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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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VOL. V. No. 242.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

THE country is enduring, heroically, the suspense; satisfied of the result. The last news is from Sebastopol, to the 3rd. They were still "pounding away;" the assault, it was supposed, would not take place for several days. What is to follow the capture of the place—what is the force of the Russian army in the field—and what this army will do, or attempt to do,—are points left to the grave doubts of Europe.

It is admitted, on all hands, that the Russians have fought well at Sebastopol. They have developed the resources which their failures, up to that point in the campaign, had induced the world to question, and they have reproduced that terribly enduring, apathetic, courage, which won for Russia her place in Europe. They have done everything well; they have fired well, engineered well, and their sorties have been bold, vigorous, and, here and there, successful. Our ships have made an attempt on their stone walls, and the caution of the discreet Dundas has rebuked the dashing Lyons: for the attempt (it might have been with a different result had the whole fleet gone to work at once) was so far a failure that our broadsides seem to have made no impression upon the fortifications—which are something very different from Bomarsund. And the Russians have fought under disheartening disadvantages exceeding the ordinary misfortunes of a siege. The fire of the Allies, precise and tremendous, has razed the town: the slaughter of course being so considerable that, all ideas of hospitals being abandoned, the dying are left among the dead, and the dead, strewn in the ruins which are all that is left of the streets, are allowed to pollute the air, heavy already with the smoke of incessant gunpowder. The last story, which has animated the courage of the Allies, is that a portion of the garrison, wearied out and despairing in sight of such horrors, had attempted a revolt—a story always probable of a Russian garrison, numbering in its ranks the enslaved Poles. But the Allies will persevere to the end, without such aid.

Diplomacy, fatigued by its long rest, is beginning to reappear in impatient mischief. The conjunction of Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston, at Paris (announced for next Monday), is ominous: for among other things indicated, a suspicion is engendered that the Emperor's visit to England has been prevented. As we are

a self-governed people, it is of course an impertinence in the public to pry into these mysteries of *haute politique*: but all such movements perplex a nation which has so much reason to dread secret diplomacy; and the apparition of a Palmerston in Paris, and of a Von der Pfordten in Vienna, tend to produce nervousness. The lead of the *Leader* in demanding a November Session is being now very generally responded to, and more particularly in that press which represents Tory magnates who are weary of unusual unfamiliarity with state secrets. But our Government is taking its course in perfect independence of possible Popular or Tory opinions. Our Ministerial journals are beginning to denounce Austria, having, poor innocents, ascertained that the Austrian army is *not* aiding Omar Pasha, and is intensely anti-English and pro-Russian; and when the *Times* is told to take that tone, something very serious is apprehended. Yet, no November Session—no consultation of Crown and Cabinet with England. What is to be the solution of the Prussian difficulty, even our Ministers do not seem to know. They appear to have discovered that what the injudicious *Economist* said was so necessary—to stop Prussian profits out of Russo-British trade—is not so easy; and, on this point, too, the sagacious Ministerialists in the press are unsaying what they had insisted on. Mr. James Wilson, who had originated the delusion, seems to have been on his travels (in Belgium and Holland)—by way of penance.

Diplomacy broke down on the affair of Mr. Soulé: Louis Napoleon had the vigour to get in the best way out of a false position; and though it is possible that he is angry with England and her Government for so frankly condemning the blunder, yet he is not at war with the United States—and this unexpected result has bewildered various diplomatists, Russian, Austrian, Brazilian, and Spanish, who were playing Mr. Soulé as their last card. Spain staggers on under too much constitutional canvas. The Queen has met her Cortes, Espartero declining the *coup d'état* that was to be effected for him, had he kept her away and himself opened the Parliament; and affairs are drifting into the inevitable difficulties—how to appease those Spaniards, probably now a majority, who are passionately disloyal without being republican—and how to avoid, in the Cuban question, the claim of England—that the slave trade shall be declared piracy, and the claim of the United States that the island shall be sold or —

The United States are engaged with the elections, with results which so far cannot be clearly defined; this one fact alone standing out prominent—that the Whigs are more and more plugging

themselves, as a party, to Abolition—a serious and sad fact in politics, and in morals not delightful—for this assumption of a premature virtue is proof merely of electioneering dexterity. But in Canada (which was preceded on this point by New Brunswick) there is a great resolution to be pure: the Assembly has voted an anti-liquor law by 90 to 5—a fact that will sustain our own Beer Bill heroes—a fact that likewise suggests the reactionary twists of which the nineteenth century is susceptible. The other American item of news is Mexican. As slavery is going out, kings are coming in. Santa Anna has proposed to the diplomatists of Europe to guarantee him against the States while he consolidates his bankrupt system into a Monarchy, the condition being that he will name as Heir, to succeed him, a Prince of a European royal house—say a Coburg. Santa Anna must have a fine contempt for Europe.

At home we have few incidents. Trade is uncertain, unsatisfied, but not unsound. The Stock Exchange has been puzzled by fluctuations in Turkish scrip, a decline of nearly 2 per cent. having been brought about by a panic originating in a whisper that the bonds were not signed according to loans-precedents. The Stock Exchange has also been excited by the conduct of the Greeks (can they have borne Turkish scrip, by way of spite?) who are not depressed at rumours of Russian successes, and whom patriotic stock-brokers would therefore lynch. The Corn Market has also undergone fluctuations and excitements—corn trying to find its legitimate level in price, and corn merchants, with insufficient information, and erring views about the war, gambling meanwhile in their commodity.

City after city is meeting to subscribe grandly to the Patriotic Fund. The Lord Mayor's Day did not much occupy London; and Lord Mayor's Night did not produce much thought for the nation. The speeches at the banquet were pointless: Lord Aberdeen, who answered to the toast of the Ministers was, as usual, cold, but, as usual, safe. The Arctic discoveries are completed—that is to say, Captain Collinson and his "Enterprise" are found to be safe. They had, like McClure, hit upon the North-West Passage; but unlike McClure, they had got up a mutiny—fortunately, a new variation in life in the Arctic Seas. We asked last week if the families of the Franklin Expedition were to obtain any share in the Patriotic Fund?—but nothing seems settled for or against the suggestion. The subscribing classes are intent on one object—the war; but English charity is comprehensive. For instance, this week, Lord Shaftesbury has been showing to philanthropists some houses which one of his Improvement Societies has bought in a Drury-lane court—foul and hideous: these he intends converting into happy domiciles for the working-classes—cheap and clean. His Lordship is a good Fairy.

## THE WAR.

## TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

St. Petersburg, Thursday.

Prince Menschikoff reports that up to the 3rd of November, in the evening, the siege operations of the Allies continued without any visible result.

Paris, Thursday, Nov. 9.

The *St. Petersburg Courier* of the 2nd inst., brings the official bulletin of the affair at Balaklava, on the 25th October.

The Russian bulletin acknowledges that the Russian loss exceeds 550 men and 6 officers killed, and 1 general and 190 officers wounded.

The *Globe* says:—"It is said that at the council of war held by the commanders and admirals of the Allies on the 27th October, it was resolved that the allied fleets should not be allowed again to participate in the bombardment of Sebastopol from the sea-side, it having been found that the ships are thereby exposed to severe injury, without being able to render a proportionally effective service."

Berlin, Wednesday Evening.

Prince Menschikoff, in his last report to the Emperor, announces that 60 English prisoners have been taken.

On the 25th four redoubts were taken by General Liprandi, two of which were destroyed, and two were retained and fortified.

The loss of the English cavalry was supposed by the Russians to amount to 500.

There are preliminary indications of what the Russian answer to the Prussian note will be.

If Prussia will obtain an undertaking from the Western Powers and Austria that they will not go in their demands beyond the four points, Russia will be willing to negotiate on that basis.

Vienna, Thursday.

According to a Turkish bulletin, which requires confirmation, there have been disturbances in Sebastopol on the part of the people, who wished to surrender.

In Asia, the Turks in Kars and the Russians in Tiflis has gone into winter quarters.

The hazy intelligence of last week has assumed a more definite shape; although the system of communication is still very lax, and powerful journals complain that their despatches have miscarried.

Lord Raglan's despatch, dated October 23, refers to another despatch, dated October 18, but the latter has not come to hand. In the one which we have he appears to resume a narrative of the events of the 17th and 18th, the opening days of the bombardment. The French guns, silenced by the explosion of a magazine, had re-opened on the 19th, with additional batteries, and these had not been again silenced. Lord Raglan, however, adds, that "the defences of the place are far from being subdued, neither is a serious diminution of their fire perceptible." The enemy repaired the damage to their works as fast as it was sustained, and replaced many of the guns which had been destroyed. This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences rendered the progress of the assailants slower than could be wished; and Lord Raglan regretted that he had not the power to state, "with anything like certainty, when it may be expected that ulterior measures may be undertaken." Lord Raglan is of opinion that Prince Menschikoff is not in Sebastopol.

The two first days of the bombardment (the 17th and 18th) seemed to have disappointed the expectations of the allied generals; both express surprise at the Russian resources then developed. The fire began from our lines at half-past six in the morning, at a preconcerted signal. The fire of the allied batteries was from 126 pieces, 53 French, and 73 English. The town replied by 250 guns. At half-past nine the powder magazine of No. 4 French battery blew up, killing and wounding some fifty men. Three quarters of an hour afterwards a chest of cartridges burst in No. 1 battery, and it was then deemed advisable to silence the French batteries. The English continued without (so says the French report) any marked advantage or loss. About three in the afternoon a shot from a Lancaster gun blew up the magazine of the great Russian battery called the Redan, and caused great loss, silencing that battery. At one o'clock the fleet entered into action, attacking the outer forts, and the French division leading off. Admiral Dundas took up his position north of the French. The fire opened at 2000 yards; but the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *London*, took up position within 1000 yards of Fort Constantine. Nothing could be more noble than the gallant way in which the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil* steamed in amid a perfect hail of cannon balls and shells. From two o'clock till dark the cannonade raged furiously. The fleet experienced great inconvenience from the absence of so many men, who were working batteries on shore.

It appears doubtful whether the sea attack was productive of much damage to the Russians. It was intended to divert the fire of the outer forts from the land attack, and certainly had that effect. The loss

to the English fleet was 44 killed and 266 wounded. The *Albion* was so much injured that it has been sent back to Constantinople, and will probably have to come home. Sir Edmund Lyon's brave vessel, the *Agamemnon*, also sustained damage.

Next day the redoubts were wrested from the enemy, who was repulsed with loss. On the same day another sortie was attempted from Sebastopol, but this also failed. It is said that our cavalry sustained a loss of 400.

The town of Sebastopol is said to be in flames, and the Russians make no effort to extinguish them. Deserters report that 6000 persons have been killed since the commencement of the siege, and that they lay unburied in the streets, infecting the air with pestilence, for want of time to get rid of them. It is said that Menschikoff asked for three hours to bury his dead; but was refused, on the ground that the Allies had no dead to bury, and that there would be no reciprocity.

A private letter states that the troops are confident of being able to carry Sebastopol, as they took the Alma, at the point of the bayonet; but that it would be at great expense of life. It is to avoid that expense that the siege is proceeding with regularity.

Canrobert's last despatch is dated October 22, and encloses a journal of the siege up to that date. The total loss of the French was 4 officers and 54 men killed, and 14 officers and 451 sub-officers and soldiers wounded. He represents the difficulties to be contended with as of two kinds:—"Those which arise from the nature of the soil, the bed of earth, already insufficient, gradually diminishing in depth as we get nearer, and those which result from the number and calibre of the pieces of artillery which the enemy opposes to us on a front which is nearly in a right line and of very small extent. In this respect the resources which he draws from his vessels in port are, both in respect of men and material, almost inexhaustible; while ours, although augmented by aids from the two fleets, are necessarily limited. Sixty-eight-pounders, howitzers throwing 80-pounders, and 12-inch mortars, are almost the only descriptions of artillery to which we have to reply." This state of things renders the siege one of the most laborious operations which have for a long time been met with. Canrobert reports the sanitary state of the French army as satisfactory.

French intelligence asserts that the fire of the besieged slackened on the 25th, and their aim became more uncertain. This was supposed to arise from the employment of troops of the line instead of artillerymen.

On the 27th the French were to enter a trench only 400 metres from the walls.

In the night of the 28th the Russians attacked some French batteries, and failed in an attempt to spike them. They were repulsed with loss.

Up to the 2nd of November no general attack had been made upon Sebastopol. From 18,000 to 20,000 balls had been fired into the city every day.

Up to the date of the last despatches the English had lost 400 men.

## INCIDENTS.

The *Courier de la Gironde* tells the following pretty story:—

"An old soldier feeling his end approaching, and wishing to die like a good Christian, sent for a clergyman to administer to him the rites of the church. After having attentively listened to the exhortations of his confessor, and received extreme unction, he asked him with a feeble voice, 'Can you tell me, reverend father, if Sebastopol is taken?' The clergyman, astonished at such a question from a dying man, answered that as yet there was no positive account of its fall. The sick man continued, 'The reason I ask the question is, as I am about to depart for the other world, it would have given me great satisfaction to be able to announce the good news to Marshal St. Arnaud.' At these words his head fell back on his pillow, and after half an hour's suffering the poor soldier breathed his last."

A Constantinople letter says of Sebastopol:—

"Women and children are said to be lying unburied in the streets; everything is neglected in order to keep up the defence. Our artillerymen are being much worn out by incessant toil. They are twelve hours out of the twenty-four in trenches, instead of the usual eight. The loss of effective strength from sickness and wounds amounts, in the British force, to about eighty a day."

A letter from Constantinople, in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, gives the following details from Sebastopol:—

"The persons in the town have suffered greatly from want of water. The stone aqueduct which supplied the inhabitants was cut by our soldiers at the commencement of the siege. A certain number of women and children came several times outside the walls to get water at the neighbouring spring. Our soldiers showed as much humanity as bravery, as they often went themselves to fill the vessels brought by these unfortunates. The general-in-chief, on learning these facts, gave orders to allow the women to advance every morning to the springs at certain hours appointed. General Canrobert

also informed the Governor of Sebastopol that he would leave a free passage to such women and children as might wish to leave the town. Measures, however, were taken to prevent the women from transmitting any intelligence outside. These precautions were not uncalled for, as on one of them who was going to the south was found a letter concealed, addressed to the Greeks of Balaklava, in which orders were given to burn the town and to destroy the stores of the allied army. That woman was set at liberty after having been interrogated."

The following extract from the Paris correspondent of the Belgian *Indépendance*, suggests that there is some bad blood between the Allies in the Crimea.

"It is painful to say so, but the French vessels only suffered so much because the English ships were very much behindhand in coming into line. Our allies were, unfortunately, open to the reproach of having shown a similar tardiness on the occasion of the landing, which was, on account of their delay, postponed for three days—an irreparable loss of time, seeing that the object was to take the Russians by surprise. It was the same thing at the battle of the Alma. No one can for a moment doubt the courage of the English soldiers and sailors. The valour of the former was, moreover, heroically displayed at the battle of the Alma. The slowness of their movements is only to be attributed to their methodical habits, of which they cannot divest themselves even under the pressure of the exigencies of an active campaign. Unfortunately it is not said that the delay on the 17th was susceptible of being so completely made up for as it was at Alma."

**COOLNESS OF THE BLUE JACKETS UNDER FIRE.**—The blue jackets showed all their ancient valour. Eight or nine men were swept away at a fore-castle gun on board the *Sanspareil* by the explosion of a shell. The two remaining men coolly went on loading with their sponge and ramrod as though nothing had happened.

**GALLANT CONDUCT OF "THE QUEEN."**—The order was to keep 1,200 yards of the forts, but the disengaged steamers, and at their head the splendid *Agamemnon*, approached much nearer, and poured in their shot and shell with unceasing activity. This example was followed by the *Queen*, which was obliged to leave her place because two steamers came into her way, but ran down along the line and joined the detached steamers—a movement which the *Agamemnon* answered by a "Well-done, *Queen*!"

**"A COFFIN OR PROMOTION."**—The *Sanspareil*, owing to her unwieldiness and the defects in her propelling force, which fails always when most necessary, would have had a hard fate, had not the *Shark*, a tiny little steam-tug, which attends the *Sanspareil* as a planet does its sun, or the jackal its lion, gone in and towed her out. The skill and courage displayed by the commander of this little craft, Mr. Bails, second mate, excited general admiration. It was a striking practical illustration of the lion and the mouse, to see the little *Shark* help out the colossal *Sanspareil*, but at the same time it was a most gallant feat of seamanship. It is reported that Admiral Lyons sent in the commander of the *Shark* with the words—"Go in; you will find there a coffin or your promotion."

**CAPTAIN MITCHELL AND THE TURKISH ADMIRAL.**—"While I am relating to you the deeds done on the day of the bombardment, I cannot refrain from telling you also a happy *mot* spoken the day after the action. The Turkish admiral sent his excuses to Captain Mitchell, of the *Queen*, for having gone between his ship and the forts. The answer of Captain Mitchell was, 'that he considered him to do his duty best who was nearest to the enemy.'"

**LORD DUNHILLIN.**—Lord Dunhellen was taken prisoner on the night of October 21. He was out with an escort with ammunition and lost his way. Seeing a body of men, he went up to them to ask his way. The escort warned him that they were Russians, but he would not believe them. The escort was right, and he was taken.

**THE DEATH OF COLONEL HOOD.**—On the morning of the 18th, Colonel Hood went on duty in command of the Grenadier Guards in the trenches. As he moved from a battery into the trench, which was at that place only two feet high, a round shot killed him.

**PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR** had been slightly wounded on the 19th. Lord Raglan states that he insisted upon remaining in the trenches until the detachment to which he was attached was relieved at the usual hour. The wound was, however, not so severe as to prevent him from resuming his duty shortly afterwards.

**RUSSIAN CANT.**—About noon to-day (says a letter dated the 22nd), the redoubt and White Tower batteries are completely silenced, but the Russians opened from fresh batteries in the rear of those works. They also opened fire from a building which had long been spared by our guns, because it had on its front an inscription which marked it as a "General Hospital." That building had all along been a battery, which they saved from destruction by a



canting appeal to our feelings of humanity. The desire to overreach is prominent in the Russian character, and the Russian will indulge in it even when it is self-evident that he must be a loser in the end. Our experience of to-day will not make us inclined to show mercy to Russian "General Hospitals."

**BEAUTIFUL SHOOTING.**—Yesterday (says a letter dated the 23rd) fifty riflemen were out in advance, and on their return the sergeant of the party described his work in the following manner to the colonel of a regiment, who told the story to me:—"We went, Sir, quite close in, and managed to pick off a great many, but there was one man we couldn't hit. At last I said, 'Come here, six of you, and fire a volley.' They did so, and down he fell. But, Sir, after the blowing up of their magazine, for a little time during the confusion, we had some beautiful shooting, I do assure you."

**HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.**—A red nightcap used by one artilleryman was taken from the head by a round shot, but the person of the wearer remained untouched. A cannon-ball passed between the legs of an officer's horse while in the act of galloping, and on another occasion the gabion upon which an officer was seated was carried away, and the astonished gentleman suddenly let down, just as a shilling in the hat trick darts from its support into the tumbler beneath.

**SINGLE COMBAT.**—Now it was that a terrible but interesting conflict took place between the tallest man of the 2nd battalion of Rifles and a huge Russian rifleman. Hannan, an Irishman, noted at the Cape for his rashness, rushed forward and fired. The shot was returned, and a second shot attempted by his opponent, but fortunately a cap could not be found. Seeing this, Hannan rushed up, and with his fist knocked the Russian over a low wall, and leaped after him. The two now grappled, and a dreadful struggle followed, in which, at last, our soldier was worsted; and a short sword was in the air to give him his death-blow—nay, more, its point was through the trousers, and about to penetrate the thigh and bowels—but ere the thrust was given, a shot from Hannan's comrade and friend, Ferguson, pierced the heart of the sturdy Russian, and he fell lifeless by the side of his intended victim.

**PRICE OF PROVISIONS IN THE CAMP.**—A small ham sold for 3*l.*; tins of preserved meat fetch 1*l.* 16*s.* each; and for sauces, curry-powder, and marmalade, the prices sound fabulous. A pot of marmalade has been known to fetch a guinea.

**THE TURKS AT THEIR PIPES.**—On the night of the 18th the English batteries blazed at some flashes visible over the Turkish heights, under the impression that our Mussulman allies were being attacked. The flashes turned out to be the peaceful pipes of the Turks. Fortunately, no damage resulted.

The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* gives the most graphic account of the bombardment. The following extracts are from his despatch:—

**THE MORNING OF THE ATTACK.**—A thick sluggish morning dew which lay in the valley, and the smoke which rested heavily over several of the forts, prevented my seeing what the enemy were doing; but a mere glance at our works showed that the long-wished-for day had at last arrived, and we were about to open fire. All the men were at their guns, and the apertures of the embrasures, which had been previously masked in order to protect the working parties, were now cleared, and the guns run out. The fog only permitted the Russians to see this in one or two places, but where they did they were firing, though with no effect, as the morning was too thick. Towards six o'clock the mist began to disperse, and the rich clear October sun was every instant making objects more and more visible. Soon the Russian works, crowded with grey figures, could be distinctly seen, with the large handsome white houses and dockyards of Sebastopol itself. The enemy could plainly see that we were prepared for action, and opened a smart cannonade. But not a shot from our batteries answered, for the French on our left occupy low ground, and the fog was still thick between them and their opponents. Slowly, like drawing back a huge curtain, the mist moved off to sea, a cool morning breeze sprung up, and the atmosphere cleared each moment. The lines of the besiegers could be seen from every point; the mounds and earthworks, bastions and towers of the besieged were full in view; the forms of the line-of-battle ships looked grim and deadly, and encircling all in the distance, like a dark belt, was the fleet of the allies.

**OPENING FIRE.**—It was half-past six. The enemy had been quiet for the last few minutes; both sides seemed preparing for an effort, when suddenly volumes of smoke and flashes of fire broke out simultaneously from every part of our lines—the shot and shell screamed hoarsely through the air, and with a reverberation which seemed to shake both heaven and earth, our attack on Sebastopol commenced.

**THE LANCASTER GUN.**—Before the smoke intervened, each side had got an accurate range, and from half-past six until near eight, shot and shell roared through the air incessantly, and the earth literally shook under the tremendous concussion of the guns. Each minute fresh guns came into play,

and each minute added to the fury of the uproar. Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other heavy guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its ball, which rushed through the air with a noise and regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards' distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train; and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seemed most terrible. From its deafening noise, the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty or thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even those are only fired once in eight minutes.

**COMBINED ATTACK BY SEA AND LAND.**—As each French liner came in, she added her incessant broadsides to the continuous roar of cannon which prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish. The atmosphere was only a thick lurid smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words of mine could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let your readers imagine at least 4000 pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world firing shell and rockets without a second's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion, but in the midst of which, singularly enough, the peculiar jerking scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard.

**BLOWING UP THE REDAN.**—The Russians set up tremendous cheers when they saw the explosion, as they did when the batteries of our allies blew up, imagining they had done us the same mischief. Their mirth, however, was but short-lived. While in the act of cheering, a shell from the Lancaster lodged (I presume so) in the magazine of the redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed was appalling. It made the stoutest man's blood run cold. At first it seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol was enveloped in the ruin; five minutes after, when the loose earth and smoke cleared away, and allowed us to see the extent of the mischief, we saw that only a black hole remained where the grand redoubt had stood, and that the greater part of the redan wall was blown away; so stunning appeared the effects of the terrible blow to the enemy, that it was some minutes before they fired a single gun.

**RUSSIAN CONVICTS.**—At Sebastopol the convicts (*forçats*) have been let loose from duranee vile to fight against the infidels, as they are pleased to denominate the Protestant English and Catholic French. These *forçats* (one has been taken prisoner by us) are the regular scum of the earth, and rob, and murder, and commit every crime they can among their own people, who cannot defend themselves during the noise, terror, and confusion of the siege. Half their heads were shaved, so that they will be easily recognised.—*Letter in Dublin Evening Mail.*

#### PATRIOTIC FUND.

THE local meetings are continuing: everywhere there is that best sort of enthusiasm—earnestness. A vast sum of money is being raised.

In Ireland there is as much patriotism as in England, and the movement is as unanimous and as surprisingly generous. There will be this result, as a reward, that the Irish soldiers are in a majority in the army, and will monopolise all the Irish Fund. At the meetings in Ireland, the Irish Bishops have spoken nobly; Presbyterians and Protestants, the same.

Much diversity of opinion prevails in Wales relative to the contemplated fund to be devoted exclusively to the survivors of the soldiers of the 23rd Regiment of Fusiliers, who are Welsh.

The "City" is to have a ball and concert for the citizens, in aid of the fund, at Guildhall. Success is certain—for Jullien is engaged.

Some of the working classes (poorest but always most generous) are arranging to subscribe weekly as long as the war lasts. For instance, at Crewe, "at the railway works, the workmen have entered into a subscription of a penny a week towards the Patriotic Fund."—*Warrington Guardian.*

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE returns for London for the week that ended last Saturday give 1,252 as the number of deaths registered from all causes. In the corresponding weeks of the ten years 1844-53 the average number was 983, and if this is raised in proportion to increase of population, the result obtained is 1,081. Hence it appears that 171 deaths occurred last week above what the calculated rate of mortality would produce. Cholera exhibits a continued decrease.

#### THE GREEKS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Chronicle* says (in Tuesday's paper):—

"On Wednesday and Thursday last—on the former day at the Corn Exchange, and on the latter at the Stock Exchange—certain Greek merchants, I am informed, thought it consistent with their duties to the nation whose hospitality they enjoy, to express their strong and undisguised exultation at the reported successes of the Russians. On the first occasion, I am ashamed to say that this insolent and treasonable demonstration passed with little notice or disapproval on the part of the Englishmen present—the peculiar *religio loci* having apparently been too strong for the loyalty and patriotism of those who 'buy, sell, and get gain' in that locality, and who were willing perhaps to tolerate even enmity to their country and their Queen rather than forfeit the patronage of wealthy speculators. Such is not, however, I am glad to say, the prevalent sentiment on the Stock Exchange, where I understand that the authors of this outrage were pretty severely handled—though I hear it regretted by many that they did not by any means get their full deserts."

At Manchester, also, where there are sixty Greek firms, some individual Greeks have been conspicuously indiscreet, and the result has been severe threats, on the part of indignant Britons, of "lynching."

"It was currently rumoured on the Exchange that two of the Greek houses had boasted that if the siege of Sebastopol had to be raised they would 'keep open house' and celebrate the event by balls and fêtes. Exultation was manifested by these people when the first imperfect intelligence came of the attack by Liprandi, and one of them, for want of better means of expressing himself in English, wrote under the news that half of our light cavalry had been cut to pieces, his approval of it in the words, 'Blessings! Blessings!' The offensive words were fortunately pointed out very early to the Master of the Exchange, and were erased; but the offensive conduct of these people has been too notorious not to have made a deep impression, and there is no stifling the feelings of anger which they have provoked by their unwise conduct."

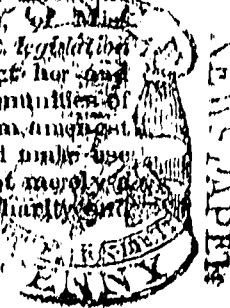
#### LONDON NECROPOLIS.

ON Tuesday that portion of the National Mausoleum Company's Cemetery at Woking, devoted to members of the Church of England, was consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester, a large number of the Directors and their friends being present. Excepting the building of the chapels—plain but elegant structures—little has yet been done to the grounds; but they will no doubt ultimately satisfy public wishes in every respect. Dissenters are accommodated with a chapel precisely similar to that of their orthodox brethren. "So sweet a place," however, did not make the Directors "in love with death," for they returned to London to a banquet not calculated to carry out the objects of the Company. Mr. T. Dakin, who presided, explained that though far from town the expenses of burial would be only about one half the usual charges—excepting those of the lowest scale. The Necropolis would, therefore, put an end to exorbitant expenditure, which, he fancied, was a general wish—a wish certainly shared by the "highest authorities"—who are dead, but who live in their "examples"—viz., the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Sussex, and, also, Lord Denman. He had reason to think that Lord Palmerston thought well of the "undertaking"—and without alluding to commercial matters, he would only say that duties properly discharged were invariably properly remunerated.

#### A ROMAN CATHOLIC SUGGESTION.

THE *Weekly Telegraph* (Dublin), in commenting on the British tribute to Miss Nightingale, gives this hint to the bigots who deride the Miss Nightingales of the Roman Catholic Church:—

"We do not argue with the Whitesides. We turn from them and their Tory confederates to the plain, honest people of England, and we say to them:—'You justly and properly praise and admire Miss Nightingale for what she has done, and is doing. Believe us Catholics, then, when we tell you, that as you would resent any insult offered to Miss Nightingale, so must we resent any insult offered to those whose lives are like to hers. There are few, very few Catholic families that have not at least one Miss Nightingale amongst its members—the dearest, the most cherished, the most beloved, and the most honoured of all, because she has renounced the world and its pleasures—because she has proved herself to possess energy of character, singleness of purpose, and great devotion—and because we all feel and know she has chosen the better part! Think, then, O Miss Nightingale when next you hear of *any* *legislation* directed against our nuns; and as you respect her, and respect yourselves, so respect our pious communities of females and respect our feelings. Scotland, among you as bigots and as knaves those who would persecute you to sustain a persecution which is not merely a war against women, but also a war against God.'"



## THE SUB-DIVISION OF LAND.

Is a system of small holdings of land a good thing? The question has been answered in the negative so often, and so authoritatively, that opinion on the point has been in danger of being extinguished. What if a new aspect has been given to the subject by the result of statistical inquiry in two different countries. The *Nation* reproduces the question from the *Northern Whig* (an able and "safe" paper), which indicates the beneficial result of the small holding system in Ulster:—

"We find the county of Down to be one of those counties in which the small holding system is carried to the greatest extent (the greatest, we believe, with the exception of the county Armagh); in which, also, the average of population bears the largest proportion to the area; and, in connexion with these circumstances, cultivation and production rank the highest, and, at the same time, the smallest amount of destitution is indicated among its population.

"This county contains a total area of 611,130 statute acres. Of this area, there are 87,399 acres returned as bogs, waste, water, woods, and plantations, leaving 523,731 arable acres. We find this area divided into 30,683 holdings; and, of these, there are 26,309 which do not exceed 30 acres in extent, and only 1257 in the class of 100 acres. The largest number of any one class, is that of from 5 to 15 acres, containing 12,785 holdings; and, if we divide the whole arable acres by the number of holdings, the average obtained is 17½ acres. We find that the whole number of acres in cultivated crops, is 317,007—a quantity something above one half of the whole productive acres—and of this, there are 187,410 acres in corn, peas, and beans, yielding a produce estimated at 129,883 tons. The population of the county of Down, by the census of 1854, is 328,754, being at the rate of only about one and a half acres to each head. The poor law valuation of 1851, is 637,988½, about the average of 2½s. to the acre.

"We shall now compare these statistics of the county of Down with those of the county of Tipperary, which we select as possessing some of the finest lands of Ireland, and the land divided into holdings of much larger extent. The whole area of the county of Tipperary is 1,048,969 statute acres, of which 187,846 are returned as bog, waste, water, woods, and plantations, leaving 861,123 as arable acres. This is more than one half larger than the county of Down, yet the number of holdings is only 27,030, whilst Down is divided into thirty thousand holdings, and the average of Tipperary is thirty-five acres, while that of Down is only about seventeen. We shall next compare the cultivation and production. The whole cultivated lands in cereal and green crops, amount to 313,796 acres in Tipperary, bearing a proportion to the arable area of little more than one third—whilst in Down the proportion is more than one half. Of the above, there are in corn, peas, and beans 159,715 acres, and the production is estimated at 123,419 tons, whilst in Down, both the number of acres and the number of tons is larger than in Tipperary, notwithstanding the area of Down being so much smaller in extent. The population in Tipperary, by census of 1851, is 331,487, giving to each head 2½ acres, and the valuation 618,148½, being at the average of only 1½s. per acre, whilst in Down it is 2½s., or more than one half higher. Here is a conclusive test of the superior cultivation in the county of Down, because it is an indisputable fact that the natural quality of the lands of Tipperary vastly exceeds that of the county of Down. Now, how has this increased value been created? We answer, solely by the industry and capital of the small holders of Down. Space does not permit us to make similar comparisons with regard to Antrim and Armagh, but the general results will confirm the same conclusions, more especially with regard to Armagh, where the average size of the farmers, as compared with the arable area, is only about 12 acres, and only about 1½ acres to each head of population. In the county Antrim, the average size of holdings is about 20 acres, and the average acres to each head of population (if the town of Belfast be excluded) are a little more than two acres, being a larger proportion of land to population than either of the other two counties."

Again, the effect of minute subdivision in the value and product of landed property in France is made the subject of inquiry by the *Siccle*. The matter is thus argued statistically:—

"The constant enemies of our great revolution do not cease, amongst their passionate and unjust attacks on all that was established and rooted amongst us by 1789, to assail with bitterness the system of an equal division of an inheritance amongst all the children of the same father. 'It is the ruin of France,' they say; 'the ruin of agriculture—misery and famine for ever established in the country. Hurrah!' they add, 'for large farms—for estates as large as provinces, such as were formerly possessed by nobles and monks!' We have often admired the impudence of these complaints, and it is by figures that we will now reply to them, and avenge what is perhaps the greatest conquest of all the eighteenth century. We knew that the bad tree could alone produce bad fruit, and that principles of justice and truth could not fail to open the path to the progress, happiness, and intellectual and material advancement of nations.

We have accordingly sought the effect of the indefinite parcelling out of lands, on the number of the population, on its welfare, on taxation, and on the yield of the earth itself. Land is not everywhere in France divided into infinitely small parcels; in the south it is divided into portions double those of the north, and in the centre it is not divided in the same proportion as in the north and south. This providential inequality will supply us with precious points of comparison.

"The following is the proportion for each landowner in which property is divided:—In the North, three hectares, the North Centre 5.20 hectares, the South Centre 5.66, and the South 6.76. Thus the property is one half more divided in the north than the south, and consequently the population is there almost one half more dense. There were in 1832 in the Northern Region 4,063,018 landowners, in the North Centre 1,402,515, the South Centre 2,203,917, and the South 2,261,192. And note that the superficies of the Northern Region is only 6,638 square leagues, whilst the Southern Region is 7,676 square leagues. Now, do you wish to know what was the revenue from land on which the tax was imposed in 1832? In the Northern Region it was 1,175,113,000f., the North Centre 655,306,000f., the South Centre 562,937,000f., and the South 708,258,000f. Assuredly it will not be pretended the North is more fertile than the South; whence, then, arises the difference in the amount of revenue? It can arise, in our opinion, from nothing else than the difference in the division of land."

## OUR CIVILISATION.

"TEMPLE" morals have been illustrated by a curious Guildhall case.

Giovanni Meitani, a "courier," was charged with assaulting Mr. Sydney Stanbridge, of No. 2, Paper-buildings, Temple, under the following circumstances:—Mr. Stanbridge stated that, between five and six o'clock on Friday evening, he was about entering his chambers, when the prisoner, whom he observed on the landing, grappled with him, and in the struggle he (prosecutor) saw prisoner feel in the breast of his coat, as if for some weapon to strike him with, and he therefore made his escape down stairs. The prisoner followed him, but did not catch him. During the scuffle, prosecutor received a blow on the mouth. Alderman Rose inquired if he could account for the prisoner's attack upon him?—Mr. Stanbridge said he could, but it was a curious story. The fact was, a lady came to stay at his chambers, and the prisoner came with her as her servant, but not approving of the prisoner's conduct, on account of his acting the spy upon all his actions, he discharged him, upon which the prisoner charged him with keeping his wife from him.—Alderman Rose asked Mr. Stanbridge if he was living with the lady in question?—Mr. Stanbridge said the lady was staying at his chambers.—Alderman Rose requested Mr. Stanbridge to understand his question. He wished to know if he (prosecutor) was living with the lady?—Mr. Stanbridge admitted that he had been.—The prisoner here said that the lady alluded to was his wife, and that the prosecutor was keeping her from him.—Mr. Stanbridge most emphatically denied that the lady was the prisoner's wife, and said, if such was the case, he should not have taken her to live with him.—The prisoner persisted in his statement that the lady was his wife, and said he only went to the prosecutor's chambers because he knew his wife was always there.—Alderman Rose asked prosecutor if he was still living with the woman the prisoner called his wife?—Mr. Stanbridge said he was not, but he did not choose to give any explanation. He hoped the worthy alderman would bind the prisoner over to keep the peace.—Alderman Rose said he saw nothing in the case to justify him in such a step; but if Mr. Stanbridge insisted, he could indict the prisoner at the sessions. The prisoner was then discharged.

The Fifth of November Protestantism has led to the annual explosion of a fire-work manufactory:—

Mr. Watson, who has for some years made large quantities of fireworks to be sold on Guy Fawkes' day, has this year been more than usually busy, and, to complete a large order, had worked all Sunday night with his family. Mr. Watson had gone into the court at the rear of the premises, when he heard his wife cry out, "Fire!" very loudly, and immediately afterwards a tremendous explosion occurred, followed by an outbreak of flames, and loud screams from the inmates. A chimney-sweep, who was passing at the moment, rushed into the building, and succeeded in rescuing Mrs. Watson and one of her children, whom he brought down in safety. The husband of the unfortunate woman also made every exertion to get to his other children, who it was feared were in their beds asleep; in so doing he became surrounded with a sheet of sulphur flame, by which his arms, face and neck were terribly burnt, and he was obliged to give up the attempt as hopeless. After a lapse of two hours the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration, and on searching the ruins they discovered the bodies of three unfortunate children, so frightfully burnt that their remains might easily have been placed in a small basket. The mother and one of her youngest children

have since died in the hospital from injuries received from the explosion.

A correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, writing from Claremorris, November 3, says:—

"This hitherto peaceful locality has been thrown into the greatest excitement, by the discovery of the remains of a young man, named James Prendergast, son to the toll-collector of this town, floating in the water of a stagnant pool, within a few hundred yards of the town. The body presented a most horrible spectacle, the head being severed and tied in a bag, the thighs and legs being also cut off. The hands were tied with a strip of calico, to which were attached heavy stones, in order that the body might not float: however, the remains were found floating. Deceased always carried on his person whatever money he possessed, and this, it is presumed, was the cause of his brutal and savage murder."

A WIFE MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND.—A man named Lazarus Hempsted, residing at Halsted, chose to be jealous of his wife without cause, and soothed himself by knocking in her temples with a hammer, as she slept. She must have died instantaneously. The murderer walked to a village some miles off, breakfasted quietly, and then gave himself up to the police. He does not express the least contrition, and treats the matter with the utmost indifference. Six children have their prospects improved by this event.

OUR GALLANT FELLOWS.—Two seamen, named Charles Nelson and Charles Brown, were drinking with some women at a public-house, near Rosemary-lane. After some beer, they went in a cab to Harrow-street, in the Mint, where one of the girls lived. Something to drink was sent for, but before it arrived Nelson struck, and nearly strangled Brown, and then proposed that they should go to the yard and fight. The others went for the police, but on their return they found Nelson lying on the floor, with a dagger sticking in his throat. He sat up, and said, "My shipmate, Brown, stabbed me." Both men were intoxicated. Brown was taken into custody, and a policeman read over the charge, asking him if it was correct. He said yes, and he would stab twenty men in his own defence. When he became sober, he was taken into the inspector's room, and asked if he knew what he was charged with, and he said "No." He was told he was charged with a very serious offence, that of stabbing his shipmate, upon which he appeared much surprised, and declared he knew nothing about it. Dr. South described the nature of the injuries, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

DIVORCES.—Two cases of divorce occurred this week in the Consistory Court: Gonzalez against Gonzalez, being the suit of the wife against the husband for cruelty and adultery; and Harraden against Harraden, a wife's suit on the same grounds. The petitions were granted in both cases. Evidence not entered into.

LASCARS IN LONDON.—As usual, at this time or the year, the Lascar seamen who are brought from Indian ports to London in the hope, seldom realised to them by our Christian captains, that they will be taken home again, are dying of cold and hunger. Astonishing stories are told to the authorities of the privations to which these unhappy wretches are exposed—the workhouses refusing to take them in. At this moment 150 of them are living in a shed in Blue-coat-fields. Prostitutes take curious charity on many of them, and dreadful diseases are disseminated.

ONE OF THE ELECT.—William Cowley, an elderly hatter, of Ratcliff, has been convicted of increasing his incumbrances, unknown to Mrs. Cowley. Sophia Saunders, of course pretty, lived in his service, and gave birth to a child. Defendant promised to maintain the child, but had only given a shilling to her. Defendant, who was a member of the Ebenezer Chapel, said the girl had been in his service, and he had looked after her morals, and lectured her on the sinfulness of her ways. He admitted having kissed her once, but it was a pious kiss. He would solemnly swear he was not the father of the child. Mr. Ingham said he was of a different opinion, and made the usual order. The defendant said he should appeal.

COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP.—Miss Charlotte Reynolds, not pretty, but respectably dressed, charged William Wells, grocer, of Turnham Green, her sister's husband, with being the father of her child, and also with neglecting to maintain it. The defendant had first succeeded in his purpose by administering gin. The parentage was admitted, and the usual order was made.



CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The last Roman Catholic miracle is thus announced in a letter from Rome. The fire points the moral for the behoof of the pious idiots:—

"Another miraculous image has been recently engaging the superstitious reverence of the lower orders and the circumstantial attention of the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome, being nothing less than a 'prodigious' image (as the official paper terms it) of the Saviour, in the church of Santa Maria in Monticelli, which has been observed lately to perform the usual feat of opening and shutting its eyes. A triduum having been ordained in consequence by the cardinal-vicar, was concluded with great pomp at the church in question; but unfortunately some of the decorations of the altar catching fire, a destructive flame burst forth, creating a frightful panic in the congregation, driving the cardinal and his suffragans into the sacristy, and actually consuming the frame of the 'prodigious image' itself."

**BAD NEWS FOR THE PAPACY.**—The construction of telegraphic lines is making great progress in Italy at present. A direct line between Piedmont and Switzerland by Brissago was opened on the 1st. Another line was opened some time ago between the two countries by St. Julien. Caserta, and the towns of Cancelli Santa Maria, Capua, Mola, Terracina, Nola, Salerno and Avellino, are now connected with Naples by telegraphic lines, which are open to the public. A line is also in progress to connect Bologna and Ancona, a distance of 150 miles, and has already reached Rimini. It is believed it will be continued at Rome.

**IMPORTANT!**—The King of the Belgians opened the session of the Legislature on the 7th. In his speech he declared that Belgium sets more value than ever on its neutrality, confirmed by the sympathy and confidence of all Powers.

**THE VINTAGE OF 1854.**—An eminent house in Bordeaux writes:—"Bordeaux, Oct. 27, 1854.—Referring to the remarks of our circular of 1st January last, relative to the very indifferent claret vintages of 1852 and 1853, it is with regret that we have to announce the complete failure of this year's crop, the yield being estimated at fully 90 per cent. under an average."

**THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND THE YOUNG KING OF PORTUGAL.**—It appears that he and his brother, the Duke of Oporto, speak with delight of the reception and treatment they met with at the British Court. Queen Victoria went down to the very door to meet them, kissed them both, addressing them at once as plain Pedro and Luis, and during the whole time they stayed with her, treated them as if they were her own children. On one occasion little Don Luis, not having the fear of the cholera before his eyes, was feasting gloriously upon an enormous bunch of grapes, when the Queen, chancing to come up, took them from him, and flung them away, administering at the same time a dose of good advice on the subject of diet. This affectionate familiarity so endeared her Majesty to the young strangers, that they both cried when they took their last leave of her, as if they were parting from their own mother.—*Lisbon Correspondent of the Morning Herald.*

**BUCHAREST.**—The Bucharest correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—

"The German papers have occupied themselves for some weeks back in maligning Sir Stephen Lakeman (Massar Pasha), the Turkish commandant-de-place at Bucharest, whose great crime seems to be his differences with the Austrians, which are now a matter of public notoriety; and, secondly, his being an Englishman, which gives any one a fair claim to the detestation of an imperial functionary. Sir Stephen Lakeman, according to them, is a renegade, an adventurer; they are shocked and indignant that the deep-laid plans of a mighty Austrian chieftain should be thwarted by a young Englishman, in a position so extremely equivocal."

"Let us look into the matter. Massar Pasha is not a renegade, but to the best of my belief and opinion a good Christian of the Established Church of Great Britain and Ireland; possibly he may be a dissenter, but in any case, he is not a Mahomedan. Instead of being an adventurer, he is an officer of the English army; is in possession of a large private fortune, probably larger than ten Austrian generals of division put together, in their wildest night dreams, ever imagined themselves in possession of; raised and equipped at his own expense the well-known regiment of Waterkloof Rangers at the Cape of Good Hope, commanded it in person in the two campaigns against the Kafirs, and rendered services so important that he received the thanks of the Government, the honour of knighthood, and the Cross of the Bath. Partly from love of soldiering, partly from sympathy with Turkey, he took service under the Sultan a few months ago as inspector-general of cavalry, and bore an active part in the concluding portion of the past campaign. Instead of receiving anything of the Turkish Government, he has been spending his own money largely. So much for this gentleman personally."

There is reported to be a strong pro-Russian feeling among the Austrian officers in the Principalities. Duels between these and Hungarians, and Italians, officers in the Turkish army, are of constant occurrence.

"Their conduct to the population they profess to deliver from the Russians is far from amiable. The same treatment which Florentines and Milanese have borne for years is now experienced by the unhappy inhabitants of Bucharest, where Count Coronini, seemingly a rather intemperate commander, has fixed his quarters. The coarse military insolence which has been the fashion throughout the Italian States is now exercised upon a population equally inoffensive, and equally sensitive to insult. But the political difficulty arises from their conduct to the Turks themselves."

A NEW OOCRACY.

The *Sheffield Free Press* is learning Greek and Latin, and is suggesting that the new National Party should call itself the "Orthocracy," or the "Egocracy." There is much good sense in their quaint politics:—

"We lately consulted a friend of ours, who is more at home in Greek than we can pretend to be, how to form a word which should express the rule of the Right, as Democracy is the rule of the people, and Aristocracy is the rule of the upper classes. He replied, 'Orthocracy' is the word that you want. But (added he) perhaps you do not know that Aristocracy ought to suit you better still; for its true meaning is, the rule of the Best, which says nothing about upper or lower classes.—This led to more questions and reflections, some of which we venture to give our readers."

"It appears to us, that among ourselves the party names of aristocrat and democrat by no means mark out the fundamental points which distinguish men's political action as good or evil. It cannot be denied, that many persons have a theoretic love of democracy, but a far greater practical love of being themselves rulers. They would cut down all above them to their own level, but forbid any below them to rise to that level; and would wish to dictate their own opinion as a law to all. Such, though fighting under a democratic flag, are (unaware to themselves) monarchists, or rather despots, and their despotic tendencies are neither softened nor glorified by loyalty and monarch-worship, as with the old Cavaliers. So neither can it be denied that of avowed aristocrats some are selfish, proud, and overbearing; thinking more of their class or order than of the nation, and more of their personal greatness or wealth than of their class. Thus we have selfish despotic men alike among democrats and aristocrats. What are we to call such people? said we to our friend. Really (said he) I am afraid *emocrats* would not be good Greek, and you will better understand my calling them *egocrats*. Good, replied we; everybody will understand what *egocracy* means: it is a word that the English language wants, for egotist scarcely contains the full thought.—But to return: the true democrat wishes the nation's voice to be heard, yet he does not wish it to prevail, when it is unjust or foolish; for instance, if (as in America) a majority vote to keep a minority in slavery. Thus a reasonable democrat does not desire the prevalence of Numbers over Right, but a prevalence of Right over Force and Fraud; and hopes to gain this end by a system which permits the voice of All to be heard. It is therefore evident to us, that what are called the two parties of Politics, viz., the aristocratic and democratic, have each of them a more generous, and each a baser, element. Neither can get rid of *Egocrats* in their own ranks; yet the *Orthocrats* in each ought to sympathise far less with the *Egocrats* than with the *Orthocrats* of the other side. Nor only so, but the existing division of parties is not a moral, that is, a deep-seated, division, but one in part of form, and brought about by the mere outside of circumstances. The true moral division would be of *Orthocrats*, or champions of the Right, against *Egocrats*, or champions of Number One; but *Egocracy* is too self-entwined to give cohesiveness to any party; hence *Egocrats* uniformly fight under a false flag, taking advantage of minor differences between good men, and no open party can possibly succeed in excluding them."

IRELAND.

Mr. GAVAN DUFFY has pronounced, at a recent Tenant Right Meeting, on the dangerous question, for a Roman Catholic member, whether a Bishop has any moral right to interdict Priests from politics. His speech was eloquently bold:—

"He thought no danger over threatened the Independent Party, and the people whom they represented, so formidable as one, which perhaps, long existed, but which now for the first time stood nakedly revealed. He referred to the exercise of ecclesiastical authority by which Father Keefe was prohibited from taking part in their proceedings that evening. God forbid that he should interpose between a priest and his bishop in the legitimate exercise of his episcopal functions. Perhaps the Bishop of Ossory had not exceeded his power; he would express no final opinion upon that subject, but he was prepared to express a very decided and perfectly final opinion upon the result: this course of proceeding, if not reversed as far as the past was concerned, and terminated for the future, would have on the religious and political liberties of Ireland. It would hand us over without succour or shelter to the bigots of England. Why? Because no honest man would consent to enter

the British Parliament to maintain a painful and exhausting contest against the Spooners and Whitesides, if their hopes were betrayed and their strength scattered at home by Bishops of their own Church."

He cited other cases.

"These were not the only cases, but they were all he felt justified in mentioning at present. They were quite enough, however, to show the impossibility of maintaining an independent party in Parliament, when their chief supporters were singled out for ecclesiastical censure. What was the first danger against which the Irish party had been called upon to guard? At the very opening of the present Parliament, and repeatedly since, they had been threatened by the English newspapers, and the English bigots, with a bill to exclude priests from political affairs. And when they come home from this contest they find certain bishops doing the precise thing which the Newdegates had threatened in vain. In Parliament, Lord John Russell insulted them by describing their religion as narrowing and debasing to the human intellect; and Sir John Young scoffed at them by assuring the House of Commons that there were still, perhaps, three or four millions of Catholics left in Ireland. When they come home they find Catholic bishops supporting the Government of these very men; and, what was far more fatal, they find in the case of Father Keefe, a priest as pious and unsullied as any in the Church of God, prohibited from the performance of his duties as an elector of that county for simply defending himself and the principles of the party with which he was united. It was happy for religion that there was a tribunal to which a bishop must be as submissive as the humblest layman—to this tribunal, he was rejoiced to know, the case would be carried. He would not anticipate its decision; but he had no hesitation in stating that if there was not protection for the second order of the clergy—for that order whose zeal and devotion, whose sacrifices, and whose courage had won and maintained the liberties of the Irish Church—he, for one, would feel it his duty to throw up his seat in Parliament, and not keep up the show of a battle in London which was betrayed and defeated at home. He believed this would be the decision of the best of his colleagues."

HOW OUR TRADE STANDS.

The Board of Trade returns for the month ending the 10th of October were issued this week, and continue to show a gradual contraction of trade, the falling off in the declared value of our exportations as compared with the corresponding month of last year being 754,952*l*. This diminution seems attributable to the reduction in the Australian and American demand, and is not to be confounded with the consequences of the war. It was in October last year and the few preceding months that the mania for consigning goods to Australia was at its height, and owing to this, the item of haberdashery alone, which includes ready-made clothing, exhibits a decrease of 209,512*l*. in the present return, although, compared with October, 1852, it would give an increase of 106,000*l*. The demand for saddlery and other articles of leather has been affected in like manner, while that for metals and machinery and for linen and woollen goods has been exposed to the double influence of the check to the colonial trade and the money pressure at New York. Still, even under these circumstances, the return is only unsatisfactory in contrast with what was witnessed during the excitement of last year, since, compared with the same month of 1852, it would present an increase of nearly 700,000*l*. Contrary to what might have been expected, cotton goods do not appear on the unfavourable side, but in future reports they will be likely to show a falling off. The aggregate value of our exports during the first nine months of the year has been 67,727,198*l*., against 66,987,729*l*. in the like period of 1853, showing an increase of 739,469*l*., or a little more than one per cent. As compared with the same period of 1852, there has been an increase of 13,335,760*l*. With regard to imported commodities the most remarkable feature is the small amount of foreign grain and flour taken during the month, a long period having elapsed since the totals were so insignificant. Of rice also the quantity has been proportionably small. In other respects there is nothing to call for remark. The consumption of tea, sugar, tobacco, and spirits, shows a slight increase, while in coffee, cocoa, wines, fruits, and spices, there has been a little decline. There has been a diminution in exports of raw material, silks and cottons excepted. The importation of other articles during the month has also been on a rather diminished scale, so as further to account for the late improvement in the foreign exchanges. In dyes and dyeing stuffs there has been a decrease, except of cochineal, madder, and valonia. A great reduction is shown in hides, and also in metals, except tin. Of palm and train oils the importation has likewise been comparatively very small, but other kinds present an increase. The arrivals and consumption of timber have been steady, a falling off in foreign being made up by an increase in colonial.

## THE SLAVE-TRADE IN TURKEY.

THE removal of the Russians from the Circassian coast is said to have had one bad social effect; i. e., that the slave-trade is likely to be more flourishing than before. In compliance with representations made by Lord Redcliffe the Sultan has issued stringent firmans against the traffic. A letter from Constantinople says:—

"The attention of the British Ambassador has been especially directed to this subject, and, after many representations, he has succeeded in obtaining firmans, worded in the most stringent language, for the total abolition of the Circassian and Georgian slave-trade. Not only may the women be taken and set at liberty, so far as a Mussulman female can be free, but the dealer will be subject to the punishment of a grave offence. Whether the extinction of white or concubine slavery will follow this edict, it is difficult to say. Turkey is the country of high-sounding reforms never carried into practice, and Imperial orders executed only where a foreign representative is present to urge on their enforcement. But no doubt the Porte and its advisers are in earnest, and the trade will cease for the present as far as Constantinople is concerned. To discuss the question of polygamy and the results to the Turks themselves of the practice of buying odalisks in any number they may desire, is useless. No one can doubt but that the harem is one of the chief causes of the sloth and cowardice of the Turkish governing class. Putting aside other considerations, it is well known that the great household expenses, which keep even the most successful plunderer among the Pashas poor, arise mainly from the crowd of women and servants which are supposed to be due to his state. The more enlightened and Europeanised of the Turks have generally but one wife, and a stranger might be apt to think polygamy rather a thing of the past—a practice permitted indeed, but looked upon as disreputable by all but a few of the old school. But even one wife must have a host of slaves to support her dignity, and the great body of the rich Turks are not like the few eminent individuals to whom Englishmen are generally introduced. Among the minor class of officials, the indulgence and waste of a large establishment are almost universal. There are secretaries and clerks at the Porte with incomes of about 100*l.* a year of our money. How one of these can live at all in a place so expensive as Constantinople is surprising; but he not only lives, but keeps up a state fit for an English Cabinet Minister. He has probably two wives, each with one or two white and three or four black attendants; each wife has a carriage of her own in which she jolts over the stones of Pera, or sits eating creams at the Sweet Waters. The functionary himself has a couple of horses for his own use, a groom to walk by his side when he rides in leisurely state to or from the Porte, and a man behind to carry his long and well-cleaned pipes. The means by which this magnificence is supported are well known to the initiated. Each man in office, from the Pasha downwards, has transactions with some one who has a cause to gain or a favour to demand. The secretary represents to his superior that he is in debt, that the money-lender will wait no longer, and that he must give up his post unless the request of some individual be granted who has promised so many thousand piastres to the speaker for the successful use of his influence. The matter is arranged, and the happy official receives for one corrupt transaction a sum equal perhaps to five years' salary. The discontinuance of a supply of white slaves may perhaps cause no small change in the domestic habits of the Turks; that it will tend to discourage polygamy cannot be doubted. In former times, when the whole Mediterranean coast was swept by the Turkish fleets and the Algerine corsairs, and the wives of the Sultans were not Georgians nor Circassians, but Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Venetians, many an inferior satrap possessed a household as large as that of the present Sultan. With the scarcity of the supply the manners of the people have somewhat mended, and there is reason to hope that with the utter extinction of the trade polygamy itself may perhaps fall."

## MANCHESTER ON MAURICE.

THE *Manchester Examiner*, in an able article on the Working Man's College, says:—

"We wish our conviction were stronger than it is, that Mr. Maurice and his colleagues are the fittest teachers on such an important topic. We are afraid that the economic views which they are known to entertain are more likely to produce an enfeebling sentimentalism, than a spirit of noble and vigorous independence; and to make the working man feel something like a patronised and potted victim of misfortune, instead of a free and self-reliant member of the social commonwealth. . . . Colleges for working men will never be thoroughly efficient, till good primary schools are in active operation for the young; and hence the strong sympathy with which we view the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Maurice only inspires us with a more heartfelt wish that sectarian jealousies retarded no longer the establishment of such a system of education as alone can meet the imperious wants of the age."

## SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

ON Wednesday, upon the invitation of the Earl of Shaftesbury, a number of gentlemen interested in the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring poor, assembled at Wild-court, Drury-lane, for the purpose of inspecting a row of thirteen houses which have been taken by the society upon a long lease, with the view of being purified and repaired.

The whole of the district east of Drury-lane, and bounded by Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Clare-street, is one of the worst possible in the metropolis. There are not such appearances of utter squalor and wretchedness as are to be met with in some neighbourhoods, still there are evidences of great misery and destitution, aggravated by filth, a teeming population, and the absence of sanitary provisions of the commonest nature. Wild-court is situated on the northern side of Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn, and it runs in a north-easterly direction into Chapel-place, which leads easterly into Duke-street, and westerly through Middle-yard into Great Queen-street. The court is paved throughout, and is about sixteen feet wide. An open gutter traverses its centre longitudinally, and other transverse gutters occur at intervals. Though presenting externally a dilapidated appearance, the houses are in reality substantial brick structures—the beams, joists, and other bearing timbers being principally of English oak, and in a sound state.

These 13 houses, which contain an aggregate of 108 separate rooms, have been leased by the society at an average annual rental of 15*l.* 10*s.* They are all occupied at the present moment, and are calculated to contain 200 families, or about 1000 people. The court swarms with children, wretched-looking little objects, and the population is chiefly Irish. The men are, for the most part, labourers, but when out of work they "follow the markets," as the phrase among them is, and on Sundays they crowd our streets with baskets of oranges or other seasonable fruits. Though generally honest, some portions of the houses are occupied by known thieves, and a considerable number of destitute persons of questionable reputation nightly sleep upon the stairs, for which they pay no rent. The whole place is in a most filthy and foul state. The basements are unpaved and unoccupied, and from them the most horrible effluvia are at times emitted. There is scarcely a whole pane of glass to be found in all the windows, and the back yards, which are most imperfectly drained, range from not more than 5 feet to 7 feet wide. The mode in which the soil and refuse are got rid of by the families occupying the garrets of these houses would hardly be credited. It is thrown, in the first place, through a small aperture on to the roof at the back. It then passes along a 5-inch wooden trough, or gutter, fixed to the wall of the front room, and thence to a gutter behind the parapet outside, which presents the appearance of an elongated cesspool, disgusting in the extreme, and furnishing an intolerable stench. It is then carried off by the rainwater-pipe to the drains. Some of the troughs as they pass through the room are quite open, so as to expose the refuse to view, and others have flaps, which may be opened and the soil emptied into it, in order to save the necessity of conveying it to the back of the house.

These are the places upon which this useful society is about next to operate. It has already erected model lodging-houses in various parts of the town; but these, although yielding from 5 to 6 per cent. interest upon the capital expended, have hardly held out a sufficiently tempting prospect to induce builders or others to undertake them as a matter of speculation. The system more recently adopted by the society, of renovating and adapting existing houses, has proved much more successful as a matter of profit—one house in Charles-street, Drury-lane, having yielded as much as 16 per cent. It is this plan therefore which is to be adopted here; and it is estimated that for an expenditure of between 90*l.* and 100*l.* per house, they may be rendered completely comfortable and healthy habitable dwellings. They will then be let to respectable tenants at rents not higher, but probably considerably lower than those at present paid for the wretched accommodation afforded.

The object of Lord Shaftesbury in inviting a few gentlemen to visit the spot on Wednesday was that in twelve months' time, when the improvements contemplated will be effected, they may be enabled to contrast the state of things at the two periods, and to judge of the good absolutely accomplished. Many of the present tenants have lived in this miserable court for years, and some of them have requested to be permitted to return when the repairs shall be completed. No doubt they will be entitled to first choice.

The noble earl, who takes so lively an interest in the welfare of the poor, speaks with confidence of the success of this and similar undertakings, and remarks that the Common Lodging-house Act has proved one great fact, and that is, that the Irish

lodging-house keeper is not incorrigible. A great improvement is already perceptible in the conduct of these places, and every day the system is becoming less objectionable.

There was not a very large muster on Wednesday, the visit to such a neighbourhood not being attractive to the many; but among those present we noticed Sir B. Hall, Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Sutherland, Mr. S. Hughes, Mr. Godwin, the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Dr. Gavin, Professor Taylor, Mr. Wood, and others.

## AMERICA.

A LETTER from New York says:—

"A keen political statistician estimates the probable results of the election as follows:—Hards, 100,000 votes; Softs, 60,000 votes; Know-nothings, 60,000 votes; Whigs, 250,000 votes; total, 470,000. The 'Hards' are democrats opposed to the Administration; the 'Softs' are democrats in favour of the Administration; the 'Know-nothings' advocate the appointment of none but native Americans to office, and are opposed to all foreign influence, and especially to the Roman Catholic, Catholic Irish, &c. The Whigs generally fraternise with the Know-nothings. For instance, John M. Clayton, the senator of Delaware, has written a letter indirectly espousing 'Know-nothing' doctrines. But the most remarkable effect of Know-nothingism is a recent summersault by the *Washington Union*, in which it squints fondly at the secret order, and takes ground in labour of a kind of Know-nothing change in the naturalisation laws. Up to last week it had been bitter in its denunciations of the new and secret political society. But the conversion of the Government organ has evidently been brought about by the display of 'Know-nothing' power in Pennsylvania, and its threatening influence in New York. And then we have other parties—Slavery and Anti-slavery, Temperance and Anti-temperance—all the new parties of 'isms,' so called, which usually amalgamate with the Know-nothings. In New York, on the other hand, the Germans have held a mass meeting, for the purpose of agreeing upon a ticket on which they can all unite at the coming election. The Irish also are arranging a similar demonstration, on the plea that the Know-nothing movement demands that they should do something for self-preservation. Indeed, the two great turning points of political power just now are Know-nothingism and the Nebraska question. The excitement on both swells as the New York election approaches, and the probability now is stronger than ever, that the pro-Nebraska (pro-slavery) government of General Pierce will be severely rebuked by the New York vote, and that Know-nothingism will successfully exert its balance of power in electing the next president of the United States. European readers, judging at so great a distance from the scene of action, may feel disposed to believe that the divisions and subdivisions of so many parties must threaten the integrity and existence of the Union itself. But the questions are merely domestic, some of the new parties ephemeral, and several of the issues got up as electioneering and other political prettexts. In loyalty to the Union they all agree, a very few zealots perhaps excepted, and no party exhibits a stricter American and federal feeling than the Know-nothings, however liberal their views may be as regards foreigners."

There are three great facts in the news from Canada: a "Maine Liquor Law" has been passed; and, on the news arriving of the victory at Alma, "the House," on the motion of Sir Alan McNab, adjourned "amid cheering," while Sir George Grey's letter, announcing the withdrawal of nearly all the troops from the province (in accordance with the general intention expressed by Lord Grey in 1853), has excited no discontent whatever. Thus we see that the concession of self-government ensures "loyalty."

The new Governor, Hon. T. Manners Sutton, has assumed the administration of New Brunswick. The Legislature, summoned specially to consider the new council treaty with the United States, was addressed by the Governor in a speech congratulating the province on the assurances offered by the treaty of the continued good understanding between Great Britain and the United States.

GRATIFYING.—The news is contradicted: Souloque has not declared war against the United States! He allows them to retain their St. Domingo station!

## MEXICO.

SANTA ANNA is said to be endeavouring to do a good stroke of business. He offers to the European governments that if they will support him against the United States, and accede to his becoming King of Mexico, he will settle the succession to the crown upon any one named by a European congress!

On the other hand a New York paper states that "the government of the United States at Washington and the cabinet of Santa Anna have already laid the basis of a new treaty, which is at the present moment in process of negotiation. This treaty will be entirely of a commercial nature."



SPAIN—CUBA.

THE Queen has opened the Cortes in a speech expressive of her public virtues and her general confidence in everything. All passed off quietly.

"I am informed," says the Madrid correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, "that the Spanish Government have returned a negative answer to Lord Howden's demand that they would declare the slave-trade to be piracy, and that the reason alleged for their refusal to do so is the impossibility they feel of doing anything to add to the discontent which exists in Cuba—a declaration which is considered tantamount to saying that the slave-trade must continue, because the Cuban proprietors require its continuance, which I have heard, in fact, roundly stated. The truth is, that no measure short of declaring that traffic piracy, and treating it as such, will put a stop to it; and the interests concerned in its continuance are very little affected by all that its opponents can do short of that. Meanwhile, General Concha, Governor-General of Cuba, is doing all he can to prepare the way among the Cubans."

BALTIC POLITICS.

EXPECTATION in Sweden is now directed to the approaching discussion in the Parliament on the neutrality credits. Should the Court succeed in obtaining these credits, in addition to the large sums it has in its hands, it will not be compelled to assemble the Parliament next year, and will have the game in its own hands. What this game is, and has been from the beginning, we know. It is a Russian alliance, an armed Prussian-Swedish-Danish coalition, which undertakes the duty of shielding the Russian shores, while the Czar carries on active operations. The northern nations are now beginning to fathom the intrigue, and, in spite of the threats of Berlin, are breaking loose. Denmark has taken the first step, assured that the Allies will not allow Prussians or Austrians to meddle in the Duchies, or to abolish the Danish constitution, that dreadful thorn in the side of the German powers and of the Czar. Sweden will move next. It will cost the Court a hard battle to gain the credits, and, even if it succeed, public attention is now awakened, and will dog them at every step. In this, as in many other questions, we are only at the beginning. The next campaign in the Baltic will be very different from the last.

In Copenhagen, all is as usual, and must remain so till the meeting of the new Parliament on the 1st of December. The nation is admirably cool and good-natured. It will take no illegal steps. It obeys the law. At this moment the law is expressed and represented by the Parliament; but should the ministry become public traitors, should any attempt be made to overturn the public institutions, to destroy the Parliament altogether, or to octroy a despotic form of Government, then the Parliament and people will be one, and will stand or fall together. Should Danish liberty fall, great will be the fall thereof, and the power and policy of the Allies will be seriously hampered in the ruins.

King Frederick VII.'s visit to the Duchies is everywhere being turned into a Schleswig-Holstein demonstration against the kingdom of Denmark, that monarchy of which Schleswig has always formed a part.

BILL ROBBERIES AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Two men, Joseph Laing and Thomas Martin, have been arrested for attempting to pass bank post-bills, the property of Messrs. Walker, of Newcastle. Laing induced an old man, named Wolfe, to present one of the bills (for 200*l.*) at the Cumberland and Durham District Bank. Mr. Watson, the clerk, informed him that the bill could not be cashed in that way, but said that it might be left in the bank to bear interest, and that Laing might have an advance upon it, provided the old man brought a written order from him. This was done, and on his return to the bank he received 50*l.* in cash and a receipt for the remaining 150*l.* deposited. Laing and Martin left the same evening for London. On Tuesday Laing wanted to turn his receipt for 150*l.* into cash, and applied to Glyn and Co., the agents of the Northumberland Bank, but was told that the money could not be paid upon the security of the document, but that he would have to procure a bank post-bill. His attempt to procure this led to the immediate apprehension of himself and Martin. No proof could be brought against Martin, but he was detained in consequence of a letter addressed to Messrs. Walker being found on him. Laing was committed.

In the meantime it remains a mystery how the bills and letters came into the possession of Laing; whether they have been stolen on the railway, in the post-office, or from the clerk in conveying them from the post-office to Messrs. Walker, no one can tell.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE of the friends of the anti-slavery cause, convened under the auspices of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on the 29th and 30th inst. This conference is to be held in pursuance to a resolution passed at the Anti-Slavery Conference held in Edinburgh in October, 1853, on the occasion of the meeting of the Peace Congress. The specific object of the forthcoming conference, according to the terms of the resolution above referred to, is "to consider what united action should be adopted to promote abolition of slavery." We understand that many important questions will be mooted, including a consideration of the present aspect of the anti-slavery question, as a public question in England; the results of emancipation in the English and French colonies; the progress of the anti-slavery cause in other countries; the present position of Cuba, in relation to the United States and emancipation; the project of the Southern party in the United States; the various instrumentalities that may be employed; the development of the natural resources of those countries capable of raising the staples chiefly raised by slaves; and on the holding another World's Anti-Slavery Convention, &c. &c.

EMIGRATION.

THIS is a fact for the Know-nothings:—"Ten thousand emigrants arrived in New York on the 23rd and 24th of October."

At the meeting of the guardians of the Galway Union, on Friday, a letter was read from Mr. Buchanan, Government emigration agent in Quebec, in which he states that the prospects of emigrants in Upper Canada are very favourable, and that females readily obtain good situations in that province.

The *Nation* discourages what it incorrectly supposes to be an Irish reactionary tendency in America—to return—giving the discouragement on grounds worth attention for general reasons:—

"Nevertheless, owing to the condition of Ireland, and the unfortunate insecurity of the tenure of land, the time has not yet arrived when it would be advisable for any large number of Irish emigrants to return to Ireland, unless, indeed, they could buy land instead of hiring it. As a contemporary, the *Daily Express*, observes:—"No permanent change for the better can be effected until such time as a limit is fixed to the ultra power of the priests." But he means to say *landlords*. The social amelioration of Ireland can alone be completed when that is the case. As it has been observed, the man who leaves the life of a beggarly farmer in Ireland, or a precarious labourer in England, to find employment in the United States, exchanges not only sky but soul. He becomes his own master, looks to have a voice in the election of his representative, and can, if he likes, stand upon his own land, no one making him afraid."

DREADFUL MORTALITY ON BOARD EMIGRANT SHIPS.—The ship *J. R. Gilchrist*, from Liverpool, arrived at New York on the 22nd ult., lost the carpenter, Mr. A. Brandt, of Boston, by cholera, on the passage, besides 18 others, supposed passengers. The ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, also arrived on the same day from Liverpool, had 80 deaths on the passage. The nature of the disease is not mentioned. The packet ship *West Point*, Captain Williams, arrived on the 23rd from Liverpool, lost 18 passengers and two of her seamen by cholera, the disease making its appearance on the 5th ult., when 13 days out. Owing to several others of the crew being sick with the disease, the pumps had to be manned by the passengers, to keep the vessel free, she having sprung a leak in a gale. The clipper ship *Governor Morton*, arrived on the 24th from Liverpool, lost 34 of her passengers by cholera on the passage. The ship *Edgar P. Stringer*, arrived on the 25th from Havre, reports having 23 deaths on the passage from cholera. The South Carolina, also arrived at New York from Rotterdam, had 50 deaths on the voyage.

THE TYNE AND WEAR SHIPWRIGHTS. THE Tyne and Wear shipwrights, about eighteen hundred workmen, are now out on strike; the Sunderland men turned out of the yards about a month ago, immediately upon the masters giving them notice of a reduction of 1*s.* a day in their wages, 30*s.* a week instead of 36*s.*; and the Tyne men, who had been contributing 6*d.* each man for the support of those out of work at Sunderland, upon their masters giving them notice of a similar reduction. The Tyne men were mostly employed at old work, repairing ships, whilst the Sunderland shipwrights were exclusively engaged in new shipbuilding; and they allege that the Tyne masters have turned them out because they contributed to the support of the Sunderland men. The large and important section of workmen employed in iron shipbuilding on the Tyne have received no notice of a reduction, and are in full work. Neither have the shipwrights of Blyth or Hartlepool received notice of a reduction. If they should, it is intimated that they will also turn out. The strike, to all appearance, threatens to be an obstinate one.

RUSSIA VERSUS AUSTRIA.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* (to be trusted moderately) gives particulars of the relative military strength of the two Empires:—

"Without reckoning the reserves of the line, the six corps which the Czar has established against the Austrian frontier from the Vistula to the mouths of the Danube, have a total strength of 288,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and about 18,000 soldiers of the artillery and engineer corps. This enormous mass of troops stand at present opposed to only the Austrian mobile army under Baron Hess, the strength of which at the present moment may be stated at 220,000 men, with 300 field guns. Should circumstances render it desirable, this army might be reinforced by the 34,000 men and 300 field guns of Marshal Wimpffen's army corps, at present standing in Bohemia. This corps might be joined by detachments which the Ban of Croatia and Field-Marshal Radetsky could send by railway. The entrance of the Russian guards into Warsaw would be the signal for concentrating these Bohemian troops, and raising them to a strength of 120,000 men, with 200 guns. Inasmuch as we may suppose that a part of Prince Gortchakoff's force in the delta of the Danube would be held in check by Omar Pasha, the Russian and Austrian armies would meet in nearly equal strength. If thus the Russians were disposed to hold their carnival in Vienna, they would have first to obtain the consent of the Austrian army. This latter is now morally in a condition to accomplish great things. It is youthful, elate, and proud of its recent history; it is full of enthusiasm for its young emperor, and knows that when it goes to battle, it will see the Emperor mount his charger."

A DELICATE QUESTION.

OUR clever Indian (Agra) contemporary, the *Mofussilite*, deals thus with an odd topic of the Indian day:—

"Some of the Calcutta papers are indulging in a controversy upon the subject of the classification of railway passengers. It is suggested on the one side that there shall be separate carriages for Europeans and Natives, and the expediency of such an arrangement is urged on the ground that there are natural and artificial perfumes, peculiar to or patronised by, a large class of natives, which the noses polite of Europeans do not particularly affect. On the other hand it is urged, we believe, that a distinction of the kind would be an insult to the entire Native community, and disgraceful to an enlightened age."

"Our readers are of course sensible persons—or they would not be our readers—and we ask them in all frankness and good faith whether—to use an appropriately Eastern word—the last assertion is not all *bosh*? We have notoriously liberal views upon Indian subjects—a little less liberal perhaps than when we first came out, with our fine English faith and hope—but we certainly do not go so far as the promulgators of the above opinion. It seems very remarkable in fact, that, while we are so illiberal as to differ with the Natives of India upon such a question as Religious Faith, we should shrink from separating ourselves from them in a matter of mere *convenience* which a Master of the Ceremonies might decide. Perhaps it may be impolite, and unworthy of an enlightened age, not to believe in Brahma; perhaps it may not be in accordance with good breeding to decline accepting Mahomed as a prophet. Judged by such a standard we are all contented to be unenlightened and ill bred, and shall be forgiven even by the Indian Reform Society for being so. If Brahma or Mahomed happened to be existent and dealt in cottons and carpets, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright would doubtless find them to be as enlightened as the Emperor of Russia, and would consider that not to believe in one, or both of them, would be unworthy the spirit of the age. We should find Mr. Cobden, perhaps, suspended by his flanks from a hook, while he reads the *Morning Advertiser* (as if the last was not rather the worse penance of the two) and treasure up what he calls 'facts.'

"For ourselves, we confess to not being so advanced as these gentlemen, and to being indisposed to warm ourselves in the cotton of Mr. Cobden's political creed, or to bring such barbarities upon the *tapis* in which Mr. Bright deals with such success. Therefore, we hold, that considering our wide moral and religious separation from the Natives of India—a separation of creed, colour, race, and habits—the mere separation in railway carriages is a very minor matter. We are free—and particularly easy—to confess that the proximity and habits of Europeans would be as little in accordance with Native ideas as the perfumes and pawn, natural and adopted, of Natives are to Europeans. There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a European gentleman eating ham sandwiches (an instance urged by the *Morning Chronicle*) is not a gratifying sight to either Hindoo or Mahomedan; yet such things may be witnessed, and the enjoyment of the British sandwich—so dear to the way-worn traveller—is surely not to be denied to the British Jones, simply because he lives in an enlightened age."

"Then there is another and much more important point—a lady being little more important, as ever, Bombay must admit, than a ham sandwich. Ladies

have frequently to travel alone in India (their native servants of course excepted), owing to the fortunes of war or the capriciousness of peace. At present they can do so with safety and propriety in the carriages of the dāk companies. But the case is altogether changed when we consider the contingencies of the society among which, in a railway carriage, she stands a chance of being thrown. A lady travelling alone in a first-class carriage in England—is exposed to annoyance, but it is very remarkable if she does not meet with some imitation of a gentleman who will protect her if necessary. But here in India we must remember the sex is looked upon from an entirely different point of view, and that, therefore, an English lady and the most amiable and chivalrous of native gentlemen—even the most admirable of Hindoostanee Chrichtons—find themselves in a false position. And how is this false position to be overcome? By nothing except a perfect concordance of religion, of morals, of general ideas, which are, on both sides, the result of laws which will require centuries of time and ages of circumstance to repeal.

"If such be the nature of the separation between those of different creeds, different colours, and different climes, who are united by a common bond which is entirely artificial, whatever its political and social advantages,—how feeble and how false must be the notion that any distinction between the two, in a railway train, can, in any way, be dangerous to our rule, or detrimental to the cause of this 'progress'—which seems to be leading the English public to nowhere in particular."

#### YOUNG GENTLEMEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE fifth of November is generally a busy day at Cambridge, Guy Fawkes being considered sufficient excuse for a riot between town and gown, in which gown generally takes the initiative. This year they have been getting respectable, and the University authorities and the Borough magistrates met to organise a peace-movement. The Dons became special constables, and locked in as many as they could after chapel. The domestic police kept their eyes on the small boys. Notwithstanding these precautions some skirmishing ensued, and two University men were fined 5*l.* each and expenses. The magistrate had the option of inflicting imprisonment without reference to fine, and this will be put in force the next time the "young gentlemen" "plant themselves on their instincts." Their friends, doubtless, congratulate them on having another year free. Cambridge has also been intellectually employed in hissing a lecture who decried tobacco. All sorts of weeds flourish at Cambridge.

#### ONE OF OUR "HEROES."

A FORTNIGHT since we remarked, "Nothing has been more striking in the present war than the letters which have been sent home written by private soldiers." The following letter, by a soldier of the TWENTY THIRD, deserves a place in the future history of the war. It has a national significance, for it breathes a national spirit; and in this regard it represents the heart of England, as the heart of one man. *What will they say at home?* is the inspiring thought on the field of battle: it is the sustaining comfort on the bed of anguish in the hospital. Of the manly tenderness and simplicity of this brave and gentle-hearted soldier's letter, need we speak? Patient and even cheerful in suffering, it breathes the very soul of constancy and devotedness. We trust he may be spared many years of honour and repose by the side of "a person you know."

COPY OF A LETTER FROM W. H. FLOYD, 23RD WELCH FUSILIERS (2723).

General Hospital, Scutari, Oct. 14, 1854.

My dear Mother—You may see by my letter that paper is very scarce with me. A letter written by me to my brother will inform you that I have had the honour to serve in the two greatest general engagements ever fought in the world. I will likewise tell you that I have been severely wounded in three places, which is as follows:—A musket-shot through the right arm, which I received about an hour after we commenced the action, but being determined to pay them for making a hole through my jacket and fleshy part of my arm above the elbow, I would not fall to the rear, but made my comrade tie a handkerchief round it, and fought through the action, which lasted three hours after; but just as we thought the action was over, for the Imperial Russian army was routed, and we had gained the entrenchments and forts, they halted and wheeled round, and made another stand, which did not last long, for General Sir G. Brown, or Lord Raglan (I do not know which of them) ordered us, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, Scots Fusilier Guards, Grenadier Guards, and the 33rd Regiment of the Line to form up for the charge, which we did directly; and now came the grand charge, and away they went after a few moments' wounding with the bayonets, but not before they had left me a bayonet wound in the left thigh, and a rifle ball through the left breast, which passed through the breast-bone and left lung, going out under my shoulder-blade. My other

wounds are trifling to compare with the latter, for they are nearly healed up. The wound through my breast is closing up quite fast outside, but it will be months, the doctors tell me, before it will be healed up inside, and that I will always have to take great care of myself, for any convulsive or quick movement will be dangerous to me. They seem to think it quite a miracle that I should live, for they have agreed that the ball passed between the leading-strings of the heart, and about half an inch from the heart. Yet I am better, and live in hopes to live better a long time, although I shall never have much power in my left arm, nor shall I ever be upright; at least I can hardly expect it—but I must hope for the best. I never did despair, nor shall I. I have served my Queen in the best manner I could through an arduous campaign until I became mutilated with wounds; it is now her turn to serve me during the remainder of my days. I shall be home in England in December, and be discharged in May, so you must have a corner berth ready for me. I am getting the best of treatment here. I can get anything I wish; liquors of any description, or food, it matters not what it costs, I am to get it. Give my love to J— and his wife, Mr. T—, and Mrs. L—, Granny, and Uncle Jones. Please tell Joseph that I received his letter with the stamps, but they were no good to me, for I lost them with my pack and kit on the field of battle.

Now for a small anecdote. The bit of hair that you sent me, and another bit that a person you know sent me, I wore in a little bag round my neck. It was shot straight through the middle of the bag, and most of the bag and hair went into my breast, and every morning the doctor takes some of it out. Please answer by return of post. My love to you, all friends, and relations.

I remain, your affectionate youngest son,

HAMLET,  
Royal Welch Fusiliers.

I may come home next month, for the Doctor-General just told me he would send me to my native air as soon as possible.

#### LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THERE was the usual idiosyncrasy on Lord Mayor's Day (Thursday)—the procession as usual.

At the banquet, in the evening, there was the usual distinguished company. On the right hand of the Lord Mayor were the late Lord Mayor, the French Ambassador, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Clarendon, Viscount Hardinge, Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Sheriff Muggersidge, the Swedish, Spanish, Sardinian, Turkish, Portuguese, Brazilian, Austrian, American, and Danish Ministers, and the Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires. On his Lordship's left hand sat the Lady Mayoress, the late Lady Mayoress, the Lord Chief Baron, Vice-Chancellor Stuart, Mr. Baron Parke, Mr. Justice Wightman, Mr. Justice Erle, Mr. Baron Martin, Mr. Justice Crowder, Mr. Sheriff Crosley. Among the company were—Sir Edward Cust, Prince Gholam Sing, Prince Feroze Shah, Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P., Lord Wodehouse, Sir B. Hall, Bart., M.P., Sir John Shelley, M.P., and lady, Sir William Middleton and lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, the Right Hon. J. S. Wortley, M.P., (the Recorder), Sir Charles G. Young, Garter Principal King-at-Arms, Mr. James Wilson, M.P., Colonel Mundy, Mr. H. Waddington, M.P., Mr. Frederick Peel, M.P., Mr. J. Chaplin, M.P., Mr. John Masterman, M.P., Mr. J. MacGregor, M.P., Mr. H. Merivale, Mr. T. F. Elliott, Mr. R. Wilbraham, Mr. H. MacDonald, Mr. H. Pownall, Colonel Dundas, Mr. C. T. Holcomb, Mr. J. G. Hubbard, Mr. D. Roberts, Mr. C. Stanfield, Mr. J. R. Planché, the Hon. Robert Bourke, Captain Sotheby, Mr. W. Wynward, Mr. R. Anderson, Mr. W. Clarkson, Mr. W. H. Bodkin, Dr. Rugg, Rev. J. Day, Rev. J. S. Winter, Mr. W. F. A. Delane, Captain Delane, Mr. John Delane, Sir Joseph Paxton, Sir E. Tennent, Mr. Francis Fuller, Dr. Croly, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Sir W. H. Poland, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. J. Wheelson, Mr. J. Pilcher, Mr. J. Laurie, Mr. R. W. Kennard, Mr. C. Hill, Mr. J. E. Goodhart, Mr. D. Nicol, Sir G. E. Hodgkinson, Mr. T. Cotterell, Mr. R. Swift, Mr. A. A. Croll, Mr. Sergeant Shee, Mr. Sergeant Thompson, Mr. Sergeant Glover, Mr. Sergeant Clarke, Mr. Sergeant Atkinson.

Lord Aberdeen, in reply to the toast of "The Ministers," said—

"My lords and gentlemen—In acknowledging the cordiality of my reception, and in returning thanks for the honour which you have been pleased to confer upon my colleagues and myself, there are various topics to which I might without impropriety advert on the present occasion; but I will only say a few words upon that subject by which the minds of all men at this moment are almost entirely engrossed. On this day last year, when I had the honour of being present in this hall, and of addressing those who were then assembled, we still continued to enjoy a state of peace. It is true that our prospect was then threatening, but a war was not imminent, and as the policy of her Majesty's Government was a policy of peace, I declared that no efforts should be wanting on our part to endeavour to preserve peace. (Cheers.) I know it is the opi-

nion of many that those efforts were too long protracted, and that we ought at a much earlier period to have had recourse to the arbitrement of the sword. So far is that from being my opinion that, in spite of the justice of the war, in spite of its disinterested objects, I am perfectly persuaded it never would have received the universal support it has met with in this country, and the general sympathy of Europe, had it not been clearly seen and fully admitted that every effort had been employed to avert the horrors of war. (Cheers.) I think it not improbable that many of those who have been most eager for war are, perhaps, most easily discouraged by those vicissitudes to which a state of warfare is proverbially liable; but I trust that you will never find anything of that sort on the part of her Majesty's Ministers. We are determined, under all circumstances, to persevere in the endeavour to perform our duties in such a manner as our Sovereign and our country have a right to expect from us. (Cheers.) Keeping steadily in view the great objects of war, and looking to the paramount interests of this country—acting, too, in the strictest concert with our great ally—I cannot entertain a doubt that we shall be enabled to bring this contest to a happy termination. (Loud Cheers.)

#### THE LAST OF THE ARCTIC TRAGI-FARCE.

CAPTAIN COLLINSON and his ship, the *Enterprise*, are found to be safe: Collinson having equal claims with McClure as the discoverer of the North-West Passage, being only a few months too late. During the three years the *Enterprise* has been in these seas she lost but three men—one man a year.

The Plover is likewise traced to safe harbourage; and thus, let us hope, this dismal discovery of nothing will be terminated.

A letter in the *Times*, from San Francisco, says:—

"I regret to have to mention that serious disputes have arisen between the captain of the *Enterprise*, discovery ship in the Arctic regions, and his officers. Several of the officers were under arrest. One of them, said to be the first-lieutenant, had been under arrest for two years and a half, and was said to have been a great part of this time confined to his own cabin. The duties of the higher officers had for a long time been performed by the petty officers. The officers of the *Rattlesnake*, which arrived here from Port Clarence on the 25th of last month, were not inclined to furnish much information upon this unfortunate subject, as they felt certain that a court of inquiry will be held at the earliest possible period to investigate the whole affair. I did not hear any complaints of the conduct of the crew of the *Enterprise*."

#### Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, November 11.

#### THE WAR.

THE following telegraphic despatch has been received by the *Times* from their correspondent at Marseilles:

"Your correspondent in the army before Sebastopol writes on the 28th that 607 light infantry were engaged in the affair of the 25th, and that only 198 returned.

"Eight hundred cavalry were engaged, of whom only 200 returned.

"Nine officers were killed, twenty-one wounded, and four were missing.

"The 17th Lancers were almost destroyed.

"We require reinforcements."

Paris, Friday, November 10.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following despatch from General Canrobert, dated Headquarters, Sebastopol, October 28:—

"The siege operations continue. On the 25th the Russian army showed itself in the plain of Balaklava. No serious engagement took place; but the English cavalry suffered some loss in a charge too vigorously pushed. On the following day 5000 men made a sortie from Sebastopol, and attacked the English left. The attack was repulsed, and the enemy driven back within the place with considerable loss."

It is reported that two more divisions of the French army are ordered to embark for the East.

#### SWEDEN.

Three of the Chambers of which the Swedish Diet is composed have voted the credit of 2,500,000 rix dollars demanded by the King, for a fund to maintain the neutrality of Sweden in the actual war. But the fourth Chamber, that of the yeomen, has not yet voted.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Officers and Gentlemen." The clever articles, under this title, by "Late a Middy," we decided on not going on with on this ground—that while our officers are doing their work in the Crimea, it would not be very appropriate to abuse them for their errors in "manners." Our Stoke-upon-Trent friend should give us his name and address. 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, NOVEMBER 11, 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 GOVERNMENT AND THE ARMY.

THE delay in the capture of Sebastopol has, on the whole, been very well borne, here at home, and in the allied army.

Certainly in the armies there are reciprocal criticisms, but the rivalry is purely professional, and always friendly. Both French and English fight so well that they do not think it an insult, and scarcely a detraction, to talk with slight disparagement of one another's occasional errors in tactics, or episodic shortcomings in organisation. There is impatience of delay; and there is, here and there, an angry tendency to lay a fault solely attributable to Russian endurance upon the haste of the French or the caution of the English—just as the vexed critic happens to be a wounded Gaul or a maimed Briton. Canrobert is all fire, and Raglan all discipline; and the respective armies take their tone, in proud vindication, from their chiefs. The French said that our army came too slowly into the fight at Alma, and that our Guards were too much on parade in going up the hill—which, however, they *did* storm. The French military critics also say that Lord Raglan, who himself has, it is said, been impatient of Admiral Dundas, has been guilty of the failing of Dundas, before, Sebastopol—taking the sure method when the swift would have been open to him, and being even too slow about the sure. On the other hand, some Englishmen write from the camp that the French got their forts knocked to pieces because they did not take sufficient time in rendering their forts sufficiently substantial. Now in all this there is merely the evidence that the alliance must always be so far elastic that each army, with its national characteristics, shall fight, and go to work, after its own fashion. The armies represent the peoples; the commanders represent the armies; and however long the campaign, and cordial the coalition, there will always be the difference in the method of the fighting, and in the preparations for the climax, that there is between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert. The manner and tone of Lord Raglan remind people of Wellington: the fact being that

Wellington's characteristics were the characteristics of his country, and that all our great commanders, military and naval, have all more or less had the Wellington attributes. So Canrobert, in his impetuosity and dash, is the national French general—who as often loses as wins, but obtains glory even in a defeat.

This is certain—that the English people are finding no fault with the English army. It is an army which has reassured the nation of being still a great nation; and there is gratitude to it for the glory that it is heaping upon a generation that was passing away without a history. But, nationally, this gratitude ought to be practical; let us take care of this army—let us see that the Government be worthy of it—that the Ministry of War be equal to the war.

No doubt the Duke of Newcastle, a very able, honest, and zealous man, is learning his business very fast; if we put a duke into the management of a great concern like an army—an affair that should be left to a Peto or a Brassey—we must make up our minds to wait while the duke is in his apprenticeship. Probably no one is more sensible than the Minister of War that he has not been up to his work; and it would be ungracious, because useless, to dwell now on repaired blunders. Of nurses, surgeons, hospital accommodation, of gun-boats, Lancaster guns, of clothing, tents, ambulances—of everything but powder and shot and gallant life—there has been a frightful deficiency. The news of this week indicates that there was even a deficiency of bread—within a few hours sail of a great capital—the French commissariat having shared their loaves with our weary-of-biscuit-eating cohorts. War, on a great scale, was new to us; our chief officers and clerks were old and routine; and everything was done on a petty scale, with consequent loss of efficiency, of prestige. These matters, however, are being better done—gradually. But there is a question still—Has not even the supply of men been on too small a scale?—will not, therefore, the loss of life before Sebastopol be utter loss? In other words, shall we have an army left to profit by the victory?

It is a high calculation to estimate that 15,000 of our men will be left after Sebastopol. We face the power of Russia with an army of 15,000 men! True, there will be 35,000 French left. We face, then, the power of Russia—power to waste human life against us—with 50,000 men! Is this our Government's conception of the character of the war which we have undertaken?

True: we are sending out some 5000 more men. True, France has great reserves—could send 100,000 men into the Crimea. France, no doubt, will do so; but is it not plain that an English army of 20,000 men will play but a sorry part in a war which must assume the character of a war between France and Russia—the English and Turks as auxiliaries?

Early in this contest it was suggested that France and England should divide their forces; the French taking the land fighting, and the English the sea. But it is possible that England could maintain her position in a more effectual manner. Her army of 20,000 or 30,000 men—by deranging the labour-market, and drafting the militia into the line, a force of 50,000 could be maintained—would be some years in wearing down the force of Russia; and carried on, on the present small scale, there would seem to be a great probability of the war lasting to a date which would place it in history with other prolonged contests, as "the—years' war." To conquer a power like Russia, we must rise out of routine and do in a few years, in one year, what, by the methods of routine, would take half a century.

Men are to be had, like anything else, for

money. What necessity is there that the army of England should be exclusively composed of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen? Men are also to be had for money's worth. The Crimea can be taken by men who fight for their mere pay; but the Crimea would be more effectually conquered if it were made a condition that the Crimea be parcelled out to the conquerors. So with Poland: the Poles are there quite ready, with a little encouragement, to take it. So with Bessarabia; so with Finland. In a word, England could conquer Russia by means of the Russians; by a bold, wise resolution to go into this war, not only to conquer, but to destroy Czarism—by involving oppressed races to rise—by solemnly assuring them that they would rise as the soldiers of England—safe under her shield.

It would cost money; but the English nation has made up its mind to that.

THE GREEKS AND MR. BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT, in a letter which is a model of effective popular writing, has condemned the war: and the Greeks, in a series of small manifestations, on the Stock Exchanges of London and Manchester, have intimated their delight at what they are pleased to call the successful defence of Russia against the allied armies. Now, as the nation is very hot about the war, and very anxious about Sebastopol, the leading journals have soundly abused Mr. Bright, and some choleric mercantile men have suggested the lynching of the Greeks—whom the mercantile man enduringly abhors, because your Greek, the incarnation of the commercial spirit, is such a very successful trader—beating the Englishman wherever he presents himself—and seldom being found in proximity to the low Jew, in accordance with that domestic axiom which teaches that where you find one class of vermin you are at least safe from the other.

But, in our indignation, we are forgetting our constitutional principles and our national traditions. This war happens to be a very popular war; our unanimity, as a nation, when we do agree, is indeed wonderful; and we are, naturally, restless under the criticism of the few dissentients—whose "vulgar vanity" small morning journals, determined to ignore European personages like Mr. Bright, are resolved not to gratify—so they refuse to name them! Let us, however, recollect how we stood in former wars. Have we forgotten the Afghanisthan war? Have we forgotten the untoward business of Navarino? Some slight differences of opinion existed at these epochs; the Houses of Parliament dividing, in tolerably equal numbers, on the question of the justice of the hostilities declared in the name of the Sovereign and the nation. In Wellington's time, it was only one half of England was carrying on war against France, the Whig half not only condoling with the people's half on the King's victories, but actually corresponding with Napoleon, or Napoleon's agents, in a manner that, if they would read their history, would surprise the gentlemen who declaimed against Lord Granville for asking Count Pahlen to dinner, and against Mr. S. Herbert for breakfasting with his Russian relative at Brussels. Certainly, in those days there was once or twice a notion, even though the unpatriotic peace men were led by the King's heir, of sending the Whigs to the Tower. But the result suggests that it would have been very unjust, for we have lived to see the day on which the present Whig leader, Lord John Russell, evoked hears from all parts of the House of Commons when, crushing a Conservative attempt to exalt Mr. Pitt, he said that, after all, the Tory anti-French war must be acknowledged to have been a blunder. Who can say that in

fifty years the then member for Manchester may not be cheered for denouncing the anti-Russian war of 1854? For our own part, we do not think that that day will ever arrive; but there is none the less reason why we should be tolerant of Mr. Bright—whose moral courage is at least all the more to be respected, that, chief of a very small band—taking his stand, with his sixty Greek firms of Manchester, in a Peace Society Thermopylae—he dares to face a unanimous nation. As to the Greeks themselves, we cannot see why they should be lynched for expressing their public opinion in opposition to ours. They are a race—a religion—a nation: they hate the Turks, and they rejoice when they fancy Russia is succeeding in destroying Turkey. Our civil “protection” of them, as residents among us, only amounts to a permission to them to pay our taxes and swell our trade; it does not entitle our police to take them into custody when they deride the patriotic City men, who, according to the Greeks, are profoundly ignorant of what the war is really about. It is said that their public manifestations of joy at the delay at Sebastopol are indecent: but that is only a complaint that they are not hypocrites. England, City men included, can afford to endure their joy; to despise the Greeks—and to take no notice of them.

But the best way to meet Mr. Bright and the Greeks would be to reason with them. We, for ourselves, venture to say to these gentlemen,—You are in a great error in condemning this war merely because the Turks are barbarians—because the Greek Christians, who are represented by the Czar, and against whom we are making war, as if to defend the integrity of Turkey, are the best portion of Turkey. We grant you your whole case; but you are still quite wrong. If this were a war for Turkey and for Turkish institutions, it would be a very absurd war. But it happens to be a war against Russia; and that fact constitutes it a sensible—more, a holy war. Our national pretence of defending the integrity and independence of a Sultan who, in accepting our defence, becomes our satrap, is a mere pretence. Our Government's (Palmerston's) profession of faith in the Turkish capacity to attain civilisation is a sham. Yet, still, the war may be vindicated. In the first place, the Government, which has no liberal conceptions or contemplations, and which takes as its allies, in crushing a despot, other despots, is perfectly right in insisting on the maintenance of the Balance of Power in the East. But Mr. Bright and the Greeks overlook the circumstances that this empire is sustaining the Government because the war is believed to be a war against the principle of despotism,—for human freedom—because there is a national faith in the “eventualities” of the war.

Mr. Bright is unworthy of himself in condemning the war because the scene at Alma was “terrible” and “hideous.” Did he ever see a man under the surgeon's knife for cancer? Thousands have fallen: but, in a whole nation, great emotions and large sympathies have been aroused; and it is *that*, and not prosperity, which makes a national life. Loss of life is not the greatest sorrow to humanity: there are evils *seuor armis*: there is such a thing as a dead world.

#### SPIES ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE Piedmontese Government, we regret to say, has recently disgraced itself by setting its spies upon honest men, and exiling patriots whose politics were known through their frankness. We allude particularly to the case of Mr. Nicolini, some time since an associate of Mazzini, and avowing his own opinions; conceiving, however, some hope in the power

of constitutionalism as developed in Sardinia. Protected by an English citizenship and passport, employed in reporting for an English journal, and desirous of watching the growth of constitutional freedom in a new land, Mr. Nicolini expected that his honesty would be hostage for his fidelity, and that the Sardinian Government, which claims generous construction for itself, would know how to appreciate generous frankness in others. He was mistaken. We regret to find that he had overrated the sagacity, the courage, and the generosity of King Victor Emanuel's Government.

In France, too, there is a spy question. The Soulé question is settled; the Emperor has thought better of it; he has discovered a reason why he should not persist in his fear to let the American Ambassador to Spain pass over French ground. The Emperor Napoleon was apprehensive that Mr. Pierre Soulé intended to become a resident in France. Dreadful fact! If the plea were true, we must presume that the Emperor Napoleon considers the permanent presence of self and Soulé incompatible. Does this show the power of Soulé, or the weakness of Napoleon? In the meanwhile, the Emperor has discovered that the basis of his fear, not the fear itself, was erroneous; the American Ambassador in Madrid has no intention of residing in France. Why Napoleon should have conceived an intention so totally incompatible with Mr. Soulé's functions we do not know. It indicates a great alacrity of sinking into fear.

In the meanwhile, the Emperor Napoleon has favoured us with an exposition of one of the means by which he lives politically. It seems he cannot do without a spy; the Fouché is essential to the Napoleon. This is a humiliating confession. The Fouché-ism must also be co-extensive with the Napoleonic influences. That is certainly an *Idee Napoléonienne*. In London, in Madrid, in Venice, the Emperor must be represented by the lowest kind of scoundrel that infests society. That is the *rapport* which he preserves with the heart of allied countries. Go where you will, if there is French material, there is the Napoleonic idea embodied in a specimen of the Fouché tribe. Enter a French harbour armed with an Italian, an English, or an American passport, and you are from that moment watched as if the Emperor upon his throne conceived that the passage from Marseilles or Lyons led straight to his heart,—not in the sentimental sense. Ascend the hill which leads to the fortifications of Lyons, and while you take note that the guns of the fortress are pointed, not outwards against an invading enemy, but inwards against the people who were invited to vote “Yes or No,” and most especially concentrated upon the manufacturing quarter of the town—while you take note of these phenomena, you shall note the spy which dogs your carriage, not unknown to the driver. Go to see the lions in Paris, and if you are experienced and quick in such matters, you shall discover that the *valet de place* who leads you from sight to sight is instructed to report your itinerary to his Imperial master. There is reason in the roasting of eggs, and you cannot eat an omelette without its becoming an affair of state. Engage a courier as your travelling servant on the return to England, flatter yourself with the delusion that although intelligent he is faithful, and you will find by some abrupt disappearance of the man that you have been paying wages to the servant of the Emperor.

This, we conceive, is a losing game with Governments. The monarch that meddles with spies breeds in others the suspicion he feels, creates instruments to delude as well as to inform him, descends to the part of sharper

intriguing against sharpeners in the lowest classes of political society, and becomes implicated in paltry crimes. The assassin and the master of spies are upon an equality; and whichever has the worse, he can scarcely claim much sympathy with bystanders, who do not share the treachery of either.

Our Government, it is hinted, has its eye upon the Greeks amongst us, who are openly exulting in their sympathy with the Czar, and who are suspected of supplying him with information. Our Government has never meddled with that class of political tricks without having had its knuckles rapped for its pains. Letter-opening, we trust, is an offence that will henceforward be left to letter-carriers under strong temptations, or to pickpockets of the ordinary class. The use of spies may be left to swindlers and foreign emperors. The present temper of the English people, its hearty support of Government, and its waiving of many projects of its own, show that the generous game is, after all, the best game for Cabinets. Those who create spies breed a class to inform against the authors of their wretched being.

#### PRIESTS AND POLITICS IN IRELAND.

THE Chinese are a people of curious common sense. When they speak of their priests they speak of a man who is in the Jos-House business; just as we should speak of a man who is in the Public-House line; indicating a man who has a particular trade, to which he confines himself, out of which nobody in the least regards him. We wish the Irish had the Chinese notion of priests.

A very singular fact has just presented itself in Ireland. Mr. Duffy, the faithful leader of the Young Ireland party—that is, of the party which is what we should call Radical, and the French would call Republican—has been protesting, in energetic language, against the act of a certain Roman Catholic Bishop who has prohibited one of his priests, a Father O'Keeffe, of active renown, from taking part in politics. Mr. Duffy says that an independent party, for Parliamentary purposes, cannot exist without the aid, direct and manifest, of a patriotic priesthood: and he considers that if the bishops generally imitate O'Keeffe's bishop—and there is a fear that the English Government has got Rome, through Dr. Cullen, to effect that state of things—it will no longer be possible for the Nationalists to fight any fight at all against the landlords, the traitors, and the Government priesthood. In that protest there is a melancholy picture of Ireland.

There can be no doubt that in Ireland there are many justifications for the prominent part hitherto taken in politics by the priests. The great agitation for Roman Catholic emancipation was a religious agitation; and, so far, the priests were in their proper places. In all the general elections subsequent to 1829, the agents of O'Connell were the priests; and in the recent agitation for Tenant-Right the priests led the way—and not only Roman Catholic, but Presbyterian, clergymen. What would have become of the people, and the popular cause, if the priests had held aloof? In Ireland there are two political forces—that of the “Castle” influence—in Ireland it is the influence of corruption—and that of the Conservative landlords—in Ireland it is the influence of intimidation. It is not the gentry who lead the people in Ireland; there is no such middle class as ours; and when a popular candidate stands for a borough or a county, almost all the attorneys are against him—he must therefore seek an electioneering agent in the priest. Apparently, therefore, it is a serious blow to the people for the people's prelates to warn the people's priests from the hustings and the platform; and, in this case, the injury is



even greater than in appearance—for the bishops are eschewing politics, not on religious, but on political grounds. Lord Aberdeen, who did service to the "Church" against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and whose known tolerance gives assurance against despotic or bigoted government in Ireland, is supposed to be on excellent terms with Dr. Cullen, the Primate; and when Dr. Cullen, with the sanction of the Vatican, passes the word through the hierarchy for "peace and quietness," it is understood that he means—prosperity to the Government of Lord Aberdeen. Now the national Irish party, trusting the Peelites, but abhorring the Whigs, believe that they cannot get the reforms needed by the Irish people unless they can secure a Parliamentary position independent of the Government—a position in which they may be leagued with English independent Radicals, pledged to popular measures for the empire:—and accordingly, resenting the suppression of Father O'Keeffe, they talk of an appeal to Rome.

We sympathise in their distresses, but we do not understand their despair. As good Catholics, which we of course assume, they cannot regret a decree which will exclude ministers of religion from the impure world of bribery and bullying: they will not deny that, if politics gain from the participation of priests, religion must, in some sense, suffer—a man cannot uplift the Host with greater reverence for having returned a candidate. And as politicians we may venture to suggest to them some consolation. No nation ever did anything by its priests: political liberties were never won by a clergy. An Englishman, even an English Catholic, would, in Mr. Duffy's place, rejoice at a conspiracy intended to suppress him; he would take advantage of it to effect his emancipation.

In England, which is not the less a religious country, we long ago relegated our Jos-House men, to their own spiritual studies and exercises; and we have gained, in consequence. In Ireland there might for a time be some diminution in that popular spirit which troubles astronomical primates and perplexes common-sense placemen. But if the exclusion of the priesthood from "agitations" were stringently effected, on both sides—if Cullen ceased to conspire while the parish oracle was prohibited from his altar-harangue—then the intellect of the country would accommodate itself to the new requirements, and the people would themselves produce their popular leaders—leaders who would take none the less sound a view of the nation's affairs because they had never gone through the dangerously incomplete education of Maynooth. In fact, has not one great evil of Ireland been, that the bold intellects, finding only an alternative of service, have preferred to be the agents of English Government rather than the slaves of foolish, innocent, but perhaps insolent, clergymen?

Popular movements do not disappear with priests. It is philosophically true of all lands, that a clergy never had secular influence; in Ireland it is a fact that the priests have only had power when they have joined a movement, originated in the popular instinct, and commenced without them.

#### DOOM OF THE SPANISH RACES.

THE United States are not popular at present on this side of the Atlantic. Two European Governments have already betrayed the fear that really stirs in the heart of several. The French Government has permitted itself to war upon the private life of an American citizen, because it dreads the influence of vitality which America might throw into the patriot party; and not only Spain, but every Spanish state, dreads the advance of that Anglo-Saxon race which is over on the march wherever it is free. The

last fact will account for many otherwise unaccountable intrigues. It is in Spain that the American Minister finds himself most the object of paltry social persecution; not only because he is an American, but because his avowed sentiments do not differ from those who desire to extend the Union, its territory, and influence. It is the Mexican and Brazilian Ministers who evince, by their manners, an inscrutable jealousy of the American Minister at the same court. It is Brazil which constantly courts England, notwithstanding English slights upon Brazil, her Government, and trade. It is Santa Anna who is suspected of sending over to Europe for a grand instrument, in the hope that it will stop the southward march of the Anglo-Saxon republicans. And what is the new invention of the adventurer, this Trajan's wall, this brazen fence of Gog and Magog, to shut out the freemen who are constantly encroaching upon the territories which the Spanish Americans claim and vex, but can neither govern nor settle—what is this grand device to dam the ever-encroaching tide? It is a *Prince*. Yes, Santa Anna, it is said, conscious that the Mexicans, though brave, have neither the political virtue, nor the genius, nor the practical resolve of the Anglo-Saxon, has applied to the Royal Families to recognise him as King, and to give him as an heir, whom he will adopt, one of their own family. Conceive that! Imagine the Anglo-Saxon trail crossed, fatally and for ever, by a Prince! Think of that as a "medicine," or scare-crow, set up to stop the citizens! Fancy it effectual! Not even a Georgius Tertius, but some cadet Enrique, some poor Pedro, or some disinherited François! Will the plan do?

Has Santa Anna any such woman's notion or not? We doubt it. Spanish American imbecility has gone great lengths; the dread of the Anglo-Saxon Unionist party in the capital of the Montezumas is great; but the Dictator must have a better knowledge of American possibilities than that. Yet we would not venture to assert that the project is without foundation, or without a collateral object. Its possible purpose will be best understood by describing another.

There is a great river, which, debouching into the Atlantic, opens the road for the navigator right across the eastern slope from the backbone of America, and places the whole interior, with many tributaries, and some of the most productive lands in the world, at the service of the trader. For years the banks of that river have been nominally in possession of the Iberian races, and the great natural highway of exports and imports is useless. We well remember, some twelve or fifteen years ago, an ingenious adventurer who professedly had a grant of the navigation from the Brazilian Government, which was at that time not without liberal views and enterprise; but the project came to nothing, and the highway is still unused. The enterprising Americans of the great republic have their eye upon the wasted stream; they have resolved that it shall be turned to account; and before many years have passed, the voice of the Anglo-Saxon mariner will be familiar to the echoes of the Amazon. It might be supposed that those who have already any interest in the stream and its lands would be rejoiced at the prospect of the indefinite increase to its value—the change from a desert to the banks of a great commercial stream. Not at all: they view the coming of the American as the Red man views the approach of the White—they do not welcome commerce, which they have scarcely the energy to share, but they dread displacement. What can they do? Should they resist? It would be in vain. Should they submit? It would be hateful to Spanish pride.

There is one hope—if they could but give the dreaded Anglo-Saxon work elsewhere. That does not seem impossible. Almost any pretext will serve. Let them say that a secretary of legation in London intended an offence to the Queen. No matter if the secretary is well known to be incapable of any such idle freak—if he is a gentleman, a man of the world, who would despise as worse than a *maiserie*, as a *lâcheté*, any attack on so estimable a lady, whose good name, socially, is not more respected in England than in America. Say there was the intent to offend, pervert the facts, tell a little truth to lighten the lie, and there is at all events the chance of a quarrel; and the chance is worth a Brazil diamond. Assert that Mr. Soulé is a violent man in league with French revolutionaries. No matter if he is in truth a cautious man, faithful only to old personal and political friendships, and taking no part in revolutionary moves: he is an American Minister, he has to pass through France, and if stopped it may breed a quarrel between France and America. England desires to stop the slave trade: if Cuba were annexed, the trade there would be effectually stopped; but say that Brazil is repelling the trade, that Spain will repel it, and that Samana is bought to pave the way to Cuba: it is a lie, but it may embroil the British navy. Let Santa Anna ask for a Prince to come out and be dethroned: he may be refused, but he may get, the toy; and a Prince on the Texan frontier would be a great doll for Europe to quarrel about. Any luck, in short, from a tavern squabble to a dynasty, might serve that object of a diversion for American energy from the Amazon and the Mexican capital.

#### THE NEWSPAPER STAMP RETURNS.

WE have received several protests against the generalised conclusions of our article, last week, upon the recent newspaper stamp returns. Our deductions are disputed; but it may be shown that the most careful consideration will bear out our observations.

We have to apologise for having put the sale of the *Morning Chronicle* at too low a figure: by a typographical error, that distinguished journal was represented as selling only 1000 copies daily, whereas its actual sale is upwards of 2000 copies daily. On the other hand, we gave the *Times* too many copies. But a correction of these figures does not disturb the argument. The *Morning Chronicle*, which, for years, has been one of the first journals of Europe, and is at this moment, in all that relates to the events of the war, the best newspaper in Europe, sells to all Europe not 3000 copies per day; and in the presence of such a fact, extending over years, while on the other hand the competing great journal sustains its position with a decreased reputation, it is sheer affectation to deny to the latter journal a practical monopoly in the daily press. The inference we drew was that, so long as the morning press is a dear press, as the penny stamp causes it to be, in a measure disproportionate to the mere amount of the stamp, only one morning paper can have a great sale.

It is objected to our argument—that a first-class weekly paper must charge a high price—that we have overlooked the cheap paper so ably and successfully edited (as the fact is advertised we intrude on no private secrets) by Mr. Douglas Jerrold; and that we do not take into account such papers as the *Athenæum*. There is no doubt that *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* has the largest circulation of all the weekly newspapers, and that it only charges threepence per copy, and that it is edited by one of the first, and most deservedly popular, writers of the day. But there is as little doubt that the actual profit left on the enormous circulation of that paper does not equal the actual profit left on the comparatively very small circulation of a sixpenny paper such as the *Examiner*: the case is, therefore, exceptional: in no other trade would so large a capital, and such an amount of energy, be employed for so disproportionate a pecuniary result. With regard to the

*thenæum*, it is sufficient to say that that chief of literary weekly reviews is unstamped—that is, is not a newspaper—and that newspaper calculations are not applicable to it.

But, perhaps, the most salient fact in influencing newspaper proprietors themselves against the stamp system, is contained in the following return, which has been very carefully prepared. It represents the daily circulation of the daily London journals during three years.

Return for the year ending in the second quarter of three years:—

	1852.	1853.	1854.
Times .....	41,630	44,009	44,083
Morning Advertiser ...	6,462	7,052	7,922
Daily News .....	3,940	3,828	4,013
Morning Herald .....	3,872	4,262	3,822
Morning Post .....	2,683	2,651	2,668
Morning Chronicle ...	2,556	2,036	2,150
Globe .....	1,859	1,869	2,252
Sun .....	2,741	2,357	2,223
Express .....	2,290	2,107	2,203
Shipping Gazette .....	1,568	1,651	1,383
Standard .....	1,476	1,450	1,306
	71,077	73,272	74,025

Here we perceive the extraordinary fact that, during three years, the daily sale of each paper (we except the *Morning Advertiser*, the sudden vicissitudes of which indicate an artificial existence) was nearly stationary; and that the total sales remained almost exactly the same in each year.

It is true that the return for the last quarter indicates an improvement in the *Times* to the extent of 7000 copies daily, and a slight improvement in all the other morning papers—with the exception of the *Morning Advertiser*, which went down several hundreds. This increase is explained by the rage for news of the war. But the main evidence remains; and it is fatal to the assumption of morning newspaper proprietors, that their general increase is commensurate with the increase in population and wealth.

In the three years, of which these are the statistics, the electric telegraph has been in operation; and a dear London press has not been able to compete with the electric telegraph companies, which have produced newspapers of their own, posted on the walls, pillars, and boards of 'Changes and news-rooms, and which have enabled the local newspapers to anticipate, in all the great general items of intelligence, the London broadsheets. It is in these circumstances that we must find the explanation of the stationary condition of the London press. In the long run, a London daily paper must depend on its locality—on London. And it is fairly to be assumed that the increase in sales, during the war, has been an increase almost exclusively within the metropolis and along the railways.

We are discussing this question not at all as a trade question, but as a question of cheap news, directly interesting to the mass of the public; and we may remark that it is the war, and the demand for news created by the war, which is likely, among other benefits to civilisation, to anticipate Mr. Gladstone in getting rid of the stamp. By the Stamp-office's version of the law, a paper dealing with a speciality may publish without the stamp; and availing themselves of this irresolute reading of the act by the authorities, certain persons, to whom be all honour, have commenced to publish cheap war gazettes—little flying sheets, crammed with telegraph news from the Crimea. One of these papers has appeared in Edinburgh: there are, we believe, two such in Manchester: and in both places they have interfered with the market of the established dear stamped journals. In Manchester, we understand, the proprietors of the local papers have decided to remonstrate with the Attorney-General, and to insist on the prosecution of these petty, teasing contemporaries; intimating, that if the Government does not prosecute, they, the leviathan journals, will also publish without the stamp! We are not aware of the nature of the answer returned by the Government, but we apprehend that they would find a great difficulty in a prosecution. So that, in fact, the opportunity has arisen for a revolt of the whole press against the stamp! In any case, it cannot last beyond the next budget.

## 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.)

— LIVING, as I do, in a seaport town, I know something about fast-sailing ships, and I would advise those who value their lives, to be cautious about trusting themselves on board clippers "which have made the fastest passages ever recorded." In general, an active, I may say fierce, competition exists between the owners of the different lines in my port, and everything is sacrificed to speed. A clipper lately arrived here from Australia, after a miraculous run, but she carried no cargo, in fact, little else than the necessary stores, and all the way every stitch of canvas was stretched, and during a gale the ship heeled over so much, that her yards touched the water. Even the sailors came forward and demanded that sail should be taken in, but the captain, who was armed, swore with an oath that he would shoot the first man who touched them. Fortunately, during the dispute, every stitch of sail was blown away, or both vessel, passengers, and crew, would have been lost. When the vessel arrived here, she was so dreadfully strained that extensive repairs have been found necessary, though she is quite a new ship. I don't object to speed—but you can be too fast at sea as well as on land.

— Frances Knipe was brought before Mr. Witham for assaulting a police-constable, and received the severe sentence of nine months' imprisonment with hard labour. As she was being removed from the dock, the prisoner said, impudently enough, "Oh, I can do that on my head, without any trouble." Whereupon Mr. Witham cried out: "Come back, I will see then if you can do twelve months, to which I now sentence you." Under what statute or common law is the crime of being impertinent to Mr. Witham punishable with three months' imprisonment with hard labour?

— The war-fever of the British public is raging in a new direction. Seriously, and as a matter of fact, the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are giving war names to their new houses. In a certain very new part of a very old suburb, one rampant householder has advertised himself on his gate-post as living at Alma Cottage. A martial builder, who ran up a row of houses last week, has christened the row this week Varna-place; while another "bloody, bold, and resolute" Briton, who can't wait for the slow transmission of despatches, has taken time fiercely by the forelock, and proclaims himself to postmen in general, by means of a brass door-plate, as an inhabitant of Sebastopol Villa. The new-born children are being served like the new-built houses. Mr. Jones (of Paradise-place) has christened his son (born yesterday) Alma Jones. Query—when the taxation begins to press a little heavier—say in a year or two—how will Jones, senior, like to call Jones, junior, by his more or less Christian name?

— I am devouring law through the medium of mutton, and imbibing news with hot, bad, wine in Lincoln's Inn Hall this term. The talk is infinitely various, and not bad—i.e., not as bad as in the smoking-room of some West-end Clubs—where it oscillates between statistics and indecorums. I am a silent man, therefore have great opportunities for observation. Some few men, especially at the bar-table, talk shop, law reform, legal jokes, &c. The Working Man's College comes on the tapis, for its gifted Principal is our chaplain: the war is of course the most popular theme. One practical grievance of our own I have heard of so frequently, that I must mention it, *pro bono publico*. The Chancery Judges and Benchers are in the habit of taking, from the library, books of which there is only one copy; and a young barrister or student who cannot afford to purchase expensive works, may wait hours before he can make a reference. No book should be taken from the library, save when there is a duplicate copy.

— At the concert of the Guides at Exeter Hall last week, there was a cry for the *Marseillaise*. *Qu'est-ce que c'est que la Marseillaise?* one of the imperial band was heard to ask. Surely this tuneful innocent was a bright example of Napoleonic education. Louis Napoleon must be an effective *chef d'orchestre*.

— There still seems some hideous, simious, vitality in "Comic Literature." What do you say to "A Comic Map of the Seat of War?"—It is actually vertised!

— Isn't there some tragedy in connexion with the Perry Fund? Perry wrote from Paris to tell the Windsor people to pay the money into a certain bank named by him; but as he suggested no conditions as to its disposal, the Windsor corporation seem to have thought (perhaps "they had heard something") it might go to the Bal Mabille; so they withheld the cash. Why was it subscribed? But it is subscribed, and why not give it to the Patriotic Fund?

— Corporations connect themselves:—wasn't the Lord Mayor's Day in London very silly? As to the procession (and here let it be suggested that there be no more puns about Moon), it was of course the bathos of pageant. But the dinner was worse. Not one good speech. Palmerston made people laugh in proposing (without one Cynthian reference) the Lady Mayoress; but it was boisterous rather than gay—the *ci-devant jeune Whig* is coming to that. The reception of Lord Aberdeen, and of his sad, sagacious, still-for-peace speech, suggested that, as the most cautious is the most wise, he has gained in public position. His demeanour through the war has been in keeping with his grave duties: he leaves it to Lord John to be literary, and to Palmerston to be jocose. But even Tiverton may have to be serious when he gets to Paris.

— Lord John offended the Bristolians by the tone of a pedagogue which he, perhaps unconsciously, assumed in his lecture on History at their Athenæum, while the apparition of a *mousquetaire*, bearing the name of Sir Robert Peel, astounded and delighted the provincial literati by the free and easy swagger of his oratory à coups de bâton. Bristol has not waited long to punish the Lord President for his airs. *Don Carlos* has been performed at the theatre in that city!

— One word about another corporation—that of Oxford. The wonderful Mayor (now, alas, ex-Mayor), Mr. Spiers, a man of intellect and man of trade, and created to be perpetual chief magistrate of Oxford, because so felicitously linking Town and Gown, gave another "literary party" last week—his invitations comprehensive—and the effect a pleasant reunion between Oxford scholars and London men of literature. One result should be stated as a curiosity of literature: Mr. Douglas Jerrold kept the party laughing for three consecutive days. Why is it that the witticisms of a great wit are delayed until his death—that it is left to the *Quarterly Reviewers* to edit a Foote? Mr. Jerrold, perhaps, can bear waiting—as being something more than a Foote.

— There are other "popular writers" worth collection—for other reasons. The elegancies of a certain weekly journal are curious. In the leading article of his last number, he says that the Americans make him "spew," and he says all the Americans are like that individual Yankee who boasted that one of his daughters was doing well in the world, "in the harlottin' line." This in a paper which is conspicuous for its dread that the abolition of the penny stamp would vulgarise our journalism!

— The Necropolis Company offers to bury us at 2l. 10s. a head, out-Shillibeering Shillibeer in economic obsequies. Really this is holding out an inducement to die when the dearest among us can be disposed of at such a "tremendous sacrifice."

— We have heard the name of Mr. F. O. Ward mentioned for an unpaid seat on the new Commission of Sewers. It would seem strange to many unacquainted with the working of our official departments that the man, who of all others by his genius and devotedness has obtained for the Sanitary question the publicity and attention of Europe, should be one of the last to be named for a subordinate appointment in a powerless Commission. But Mr. Ward is eminently one of those men who are in the service of the future, to whom all work is a labour of love, and the unacknowledged influence the sole reward.

— The anniversary (next Wednesday) of Polish independence is about to be celebrated by a dinner, at which the "friends of Poland"—an elastic body—are invited to assist. What sort of "restoration" is meant, we may ask, by the friends of Poland? Republican or monarchical? Perhaps the Czar himself may be found not unwilling, in due season, to accommodate the friends of the latter with a prince of his own house. As we are asking for a restoration of Poland, we might take the opportunity of this dinner to put the question—the Restoration of what?

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Arrangements are in progress which, we are told, promise well for the Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures of the British School. Some 120 invitations have been issued to collectors or possessors of works of Art; and most of our eminent artists, we are told, have promised to contribute. One very good stipulation has been made:—no picture will be received that cannot be well hung. This arrangement will diminish the available breadth of surface; but the managers will have no excuse for the reception of inferior works. The Winter Exhibition ought to be what it pretends to be—select.—*Athenæum*.



## 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*.

PERIODICALS of the month that should have been noticed last week, had they reached us in time, are *Hogg's Instructor*, *Our Friend*, *The Masonic Mirror*, and *The Dublin Journal of Industrial Progress*.

The most attractive article in *Hogg's Instructor* is a paper on LOUIS KOSUTH, by Mr. GEORGE GILFILLAN—the result of Mr. GILFILLAN's observations of the great Hungarian during his recent visit to Glasgow. Mr. GILFILLAN, who had previously seen MAZZINI, thus contrasts, as a physiognomist, his impressions of the Hungarian and the Italian:—

Kossuth's appearance seemed to disappoint all at first, and certainly did us. We expected a high Magyar chief, of military bearing and majestic stature; and here was a middle-sized, French-looking person, with a face which expressed rather restless activity than power, and an eye rather crafty than penetrating. We saw in him at once a type of that boundless versatility which distinguishes his genius, but no display of those higher qualities of wisdom and imagination which had been attributed to him. We were led irresistibly to contrast his appearance with that of Mazzini, whom we met two years ago in London. He is certainly the noblest-looking man we ever beheld. His face and head seem to have stepped out of an ancient Italian picture; a brow, large and white as marble, rises like an Alp from amid black hair; and two eyes, like dark stars, roll below—masses of dusky and piercing light—such eyes as burned in the head of the peasant poet of Scotland, but with more depth of expression—altogether, a presence in which you tremble, as though one of the high-minded assassins of Caesar stood beside you. Kossuth has by no means such a Roman look, nor does he give you the same impression of power, subtlety, and elevation; his very moustache, compared to Mazzini's, being only a fringe of plantation compared to a forest, and the craft in his eye not attaining to that dark profundity which lies in Mazzini's—

"Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death."

Having seen both the men, we cannot say that the contrast in this delineation strikes us as accurate. MAZZINI's is a noble and beautiful face; but KOSUTH's has finer characteristics than Mr. GILFILLAN attributes to it; and if MAZZINI's face is the true face for a MAZZINI, KOSUTH's is the true face for a KOSUTH. And what is Mr. GILFILLAN's estimate of KOSUTH's mind and powers? Speaking of his oratory, he says:—

He has given, in some of his speeches, evidences of rare poetic genius. We remember, ere the first furor about him had fully subsided, having had a little conversation on the subject with Edward Miall, the able editor of the *Nonconformist*. He admired him to enthusiasm, and preferred him to Burke; a preference in which we did not coincide then, and far less now, since we have seen and heard the man. Kossuth, with all his knowledge and insight, is essentially a singer, a Magyar scald, a sublime rhapsodist. Burke was a philosopher, who became ever and anon passionate and poetical, but whose habitual sphere was thought. Kossuth's speeches abound in clap-traps and commonplaces, mixed with bursts of rare magnificence. Burke has no platitudes—no appeals to the passions of mobs; and though amid his flights he often rests, yet he never flags. The poetry in Burke is ever interpenetrated with his thought, and attains sometimes to epic grandeur; that of Kossuth has less weight of matter, and is more lyrical and fluctuating in its movement. Kossuth's speeches are wild melodies wailing out truth; Burke's are high arguments, kindling as they move into music and poetic song. The Magyars notoriously have Asiatic blood in them; and Kossuth, the model Magyar man, evinces his descent by the lofty orientalism of his figures and language. What would seem bombast in occidentalists, is called nature in him. . . . As a general principle, the most of Kossuth's long sentences are empty though eloquent; the most of his short ones are true, good, and memorable. . . . None of his long and highly-wrought perorations can be named for effect with these simple words—"It was not I who inspired the people of Hungary—they inspired me!" Such brief electric touches remind us more of the style of Chatham or O'Connell, than of anything in the present day. They may be called the algebra of oratory, effecting vast results more by swift symbols than by language. Those are the strongest words for popular effect which are the simplest and most direct. *Piat lux* was but two words—the result was the universe! These words of power we have quoted—and we could have quoted hundreds more—are bare of figure. But he has scattered through his speeches some most striking metaphors, bold almost as those of Homer or the Bible. "I know," he says, "that the light has spread, and that even bayonets think." "I know that all the Czars of the world are but mean dust in the hand of God." "Even the grass that will grow out of my grave will cry out to heaven and to man, England and America! do not forget, in your proud security, those that are oppressed." Alkin alike to his oratorical and poetical power, is that unexpectedness which distinguishes much of his speaking. In some parts of his orations, each sentence is a surprise, not rising up from, but leaping out of, the womb of that which preceded it. His periods generally are connected together, not by the links of logical consequence, but by the unity of feeling and of poetic growth. A fire, in climbing a tower or a hill-side of pines, does not ascend by regular stages, and in measured, modulated waves, but by hasty rushes, scattered tongues, and sudden shoots of flame, often returning on and relapsing into itself, but always at last completing its purpose; and thus travels to its climax the mind of poetic, and especially of lyrical genius. Indeed, no mind so intensely oriental as Kossuth's can calmly or consecutively reason. The stamina of argument may be present, but it is hid, even as the trunk of a tree on fire is hid by the towering flames, to the momentum and terrible richness and glory of which it nevertheless adds.

Neither do we think this appreciation accurate. A vein of the keenest, deepest reason pervades all Kossuth's oratory; he is, with all his other merits, a man of profound propositional intellect; and his oratory consists in his ability to send forth his propositions in a state of conflagration. "Politics is the science of exigencies"—in all Burke there is not a finer or deeper definition than that, nor one expressed with more of accidental terseness and precision. And then his long sentences are not inferior to his short ones. We have seen quoted in the *Athenaeum* from Kossuth's printed speeches, and we have heard from Kossuth's own lips sentences long enough, which for power, grandeur, and weird-like effect on the imagination, seemed comparable to the finest passages in the masters of imaginative

literature. We suspect Mr. GILFILLAN must have judged of Kossuth solely from his Glasgow orations.

*Our Friend* keeps up its character for tasteful selection and fine literary execution—in this respect, meriting more praise than many periodicals of higher pretensions. From a paper of sayings and aphorisms entitled "Shavings," we select the following "theory":—

I have a theory, that it is when a poet is thrown into dull cities or an ugly country, that he chiefly resorts to the sky for images and illustrations; and that the more of the air you find in a poet, the less of the earth. Smith, Bailey, and Tennyson are my chief examples; Smith and Bailey in cities, and Tennyson in the fen districts, are unusually rich in their observations of atmospheric changes. This is the counter-balance nature supplies. It is the same in painting: Cuypp's skill, and our English painters' success in atmosphere, arise from the same cause.

The *Masonic Mirror* is an excellent periodical—for Masons.

In the *Dublin Journal of Industrial Progress* there is an interesting paper on the possible improvements in Bread-baking. The result of what is stated is an impression that it is quite within the compass of a little judicious science to give us much nicer bread and more of it out of a given quantity of flour than we now get, and at less cost.

The *New York Quarterly Review*, for October, is conspicuous for an article on "Abolitionism in America," in which, while professing to be a friend to the gradual emancipation of the negroes all over the United States, the writer attacks the Abolitionist party as disgracing themselves, and violating their duties to the constitution by their mode of procedure.

The papers, making guesses stand for news, have been announcing that Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH is engaged on a new poem, to appear this season. We have reason for believing that this is not the case, and that, though Mr. SMITH is engaged in occupations which will tend to the cultivation of his genius and fit it for new appearances, he is at present allowing his Muse to rest. By-the-by, what an absurd story is that which has been going about of Mr. SMITH's appointment to the office of assistant to the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, as "a mark of the QUEEN's approbation of his astronomical descriptions!" The statement appeared first in the *Edinburgh Guardian*, by way of a jocular twitting of Mr. SMITH for his known affection for "the stars" in his verses; and now the *Edinburgh Guardian*, aghast at the results of its joke—for Mr. SMITH's appointment to the office has been published as an article of news in almost all the English papers—vows never more to joke on that subject.

Mormonism is developing itself more and more. We have before us the first three parts of a publication, in large quarto, entitled *Route from Liverpool to the Great Salt Lake Valley, illustrated in a series of Splendid Steel Engravings and Woodcuts, from Sketches made on the Spot and from Life, with a Map of the Overland portion of the Journey*. The editor of this publication, the writers, and the illustrators, appear all to be Mormonites; and the work—which is published in Liverpool—appears to be designed to serve the purposes of Mormonite propagandism in this country. So much we gather, at least, from the style of the work and from the announcement on the cover, which states that the work will furnish "incidental instructions to emigrants," and that "the statistical information will be drawn from the most authentic sources," and that "the portion of it which relates to the Latter-day Saints will be particularly valuable, owing to the difficulty hitherto experienced by all classes in obtaining anything accurate from the conflicting statements which have appeared from time to time in a great portion of the public press." At the same time, the publisher solicits "that extensive patronage which can alone justify the publication"—so that the work may be so far a speculation. It is to be completed in fourteen parts, at one shilling each. The parts already issued suggest, at all events, that the undertaking is one requiring capital—the paper and letter-press being superior, and the Engravings large and genuine. The letter-press, so far as we have examined it, consists of a history of the Mormonite emigration from Great Britain from 1840 to the present time, with documents and statistics interspersed. It seems that in 1840, a company of 200 British converts to Mormonism sailed from Liverpool for America under the care of THEODORE TUMPKY, a returning missionary; and that in the same year another company sailed from Bristol. In the following year the "Apostles" of the Church of the Latter-day Saints appointed an accredited agent in Great Britain to superintend the emigration of converts; and from that time there has been a regular succession of such agents. (We observe that the agent for 1851-2 was a FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS, and that the name of the Liverpool publisher of the present work is F. D. RICHARDS—which confirms our notion that the work is not pure bookseller's speculation, but part of the agency of the sect.) The number of emigrants shipped to the Mormonite colonies by these agents to the present time is, according to an exact register of the different vessels, their times of sailing, &c., 15,642. In addition to these, there have been 50 emigrants from Germany, and 1003 from the Scandinavian countries; making the entire European emigration during the last fourteen years 17,195. A classification is given of the British emigrants according to their trades and professions, from which it appears that there is hardly a trade in the Directory that has not furnished its contribution. The annual expenses of the emigrant agency in Great Britain are stated to be 50,000l.

The Messrs. BLACKWOOD of Edinburgh announce as forthcoming a collected edition of the Works of Professor WILSON, by his son-in-law, Professor FERRIER, of St. Andrews, whose *Institutes of Metaphysic* we notice in another column. There is no announcement yet of WILSON's "Life," by his other son-in-law, Professor ARTHUR. Messrs. Low, of Edinburgh, have sold 25,000 copies of Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, notwithstanding that there have been eight rival editions in the British market. The American issue of the work consisted of 30,000 copies; and more are wanted. A monument to the philosopher SCHELLING is to be erected in Ragaz, where he died, by the King of BAVARIA. The Americans are on "the tiptoe of anxious expectancy" for the Autobiography of the mighty BARNUM, which is ready. The trade in America had ordered 66,000 copies; but a quarrel between BARNUM and the publisher has delayed the appearance of the work. Meanwhile, we see BARNUM has been giving snatches of his history at public meetings in America; particularly at one, where, proposing the toast of "Humbly," he analysed his own career, and told all about the Woolly Horse, the Tom Thumb speculation, and so on. BARNUM's Autobiography will be a great book. In Berlin they seem to have found a literary mine in recent British politics. We have been hearing of the extraordinary success, on the Berlin stage, of a drama entitled *Pitt and Fox*; and now, under the title of *Morton Varney*, a Madame SCHLICHTKRULL has produced a novel, bringing in the CANNING, PEEL, and MELBOURNE administrations, and in which King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, Queen VICTORIA, and the Duke of WELLINGTON figure. The hero of the book is a liberal and popular politician, who crushes a conspiracy for the establishment of the Salic Law in England, places her present MAJESTY on the throne, and dies before he can be Premier. Robert OWEN goes on with his *New Existence of Man upon the Earth*, in the present part of which he quotes letters from the late Duke of KENT, and a passage from a work of the Rev. J. BIRD SUMNER, now Archbishop of CANTERBURY, showing the interest which these personages, amongst others, took in his early career at New Lanark. The opening sentence of the present part of the simple old Socialist's work is worth quoting. "Under the only system," he says, "which has hitherto existed among men, truths of the highest importance to the well-being and happiness of the human race have been to this period opposed, and often even to the most cruel death of the parties who were filled with the holy desire to promulgate those truths." The "parties," of course, are SOCRATES, HUSS, and Co.

The revolution in Spain has had the effect of a revival in literature. Journalism, of course, felt the first shock of life, and all phases of opinion were soon represented by their organs in the press. For a time the style of the writing was rather declamatory—an outburst after long restraint. But by degrees the tone has subsided into calmness and concentration of thought and purpose. Political and administrative questions are handled with a force and precision that would not discredit the most distinguished veterans of the European press. As the opening of the Cortes approached, the light artillery of political satire opened its fire. Three new flying sheets of the *Charivari* order, to be edited by writers of approved wit and of known liberal opinions, are announced.

#### SCOTTISH METAPHYSICS, PAST AND PRESENT.

*The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S., &c., &c.* Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Vols. 1 and 2. Edinburgh. Thomas Constable and Co.

*Institutes of Metaphysic: the Theory of Knowing and Being.* By James F. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh. Blackwood.

THE aptitude of the Scottish mind for philosophical speculation is a fact well known. As far back as the middle ages, and still more conspicuously after the Reformation, Scotchmen bore a part in the philosophical activity of Europe far exceeding what might have been expected from their numerical proportion among the nations. The latter half of the last and the beginning of the present century have been usually regarded, however, as the flourishing period of Scottish philosophy. To that period belong Hume, Smith, Reid, Stewart, Brown, and others, usually, though somewhat confusedly, classed together as the philosophers of the Scottish school. Nearer our own day, but still reputed as labourers in the same vein of Scottish thought, are such men as Mackintosh and James Mill. Till recently, however, a popular impression has been, that with the last of those men the list of Scottish philosophers closed. We have heard James Mill spoken of as, in this sense, *Ultimus Scotorum*. The impression, however, has been altogether erroneous. Scottish metaphysics are not and never have been dead. The two works, whose titles we subjoin, are but part of a good deal of evidence, proving that the present generation of Scotchmen are neither indifferent to the labours of their predecessors in this department, nor unproductive themselves in it.

The Scottish philosophy of the present time, however, is certainly very different from the old article of Reid and Stewart; and hence, perhaps, the mistake we have alluded to. The fact is that, after Reid, the genuine apostolic succession in metaphysics is to be traced not in Scotland, but in Germany. At the very time when Reid was putting together his *Philosophy of Common Sense*, by way of corrective to the scepticism of Hume, Kant took up the same problem in Germany, and, proceeding after a very different method, sought to lay a solid foundation for human belief on the vacant space which had been cleared by the ruthless reasoning of the bland Caledonian David. Then followed Jacobi, Herbart, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and all the rest of them, improving on Kant, picking holes in Kant, carrying out Kant to his consequences, and accumulating a quantity of thought and

logomachy, before which the English mind of the present day stands appalled, preferring to attack and take any number of Sebastopols rather than have anything to do with such battlements and fastnesses of printed unintelligibility. Coleridge and one or two others took a look at them and into them, and brought back reports. Meanwhile, Scottish thinkers, all unconscious of the stream of German metaphysical speculation, which had flowed out of Kant's grand reconsideration of the problems discussed by their countryman Hume, were plodding on in their own style, commenting on Reid, fortifying Reid, or differing from Reid.

Thus Scottish philosophy, as represented by Stewart, Brown, and their successors, though it answered British purposes, no longer contained the true thread or tradition of European metaphysics. To a Fichte or a Hegel, what such men were doing would have seemed, philosophically speaking, but child's play. It was destined, however, that Scotland should recover the true tradition—that Scottish philosophy should come into *rapprochement* with the great German movement of thought that had been so long going on, and, without being staggered out of her national course by the shock of the contact, should yet reinforce herself with a competent knowledge of the main results of that movement, and proceed with the advantage of that knowledge in her own farther development. The author of this great change—the father of the new Scottish philosophical movement, if we may call it such—is undoubtedly Sir William Hamilton, the present Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. It is to this profound thinker—whose name, after thirty years of labour, is now recognised as that of a man hardly paralleled among his British contemporaries—that Scotland owes it that she has resumed her career of philosophical speculation under new auspices. By his philosophical writings in the *Edinburgh Review*, beginning as far back as 1827, and since republished; by his influence as a teacher in Edinburgh University; and lastly by his wonderful annotations to his edition of Reid's works—he has virtually added to Scottish philosophy all that was wanting to bring it up to the point where it could feel itself to be abreast of the philosophy of the Continent, and able to give and take with that philosophy. Slowly, under his influence, the old medley of odds and ends, which in Scotland passed under the general name of the "Science of the Human Mind," or, sometimes under that of "Metaphysics," has partitioned itself distinctly into various separate departments—"Metaphysics," for example, assuming its proper character as the science of the relations of Reason to Being; "Logic," starting forth clear, as the science of the necessary or formal laws of thought; while "Psychology," as the general science of mental phenomena, has been kept apart from both. And now, in a generation junior to Sir William Hamilton, there are not a few—either his pupils, or men who have been less directly affected by his influence—who accept his definitions and divisions, and take his doctrines as starting-points for their own independent investigations. In fact a vigorous young philosophy is again rising in Scotland.

It is characteristic of Sir William Hamilton—as a philosopher singularly fond of linking his own speculations to the history of the speculations of his predecessors—that he has consented to be the editor both of Reid and of Stewart. Perhaps the most profound contributions he has yet made to philosophy are those which he has put forth in the modest form of disquisitions and elucidations appended to his text of Reid. In the present issue of Dugald Stewart's works, there is to be no such interpolation, or addition of original philosophical matter. Sir William simply undertakes to collect all Dugald Stewart's writings, arrange them, and publish a correct text of them, with verifications of the quotations and references. We certainly wish that, instead of expending his force on this labour of mere editorship, Sir William were going on with his unfinished Notes on Reid, or with some other work presenting to the public the results of his own thinking. For a connected exposition of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, however, we fear we must wait till his class-lectures shall be accessible; and meanwhile, the effect of Sir William's occupation in the inferior labour of editing Stewart is, that we shall have a splendid and complete edition of Stewart's works to place in our libraries.

With all the growing activity of the new generation of Scottish philosophers, Mr. Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic* is certainly a novelty in literature. It is a single, stout, octavo volume of some five hundred pages divided into an "Introduction," and three "Books" or "Sections." The "Introduction," which consists of seventy pages, contains preliminary observations, and explains the aim and method of the book. Mr. Ferrier aims at nothing less than establishing a connected system of metaphysical truths, which shall take the place of, or at least modify, all that has been taught hitherto as philosophy by everybody else, since the beginning of time. Thus:—

The general character of this system is, that it is a body of necessary truth. It starts from a single proposition which, it is conceived, is an essential axiom of all reason, and one which cannot be denied without running against a contradiction. The axiom may not be self-evident in an instant; but that, as has been remarked, is no criterion. A moderate degree of reflection, coupled with the observations by which the proposition is enforced, may satisfy any one that its nature is such as has been stated. From this single proposition the whole system is deduced in a series of demonstrations, each of which professes to be as strict as any demonstration in Euclid, while the whole of them taken together constitute one great demonstration. If this rigorous necessity is not their character to the very letter,—if there is a single weak point in the system,—if there be any one premiss or any one conclusion which is not as certain as that two and two make four, the whole scheme falls to pieces, and must be given up, root and branch. Everything is perilled on the pretension that the scheme is rigidly demonstrated throughout; for a philosophy is not entitled to exist, unless it can make good this claim.

And again:—

All other systems controvert each other largely, and at many points. This system is incontrovertible, it is conceived, in every point; but, at the very utmost, it is controvertible only in its starting-point, its fundamental position. This, therefore, seems to be no little gain to philosophy, to concentrate all possible controversy upon a single point—to gather into one focus all the diverging lances of the foe, and direct them on a single topic. The system, as has been remarked, holds this point, no less than all the others, to be indisputable; but should this be doubted, it cannot be doubted that it is the only disputable point. Hence the system humbly piques itself on having abridged the grounds of philosophical controversy—on having, if not abolished, at any rate reduced them to their narrowest possible limits.



Nor does Mr. Ferrier hesitate distinctly to intimate that, in his opinion, Plato, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Reid, Locke, Leibnitz, and all other philosophers, have made but confused work of it; and that the new *Institutes of Metaphysic* ought to cleanse the Augean stable of their errors and inconsistencies. What, then, is the grand initial axiom from which Mr. Ferrier starts in this work, and if you grant him which, all his other propositions, he thinks, hold together like a chain of iron links? It is this—that it is the “primary law or condition of all knowledge” that:—

Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognisance of itself.

This proposition stands as Proposition I. of the first book of the “Institutes,”—that book constituting what Mr. Ferrier calls the “Epistemology, or Theory of Knowing.” Twenty-two distinct Propositions, all reasoned out from the first, compose this book of Epistemology, in which are laid down the necessary limits and grounds of all knowledge. To the Epistemology succeeds what the author calls the “Agnology, or Theory of Ignorance,” in which, in eight Propositions, the necessary limits of human ignorance are marked out. Then, in the third book, consisting of eleven Propositions, is given the “Ontology, or Theory of Being.” The last Proposition in this book we shall quote by way of sample, and as showing whither Mr. Ferrier’s theology tends:—

All absolute existences are contingent *except one*; in other words, there is One, but only one, Absolute Existence which is strictly necessary; and that existence is a supreme, and infinite, and everlasting Mind in synthesis with all things.

The forty-one Propositions of the entire work, with the attached demonstrations, form the “Institutes;” but to each proposition there is attached a series of “Notes and Explanations” intended to exhibit the popular and psychological errors which the Proposition chases away, and so to work the Proposition more thoroughly into the reader’s mind. In these “Notes and Explanations” there are casual reviews of all the great philosophical controversies of the past—the Nominalist and Realist controversy, the controversy as to the origin of knowledge and the like—and criticisms, some of them severe enough, on past philosophers. Altogether, Mr. Ferrier’s is a bold and ingenious work, which may be recommended to those who want an intellectual gymnastic, or who want to know what “Metaphysic” is now understood to be. There are powerful and even eloquent passages in it, and the style is as lucid as the subject admits of; but we question very much whether Mr. Ferrier’s brother metaphysicians, if he is left to their tender mercies, will not tear some parts of his work to pieces. Nor can we possibly bring ourselves to think that Mr. Ferrier’s own valuation of the book will be generally accepted in metaphysical circles. He comes forward, it will be observed, as a species of Idealist—his main principle being, that the subject cannot know the object without knowing *itself* along with the object; and his whole work consisting of a development of this principle.

“I do not trouble myself with thinking about thinking,” was Goethe’s saying, and it expresses the general feeling about metaphysics. After all, however, people must now and then, in their thoughts about things, come to that point where the relation of thought to things becomes itself a matter of thought. Genius itself is, after a sort, a susceptibility to the metaphysical; and everybody, without knowing it, has a crude metaphysic of his own; so that if a poor fellow can make this metaphysic a little more clear and articulate, no harm is done. Comte’s doctrine of *Positivism* is that people ought to go on acquiring a knowledge of the things in the ship, without ever minding the ship’s relations to the sea. But it *can’t* be done! And though the stars may be seen by looking up a chimney (which is the way most people see the stars, each person thinking his own particular chimney the finest tube in the world through which to view the luminaries), commend us to the man who now and then takes a wide walk at night round the walls which separate the little city of life from the dark and undefined country beyond, bringing back with him the awing sensation of the outer immensity into the homely and narrow streets.

#### BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

*Travels of an Arab Merchant in Soudan. (The Black Kingdoms of Central Africa.)* Abridged from the French. By Bayle St. John. Chapman and Hall.

*The Bungalow and the Tent; or, a Visit to Ceylon.* By Edward Sullivan. Bentley. The narrative, written in Arabic by the Sheikh Mohammed of Tunis, of his travels and experiences in Central Africa, was translated into French by the learned Dr. Perron, and edited by M. Jomard, of the Institute. The present work is an able abridgment of Dr. Perron’s translation, which, too voluminous for popular reading, was, nevertheless, a version rather than a reproduction of the original Arabic. We concur in Mr. Bayle St. John’s appreciation of the work he has thought it worth while to reduce to a popular form. The Sheikh deserved translation, and what is even a nobler metempsychosis than a *savant* can confer, he deserved to reappear in readable and familiar shape.

We have been sated with the Asian mystery by countless “doors” of the East, more or less flippant or profound; but of the African mystery who will sound the depths? We know the coast of Africa, it is true, to our cost; but of the torrid Negro kingdoms, stretching from the centre to the east and to the south of that vast expanse, we are only beginning to recognise the existence. Of the two countries visited by the Sheikh, Darfur and Wadai, only the former has been once visited by a European, in 1793; “and it is extremely probable,” writes Mr. St. John, “that for many years to come the information contained in the present volume will not be superseded.” The countries described (we quote from the preface)—

Though isolated both by position and policy, are sufficiently remarkable not to deserve utter neglect. They form part of the great system of states—black in population, but Mahomedan in religion—which stretches like a belt across Central Africa, with unexplored expanses of Paganism to the south, and to the north a desert, dotted with oases, and marked with caravan tracks leading to the Mediterranean. The valley of the Nile, which seems destined by nature to be the highroad to this region, is rendered comparatively useless for that purpose by the restrictive regulations of Darfur. That cautious little kingdom stops the way. It is so fearful of aggression from Egypt—not entirely without cause—that it will not allow the easiest routes to be used, and compels all caravans to reach its frontiers exhausted by a two months’ march across the desert from Siout.

The expedition sent by her Majesty’s government, under the late Mr. Richardson—which already counts two martyrs—will have vastly enlarged our knowledge of the largest, most populous, and most important Central African kingdoms. Drs. Barth and Vogel are still making gallant geographical forays towards the south—creating, as it were, ground under their feet.

It is not probable, however, that the German travellers will be able or willing to penetrate eastward across the kingdoms described in this volume, although Mr. Richardson had contemplated such a journey, and had communicated, through government, with the English consul-general in Egypt, that the way might, to a certain extent, be prepared. I believe it is still the practice, if not the rule, in Darfur, to prevent all strangers who penetrate into the interior of the kingdom from going away again. However, strong representations from Egypt might have obviated this difficulty. At present we cannot expect the experiment to be tried, as Dr. Barth seems to be directing his attention to a still more difficult expedition.

Mr. St. John attributes the condition of these countries to the practice of slavery which the Sheikh, with perfect *naïveté*, and without attaching any importance to the information, represents as the condition of the more savage populations under their half-civilised Mahomedan masters.

The development of commerce appears to be the only practicable solution of this terrible problem; but commerce must be preceded by discovery, and the success of the heroic pioneers (among whom already may be numbered the names of martyrs) in these deadly and difficult explorations is inevitably the work of many years to come.

Mr. St. John glances at the Nile, as the proper road to these kingdoms of Eastern Africa:—

If a regular government were established in Egypt, exercising its authority firmly over the southern provinces that now, for all practical purposes, are but nominally subject, commerce would soon begin to flow in its natural channel, and merchandise, which is now principally brought across the desert, would be directed to the nearest point upon the Nile, which would be soon laden with fleets of boats dropping down with the current. There are the elements of an empire more important than Hindustan between Alexandria and the fourth parallel of north latitude.

We shall now make room for the Sheikh himself, whom our readers will find a most agreeable, shrewd, and lively acquaintance for a winter’s evening. His conversation is that of a travelled man of the world, easy, genial, and suggestive. Common sense, *bonhomie*, a keen sense of enjoyment, a brisk habit of observation, the deep natural piety of the Oriental, tempered with a quiet self-possession which has often the air of an indulgent scepticism—these are the characteristics of our pleasant and worthy Sheikh, who more than once reminds us of the Father of History, by the spontaneous fullness of his stories and the sparkling freshness of his comments. Although in the present abridged version the Sheikh comes to us through the filtering process of a double translation, he retains nearly all the charm of his individuality. Thanks to the evident sympathy and fidelity with which Mr. St. John has executed the arduous task of abridging and condensing, without weakening or effacing the original, we can promise the reader of these *Travels* an agreeable reminiscence of the *Arabian Nights*. We have said that the Sheikh is a bit of a philosopher. Observe how he administers a *quietus* to the

#### OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

On a certain day of the year the Sheikh, or Old Man of the Mountain, of whom we have spoken, is visited in crowds by the people for consultation. On that solemn day, set apart for divination, he predicts what is to come to pass during the year,—drought or rain, war or peace, serenity or misfortune, disease or health. His prophecies are profoundly believed; but the Forians differ in opinion about the source and the cause of the power which he possesses of seeing into the future. Some pretend that he works by divine inspiration, and that he who wears the dignity of Sheikh of the Mountain, is necessarily, and always, illuminated of God, and a holy personage. This is the explanation of the learned men of Darfur. Others declare that the *genii* tell him what is to come to pass. For my part, I do not know what value should be assigned to these two opinions; but this I do know, that many prophecies are attributed to him which have not been fulfilled.

Again, with regard to the

#### GENII GUARDIANS OF CATTLE.

The most singular thing I heard related whilst I was in these mountains is this, that the *genii* act as guardians of the cattle. It is for this reason that the herds are left to wander where they will. Many persons assured me seriously that if any one, passing near a flock and seeing it without a guard, should attempt to steal a sheep or a cow and to kill the beast, his hand, still armed with the knife, would remain fastened to the throat until the arrival of the owner. I have a hundred times heard instances of protection afforded by the *genii*, but was at first inclined to reject the whole as lies and dreams. But this is what happened to myself. Being near the Marrah mountains I went to a person of Numleh, to question him about the *genii*. On drawing near his hut I saw nobody, but began to call him by his name. Then a loud and terrible voice, which made me shiver, shouted “Akibe!” that is to say, “He is not here.” Nevertheless, I was going to advance and pursue my inquiries, when an individual, who was passing by me, took me by the arm and drew me away, saying,—

“Be off! be off! He who speaks to thee is not a human being.”

“And what is he, then?”

“He is the guardian *genius* of the hut. Nearly every one of us is thus protected. We call the *genii* in Forian, Damzog.”

Upon this I feared and withdrew.

On returning from the Marrah to the Fasher, I went to visit the Sherief Ahmed Bedawee, who had brought me from Cairo to Darfur, and related to him this adventure and my terror. “The man was perfectly right,” said Ahmed, who went on to relate to me things still more wonderful. “At the time when I first began to trade, my friend, I often heard that damzogs could be bought and sold, and that to procure one I must apply to the owner of a damzog, and discuss the price with him. When the bargain is concluded, it is necessary to give a large gourd of milk to the seller, who takes it to his house, where are his damzogs. On entering he salutes them, and goes and hangs up his vase to a hook, saying,—‘One of my friends—such a one—very rich, is in fear of robbers, and asks me to supply him with a guardian. Will one of you go and live in his house? There is plenty of milk there, for it is a house of blessing, and the proof thereof is, that I bring you this karn of milk.’ The damzogs at first refuse to comply with the invitation. ‘No, no,’ say they, ‘not one of us will go.’ The master of the hut conjures them to comply with his desires, saying,—‘Oh! let the one that is willing descend into the karn.’ He then retires a little, and presently one of the damzogs is heard to flop into the milk, upon which he hastes and claps upon the vase a cover made of date-leaves. Thus stopped up he unhooks the karn, and hands it over to the buyer, who takes it away and hangs it on the wall of his hut, and confides it to the care of a slave or of a wife, who every morning comes and takes it, emptying out the milk, washing it, and replenishing it, and hanging it

up again. From that time forward the house is safe from theft or loss. For my part, I believed all these things to be absurdities."

The Sheikh would have been an awkward customer for the Spirit-Rappers. He demolishes with delightful simplicity the

#### TEMOURKEHS.

But the most extraordinary facts are those which are related of the Massalits and Temourkehs, who have the power of metamorphosing themselves into different kinds of animals. All the Forians say that the former can change into hyenas, cats, and dogs, and the latter into lions. Another extraordinary thing related of the Temourkehs is that, according to their own account, three days after their death, they resuscitate and come out of their tombs, and go into other countries to marry again, and accomplish a second life.

In Darfur, every one acknowledges that the Sultan has under his orders a number of men having the power of metamorphosing themselves. They are used as agents and ambassadors. If they are in danger of being seized, they transform themselves into air or wind. I once became very intimate with one of these people, and at length ventured to speak on the subject of his wonderful power, but he turned aside the conversation, and avoided a direct answer. Another time I pressed the question closer, upon which he smiled and said:—"I did not think you were so simple as to believe all that is said on this subject." Then he talked of other things, and soon left me, and from that time forward, whenever he met me he turned aside, and our acquaintance utterly ceased.

In Darfur a white man is quite a curiosity. In fact, he is regarded as a sort of

#### UNDEVELOPED NIGGER.

Proceeding on our journey, the soldiers of Zaid marching in front, we soon beheld a multitude of men and women running towards us from all sides. I was looked upon as an extraordinary being. There was a perfect scramble to get sight of me. They pushed and shoved one another, and though the escort closed around they could scarcely keep off the crowd. These strange people were saying one to the other, "The Sultan has sent to us a man born before his time, that we may eat him." Others exclaimed, "No; this is not a human being, but an animal under the form of a man, whose flesh is good to eat." These mountaineers cannot believe in the existence of men with white skins and rosy complexions.

#### ROYAL PREROGATIVES IN DARFUR.

The Forian princes have customs different from those of other princes. The sovereign of Darfur exercises boundless despotic power. He may put to death thousands of individuals, and no one asks him wherefore. He may degrade whom he pleases, and no one asks him wherefore. His orders, however adverse they may be, are always obeyed, and no one resists, even by a word. The only resource is to cry for mercy; but, if the Sultan chooses to commit an act of injustice, the hatred it excites remains for ever concealed.

The Forian Sultans are surrounded by a kind of Aulic body, composed of old women, called Habbobah, under the orders of one of their numbers, called the queen. When the Sultan leaves his privacy of seven days these old women unite, bearing iron switches, about two feet long, which they clash one against the other, producing a singular sound. One of them bears a kind of broom of date-branches, which she dips into a prepared liquid, and therewith, from time to time, sprinkles the Sultan, uttering certain mysterious words. Then they conduct the new prince from his private dwelling to the House of Brass, where the tymbals of the Sultan are kept. Having entered, they take the Victorious tymbal and place it in the midst. The Sultan remains alone with the Habbobah, who continue to clash their twigs of iron, and to repeat their mysterious exclamations. After this ceremony they lead the prince to the place where is the imperial throne.

The people of Darfur have many singular ways of expressing veneration for the majesty of the Sultan. Among others, whenever he clears his throat, his spittle is immediately gathered up from the ground by his servants with their hands. When he coughs, as if about to speak, everybody makes the sound of *ts, ts*, as nurses do to amuse their little ones; and, when he sneezes, the whole assembly imitates the cry of the jeko, which resembles that of a man urging on his horse to speed. In grand council, the Sultan is fanned with a large bunch of ostrich-feathers. When he goes out to hunt he is shaded by a parasol of the same material; and these insignia are under the special care of a high official. If the Sultan, being on horseback, happens to fall off, all his followers must fall off likewise; and should any one omit this formality, however great he may be, he is laid down and beaten.

#### DARFUR CUSTOMS.

A strange ceremony is sometimes celebrated by the Forian princes. It is called the Clothing of the Buaso, and consists in renewing the skins of the great tymbals, called in Egypt Nakarieh. The ceremony is one of the greatest solemnity and, every year, lasts seven days. In the first place, all the tymbals must be stripped on one day—which done, bulls, with dark grey skins, are slaughtered to supply the new coverings. It is pretended that these bulls are of a particular species, and that, when they are about to be slaughtered, they lie down quietly, and submit without resistance. They are killed without the ordinary preamble of "Bismillah;" and it is said that they are thus held down and kept tranquil by genii. When they are slaughtered the flesh is separated from the bones and skin, and put into large jars of salt for six days, at the end of which other animals are slaughtered, and the flesh mixed. Tables are then laid out, and all the sons of the Sultan, and all the kings, and all the viziers, are invited, and compelled to eat. There are inspectors at each table to see that nobody fails; for if any one does so, it is believed that he is a traitor. No conspirator, in fact, can eat of this food. If any one keeps away, under pretence of illness, a plate of meat is brought to him, and if he declines to eat, he is seized.

There is a remarkable custom, called the Festival of the Sowing, in Darfur. The Sultan possesses, as his domain, cultivable land, which is sown every year. After the rains, he goes forth in great pomp, escorted by more than a hundred young women, chosen amidst the most beautiful, and adorned with their richest garments and jewels. These women are the best-beloved of his harem. They wear upon their heads vases filled with the most delicate viands, and they walk behind the Sultan's horse with the young slaves, called korkoa, armed with lances, and with a troop of flute-players. They move on with music and singing, and even the young girls join in the concert. When the prince has reached the open country, he gets out of the saddle, and taking different kinds of grain whilst a slave turns up the ground with a hoe, casts them in. This is the first seed that falls in the country where the Sultan then is. Afterwards the kings, viziers, the officers of the court, following the example of the Sultan, also cast in grain, and the whole plain is soon quickened for the harvest. This done, the dishes are brought by the young girls, and spread out before the Sultan, who begins to eat with his courtiers. Then the whole party get into the saddle again, and return in a grand cavalcade to the Fasher. This Festival of the Sowing is one of the most solemn in Darfur.

#### A TERRIBLE SULTAN.

The Sultans of Soudan affect an imposing and terrific appearance, so that no one unaccustomed to address them can speak without fear. It is related that Sultan Tyrab, of Darfur, once sent to some Bedawin Arabs an elephant to feed and bring up. This huge animal committed great destruction, but no one dared to interfere with it.

At last, however, the people went to the Sheikh and complained, saying,—"What an enemy we have here in this elephant! Why, when the Sultan sent it to thee, didst thou not observe that we were poor people, unable to bring up such a monstrous beast? Thou hast received this parasite without saying a word. He devours our provisions and destroys everything. Get rid of the accursed brute, or we will kill it."

"But," replied the Sheikh, "I should not dare to say these things to the Sultan."

"Take me with thee," quoth a Bedawin; "if thou art afraid, I will speak. I only ask one thing, that thou shouldst begin by saying, 'The elephant!' Then the Sultan will ask, 'What of the elephant?' and I will reply that the elephant behaves in such wise."

The Sheikh accordingly went one day with the Bedawin, and entered the Fasher on a Friday. On coming to the gate of the palace, they saw a personage ride out on horseback, with tambourines beating and trumpets sounding.

"Is that the Sultan?" said the bold Bedawin to his companion.

"No, it is one of his viziers."

Then the orator began to tremble, and to say,—"How, then, is the Sultan?"

Immediately afterwards another personage came forth, surrounded by soldiers, dressed in brilliant garments, preceded by horsemen, and accompanied by music.

"That, at least is our master!" quoth the Bedawin, stupefied.

"No, it is only one of the grand viziers."

The poor man then began to understand the danger of his position. His heart leaped, and he was afraid. At this moment the Ab galloped into the Fasher, surrounded by a crowd of horsemen, and with prodigious pomp. The roaring of the tambourines was deafening.

"How terrible is the Sultan!" exclaimed the Bedawin, who, on learning that he was still mistaken, wished the earth would open and swallow him up. Then the Sultan himself came forth amidst the crash of cymbals, the roaring of drums, and the trampling of horses. It seemed as if heaven and earth were coming together. The Sultan halted, and the soldiers ranged themselves in two lines. Then the Bedawin Sheikh advanced, and exclaimed aloud,—"May God protect our master, and make him victorious over his enemies!—The elephant!"

"What of the elephant?" said the Sultan.

The Sheikh winked at his companion, and whispered, "It is now thy turn to speak."

But the unhappy orator had not a word to say.

"Why," exclaimed the Sultan, in a terrible voice, "what of the elephant?"

The Sheikh, seeing that he was to have no assistance, and fearing punishment, replied,—"The elephant—why, the elephant is unhappy because he is alone. We wish thee to give us another elephant to keep him company."

"Let them have another elephant," said the Sultan; and they accordingly departed, and returned to their tribe with a huge brute, bigger than the former one.

"What is this?" said the people; "we sent you to get rid of one nuisance, and you bring us another."

"Ah! my friends," said the orator, who now at length found his tongue, "there never was a man who has such presence of mind and neatness of expression as your Sheikh. Thank God, who has given you such a blessing!"

The second elephant was accepted, and no more was said.

#### AN "INFERNAL CITY."

Few strangers from the Magreb, or any other country, who are at all accustomed to easy living, can make up their minds to settle at Mourzouk. They say that a learned man, in Ulema, once came to teach at that city. He was immediately surrounded by disciples; the crowd came to his lessons; he was listened to with avidity—which is the supreme happiness of men of science: yet, in spite of this, one morning the worthy Ulema ran away from the place in a great hurry. He could not put up with it any longer. "It is impossible to stand it," said he. "Wherefore?" inquired some one.—"Wherefore? Why, because he is the veritable image of hell. Hell is hot,—so is Mourzouk: the damned are black,—so are the people of Mourzouk: hell has seven gates,—so has Mourzouk. What the deuce do you expect one to do in a place which completely answers the definition of hell?" So away he went as fast as he could.

#### A MODEL PARLIAMENT IN THE DESERT.

On the arrival of Bou-Bekr the tribe collected in a general council to deliberate. Every one, old and young, came to discuss the general situation. I shall always remember the impression which this assembly produced upon me, and the freedom with which all the members expressed their opinions. Young people, children from twelve to fifteen years of age, equally with the reverend people of the tribe, had a deliberative voice, and were listened to without excitement or indifference. No one held back from giving an opinion, and all opinions were duly weighed and considered. It was really a marvellous thing to see old men listening to, and weighing the words of, unbearded youths and mere children. The sight of no assembly ever moved me more. Such things are not seen, I believe, in any other country. An assembly so calm, so attentive, so grave, representing all ages, gathered together to discuss a question of general interest to all ranks, is a model to be imitated by the peoples of the earth. I know not how behave the deliberative councils of France and England, but I am persuaded that both French and English might go and take a lesson of gravity and freedom, an example for the forms of public discussion, in the deserts of Africa, among the children of the tribes of Bischr. There are savages who have some good in them; there is wisdom even among louts; there are simpletons who can teach the wise; just as in the desert there are some oases, some spots of greenery.

Ceylon has been pronounced by tradition the original Eden of our race. Mr. Sullivan does his best to put down this belief. What with excessive heat, damp, drought, pestilential dews, filthy water, disgusting Cingalese, cobras, mosquitos, scorpions, leeches, "ticks," and other natives, we should prefer any sort of paradise to this. We love the elephant too well to appreciate the sport of flooring "an enormous animal with an incredibly small piece of lead;" and as to the coffee, we prefer to drink it in France—where it is chicory.

Mr. Sullivan writes in the "fast" style, which, were it not for too frequent a *turn* of phrase, we should not be disposed to cavil at, content to take travelling authors as we find them, for better or for worse, always on condition that they write unaffectedly and without literary pretensions. Mr. Sullivan, we fear, is scarcely amenable to this indulgent reception. He is too fond of rushing in where wiser men would at least tread with circumspection. He is too prone to dogmatise, where graver men would speak with diffidence. With equal assurance and levity he derides Christian missionaries and Buddhist doctrines. What he says of the missionaries may be true; any acute observer can test the success and the sincerity of their labours, but we may be permitted to doubt whether a few weeks' gallop is sufficient to give even so shrewd a traveller a profound insight into the genius of a religion embracing the most numerous portion of the human race. With these imperative reservations we have found *The Bungalow and the Tent* clever and amusing. There is no cant of any sort in the book, a recommendation worthy of emphatic acknowledgment.



and we are hurried on from chapter to chapter by an incessant rattle of animal spirits and vivacity. Mr. Sullivan confesses himself more at home in the saddle than with a gun, but his campaign in the jungle is picturesquely told, and his occasional remorse betrays "a soul above" sport. The visit to a coffee plantation is described with intelligence and accuracy.

We owe it to Mr. Sullivan to warn him against a propensity to mistake slang for wit. In a writer so animated and well-informed, so weak a substitute is doubly regrettable.

We extract a few of the most salient of Mr. Sullivan's experiences and reflections. His apology for Lord Torrington's severities in '48 is, we know, the opinion entertained by all who were in Ceylon at the time of that rebellion, which, but for the energetic measures of the governor, threatened to become a really formidable conspiracy. The following explanation of the execution of the Buddhist priest is, we believe, a correct statement of the facts:—

The lies circulated about the Buddhist priest who was executed at Kandy, were at once the offspring of personal dislike and of popularity-seeking philanthropy. The priest was arrested in the very act of administering to hundreds of rebels an oath of enmity and revenge against the British inhabitants. If individual treason is a capital offence, he deserved death; if exciting a nation to revolt is criminal, he doubly deserved it; and if debasing and misapplying the influence of his priestly office could add to his crime, he had trebly earned his fate. The account of his being shot in his robes,—which was compared to shooting the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury in full canonicals,—was simply a fabrication, which designing men saw might be foisted upon the British public, whose ignorance of Cingalese customs might lead them to suppose that the priest's robe was that only used in religious ceremonies, and that the degradation of the national faith was as much the object of the government as the individual punishment of the traitor himself. Such, however, was not the case; the Buddhist priests don the saffron robe on entering the priesthood, or rather on becoming students, and never lay it aside till they retire from the service, or till they quit their human form for that of a cobra or an elephant. They have no other article of dress whatever, and if the priest had been deprived of that, he must have been exposed quite naked, degraded and disgraced, before all his people.

The punishment of treason was inflicted on him by a military court, and he would have suffered equally, whether he had been a Brahmin or a Mahomedan, a Protestant or a Roman Catholic. He was tried and executed in the dress in which his crime was committed. Do we suppose that those who lynched the Monk Clement, or shot the preachers of the Scotch covenant, waited to divest them of their ordinary attire, or intended to degrade the faith while they punished the traitor?

Not only was Lord Torrington perfectly warranted in acting as he did, but he would have had ample reason on his side had he forfeited the whole of the Buddhist property in the island.

Here is Mr. Sullivan's onslaught on the Missionaries:—

It is an ungrateful office to decry the efforts of Missionaries in foreign countries, especially amongst savages and uneducated natives, but still it is undeniably the duty of travellers to offer the fruits of their experience, gathered in the several parts of the world they may have visited, and to expose the almost utter uselessness of a system that deprives the mother country of the energies of some of the most zealous and noble of her children, and squanders sums that, if expended at home, would bring to perfection fruit that has been implanted on good soil, but from neglect and want of attention is suffered to rot and perish.

My experience, gathered from visits amongst the Indians of North and South America, the Arabs of Asia, and the natives of Ceylon and India, and supported by the testimony and opinion of unprejudiced persons, whose long residence amongst them had made them acquainted with all their habits, leads me to believe, that scarcely one real convert, whose belief is sincere and lasting, annually rewards the labours of the hundreds who are engaged in the spiritual warfare. This opinion may appear incredible, and too frightful to be believed, and Exeter Hall would decidedly crush any one who ventured to assert such a fact, but two instances will prove that it is not entirely without foundation. The Abbé Dubois, who was for upwards of fifteen years the most energetic and enlightened of Roman Catholic Missionaries in India, declared when leaving that country, that during the whole period of his labours, he had not made one sincere Christian. A Baptist Missionary I visited in the Sioux country, told me that during thirteen years of uninterrupted residence and labour among the Indians, in which time he had educated scores of children, and translated two or three of the Gospels, he could not say that he had made one single convert whose profession was sincere. If the humane and Christian population of England would only inquire into these things, and instead of wasting their energies and their means in useless attempts to convert the heathen, whose time is not yet come, would unite to convert the heathen at home, they would find their labour crowned with certain success instead of as certain disappointment.

#### SNAKES IN CEYLON.

Ceylon is certainly a grand place for the study of ophiology, and the varieties are more numerous than charming. It is curious that, although every one of the four orders of Reptilia are represented in each hemisphere, not one appears in exactly the same form; the serpents, alligators, batrachians, and chelonians of either hemisphere, though excessively similar, are not identical. All this must be a source of great interest and delight to the naturalist, but to the traveller it is not always a cause of so much satisfaction. It may not be uninteresting to name a few of the varieties, and their peculiarities, as stated by competent authorities. Omitting all such as are oviparous, and are innocuous, except from their strength, I will mention those that are ovoviviparous and poisonous. Of cobras or hooded snakes there are four kinds—the *Cobra di Capello*, or *serpent à lunettes*, esteemed sacred by the Buddhist, and looked upon as the emblem of wisdom, but still slain on all occasions; the *Cobra Minalle*, with whose peculiarities I am not acquainted; the *Cobra di Morto*, a delightful variety, of some six or nine inches in length, with a skull and cross-bones marked on the head!! (I give the story as it was told to me, but it is only fair to say I don't believe it); its bite is almost instantaneously fatal; the *Cobra Aurelia*, about six inches long, that displays a predilection for crawling into person's ears, and causing death by frenzy (*vide* "Hamlet"). Of these four species, I can only speak from experience of the *Cobra di Capello*, never having seen any individual of the other three. The Minny Polonga, or *Tio Polonga*, are the most common in the Kandian country; they are very quick and lively in their movements, and their bite is not attended with the fearful agony that generally accompanies snake venom. The bite is succeeded by a lethargic apathy, very much like that induced by laudanum, and the only chance of saving the patient is to keep him moving, for if once allowed to sleep, it is the sleep of death, that knows no waking.

Of all snakes the cobra is the most beautiful, and when erect, with its hood expanded, gracefully moving in time to the music, it is certainly a most striking and fascinating object; its eye, which is in general leaden and heavy, becomes, under the influence of music, intensely bright and glittering. This effect is heightened by the fact of snakes having no eyelids; the eye, although so beautiful, is not strong, and

cannot bear any strong glare. This was well known to the ancients, who had an idea that the flash of an emerald deprived them of sight. The poison from the fang of a cobra is like one or two drops of laudanum. It is said, and I believe with truth, that it loses a joint of its tail every time it expends its poison. The cobra is *par excellence* the sacred snake among Hindoos and Buddhists, and with the latter has attained that enviable position from a myth of its having with its hood shaded Buddha, when sleeping, from the sun. It must have been a "pretty considerable tall snake that, and no mistake." The Cingalese believe that there is a world full of cobras, whose forms are tenanted by the souls of men, who, in life, had been free from every vice but malice: they are Buddhists in faith, worship in temples, reside in furnished houses, and enjoy society, living on the best of "chicken fixings,"—they may, in fact, have any variety of food they can desire, with this peculiarity, that it must always assume the form of a frog. They have a king, who is the biggest; and they retain the distinctions of high and low caste; the light-coloured snakes constituting the former, the darker ones the latter. I cannot imagine what there is so enticing in the existence or habits of snakes, that should have induced people in all ages to covet their form in a future state? Cadmus and his wife, after having, by-the-by, had a good deal to do with dragons and snakes in their lifetime, were by choice converted into snakes; and the pet boy of one of the mission schools at Kandy, being asked by a visitor what he hoped to become in a future state, answered, "A cobra." The delight of living in a land free from snakes and other noxious insects, is a blessing which we do not appreciate till we have experienced the horror and annoyance of the contrary.

#### THE CEYLON RIFLES.

The Rifles were originally recruited entirely by Malays from the eastern islands, the recruiting head-quarters being at Singapore; but, for some reason, the service has within the last few years become unpopular, and few can be persuaded to join. The only Malays, therefore, that now join the ranks are youngsters born and bred in the regiment itself. The vacancies have lately been filled up chiefly by Kaffirs.

The Kaffirs, notwithstanding their thick skulls and unintellectual appearance, have a very remarkable turn for music; and seven-eighths at least of the rifle band keep time to the dulcet tones with blubber lips, woolly heads, and heels of African elongation. A belief has commonly prevailed in England that thin lips are advantageous for good execution on wind instruments, especially the flute and cornet-a-piston; but this theory seems unfounded, for the Kaffir solo-players of the rifle band, with lips of any imaginary dimensions, both as regards width and thickness, strike the highest notes with as much clearness and precision as any European performer could boast of; they are also excellent timeists.

The Ceylon Rifles are held in particular dread and abhorrence by the natives; and the latter feeling, without being tempered by any dread whatever, is the reciprocal sentiment of the Rifles, especially the Malays. In 1848 this feeling was illustrated by many, and in some cases bloody, instances. The Rifles are active, dapper men, and well drilled for a field day; but, unfortunately, coming of races used to their own peculiar kind of warfare from childhood, they find it difficult to forget the manners and customs of their fathers, and are rather apt, in the heat of an engagement, to forget their European education, and discarding all the advantages of discipline and mutual dependence, to break their ranks, fling away their muskets, and, trusting entirely to their daggers and kreeses, to rush upon the enemy in their national manner, and work away each man on his own hook. This, of course, answers very well in bush-fighting; but if opposed by discipline, would be utterly fatal. In several instances in the rebellion of 1848, the detachments sent against the Kandians disobeyed the orders of their officers, and, to use an expression especially applied to the Malays, "ran a muck" amongst their opponents. The loss they inflicted on the Kandians is not well ascertained, but there is little doubt that it was severe.

#### AN ELEPHANT WORKING.

We passed an elephant working on the road, and it was most interesting to watch the half-reasoning brute; he was tearing out large roots from the ground by means of a chain and hook, fastened round his neck with a species of collar. He pulled like a man, or rather like a number of men, with a succession of steady hauls, throwing his whole weight into it, and almost going down on his knees, turning round every now and then to see what progress he was making. Really the instinct displayed by the elephant in its domesticated state is little short of reason in its fullest sense. There is no doubt they do think, and also act upon experience and memory, and their capacity seems to increase in an extraordinary degree from their intercourse with man. The remarkable nicety and trouble they take in squaring and arranging the blocks of hewn stone when building a bridge is incredible, unless seen; they place them with as much skill as any mason, and will return two or three times to give the finishing touches when they think the work is not quite perfect. They retire a few yards, and consider what they have effected, and you almost fancy you can detect them turning their sagacious old noddles on one side, and shutting one eye in a knowing manner, to detect any irregularity in the arrangement. Sidney Smith's anecdotes of elephants' reason, in his Lectures on Moral Philosophy, although most astonishing, do not fail for the want of corroboration. I heard numerous anecdotes almost as extraordinary as those he mentions; and, amongst others, one of an elephant at Tinnevely that had been engaged all day in piling logs of timber, but in the evening, becoming angry at some promise his keeper had neglected to fulfil, he went of his own accord and undid every stroke of work he had completed during the day.

#### HOSPITALITY IN CEYLON.

Hospitality is genuine and unrestricted among the planters in Ceylon; you ride up to a bungalow, put your horse into the stable, enter the house, and if the owner be at home introduce yourself, or if you have a companion introduce him, and he performs the same kind office for you; if the owner is not in, you nevertheless introduce yourself to his butler, as the housekeepers are called, light a cheroot, call for beer, &c., and make yourself at home till his return. The conversation on entering a planter's bungalow, whether friend or not, is usually on this wise:—"Master at home?" "No, sar." "Beer got?" "Yes, sar." "Beer bring. Cheroot got?" "Yes, sar." "Now, then, you nigger, bring a light, and get something to eat." "Yes, sar." This free-and-easy way of proceeding is expected and universally practised. It is a sort of communism of the pleasantest description, and is necessitated by the state and extent of the population; for where bungalows are twelve and twenty miles apart, roads barely passable, and weather during six months of the year inclement, the wonted ceremonious and formal introductions of more civilised society would be out of place, and highly disagreeable to the hungry, moistened voyager.

#### LIFE OF A COFFEE-PLANTER.

The life of a coffee-planter is monotonous to a degree, and to any one without very considerable powers of solitary intellectual enjoyment, would be little short of unbearable. During the crop season, from the middle of October or beginning of November to the end of February, he can, indeed, find constant employment for eyes and ears, in watching and listening to the monotonous rattle of the pulpers, as they divest the coffee-berry of its scarlet overcoat; but this is a kind of occupation that would surfeit the most patient in a few days; there is not the slightest interest in it; and if his mind is engaged at all, it must be with objects outside the pulping-house, rather than with those within. The manager or owner on his estate in crop season is in this

position; he cannot accelerate the work much by his presence, but he knows that if he is absent, the business will be retarded. During the other months of the year, hoeing and weeding, thinking of dinner, and wondering whether the bug will visit him, or whether he will ever be clear from its present attack, form the chief employment and most interesting speculation of the coffee-planter in the jungle.

#### CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

The manner of catching them is simple enough, and, with the stealthy, cat-like peculiarities of the Moormen of Ceylon, is attended with little danger. When a herd has been discovered, in which there are young ones, they watch them till mid-day, when they are either drowsy or asleep, and then creeping up behind with ropes, fasten their hind legs together; they then set up loud yells and fire guns, to frighten away the old ones. The course of education afterwards pursued is very simple, but speedy and effective: they are left tied, with no water or food, for three or four days, when these requisites are administered as sparingly as possible; in a week they become so tractable as to kneel down and rise up at the word of command.

#### ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

My idea of the sport, from that day's experience, was, that in ordinary cases it was one of two extremes—either too tame to afford the necessary amount of excitement, or too dangerous to leave much room for agreeable sensations. The shooting is very difficult, and requires the sportsman to be almost as quick a snap shot as if firing at snipe. Of course, when the elephant stands till you take a deliberate pot-shot at his head at short pistol range, anybody who does not shut his eyes when firing, may make certain of killing; but in thick jungle, when he is moving rapidly about, and only exposing the vulnerable parts of his body for a second or two at a time, the hunter must be as quick as lightning. Elephant and snipe-shooting illustrate the old adage, that extremes frequently meet. In the former case you slay an enormous animal with an incredibly small piece of lead; in the latter, you destroy a minute bird with an expenditure of powder and lead equally disproportioned; and in both cases it is snap-shooting, and the one depends almost as much on practice as the other.

#### THE POWER OF AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

One has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is: but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant; for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick up a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a 20-man power forcing-pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop!

#### A NEW NOVELIST.

*Afraja, a Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway.* Translated from the German of Theodore Mägge, by Edward Joy Morris.

Sampson Low and Sons.

WE are informed by the translator of this work that the author is one of the most distinguished writers of fiction in Germany, and that *Afraja*, on its original publication in that country, in the spring of the present year, was received with considerable approbation by the public and the press. To a new candidate from abroad for literary honours in England we gladly offer our best welcome in the shape of a special and separate article. Our author's book is well worth reading on many accounts, and might have been suffered to recommend itself by its own merits to the English public. But the translator, Mr. Morris (apparently an American), has not thought it desirable to let Mr. Theodore Mägge work his way by himself. In a short introductory preface of only two pages, Mr. Morris contrives, in two ways, to show want of tact and taste. In the first place, he tries to recommend *Afraja* by quoting a perfectly conventional German "puff," in its honour, by a writer entirely unknown to the English public. In the second place, he tries to strengthen the weak and false position in which he has already placed the German author, by asserting that his work is a model of moral purity as to tone and sentiment, and that it is likely to act as a proper corrective, in England, to the unhealthy and depraved influences of our own contemporary fictitious literature. This assertion—on the bad taste of which it is needless to comment—is as false, in reference to our modern English novels, as the eulogium which precedes it is false in reference to Mr. Theodore Mägge. Our main objection to his book is, that, in one portion of the story at least, the morality is not only doubtful, but decidedly bad.

The great excellence of *Afraja* lies in its freshness of subject. Scenes in the wildest parts of Norway, and manners and customs among the Northerners a hundred years ago, are new material indeed for the historical novelist to work with. Our author's descriptions of scenery are vivid and interesting in a very remarkable degree. He evidently has a hearty admiration for the grander and sublimer beauties of nature, and possesses the rare gift of being really able to communicate what he feels to his readers. So, again, there is unmistakable vigour in his pictures of life among the savage tribes in the remotest fastnesses of the North; and whenever he introduces us to the more civilised, but far less interesting, fishermen and traders farther south, we are always impressed in the most agreeable way by his thorough knowledge of his subject, and his graphic power of turning it to the best literary advantage. The defects of the novel are of the usual German kind—want of directness of purpose and constructive power in the story, and indistinctness of outline in the drawing of most of the characters. The most skillfully-developed of the personages in this wild northern drama are a hard-hearted, avaricious old Norway trader; his daughter Ilda—a discreet, cool-blooded, sententious damsel—and Gula, the Lapland maiden, whom the trader's daughter has christianised and domiciled in her father's house. Gula is, in our opinion, by far the most successful character in the book. She interested us from the first; and it is in connexion with her that we take leave to object to our author's morality. Gula falls in love with a young Danish nobleman, who is forced to seek his fortune among the Norwegians, and who is represented as possessing all the high and honourable principles which are becoming to him as the hero of the book. He makes every appearance of returning the poor girl's affection—kisses her warmly—puts his arm round her waist—talks "soft nonsense" to her—and, only when his "intentions" become a matter of inquiry, finds out that he can never be more than a brother to her, because her relations are savages and unbelievers. This sort of behaviour—depraved as our national fiction may be in Mr. Morris's opinion—is, in the estimation of Englishmen, the behaviour of a scoundrel. But the German author does not seem to have the remotest

suspicion that his hero ought to suffer in anybody's estimation for his treacherous love-making to Gula. The Danish baron is actually rewarded at the end of the book, as if he was one of the most virtuous characters left alive on the author's hands! This may be German morality and American morality; but we absolutely deny that it will pass muster under any honest critical inspection in England.

We will now endeavour to substantiate the good opinion that we have expressed of the descriptions of scenery and pictures of life in *Afraja*, by giving a specimen or two of the author's matter and manner. Here is a bright, bold bit of landscape-painting in words:—

And, as he spoke, the illuminating orb triumphantly broke through the thick veil of cloud, and, as with a magic spell, lit up a countless array of islands, rocks, and gulfs. The Westford opened before the astonished vision of the Dane, and exhibited and sea in all their glory and splendour. Upon one side lay the coast of Norway, with its snowy summits. Salten loomed up behind, with its needle-like peaks, stretching with their inaccessible ice-covered declivities into the heavens, and its ravines and abysses half concealed in gloom. Upon the other side, six miles to the seaward of the Westford, extended a chain of dark islands far into the bosom of the ocean—a granite wall against which the ocean, in its most savage fury, for thousands of years had dashed its billows. Innumerable perpendicular pinnacles rose from this insular labyrinth—black, weather-beaten, and torn to their base by the tempests. Their bold summits were veiled by long lines of clouds, and from the gleaming beds of snow, the wondering blue eyes of Jökul turned to the swelling floods of the fiord, which, with their thousand white teeth, bit the bow of the yacht, shook it like a reed, and drew it into the abyss.

"Look there, now, how beautiful it is!" cried Björname, with a shout. "There are the Lofföden Islands. For twenty miles the view extends over land and sea, and all is grand and glorious. See the grey head of Vaagöen, how it beams in gold. Look how the old woman of Salten nods to him in her ruddy black mantle. Once they were two giants, children of night, a loving pair, who have here been transformed into rock, and must eternally remain such. Observe how the breakers leap against the rocks, in silvery columns; and see the vast circle of cliffs, whose extent no one has measured, upon which no human foot has ever trod, and where only the eagle, the cormorant, the falcon, and the gull have mounted. See the red-crested *skarfe* there on the crags, and the sea-geese, how they plunge into the green waves, followed by screaming flocks of gulls and falcons."

At a page or two further on, we find this striking description of Norway cod-fishing:—

During the interchange of these confidential expressions, the vessel had crossed the fiord, and rapidly approached Ostvaagen and the fishing-grounds. The small black points floating on the sea gradually enlarged, until finally they came clearly into view as heavy six-oared boats in which an incessant activity prevailed. The figures of the fishermen, as they raised their nets and rods, the tremble of the sun's rays upon their leather caps and sea-soaked jackets, the yaws moving about in all directions, and the thousand-voiced tumult, rising above the roar of the waves, united to form an animated picture which yet higher excited the feelings of Marstrand. He felt a longing to mingle in this motley throng; in his enthusiasm he forgot that, in spite of the sunshine, ice-cold gusts, plunging down from the Salten and the Tinden, sweep the sea; and that here, in the Polar zone, within a few minutes, the wildest winter-storm bursts, and with its terrors envelopes land and ocean. At present he thought only of the mirthful fishing uproar, which mocked these horrors. He saw only the fluttering flags on the vessels, and the houses and huts on the rocks and strand, and it seemed to him as if a festival of spring was being celebrated, as he heard the trumpeting and fiddling on the peaks of the grey head of the Vaagöen. He shouted for joy, as he saw a genuine Nordlander draw his net, with a ringed cod in every mesh. He waved his hat, as all did, as the vessel urged her way among the fishing smacks, and, surrounded by a hundred boats, whose crews shouted a hearty welcome, steered around the rocks, and to the harbour of the bay, where a number of large and small craft lay at anchor. Some time elapsed before a suitable position could be found in the line of vessels; but at last the cable rolled through the hawser-holes, and the "fair Ilda of Oerenæs" was secured by the long cables, and wearily shook off the drops which hung upon her bows and bulwarks.

Björname had his hands full, and it was some time before he could trouble himself about his passenger, who, from the quarter-deck, was attentively regarding the taking of fish, which, in all its details, was passing before his eyes. At the entrance of the bay, around an island of bare rock, called Skraaven, it was pursued with still greater activity. Five or six hundred boats, with three or four thousand fishermen, were there engaged in fishing. The nets were incessantly cast and drawn with song and shout; for all were overlaid with fish, and great care was observed in extricating them from the meshes, to prevent the laceration of the threads. At many other spots there were immense cables, to which more than a thousand angling rods were fastened; for the angle was more in use then than at present. The fishermen next hurried with their full boats into the bay, where, upon the rocks, scaffolds of poles, and tables for the disembowelling of the fish, and huts for shelter and rest were erected. The fish were brought hither from the boats, seized by blood-red hands, and thrown upon the tables. Sharp knives opened the body, with a grip of the finger the entrails were extracted, and, with a second cut, the head flew off into one tub, and the oily liver into another. The other parts were cast upon a nauseous heap of blood and viscera, and what a moment before was a living creature, hung, severed, and shaking in the wind, upon the drying-stand. The men pursued their murderous occupation with incredible dexterity and quickness. The lust of slaughter glowed in their eyes. They held the bloody knife between their teeth, whilst their hands were plunged in the belly of the dying creature, and, in their enthusiasm, they bit the unctuously fat livers, when they appeared unusually white and dainty. With naked arms, and broad, open bosoms spattered with blood, they looked like cannibals celebrating a horrid feast of triumph. They greedily sought for the largest and stoutest victims, exercised upon them their executioner's office with double zest, and made merry with the sufferings and violent struggles of the unfortunate wretches. Marstrand soon felt a disgust for this monotonous slaughter. He turned away, saying to himself, "It is cruel, cowardly torture—I will see no more of it. For this, twenty thousand men are attracted to these naked rocks; for this, they shout and yell like persons possessed, despite the storms of the polar sea. What a rude, coarse people—what an absence of humane sensations! No," continued he, "most of them would remain at home, were they not driven by necessity to these latitudes. And does not want also drive me into this land of ice and mountain?" said he, musingly. "But fish I cannot catch—accursed be this filthy, bloody business! A pestilential smell is wafted hither from the fishing-banks; and these heaps of entrails, these tubs of train-oil and livers, these bloody heads, these wild, screaming flocks of birds, seeking their share of the prey, these dirty, oil-reeking men there; the one is as disgusting and horrible as the other—"

Björname clapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed in his loud tones, "You must not meditate so much, friend John; you must be brisk and gay, for here every one is in good humour. The whole year through, young and old, rejoice for the fishing



at Loffoden; and no man in all Nordland hires himself out, without making it a condition that he shall join the expedition to the islands. How do you like it?"

"Better at a distance, than near at hand," said Marstrand, with a smile.

This picture of a church-interior in Norway gives an excellent specimen of our author in his best mood:—

A full hour elapsed before the parson made his appearance; and during this interval many worldly affairs were transacted in the porch, and even on the seats of the little weather-beaten, wooden church. Sales and purchases of fish, cattle, oil, and provisions were concluded; bargains of the most various kinds were laughed over, disputed, and drunk; and, in short, it was a gathering of the people for many miles, who availed themselves of this occasion to supply both their spiritual and temporal wants.

Finally, came the pastor of Lyngen; a large, broad-shouldered man, in a leathern coat, lined with green freize, and a wolf-skin thrown over it. After he had exchanged a dozen hand-shakings, and had complimented ladies and gentlemen, he put on the cope, and ascended the pulpit to deliver an interminably tiresome discourse. He had selected his theme from the fishing of the believer, who, trusting in the word of the Lord, had cast his net, and applied it to the prolific catch of that year, under thanks to a gracious God for the many large and fat fish which, by his command, swam in the Westford, there to fall into the hands of so many valiant Norwegian men.

Tired and bored by this monotonous discourse, Marstrand turned his attention from the preacher to the congregation, which he found much more interesting. He could not, in general, gainsay the opinion that a long residence in the inhospitable North, amid ice and bog, and tempests on sea and land, had impaired the beauty and strength of the Norman race. The weather-beaten, leathern-hued complexions of most of the assembly testified to a continual contest with nature, against which no tender organisation could maintain itself, and before which the hardiest and strongest often sank to the ground. Here no one lived for pleasure, and no one could exist but for the fish in the sea. The fishy odour which filled every cottage reeked also through this church; and even the preacher himself, whose red face glowed with the fire of toddy, and whose eyes shone with enthusiasm as he spoke of the fat fish, seemed to be a genuine worshipper of the great Fetisch, from whom came all the blessings of the land, and to whom all adoration was offered.

Several sprightly young men, with keen, strongly-marked features, distinguished themselves as advantageously among this mass of fish calculators and oil speculators as some young girls who, in their feather jackets and gold pins, were evidently conscious of their charms. Behind them, against the walls of the church, sat the fishermen, with their wives, as motionless as statues, and gazing with a fixed stare from beneath their long, falling hair, straight ahead. Gigantic Quanes, from the islands and the new settlements—ugly, stamp-nosed fellows, with small, sparkling eyes—hovered in the corners, together with their wives, in red gowns and flaunting kerchiefs, and hideous, monkey-visaged children by their sides.

Among all the women, however, in the church, who were modishly equipped in bonnet, cap, and ribbons, bought for them by their fathers and husbands in Bergen, but few could compare with Miss Ilda.

In her black, woollen dress, with her rich hair bound round with a velvet ribbon and fastened by a silver arrow, she was, as she sat by the side of Marstrand, in his opinion, the prettiest maiden in the assemblage. Here, for the first time, where many of her sex were gathered together, he recognised and confessed her superiority; and whether it proceeded from the fact that his eye was, for the first time, opened, never before did her commanding figure, her broad, arched brow, regularly formed face and large, mild eyes, appear to him so commendable. He lost the standard of beauty which he formerly held, and received in its stead another in the region in which he was now living.

"Among the blind the one-eyed is king," said he, jokingly, to himself. "I shall, however, never be able to persuade myself that Miss Ilda, as she sits there, tall and grand, strong-limbed and motionless of eye, is such a charming being as to set blood and nerves in motion." His thoughts flew from Ilda's cold, severe countenance, to the nimble-footed Gufa, revealing, with her pleasant smile, her white teeth, and nodding to him across the grass-plot before the door of the house at Orenæs. Yes, if she had something of the nature of that child, he thought to himself; if the pillow of salt could only move and breathe, life would awaken life.

Meanwhile, the preacher held valiantly on; and at length, as Marstrand congratulated himself he was nearly at an end, the discourse took a sudden turn upon his own personal concerns, and the holy man, in the most strenuous manner, reminded his audience of their obligations and duty to him after so rich a fishery.

"This is the day of offerings!" he shouted, as he thumped the pulpit, "and I advise you also not to be so miserly and niggardly as many among you for a long time have been. I will not mention names: you will understand me sufficiently, and will see to it, that I may be able to drink to your prosperity. Think of it, dear friends and neighbours; consider of the great care and trouble I undergo for your sakes, and that I am a Norman of good blood and family, and not a Lapp, who can live on fish-heads and frozen cheese. Search your pockets, and bring out what you have designed for me; and if it be too little, add to it, and make it better than the last time, when it was a shame for Lyngensford Parish to see with what a light purse I went home. And now, receive the blessing; and I hope you will act properly towards your friend Heinrich Sture."

If our readers are pleased with these specimens of *Afraga*, we can honestly recommend them to open the volume for themselves. They will find it full of passages equal in merit and interest to any that we have quoted.

#### AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.* By Grace Greenwood.

Bentley.

THERE is nothing very new in this little volume, either as to the scenes visited or the impressions produced by them; but all is so pleasantly described, the writer's enjoyment is so fresh and genuine, her perceptions so keen, and her appreciation so just, that it is impossible to read it without a certain sympathy. The style is exceedingly good—very free from those peculiarities which we call "Americanisms;" here and there we find a slight excess of adjectives and enthusiasm, but there is no affectation in this; it is the genuine pleasure of an imaginative and cultivated mind, enjoying the gratification of beholding for the first time scenes and persons hallowed by intellectual or historical associations. The tour may be said to commence at Liverpool, whence, after visiting some few "shrines" in the midland counties, the authoress proceeds to London. During her short stay there, she seems to have had the good fortune to see some of its best intellectual society, and to have appreciated it thoroughly. After excursions to Ireland and Scotland, she proceeds through Paris to Rome, naturally her chief object; visits Naples, Genoa, Venice, and other Italian cities, and returns through the Tyrol, *via* Strasburg and Paris, to London, where we part

company. Of all these places she has brought away very pleasing daguerrotypes, from which we shall make a few extracts.

Here is a visit to the sister of Robert Burns:—

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns,—Mrs. Begg and her daughters,—who, we had been assured, were kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Begg lives in a simple little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birthplace, where all who seek her with a respectful interest receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Begg is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter, or her eyes finer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and ladylike, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Naysmith's portrait of her brother is very marked—her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his both by pictures and description—large, dark, lustrous, and changing. Those eyes shone with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy in his sorrows, and our honour for his free and manly spirit—when I told her that the new world, as the old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such noble recognition of his greatness!" she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;" then added that his death chamber was darkened and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. I was reminded by her words of the expression of an old Scotch dame in our country, on hearing of the completion of this monument: "Puir Rob! he asked for bread, and now they gie him a stane."

A republican's impression of a royal prorogation of Parliament deserves a place:—

Her Majesty wore a splendid tiara of brilliants, matched by bracelets, necklace, and stomacher. Her soft, brown hair was dressed quite plainly—rolled in the neck as for riding. Her under-dress was of white satin, striped with gold; her over-dress was, of course, of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold and ermine. After desiring the lords to be seated, the Queen commanded that her "faithful Commons" should be summoned. The members of the lower house are only allowed a narrow, ignoble space, railed off from the chamber, under the gallery, opposite the throne. Into this they soon came, hurrying, and tumbling, with a sad want of aristocratic dignity and parliamentary decorum. While the speaker was reading his formal speech I looked round upon the scene, striving to stamp it indelibly upon my memory. The vast chamber itself, gorgeous in crimson and gold, frescoes rich and historic, carving exquisite beyond description, the pride and loveliness of England's aristocracy, with the emblems of its exhaustless wealth, splendidly attired and decorated officers of state, or the army, and of the royal household, grouped about the throne, and *her* upon the throne.

Throughout the reading of the speech, Her Majesty listened with a cold, quiet manner, sitting perfectly motionless, even to her fingers and eyelids. The Iron Duke, standing at her left, bent and trembled slightly, supporting, with evident difficulty, the ponderous sword of state. Prince Albert, sitting, tall and soldier-like, in his handsome field-marshal's uniform, looked nonchalant and serene, and only needed his meerschaum to make up a perfect picture of German placidity. The Earl of Derby held the crown on its crimson cushion, gracefully, like an accomplished waiter presenting an ice. That crown smote on the eye with its intolerable brightness. The wondrous costly jewels seemed to throb with life, the undying life of light. O immortal stones, on how many scenes like this have ye looked, with your cold gleaming eyes, mocking alike the proud flash in the bold eyes of mighty kings, and the smiling light in the gentle eyes of fair queens—mocking, indeed, all the passing power, and the perishing glory ye are meant to adorn and emblazon, and the mournful mortality, the deathward throbbing, of the brows ye encircle!

After the reading of this speech, certain bills were read to Her Majesty for her assent; which she gave each time with a gracious bow, shaking sparkles from her diamond tiara in dewdrops of light. At every token of royal acquiescence, a certain personage, whom I took for an herald, bowed low towards the Queen, then performed a similar obeisance towards the Commons, crying, in a harsh, and utterly indescribable voice, "*La Reine le veut.*" This ceremony gone through with, the lord chancellor, kneeling at the foot of the throne, presented a copy of the royal speech to the Queen, which she proceeded to read in a manner perfectly simple, yet dignified, and in a voice singularly melodious and distinct. Finer reading I never heard anywhere; every syllable was clearly enunciated, and the emphasis fell with unerring precision upon the right word.

The Lord Chancellor having formally announced that parliament stood prorogued until the 20th of August, Her Majesty rose as majestically as could be expected of one more remarkable for rosy plumpitude than regal altitude. Prince Albert took his place at her side—the crown-bearer took his in front—the train-bearers took theirs in the rear; the royal procession formed, swept slowly forth, the brilliant house broke up and followed; and so the splendid pageant passed away—faded like a vision of poetry, or a fairy enchantment.

There is a good deal of truth in the following comments upon the vexed question of Church ceremonial:—

On descending we found one or two vicars, and a little crowd of white-gowned boys, performing service in the chapel. We heard the organ rolling its melodious thunder through the solemn arches, and the choristers singing a beautiful anthem. But, beyond the solemnity of sound, the grandeur of noble music, the English worship struck me as utterly unsuited to the splendour of old Catholic cathedrals. It has form without poetry, ceremony without mystery. It is wanting in the ideal and picturesque; and so, to the outward eye at least, comparatively cold and tasteless. There is a dreary bareness, an incompleteness, about a vast cathedral like this, without the warmth and glory spread abroad by pictures of saints and "the Virgin of virgins," without the grace of sculpture, the pomp of gorgeous priestly robes, the silvery wreaths of incense, the radiance of illuminated altars, and, above all, the presence of a kneeling crowd of fervent and humble worshippers. If we are to have a religion of form, let it be the perfection of form, say many in these days; if we are to worship through the outward and visible, let at least our types and symbols be beautiful and harmonious. In a country of consecrated cathedrals, and churches denuded and despoiled of their fitting and legendary accessories, I can easily understand this Puseyite reaction. Though it is undoubtedly in many directions a strike for power, it is in some a mere rebellion of taste. This sentimental passion for all things mediæval, from the illuminated prayer-book of the noble lady to the Gothic red-brick country-houses of the retired grocer—this rage for mockingly tapestry, ingeniously-uncomfortable chairs, and hideous old saints in stained glass, is a part of the same religious back set.

Here is an amusing sketch of a peculiar "industrie," the "artist-model," in Rome:—

I am a good deal interested and amused by the professional models who "most do congregate" on the great flight of steps leading up to the Trinità di Monti from the Piazza di Spagna. There are often to be seen picturesque and varied groups, and single figures of striking character. Handsome peasant women, with charming brown babies—wild, long-haired boys from the mountains—raven-bearded young men and snowy-headed old men—and coquettish young girls, with flashing eyes and dashing costumes. There is one grand-looking old man, with a bounteous white beard, who is said to do a great business in the saintly and patriarchal line. He is a multitudinous Moses, an inexhaustible St. Joseph, and the pictorial stock Peter of many seasons. There is also a powerful, handsome, dark, and terrible-looking fellow, who does the brigand and bravo.

These various candidates for artistic favour seem to have the most social and agreeable relations with each other—indeed, I have remarked the patriarch chatting and laughing with the brigand in a familiar manner, scarcely in keeping with his own venerable character. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps, and, presto! the dark-eyed young girls cease their idle gossip, and spring into position—look archly or mournfully over the left shoulder, or with clasped hands modestly contemplate the pavement—the pretty peasant woman snatches up the baby she had left to creep about at its own sweet will, and bends over it tender and Madonna-like, while, at a word from her, a skin-clad little shepherd boy drops his game of pitch penny, and takes up his rôle of St. John. Perhaps a dark, dignified, but somewhat rheumatic old woman, with her head wrapped up in a brown cloth, makes a modest venture of herself as St. Anna, while the fine old man I have described makes the most of the comparatively unimportant character of St. Joseph, or, separating himself entirely from the group, looks authoritative as Moses, or inspired as Isaiah, or resolute as Peter. The handsome bravo or brigand gives a fiercer twist to his moustache, slouches his pointed black hat, appears to be concealing a dagger under his brown cloak, or on the point of drawing an imaginary pistol from his belt, sets his teeth, scowls, and cultivates the diabolical generally in attitude and expression. It is altogether a very amusing and skilful piece of canvassing.

The authoress administers a very just reproof in the passage we are about to quote. However it may humble our national pride to receive lessons on good breeding from our younger sister, America, it cannot be denied that in this particular—the treatment of women (no slight criterion of civilisation, by-the-by)—we are much inferior. The remark applies equally to "the politest nation in the world," our opposite neighbour. Women in France and England are dependent on the courtesy of individuals for the consideration which in America is secured to them by public opinion. Nor can we take refuge in the belief that the difference does not extend to essentials: in America, wife-beating is not an institution.

The Covent Garden Opera House is a grand sight of itself, and the getting up of this opera surpassed all I had ever beheld in scenic splendour. The audience was large—brilliant, in spite of the season—apparently appreciative, and certainly enthusiastic. But it is my unpleasant duty to record that on this night I saw a most striking evidence of the want of gallantry in English gentlemen. In the pit, more tickets had been sold than there were seats to answer; and I saw fair, delicate young ladies, and feeble-looking, elderly ladies, stand during the entire performance, more than four hours, while around them on every side sat vigorous-looking young men, and burly, middle-aged gentlemen, apparently without once thinking of offering to the half-fainting women, even for a little time, the seats which in many cases they had secured by superior force and astounding rudeness, in rushing before and crowding back the "weaker vessels," whose maiden modesty and feminine independence they sentimentalise about and take advantage of. I could not pay too high a tribute to the English gentlemen I have met in society for their kindly courtesy and dignified politeness; but I must say that no roughest bores, I had almost said bears, can surpass in rude selfishness and cool incivility the promiscuous Britons in omnibuses and steamers, the general John Bull of public assemblies. My own countrymen, how inexpressibly proud I feel of them for the generous kindness, the chivalric gallantry, which everywhere mark their manner towards woman, in whatever guise or character she appeals to them. How gratefully and mournfully I think of them when I am elbowed and thrust hither and thither in crowded passages to places of amusement, or when I am sent pitching headlong to the farthest end of an omnibus—for here the gentlemen move towards, not from, the door, when a lady gets into that commodious vehicle. O young and gallant republican, let it still be your pride to sustain this honourable distinction of the American gentleman—a chivalric consideration for woman; yet be grateful, not boastful; for, as the old Turk said to his son, while pointing to the Franks, "But for the special grace of God, you might have been as one of these."

We conclude with a very life-like picture of the illumination of St. Peter's:—

In the afternoon there came on a terrific rain-storm; but it slackened up towards evening, so that we drove over to St. Peter's in some slight expectation of seeing the illumination. The piazza was very dark and dismal, but there was evidently some preparation for lighting up. The rain ceased, and for nearly an hour the heavens were clear, and the stars came out, as though curious to see what sort of a glare and spurt of light would be brought out in rivalry of their serene and eternal brightness. But gradually there came up, just behind St. Peter's, a heavy black cloud, which for a time only threatened to give grander effect to the illumination, but which rose and rose, and spread and spread, till it covered the whole heavens, and curtailed off the stars for the night. Suddenly, with one common consent, that great expectant crowd broke up in disappointment, and scattered in haste, but not in time to escape the storm borne heavily in the bosom of that cloud, which came down in thick sheets, in actual strata of rain. Monday was also unpropitious; but on Tuesday night the noble display came off under the most favourable circumstances. We were on the ground at an early hour, and watched, almost from the beginning, the curious process of lighting up. At first, we could distinctly see the workmen swarming over the vast edifice, let down by ropes from lofty cornices, swinging and running like spiders about the most perilous places. But as the twilight deepened we lost sight of the agents, and all seemed to go on by magic. The lights, which were tapers in small paper lanterns, climbed the pillars, stole in and out of the sculptures of the capitals, arched over the windows, ran along the cornices, scaled the dome, mounted to the summit, and sprang out on to the arms of the cross. At last it seemed to stand complete—every line, and angle, and curve of that wonder of architecture seemed to live out in light. But the sight, though beautiful, was not grand nor dazzlingly brilliant. The building actually looked smaller than usual; the innumerable tapers shone softly, and twinkled like stars. It was as though the church had been rained upon by a meteoric shower, or though the milky way had wound itself about it from summit to base.

But at the second illumination, instantaneously, universally, the vast building and the long colonnades leaped from that soft-shaded life into living flame. It seemed that the sacred fire had descended upon the cross, which first blazed forth, or that it had been lit by lightning. Great, glorious lights burst out of the darkness in a thousand unsuspected places, some pointing steadily towards heaven, some streaming like

red banners on the winds of night. They swung between the pillars of the colonnades, they throbbed among distant shadows, they flashed on near columns and cornices, they made the dome look like a globe on fire! There was something so marvellously beautiful, so almost incredible, in the sight, that I was quite overwhelmed and bewildered, half questioning if it was not some splendid illusion of the senses, some gigantic fairy phantom, some wondrous unreality.

It was a singular thing, that the further we went from St. Peter's, after this, the larger it appeared, till it seemed to have grown into a great mountain of light. Seen from the Pincio, it was grand and beautiful beyond all imagination. We remained on this height till very late, and left reluctantly at last, thinking, with real sadness, that those glorious lights would burn away into the morning, and we never see them more.

## TWO NOVELS.

*Arvon; or, the Trials. A Legend.* By C. Mitchell Charles. Author of "Hamon and Catar," "Claverston," &c. Routledge.  
*Matrimonial Speculations.* By Mrs. Moodie. Author of "Roughing it in the Bush," &c. Bentley.

ARVON is well written as to style, and with a certain power of description; but it does not belong to the higher class of historical novel. The story has an ancient dress; that is to say, its scene is laid in Brittany in the fourteenth century. It is full of incident and adventure, of plot and counterplot, of murder and revenge, of imprisonments and escapes, and such like "properties" of the historical romance, as any reader could desire. There is a murderer and his victim, there are three mysterious individuals, of a class which modern society would denominate "foundlings," who of course turn out to be the sons of the murderer and of his victim. Two of them at least are in love with the heroine, the murderer's niece. The murderer first attempts to disgrace his unknown son, and finally quarrels with and kills him, after which the two sons of the victim are restored to name and honour. The incidents, it will be seen, belong to troublous times; and yet, though the story wears an antique dress, there is none of the spirit of the fourteenth century about it. Even the obvious materials of interest are disregarded by the author. Jane de Montfort is quite a secondary personage in the drama; and, though the scene is laid in Brittany, there is nothing beyond the names to remind us of this—not an attempt to realise the social and intellectual condition, in that remote period, of the province which above all others had retained, even down to modern times, its peculiar and traditionary characteristics, so original, deeply marked, and picturesque.

The stories contained in *Matrimonial Speculations* are supposed to belong to the nineteenth century; and yet, could we imagine them to be very true or universal pictures of society, we could hardly consider our civilisation much superior in essentials to that of the "dark ages" alluded to above. That there are individuals to whom marriage is but a vulgar speculation, and life itself a tissue of sordid self-interests, is undoubtedly true, but a whole society of such beings as are described in these pages is difficult to imagine; and if Mrs. Moodie has drawn these American pictures from life, we can only say that we pity her more sincerely for having passed through such experiences, than for all she underwent while "roughing it in the bush."

## POST-OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1855 (KELLY'S).

The Editor of the Post-Office London Directory—the best Directory—says:—

"The present volume is considerably increased in size, as well owing to the constant increase of the population in the area previously comprised, and to the fact that as the suburbs are gradually becoming the places of residence of those engaged in business in the metropolis, we find it necessary to continually enlarge the area chronicled in the Directory."

## VOLUNTARIISM IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

*Voluntarism in England and Wales; or, the Census of 1851.*

Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE writer of this book has seized the materials furnished by Mr. Horace Mann's admirable volume of the *Statistics of Religion in England*. The writer, however, goes further than Mr. Mann, whose official position only enabled him to lay down facts, and to show the bearing of those facts, the one upon the other; whereas the present writer extracts proofs that the Church of England is declining relatively to the increase of the population, and the increase of non-conforming persuasions. The argument is set forth in some eighty octavo pages, and is illustrated by tables; but it will be necessary to give this work a more careful examination.

## BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs; or, the Seven-headed Serpent Slain: a Series of Essays, with an Allegorical Introduction on Some Chief Errors of the Day.* By Stephen Jenner, M.A. Longmans, Brown, Green, and Longmans.  
*Now and Then. The Lily and the Bee. The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age.* By Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S.

William Blackwood and Sons.

*Little Plays for Little Actors—Puss in Boots; or, Charity Rewarded.* By Miss Corner. (Illustrated by Harrison Weir.) Dean and Son.

*Amusing Tales, adapted to the Capacities of Children, in which Birds, Beasts, and other Animals, have Something to Say.* By Miss Corner. (The Illustrations by Alfred Crowquill and James Northcote.) Dean and Son.

*A Popular Exposition of the New Stamp Acts; with special reference to the Law of Receipts, Drafts, Bills of Exchange, and Promissory Notes.* Arthur Hall and Co.

*The Young Child's Lesson Book; or, What Shall I Learn First?* By William Cort. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

*John Howard: A Memoir.* By Hepworth Dixon. Jackson and Walford.

*Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. (Vol. 2.) Thomas Constable and Co.

*Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross.* By James Augustus St. John. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

*The Planetary Worlds: the Topography and Telescopic Appearances of the Sun, Planets, Moon, and Comets.* By James Breen. Robert Hardwicke.

*The Illustrated Byron.* Parts 1 and 2. Henry Vizetelly.

*The Land We Live In; a Pictorial and Literary Sketch-Book of the British Islands.* Part 8. William T. Orr and Co.

*The Butterflies of Great Britain; with their Transformations.* By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., &c. Part 3. William T. Orr and Co.



## Portfolio.

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

### THE DRAMA IN WEIMAR.

Weimar, October 6.

OBER-WEIMAR is a little village, about a mile from this, lying as it were in the park. At the entrance to this village, on the banks of the Ilm, they have a Tivoli—a most primitive and German affair—what in England would be called a barn. The seats were a few rough planks, not even shaped into benches. The walls were hedges and trees. The canopy was furnished by the bluest of August skies. We sat on the aforesaid planks, in front of a little theatre; an orchestra, with a conductor! made ambitious efforts at an overture. Beer, and coffee, were freely enjoyed by the spectators, and every male mouth was occupied with cigar or pipe. Through the hedges peeped several of those who could not afford the few pence of entrance-money; while from the branches of the trees hung clusters of adventurous boys, dividing their attention between the interest of the play and the difficulty of their balance. The quiet of a summer evening, the mixture of foliage and scenic preparations, the beer and pipes, all made a most curious impression. The acting, which was witnessed in perfect stillness, was really not so bad as one sees at many a provincial theatre; it was free from our besetting sin of exaggeration. The dresses, scenery, and properties were also respectable—wonderful, when the prices of admission were considered. In so small a space there was of course no room for scenery, such as a stage furnishes. This was remedied by the scenes being rolled up at each "change."

On another occasion I saw Kotzebue's *Arme Poet* (the original of that *Monsieur Jacques*, which Bouffé and Wigan have made so memorable), and our well-known farce of *The Lottery Ticket*. It was instructive and amusing to observe in Kotzebue's piece, as compared with the piece it suggested, the striking difference between the idea of a drama and the drama itself. Nothing can be weaker, dramatically speaking, than Kotzebue's *Arme Poet*; but the French authors have turned it into a capital little play. As far as I can judge—and it is fifteen years since my acquaintance with the German stage began—the Germans are utterly incompetent to the production of a really good drama. Except Lessing, I do not know a single writer who has united theatrical with dramatic excellence. When the dramatists have a good idea, which is rare, they cannot work it out dramatically.

The only play I have seen during this visit, besides my Tivoli ventures, was *Die Journalisten*, by Gustav Freitag, a comedy which has had great success in Germany, but which would be unendurable elsewhere. In it there is some lively writing (German liveliness, remember!), and some good "intentions;" but the whole piece is so *gemacht*, as they say—so mechanically put together, and with such supreme disregard to the *ennui* of an audience—that only the patient Germans would sit it out. Yet, although that is my critical opinion of the piece, I must confess that never have I seen a German comedy which amused me so much—thanks to the acting. There is an actor here named *Genast*—interesting as being the son of the *Genast* mentioned by Goethe—who played the part of an old wine merchant with such colossal *bonhomie*, with such  *finesse* of observation, with such a play of countenance and gesture, that I can compare it to nothing but Liston. I roared, I shrieked with laughter. His face haunted me for a couple of days afterwards, and I cannot even now write his name without a pleasant smile. Yet this *Genast* is a tragic actor, the leading tragedian of Weimar, and, I am assured, the finest *William Tell* in Germany. Next to him, I must mention *Herr Grans* (whom you may remember at the St. James's Theatre in 1851, playing *Laertes* and *Brackenbury* to Emile Devrient's *Hamlet* and *Egmont*). What would we now give for such an actor on our stage! He plays the part of a young journalist full of animal spirits, and plays it with an *entrain* which never deserts him and never allows gaiety to riot into exaggeration, with a grace and gentlemanly bearing such as *jeunes-premiers* seldom possess; and when the serious passages arrive, he falls into them with the most faithful truthfulness, touching them lightly, not carelessly, and never committing the too frequent mistake of being *tragic*. Altogether, this play was remarkably well acted. The *ensemble* was such as I scarcely remember in a comedy containing so many parts. One and all were free from *exaggeration*—when the acting was poor, it was at least inoffensive. The "make-up," even of the subordinate parts, was excellent.

If Mr. Mitchell again contemplates German performances, let me earnestly direct his attention to a comedy troupe. The public which yawns at tragedies ill performed, will appreciate comedy well performed. Hitherto my experience of the Weimar Theatre has been confined to one comedy and three operas; for although I venture on a "hair of the dog that bit me," I have no fancy to let the dog bite me again. The operas have been Verdi's *Ernani*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Flotow's *Marthe*. To the student of German literature and German music, who first comes to Germany with his head full of *chefs-d'œuvre*, expecting to see them everywhere performed and discussed, great and vexatious is the disappointment. He finds the theatre occupied

with Scribe, Dumas, or Birch Pfeiffer, and not in the least anxious about Goethe, Schiller, or Lessing; he finds the opera supplied by Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Auber, Adam, even Flotow and Balfe—the public having had enough of Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck, Rossini, Weber. The *chefs-d'œuvre* are well enough to swear by, but a public demands amusement, and amusement must be novel. To be candid, how many of us spend our lives with *chefs-d'œuvre*? When we are young we study them with great eagerness; but once studied, do we not place them on our shelves, content with reverence, and an occasional regret that we haven't time to read them again? When I first learned German, my reading was of nothing but masterpieces. It is twelve years at least since I read a line of Schiller; and if Goethe is a constant companion, that lies less in the fact of his works being masterpieces than in the fact of his being, like Shakspeare, inexhaustible, and, above all writers, the modern writer. Yet, whatever deductions one may have to make from Schiller, he is assuredly of infinite value compared with the German poems, plays, and criticisms (Goethe excepted) I have read since; still he is old, and the novelty of the day attracts the daily reader. That is my confession. How fares it with you, dear reader? Are you incessantly, are you even occasionally occupied with Homer, Sophocles, Lucetius, Dante, Ariosto, Molière, Racine, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Pope, Byron, Wordsworth? It would be better for you to read them than *Loose Thoughts by a Lady*, or *Random Rhymes*, or *The Bandit of the Abruzzi*. Yet you do not. I should like to have the statistics of Readers and Buyers, setting forth the relation between those who buy Montesquieu and those who read him. When I enter Bobus's library, and see the shelves graced with serious authors side by side, with all those works "which every gentleman's library should be without"—when I see the gravity and learning silently beckoning to Bobus, I am tempted to envy him the possession of such wealth, until my eye glances at the table, and there detects the literature with which B. is actually occupied—a new novel, the last quarterly, the magazines of the month, Biggs on the "Crimea," and Timbs on the "Turks." With a contemptuous shrug, I seat myself in his study-chair, and take up the novel, which lasts till lunch.

Besides the Tivoli Theatre and the Court Theatre (*Hof Theater*), I have been delighted with an original and very charming *Natur Theater*, which Goethe arranged at Belvidere, one of the Duke's summer palaces. Imagine a garden arranged into a theatre, the walls of which, the *flats* (or side entrances) and the proscenium, are trees in full foliage, but trimmed into high hedges. A sunk fence forms the division of orchestra and audience. The performances took place during the summer nights before the Court, and the performers were all amateurs belonging to the Court circle; a more enchanting form of private theatricals one cannot conceive.

Private theatricals, formerly "all the rage" in German Courts, and in Weimar carried to an extraordinary pitch, now scarcely exist in Germany, and this *Natur Theater* has been silent for many years. Dreary as we usually find the performance of amateurs, I think we should all enjoy a play in such a theatre.

## The Arts.

THE theatrical news of the week comes to us from Paris. Madame George Sand's *Flaminio* has been produced at the GYMNASSE with a success of reputation and curiosity rather than of dramatic interest. *Flaminio* is nothing more than an adaptation of her charming story, *Teverino*, published some two years ago, but with the darling of that story, *Madeleine Méléze*, the bird-fancier and protégée of *Teverino*, reduced to the proportions of a figurante! For the rest, *Flaminio* is another version of that eternal artist-vagabond ideal whose apotheosis Madame Sand seems never tired of celebrating. This exceptional creation of poet, painter, tenor, marionettist, contrabandist, engineer, all embraced in one magnificent organisation, is surrounded by the most fantastic and impossible personages, and the "artist" does nothing but come, see, and conquer through the four acts. Jules Janin writes one of his most savage *feuilletons* on *Flaminio*, in his subtlest style of malicious banter; and the more friendly critics speak with evident regret of the sacrifice of so great a reputation to the stage. Madame Sand, we know, speaks of the drama as the art comprehending all other arts; but we fear she has lost her way in committing the glowing and tender grace of her genius to the withering ordeal of the foot-lamps.

Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli has, it seems, made her peace with the Imperial Opera. The semi-official *Patrie* offers the following rather lame explanation of the capricious lady's defection:—

"It was in consequence of a misunderstanding that Mademoiselle Cruvelli's absence caused a disappointment as to her performance at the Opera. The person charged to inform the management of her departure did not execute his commission. Mademoiselle Cruvelli, terrified at the effect which ensued, had not dared to make her re-appearance before the public. Comprehending now that the prolongation of her absence might aggravate her involuntary fault, she has requested and obtained leave to resume immediately her duties at the Opera."

No doubt the loss of Mademoiselle Cruvelli would be difficult to replace under the present circumstances of the Imperial Academy of Music; but it may be doubted whether this easy victory of a singer, who threw all engagements to the winds in a fit of passion, is not a dangerous precedent in that operatic world which is already too much a dynasty of spoiled children.

Mr. Charles Kean's manipulator of French plays appears to have done his worst to turn Paul Maurice's imaginative and ingenious drama of *Schamyl* into a disjointed compromise of balderdash and blue fire.

All the weakness of the company of the PRINCESS'S—excepting Mr. Charles Kean himself, who reserves his genius for the villains in the early part of the evening—is lavished on this spectacle; there is abundance of patriotic declamation, of quasi-Caucasian scenery, of water more or less real, and properties more or less new. The dancing is effective, and the acting equal to the occasion. It may do as an afterpiece, but it is an elaborate mistake.





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