered himself thus:—

I, for one, believe me when I say it, care not what any one says behind my back. (*Hear, hear.*) I have lived long enough in the county of Hereford to know the lies they tell of you. I have been ruined twice—(*cheers and laughter*)—married thrice—(*renewed laughter*)—and I have had my house burnt down once! Now, without saying anything more, here I am very far from ruined yet. (*Applause.*) I married, but certainly only one lady, and a very dear one she is to me; and I am happy to say that, so far from Shobdon Court being burnt down, I hope it will soon have undergone a complete renovation. (*Cheers.*) I have wandered a little from my subject to show you that Herefordshire has sometimes a predilection for "maur's nests." (*"Oh, oh!" and some laughter.*) I mean, nothing disrespectful by the word "maur" (or mayor), of course. (*Disappro-*

*bation.*) You all know what I mean; and, to come to the point, you are all aware, as well as I am myself, of the character which your worthy mayor bears in the borough of Leominster. I need not quote instances of the bright example which he sets to those around him. (*Cries of "No personalities," and great interruption.*) As your superior magistrate in the borough, he sets an example of morality—(*great disapprobation*)—such as every succeeding mayor will be glad to follow. (*Continued expressions of disapprobation.*)

Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith (warmly)—These are private questions, and you have no right to refer to them. They are matters which you may have only gleaned from the whisperings of talebearers. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*)

Lord Bateman—Have I said one single word—? (*"Yes, yes," "No, no," and great confusion.*)

The Mayor—Do you mean to attack my private character?

Lord Bateman—Have I said a single word which reflects in any degree—? (*Cries of "Yes, yes," and "Sit down, Bateman."*)

The Mayor—You spoke of my morality.

Mr. Arrowsmith—You clearly and distinctly insinuated it, if you did not express it in so many words. The more manly course would have been to have said openly what you do mean. (*Cheers and uproar, and the shrill notes of a hunter's whistle, which one of the gentlemen at the head of the table sounded loud above the tumult.*)

Lord Bateman—If the gentleman feel himself aggrieved—if he feel for one instant that I have said anything which he is not perfectly well able to carry out—if he can show me that, so far from setting a good example, he has done the contrary, I will sit down directly. (*"Hear, hear," and cries of "bah!"*) I have not the least doubt in the world but that he will be able to answer for himself all that I have said so far. So far from saying anything in disparagement of your worthy mayor, I have gone out of my way to pay him compliments which I think he deserves. (*Cries of "sarcasm," "shame, shame," and great confusion.*)

Mr. Arrowsmith—And is this intended to maintain the harmony of the evening? (*Great applause.*)

Then came a tremendous scene, which ended thus:—

Lord Bateman afterwards replied, his tears in one part of his speech choking his utterance for several minutes. He denied that he had not done all that he said he would do, and argued that as he had reduced his rents in 1851, and laid out 26,000*l.* in improvements during the last ten years, now with wheat at 5*l.* a quarter, with beef and mutton in proportion, and war prices, and everything looking well, he was justified in raising them again. He concluded by stating that he would never again occupy the place of president which he had filled that day.

It must be the enrolling of the militia that renders country gentlemen so combative.

#### A MISSIONARY.

THE London Missionary Society has been publicly in the Court of Exchequer during the week, in the person of its Foreign Secretary, Dr. Tidman. That gentleman has brought an action of libel against the Reverend Robert Ainslie, who had published a pamphlet purporting to be a defence of the character of the Reverend Ebenezer Davies, formerly a missionary connected with the Society, which, in substance, accused Dr. Tidman of perjury, subornation of perjury, forgery, and conspiring to ruin Mr. Davies' character. The case was referred to arbitration, on condition that it was heard in public, and so it came on before an arbitrator, sitting in open Court. It appeared that—

Towards the close of 1852 a Rev. Mr. Davies was expelled from the Board of the London Missionary Society. Among other charges against him were one of improper connexions with females during the time he was acting as a missionary in Berbice, and another of writing an indecent letter to his own wife. The story of the letter appears to have been first publicly brought forward, as indirect testimony against him, when the first-mentioned charge was gone into. The essential passages of this story are these:—In October, 1845, Mr. Davies is said to have dropped a letter he had written to his wife on the floor of the Mission-house in London. In February, 1846, Mr. Davies sailed for Berbice, as a missionary in the employment of the London Society, and continued there till 1848, when he returned to this country. In 1850 reports of misconduct towards females on the part of Mr. Davies, both in Berbice and England, having gained currency, inquiries were set on foot by several gentlemen.

It was stated that during his stay at Berbice two charges of improper conduct had been preferred against Mr. Davies: one, that of indecent familiarity with a Creole; and the other, that of the paternity of a black woman's child. Of the former accusation he was entirely acquitted; the latter charge, in consequence of the bad character of his accuser, was held to be not proven. In July, 1848, Mr. Davies went to Harwich, as a deputation from the London Missionary Society, the first month after his return from Berbice. On leaving Harwich, he was requested by the minister of a congrega-

tion there to pay some attention to three ladies—members of the same church—who were on board the same steamer with him. The ladies were all perfect strangers to him, but throughout the whole of the day he paid very marked attention to one of the three females—a young lady named Susan Smith. On the following day he went down to Greenwich, and called on the young lady's uncle and aunt, highly respectable people, and also members of the Independent Church; and Miss Smith, in the presence of her uncle and aunt, then thanked him for the attention he had paid her on the previous day. He was invited to take tea at their house. He at first declined, and went away, saying that he had to call on a person named Low, but he afterwards returned to tea. His conduct towards Miss Smith was then most offensively marked, and the uncle and aunt both observed and commented upon it. Mr. Davies then expressed regret that he had not an opportunity of walking out with Miss Smith alone, but hoped that he would enjoy that privilege at a future period. The aunt at once said that she could not allow such a thing; that Mr. Davies and her niece were total strangers but the day before. Mr. Davies then took from his pocket a pair of green gloves, and offered them as a present to Miss Smith; but the aunt interposed, and said she could provide whatever her niece required without his aid. The gloves were, however, left behind, but they were never used by the young lady. On the 28th of July, a few days later, he wrote a most extraordinary letter. The letter was addressed to the aunt, and professed to give an explanation of the writer's conduct towards Miss Smith, which he admitted "must have appeared somewhat strange." It stated, that a young lady who, though an entire stranger to him, could engage so large a share of his attention during a whole day of travel, while there were two others present, as to induce him, amongst numerous and pressing engagements, next day to travel twelve miles to inquire after her, must have made on his mind an impression of no ordinary character; that such was indeed the fact; that no young person, in so short a time, ever made an impression on his mind so favourable as she did.

We went on to say that he never for one moment forgot that he was a minister of the Gospel and the husband of one of the best of wives, whom he dearly loved; nor did he cherish a single feeling in reference to Miss Smith inconsistent with the highest affection towards his dear wife. He stated that in his treatment of her he had endeavoured to act as if she had been his own sister; that of her character and worth he had formed the highest opinion, and hoped ever to be allowed to regard her, as well as to be regarded by her, as a dear friend; that he should deem it a high privilege to be allowed occasionally to exchange notes with her; that such an exercise might tend to her improvement; that if he had her (the aunt's) consent to do so, perhaps she would favour him with the address of her niece's place of business, so that, should he ever send a letter to her at the beginning or the middle of the week, it might go direct to her. Mr. Davies went on in the same letter to say that he would not call at the young lady's place of business, because she had told him that that would not be pleasant to her—that he was distressed that his young friend should be confined so long at her business; and was anxious to do something for her. In continuation, he observed that, as he went a good deal about the country, he wished to know if there was any situation that he had any chance of finding for the girl who had so struck him; that he wanted her to rise in the world, and attain such a position as her worth entitled her to; and that if a few pounds could in any way be laid out for her good, he would be happy to lend them, and she could afterwards repay him or not as might be convenient.

These matters formed the subject of inquiry which ended in the dismissal of Mr. Davies, his defence by Mr. Ainslie, and the trial which is not yet concluded.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

At Oxford the election of the Hebdomadal Council has taken place, although it has not been completed. The number of members of convocation has not been made up, in consequence of two members having an equal number of votes, and there is no exact provision in the late act for such a contingency.

The Vice-Chancellor opened the congregation, and voting for heads of houses to be members of the new council commenced directly after nine o'clock, and was continued until the time announced for closing the poll, viz., half-past ten. The voting papers were delivered personally to the Vice-Chancellor, who was assisted by the senior and junior proctors, and two of the pro-proctors and the registrar. After casting up the votes, which occupied some time, the Vice-Chancellor announced that the following heads of houses were elected by the undermentioned number of votes, viz.:—

The Warden of New College, 126; the Master of Balliol, 106; the Provost of Oriel, 101; the Dean of Christ Church, 93; the Master of Pembroke, 74; the Warden of Wadham, 70—the number polled was 220.

At twelve o'clock congregation was again opened for the purpose of electing six professors to form a

portion of the council. The polling was continued until half-past one, when, after a very short delay, the Vice-Chancellor declared that the following gentlemen had been elected by the numbers stated, viz.:-

The Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, 146; the Regius Professor of Hebrew, 104; the Professor of Chemistry, Botany, and Rural Economy, 100; the Camden Professor of Ancient History, 99; the Professor of Moral Philosophy, 79; the Savilian Professor of Astronomy, 79—the number polled was 224.

Congregation reassembled at three o'clock for the purpose of electing six members of convocation to represent that body in the council, when, after a sharp poll, which closed at half-past four, the Vice-Chancellor declared the choice of the members had fallen on the following gentlemen, viz.:-

The Rev. H. L. Mansell, B.D., fellow of St. John's, 82; the Rev. J. B. Mozley, B.D., fellow of Magdalen, 71; the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, rector of Exeter, 64; the Rev. Richard Michell, B.D., Magdalen Hall, public orator, 60; the Rev. Osborn Gordon, B.D., student of Christ Church, 60; the Rev. Charles Marriott, B.D., fellow of Oriol, 56; the Rev. M. Patteson, B.D., fellow of Lincoln, 56.

At Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor has informed the members of the university that his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Chancellor, has signified his intention to give annually a prize of a gold medal for the encouragement of legal studies in the university. The Vice-Chancellor gave notice that a grace will be offered to the senate on Friday next, the 27th inst., to accept the same, and to authorise the Vice-Chancellor to communicate the thanks of the senate to his Royal Highness for this additional proof of his desire to promote the studies of the university.

The Vice-Chancellor further gave notice that on the same day a grace will be offered to the senate to appoint a syndicate to draw up a scheme of regulations for the institution of the above prize, and to report to the senate before the end of next Lent Term.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The deaths registered in London, which in the first two weeks of October were 1532 and 1394, declined in the week that ended last Saturday to 1321. In the ten weeks of the years 1844-53, corresponding to last week, the average number was 942, which, being raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1036. About 300 persons died last week more than could be estimated from the experience of former years at the middle of October.

Last week the deaths from cholera were 163. The mortality from the epidemic declines, but not so rapidly as in the same month of 1849. In three weeks of October in that year the deaths were 288, 110, and 41; and in the last three weeks of the existing epidemic they have been 411, 249, and 163. The fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery were 102 and 106 in the first two weeks of the present month; last week they declined to 83. In comparing the returns from the five metropolitan divisions for the last two weeks, it will be seen that the improvement which they show is greatest on the north side of the river. Of the five northern districts cholera lingers most in Marylebone, though the mortality in it is not great. In the last two weeks the deaths in that district were 9 and 12; while in Pancras, with a larger population, there were only 3 last week, which occurred in Camden-town. Only one death occurred last week in Islington, and one in Hackney. Among the sub-districts on the south side of the river still haunted by the disease are St. James, Bermondsey, the Kent-road sub-district, and St. Peter, Walworth.

#### ILLEGAL MARRIAGES.

Not long since, a Catholic priest was tried for administering the rite of marriage in an illegal manner. A case has just occurred in the Protestant Church.:-

"The Rev. John Allen Giles, D.C.L., of Bampton, was charged before the magistrates of Witney, Oxon, with having, on the 5th of October, solemnised matrimony in the parish church of Bampton between the hours of six and seven in the morning. The young man and woman who had been married had absconded, to avoid giving evidence, but had been arrested in London, and were in attendance during the investigation. Their names are Richard Pratt, an apprentice to a shoemaker, and Jane Green, a housemaid in Dr. Giles's service. They proved that on the day set forth in the charge they were married by Dr. Giles, about a quarter past six, A.M. No one was present save themselves, the doctor, his son Master Arthur, and a maid-servant named Green. Charlotte Lait, another servant of Dr. Giles, was not present, and the mark on the registry purporting to be hers was not made in their presence. No application was made for a licence, and no banns were published. (It was stated by Green that Dr. Giles showed her a document which he said was a licence, and which was stamped with a large seal, and had 'S.

Oxon' written on one corner; but no licence was found in the register chest, where all licences were usually deposited, and the witness did not know what became of the document referred to.) An attempt had been made to induce the witness Pratt to depose that he was married on Tuesday the 3rd, and not on the 5th, and he had agreed to do so. Charlotte Lait also, whose mark purported to be in the register-book as present at the ceremony, swore that the marriage took place on the 3rd, and that she made the mark on that day. (She afterwards admitted that Dr. Giles had instructed her to make this statement, and she will probably be prosecuted for perjury.) After the examination of the parish clerk and other witnesses, a discussion took place respecting the nature of the offence upon which Dr. Giles was to be called on for his defence, it being contended for the prosecution that the charge for marrying without banns or licence, as well as for marrying before eight in the morning, was fully proved; but, as the offence specified in the warrant of apprehension was for the latter charge only, it was determined to proceed upon that at present, and that a second information should afterwards be laid for the more serious offence of marrying without banns or licence. Dr. Giles was then asked what he had to say in answer to the charge, but, under the direction of his professional adviser, he declined to enter on his defence beyond saying that he pleaded not guilty to any charge of felony most loudly. The magistrates came to the decision that the case must be sent for trial at the next assizes; but agreed to accept bail for the appearance of Dr. Giles, himself in 500*l.*, and two sureties in 250*l.* each.

"Another charge was then laid against Dr. Giles, for having, in August, 1853, solemnised matrimony, between the hours of seven and eight, in the parish church of Bampton; and upon this charge the evidence of a single witness was taken, and the further hearing remanded until to-morrow, the 27th inst., at ten o'clock. Bail was put in to answer both charges, and Dr. Giles was then released from custody.

#### ELECTIONS.

FROME.—A severe contest in this borough ended in the return of Lord Dungarvan, who polled 52 votes more than his opponent, Mr. Donal Nicoll. There was rioting and a few broken heads in the town.

ABINGDON.—The accession of Lord Norreys to the earldom of Abingdon has caused a vacancy in the representation of this borough. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue, a supporter of the Government, has addressed the electors.

SELKIRKSHIRE.—It is stated that Mr. A. Lockhart, member for the county, is about to retire. Mr. Charles Plummer, Sunderland-hall, Conservative; and Mr. J. N. Murray, of Phillipbaugh, Liberal; are said to be candidates for the vacancy.

#### THE COURT.

THE Queen and the Royal Family have remained at Windsor during the week. The French Ambassador and the Countess Walewski have been among the guests.

#### MR. STONOR.

THE *Cork Examiner* reproduces a long letter addressed by Mr. Stonor to the *Sydney Argus*, in which he enters fully into the circumstances of his case; showing the claims he had on the Colonial Office, and reviewing the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, implicating him in corrupt practices at the Sligo election, which he urges was not conclusive against him. He points out that he had done his best to put the Colonial Office in possession of everything relating to that question, and expresses his opinion that the charges against him were not such as to debar him from filling a judicial appointment; and that he supposed the Colonial Office held the same views. As his appointment had been cancelled, he should return to England, notwithstanding that he had received marked sympathy and consideration in the colony, and pressing requests to take his place at the bar.

#### M. MORITZ HARTMANN.

WE are glad to be able to solve the mystery of the disappearance of M. Moritz Hartmann, from Bucharest. A letter from M. Hartmann himself to the Editor of the *Cologne Gazette* appeared in that journal on the 23rd, by which we learn that M. Hartmann had been dangerously ill with low fever and dysentery at Rustchuck, from whence he had with great difficulty reached Constantinople, where, at the date of his letter, he was slowly recovering. This news dismisses the suspicions so generally entertained on the Continent against the Austrian authorities at Bucharest, who, it was believed, had laid violent hands on M. Hartmann, as a political refugee. M. Hartmann is the correspondent in Turkey of the *Cologne Gazette*.

#### DEAR BREAD AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE sudden and extraordinary rise in the price of corn, which will of course react on the price of bread, appears to be having an effect already. At Nottingham there have been disturbances, and the bakers have suffered. A local paper states.:-

"On Tuesday night, about half-past seven o'clock, a number of persons, principally lads, assembled before the shop of Mr. North, baker, of Colwick-street, in the lower part of the town, and broke a number of panes of glass in his windows. Mr. North was in his shop at the time, and was struck a violent blow in the face by a brickbat hurled by one of the rabble. After this, the shop of Mr. Greenfield, in the same district, was attacked, but no great damage done. The shops of Mr. Reeves, Narrow-marsh; Mr. Hutchinson, Pleasant-row; and Mr. Adamson, were also visited, and a number of panes broken.

"The next morning, a number of master bakers went to the police-office, to consult the magistrates upon the matter, and ask for the protection of their property, in case of a repetition of violence at night. Upon this, the mayor and magistrates had a private meeting, when it was resolved to send an increased force of police out, and to swear in a number of special constables, so that they might be in readiness at a moment's notice, if required.

"A youth, who was captured at one of the disturbances, was brought the next morning before the magistrates, and after paying the amount of damage and costs, was discharged."

#### OUR CIVILISATION.

MR. WILLIAM HAWES, of Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, is 50 years old, but he was nevertheless asked by a young lady in Palace-row, New-road, for a kiss. While he was obliging her he was thrust into a gateway, a man having joined the supplicant for the kiss, and he was robbed of his watch. The man was taken into custody, and the police stated that the plan of this robbery was part of an organised system which had already been successful in the same spot a few days before. It is to be looked after.

Louisa Garrett, an aged woman, and her daughter, kept a day school for children in Bethnal-green. The school fell off, and they were in distress. Not having been seen for several days their house was entered, and the younger woman was found lying with a large wound in the throat, of which she afterwards died, and the elder woman was dead, apparently from strangulation. Despair on the part of the younger woman is supposed to have caused murder and suicide.

A girl named Mary Gooden, tired of living on the town, plunged into the Serpentine one morning at six o'clock, but was saved by the park-keepers. She had been seduced under a promise of marriage by a man of large property, who deserted her.

In 1852 Eliza Bouchier, a servant living at Barnstaple gave birth to a child, which she got rid of by burning it to ashes in a washing furnace. She was convicted, and imprisoned for a term of years. After her release she again got into service—and the family way—and was delivered of twins, both of which she disposed of by strangulation. She will be tried again.

James Britton, a seaman in the merchant service, married a wife by name Dinah, and shortly afterwards went on a voyage to Quebec, leaving his spouse in a comfortable cottage in Newport, South Wales. About a fortnight ago he returned, and found that John Gardiner, a hawker, had carried off the lady, and that she had carried off her husband's goods. He followed and found them together, as he said, "as loving as dolphins." An application to a magistrate against the destroyer of his domestic peace for the restoration of the goods, leaving the wife at his disposal, was of no avail, as there was nothing to show that the articles were not taken by the woman.

A toy-manufacturer, but a "well-known character on the turf," is Mr. Frederick Friggey—but he committed a series of brutal assaults on his wife, a thin, sickly-looking woman. He was drunk when he committed that for which he was brought before the magistrate, and defended himself by alleging that the woman was in liquor, which was disproved. He then appealed to Mr. Burnaby, the chief clerk at Bow-street, for a character, saying that gentleman "had known him at various race-courses for twenty years!" Mr. Burnaby remembered him as a "sort of voluntary attendant on the magistrates' carriage and other equipages at Ascot, Epsom, &c.!! He had no doubt he was a well-conducted man when sober." His sobriety was ensured for three months by imprisonment for that term.

Sarah Hart, a servant of Mrs. Butler, of Claverton-terrace, Finsley, was delivered of a child one night. Her mistress was angry, and sent her out of the house at once. The girl endeavoured to gain admittance at a house where her sister was living, but was refused. She wandered into the Green Park, and left the child under



a seat, where it was found dead. Mrs. Butler denied the truth of the girl's statement as to her conduct towards her, and said:—

"I wish to state that I have been much harassed by a third party, a respectably dressed man, who called upon me, and said that I had been an accessory to a crime, and that if I paid him 20l. he would make the matter secret, and would send the girl to Guernsey. A watch was on the mantelpiece, and he took out his own, and said: 'The magistrates are sitting at one o'clock; you have not a moment to lose; you had better give me the 20l., and I will get the girl away.' He also said that if the jury found me guilty, which they would do, I should have two years' imprisonment. He stopped more than an hour, and said if I had not the 20l. in the house I could make it. He went away, and came again next morning in a cab. I asked if he was an official, and he replied in the negative. He said a child had been found in the Green-park, which child had come from my house, and if I gave him 20l. he would evade justice, and get me clear off. Of course I did not give him the 20l."

A coroner's jury did not find the girl guilty of killing the child, but she will have to answer for the offence of concealing its birth.

Captain Richard Hawkins, R.N., appeared (with a pair of black eyes) at a police court to complain that Mr. and Mrs. Parkin had assaulted him. He stated that Mr. Parkin had asked him whether he had not attempted to seduce Mrs. Parkin's sister, which he denied; whereupon both lady and gentleman made a desperate attack on him. On cross-examination, the captain still denied any design on the "sister," but admitted having taken her to a theatre; and also—that he had been convicted of bigamy, and confined in the House of Correction. His case against the Parkinses was dismissed.

At the Hull Petty Sessions Christian Schantoff, a German, was charged with having abducted Augusta Maria Haworth, a young German girl, by false pretences, and for immoral purposes. The evidence of the girl went to show that the prisoner had induced her to leave Altona, in order to come to England to live as his servant in a public-house which he was to buy. She came and acted as his servant for six days, after which he forced her into prostitution. The girl was not cross-examined by the counsel for the defence, and the appearance of things at the trial seems not to have justified a belief in very enormous deception on the part of the prisoner; but he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE ASYLUM.

The English public at present is discrediting some of the reports as to the state of its purse, by a splendid spirit of bounty. The meetings for the Patriotic Fund are attended by numbers, in a state of active anxiety for the object. Special funds are also invented—there is the Central Association, for assisting the wives and families, as well as the widows and orphans, of soldiers on active service; there is the Peel-Times Fund, for sending nursing aid and comforts to the sick; there is the London Orphan Asylum, throwing open its doors to the children of deceased soldiers; and amongst all these we see, is not forgotten the Cambridge Asylum. Now we do not agree that any one of these objects is superfluous. If we might object, it is that the Official Fund is too narrow in its scope, since the helpless dependants of living soldiers often require assistance as much as if the men were dead. The Central Association, therefore, deserves all the support that it can have; there will be more orphans than the London Asylum can admit, and the Cambridge Asylum will need additional endowments to fulfil its excellent intention.

It is, indeed, a well-designed institution. Its purpose is to afford a home for the widows of non-commissioned officers and privates in her Majesty's land forces, married in accordance with the rules of the service; the private soldiers being of fourteen years' standing, and the women not less than fifty years of age. Such was the original design; and originally also, the asylum did not admit more than one widow from each regiment, or battalion of a regiment, at a time, "unless under extraordinary circumstances of a case possessing stronger claims than that of other regiments." A new impulse has been given to the funds of this institution, and a new extension is proposed for its operation. The land upon which the present building is situated lies at Kingston-on-Thames; it is about four to five acres in extent, and it was given to the Association by the present Duke of Cambridge, who not only serves his country actively in the field, but also remembers the wants of his humble fellow-soldier. It is proposed by a veteran whose heart is devoted to this excellent institution that admission should be given to ten or twelve poor young widows whose husbands have died on the heights of the Alma—a very fitting extension of the institution. It is proposed that preference shall be given to the wives of men in those regiments which lost most men at the battle of the Alma, the Seventh Fusiliers, for instance, and the Twenty-third. Nothing, we believe, can be better in its effect than

this distinction of soldiers in their corporate as well as their individual capacity.

An Alma fund would be requisite to increase the building and endowment, but there are already signs that the Cambridge Asylum has not been forgotten. The public subscriptions for the general purpose will evidently be in excess of the immediate object, and we can see no reason why portions of the surplus should not be devoted to the extension of this Institution, already established as one of the best military asylums in the country.

#### THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER ARCTIC.

The fate of the Arctic steamer seems to have created an absorbing interest in New York, where, however, it was not heard of until fourteen days after her loss occurred. A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"Never do I remember an event that created a greater sensation. The entire community was in a moment plunged into grief and sorrow. The courts were closed, business at the Exchange was suspended, and the flags of all the shipping in the harbour were at half-mast. Many families mourn the loss of near relatives, and even up to to-day the offices of the Messrs. Collins and Co. are besieged by bereaved fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, and children—all anxious to learn whether any hope remains of the safety of those who were so near and dear to them. The Arctic left Liverpool with 256 passengers and a crew of 175 men, making 431 souls. According to the reliable accounts thus far received, more than 300 would appear to be certainly lost, 64 of whom were swept by the sea from a hastily constructed raft. But as there are two, if not three, boats yet to be heard of, there is a possibility that more may have been saved than we have now any idea of. The hope is faint; still, it may be cherished. Here I would remark that great blame is justly attachable to all the steamers, in consequence of their going at speed across the ever foggy banks of Newfoundland, without the ringing of bells, the screaming of the steam vessel, or the firing of minute guns. The consumption of a few hundred-weight of gunpowder would save life and prevent disaster. But all precautions of the kind appear to have been neglected, while, instead, a spirit of racing across the Atlantic has been indulged in, to the utter disregard of human life. Again, when the collision occurred, the crew soon became unmanageable, and, in most cases, thought only of saving their own lives, without even an attempt to rescue the passengers."

#### RE-EMIGRATION FROM AMERICA.

Our astounding Transatlantic contemporary, the *New York Herald*, announces a re-emigration from America to the United Kingdom or Europe, in the proportion of ten per cent to the emigration outwards. If the re-emigration were to continue at the rate of development that it has already enjoyed in the view of the *Herald*, it would soon exceed the outward emigration, and we should have to fear that the Republic would be depopulated for the advancement of the Old World! How many consequences would be involved in such a process! Does it indicate that the Republic is so repulsive that emigrants from Europe cannot endure to remain? That they regurgitate in the simple impulse of revived royalty, and that they fly as penitent children to the arms of Queen Victoria—arms of course always open to them, and wide enough to encircle any number.

We invite our pathetic contemporary, *Punch*, to give us that sublime and historical picture—the penitent British multitude coming back in revulsion from the American Republic, and throwing itself, with tears, into the arms of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert standing by, and not jealous in the least degree, nor the Prince of Wales astonished at the naturally affectionate capacity of his parent, although the more timid Princess Royal may sing, "God save Mamma!"

There is a spice of truth in the fact which the *Herald* has found to amaze its readers for twenty-four hours. People are returning from America, or are coming over in larger numbers than they once did; and some of our correspondents may perhaps add to the half dozen reasons for this return of which we are aware. Some go out originally who ought not to go, and find that they cannot make three guineas a day by handicraft labour, or by handicraft no-labour-at-all, and return in disgust, indignant at "the lies that are told about American prosperity." Some come back to fetch their relatives, instead of simply sending for them. Some out of mere rest-

lessness. Some because they have heard wonderful stories as to the rise of wages in Ireland, and they wish to be there betimes. Some because they cannot get rid of their love for the "ould country."

Add to these an unusual number of Americans even in the condition of working men, who have come over to Europe bent upon travelling in order to gain their experience. Men of this class find work when they can, as a means of supporting themselves and of eking out their travelling funds. They do it apparently on the same ground that the working men of France travel by the help of their "compagnonnage," only the working traveller of America has no such assistance, and relies upon himself instead of a freemasonic guild.

These facts would go far to explain a re-emigration which does exist to some extent, though we believe it has no characteristics of endurance or magnitude equal to those assigned to it by our contemporary. If there were such a great exodus of Americans to Europe we believe that the Kings of the Continent ought to look about them; that the Thirty Tyrants of Germany ought to tie on their heads very tight at night with their night-cap strings, and that Europe had better begin to prepare itself for undergoing the process of annexation to the Union. For emigration is the usual prelude to that process. English science talks of spanning the Atlantic under water with the electric chain: does the *Herald* of New York mean that American Republicanism is about to bridge the Atlantic by annexation?

#### Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, October 28.

#### THE EAST.

Vienna, Wednesday.

The 3rd and 6th corps of the Austrian army, stationed respectively at Treviso and Gratz, have been placed upon the war footing, preparatory to their marching into Galicia.

Advices have been received here from Constantinople of the 16th of October.

The Himalaya had arrived there on the 15th, with wounded.

Report says that the Allies will take up their winter quarters at Scutari, after the fall of Sebastopol.

Lord Raglan has prohibited Russians and Greeks from residing at Balaklava.

A Council for carrying the Tanzimat into execution sits daily at Constantinople.

Report says that General Luders has brought 13,500 men to Sebastopol. Others, 12,000 Russians hold the heights of Belbek.

Thirty thousand French, under the orders of General Bosquet, have been ordered to cut off the communication between the north and south sides of Sebastopol.

Six thousand Turks have just been sent to Balaklava.

Trebizond, October 9.

The Abasian chiefs have refused to receive Schamyl's envoy. Hattiz Pasha has consequently cut off all communication with the coast of Abasia.

Berlin, Friday, October 27.

The following despatch has been received here, dated St. Petersburg, 26th inst.:—

"Sebastopol, October 21.

"The operations of the besiegers continue. Their fire is effectively answered.

"The fortifications are little damaged."

#### BAVARIA.

Paris, Friday, October 27.

Advices from Munich of the 26th announce the death on that morning of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria, from cholera.

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**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

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

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

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

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 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.—DR. ARNOLD

### THE CHANCES OF A NATIONAL PARTY.

SINCE the prorogation of Parliament only two public meetings have been held in the provinces on the subject of the war. These meetings were at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and at Sheffield, cities conspicuous in every liberal movement of our time, and entitled, by their commercial importance and the intellectual character of their population, to take an initiative part in an appeal to the Government to stamp a national character upon the war against Russia—that is to say, to deal with Russia, not merely as a territorial power, but as a political principle. These meetings were perhaps premature, in the sense that the orators and the resolutions made demands which the Government could not consider in the midst of a campaign; and they were doubtless injudicious, inasmuch as the gentlemen who originated and conducted them insisted upon assuming the attitude of an opposition to the Government at the moment when the Government, in resolving on the expedition to the Crimea, was doing all that the most ardent anti-Russian could demand—for the time. But, in another sense, those meetings were eminently successful; for, though out of time, they *did* manifest a national instinct in reference to the war; and so far they did probably impel the Government, and give shape to the popular controversy elsewhere. We cannot but regret, despite of the possible illogicalities, that there were not more such meetings; but it is at least a satisfaction that the liberal leaders in Newcastle and Sheffield did not consider their work finished when the speeches were made, and the resolutions passed. They appear to have formed committees, which have corresponded with one another, and which have coalesced in drawing up a comprehensive scheme for further liberal agitation, not merely in those two places, but in the country generally. The audacious plan is to form a "National Party," mainly having in view the realisation of undoubted, admitted, popular expectations in foreign policy; in other words, to enable England to rule at the Foreign Office with at least as much force and

precision as at the Home Office. Considering the intensity of the constitutional delusion of this country, that it is self-governed, it will strike the unreflecting as a most remarkable circumstance that two of our chief towns are conspiring to have something to do with the action, in foreign affairs, of those alert oligarchs who are termed, with some impropriety, the Queen's Ministers. But there is no doubt that such a conspiracy is on foot; and it will be well to calculate its chances of success.

Assuredly this is not an epoch which can logically be selected for an attempt to induce the people of England into vigorous Liberalism. Whatever political movement there is in England is Conservative. That faith in human, or at least English, Irish, and Scotch, perfectibility, which we used to call Radicalism, has almost quite gone out in this country. Mr. Hume congratulates himself that "we are all pretty much of one mind now;"—Mr. Hume supposing that it is because every one has come round to him, not at all suspecting that he has met the Tories half way. It is Lord Aberdeen who ascertained that politicians are men with differences which are not distinctions; and a Coalition Cabinet, which is to carry on Government, and not to carry out principles, represents the equable apathy of a nation which has ceased to have any particular political faith, and accordingly craves, as the best political blessing—peace and quietness, Conservative Liberalism, or Liberal Conservatism—anything which amounts to nothing. Not alone have the Radicals disappeared, but the Whigs also are dead; and though it is true that there is still a section of the aristocracy—the Peelite—which, because it has conquered the others, and is disliked accordingly, attempts to *coquette* with the middle class, yet it is remarkable that the Aberdeen and Newcastle party has only succeeded in obtaining partisans among the Manchester and Peace school—a school singularly unpopular both with the middle class and the people, and a school certainly not Radical since the cry for peace is logically a cry for Conservatism. The "Reformer" is a politician who is not frequent now. This is because the unenfranchised have long ceased to crave freedom; partly because the democracy, which is highly sensible in England, is weary of its delusive demagogues, beginning to think with Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Carlyle, and their wives, that material and social reforms are mainly wanted; and still more, because America and Australia have, within these five or six years, drained the democracy of its best men. There is still, no doubt, some vague talk about the Ballot and rotten boroughs; but even among Liberals, such as Mr. Cobden, the purification of the electoral body is treated as a chimera, and, on all hands, there is such a cynical notion of the futility of franchise extensions, that Lord John Russell, who is not an original man, and will die talking the routine twaddle of '32, has become the jest of the House of Commons, particularly of his colleagues in that assembly, for his inveterate addiction to Schedules A, B, and D. The Liberalism of this country can generally be tested by its religious feelings; and it is very noticeable, in the first place, that there is far less "infidelity" than there was ten years ago; and, in the next place, that the no-Popery ecstasy was never more ardent than at this moment, as we may safely infer from the circumstance that our very cleverest statesman has deliberately bid for power merely on the strength of his objective Protestantism—having, indeed, no other principle whatever to suggest for the guidance of the period. What is called loyalty—attachment to the sovereign,

as the sovereign—is as conspicuous in England as Czar-worship is in Russia. The House of Lords is perhaps, on the whole, more popular than the House of Commons. The aristocracy was never so degradingly dull, but was never so strong. At such a moment, then, we cannot augur very favourably of a National Party, by which we are asked to understand a party pledged to obtain the freedom of mankind by the machinery of a widely-extended suffrage in England, and the wholesale deposition of despots abroad—a party which is to take its place in the House of Commons, to control the crown and coerce the aristocracy. No doubt there will be a great change: ours is a nation with a temperament analogous to its climate; and the oldest of us may live to see a restoration of those Anglo-Saxon principles to this day encountered among our relatives, when relieved from British apathy, in our colonies. This war, like other wars, may lead to results its fomenters do not now apprehend. But we venture to warn warm-hearted Liberals of Newcastle and Sheffield, that, in a Conservative age, a popular party cannot be constructed as readily as a locomotive or a dozen of "Rogers's best."

Yet it is not to be denied that a national party, such as that contemplated by these provincial committees, is not only desirable, but, upon certain conditions, is a very possible confederation. The condition would be that this national party have nothing to do with this nation; that is to say, that it direct itself exclusively to a supervision of our Court's and Government's foreign policy. It is the nature of a Government such as the present one to obey orders; and the House of Commons, which is a mere club, entirely failing in its duty, there is needed some sort of national organisation to bring public opinion to bear upon the persons who represent England in "diplomacy." But this is as much as to say that such a national party must carry public opinion with it—that, consequently, it must not be a propaganda of vague, sympathetic, Liberalism. Public opinion in England—a public opinion by no means excluding the Peerage or other professional Conservatives—would sanction an agitation to lead England into a pledge in favour of the restoration of Poland; and a national party which commenced as a League to bring back the Poles to history, and to place them as a barrier between Russia and Europe, would—grow. It is to such a purpose the practical English people would turn their rage against Russia. Who will lead? The subscriptions "for the sick and wounded" indicate a magnificent national character; but the indication is not altogether of charity:—surely there is some craving, in the old English way, for revenge?

### HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French, is to visit the English Court at Osborne, and, accompanying it to Windsor, is to be invested, in grand chapter, with the Order of the Garter. Gorgeous Christmas festivities are to celebrate Victoria's hospitality to her great Ally; and the English and French nations are to look on, reciprocating the compliments of the unparalleled season—the alliance between the two peoples superbly typified in the ceremony which enrolls a French Emperor as Knight of an English Queen. Happy Queen! happy Emperor! happy countries!

There is nothing, as Mrs. Malaprop observed, like the friendship which begins with a little aversion; and we do not in the least suspect the heartiness of the present affection between the two Courts, and between Louis Napoleon and the enlightened English public,



merely because some few months ago it was taken for granted by the said enlightened public that Louis Napoleon contemplated a visit without waiting for an invitation. A great commercial nation, which is very busy about money, and leaves the work of thinking to its leading journals, can only judge of the moment by the appearances of the moment; and the explanation of the present popularity on this side of the Channel of the hero of the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, is not at all disgraceful to the English people. For neither in 1852 nor in 1854 is Louis Napoleon regarded by us from the French point of view, but strictly and exclusively, from the English point of view. If we did, now or formerly, consider him as a French politician, he remaining the same man—a despot then and a despot now—why, of course, the laugh at us as an inconsistent people would be thoroughly justified. But, in fact, the English nation did not care whether he was a despot or not—did not even think him wrong in assassinating the French Republic—and are utterly insensible now to his crimes in maintaining Cayenne, in crushing the press, in annihilating literature, in refusing representation, and, at Rome, in robbing a people of freedom, in order that a (locally) abhorred Church may prolong a putrid existence. With all these things the non-intervening English nation has nothing to do; and, in truth, does not form opinions about them. The Louis Napoleon, who was denounced in 1852-3 by our leading journals, like the *Times*, and by our parrot statesman, like Sir James Graham, was the man who, suspected of a monomania about Waterloo, was suspected, in consequence, of a sinister intention to invade England. The Louis Napoleon, who is now far more popular in England than in France, is the powerful monarch whose interest, it is calculated, it is to cultivate the English alliance, and whose alliance—which our Queen, head of the monarchical society of Europe, is wisely endeavouring to guarantee by extending those courtesies so precious to parvenus—is of vital consequence to England, in a period when England, having assailed Russia, may have opposed to her two-thirds of Europe. Thus, there is no inconsistency whatever in our national conduct; we may have been right about the invasion; we may be right about the alliance; at any rate we do the best for ourselves under the circumstances, and if there be any shame in the reconciliation, it should not be on our side.

But the maxim of treating your friend as though he would one day be your enemy, however unjust and unwise in individual concerns, is very applicable to the intercourse of peoples, and should carefully be borne in mind in such a case as this, where the alliance is less clearly between the English people and the French people than between the English people and the French monarch. For though it is our, and our Court's, business to assume, that where we find a Government it is a Government representative of the national will, yet, as a matter of fact, there are grave doubts whether France and Louis Napoleon are precisely the same thing; doubts arising from the circumstance, that notwithstanding the recent permanent-looking prestige of the Emperor, none of the statesmen, and not even one of the soldiers, of the old régime, have availed themselves of the opportunity, to the latter so facile and so tempting, to take service under the new man. And, even if Louis Napoleon manifestly were France, our rejoicings should be guarded—our reception a courtesy—a politic courtesy—and nothing more. Incarnate Russia, the Czar Nicholas, underwent fétting, and Garter investiture, here, some years ago; and the Court and the nation, in their thoughtless generosity, endured and proffered compliments, the souvenirs of which are now somewhat ludi-

crous, if not somewhat degrading. Our Queen, a pure young English matron, suffered the caressing compliments, and tender flatteries of the despot; and our aristocracy, mindful of possible civilities at the Winter Palace, accepted, if it did not solicit, an Ascot cup; our mob gazing and cheering the while, and our press adulating him who, really as impotent as his august brother of China, seemed the arbiter of the world, and was the tyrant of Poland, and the poisoner of the "sick man." Let our mistakes, in that matter, warn us against making too much of the conveniences of the present alliance, or the success of its may be merely temporary Emperor.

That our Queen is doing her official duty in introducing the Empress Eugénie into that effective solidarity, the solidarity of dynasties, and that Prince Albert is indicating wise forethought in seeking to establish a good understanding between himself and the singular and romantic personage whose genius for fatality has procured him so great a station, is obvious. That the nation will not be behind the Court, in the required politeness, we do not doubt; for our two governing classes, our aristocracy of place and our aristocracy of money, suffer from a strong inclination, scarcely checked by the constitutional traditions of their own country, to worship that colossal materialism, hideous and unintellectual, but magnificently "practical," which has been established in France, and of which the name of Napoleon is the disastrous symbol. For our own part we cannot sympathise with those liberals who see in the courtesy of the Court a treason to humanity: our Court is not Quixotic: and if it were sentimental, our country would correct it. With regard to the present of the Garter, we do not share in the sensitiveness which shrinks from the defilement of that chivalric institution. Louis Napoleon has been an English Special; why not a Knight of the Garter? Has the one thing more meaning than the other?

#### BIT BY BIT.

It was in March last that Government sent out the fleet under Sir Charles Napier to inflict some degree of chastisement on Russia, and to blockade the ports of that dignified power. Sir Charles Napier's achievements consist in shutting up a few harbours on the Russian coasts, and knocking down an unfinished fort in the neighbourhood of Sweden; and he comes home to provoke the public question, whether the convivialities of the Reform Club dinner affected his head the whole of that time, and had prevented him from awaking to his duty? In the meantime our officials hang over questions about the rights of neutrals when they might cut the Gordian knot by declaring war against weak and contemptible "powers." But they mean to conquer Prussia bit by bit. As the judge of a County Court would do, they allow her "time" to run away from her international creditors.

The blockade which we will not inflict upon Russia is compensated by a blockade which we do inflict upon our own commercial men. Last session, Government, being fortified by some very ingenious economical philosophers, invented a new stamp-tax for the benefit of commerce and revenue; and the stamp-tax has proved so difficult of comprehension, that no man can tell what kind of document his bill, draft, note, or order may be in Parliamentary language, cannot tell in what class he is to pay, nor how much,—hardly knows whether a letter from his wife acknowledging his remittance should not be sealed, not with a kiss, but with a Government stamp. In short, the Stamp Act interferes with an innumerable class of communications, drafts,

securities, instruments, and love-letters; driving the very bills that are to be taxed out of the London market; and all because superfine economists think it clever to compass the movements of trade by plunging into innumerable details that defy definition and classification. It is still bit-by-bit reform in its worst shape—a number of little bits all at once.

Same spirit in medical assistance for the army. The science of war has been advanced, the instruments of death have grown much more effective, but the instruments of medicine are still where they ought to have been when Dr. Guthrie was a young man serving in the Peninsular war. We are reforming bit by bit; and as we are now doing what we ought to have been doing during the Peninsular war, perhaps we may be able to have a medical corps such as we ought to have now when we next engage in war, in 1880, with his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, all the Prussias, all the Turkeys, and all the inland seas.

The very intelligence about these events constitutes an arrear. Place any editor over the departments that regulate couriers and telegraphs, and we venture to say that we should have had the news from Sebastopol last week. If Americans had been the Anglo-Saxon invaders of the Crimea instead of Englishmen, we should not have had the news sent to Constantinople and then back to Bucharest; but a telegraph would have been rigged in some straighter line, and the lightning would have been set going without a triangular journey in ship and in saddle, before arriving at the starting-place of the wires.

Real Governments might discover from some unstudied achievements of their own officers that bit-by-bit reform is not always safest and best. It would hardly do to teach a young rider in a steeple-chase that he must take a five-barred gate by degrees, or even to have ascended the heights of the Alma by instalments.

#### MR. LANDOR'S PROPOSAL TO ASSASSINATE THE CZAR.

OUR newspapers are sometimes, and particularly when there is a halt in the news, very eccentric; and at such times Mr. Landor's articles get into broad-sheet print. The other day, a literary contemporary (the *Examiner*), generously confident, inserted a Latin ode by Mr. Landor, addressed "Ad Hædum," which many persons doubtless mistook for Latinity "To the Editor;" and this week we find a grave daily contemporary, with a strong tendency to convince City men that it is dull, and therefore reliable, bestowing its largest and loudest type on a communication from the same gifted but odd writer, suggesting that there is one profession which has shamefully been omitted from the supply of services for the war with Russia—the profession of the Bravo. As there is a considerable number of ardent liberals, who think that history ends in a year or two, and who are therefore always in a hurry, disposed to cheer the suggestion, only not infamous because it is insane, of Mr. Landor, the proposal ought not to be overlooked. For who knows but that our classical Republican of Bath, having at last found his Cæsar, may make his arrangements to be with all urgency a Brutus? We would not insult Mr. Landor by supposing that, thinking the Czar's throat ought to be cut, he would leave the heroic idiocy to any vulgar hand. Brutus certainly did his work, and did not write to the newspapers touching the necessity of some one else doing it.

"Is the assassination of tyrants justifiable?" is a theme for the "Temple Forum," the Oxford "Union," and the London "Eclectic,"

and has frequently, we doubt not, been discussed in those pretentious senates of elaborate battos, a majority in favour of the instantaneous demolition of despots by the sacrifice of the current despot being always available from the impassioned young men who, after the gin and the oratory, sneak home in elusion of their mothers and their masters. But we little expected the controversy to turn up in a great journal which, having eight pages of type, must be published with some deliberation: or that we should have to speculate upon the chances of the war being hurried to an abrupt conclusion, in consequence of an eminent English gentleman's appeal to the casual contingent of tyrannicides, within reach of the respectable circulation of the *Daily News*, to hurry to St. Petersburg (he would not refuse a loan for travelling expenses) and rid mankind of a crowned Ruffian.

Speaking practically, we might suggest, in alleviation of the Roman ardour of the Republican veteran, who, grandly consistent, repudiates the orthographist among other constituted authorities, that it would not do much good to assassinate the Czar. It is observable that the crowned Ruffian is beloved of about 60,000,000 of people, and that the Caligulan process not being applicable, you would only exchange an old Czar for a young Czar, to whom we should be supplying the malignant stimulus arising out of the fact that we had converted a great villain into a great martyr. If Mr. Landor would occasionally read the mediocre annals of tame, correct-spelling mortals, termed modern history, he would remark that Russia has always been a despotism tempered by assassination; that the vigorous act to which he would subject decaying Nicholas has greatly expedited dynastic accessions in St. Petersburg; and the result nevertheless is that the despotism elaborately increases and intensifies itself—a consideration fatal to the logic of Mr. Landor's murderous appeal. Even tested by his favourite Roman annals, Savage Landor might ascertain that the argument of the poniard is syllogistically a blunder. The stab of Brutus was scarcely such a hit as he hoped it would have been; the death of one Cæsar gave "the Cæsars" a purply life of some five centuries; humanity descending more and more debased into the Lower Empire just in the measure of the fashion of that dismal practice, now recommended from Bath, as the only security for the redress of the miseries of mankind. Legitimate tyrannicide, and decree the death of a despot by formal process, and under the sanction of the national laws, and still the gain is not complete. A regicide to whom the honour has been given, we think, of a place in the heroically illogical Imaginary Conversations, said: "Alas! I fear we did not kill Charles Stuart—we only killed Charles the Martyr." Cromwell would have stamped out "the brood,"—if he could; as it was, he sent to the block a king who had committed crimes, and he thus called into existence a younger and more active Charles Stuart, who had no crimes on his head, and who, therefore, got the upper hand of the Republicans. Danton, too, a practical regicide, whom Mr. Landor would respect, died in the conviction that Louis should have been left in the *Temple*: martyrs are such nuisances in political matters. And, of course, the illogicality of assassination is all the more obvious when the tyrant is sacrificed, not by the hand of one of his subjects, but by the dagger or revolver, of a stranger—an Anacharsis Cloutz. Of course we Englishmen, who are so hysterically free, and self-governed, despise the Russian races, who leave us to ask of one another the question—"Is it right that one man should be left to cause all these horrors to mankind?" But when the Russians, who cannot get over

national prejudices, think their political system best, and their religious creed the real thing, are convinced that the Czar is right in this war, ought Mr. Landor, who takes his politics from Brutus, the *Dispatch*, and other classical authorities, to take for granted that the 60,000,000 are all wrong?

On the whole, therefore, we venture earnestly to remonstrate with Mr. Landor upon his fierce intentions. We trust he will not go to St. Petersburg.

#### SEA BREEZES FOR THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

SURELY the English People is the most impotent giant that ever existed! It is unable to do that which fragments of it can do. Like the servants of Fortunio in the fairy tale, it can only do its work when it is mutilated or in fetters. Its total incapacities for some things have been declared in the pleasant verse of *Punch*, where John Bull confesses his powers and his impotencies—

"I have bridges, I have locks, I have warehouses and docks,

All most perfect in their plan and constitution;" and "I am better off than any man that I know;" yet I "cannot build a public institution," or make a statue. There are things which are in his power to do, physically and intellectually, yet which, strange to say, he can only accomplish when he is cut up or sent abroad, and cannot do when he is whole and at home. Who was it that went to war with Russia? Was it Lord Aberdeen? No man would deny it more distinctly than the noble Earl. Was it Lord Clarendon or Sir William Molesworth? No, for they opposed it and have praised it. Now, Sir William would as soon think of eulogising his own edition of the Works of Hobbs as be guilty of self-praise on a public subject; and yet he has praised the war: *ergo*, it is not his. The despatches of Ministers show that they did not contemplate it. Where then do we find the first declaration of the necessity? In the public journals. Now we are not going to be guilty of self-praise; the public journals could not have originated this great and just war, if they had not been supported, instigated, and anticipated by the real author. Who then was the real author? It was the English People.

The English People, therefore, can go to war. *Delenda est Russia* can be its decree; it can interfere to save Turkey, but it cannot help itself to the representation which is the inborn right of the Englishman! It secures independence for Turkey, but leaves its own free and independent electors a ridiculous mockery. An election has just occurred which ought to make any Englishman blush in this year of grace 1854. Lord Dungarvan and Mr. Nicoll proposed themselves as candidates for the borough of Frome. The viscount is a member of the aristocracy, Mr. Nicoll is a man of the people, and what is the joint number of their supporters? At nine o'clock 128 electors have rushed to the poll; by noon the number has swelled to 298; and four hours later nine more electors have thrown themselves forward to sustain Dungarvan, and two have hurried to the support of Nicoll. It is the first battle of the Alma at an English election. Three hundred and ten, it appears, is the number of adult male inhabitants of the town of Frome; at least that is all the numbers recognised by Parliament. In a Parliamentary sense it has no other inhabitants. It is, therefore, a paltry place to have its own special representative in a United Kingdom containing 26,000,000 of inhabitants.

We are, however, a free and an energetic people, and the inhabitants of Frome showed their courageous resolution—they rioted.

What was the good of that we cannot for the life of us understand. We have no doubt that the English blood was stirred, and that some of the mob felt determined to stand up for their rights; so they stood up to be cut down like celery, by the swords of a small body of yeomanry; "who," says the Electric Telegraph, "are now parading the streets, and charging and dispersing the people." What a characteristic picture of England, free-governed, and self-governed! There is still the stuff of their race. Englishmen can stand up for their rights, but they do it in small parcels, exactly so apportioned and assorted, that when they stand up the yeomanry can cut them down, and throw them by.

In order to stand up to show what he can do, the Anglo-Saxon, as we said last week, is obliged to cross the sea, and there he learns to "talk sense." There is one text in a profound moral writer, which the popular politician should never lose sight of. When the foppish footman in the *Précieuses Ridicules* declines to pay the porters of his chair, on Pistol's principle—"base is the slave that pays," one of the porters remonstrates. (Molière could take the measure of the "moral force" party.) The other, seeing how powerless argument was, seizes one of the chair poles. "Ah!" cries the aristocratically repudiating footman, "you talk sense." And he pays.

The Geelong volunteers show Sir Charles Hotham their rifles, and the inhabitants show him their own energy of self-government developed in every form of local organisation. "Ah!" cries Sir Charles Hotham, "I am charmed at your self-reliance," and he wishes they had more rifles. An address is read from the clergy, and Sir Charles "receives it with extreme pleasure," because the clergy "claim no special privileges in this country." The Licensed Victuallers approach, and he is struck with "the influence the Licensed Victuallers exercise over society." Plainly, Sir Charles would not pass a Beer Act; he is for voluntarism, and against a State Church; he is for placing the rifle in the hands of every able-bodied man. In short, he is for doing exactly that which the colony has done for itself already.

How strange it is that Englishmen cannot do these things when they are counted by millions, or when they are in our own bracing climate; but that they must split themselves into little sections and go to the hot region of Australia. For our own part, we have an idea that all these things can be done without the voyage, and that the Anglo-Saxon, looking after his own interests, making his governors admire him as Sir Charles Hotham admires, would be more respectfully treated by his officials, more faithfully represented by his members in Parliament, more justly governed by laws for the interests of the greatest number, more free in his actions, industrial and commercial as well as political, and, therefore, better off.

#### NURSERY REPUBLICS.

We trust that our readers will not have been bewildered or dazzled by the idle reports which have mingled with the winds of the Atlantic, and have persuaded foolish people that there is some project for "annexing San Domingo to the Union." American imagination, indeed, is sometimes impatient, expansive, and far-seeing to such extent, that it despises the elements of space, time, and probability, and there are persons even in America, who are already indignant on behalf of the North, that the South should be fortifying itself by San Domingo. It is as if Scotland should vehemently protest against England for adding to the injustice inflicted through the Union, by annexing Madeira to



the United Kingdom, when England does not propose it, and it would not matter if she did.

The true statement of the case is this—The island of Hayti is divided into two parts, the French and the Spanish. A part of French Hayti is under the dominion of his Majesty the Emperor Faustinus the First, once plain M. Soulouque. The farthermost part is inhabited by the descendants of the Spaniards who originally obtained possession of the island,—a very mixed race, who enjoy a republic independent of the French inhabitants, of the Emperor Faustinus, or diplomatic relations, we believe, with any state in the world. At the extreme portion of this island is a convenient harbour for a coal-station, and this harbour the American Government holds on a tenure very similar to that with which, for several years, it held the island of Minorca from the Spanish Government. That is the whole story.

The San Domingo subject is quite distinct from the subject of the Mosquito embroglio—a very ridiculous affair, in which we regret to see the American Government persevering, even for purposes of form. We trust that it is only form. We have been assured that the war-ships sent out to Greytown are not intended to put any constraint upon the British, but only to salute the flag of the Nicaraguan Republic, as rightful sovereign of the Mosquito territory. On the subject of right, we do not differ from our American friends. The King of the mongrel Mosquito people has about as much "right" to the land he squats upon as a King of the Gipsies would have a right to any neglected corner of Romney Marsh on which he might happen to have settled. But no new definition of Nicaraguan rights over a preposterous swamp and the mongrel "humans" wretched enough to live there, could justify the American Government, in policy or in a wise regard for the interests of humanity at large, if it were to provoke a breach of peace with the English war-ships. It would be to purchase at a shocking price a pedantic correctness on a point that is no matter at all.

In the San Domingo business the American Government appears to us likely to sustain some misconstruction, if not some inconvenience, for having neglected a manifest duty in time past. San Domingo is an independent republic *de facto*, by all the rights that constitute the republics of the United States themselves; and in fidelity to her own claims, America was bound to recognise that Republic. The duty has been neglected, we fear, to this very day.

Let us, while we are on that subject, point out another duty neglected by the same Republic. Liberia has not yet been recognised. *De facto*, it is perceived, and it has been honoured with the solicitude of one of the greatest statesmen of the Union, Henry Clay. It offers, if it were encouraged to develop itself, a means of escaping from the difficulties that beset America on the subject of slavery—difficulties that also involve Great Britain. If the White emigration to the West were to have a set-off in a Black emigration to the East, and if the Negro race could, at whatever cost, be nursed and educated into something like self-government and independence on the African continent, one of the greatest problems of the present age would be settled. A race, humbler perchance than our own, but endowed by God with the gifts of speech and thought, would be placed upon a political equality with those fellow-creatures on this earth; and the Anglo-Saxon Governments would be absolved from the painful responsibilities which they have undertaken. One of the first steps to those results would be the recognition of Liberia by the United States.

## Open Council.

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

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

### BABEL.

*(From a various Correspondence.)*

— I WAS not aware until last Sunday that a burlesque on church service is being played weekly within the precincts of St. James's Palace, to which the public are admitted *gratis*, as the attendance appears to be of the scantiest. I am sure that the fact is unknown, and that I shall do good service by making the public aware of it through your columns.

Having a German friend in London, lately arrived, I was induced to accompany him to the *Königliche Deutsche Hof-kapelle*. We found a fine chapel, crimson and gold hangings, gilded carved work, lofty and well cushioned pews, and an agreeable temperature. The *Hof-prediger* mounted the rostrum at a quarter to twelve, and commenced the performance. It might be quite as well confined to pantomime, as during the hour and a half that the service lasted I caught about twelve words; evidently these were thrown out in moments of inattention to his part. My German friend likewise informed me "he had no word understood!" There were six people in the church at the commencement, and about twelve at the end, and these appeared to be strangers. These sat in their separate pews during service and sermon, apparently much relieved when an occasional burst on the organ relieved the enigmatical mutterings of the pulpit.

I have serious doubts whether this weekly "Divine Comedy" played within the boundary of an English palace is likely to raise the English court or people in the estimation of foreigners. I am sure you will agree with me, Mr. Leader, that if there are German individuals about court requiring a German church, service should be performed with due solemnity and decorum. Is the present incumbent too old for the work? Or if the vocal organs have become clogged and inarticulate with much fat, "*solve senescentem pinguescentem*," and let a worthy representative of Luther be appointed.

— On Saturday last Dr. Phillips was buried at Sydenham church. The funeral was attended by about fifty personal friends, most of whom are well known in the world of journalism and letters. Douglas Jerrold, J. Delane, Mowbray Morris, and John Murray, may be named. After the ceremony, a meeting was held in the vestry to consider the best means of honouring his memory, and it was agreed that a public subscription should be opened among the personal friends of the deceased, to the extent of 100*l.* (no individual subscription exceeding a guinea), for the purpose of erecting an ornamental medallion in Sydenham church. By far the greater part of the money was forthcoming on the spot. A most noticeable fact is, that Dr. Phillips, though dying under 50, and never having had any resources beyond his pen, has left ten thousand pounds for his widow and children.

— Will Sergeant Adams take a hint? Contempt of court is punishable in a layman. Why not in a barrister? Neither the public nor the respectable members of the bar would quarrel with so just a retribution, and it would at any rate impart a spice of adventure into the now stale sport of judge-baiting.

— The Baby Show at Springfield, Ohio, has suddenly attained to the dignity of a respectable institution; while those shrieking assemblages of Bony Priestesses, known by the name of "Rights of Women Conventions," have fallen almost beyond the reach of a joke. The baby movement is pre-eminently unsectarian and democratic, as well as sanitary and national. In these almost edible lumps of pulpy and squeezable humanity, neither creed nor opinion permits exclusion; these tiny sinners have no acquired and artificial rights of class whereby to claim distinction: supposing them to have a sort of vested interest in sin, they are guiltless of all ologies and isms, and anterior to all heresies and doxies. Like the immortals, they all speak the same language, extending from a wheeze to a squall, and are not polyglot like completed men. There may, perhaps, be a certain materialist tendency in thus awarding prizes to little bodies whose souls are "waiting to join"—there may, perhaps, be a certain levelling tendency in refusing to recognise the aristocracy of gout in the infantine constitution, but the result, we

are persuaded, is beneficial to the nation and in harmony with the age.

Moreover, it gives to the women of the State a certain hold on public life which the so-called Rights of Women could never give; while it consecrates the motherly instincts and the womanly duties of the home. It opens a career for the fine jealousy of mothers, disabusing them at once of the flattery of friends who find every baby a "perfect love" and "heavenly pet," and avenging the cruel inattention of fathers who are slow to perceive how the little darling "begins to take notice."

Yet if an exposition of babies, why not of four-year-olds, of ten-year-olds, of young ladies, and of young men? A baby show is an admission of the importance of physical education; and though it is good to begin at the beginning, it is not good to stop there.

— "The known advantages gained by the Baltic fleet this year," writes the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, "were the attainment of a thorough knowledge of those waters, and a correct insight into the nature of the craft necessary for their navigation; a just appreciation of the enemy's talents in fighting shy, and the proof that Russian granite is susceptible to pressure from without. The unknown advantages may, perhaps, be summed up in the injury done to the Russian finances by the blockades."

Is it possible to sum up with a more merciless *naïveté* the operations of a campaign? "A thorough knowledge of those waters." One might suppose that the Baltic was as unknown to our pilots as the coasts of Britain to the earliest Phœnician traders. "A correct insight into the nature of the craft" is, it seems, obtained by sending the heaviest and deepest ships afloat into the shallowest seas, and when the season is more than half over, building and fitting out a batch of long-legged yachts, drawing half as much water as the line-of-battle ships, rolling their masts away, and unable to fire their guns, which, even in fine weather, carry wild, or burst. "A just appreciation of the enemy's talents in fighting shy," &c., is obtained by playing long balls at forts, and exercising great guns off the enemy's towns. The unknown advantages, on the principle of *omen ignotum pro magnifico*, might be supposed to be immense: they are limited, we are informed, to the injury done to the Russian finances by the blockade, which has enabled Russia to continue flourishingly her exports of hemp, tallow, and timber, and to import lead. In a word, the advantage of this wonderful campaign is that by ignorance in design and inefficiency in execution, we have found out what admirals and what ships ought not to be employed next year.

— The Lord-Lieutenant of Herefordshire, brought to book at an agricultural dinner by the tenant-farmers he had deceived and oppressed, tries to laugh it off with a sneer, but reduced to a sense of his impropriety by the sturdy indignation of the guests, stutters out an equivocal apology, and at last, after a succession of broadsides from the Parson, fairly cries like a naughty boy. Here is a lesson for our Irish friends: let them create a force of opinion like that which pinned this blubbing nobleman to the *sellette*, and the cause of Tenant-right will be won.

— According to M. le Comte de Fiequelmont, the chief injury we have inflicted on the Russian navy in the Baltic this year, is that we have deprived them of their customary six weeks of *sea-bathing*, which is found necessary to refresh the timbers of the ships debilitated by the fresh water of the Neva.

— "Charley" has never shown, at the best of times, more than good seamanship and consummate gallantry. Seamanship is mostly necessary in the Captain—not so much in the Admiral. Charley never showed himself a naval strategist, either in Syria or in the Portuguese service. His utter loss of nerve is easily explained. Chads was a very gallant officer, and no doubt is a very able artilleryist—but he is, unquestionably, *too old* for active command at sea. Depend on it the opinion which formed for himself from personal service under Nelson, Duncan, Bridport, Keith, Collingwood, Sir Alexander Hood and Sir John Warren, at sea during war, was a sound one. "An Admiral to command a fleet in war should be from 45 years to 55 years old." The first date was the one he used to mention when he spoke of the time of life. Does not naval history confirm this? Exceptions there are, no doubt, where older men have done right well; but is not this the rule?—used to point to the 1st of June as the confirmation of his saying. He was intimate with many able officers who served in that great victory; and he said he had no doubt whatever that splendid as Howe's victory was, it would have been more complete if exhaustion of body had not overcome the fine old man after the action was over. Another dictum of — will perhaps prove true—"Deans Dundas is no sailor." *En revanche*, he is an admirable Chairman of a Board, and an unexceptionable Whig.

## 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.*

If any book could be expected, from the antecedents of its author, to excite an interest in all the literary circles of Europe, sufficient to attract to it whatever degree of attention can be spared at present for a literary topic, it is Madame GEORGE SAND'S Autobiography. The manner of the appearance of this long-expected work, however, is unfortunate. Printed in short successive instalments as the *Feuilleton* of *La Presse* newspaper, it comes before one under great disadvantages. Our French neighbours must be differently constituted from us, to be able to tolerate these newspaper-feuilletons at all. A continued story in a magazine, or in DICKENS'S *Household Words*, is uncomfortable enough; a novel continued from day to day in the *Times* is an utter impossibility, until a *coup-d'état* in Britain, followed by a settled despotism, shall create the necessary leisure throughout the community; but, under no circumstances, would British readers, accustomed to the luxury of good thick paper and clear type, take pleasure in a novel or biography printed by instalments on the thin, dingy, semi-transparent sheets on which Madame SAND'S *History of My Life* is now being doled out to the contented Parisians. The worst of it is, that we must wait for the conclusion of the Autobiography in the columns of the *Presse* before we can have it in any more satisfactory form. Till then, translation into English, and reproduction in any shape in France, are prohibited. Against this inconvenience is, of course, to be set the fact, that by the present mode of publication, Madame SAND receives a far more handsome recompense for her work than could otherwise have come to her.

Glancing over what has already appeared of the Autobiography in the columns of the *Presse*, we must confess to a certain degree of disappointment. Not that we at all object to Madame SAND'S distinct intimation that she does not mean to gratify the curiosity of the scandal-loving part of society by entering into details with respect to those facts of her life upon which gossip has already fastened, as if they and they alone constituted her title to celebrity—her marriage with M. DUDEVANT, and her subsequent separation from him. On these points Madame SAND speaks with much sense and good taste. She declares that many of the popular impressions respecting her husband are purely mythical. There was no disparity of age between them; and he was not a man of title. "M. FRANÇOIS DUDEVANT," she says, "has never been anything but a sub-lieutenant of infantry, and was only twenty-seven when I married him." She protests also against being supposed to sympathise with those who, knowing nothing of the circumstances, but making themselves her apologists, think they serve her cause by attacks on her husband. The following is her explicit statement on this head:—

My husband is living, and reads neither my writings nor the writings of others concerning me. The more reason, therefore, that I should protest against the attacks on my behalf of which he is the object. I could not live with him—our characters and ideas differed essentially. He had his reasons for not consenting to a legal separation, though he still felt the necessity of it—since, in fact, it existed. Imprudent advisers induced him to provoke those public arguments which constrained us, one to accuse the other,—miserable result of an imperfect legislation, which the future will amend. Since the separation has been pronounced and maintained, I have made haste to forget my grievances, in so much that any public recrimination against him seems to me in bad taste, and creates a belief in the persistence of resentments not partaken of by me.

This is very just and proper; and they can have a very inadequate idea of GEORGE SAND who do not believe that, even with the omission of all intimate revelations respecting the episode of her marriage, her Autobiography may yet be full of matters of extraordinary interest, and unusually instructive. In the life of such a woman—a woman of genius who has been in the midst of the newest thought and the most stirring activity of her time—there are surely other elements of interest, if people will but have healthy tastes, than any arising from the story of her relations with M. FRANÇOIS DUDEVANT. So far as the Autobiography has yet proceeded, however, we cannot say that the interest comes out very substantially or massively. Down to the fifth chapter—which is the last we have seen, and which appeared in the *Presse* of October the 20th—the authoress is still only prelude among her progenitors; narrating stray facts and traditions respecting them, and interweaving threads of phantasy and reflection. Madame SAND was born in 1804, but she goes back in her history to her grandfathers and grandmothers, or even farther; and in her last chapter she is still engaged with family reminiscences belonging to the times of the Revolution and the Directory. By the father's side Madame SAND, whose maiden name is AMANTINE-LUCILE-AURORE DUPIN, has royal blood in her veins; her father's mother having been the natural daughter of COUNT MAURICE of Saxony, by an opera-singer, Mlle. Verrières; and this COUNT MAURICE again having been the natural son of FREDERICK AUGUSTUS of Saxony and the celebrated COUNTESS of Kœnigsmark. On the other hand, her mother was a poor child of Paris, the daughter of ANTOINE DELABODDE, a bird-fancier. In the persons and incidents of this complex genealogy there are, of course, materials for a varied introduction to Madame SAND'S own life; and some of the sketches which she gives are most picturesque and charming, though soft and quiet in colour. A certain lightness and want of sequence, however, tends to impart

a fantastic and air-hung character to the book, while the remarks interspersed, by way of philosophy, though often suggestive and happy, are not always very firm nor powerful. Here is a passage referring to her father in his youth:—

The poor child had never yet quitted his mother. He had never known, never foreseen grief. He was beautiful as a flower, chaste and gentle as a young girl. He was sixteen years of age; his health was still delicate, his mind keen. At this age, a boy brought up by a tender mother is a being apart in creation. He does not belong, so to speak, to any sex; his thoughts are pure as those of an angel; he has not that puerile coquetry, that unquiet curiosity, that easily offended personality, which often torment the first development of the woman. He loves his mother as a daughter does not, and never can, love her. Drowned in the happiness of being cherished without a rival, and adoringly cared for, he regards his mother as the object of a kind of worship. It is love, without the storms and faults which, later, the love of another woman will bring in its train. Yes, it is ideal love, and it has but one moment in a man's life. Yesterday he took no heed of it, and lived as yet in the numbness of a sweet instinct; to-morrow it will already be a love troubled or distracted by other passions, or, perhaps, in strife with the ruling attraction of a beloved one. \* \* \* I find that poets and romancers have not sufficiently attended to this subject of observation, this source of poetry which is offered in this transient and unique moment in the life of a man. It is true, in our sad actual world, genuine youth has no existence, or is produced in an exceptional manner. The youth we daily see is a collegian, ill-combed, ill enough instructed, infected by some gross vice which has already destroyed in him the holiness of the first ideal. Or if, by miracle, the poor boy has escaped this pest of the schools, it is impossible that he can have preserved the purity of imagination and the sacred ignorance of his age. On the contrary, he nourishes a sullen hatred against his companions, who have sought to mislead him, or against the gaolers, who keep him down. He is ugly, even when nature has made him beautiful; he is slovenly in his dress; he has a sheepish air, and does not look you in the face. He devours in secret improper books, and yet the sight of a woman puts him in fear. His mother's caresses make him blush. One might say he knew himself to be a culprit. The most beautiful languages in the world, the greatest poems of humanity, are to him but a subject of lassitude, of revolt, and of disgust; nourished, sulkily and without intelligence, with the purest aliments, he has a depraved taste, and aspires only after the bad. It takes him years to lose the fruits of this detestable education; to learn his own tongue while studying Latin, which he knows ill, and Greek, which he does not know at all; to form his taste; to acquire a just notion of history; to lose the marks of ugliness which a thwarted boyhood and the embreting influence of slavery have stamped on his face; to look about frankly, and hold his head erect. \* \* \* In principle, I acknowledge the advantages of public education. In fact, as it is at present practised, I do not hesitate to say that anything is better in the shape of education, even that of children spoilt at home.

This passage, we must say, commends itself to us only in part. It is rather thin in style, and there is a tinge of unreality, along with its truth. On the whole, however, the descriptive passages are more pleasant than these passages of reflection; and, as Madame SAND comes down to the substantial history of her own experiences, we doubt not that the *power* we now miss in these early chapters of her Autobiography will make itself felt.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S two educational speeches—the one at the Literary Institution of Bedford, last week, and the other last Wednesday, at the opening of the new Bristol Athenæum—deserve praise in this respect, that they did not consist of the ordinary generalities stereotyped for such occasions, but were made up each of one specific idea, deemed by his Lordship suitable for his audience and for the public at large. In fact, LORD JOHN has used the opportunities afforded him to throw out two "Russellisms" for general consideration. The Russellism of last week, administered to the Bedford people, consisted in a suggestion whether, after all, the doctrine of the inevitable decline of great nations and empires—a doctrine brought home to the British heart and made picturesque by Mr. MACAULAY'S famous fancy of the future New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge and contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's—is really beyond question. LORD JOHN gave some reasons against the doctrine, and hinted hopes of the perpetuity of London and all its bridges, and of British greatness generally. We dare say Mr. MACAULAY could have pounded his reasons into dust; still, here was a distinct idea, if not very originally or powerfully treated, and LORD JOHN deserves praise for ventilating it. Then, again, the other Russellism—that of this week, propounded at Bristol—has also an educational value. It consisted of a strenuous recommendation of the study of British History as a natural and useful study for citizens of Great Britain, and an accompanying assertion of the curious fact that a really good History of Great Britain is still a desideratum in our national literature. Illustrating this idea, LORD JOHN criticised DAVID HUME'S 'History' in a style which may be characterised as certainly one or two removes from commonplace. Here also his Lordship had the merit of being specific. He said something not bad in itself, which was sure to be remembered—one of the requisites of every speech.

The two Russellisms thus let loose amongst us will not fire the water under the bridge alluded to or give any appreciable impulse to the speculation of the age. But we welcome them, and should be glad, at his lordship's leisure, to have more such. LORD JOHN'S head seems to go out in directions in which his body has not strength to follow—i. e., his thoughts are in advance of his words, and his words, again, a long way in advance of his actions. He has genuine sympathies with the cause of popular education, and he has more notions on the subject than he can put into statesmanship. But even his lordship gives in too much to a common cant on this subject. The increase among us of popular ability and education is the usual text at such meetings as those at which LORD JOHN is present, and he did more than quote it; he preached a little on it. Now, there is much that is questionable in this mode of talking. Test the alleged improvement of the tastes of the reading classes by referring



to what is popular. What kind of literature commands the market? Cheap trash circulates by tons; the reprints of good and high works, even when cheap, have not been successful. Is not the failure of mechanics' institutions, with one or two exceptions, a fact of the age? How little, too, after all read—particularly by the middle class—is shown by the slight circulation, as compared with the population, of newspapers and periodicals. This, no doubt, may in some part be attributed to the "taxes on knowledge;" and is it not, indeed, a farce to see a President of the Council, who, in twenty years of office, has done nothing for the repeal of these imposts, going about the country recommending "education?"

If the people of London knew an important event when it was under their eyes, there ought to be a considerable public sensation in connexion with such a fact as the opening of the *Working Men's College*, in Red Lion-square. On Monday next Professor MAURICE, as principal of the college, is to deliver the introductory lecture. Actually, then, a working man's college has been instituted, with all the forms of a college. It has a staff of twelve teachers, in addition to the principal. There is to be a class of Geometry; one of Public Health; one of English Grammar; one of Law, particularly the Law of Partnership; one of Politics; one of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; one of Mechanics; one of Drawing; one of Arithmetic and Algebra; one of Geography; one of English History; and one of Vocal Music. The teacher of drawing in the college is to be no less distinguished a person than Mr. JOHN RUSKIN; and the other teachers are all Oxford and Cambridge men of academic note. The classes are to meet in the evening, and small fees are to be charged. All working men who have attained ordinary elementary proficiency are to be admitted to whichever of the classes they may choose. Should a sufficient number of students join, there is no limit to what this movement may lead. It is a bold step in the right direction; and we are glad to see that the intention is to keep up, even punctiliously, in the new institution, all academic forms, so as to make the name *Working Men's College* strictly accurate.

#### LORD CARLISLE IN THE EAST.

*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.* By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle.

Longmans.

THE great moral defect of travel-writers, in general, is want of good-humour. Far too many of our literary travellers seem to think that it is necessary to the assertion of their dignity, or the vindication of their wit, to let themselves as rarely as possible appear before the reader in the capacity of men who can be easily pleased. The flippantly-severe style, the querulously-severe style, the sentimentally-severe style, and the eloquently-severe style, are the styles most in vogue among modern travel-writers of the third, the second, and often even of the first-rate class. Let any of our readers ("gentle" readers, of course), who may doubt this, ask themselves, in reference to the majority of books of travel which they have read for the last ten years, how they would like to accompany the authors, judging those gentlemen by their books, in the capacity of travelling-companion?—and they will subscribe forthwith, as we venture to think, to the general truth of the assertion just made. The good-humoured traveller is the rarest of men—in books. "Smellfungus" is abroad still, as well as Lord Brougham's famous "schoolmaster."

It is the main merit of Lord Carlisle's new work that it exhibits him to the reader in the light of an amiable, warm-hearted man, who goes abroad with an honest predisposition to see, as exclusively as possible, the best side of things, and a frank resolution to write down the impressions thus produced exactly as he felt them at the time. If we were in any humour to be severe, we might find all sorts of faults with the *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*. We might show that it wanted the originality and depth of observation, the various flow of narrative, the skilful selection of subjects, and the vigour of style, which are required to make a good book of travels, no matter in what form it may be written. But we prefer, in reviewing Lord Carlisle's work, to take a lesson from Lord Carlisle himself—to look with forbearance and kindness at his book only in the most favourable aspect that it presents, as a frank, genial Diary of a visit to those parts of the world on which the public attention is now fixed with the greatest interest. If we do this, and if we present such extracts from the Diary as may be of some service in helping its circulation among our readers by making them acquainted with its better passages, we shall have discharged ourselves—neither ungraciously or ungenerously towards the author, it is to be hoped—of the duty required from us by Lord Carlisle's book.

Our traveller journeyed to the East by Cologne, Dresden, and Vienna—paid a flying visit to Varna on his way to Constantinople—saw the allied fleet in Besika Bay—looked in at Smyrna—revelled in all the wonders that Greece could show him during the brief period of his sojourn there—saw Mount Carmel and the peaks of Lebanon—landed at Alexandria—and returned to the North by way of Malta and Venice. Such is the outline of Lord Carlisle's very interesting tour. Of the manner in which his Diary relates it, we will now offer some specimens, taken from the passages in the book which are most likely to interest the general reader:—

#### THE DANUBIAN RACES.

We made another halt at Sozoron, the Roman Severinum, where the passports are submitted to a Wallachian officer,—a useless operation, our captain thinks, as the officer understands no language but Wallachian. Here I fell in with a countryman who has been seventeen years in the Company's service as engineer or agent. Besides apparently having the energy and straightforwardness which, I trust, we may consider not uncommon attributes of his countrymen, he seemed to have a great aptitude for acquiring languages, which I do not think so common a one, and spoke fluently, and he said well, in French, German, Italian, and Wallachian. He says he has not found the natives dishonest, but most incurably lazy; it is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate danger, and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility. Many were

standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture, it seemed to me, of all the Danubian races)—models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies—which could hold out a motive to exertion and secure a return to industry—with whatever ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to be general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter. When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon an Englishman with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are, at all events, among them copious indications of energy and character in whatever direction they may be developed, while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.

#### GALATZ AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.

June 21st.—On getting up, I was rather concerned to learn that the steamboat which was to take us up here for Constantinople had not yet arrived; it is, however, expected in the course of the day. The English consul, Mr. Cunningham, came on board to see us; he has lived here for eighteen years, which, I think, must be a sorry destiny. They expect to hear shortly of the Russian entrance; he says the poor Principalities have always to bear the expenses, though Russia professes to pay them. Another agreeable concomitant of the occupation is, that the Russian armies never fail to introduce the plague, or at least some bad fever which passes under that name. The quarantine seems to be the real plague of these districts: every one who crosses over from the opposite bank is subject to it; and it even prevents their getting any supply of fish, as the boatmen are not allowed to pass to and fro. We asked what was the object of the line of pickets which had continued at regular intervals all down the Danube, and were now, for the most part, stationed in the midst of the water: we were told that their main object in the Principalities was to prevent the peasants from running away from their masters: as their place of refuge would be either Turkey or Russia, it did not give me an elevated idea of their present condition. The system of serfage is very complete; and as they are obliged to secure the harvest of the Lord or Boyard before their own, in unfavourable seasons they sustain the worst extremities of hunger.

#### A DINNER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

I had brought letters to Dr. Sandwith, who is a physician here, for the present a correspondent to the *Times*, above all, a Yorkshireman. He very sensibly told me, that if even I did dine at any great repast given by some Turkish Pasha or minister, I should probably only find a reproduction of European customs, knives and forks, &c.; so he undertook to show me a genuine Turkish house and dinner. We went to-day; our host was the chief physician of the Sultan. We arrived at his house at Soutari about half an hour before sunset; and as we could not dine during the Ramazan till after it, neither food nor pipes being allowed between the rising and setting sun, we sat in the garden with our host, who, not in good keeping with his art, plied us with unripe fruits. A young Circassian girl, of about twelve, and so not of an age to prevent her appearing before Franks, was sent from the Seraglio, that the state of her health might be examined. At last the cannon fired:—

"Hark! peal'd the thunder of the evening gun;

It told 'twas sunset, and we bless'd that sun."—*Corseth*.

There was quite a rush to the meal. The party amounted to nine; there was a Priest or Imam in a violet robe; but the person who was the best dressed, and seemed to be made most of, was a perfectly black gentleman from the Seraglio. Our host talked some French; the rest nothing but Turkish, in which Dr. Sandwith is very fluent. All sat down on low cushions upon their legs: this I could not quite effect, but managed to stow mine under the small low round table. Upon this was placed a brass or copper salver, and upon this again the dishes of food in very quick and most copious succession: we all helped ourselves with our right hands, except that just for the soup we had wooden spoons: this is not quite so offensive as its sounds, since they hardly take more than one or two mouthfuls in each dish from the part immediately opposite them, so the hands do not mingle in the platter: it seems to me, however, that the first advance in Turkish civilisation to which we may look forward will be the use of spoons, and then, through succeeding epochs, to knives and forks,—

The diapason ending full in plates.

I must say that I thought the fare itself very good, consisting in large proportion of vegetables, pastry, and condiments, but exhibiting a degree of resource and variety not unworthy of study by the unadventurous cookery of Britain. We drank sherbets and water. Some of the company had become so ravenous for their pipes after the long abstinence of the day, that they could not sit out the meal. We transferred ourselves to another room, where we all tucked up our legs on the divan, which, however, soon gave me the cramp; but I was kindly encouraged to stretch out my feet. This portion of the evening was very long, as coffee and pipes were incessantly brought in: occasional relief was effected by the black gentleman condescending to sing, with rather a cracked voice to a tamborine. I was given to understand that he was one of the Sultan's favourite musicians. Our host talked with regard of the Sultan, and seemed much pleased with his having assured him that he might treat him quite fearlessly, and not be afraid of the responsibility. Dr. Sandwith appeared to think this was not wholly a superfluous recommendation, as lately our friend had called him into a consultation upon the rather grave case of some Pasha, and upon Dr. S. advising some calomel or other efficient treatment, his Turkish colleague expostulated, "Oh, but this is a very great man." All were extremely courteous to me, and wished to impress upon me the great military ardour that now exists against the Russians, not at all relishing the opinion I expressed that there would be no actual war at present; upon which our host pertinently inquired, "Will the Russians, then, pay our expenses?" Upon our return home, it was a very pleasant transition from the divan and pipes to the caïque on the perfectly smooth Bosphorus, under the still sky, with all the minarets of the wide city around illuminated for the Ramazan, and a military band playing under one of the Sultan's kiosks or pavilions.

#### THE SULTAN AND HIS COURT.

July 7th.—At about half-past two A.M. there were thundering salutes to announce the festival of the Bairam, which lasts for three days upon the expiration of the month of fasting. At half-past three a large party set off from the hotel; we were rowed by the boats of the Neger over the Golden Horn blushing under the opening dawn, and with the earliest ray of the sun we were in the large court of the Seraglio to see the procession of the Sultan to the mosque of Sultan Achmed. We were placed in a house commanding the gateway from very convenient windows. The sight was very pretty; there were a number of led horses with rich caparisons; then a long succession of officers of state, Pashas, and the Ministers, all mounted; then the pages on foot immediately preceding the Sultan, wearing gorgeous feathers of white ostrich, with a stiff green cone, which I am told are relics of the Byzantine imperial wardrobe; then the Sultan himself on horseback, in his plume, fur, and diamond corraffe, and long blue cloak, just as he is painted in Sir David Wilkie's picture in the corridor

at Windsor. He looks pale, old for his age (about thirty-one, I believe), and he has lately grown corpulent: the impression his aspect conveys is of a man, gentle, unassuming, feeble, unstrung, doomed; no energy of purpose gleamed in that passive glance; no augury of victory sat on that still brow. How different from the mien of the Emperor of Austria as he rode at the head of his cohorts, though that may not have had any special moral significance. The Sultan looked like Richard II. riding past; Bolingbroke, however, has not yet arrived. The French Ambassador, M. Delacour, and several ladies, arrived too late for the exit of the procession, but saw its return. Lord Stratford did not come, but we had his interpreter, and an imposing array of four cavasses, a sort of armed policemen. We were then transferred to the interior court. Here the Sultan takes his place on a gold or gilded couch; the Sheikh Islam, or head of the Church, and a descendant of the Prophet from Mecca, offer up a short prayer, and then in succession the whole Ottoman array of dignitaries and officers file before him: the first few of the highest grade kiss his foot while he stands; he then sits down, and the great bulk of military and civil employés only kiss the tassel of the couch; the cadis (judges), ulemas (professors of law), and muftis (much the same) kiss the hem of his garment. The Sultan's band played marches and airs all the time, chiefly from *Semiramide*, and extremely well. The sight was extremely picturesque, somewhat barbaric, highly suggestive;—picturesque from the variety and brilliancy of costume, the gleaming of uniforms, the clash of music under the dark rich green of the cypresses, and the quaintness of the surrounding architecture; barbaric, from the idolatrous forms of prostration; suggestive, from the thought that always follows me here, from minaret to minaret, from one silver sea to another, "How long?"

#### TURKISH LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

July 26th.—I breakfasted under a vine in the garden. Poor Captain Woolrige, of the *Inflexible*, died here this morning, of fever, which I fear was brought on and aggravated by excitement at the prospect of undergoing a court-martial, for his ship having been run aground by its pilot. Lord George Paulet and I were called for by Captain Borlase, an English naval officer, who has been here for a year or two, instructing the Turkish fleet in gunnery, and taken by him on board the largest Turkish man-of-war, the *Mahmoudieh*, of 122 guns. She is very immense, and of unusual depth: she was built, like most, I believe, of their ships, by an American. Even after my residence with the fleet, I do not assume to be a naval critic, so I spare my reader all details. Lord George seemed on the whole very much satisfied with the arrangements; the captain, who had been for some little time at Portsmouth, seemed a very intelligent man. I was particularly pleased with the care they appear to bestow on the sick in the ship's hospital, though there was an array of sweetmeats for them we should not have found in our vessels. The crew looked active and healthy; not quite so clean as our men. We had of course pipes, sherbet, and coffee. We went to another ship of 78 guns, where we found two Turkish admirals, Achmed Pasha and Mustapha Pasha, the latter of whom served for some years in an English ship, and speaks English perfectly. Here we saw the crew work the guns; and Lord George thought, as I had heard from others before, that no English crew whatever could have done it better. This is highly to the credit of Captain Borlase.

#### THE POLITICS OF MODERN GREECE.

I have barely adverted to the politics of modern Greece: during one fortnight, at least, ancient Hellas repels all other intrusion, and, truth to say, there is but little attraction in the modern competitor for notice. I should also shrink from any direct references to those with whom I have conversed; I may, however, most truthfully sum up, from all that I have seen, or read, or heard among persons of different nations, stations, and principles, that the present Government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The Constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation are employed,—charges from which we Englishmen can, I fear, by no means make out an exemption,—the absence of the voters, who regard the whole process as a mockery, is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting papers by the gendarmerie,—a height of impudence to which we have not yet soared. Persons the most discredited by their characters and antecedents are forced on the reluctant constituencies, and even occasionally advanced to places of high trust and dignity. The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigour of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communications, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, where they are good, are deplorable; the provinces—and here I can hardly except the neighbourhood of the capital—teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel: the public debt is not paid: an offer by a company of respectable individuals to institute a steam navigation, for which the seas and shores of Greece offer such innumerable facilities, was declined at the very period of my visit, because it was apprehended that it would be unpalatable to Austria. Bitter, indeed, is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once august and honoured cause. Yet the feeling so natural to them, so difficult to avoid for us all, should still stop far short of despair. When it is remembered that, about twenty-three years ago, the only building at the Piræus was a small convent, and that at the same time there was not a single entire roof in Athens; and that we now find, at the harbour, noble wharves and substantial streets, and at the base of the Acropolis, not indeed a renewal of its elder glories, but what would be thought anywhere a fresh and comely city;—it would be impossible to deny either the possibility, or presence of progress: it is of deeper importance, that, as I believe, there undoubtedly are solid materials for advance and improvement among the bulk of the Greek people themselves; their high intelligence no detractor could think of denying; they seem capable of patient and persevering industry; the zeal for education pierces to the very lowest ranks; many instances are known of young men and women coming to Athens, and engaging in service for no other wages than the permission or opportunity to attend some place of instruction; and when an exception is made of the classes most exposed to contact with the abuses of government, and the frivolities of a society hurriedly forced into a premature and imperfect refinement, there is much of homely simplicity, cheerful temperance, and hearty good-will amidst the main body of the country population. The most essential element in thus forecasting the destinies of a people, is their religion: it is notorious that the religion of the modern Greeks is encumbered with very much both of ignorance and superstition. I believe that, in instituting a fair comparison of the Greek Church with her Latin sister, she must be acknowledged to lag behind her in the activity and zeal which constitute the missionary character of a church, and in the spirit of association for purposes of benevolence: but she possesses a superiority in two points, full of value and pregnant with promise: she has more tolerance towards other religious communities, and she encourages the perusal of the Holy Scriptures.

Before we close Lord Carlisle's volume, it is only justice to him to say that he writes without any reference, one way or the other, to party politics. Paragraphs and sentences may very possibly be picked out of his book as texts, from which Opposition members, next session, may speak against the Turks, and the Palmerstonian sympathy for them. But a fair perusal of Lord Carlisle's Diary, and a fair comparison of detached passages with each

other, will, we think, prove that he writes impartially even on the subject of Turkey. He speaks on topics of present and powerful interest in the character of a spectator, not of a partisan; and though he says but little, that little, in virtue of the speaker's moderation, may claim to have a value of its own.

#### MORE VERSIFIERS.

*The Dream of Pythagoras, and Other Poems.* By Emma Tatham.

Binns and Goodwin.  
Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Poems by William Bell Scott.*

*Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History.* By Ann Hawkshaw.

*Minor Poems by James Sykes.*

*Idyls and Songs.* By Francis Turner Palgrave.

John W. Parker and Son.

*The Village Bridal, and Other Poems.* By James Henry Powell. Whittaker and Co.

INDULGENT old Michel de Montaigne was almost tormented into severity by the excessive *escrivaillerie* of his time. Yet he lived in an age comparatively innocent of ink. What would he have said if his fate had fallen on these evil days of fungoid poetasters?

"Poetry," in the modern acceptation, seems to be the refuge of weak minds incapable of prose. Sometimes it is but a premonitory symptom of that moral enlargement of the heart, which precedes the total loss of head; and then it deserves our amused pity: sometimes it is the motley of a melancholy dilettantism: sometimes it is the harmless offspring of a too retentive memory and a too facile mimicry. Once or twice in a century it is an inspiration, a gift, a creative power, an art.

We do not, of course, include in these sweeping definitions the innocuous pastime of nice young men who scribble in albums, or the still more innocuous accomplishment of nice young ladies who take to writing "poetry" like puppy-dogs to milk. Whenever we hear that very common remark, *Oh! she is so clever, she writes poetry*, we can only smile pityingly, and silently regret that the young lady should allow her feelings to get the better of her p's and q's, and stain with horrid ink those delicate pickers and stealers which we cannot doubt were originally created for domestic cookery and crochet—not to speak of the poetry of plain needlework! Rising to higher considerations, we may ask, why should beauty descend from the shrine to mingle with the vulgar crowd in the temple? why should the worshipped become a worshipper? Young ladies, be content to be the Poem, and let those rougher mortals with whom, since your mother Eve, you have waged an everlasting war, be the despairing poets.

Here is an unpretending little volume of "poems" by a young lady who, we can scarcely be surprised to learn, has "not hitherto published." Many of the pieces were written, we are assured, when the authoress was sixteen or seventeen years of age. These extenuating circumstances are undoubtedly prepossessing; and we should have nothing to add at present in acknowledging the receipt of *The Dream of Pythagoras, and Other Poems*, but a word of unfeigned sympathy and regard for a young mind so full of fine and fervent feeling, so rich in aspiration, so refined in culture, so pure and delicate in thought, so accomplished in expression. But we cannot resist the duty of warning, we trust in a spirit of sincere kindness and true respect, the friends of this young lady against the practice of enclosing in a copy of the poems a sheet full of "opinions of the press." If a lady were not the unconscious subject of this ill-advised *naïveté*, we should be disposed to resent it as an intolerable intrusion. It is an equally foolish and impertinent attempt to bias the judgment of the reviewer whose conscientious judgment is appealed to, and who is presumed to be overpowered by a cloud of "favourable notices." In the present instance, nothing could be more fatal to the reputation of the "poet" than the so-called "Opinions of the Press" now lying before us. Here is a specimen of the suit we are indirectly requested to follow:—

"Miss Tatham is, indeed, a poet. If great imagination—immense depth of thought and feeling—exquisite tenderness—great power of expression, combined with a harmony of metre rarely surpassed—be the qualifications of a poet, then, indeed, may Miss Tatham lay claim to a high rank in the field of English poetic literature. We could have wished, indeed, that her inspiration would occasionally indulge itself on subjects less serious than those which she has treated—not that she is not equal to such themes, we believe her equal to anything—but because she would come more home to our hearts in matters connected with the every-day world around us."

This friendly critic *n'y va pas de main morte*. But we confess his enthusiasm is not infectious. Here is another, whose raptures almost run away with his grammar:—

"There are so many individuals claiming rank in these days as poets and poetesses, that it is natural to contract a distaste for every new poetic book, and to turn away in loathing as if nothing good could now descend to us except in solemn and sober prose. The same fate may await the inspirations of Emma Tatham; but we take this opportunity of saying that we should be sorry to find her shelved, because it is somewhat extraordinary that a female mind can be found among us aspiring to the most classic and sacred heights of poetic art. Miss Tatham will not condescend to write about subjects of a mere earthly or social kind;—she must be a Miltoness or nothing at all, and her chief poem is therefore an elaborated, a complicated, a metaphysical, and a daring rendering of the dreams and visions of the greatest philosopher and myth of ancient Greece. Men of most manly mind would not even have dared so much; but Miss Tatham knows she has great powers, worthy of great deeds; and if yet a young lady, the better for herself and her country."

Undoubtedly we should be sorry to find any amiable and accomplished young lady "shelved;" the position would be most trying and uncomfortable; but with regard to the poems, a shelf after all is better than a waste-paper basket or the buttermilk. It is not our fault, nor, we believe, Miss EMMA TATHAM'S, that we have been diverted into a criticism of her critics instead of her own verses; we have already said all we have to say about her refined and pensive exercises in metre.

MR. WILLIAM BELL SCOTT has caught a mannerism or two of Tennyson, and this mimetic knack has probably driven him into rhythm to express obscurely, and therefore feebly, thoughts and perceptions often subtle, always scholarly and refined, sometimes even profound.

MISS HAWKSHAW has in a loving spirit of reverence transcribed, in ninety-eight sonnets, the chief epochs and episodes of Anglo-Saxon history. The style of the sonnets is a vigorous sobriety.

MR. JAMES SYKES sends us a copy of his *Minor Poems*, printed, we find,



for private circulation at a fashionable watering-place in the North. Whether the *Major Poems* have been published, or are destined to appear, the *Minor Poems* being pioneers, we cannot say, but from a glance at the latter we should divine that the author was a constant reader of Tennyson and Shelley.

We have hesitated to include Mr. FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE'S *Idyls and Songs* in our present Batch; not, we regret to be compelled to say, on account of their merits, but in deference to their pretensions. These *Idyls and Songs* are purely and simply a pasticcio of reminiscences, scarcely disguised enough to excite even that agreeable curiosity with which we trace back an air of Rossini to its original creation by Haydn or Mozart. There is scarcely a so-called original "poem" in the volume which does not assert its parentage, and Mr. Palgrave has laid the Poet Laureate, to whom he dedicates his pages, under special contribution. Often, while the idea is borrowed, every trick and tone is aped to a marvel. We only miss the genius, the art—in a word, the *poetry* of the model. The translations from the Greek, from Catullus and Horace, from the German and Italian, are respectably feeble; the love-songs are languid puerilities, the passion is a sickly pretence. Altogether, we have felt it would be a bad precedent to notice more than summarily these ambitious imitations. Mr. Palgrave is, it seems, a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and he bears a name of literary significance. His verses, as may be supposed, do not fail of a certain correct finish, and even an occasional felicity of expression; indeed, the elaboration is only too evident. There is nothing that would not grace an album and delight a tea-table in these *Idyls*; but let us assure Mr. Palgrave, with all possible kindness, and before he commits himself more deeply to the delusion, he is no poet, and, perhaps, an indifferent mimic.

Mr. JAMES HENRY POWELL is a working engineer at Birkenhead; he is also a man of diligent self-culture, a man of heart and intelligence. Here is one of the many noble examples of the *élite* of our operative classes who devote their hard-earned and scanty leisure to inspiring studies and consoling recreations; taking refuge from the weary round of work in the society of books, strengthening and refreshing their minds by silent communion with the good and great of all ages. This unassuming little collection of studies is appropriately dedicated to Lord Goderich, and we are glad to find the writer acknowledging the kindness of his employers, who have encouraged his intellectual efforts.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY AND CONTRAST OF COLOURS.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

It was Buffon, the great naturalist, who first observed what he named *accidental colours*: he pointed out certain conditions in which these colours are visible. These are,—pressure upon the eye, or any sudden concussion,—a strong impression of bright light, as a direct ray from the sun,—continued vision of any colour,—and change of vision from colour to white, or no colour. In these two last resides Chevreul's theory of contrast, *simultaneous* and *successive*; but to these he adds a third condition, which he calls the *mixed*—i. e., when an entirely new colour is presented while the eye retains the "aptitude" to see the complement of a different colour. After relating many experiments, he says:—

"When a purchaser has for a considerable time looked at a yellow fabric, and he is then shown orange or scarlet stuffs, it is found that he takes them to be amaranth-red or crimson, for there is a tendency in the retina excited by yellow to acquire an aptitude to see violet, whence all the yellow of the scarlet or orange stuff disappears, and the eye sees red, or a red tinged with violet. If there is presented to a buyer one after another fourteen pieces of red stuff, he will consider the last six or seven less beautiful than those first seen, although the pieces be identically the same. What is the cause of this error of judgment? It is, that the eyes having seen seven or eight red pieces in succession are in the same condition as if they had regarded fixedly during the same period of time a single piece of red stuff; they have then a tendency to see the complementary of red—that is to say, green. This tendency goes of necessity to enfeeble the brilliancy of the red of the pieces seen later. In order that the merchant may not be the sufferer by this fatigue of the eyes of his customer, he must take care, after having shown the latter seven pieces of red, to present to him some pieces of green stuff to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to exceed the normal state, the eyes will acquire a tendency to see red, then the last seven red pieces will appear more beautiful than the others."

A section is devoted to the physiological cause of the phenomena of contrast in which are given the explanations by Scherffer, Haüy, and Laplace; with which, however, M. Chevreul is not satisfied, remarking that:—

"Every author who has treated of *accidental colours* agrees in considering them as being the result of fatigue of the eye. If this be incontestably true in the case of *successive contrast*, I do not believe it to be so of *simultaneous contrast*; for, in arranging the coloured bands in the manner I have done, as soon as we succeed in seeing all four together, the colours are observed to be modified before the eye becomes in the least degree fatigued, although I admit that it often requires several seconds to perceive these modifications.

"But is not this *time* necessary, as is that which is given to the exercise of each of our senses, whenever we wish to explain to ourselves a sensation that affects them?"

"The following experiment illustrates my idea:—A coloured paper, upon which letters of a pale grey had been traced, was presented to me one evening at twilight; on first looking at it I could not distinguish a single letter, but in a few minutes I contrived to read the writing, which appeared to me to have been traced with an ink of a colour complementary to that of the ground. Now, I ask, if at the moment when my vision was distinct, my eyes were more fatigued than when I first looked at the paper without being able to distinguish the letters upon it, and which were seen to be of the colour complementary to that of the ground?"

The sense of colour, and the pleasure derived from what we call the harmony of colours, remain, after all, amongst the mysteries of our philosophy; we are accumulating facts by such researches as those of M. Chevreul, and these are of valuable practicable application; but the physiological cause is as far removed from our ken as in regard to every other kind of sensation. It is nothing to say, the eye has an aptitude to see this or that colour, or desires to see them, or that it is constructed to see

white light, and so always endeavours to supply the colours wanting by a spectral complement. As to the eye being constructed to see white light, how should this be, when the variety of colours about us is endless? It should rather be made to see colours. We suspect that something much more mechanical will be found to be the cause.

The sense of touch, for example, depends upon the conduction of an impression along a continuous filament of nerve; perhaps in a manner similar to the conveying of the slightest mechanical impression from one end of a piece of wood to the other. The sense of vision may be analogous, because it consists of the reception of very rapid vibrations upon filaments of nerve, which vibrations are found to vary in their beat for every colour; red vibrating 482 millions of millions of times in a second, yellow 542, and violet 707. In touch, we perceive more than one quality; we can tell if the object is hard or soft, smooth or rough, angular or round, hot or cold, wet or dry; something besides contact. So, in hearing, we perceive the noise\* of the blow of the hammer upon a bell as well as the musical sound; and, what is very curious, this sound is not more pure than a primary colour, for it is accompanied with others which produce with it a harmony upon the ear. In looking upon a coloured disc upon a white ground, it appears surrounded with a halo of its complementary colour, as in Buffon's experiment; and when the disc is removed, its place will be filled with an illusive disc of the complementary colour. Now it is natural to suppose, that when a part of the surface of the retina is made to vibrate by coloured rays, the surrounding parts of the nervous surface are also affected by vibrations of a less rapid kind communicated to them; and when the colour is removed the vibrations begin to cease, the state of repose being preceded by the diminution of the vibrations and the spectral sight of the colour which affords the greatest relief to the organ. The result of fatiguing the eye with one colour seems to be accountable in the same way; the retina becomes less and less susceptible, and conveys false impressions of a lower rate of pulsation. Why *green* should be seen with *red*, or *yellow* with *blue*, it is not easy to decide; one would suppose there must be some numerical ratio between their vibrations.

M. Chevreul applies his system, most completely, from painting in its highest sense through every kind of decorative use of it; then to works of art in coloured materials of a definite size, such as the tapestries, damasks and mosaics, even down to clothing and horticulture.

Of true pictures, and those purely ornamental, he says:—

"The colouring of a picture may be *true* or *absolute*, and yet the effect may not be agreeable, because the colours of the objects have no harmony. On the contrary, a picture may please by the harmony of the local colours of each object, by that of the colours of objects contiguous to each other, and yet may offend by the gradation of the lights and shades, and by the fidelity of the colours. In a word, it offends by *true* or *absolute* colouring; and the proof that it might please, is, that pictures in flat tints, the colours of which are perfectly assorted to the eye, although opposed to those which we know belong to the objects imitated, produce, under the relation of general harmony of colours, an extremely agreeable effect."

"For a painter to be a perfect colourist, he must not only imitate the model by reproducing the image faithfully, in respect to aerial perspective relative to the variously coloured light, but also, the harmony of tints must be found in the local colours, and in the colours of the different objects imitated; and this is the place to remark, that if in every composition there are colours inherent to the model which the painter cannot change without being unfaithful to nature, there are others at his disposal which must be chosen so as to harmonise with the first."

In trade, ignorance of the laws of contrast has often given rise to disputes which could only be settled by appealing to Chevreul.

"Certain drapers having given to a calico-printer some cloths of a single colour,—red, violet, and blue,—upon which they wished black figures to be printed, complained that upon the red cloths he had put *green* patterns, upon the violet the figures appeared *greenish-yellow*,—upon the blue—they were *orange-brown* or *copper*-coloured, instead of the *black*, which they had ordered. To convince them that they had no ground for complaint, it sufficed to have recourse to the following proofs:—

"I surrounded the patterns with white paper, so as to conceal the ground; the designs then appeared black.

"I placed some cuttings of black cloth upon stuffs coloured red, violet, and blue; the cuttings appeared like the printed designs—i. e. of the colour complementary to the ground, although the same cuttings, when placed upon a white ground, were of a beautiful black."

It seems that there is a clothes' philosophy of a practical kind—science will enable us to put the best face upon a worn-out wardrobe.

"A coat, waistcoat, and trousers of the same colour cannot be worn together with advantage except when new; for when one of them has lost its freshness by having been more worn than the others, the difference will be increased by contrast. Thus new black trousers, worn with a coat and waistcoat of the same colour, but old and slightly *rusty*, will bring out this latter tint; while at the same time the black of the trousers will appear brighter. White trousers, reddish-grey also, will correct the effect of which I speak. We see, then, the advantage of having a soldier's trousers of another colour than his coat, especially if, wearing this coat all the year, he only wears trousers of the same cloth during winter. We see, also, why white trousers are favourable to coats of every colour, as I have already said."

The dress of ladies of all types of complexion is elaborately treated:—

"If we consider the colours which generally pass as assorting best with light or black hair, we shall see that they are precisely those which produce the greatest contrasts; thus, sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the colour that approaches the nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colours long esteemed to accord favourably with black hair,—yellow, and red more or less orange,—contrast in the same manner with them."

"The linings of the boxes of a theatre should never be rose-red, wine-red, or light crimson, because these colours have the serious disadvantage of making the skin of the spectators appear more or less green."

"A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience."

"Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than the delicate green."

\* "Noises" are said to be produced by irregular vibrations; and musical sounds, by vibrations recurring at regular intervals. Pursuing the analogy, we might say that daylight is the result of irregular vibrations, and colours of equal or rhythmical vibrations.

"To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion.

"When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

"Violet is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.

"Blue is suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation.

"It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

"Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

"Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it."

The work ends with a section on the æsthetics of colour, and an historical sketch of the author's researches. We look upon it as the most important application of positive science to the practice of colouring in every department of art and art-manufacture. Such a book was much needed, and it will, no doubt, become a most valuable text-book at Marlborough House. Indeed, to all our great dyeing, paper staining, carpet weaving, and calico printing establishments, such a work of reference seems to us indispensable if they would compete successfully with the French, who have benefited from M. Chevreul's instructions for the last twenty-five years.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- Arvon; or, the Trials. A Legend.* By C. Mitchell Charles. 2 vols. G. Routledge and Co.
- The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems.* By Gerald Massey. David Bogue.
- Wild Sports in the Far West.* By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated from the German. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. G. Routledge and Co.
- The Caxtons: a Family Picture.* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. G. Routledge and Co.
- Captain Canot; or, Twenty Years of an African Slaver.* By Brantz Mayer. G. Routledge and Co.
- The Golden Legend.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. G. Routledge and Co.
- Things as they are in America.* By William Chambers. W. and R. Chambers.
- Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders; with Illustrations of their Manners and Customs.* By Edward Shortland, M.A., &c. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

### Portfolio.

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

#### UNDESIRABLE.

##### III.

EVENTS began to succeed each other in rapid succession before the blinking eyes of Dutton. He had now identified the house to which John Smith repaired; had discovered the beautiful young lady, and had ascertained the fact that it was Smith who appeared as her guardian. What right, he asked himself, had a common clerk to indulge in these fanciful recreations—to wander about the country at night—to visit lovely young ladies, and, in short, to behave as if life were a romance. Dutton had done nothing of the kind, although he was a gentleman by birth, and might have taken these licences. He at once inferred that there must be something wrong in Smith's accounts—a new object of investigation. He learnt from the fair Amy indeed that the clerk was prudent and exact. "At Brixton, perhaps," he said to himself, "but let us look at his books." There was, however, nothing there to justify suspicion; which only made Dutton suspect the more, and feel the more indignant at the deep villainy and duplicity of the man.

A wilder suspicion crossed his mind when he once more dogged Smith to Cheam; for he now prosecuted his watch best at early evening, which less excited his vague alarms, and allowed him to repair afterwards to the faithful Amy. The gentle creature had tacitly assumed a new position—donning a dress, not a little resembling a widow's weeds, a happy stroke of good taste which charmed the chivalrous Dutton. He felt that he was getting to himself a genuine romance of real life, but at a cheap rate; and he really began to adore his Amy, who reciprocated his devotion and gratitude.

Once more, partly to gratify the injured lady by a more exact description of the "lawless beauty" whom he had seen so slightly, Dutton dogged the wretched Smith, and obtained more to tell than he bargained for. He arrived before his plebeian rival, and had to await him; and he found that some one else was waiting for the same person. The slight officer-like man whom Dutton had seen before, loomed in the twilight, and returned back again down the lane. Presently there were voices, violent though subdued—there was a scuffle,—a pistol went off, then another—and Smith hastily passed towards the cottage. As soon as Dutton's nightmarred limbs could move, he made for the scene of action; and there he found the mysterious stranger sitting on the road-side. "Are you hurt, sir?" There was at first no answer, then a very brief admission that "perhaps he was;" and a few minutes later, the spy found himself conducting towards his own cab an injured man who would not let a hint escape of his injuries, his contest, or his object. He did not so much as offer to pay for the cab, nor when left at a lodging in Arundel-street did he so much as thank his kind protector; but Dutton marked him, feeling as sure that the man would be kept at home for a day or two by his hurts, as that he might be made "king's evidence."

But his not paying for the cab! That rankled in the mind of the anxious Dutton. Decidedly Smith was more expensive to him than his Amy—far more; now reason why he abhorred the villain. And now he was plunged in

a new expense, all through the same heartless wretch. His petty cash was running low; for that fool Jarrett, who had appointed him for a degrading reason, had tied him up and underpriced him, and now he should have to trench upon his savings. Touch his savings! The idea haunted him. He hated Smith that made him do so, Jarrett that made it necessary, and even thought that "Amy might have helped a leetle." But of course he could not tell her so; and at the bottom of his heart he respected her for her discretion. Still there was the hateful thought—he should have to touch his savings to find more means of unmasking the villain who had led him into such an enormity as "cab-hire."

On the next morning, soon after Jarrett came to the place of business, Smith, in the most open and unblushing way, took possession of his chief, and they were closeted together in Jarrett's closet, next to Dutton's. Jarrett went in so much haste, that he left his purse on the table—fat and gaping. It was a common negligence of his. "How," asked the indignant Dutton, "could such a man have got on in business?" He would not keep his eyes off the purse, which he hated for its master's sake. Jarrett had no cab-hire to pay! Dutton tried to listen, for he could hear that Smith alone was speaking; but he could not distinguish the flow of murmured words, and he felt that his position with his ear to the door was not safe. An hour, or nearly, did the principal remain, and then he went forth by another door, leaving Smith behind. Smith came once or twice into Dutton's room for papers left behind by Jarrett: he was, with his own subordinate hand, doing Jarrett's special work, never entrusted to any other! Hateful fact! The supplanting was clearly made out. To trust such a fellow, Jarrett must have been swindled out of his confidence; yet Dutton thought that he himself would suffer too for the madness of his chief. Smith, too, must be a very superior swindler, for he did not notice the purse, though it lay there glaringly, impudently unprotected. Was it stupidity, or consummate art? Dutton could not answer, though while he appeared to be meekly and sedulously writing, "as was his duty," he was watching with all the spite of a lame terrier.

Smith again settled down to the chief partner's own table, in the chief partner's own room, and Dutton was left alone with the purse, calculating the cab hire and other expenses "to which he was put on Smith's account," hating Jarrett for his stupidity, and, being so stupid, for his superior position; and further for favouring that swindler Smith. Why should Jarrett be made to pay for the detection of his deluder? The idea was not strictly conventional morals, but Dutton felt its justice. Often he looked at the purse, and noted the ease with which he might abstract a note; and Jarrett would not miss it, for he piqued himself not recording the money he kept about him. It would be far better than any mistake in the accounts; mistakes are always suspicious things. However, after all, "honesty is the best policy," and Dutton, grown very nervous with that fiend, his headache, discarded the idea of taking the money. Indeed he never had thought of it; no, he scorned it. Easy as the feat was, he was above it. He knew it was easy, and Jarrett owed the safety of his pocket-book to the spotless honour of his partner. There was no doubt of that, and to prove it, Dutton stealthily approached the book, opened it, had all at his command, uninterrupted. Nay, he proved beyond question, for he did it experimentally, that he could put one note in his waistcoat-pocket; and if one note lay there throbbing, why not—

The sound of Jarrett's boots, heavy and alert, made him pause, and then he was conscious of a gentle sound close by him: he turned.

It was Smith, bewildered, amazed, evidently shocked.

Dutton was at his own desk again in a second, writing.

Jarrett himself looked in, and stared at Smith's strange and altered aspect.

In the confusion, Dutton forgot to keep the pocket-book in his hand, and to avow that he was scrutinising the neglected treasure: he must now, he felt, sink, or be bold. Looking up from his writing, he smiled, pointed with his pen to the book, and then to Smith, and said, "Your favourite, Jarrett, seems fond of toying with your pocket-book; but I think my eye has saved it."

Smith had not really given rein to all his suspicion, nor to all his dislike of the man. Even now a horror at the fate the wretch was dragging upon himself, was the stronger man's first thought; his next was of poor Amy.

Jarrett remained immovable at the door, only that he had flung it wide open, and now stood bolt upright, in the opening.

Smith deliberately walked up close to Dutton, and said in a tone so low that the accuser alone could hear it, "You have forgotten the note in your own pocket."

So he had!

"It was a mistake," cried Dutton to Jarrett, with his thin silkiest voice, smiling and bowing over his desk; "it was a mistake—Mr. Smith has convinced me it was a mistake—it was a mistake."

Jarrett moved from the door, and stood by his own desk, and looked intently at both men. It was quite clear to both, that he perfectly understood the real situation.

Dutton tried to write, but his hand shook so that the pen rattled on the paper. He hated himself, as he never had done before, for his want of nerve; hated the other two for a silence that he could not understand.

"I have lately imagined, sir," said Smith, in a hoarse voice, and while by his manner he spoke to Dutton, he looked at Jarrett, "that you were about to marry Miss Amelia Turner?"

Dutton felt the rapier, and clenched with the ready lie. "We were," he said, in humble tones, but unmistakably articulate, "we were married this morning, privately."

During the brief dead silence, Dutton remained with his head immovably bent over his desk.

They were interrupted by a movement in Jarrett's room; all looked that way, and saw one of the clerks ushering in a lady.

It was the young lady whom Dutton had seen with Smith, at Cheam! Her lovely countenance for a moment confronted that of the guilty man: no suspicion of his guile rose to trouble the intense loveliness of hers; his worked now with the spiteful suspicions that were re-awakened; and at the



bottom of his heart he still had a triumph left—the girl had made his accuser faithless.

"John," said Mr. Jarrett, before he moved to receive his visitor, "Mr. Dutton will call to-morrow, with his lawyer, if he likes, to dissolve the partnership and wind up the accounts."

Dutton took his hat, and went out of the room.

"I remember once," said Jarrett, laying his hand on Smith's shoulder, "nay, much oftener than once, stealing money out of my mother's till—and my mother, John, was a poor woman, who pinched herself to educate me."

"But, sir," said Smith in the same low voice, his face showing the respect he felt for the generosity of the man,—and Jarrett piqued himself on manliness in all things—"you were a boy, quite a boy."

"Not so very young, either; but I was a naughty boy, John. However, some of us, poor devils, never grow to be men. He is my mistake. Never mind; Mrs. Jarrett is waiting all this while for your fair Italian and her story."

Dutton still lingered in the outermost office, partly braving any desire of Jarrett's to take summary proceedings, partly eager to learn what he could. He could, however, hear Jarrett going out by the private way; and at the door he saw the chief partner hand the young lady into Mrs. Jarrett's carriage, and drive off with her, while Smith followed into a cab that stood behind laden with luggage.

Dutton hurried off to give the district registrar notice of his own marriage with Amy as soon as possible.

### THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

LISZT ON MEYERBEER—WAGNER.

Weimar, Oct. 1.

It has been my duty and my pleasure several times in this journal to raise my voice against Meyerbeer and his school; which may have something to do with the selection of the subject for the third letter. I am glad to have Liszt fighting in the same ranks, although he fights under another standard. My opinion has always been that Meyerbeer's unmistakable ability and knowledge of theatrical effect have given his works a popularity which for a time may cast in the shade the music of far deeper and more enduring character, just as the popularity of a Dumas may for a time eclipse Racine; but whatever we may think of Meyerbeer's theatrical talent, his musical genius is of quite a secondary order. Instead of Music he has striven for Situation; instead of Poetry, Effect. To bring stage pomp, splendour, dance, and the clang of tumultuous orchestras, as a substitution for passionate and melodic expression, was an innovation indeed, but no real reform. The primary aim of the musical Art was given up in favour of a secondary and accessory aim of stage effect.

Such briefly, was the point of view taken. In Liszt's criticism I find perfect agreement with these ideas, except that he regards Meyerbeer's innovation as a real reform, a transition from a worn-out form of Art to a newer and grander form. Rossini—*il maestro di color che sanno*—the greatest dramatic genius, as I conceive, who ever used Music as a form of expression, Liszt regards as the culmination of that style which aimed at Feeling above all things, careless of dramatic propriety, careless of character, truth, or *coulour locale*. Meyerbeer, on the other hand, is regardless of the mere melodic delight, and thinks mainly of Effect. Let us see how Liszt establishes this by an historical survey of the development of modern Opera.

He very properly brings into its deserved prominence the part which the libretto plays in Opera. Thus, he says, among all the libretto-writers of the last century, the one who won a lasting celebrity was Metastasio. He was the post *par excellence* of that Italian opera of which we may take Hasse as the most typical representative. Though not so fertile as some other composers of his time, Hasse produced more than fifty operas, which will not appear surprising if we reflect that in that day every musical author held it quite natural to compose several operas to the same text, and *vice versa*. This fact is a significant proof of the then existing indifference to effects which are appropriate to specific situations; for these are not transferable, whereas the same feeling may be expressed in a hundred ways, and it is easy to adapt a new melody to words, or new words to a melody, if both the one and the other simply express joy, sorrow, or love in general, and if no great weight is laid on declamation and prosody, which are the sole indissoluble bond between words and musical expression. Thus, during the first epoch of the Opera, the expression of feeling was the dominant tendency. In the beginning of the present century the society whose favourite poet was Metastasio, and whose favourite musician was Hasse, had disappeared. New social conditions demanded a new form of art. Already, in *Don Giovanni* and *Il Flauto Magico*, new elements are observable; tragic horror alternates with comedy, evidently for the sake of avoiding the uniformity of the sentimental fustian and bombast which were then inseparable from the *opera seria*. The signal once given, everything was sought that could introduce variety into the libretto, and the distinction between the *opera seria* and the *opera buffa* was obliterated in favour of the *opera mezzo carattere*. Antiquity, the middle ages, romances, the poetical incidents of modern history, even anecdotes, were ransacked for themes that admitted of amplifications, variations, and accessories; and this was done without any system, as in the case of transitional works, which, while they depart from the old form, do not fully bear the stamp of the new. When Scribe wrote *Robert le Diable* it was evident that even in the lifetime of Rossini, the most illustrious master of the old school, a new period in the conceptions of opera-subjects had thoroughly set in. Rossini had more than parried the effect of Auber's *Masaniello* by producing *William Tell*, but when *Robert* appeared he left Paris, conscious that the school, of which he was the head, had received a blow which sooner or later must be fatal. The expression of feeling in arias, duettos, and finales, which called forth no pregnant dramatic crisis, ceased to be the basis of an opera. The demand was for situations. This element was not entirely novel; instinctively it had already been striven for. The inauguration of a new period in the opera through Scribe's *Robert* and Meyerbeer's musical conception of it, presented nothing unheard of, or unprecedented. In art, as in nature, no species stands in isolation—it is always united by intermediate links with species of a different or even oppo-

site form. There had been the hell-flames in *Don Giovanni*, the explosion of the fleet in *Cortez*, the hammer and anvil chorus in *Alcidor*, the burning Vesuvius and the tumultuous scenes in *Masaniello*, the popular insurrection and the glowing Alps in *William Tell*, the terrors of the Wolf Ravine in *Der Freischutz*. But Scribe surpassed all, making that a main object which had previously been only an accessory. Splendour of decoration, profusion of scenic arrangement, marvellous ballets, supernatural machinery, in short, spectacular magnificence, ceased to be adjuncts and became an integral element, an organic part of every operatic work, since they were essential to the interest and artistic effect of the situations. Simultaneously arose the necessity for developing new resources in the orchestra and chorus, if they were not to be annihilated or reduced to the second rank by scenic splendour. From this time it was an absolute requisite in every opera that there should be some grand spectacle in the most thrilling moment, as a sort of climax to the situations. The dance of the phantoms in *Robert* was succeeded by the crowd of horses in *La Juive*, and this again by the fabulous wonders of the *Juif Errant* and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, till at last it seems as if the force of decoration can no further go. Scribe, like a man of talent as he is, did not use half measures; he laid hold on situations wherever he could find them, and being in no dread of absurdity, he won the game. His name will be inseparable from the second period of the opera, less fertile than the first, but more important from the intrinsic value of its productions. The school of which Metastasio was the chief poet, was adapted to a period and to courts in which effeminate, insipid refinement reigned; Scribe, on the contrary, belongs to an epoch in which exaggeration was the order of the day. Romanticism was then in full bloom, and French poetry was still under the influence of Byron and Hoffman. The public, accustomed to horrors, could hardly be made to shudder by the most startling contrasts. Victor Hugo created chaste courtesans, devoted mothers, and artistic poisoners, in one and the same person; Nodier paraded with his *Jean Sogor*; beautiful countesses and duchesses were enamoured of the heroes in Eugène Sue's *Salamander*, and gave their approval to *Dorval*, in Dumas' *Antony*. Extravagance was asked for at any price. Hatred and love, terrific dangers and ineffable bliss, the brightest light and the darkest shade were placed in juxtaposition. Scribe crowned all in his *Robert* by making Satan himself a tender father. It would be difficult now to bring forward such a sentimental devil, but at the time when *Robert* appeared it was precisely this extravagance which made its fortune. The different relation which the libretto bears to the music in the first and second periods of the opera is strongly indicated by the fact that though Rossini applied himself to the creation of nearly forty operas, no one cares to know the author on any one of his librettos, whereas the name of Scribe is indissolubly bound to that of Meyerbeer. In that form of the opera which they have jointly brought to its culminating point, they have made love merely an episode, if order to step out of the narrow circle of simple, individual feeling, and to multiply dramatic motives which may give rise to an abundance of striking situations. Simple melody is superseded by combinations of musical effect, the expression of feeling has given way to situation. These must be had at whatever cost, and it must be admitted that in pursuit of them the interest and the truthful presentation of character are often left unregarded, though not so entirely as critics are now wont to allege. It is true enough that the character of *Robert* has no sort of self-subsistence, that *Isabella* is but a voice, *Bertram* falsely drawn, and the *Prophet* erroneously conceived, *Bertha* a nullity, and *Fides* a failure; but on the other hand, *Alice*—the pure, pious country maiden, who rescues the son of her benefactress from hellish snares, not out of egotistic love, but out of divine compassion and child-like obedience—and *Marcel*, who presents the same kind of self-devotion in a severer form, are true characters and noble creations. And if Scribe is to be reproached for his love of situations, he knows how to select impressive ones, witness the fourth act of the *Huguenots*.

It is undeniable that Scribe and Meyerbeer have made a great step towards the complete union of musical and poetical requirements on the stage, towards the conversion of the opera into a real musical drama. They have given a necessary prelude to the position maintained by the new operatic school, namely—that the moment is come in which the poetry of opera-texts should have more elements of the tragedy and recited drama than hitherto; that all the splendours of scenery can be applied to heighten the interest of situations without sacrificing the indispensable poetical features of the drama. The first period of the opera, of which Rossini is the greatest representative, had for its aim the expression of feeling; the second period, represented by Meyerbeer, has striven after situations and musical effects; the third period, inaugurated by the operas of Wagner, seeks to ally situations with character. Wagner saw that in striving for situations the operatic author was in danger of neglecting tragical requisites and beauties; whereas the presentation of characters and their mutual relations necessarily evolved situations. He does not, like Scribe, combine situations as external events; he makes them spring out of the passions which heave in the bosom of man, out of the impulses which determine the nature of his joys and griefs. In the first scene of *Tannhäuser*, it is the will of man which, inasmuch as he breaks loose from one feeling and submits to the sway of another, suffices to call forth the marvellous situation. The school of Wagner is at present too young for any opinion to be pronounced on its future destiny, on the excellences which constitute its greatness, or the faults which will ultimately bring about its decline. For Art never stands still, but lives under successive forms as under so many tents, which are pitched and taken down again on the path to the Ideal. But even now, at the very rise of this school, there is ground for maintaining that it has become impossible any longer to create and carry out enduring works on the model of Scribe and Meyerbeer. The presentation of character, that first condition of perfection in tragedy, will henceforth be a necessity for the musical drama also. And this element makes the regeneration and creation of a declamatory style indispensable. Character manifests itself on the stage by words as well as actions; hence Wagner lays so much stress on the intrinsic beauty of the operatic poem. Glück lent to dramatic music all the lustre, majesty, and weight of the declamatory style, while Piccini held to the old faith, the main article of which was, that melodic expression sufficed

for the rendering of feeling. Piccini appeared to have the advantage, and to carry general opinion with him, but Glück had planted the standard of a principle which was destined to be triumphant. In the mean time Rossini appeared like a meteor, and won all sympathies, especially those of the elegant world, to the old form of opera. Then, at a moment when the melodic and declamatory style stood in opposition, came Meyerbeer and combined the two; without rejecting melody, he gave declamation an important share in the merit of his works. Wagner has gone a step further, and so far from making melody an object, he rather rejoices when the melodic motives, which are treated by him in a declamatory and specially dramatic manner, are denied the name of melodies.

This is Liszt's point of view, which, in the historic scheme he sets forth, gives to Meyerbeer a far higher significance than I am disposed to grant. But for the present you may content yourself with Liszt's ingenious history, and the position which, according to him, Wagner is to fill in the history of art. In some future letter I may be able to say more of Wagner.

## The Arts.

A GREAT dramatic event has taken place this week—Mr. JOHN A. HERAUD has appealed to the poetic sympathies of Portman Market. On Monday evening last was produced at the Marylebone Theatre, in five acts,

### VIDENA;

OR, THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY. A LEGEND OF EARLY BRITAIN.

The poetry by Mr. Heraud, the scenery by Mr. Shalders, the properties by Mr. Lightfoot, the music by Mr. Cohen, the costumes by Mr. Coombes, the machinery by Mr. Mathews, the incidental statures by Mr. Patten, the two principal characters by Mr. William Wallack and Mrs. William Wallack, the original story by Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original drama founded upon the original story in the year 1561, by Lord Buckhurst, Lord Dorset, and Thomas Norton. For further preliminary information, not compressible within the limits of the present notice, see bill of the performance, and book of the play.

Throughout the forenoon of Monday the attitude of the neighbourhood was singularly composed. Lisson-grove and Church-street bore the prospect of the approaching dramatic solemnity with stolid resignation. Towards evening, however, symptoms of national convulsion began to be apparent. Groups of costermongers formed to discuss Early British topics in the neighbourhood of the theatre—the memory of Geoffrey of Monmouth was drunk in solemn silence at innumerable bars—and Mr. Heraud's autographs were in prodigious request. Soon, a stream of male and female Poets poured continuously into Church-street amid the cheers of the local population—the Drama's patrons rushed, in fustian jacket clad, to the gallery door—the small tradesman cast his apron to the winds, and sprang joyous from the counter to the pit. The breeze was from the Nor'-Nor'-West—the night was starlight—the atmosphere frosty—the hour seven o'clock—when the curtain rose, and *Videna* began.

At ten minutes past eleven, Mr. Heraud was bowing from a private box; Mr. Wallack was too ill with excessive acting to appear before the curtain; the male and female poets were clapping their hands, the costermongers were whistling with the tragic passion of Terror, and the small tradesmen in the pit were languishing with the other tragic passion of Pity. *Videna* was played out. And what was *Videna* like? More like *King Lear* than we could previously have thought possible. King Gorbudoc (husband of Queen Videna) falls down on his knees and curses his disobedient child. King Gorbudoc's intellect is unsettled. King Gorbudoc is very forlorn, and has nobody to take pity on him but his "fool." In these respects he seems to bear some distant resemblance to King Lear. In other respects, however, he is original—especially in the matter of hard dying. We have seen (with tears) many stage deaths, but King Gorbudoc, as impersonated by Mr. Wallack, has a persistent vitality in him that exceeds all our former experience. The manner of this sturdy monarch's death—by drinking from a poisoned well—suggests a word of reference to the story of the play, so far as we could understand it from Mr. Heraud's not very intelligible method of dramatically relating Geoffrey of Monmouth's narrative. Two brothers are rivals for power, and rivals for the affections of one lady. They fight, and one kills the other. The survivor himself tells his parents that he is a fratricide, but he does not add that he has poisoned all the wells to help him in defeating his brother's army. His father curses him, goes out, drinks at one of the poisoned wells, and dies. His mother kills him, appoints a respectable successor to the crown, and dies also. If any Frenchman, writing in plain prose, and intent only on telling an interesting story, had taken such a subject as this for a drama, critical gentlemen of "sterling" principles and "healthy" propensities would have been ready enough to cry: *Fie upon it! Morbid! Morbid!* But when a drama, founded on the same horrible subject, is called a Tragedy—when the story is badly told—when the dialogue is not in prose, but in long tirades of fierce blank verse—then the critical gentlemen aforesaid smile upon it quite complacently, and call it the fine, sterling, moral, old English drama—the right sort of thing for putting down your French horrors—the legitimate attraction of the English stage—and so forth. We will answer for it, that the small minority of moral protestors against the *Corsican Brothers* will be also the small minority whose voices will applaud *Videna* as an irreproachable play, with no taint of "Melodrama" hanging about it at all.

Of the poetry of the tragedy we will say nothing critical. We heard here and there some good lines mixed up with a considerable quantity of hazardous eloquence (to use the mildest possible term) in the more ambitious passages. But we have not read *Videna*, and on the subject of Mr. Heraud's poetry we will modestly and impartially hold our tongues. As to the play, it has been carefully got up. The scene-painting is always good in intention, and frequently good also in execution. The acting is the loudest we have heard for some time; but the audience applauded it, and we are willing (modestly and impartially again) to consider that our ears were too sensitive, and that Mr. William Wallack, and his company, know

better than we do what will please the public of Portman Market. Having arrived by this time at as mild and diffident an expression of opinion as can be expected from any critics, and having no means of reporting on the aspect of Lisson-grove the morning after the play, we will lay aside the pen here, sink back in the easy chair, and, in silence and solitude "meditate" on *Videna* for the rest of the day.

The new two-act drama at the OLYMPIC THEATRE, is adapted from *Le Dépositaire*, and is presented to the English public under the title of

### THE TRUSTEE.

The story of this play is founded on so original and so happy an idea, is told with such exquisite skill, and excites such intense interest and suspense, from first to last, that we should be defrauding our readers of a genuine dramatic treat, if we even so much as hinted at the nature of the plot. We will only venture to say that it has the rare merit of being perfectly natural, perfectly original, and perfectly irresistible in its power of enchainning the sympathy and exciting the expectation of the audience. No one previously unacquainted with the nature of the story in the French original, could possibly guess how *The Trustee* will end, until the author chooses to show them. This is a hazardous assertion; but when our readers see the play, they will find that we have not made it on insufficient grounds. While paying our tribute to the dramatic excellence of the piece, we must not forget to add that it is also morally irreproachable. The most pitiless persecutor of French literature, on the highest Puritan principles, may go to the Olympic and behold the most amazing of theatrical prodigies—a French play with which it would be impossible for him to find any fault.

The acting was worthy of the drama. Mr. Wigan played the principal character nobly. The part—that of an old man—was full of temptations to exaggeration, by which an inferior actor would have allowed himself to be led astray. Mr. Wigan never once forgot himself—or, in other words, never once forgot what was due to his Art. He was rigidly and admirably true to nature from first to last. The simple pathos, the quiet, fearful power of the performance at the end of the first act, and throughout the grand and arduous scene which solves the mystery of the story, in the second, thoroughly and honourably earned the unanimous applause which called Mr. Wigan before the curtain at the end of the play. Nor must the other actors be forgotten. They contributed all that could be desired from them towards the complete representation of the drama. Mr. F. Vining showed that he thoroughly understood his part, as a French nobleman of the old, graceful, gallant, highly-cultivated, and utterly heartless school. Mr. Emery's quaint humour of look and gesture, and easy, hearty manner of speaking his dialogue, made quite a character of the "rough and ready" cavalry officer; and Miss Maskell, in a small, but by no means easy, part, acted with such good taste and intelligence as materially aided the effect on the audience of many of the best scenes in the play. We hope that the production of *The Trustee* is the prelude to the appearance of other dramas of high and genuine interest on the stage of the OLYMPIC. With such a company as Mr. Wigan's, farces and little comedies, however amusing, should never form the staple of the evening's entertainment. The sense of humour in an audience is an excellent thing to address, but there are higher senses still to which really good actors may appeal with far more advantage to themselves and to their hearers—the sense of pathos and the sense of beauty.

On the departure of that excellent actor, Mr. Morris Barnett, the manager of the ADELPHI THEATRE has endeavoured to supply play-goers with a fresh attraction in the shape of a four-act play, from the pen of Mr. Tom Parry, called—

### THE SUMMER STORM.

We have not much to say about this drama. If the playbills had not told us that it was "New and Original," we should have ventured to describe it as an old story, very carelessly and vaguely related. We are afraid that our readers will hardly believe us when we inform them that there is actually another ADELPHI felon at large in this "New" play!—who is obliged to secure the silence, by money, or murder, of another ADELPHI accomplice!! Of course, our old, old friend the "felon," and his old, old friend the "accomplice," are located, for the time being, in a rural district of England. Of course, this circumstance authorises the introduction of that startling novelty which we never remember to have seen before in the whole course of our lives on the English stage—a country-dance of happy peasants. Of course, there are "ADELPHI effects" capitally produced—a burning hayrick, to end a perfectly incomprehensible first act with something that everybody can understand—a sliding floor (wonderfully managed by the carpenter, and turned to the least possible dramatic account by the play-writer), which precipitates a gentleman into unfathomable lower regions—and a "chalk-pit," into which several important characters of the drama come to soliloquize. Profusion of soliloquy is indeed the special characteristic of the *Summer Storm*, throughout. Mr. Leigh Murray suffered particularly from this peculiarity, and bore his affliction admirably. In the course of the three first acts, he had only two scenes in which he enjoyed the happiness of talking to any purpose with anybody but himself.

The only "parts" in the play which afford opportunities for good acting are the comic parts. Three of them are admirably performed. Mrs. Keeley was delightfully hearty and natural in the character of Bessy Busyby. Mr. Rogers acted the country lout Simon Pent, with the quaintest truth and humour; and Mr. Keeley, as the Birdcatcher, was, in one word—perfect. Never was this admirable actor shown to greater advantage, as a master of his art, than in the third act of the *Summer Storm*. His representation of stolid, cunning, concealed drunkenness, is too subtle and delicate in its truth and humour to be described—our readers must go and see it. Let them imagine Keeley drunk all over—a drunken slouch in his shoulders, a drunken languor in his legs, a drunken stare in his eyes, a drunken composure in his utterance, and, above all, an unutterable overflowing of drunkenness in every line of his mouth—let them imagine this, and they will take our word for it, that dull as the play is, it is well worth sitting through for the beery Birdcatcher's sake!



FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, October 24.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM GRIMWOOD STILL, 21, Well-close-square, glass merchant—WILLIAM BRODRICK MITCHELL, 12, Taunton-street, Regent's-park, dealer in mining shares—FRANCIS HUMPHREY SPANTON, Norwich, inn-keeper—ROBERT ANDREWS, late of Braintree, Essex, corn and seed merchant—THOMAS NUTTER, Cambridge, brewer—HENRY JOHN NASH, 1, Crown-court, Cheap-side, City, woollen warehouseman—WILLIAM DUNKLEY, Daventry, Northamptonshire, grocer—GEORGE SETTERFIELD, Ipswich, grocer—ABRAHAM DAVIS, 113, Tottenham-court-road, hardwareman—JOHN FULLWOOD, Birmingham, brass candlestick manufacturer—JOHN HAWKINS and ROBERT NEEDHAM, Sheffield, table-knife manufacturers—EDWARD KEGG, Liverpool and Birkenhead, coal dealer—ISADORE BERNSTEIN, Liverpool, commission merchant—RICHARD FORBES, Liverpool, machine maker—JOSEPH SMITH and RALPH SIMPSON, Burnley, Lancashire, iron-founders.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—FRANCIS JARDINE, Edinburgh, wine merchant—EBENEZER DAVIDSON, Leith, ship-broker.

Friday, October 27.

BANKRUPTS.—EDWARD SNOW, High-street, St. Giles's, tea dealer—ROBERT DOAC, Kew, draper—SAMUEL REDFERN, York, innkeeper—SIMON PRYMAN, Cornwell House, Bath, carpenter—SAMUEL CRAIG, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, grocer and tea dealer—JAMES RATCLIFF, Nottingham, hosier—RICHARD GAY, Kirkstall, Leeds, ware grinder—JOSEPH BROOKS, Salford, grocer and provision dealer—JOHN MIDDLEY, Nottingham, soda water manufacturer—EDWARD BAKER, Newport, carrier—CHARLES LOVELL, Wisbeach, boot and shoe manufacturer—ARTHUR WELINGTON POOCOK, Old Jewry, coffee-house keeper.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—GEORGE GORDON, Grantown, merchant—ARCHIBALD HAY, Belvidere, near Cam-lachie, Glasgow, farmer.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

CHANSAREL.—October 9, at Bordeaux, the wife of Captain Chansarel: a son.

CLEMENTS.—October 14, at Norton Vicarage, co. Durham, the lady of Hon. and Rev. Francis N. Clements: a daughter.

PARISH.—October 20, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Lady Parish: a son.

COOKE.—October 15, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the wife of Major Cooke, Madras Artillery: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

KENNEDY—HARTSTONGE.—October 19, at Almonds-bury, near Bristol, Sir Edward Kennedy, Bart., of Johnstown Kennedy, county Dublin, to the Lady Augusta Pery, youngest daughter of Henry Hartstonge, Viscount Glentworth, and sister to the present Earl of Limerick.

WILLIAMS—BUSBY.—May 3, at Victoria, Bay of Islands New Zealand, John W. Williams, Esq., fifth son of Arch-deacon Henry Williams, to Sarah, only daughter of James Busby, Esq., of Victoria, formerly H. M. Resident at New Zealand.

BRINE—ROSS.—August 12, at Ootacamund, on the Neilgherry-hills, Captain J. Brine, of the 4th Regiment M. N. I., son of Captain Brine, R.N., Charlton, Dorsetshire, to Caroline, fourth daughter of David Ross, Esq.

KNOWLES—KNOTT.—February 2, at St. Mark's, Myddel-ton-square, Clerkenwell, Captain William Knowles, to Miss Eliza Maria Knott, second daughter of Mr. John Knott, River, near Dover, Kent.

HEALEY—COOKE.—August 17, at Benares, Benjamin Healey, Esq., Bimalipatan, Madras, to Rose Emma Cooke, youngest daughter of the late William Cooke Wallace, Esq., and step-daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Liptrap, commanding 42d Regiment Bengal Light Infantry.

DEATHS.

ASHURST.—October 25, Eliza, the wife of William Henry Ashurst, sen., of the Old Jewry, solicitor.

BARBER.—July 22, at Port Raffles, Edmund Scott Barber, Esq., C.E., of Llantrissant House, Glamorganshire, Resident Director of the Eastern Archipelago Company's coal mines at Labuan, in his 43rd year.

HIDDLEY.—June 26, at the Sarra, Victoria, Australia, Ann Elizabeth Hawes, wife of G. D. Hiddley, Esq., M.D., and eldest daughter of the late R. J. Peck, Esq., of Newmarket, aged 31.

REID.—In June, at Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. Alexander Reid, formerly of Balhurst-street, Hyde Park-gardens, in his 36th year.

REID.—October 5, at Balaklava, near Sebastopol, of cholera, Dr. Alex. Rothney Reid, Assistant Staff-Surgeon to the Forces, aged 24.

WARRINGTON.—October 22, at Brighton, the Right Hon. the Countess of Stamford and Warrington.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 27, 1854.

The Funds fell two days ago from some unexplained reason, but to-day they are firm again. Any reverse or delay at Sebastopol, or Prussia assuming a further disposition to side openly with the Czar, will send down the Funds. The sellers at present are so fearful, both speculative and real, that they must have a sledge-hammer-like blow to bring them in as sellers; but once let it begin, and a panic established, there is no saying where it will stop. Railway Shares are still flat, no great rise in them, excepting the French and Belgian; they have an amazing buoyancy, and are all in so much better a financial position than our own, it is not surprising that the shares are well held. There has been a talk of improvement in Luxembourg, owing to some fresh blood being infused into the direction; but the public remembers, with good reason, the discreditably "pig" practised in these shares some time since, and refuses to speculate—but there is the making of a good paying line, if honestly managed. Mining Share Market is still stagnant; some inquiry after Agua Frias, and Wallers. In English mines there is considerable activity in some western mines, Sortridge, Consols, North Wheel Roberts, &c. Land Company Shares are flat. Banks firm.

Consols close at four o'clock, 94 1/2. —For November account, 94 1/2. Aberdeen, 204, 214; Caledonians, 585, 591; Chester and Holyhead, 14, 15; Eastern Counties, 114, 114; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 65, 67; Great Northern, 89 1/2, 90 1/2; Great Western, 70 1/2, 71; London and Brighton, 103, 105; London and North-Western, 100 1/2, 101; London and South-Western,

81, 82; Midland, 68 1/2, 68 1/2; Oxford, Wolverhampton, and Worcester, 32, 34; South Eastern, 61 1/2, 62; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 6 1/2, 6 1/2, x. in.; Eastern of France, 33 1/2, 33 1/2; East Indian, 3, 3 1/2 pm.; Luxembourg, Constituted, 43, 43 x. in.; Ditto Obligations, 2 1/2, 3 1/2; Paris and Lyons, 22 1/2, 22 1/2 pm.; Namur and Liege, 7 1/2, 8; Orleans, 48, 50, x. all; Rouen, 38, 40; Western of France, 6 1/2, 7 1/2 pm. x. in.; Agua Frias, 1 1/2, 2; Brazil Imperial, 2 1/2, 3; St. John del Rey, 28, 30; Linars, 8 1/2, 9 1/2; Pontgibeau, 15, 16; Mexican and South American, 7, 7 1/2; Peninsulas, 4, 4 1/2 pm.; San Fernando, 4, 4 dis.; South Australian, 1 1/2, 1 1/2; Australasian Bank, 78, 80 x. d.; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 22 1/2, 23; Oriental Bank, 41, 42; Union of Australia, 65, 70; Australian Agricultural, 40, 42; North British Australasian, 1, 2; Scottish Investment, 1 1/2, 2 1/2; Crystal Palace, 3, 3 1/2; South Australian Land, 35, 37; Van Diemen's, 12 1/2, 13.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Oct. 27.

ENGLISH Wheat brought 4s. to 5s. over the prices of last week, but the foreign was not more than 1s. to 2s. dearer. This advance has been firmly maintained during the week, but buyers have exhibited less disposition to go into stock than they did ten days ago, and the amount of business done has been consequently limited. The whole advance on Wheat from the lowest point is 28s. per quarter—62lbs. English red, which was worth at one time not more than 48s., brings now 76s. per quarter; the top price of white English is now 84s., and of Dantz 88s. to 90s.

From the Baltic ports there is scarcely anything offering for present shipment, and orders which have been sent out at high prices have not been executed. 60lbs. high mixed Wheat fetches 67s., 61lbs. red 64s. per quarter, f. o. b. at Königsberg. At Rostock also for present shipment 61lbs. to 61 1/2 lbs. Wheat at 74s. cost and freight to London or East coast. The disposition to make purchases to any extent for the spring stock continues, so that it is not impossible that we may find our supplies short, just at the time when they are expected to be most abundant. The French markets are for the most part stationary. In Paris the value of Flour is barely maintained. Marseilles stocks are completely exhausted, and the little that arrives is taken off at gradually advancing prices. At New York the value of Grain and Flour has increased considerably, but as freights remain low, it is obvious that this is caused by the demand for home consumption and not for export.

Oats, Barley, Beans, and Peas have all advanced fully 1s. per quarter since last Friday. 42lbs. Poland Oats are 31s., 40lbs. 30s., 38lbs. 29s., cost and freight from Groningen; 37lbs. Black Oats 26s., cost and freight from the same port. White boiling Peas and Beans have advanced 1s. in value at Königsberg—they cannot now be had there under 44s., free on board. Indian Corn has brought 47s. per quarter duty paid in Cork. Saidi Wheat 50s. and Beheira 48s. 6d. cost, freight and insurance on passage.

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

Table with columns: Sat., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Frid. Rows include Bank Stock, 3 per Cent. Red., 3 per Cent. Con. An., Consols for Account, 3 1/2 per Cent. An., New 2 1/2 per Cents., Long Ans. 1800, India Stock, Ditto Bonds, £1000, Ditto, under £1000, Ex. Bills, £1000, Ditto, £500, Ditto, Small.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Table with columns: Brazilian Bonds, Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents., Chilean 6 per Cents., Danish 5 per Cents., Ecuador Bonds, Mexican 3 per Cents., Mexican 3 per Ct. for Acc. Oct. 31., Portuguese 4 per Cents., Portuguese 5 p. Cents., Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents 1822, Russian 4 1/2 per Cents., Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def., Spanish Committee Cert. of Coup. not fun., Venezuela 3 1/2 per Cents., Belgian 4 1/2 per Cents., Dutch 2 1/2 per Cents., Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN. On Monday and during the week will be performed a new Drama, in two acts, called THE TRUSTEE.

Principal Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, F. Vining, Emery, Leslie, Miss Maskell, and Miss Stephens. After which, A BLIGHTED BEING.

Characters by Messrs. Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers, F. Robson, and Miss E. Turner.

To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON. Characters by Messrs. Emery, F. Robson, Leslie, Miss Marston, and Miss E. Turner.

One Shilling.

TURKISH EXHIBITION, HYDE-PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY.—OPEN DAILY, from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m.

The Manager begs to announce that, in compliance with the suggestions of numerous patrons, the proprietors have provisionally reduced the Charge of Admission to this gorgeous and interesting Exhibition to the popular Shilling, until further notice, Saturdays excepted, when the admission will be 2s. 6d. Mr. F. O. Williams will preside at the Pianoforte.—A portion of the Hungarian Band performs from half-past Twelve to half-past Five o'clock.

ADDITIONAL NEW MODELS.—

Dr. KAHN'S MUSEUM, top of Haymarket (upwards of 800 wax models). Open for Gentlemen from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten; Lectures by Dr. Sexton, F.R.G.S. and F.R.S. On Wednesday and Fridays a portion of the Museum is open for Ladies only from Eleven till Five.—Lectures by Mrs. Sexton. Gentlemen are still admitted on those days from Seven till Ten, Evening.

N.B.—This Museum, acknowledged by the press and the leading scientific men in Europe to be unparalleled in any country in the world, has now been rendered even more attractive than before, by the addition of numerous new models illustrating points of the greatest interest. Admission, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

(FOR ONE MONTH ONLY).

M. JULLIEN begs most respectfully to announce that his Concerts will commence on MONDAY NEXT, October 30th, 1854, on which occasion he will have the honour of making his first appearance in England since his return from America.

M. JULLIEN cannot refrain from expressing his great gratification at being able, after an absence of nearly two years, once more to appear before those kind and indulgent patrons who during so long a period have extended to him their unremitting countenance and support. In the Prospectus of his last series of Concerts, in the year 1852, M. JULLIEN expressed a hope that his then projected journey might furnish him with many materials which might hereafter serve to entertain his English audiences, and he is most happy to have found that those anticipations are not likely to be disappointed. During his late journey in the United States M. Jullien has found that while the Arts of Literature, Sculpture, and Painting have been well cared for in that great country, the Science of Music has also received its share of encouragement and support, and has been fostered by the establishment of Musical Institutions, which do not yield even to those of Europe, either in the excellence of their arrangements or the magnitude of their operations. In these Institutions every advantage has been taken of the talents of that vast influx of Italian, German, French, and English Professors who constantly visit the United States: but at the same time M. Jullien has found many instances of rare musical genius among native artists, while a vast amount of pure and charming melodies exist, springing from sources entirely American. M. Jullien has lost no opportunity of collecting these most interesting native melodies, but at the same time has not failed to possess himself of the several truly classical works by native American composers. In fact, M. Jullien trusts that his anticipations of 1852 will be realised, and that his American Tour will not only have proved a source of profit and gratification to himself, but a means of providing some future Entertainment for his kind and liberal Patrons in this country.

During the Series of Concerts will be performed the following New pieces of Music:—

THE AMERICAN QUADRILLE.

Composed on National American Melodies.

THE SLEDGE POLKA.

Descriptive of the Winter amusement of Sledging in North America.

THE KATTY DID POLKA.

Descriptive of the various musical sounds produced by the myriads of Insects on a Tropical night.

THE MISSISSIPPI GALOP.

THE NEW YORK FIREMEN'S QUADRILLE.

As performed at M. JULLIEN'S last Concert in America, given at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, amidst the plaudits of an Audience of 35,000 persons. A Selection arranged for full Orchestra, from Rossini's Opera, "LE COMTE ORY." A Selection arranged for full Orchestra, from Verdi's New Opera, "RIGOLETTO." A Selection arranged for full Orchestra, from Spohr's New Opera, "JESSONDA." Several classical works by native American composers. Also, every Evening, at least two works selected from the classical composers.

In addition to the above, M. JULLIEN has in preparation, a New Quadrille, to be entitled

"THE ALLIED ARMIES QUADRILLE."

Composed for Double Orchestra and Two Military Bands on English, French, and Turkish Melodies.

Among the Artists engaged are:—

Madame ANNA THILLON,

the celebrated Prima Donna, from the Imperial Opera Comique, at Paris—her First Appearance at these Concerts.

Signor ROBBIO,

the extraordinary performer on the Violin—Pupil of the late Signor PAGANINI—his First appearance at these Concerts.

Merr KOENIG,—his First appearance in England since his return from America.

Signor BOTTESINI,—his First Appearance these Two Years.

Mons. DUHEME, Signor MONASTERIO,

Mons. SIMAR, Mons. E. ALARD,

Mons. ALARD, Mons. BANEU,

Their First Appearance in England.

Mons. COLLINET, Mons. LAVINGE, Mons. WUILLE,

&c., &c., &c.

CONDUCTOR, ... .. M. JULLIEN.

The Decorations of the Promenade portion of the Theatre will be entirely new, and the whole Theatre well warmed, carpeted, and ventilated. At the back of the Promenade will be found

THE READING ROOM.

Containing Newspapers and Periodicals from almost all parts of the world, and including Six London Morning Papers, Five Evening Papers, Fifty-six Weekly Papers, and Twenty Provincial Papers; besides the Irish, Scotch, German, American, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, Indian, Chinese, Australian, New Zealand, Malta, Portuguese, Ionian, Canadian, French, Belgian, and Spanish Newspapers, Magazines, and other Periodicals.

The Concerts on each Evening will commence at Eight, and terminate at Eleven o'clock.

The Refreshments under the direction of Mr. G. PAXNE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:—

Promenade, Boxes and Galleries ..... 1s. Dress Circle ..... 2s. 6d.

Private Boxes 4l 1s. and 2l 11s. 6d.

Places and Private Boxes may be secured on application to Mr. O'Reilly, at the Box-office of the Theatre; which is open from 11 till 5. Private Boxes also, of Mr. Mitchell, Old Bond-street; of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Regent-street; of Mr. Sans, St. James's-street; of Mr. Allcroft, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Ebers, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Hookham's, Old Bond-street; and at Messrs. Jullien and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street.

N.B.—The Theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic performances, the Concerts can continue for One Month only.

**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 Mouyue 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, 8, King William-street, City, London.

A general price-current sent free on application.

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100 real Yarmouth Bloaters for 6s., package included. The above are forwarded to all parts on receipt of penny postage stamps, or P. O. O. (preferred) for the amount. Send plain address, county, and nearest station.—Address, Thomas Lettis, jun., fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

**THE 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.—**

Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.—Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street.

A perfect fit guaranteed.

**FUTVOYE'S WEDDING and BIRTHDAY**

PRESENTS.—It would be impossible to enumerate the enormous variety of articles, both valuable and inexpensive, which may be inspected daily at this Establishment. All goods marked in plain figures. Illustrated Catalogues sent free on application.

It may be well to state that all visitors to this magnificent establishment will meet with a polite reception whether purchasers or otherwise.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

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WATCHES of English or Foreign Manufacture.—The long tested qualities of these articles are of themselves sufficient to insure the approbation of a discerning public.

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN, in leather, walnut, and other choice woods, from 1 to 100 guineas. Also, their Government DESPATCH BOXES are too well known to require comment.

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**FUTVOYE'S PAPIER MACHE.—The**

superior qualities of these articles need only be seen to be fully appreciated, arising from the well-known fact (among the aristocracy and nobility) that Mr. Futvoye is the son of the original inventor of this beautiful work, whose choicest specimens are in possession of her most gracious Majesty.

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The statistical accounts presented by the Customs to the House of Commons prove that Messrs. Futvoye are by far the largest importers. 500 of the most elegant and classical designs in ormolu with glass shade and stand complete, from 2 to 100 guineas, may be inspected at 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

**MANTELPIECE ORNAMENTS.—At this**

season, when naturally compelled to draw around our snug fireplaces, we are apt to feel the want of something artistic or pretty to rest the eye upon. Those experiencing this, or desirous of adding to their already choice selection, should visit the extensive Show Rooms of Messrs. Futvoye and Co., where they have the privilege of examining everything, whether customers or otherwise.

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toujours Nouveaux, from 1s. to 100 guineas, may be more easily imagined than described.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

Wholesale and export warehouses, 28 and 29, Silver-street, Golden-square.

City, 22, Great Winchester-street.

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**A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.****MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST,**

52, FLEET-STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

52, FLEET-STREET.—At home from Ten till Five.

**DEAFNESS.—IMPORTANT DIS-**

COVERY.—Dr. MANFRED, M.R.C.S., has this day published, free by post, for eight postage stamps, a Physician's Guide for Country Patients, for the Perfect and Permanent Restoration of Hearing, by his invaluable New Treatment. Being a stop to quackery, cruel impositions on the suffering public, and exorbitant charges, this book will save thousands from the impositions of the self-styled doctors, inasmuch as the hearing can be restored for life. Deafness of the most inveterate nature relieved in half an hour, cured in a few hours, almost instant cessation of noises in the ears and head, by painless treatment. Hundreds of letters may be seen, and persons referred to, who have heard the usual tone of conversation in a few hours. Patients received daily at Dr. Manfred's residence, 72, Regent-street, London (first door in Air-street), where all letters must be addressed.

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provements. Strong Fire-proof Safes, Cash and Deed Boxes. Complete lists of sizes and prices may be had on application.

CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London;

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**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.

**THE ONLY STOVE WITHOUT A FLUE.**

Joyce's Patent, for warming halls, shops, greenhouses, storerooms, and all other places. Price from 12s. To be seen in action at the proprietor's, SWAN NASH, 253, Oxford-street, and the CITY DEPOT, 119, Newgate-street, London. PATENT PREPARED FUEL, 2s. 6d. per bushel. JOYCE'S PORTABLE LAUNDRY STOVE will heat for 12 hours six flat and Italian irons with one pennyworth of coke or cinders. GAS STOVES in great variety. MODERATOR LAMPS, complete, from 12s. to 6 guineas. SWAN NASH solicits an inspection of his new and elegant SHOW-ROOMS, in which he has an assortment of the above lamps, unequalled for price and quality in London. Refined Rape Oil, 5s. per gallon. Prospectuses, with drawings, free.

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PATENTS. SELF-ACTING SEWER AND SINK TRAPS, for Streets and Kitchen Sinks, to prevent all effluvia from Drains, Cesspools, and Urinals. Damp Houses cured at Fourpence per day, by the Economic Stove, giving a dry, warm temperature, for sick persons and invalids, and no risk of fire. Now in use in H.M. Treasury, Royal Mint, Churches, Schools, Prisons, Hospitals, Ships, Hot-Houses, &c. PORTABLE CHAMBER CLOSETS, free from all effluvia.

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N.B.—Beware of imitations on the above Patents.

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description of apparatus for the CURE or RELIEF of BOBILY 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.

**EFFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARI-**

COSE 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.

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MATTING.—Door Mats, Mattresses, Cushions, Hassocks, Brushes, Netting, &c., &c.

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PREPARED FOR MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY, AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT MEDICAL MEN AS THE MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SOME DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTINE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

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

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