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The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

OMAR PACHA in the camp of the Allies,—the Austrian Minister, M. de Brück, making a warspeech at a diplomatic dinner in Constantinople,—the Emperor Nicholas reiterating to every public man in Europe who will stand up and listen to him, *vis-à-vis*, his sincere intentions of peace,—King Frederick William prevaricating without remission in treacherous neutrality,—Sardinia working out her Protestantism and her European alliance,—the Emperor Napoleon receiving the Loan direct from the bourgeoisie of France, and offered four times as much as he wants by his own people,—Mr. Cobden discovering that the people of the West Riding will not swallow a rejected doctrine,—these are the scenes that illustrate the last act of the world's drama.

Yes, Omar Pacha has been to the camp of the Allies, has frankly placed himself at the disposal of the commanders, has entered heartily in their councils, and is prepared to join in that combined action which will probably not be explained to us until we have the record of the events. Nothing so novel nor so pregnant as that has reached us from the Crimea, where the great event is still to be.

The diplomatic incident at Constantinople is really striking. M. de Brück gave a banquet just before his departure; the Grand Vizier was present, and other official guests. The Austrian internuncio, expressing admiration for the Sultan and the army of Turkey, declared that his Government intended to fight on the side of the Turk, and, whether it be peace or war, he said, the result will be the same; for in either case Russia must succumb. M. de Brück is the man appointed by the Emperor of Austria to take the post of Finance Minister; the department of Finance being one closely connected with the plans of improvement said to be entertained by the present Government of Austria, and certainly having a most intimate connexion with the vigorous prosecution of the war.

It is only in Berlin that they really contemplate peace as possible, that they talk of it among future events, as we say that "Spring is coming," or that "Good Friday will fall at such a day." But the philosophical residents of Berlin can ratiocinate with so much ability, they will to a certain extent be independent of events; a happy condition, since they cannot make them-

selves independent of their King, nor independent of Russia.

The last moody whisperings from the capital of the North convey those mingled assurances that the Emperor really means peace, with angry murmurs because he is not believed. It is admitted that Russian preparations for war continue without the slightest abatement. It is admitted even by Russians that the result of the negotiations in Vienna will be modified by the fall of Sebastopol, or the retreat of the Allies; for Russia still talks of the retreat of the Allies as possible.

The Allies, however, have increased in number. We cannot yet add Prussia, nor Denmark, nor Sweden; but we may add one Government which is rising in international importance. We mentioned the adhesion of Sardinia last week: it now takes its place by the side of the Allies in the field, with a contingent of 15,000 men. It is important, both because the Piedmontese army is one of the finest in the world; because we thus obtain an accession of so many soldiers ready-made and hardened, in lieu of the raw recruits who go out to die; because a state of the second order has set an example of decision and intelligence; and because the Government of Count Cavour, with the sanction of the King, has thus practically testified to the opinion, that no state in Europe is alien from the cause of right and wrong now at issue between Russia and the Allies.

Perhaps there is not a more striking scene on the face of the Continent, than the French Emperor receiving his loan direct from the body of the French people. It is one of the most subversive measures in the constituted order of finance. It is a perfect *coup de Bourse*. The loan of last year was regarded as an experiment; no one expected that it would succeed. The request for the loan of small sums, as it were, from the householders of every parish, looked like a joke. Whoever was the author of the plan, however, he has evidently hit upon a golden vein. Last year the subscriptions to the loan greatly exceeded the amount; this year the Emperor doubles his stakes; he then asked for 250,000,000 francs, this year he asked for 500,000,000 francs (20,000,000*l.*) The actual subscriptions amounted to 2,170,000,000 francs, 87,000,000*l.* The English capitalists, who offered to take 6,000,000*l.* of the loan—doubling the amount they first contemplated—are quite cut out by the small moneyed

men of France. The subscriptions for 500,000,000 francs will be taken entirely from that class of lenders. Baring Brothers and Co. have their 10 per Cent. deposits returned to them, with thanks; Rothschilds are not wanted. Parish grandees, well-to-do shopkeepers, persons who put their little economies in savings banks—he trusts them; and they trust him. They will stake their money on his occupation of the Tuileries. He laughs at the Bourse and its quotations, and he pockets the money of the confiding multitude.

Mr. Cobden's appearance before his constituents at Leeds is a scene we could well have spared. It was entirely his own arrangement. His friends, we are convinced, must have endeavoured to dissuade him from it. Some of his political supporters, like Alderman Carbutt, publicly declined to support him now; but he persevered. The scene is not entirely without redeeming aspects. It was creditable to Mr. Cobden, so far as it displayed his frankness, his faith in his own opinions, and his courage in stating them. It was more creditable to the people, who, notwithstanding the general and strong dissent from his views, gave him a fair and good-tempered hearing. It was not less creditable to those who gave him a direct opposition. What we regret is to see a man of Mr. Cobden's influence going so far North for the purpose of proving to the United Kingdom how a man who has known how to measure the will and wishes of the English people, at one time and for one purpose, can totally mistake the occasion and the intentions of the people at another time. Mr. Cobden disapproves of war; he shudders at its horrors; it is a mode of doing business he does not like, thinking that he can realise the profits in a safer and quieter manner. He cannot sympathise with the chivalrous determination to defend the weak, where we have no interest to resist the oppressor, where he does not hurt us; or to combat that which is monstrous, simply because it is monstrous. All this is intelligible enough; but the mistake lies in supposing that such feelings, such views, are those of the English people. It is like Blacklock, the blind poet, writing upon colour; only the blind man consented to adopt other peoples ideas; the safer plan when we are deficient in some particular sense. The result of the meeting was totally the reverse of Mr. Cobden's anticipations. While he endeavoured to get on the weak side of the English people—tell-

ing them of the evils of war, of its cost, of the increase to taxation, of the sincere desire for peace in the Emperor of Russia, and so forth—he was met by cries of dislike, dissent, and even derision; but when he proceeded to complain that Government does not make war well, that it was not active nor strenuous enough, the people went heartily with him, and began to cheer. In short, the Government really stands between Mr. Cobden and the people, and he agrees more with the moderate section of the Cabinet than with the people of Leeds. A public service was performed by Mr. James Garth Marshall and Mr. Baines, who carried a resolution distinctly approving of the war and its objects, with a demand that the military proceedings should be carried on with greater vigour.

We can scarcely get away from this subject of the war. Sir Robert Peel, presiding at the anniversary of the Tamworth Reading-room, must get upon the soil of the Crimea. Corporation Reform hardly excites so much interest in London city, as the reform of Russian manners, through castigation, in the Crimea.

Those who really appear to be most independent of that distant warfare are what we may call our domestic Russians. The Police reports continue to give us their peep-show into life with many a vicissitude. This week they have some curious stories, which make us think that, upon the whole, magistrates' decisions are decidedly tending to justice—one of the great modern improvements. A girl brings up a brute of a fellow, with a claim to support her child, and the seducer endeavours to rebut that claim by blasting the character of the girl whom he has injured. Now we can remember the time when the girl would almost have been out of court for her want of virtue; under improved lights, it is the seducer who incurs the pressure of judicial severity: he is sentenced to support his own child at the rate of half a crown a week.

We must not yet expect perfect justice in courts of an ecclesiastical nature. Mr. Morgan, a clergyman, had shown some interest in a young girl who became a mother without proper certificates. His interest in her behalf was ascribed to an improper motive; the Bishop assisted in pressing the charge against him—put forward his own secretary as prosecutor—then abandoned the charge as unsupported by evidence—and afterwards withheld certain formal testifications required by the clergyman, on the very strength of this unestablished charge! Here is a man actuated, so far as any evidence went, by none but benevolent motives, who is accused, acquitted, and punished.

The Police-courts have a capital story this week which ought to tell quiet traders, that no securities will ever guarantee them against the sharper, until they destroy the necessity and inclination for sharpening. Here is one John Berry, who has been distributing 5*l.* notes broadcast, and the notes turn out to be forged. Detected, he endeavours to escape by rushing from a shop; but a policeman with longer legs overtakes him and conveys him to the station. He is conducted to a cell, but arrived at the door of it, he adroitly steps back, pushes his conductor in, locks the door, and runs. Even sharpeners, however, can be outwitted. A female searcher dashes after him, and holds him. John Berry has yet one resource left, in his manly strength, and the woman feels that her tenacity is giving way: but woman's wit exceeds the sharper's—she knocks off his hat. The English people are particular in matters of costume, and a man running without his hat is an object of popular suspicion; so John Berry cannot run far before he is seized. He could outwit the bank authorities, the vigilant tradesman, the police gaoler, the female searcher; but he could not run along the streets without his hat.

THE WAR.

ONCE more the Principalities occupy a prominent position in War intelligence. It is imagined that the Russian object in crossing the Danube, was to prevent the further departure of Turkish troops for the Crimea. A few telegraphic messages explain the occurrences, but it is probable that undue importance is given to the movement:—

“Bucharest, January 1.

“Considerable forces of Russians have concentrated near Reni, a small port situated near the mouth of the Pruth. Strong batteries protect the fort. Large bodies of Russians are marching downwards towards the Pruth and the Danube.”

“Vienna, January 15.

“During the night of the 7th instant a Russian detachment crossed the Danube, and advanced as far as Babadagh.

“The Russians captured 83 Turks and one flag. After this exploit the whole Russian detachment returned to Ismail, in Bessarabia.

“The Turks had a few men killed, and the Russians also suffered a small loss.”

“Brailow, January 12.

“The number of Russians who have entered the Dobrukscha is 20,000 men.

“15,000 men, with 50 guns, are advancing towards Baltschik.”

SEBASTOPOL.

The construction and arming of the new English batteries and advanced works has been proceeding as rapidly as the state of the roads and means of transport have permitted. Many of the large mortars are already in position. Nearly all the long 32-pounders from the Britannia and Trafalgar have been brought up from Balaklava to the two artillery parks. Large quantities of shells have been daily brought up by the troops, the French assisting us in the occupation.

A telegraphic despatch says that the French opened fire on the 3rd, but this wants confirmation.

A body of about ninety Russians made a sortie against the French advanced works on the night of the 28th ult. They were surrounded and caught without a shot being fired. The Russians have a plan of creeping on a sentry, bayoneting him, and then getting up a skirmish. In one of these they took several English prisoners. The look-out must be very feeble.

Some French troops made a reconnaissance against the Russian army on the other side of the Tchernaya. They frightened some of the advanced forces, who fled, leaving some capital provisions in the hands of our allies.

A column of riflemen has taken possession of the important position of Camara, near Balaklava, after driving out the Russians who occupied it. The enemy in this affair experienced severe losses, they were completely put to the rout and fled precipitately, burning their forage and tents.

The loss of the Russians at Sebastopol and the neighbourhood during the last days of December is estimated at more than 6000 men. On the march from Odessa to Perekop they suffered severely—many were sent back in a dying state, and 183 were absolutely frozen.

On the 5th instant Omar Pacha arrived at the camp before Sebastopol. Having made himself acquainted with the intended movements of the allied armies, he departed on the 6th for Varna; and, after giving his orders at the latter place, he will proceed immediately to take direction of the operations.

The Russians made another sortie on the 8th, but were vigorously repulsed.

Prince Menschikoff (says the correspondence of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*) can with difficulty feed the troops around him, and yet he incessantly demands reinforcements, more especially since he has ascertained with certitude that a Turkish corps 30,000 or 40,000 men strong will be landed at Koslov (Eupatoria). The Turks will play there the rôle performed a short time ago by Liprandi, in his position to the rear of Balaklava.

The latest accounts seem to say that the Allies were mostly established in their winter quarters, and were in want of nothing.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The latest feature of the siege is the electric telegraph. A proper marine telegraph, well cased with gutta-percha, has been despatched by the British Government, to be laid down from Varna to Balaklava. It will, of course, be carried on to the camp, and communications will be made between the French and English head-quarters. The sea line is 400 miles. A telegraph is also making between Varna and Bucharest, which is expected to be finished by the end of February. We shall then have instantaneous communication between London, Paris, and the Crimea.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE EAST.

A letter from Erzeroum, of the 19th of December announces that the Russian division which occupied the villages of Diadin, Utch-Kilissia, and K. Kilissia, near Bayazid, had entirely evacuated Turkish territory, and withdrawn to Erivan. Consequently of their retreat, the road to Persia again free, and the commerce of Erzeroum began to resume its activity. This retrograde movement attributed to the concentration of a Turkish force at Kapraki-Kale. Before their retreat, the Russians laid waste the country, and burnt the villages they had occupied.

NOTES OF THE SIEGE.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP.

The great English observance of Christmas has been in no way neglected by our friends in the Crimea. As the puddings, which various late sent out to them, could not possibly have arrived in time—perhaps because it is morally impossible to make a Christmas pudding before Christmas: our best blood of England set to work for it. Some of the chefs were more fortunate than others; those, we may imagine, who did not forget the necessary cloth—and it is easy to conceive that the puddings were characteristically considered “as if as cannon-balls.” On the other hand those who flour and raisins developed into soup bore the with great good-humour, and were doubtless popular with our allies. The correspondent of *Morning Post*, quoted below, describes Christmas in the camp, and appears to have “assisted” at a soldier's pudding:—

“Christmas-evening

“As far as weather is concerned, Christmas has day come upon us, after a night of wind and rain such a manner as made one expect every moment to left in the open air, and it appeared almost too much canvas and a pole to stand up against such a storm. Wind shifted this morning towards the north; and changed the rain into sleet. I was aroused this morning to most extraordinary sensation in the nostrils, and looking up, but for the agony of suffocation, should have perhaps thought I was dreaming, and in a London. Not being obliged to turn out, and having slept but little during the night, I had scarcely noticed my servant coming in and light a fire in the hole made for that purpose which had before been my pride, admiration, comfort; but alas! change of wind had destroyed bliss, and it took some hours of science on my part, the united labour of self and servant, to remedy evil; but I am thankful to say that I am now sitting before a good fire, and this, with the excavation of ground inside the tent, makes one feel pretty snug. Wind has now much moderated, and the sun-set, to-night, although the ground was nearly white with snow, gave promise of a change for the better; and as we certain shall not boast of all the good things we have been accustomed to at Christmas, it is to be hoped that shall enjoy some of its comforts. The commissariat have managed to procure a supply of cattle by which the men will all have fresh meat to-morrow; but beyond this the fare will, I fear, with most be much as usual but now even tough beef will be looked upon as a luxury. I think most of the officers have, by means of repeated excursions to Balaklava, succeeded in getting something to be called by courtesy a Christmas dinner—where every true Englishman is so fond of. I was much amused to-night at seeing a British subaltern busied in mixing his pudding for to-morrow in a cauldron, and with as much confidence as Soyer would concoct one of his *recherché* dishes; and it is much to be regretted that there are not the means of providing the men with materials for the same employment, most of them would doubtless enter into it with equal gratification.”

“December 25.

“Well, here we are under canvas in the Crimea Christmas-day, and I hear the men saying to one another ‘A merry Christmas to you.’ The weather alone would prevent any one from grumbling, were he ever inclined. It is a hard frost; but from the total absence of wind, the day has been lovely, with a clear sky, almost warm in the sun. It is now bright moonlight and from all appearances seems set in fine. A great contrast to yesterday could not be imagined. I never said ‘Thank God for a good dinner’ with more gratitude than to-night; the only drawback to the pleasure of knowing some of our men had not the same. In the morning the chaplains had a service and administered the Holy Sacrament at the different divisions, the sight of which was quite novel, as the weather has prevented a church parade for so long. It is to be hoped that before next Christmas those of us that escape will hear the sound of a church bell in England again—not so big one in Sebastopol, although we do not even hear it to-day, and which always sounds very strangely. What a contrast must be presented there to last Christmas and in Balaklava too! The Russians inside the walls must have as great a contrast in their condition between the present and past as we have; but it is to be hoped shall not allow them to remain there much longer to contemplate anything, as our works are being vigorously proceeded with—indeed too much so for the comfort of the men on the lines.”

MORTALITY AMONGST NEW ARRIVERS.
The *Times* correspondent, "before Sebastopol, December 30," says:—

"Between November 1 and December 30 no less than 10,600 English, 5600 French, and 4800 Turkish troops have been conveyed in British ships to the Crimea. It is a melancholy fact that these reinforcements suffer more than the men of the acclimated regiments, and that it must not be taken for granted that the soldiers sent out here form permanent additions to our army. Although the mortality among them is not very great, many of the draughts and of the newly-arrived regiments are so enfeebled by illness after their arrival that they must be taken off the effective strength of the regiments. In order to afford the public some idea of the extent to which sickness has prevailed, I may mention that the 9th Regiment does not now muster 250 bayonets, and that the Brigade of Guards is not 1000 strong on parade. The draught of 150 men which went out to the Scots Fusiliers, under Lieutenant-Colonel de Bathe, the other day, is reduced to about 20 men at present. A short time ago, when this brigade furnished the men for pickets in the Tchernaya valley, an order was sent to the brigadier to strengthen the pickets which he had sent down. He was obliged to represent that when he had done so the force of his brigade would be reduced to 30 men. Such are the sacrifices we make on the altar of war. May we trust that the victims were all required, and that none of them could have been spared?"

The general mortality is best seen by round numbers. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* sends the following statement of the strength of the British force—and also of its weakness:—

"January 1.
"Perhaps I cannot commence my letter with a more interesting announcement than the present numerical condition of the British army opposed to the Russians. Here are the numbers, which I have on the best authority:—

Sergeants	2,191
Drummers	656
Rank and File	38,083

Total..... 40,932

Of this number, there are at the present time sick and wounded:—

Sergeants	565
Drummers	107
Rank and File	12,747

Total..... 13,419"

STATE OF THE ROADS.

No great improvement appears to have taken place in the roads at present. One of the avenues from Sebastopol to the coast is thus described:—

"I passed several guns and mortars being, with the greatest difficulty, dragged to the front—although the roads are certainly much improved since the French have worked at them, and, but for which, the conveyance of guns, ammunition, and supplies must have entirely ceased. It is dreadful work for the Artillery, who are perpetually engaged on this work, and the escorts and fatigues with commissariat supplies. The former get through with a little degree of certainty; but a stranger would not recognise, without close inspection, that the 20 horses that are drawing each gun—a hair of either being scarcely visible for mud—are ridden by Royal Horse Artillerymen, their handsome uniform being bespattered in the same manner, and probably wet through. However the infantry escorts have a much worse lot—wading up to their knees in solid mud, with pack animals laden with salt meat and rum kegs—a favourite *divertissement* being the saddle turning round and leaving the load hanging between the horse's legs—or the animal, which is scarcely able to crawl, lying down, or, perhaps getting into a place where the mud is so heavy it never gets out again. As these things constantly keep some of the men out the whole night, it seems wonderful how they stand it—or more so that the army is fed at all under such circumstances. A party leaves each division every morning for this duty, and rarely returns before midnight; the same men probably going on picket, or some other arduous duty, the following day. I have told you the cavalry also take their share of this work, for a party carries biscuit to the divisions each day. Thank God, there seems to be no lack of supplies at Balaklava, and of a first-rate description, too! Salt meat perpetually is neither agreeable nor wholesome; but it is to be hoped this will soon be remedied by the commissariat receiving a supply of live cattle. Nearly every night we are now disturbed by a sortie of some kind by the Russians. There is no doubt but their batteries are now much heavier than ours, and then they have the great advantage of being able to erect and strengthen them and change their guns with ease compared to ourselves. The soil is everywhere of such a soft nature that riding over the grass after the heavy rains is heavier work than over a ploughed field. The mud in Balaklava, I have before stated, was beyond description, and I can only say that it now seems worse than ever; and what with mud and the crowds of horses, pack animals, arabas, limbers, gun-carriages, and cavalry, besides crowds of men of every description, it is with the greatest difficulty, either on horse or foot, you can get along. There is still a greater dearth of things that are required, in the shape of eatables and drinkables, in the shops or

stores at Balaklava than we have experienced since their establishment, which is much to be wondered at, considering what a demand there is. I think it likely that the proprietors have been frightened at the accounts of what we are to receive from England, and thought they would not be able to obtain their exorbitant demands any longer. I have lately got up a case of sherry from Constantinople, which cost there 17. 16s., whereas in Balaklava it is 9/."

OUR GREAT ENEMY—THE ELEMENTS.

An officer of the Royals says:—

"I will describe my last four days' work:—Monday we were turned out by the sortie, and had to remain out on picket with the light company and Grenadiers from 12 o'clock till nearly 4, so did not get much sleep that night. Next afternoon, at a quarter to 5, paraded covering party for the trenches. I was sent in command of a company as advanced picket on the Sinpherpole road, at the place the Russians tried to force the night before. There was not the least cover for our men. The road runs through a deep ravine, with rocks nearly 200 feet high, with caves at the top, which seem to have been worn by the action of the water. It was in the caves and among the rocks that the Russians were hid the night before, and our men fired 15,000 rounds of ammunition without, as far as can be ascertained, the loss of a single man. I captured a Turkish officer, hiding among the rocks, and seemingly trying to get past my picket into Sebastopol. I sent him to headquarters, very much to his disgust. The Russians were banging at us from the three-gun battery in the street at the end of the road with round shot and grape, but they were all too high. The sound was far from pleasant, as they rebounded from side to side of the gut, bringing down showers of stones, &c. We were relieved at daylight, and reached camp about 7. I was then warned to go on guard over the reserve ammunition at 9. Not much sleep that night, as a guard here is very different from one in England, with a comfortable guard-room, good fire, &c. I came off at 10 next morning. At 4 had to parade in charge of a working party for the left siege train. We were employed in moving shot and shell till 12, and the party reached camp at 1 this morning, the rain pouring in torrents. I was interrupted here by having to go and read the burial service over two unfortunate victims. When we got to the ground the graves were not dug, and we had to remain in the rain nearly half an hour, by which time we were all well saturated. Last night was furiously wet. I never saw anything like it before—coming down in torrents and flooding everything. A company of the 46th, who were in my place on the road, were nearly drowned, and swept into Sebastopol. There is a trench across the ravine in the rear, and this for some time pent up the water, till it gave way; they all fortunately escaped. A Pole lost his way in the storm, and came across our sentries; they wounded him in the head, and he was taken prisoner. Virgil's lines, '*dulce est pro patria mori*,' may be very true, but certainly the preparation to that end that we are all now undergoing does not partake of its sweetness. I forgot to tell you that the rain changed to snow this morning, and it was three or four inches deep, but it has all become slush now; we had taken advantage of the dry weather to dig a hole in the ground, and put a roof over it, hoping that with a fire in it we should be able to dry our things and cook. Our only material for the roof was mud, which, to our sorrow, we find lets in the water like a sieve; so this plan will not do. We are looking anxiously forward to the arrival of the wooden houses, which are mentioned in the papers; but we hardly dare believe in them, as we have been so deceived about fuel, vegetables, materials for hutting, &c. We have very little fuel, and are obliged to grub up roots. They said we were to have coal, but not a thing have they given us yet. I hear Lord Raglan says, 'The army has endured unparalleled privations without a murmur.' But it shows what he knows about it, for, from the highest to the lowest, all complain of this state of inaction and misery."

TURKS AND THEIR DEAD HORSES.

The *Times* correspondent gives us another curiosity from Constantinople. It is thoroughly Eastern in its simplicity:—

"Since the date of the last mail about 900 horses, ponies, and mules have been landed here for the use of the army, but they die off by dozens every night. The mules left at Varna were sent down overland to Constantinople and embarked in the Jason for Balaklava, where they arrived a few days ago. The Turks have a curious way of accounting for dead horses. It is Oriental, but satisfactory. One of the men left in charge of horses at Varna came down to Scutari to render up his accounts to the commissariat officer of the department. The first thing he did was to produce a large sack, which was borne into the apartment of the functionary by two men. 'Two hundred of your horses have died,' said the Turk. 'Behold! what I have said is the truth;' and, at the wave of his hand, the men tumbled out the contents of the sack on the floor, and, lo! 400 horse-ears, long and short, and of all sizes and shapes, were piled in a heap before the eyes of the astonished officer. The Simla, the Cormorant, and two other steamers, freighted with horses, also arrived within the last few days, but many of the animals they brought were scarcely worth the cost of

carriage, and will not long survive their hardships in the Crimea. The Firebrand came round from the fleet with ammunition, but the authorities at Balaklava would not receive it, though there were requisitions for powder and shot in the office at the very time. She went back nearly as she came, but the stores were put on board another man-of-war, and are now here to be landed."

WHY NOT A MEDAL FOR BALAKLAVA?

This matter appears to have been overlooked at headquarters; the Light Brigade and the Heavy Dragoons, however, scarcely share the classic indifference of the "old Roman," who knew that his statue would be asked for. The correspondent of a morning contemporary says:—

"The cavalry, who survived the charge at Balaklava—the Heavy Dragoons, who cleft the masses of Russian horse like a levin brand,—the Hussars, and Light Dragoons, and Lancers, who rode through fire and blood to the Russian battalions which in vain sought shelter behind their murderous artillery,—think that they too deserve a special mark of their Sovereign's favour, and that 'Balaklava' is not less worthy of reward, if the most daring courage and the most brilliant gallantry can earn it, than even 'Alma' or 'Inkerman.' These are matters, however, in which, if wrong has been done, the verdict of the country will do justice. It is but right, however, to state this—that when the general orders were read to the various regiments they were received generally with great gravity, and without any external sign of satisfaction, in the majority of instances of which I have heard."

THE "EPAULETTES" IN PROSPECT.

Napoleon used to say that with his manner of promotion every French soldier carried the materials of a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. Our own soldiers have shown by their letters that they have in them the stuff of which our best officers are made, and grand language, of which their letters are seldom made. We give below a letter from a colour-sergeant of the 28th, which contains some of the best descriptions of the broken-up battle of Inkerman which we have seen. One piece (we have marked it in italics) is almost worthy of Tacitus, in its strength, brevity, and vividness; and some other passages remind us of the great French friendships of the eighteenth century:—

"Camp before Sebastopol, December 21, 1854.

"My dear Friend—In the midst of our hurried and dangerous way of living, my memory clings tenaciously to our long and tried friendship, to our old and mutual associations, and to our old and mutual acquaintances, and I love to dwell upon all these ties even the faintest. You have asked me for news, but I cannot pretend to give you any; for long ere my letters would reach you, anything I could relate as an eye-witness would have become 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' Again, the events which daily, ay hourly, occur around us, do not assume, in the eyes of our people, the importance attached to them at home, where we live so much in heart and fancy. I really believe that the interest, or rather the enthusiasm created by the arrival of despatches and other accounts of our victories at least rivals the fervour attendant upon the immediate doing of the work. Men go out from the camp, in the evening or morning, little knowing, and often little caring, that they may win a great battle before their hour of relief comes round; and that they may yield up their heart's blood in achieving it. This is our manner of life; nor is it a very miserable one, though every succeeding day lessens our chance of enjoying it, as every day reduces our numbers, and renders those who are left behind less able to bear the hardships of such a campaign. We have had no great affair since Inkerman, and our whole operations seem to consist in defending our position. The men are growing impatient and wearied, and are constantly wondering what is doing or what is going to be done. Every man would willingly go to the breach to get rid of this wearying, yet monotonous life. Moreover, the spectre which hung over our devoted army at Varna is paying us very frequent visits. I have buried six of our company, now reduced to about sixty men, within these ten days; and we are far from being the worst. The 9th, a veteran regiment from India, joined lately, and buried 60 men in one week. The Rev. Mr. Whible fell a victim to his devoted zeal, and the gentleman who replaced him returned to Scutari after a fortnight's labour. Yet, in the midst of all this ruin and desolation, *I am cheerful, trustful, healthful, and possess the fond hope that I may one day grasp your hand, and tell you how much I owe you, as well as my other kind friends, for their earnest wishes, their anxiety, their sympathy, and above all, for their prayers, which have carried me through so many dangers. I know it is their prayers which are the 'sweet little cherubs' which sit up aloft and keep watch over the life of poor —.* Tell them this, my dear friend, and tell them also that it is the consciousness of their kind sympathies that keeps me light-hearted in the midst of our hardships. In my name wish them all a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Should they laugh at my simplicity, and say that I am late with my compliments, tell them they are wrong, that when I wished them a merry Christmas it wanted four days of that pleasantest of all days, and that my wishes reached

them in time, though my letter, like my pen, did not travel fast enough. I send you a five-franc piece, as a souvenir of this campaign, if you think it worth preserving. The coin is common enough in the camp; but I received this one from a young Frenchman at Boulahar. He was a sergeant-major in one of the French regiments of the line, and was very near making me a traitor to our friendship. I was sincerely attached to him, and so would you have been, my dear friend, had you known him. But I lost him at Inkerman, where he was shot through the heart—a warmer than which never beat. Now of Inkerman. Our division being on the extreme left of the English lines, next to the French, we were of course the latest, or nearly so, coming into action. Some of our regiments, however, of which the 28th was one, had been all night in the trenches, under General Torrens, and from the trenches marched to Inkerman at the first streak of daylight, where we stayed until evening, and though an eye-witness of the varying fortunes of the day, I can scarcely tell you what occurred. *I believe such a hidden fight never before took place. Every man was in some degree his own general, and every general had to fight his own battle. It was apparently the fight of a rabble; but of a rabble that knew how to fight. Wings of regiments were severed, companies were separated from each other, but each wing and every company fought and cleared the ground in its own immediate neighbourhood. It was a complete massacre.* On the night after the slaughter, one party of our regiment buried 100 men in a few hours, and in a very small space of ground. The second night after the battle we formed the covering party to a lot of Turks, who were making a fort on the heights of Inkerman. I never spent a more miserable night in my life. The wind blew so strongly that the captain, with his hand upon my shoulder, and speaking at the highest pitch of his voice, could not make me understand him. In addition to this, it rained so violently that we could scarcely keep our eyes open to watch, though we were within 100 yards of the advanced pickets of the enemy. The only way to the battery which the Turks were constructing was commanded by the Russian guns, and their dead lay around us, not only unburied, but stripped naked, and exposed to all the inclemency of the season. Oh! it was a horrible sight to see their white bodies gleaming through the thick darkness. The following morning we returned to camp, and to our great dismay found our tents prostrate. We lay all day crouching in nooks and corners, shivering with cold and wet, and were sent again to the trenches that same night, where many men died from the exposure. But this is past, and many other such days and nights. Yet we sometimes get a really fine day, such as one but rarely meets with in England even at midsummer. I think, however, that there is a move in contemplation. Regiments are moving up rapidly to reinforce us; two regiments have joined our division within this fortnight, besides drafts from the dépôts. Should the assault take place, honour has given the place of honour to the third division; I may, therefore, before you receive this, be *hors de combat*, either rigid in death, maimed for life, or we may be still in suspense as we are now; but whatever may happen, I am still your devoted friend. The mail closes in half an hour, so I must be quick. Give my love to my poor mother, and to all my old companions and acquaintances. Tell my mother she is all the tie I have in this world, and that should I be shot to-morrow, I will die blessing her name. But I will not die, *I will win my commission yet.* With best wishes to all, I remain, my dear friend, yours ever truly and sincerely,

"Colour-Sergeant, 28th Regiment."

A DRAGOON'S ACCOUNT OF BALAKLAVA.

"I believe Captain Nolan was sent to reconnoitre the hills on each side. Whatever report he took to Lord Raglan we know not, but I expect he reported they were all clear, as he came back with an order to Lord Lucan for the Light Brigade to charge and take the field guns, and the ammunition and guns taken from the Turks. Lord Lucan asked if Lord Raglan was aware of the enemy's position? 'There is the order, and there is the enemy,' Nolan is reported to have said. Lord Cardigan then got the order as given, and gave the order for the brigade to advance in two lines—first the 17th, 18th, and 18th, second the 11th and 4th. Off we went tearing towards destruction. The round shot came first, killing many a poor fellow. One most wonderfully came past my shoulder, striking my rear-rank man, right in the chest. Onward we went. I could see the shell bursting over our heads and hear the grape and canister hissing through us. The cross fire was murderous—a square of infantry and guns with grape and canister pelting through us and shelling from the opposite heights. But I felt or feared nothing—a sort of wildness came over me, and I seemed to care not where I went or what I did. Onward still! The first line had retired, the guns were silenced, and retiring behind a large horde of Cossacks; they formed a front, but would not stand our charge, but galloped through guns and everything. We cut down the gunners and literally took the whole lot. The Cossacks came out by twos and threes, and kept firing away at us from their long pieces, annoying us dreadfully. We looked anxiously round for a support, when we perceived what we considered the 17th Lancers a good distance in the rear of us. 'Hurrah, my

boys!' sung out the brave Colonel Douglas, 'let's give them another charge; the 17th will be up then, and we'll take guns home with us.' 'Come on, lads!' said Lord George Paget, his gallant brother-in-law, Colonel of the 4th Lights. I found myself as excited as possible, singing out, 'Come on, boys!' Anything is preferable to sitting quietly and being shot at. At last some one gave the alarm that it was a large body of Russian Lancers, formed up to cut off our retreat. 'There's no help for it,' said Lord George Paget, 'we must retire, and cut our way through them as well as we can.' We went threes about, and went calmly to the rear. They did not attempt to cross our front, but attacked our right flank and rear. I was pretty near the right flank, and, of course, retiring in the rear rank; I had allowed my horse to flag a little, when one of the gentlemen came on to attack me with his lance at a slanting position, and was making a poke for my back; I wheeled round in the saddle, parried his lance, and gave him a second rear point to the left of his right shoulder, which I expect will spoil his lancing for some time. I was quite chuckling to myself over this affair, when we came to the horrid cross fire again. I had not gone far through till I got a rap in the leg as if from a sledge hammer. I looked down and saw the blood gushing from a good-sized hole. 'Now then, old horse—he had carried me well through the campaign—save my life now!' (I had seen all over the field four or five Cossacks spiking any poor fellow who was down.) I kept the right spur at work, and galloped a mile or more when I began to get blind and faint; I saw dimly a tent chum, I hailed to lend a hand, he heard me and came galloping, he stopped me the first thing, and gave me a good drink out of his water-bottle; that revived me, and I just got to where the regiment was forming, and old Cardigan was sitting, with the tears almost in his eyes when he saw his smart brigade so cut up; our fellows cheered him, when he said, 'You must not think, men, this is one of my mad-brained actions; I would have given almost anything rather than it had happened.'

THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

We append some extracts from a letter communicated to the *Times* by the Rev. Mr. Gleig. It is from the Rev. I. E. Sabin, in charge of the chaplain's department. It will be very gratifying to the sick and wounded to learn that the newspapers and books alluded to, which reach them so regularly through the War-office, are the personal gift of the Queen, according to a list of which her Majesty personally approves:—

"Scutari, Dec. 27.

"My dear Mr. Gleig,—Your anxiety to hear of our welfare at the Scutari hospitals induces me to write to you again this post. A walk through our vast corridors now, crowded as they are in every part, fills me with lively satisfaction, for I see how much has been done, and how rapidly, for the welfare of our soldiers. One corridor alone contains 225 beds, every one occupied, and the wards leading out of the same corridor contain 313 beds. The whole of this corridor has been repaved, and every ward had new floors and windows within the last month, and now it is occupied from end to end. Surgeries are built on the wide staircases, boilers for hot water are erected at intervals, stoves are kept constantly burning in each ward and down the corridor, which, to lessen the cold, is divided by wooden partitions; large tin baths are standing at the corners and entrances ready for use, and every man has a wooden bedstead and comfortable bed and bedding. Groups of men are sitting round the stoves reading, talking, and some few smoking, and altogether there is an air of comfort and enjoyment which I feared once never to see here. I have selected this one corridor to tell you of, because one month since it was unfit for use, and now is all that can be expected or desired. It has been rapidly completed under Mr. Gordon, an engineer officer; and the Turks, under our Sappers, have worked well. It has been completed, too, just as it was most needed, for we have had a great increase of sick during the last ten days, and without this corridor should have been sorely pressed for room. Our numbers now amount to 4200 sick and convalescents; distributed in barrack hospitals, 2500; in general hospital, 1000; on the two hulks, 700. Besides this, some 850 have been sent to Abydos. The medical staff seems now very efficient, and the number considerable—I should suppose nearly 100; and Dr. Mac Gregor, who has so ably and energetically worked the barrack hospital, is still at his post, and active as ever. The books we hear of as being sent out from the religious societies come in very slowly, but, perhaps, it is not time for them yet. The books and papers from the War-office come regularly, and are much used. It is very pleasing to see the groups of men collected round the stoves to hear one man read, or a poor fellow with one arm gone steadying a paper or a book with the other, and I am glad to say that the most frequent book in their hands is the New Testament.

"Copies of the Queen's letter to Mrs. Herbert have been made and distributed, and also posted on the walls in various places. One of the clergy went into most of the wards and read the letter, ending with the prayer 'God save the Queen!' to which the response was almost startling, so hearty and vigorous from the lungs of sick and dying men came the sincere 'Amen!' . . . You may well suppose from our vast number the severe cases are many. The deaths during the last few days have

been on an average 80 per diem, but this is no excessive number (sad as it is) when the vast number here are considered. But amid all these scenes of suffering and death, I cannot tell you what a load is off my mind when I know that all are cared for and neglected, and that we have such an efficient band of nurses, medical officers, and clergy. We see with the grievous untruths in many letters, especially of men dying in one night for want of wine, which since been declared untrue by the writer. But there are others which amuse us not a little, as when we learn the true history of a soldier killed and devoured by poor dogs, who have so severely felt the weight of English rule and stones, that they have not spirit to bark, unless they think their friends asleep in the night."

INCIDENTS.

AN ADDRESS TO LORD RAGLAN.—The Melton Mowbray people have presented an address to Lord Raglan, complimenting him on his distinguished services, and on the valour of his troops. Lord Raglan has replied—without expressing the least astonishment whatever.

THE MINIE RIFLE IN CIRCASSIA.—We read a letter from Constantinople:—"A gentleman, who has been here for some time, and who had come out the purpose of going into Circassia with a supply of Minie rifles (which unfortunately were lost in Prince), having now received a fresh, though very numerous supply of this valuable arm, is about to proceed to that unexplored country, with the object of encouraging its inhabitants and instructing them in the use of that most terrible weapon."

"HELP THE FATHERLESS," writing to the *Times* says:—"Having a large manufactory in London where some hundreds of men and boys are employed I will take a son of one of our brave fellows who have fallen in the Crimea as an apprentice to a respectable trade, age from twelve to fifteen years. shall be taken care of and provided for, free of expenses, during the period of his apprenticeship, namely, five years. When such period is finished the average wages will be 5s. per day."

MORTAR-BOAT.—Messrs. Wigram, of Northampton, near Southampton, are constructing a mortar-boat for the use of the English Government. The dimensions are 70 feet in length, 23 feet beam, and 9 feet 4 inches depth, and she will be equal in burden to a vessel of 170 tons. This boat will carry one 13-inch mortar slung in the centre of the deck on two pivots, thereby preserving its elevation and disposition in heavy seas. The vessel will be ready for use April.

A FIRE BRIGADE.—Government are about to dispatch a portion of the London Fire Brigade to Constantinople, with the necessary apparatus, to protect the hospital at Scutari from fire.

SIR EDMUND LYONS.—Some time ago the *Straboli* was sent in towards the batteries of Sebastopol with a flag of truce, in order to take back a Russian artillery officer in exchange for Lord Dunkley. Sir Edmund Lyons took advantage of this opportunity to send as a present a cheese to the Russian Admiral, with whom he had been acquainted former days. A few days afterwards the compliment was returned. A fourteen-oared boat came out from the town and brought a deer as a present back to Admiral, together with a polite letter from the Russian Admiral, in which he said:—"The Russian Admiral remembers with pleasure the time of acquaintance with Sir Edmund, and regrets not have seen him for so long, except the other day when he came in rather close with the *Agamemnon*."

A SIGNAL MISTAKE.—When Admiral Dundas was the fleet at Kamiesh Bay, he signalled to Sir Edmund Lyons—"May success attend you;" and to this reply of "May happiness await you" was ordered to be hoisted. Unfortunately, however, the difference in real life, in the signal code hanging a happiness are very much alike; and in his haste reply, the signal officer hoisted the former instead of the latter. The mistake was rectified, though before it had been read by the whole fleet, and a proper reply run up. However, like the signal which was forwarded the other day from Balaklava to Lord Raglan, stating that "12 hungry Turks have come in," instead of 1200 Turks landed, the whole thing has only been laughed at as one of those stupid errors which will occur occasionally.

BOOKS FOR THE HOSPITAL.—Mr. Arthur Smith, who so kindly took charge of presents of books to the hospital, thus writes to the *Times*:—"I have just received a letter from Mrs. Bracebridge, Scutari, who, writing for Miss Nightingale, says that the first freight of books has arrived at the hospital and been distributed among the inmates, to their great satisfaction. She adds that one in three are capable of reading, and the others listen. I shall feel obliged by your inserting this little piece of information, many of the contributors who sent books for the purpose forwarded them anonymously, and I have no other means of informing them that their kind donations have been appreciated. Upwards of 22,000 volumes altogether were collected and forwarded to the Crimea, as well as to Scutari."

PROMOTIONS FOR SERGEANTS.—The following has been issued by the Commander of the Forces:—"In obedience to her Majesty's commands, the commanding officer of each regiment will be so good as to transmit to Lieut.-Colonel Steele, military secretary, the name of the non-commissioned officer whom, in consideration of his meritorious service, he may deem best entitled to a commission."

BOOTS.—Five hundred barrels of winter boots, each containing thirty, have been shipped for conveyance to the Crimea. These boots are made for the upper leather to reach to the hip, perfectly waterproof, and are met at the tops by a waterproof cape, the ends of which strap to the trunk of the boot, completely shielding the wearer from all outward moisture.

NEW FIELD FOR RECRUITING.—General Beatson, who is in Constantinople, and is charged by the Government with the formation of a body of 4000 cavalry, is about to proceed to Thessaly, for the purpose of raising this force from the population of those provinces. The best field for recruiting in the Turkish empire is Thessaly and Epirus, from whose mountain population a fine force could be enlisted.

TEA AND SUGAR.—We have received from Messrs. Waterhouse, of St. Paul's-churchyard, some correspondence which has already appeared in other papers. They state that some time since they offered to supply gratuitously a large quantity of tea and sugar for the troops in the Crimea. The offer was declined, on the ground that it was quite unnecessary, as a proper supply was already in the camp. They enclose a copy of a letter from a regimental officer, who says, that at the period of the refusal there was not six pounds of tea in the camp, and that had it been accepted many lives might have been saved. The men had no such luxuries supplied, and, their pay not being regular, they were unable to purchase when there was an opportunity.

THE ALLIED ADMIRALS.

The *Moniteur* gives the following letters of farewell exchanged between Admirals Dundas and Hamelin:—

"On Board the Furious, Bay of Kazatch,
December 19, 1854.

"My dear Admiral,—I cannot resign my command without making my adieu to the fleet placed under your orders, in whose operations I have co-operated so long with pride and pleasure.

"I shall carry with me to England, and I shall always cherish, a reminiscence so dear to me. I beg you, if you see no objection, to express my sentiments to the officers and seamen under your command, with the assurance of my constant wishes for the brilliant realization of their hopes.

"Accept for yourself, my dear admiral, my hearty wish that you may find, on your return to your own country, all the happiness that you can desire.

"J. W. DEANS DUNDAS."

"Montezuma, Kamiesch, Dec. 22, 1854.

"My dear Admiral,—I have the honour to inform you that to-morrow, December 23, I give up the command of the French squadron to Vice-Admiral Bruat.

"At the moment of separation from yourself and the squadron placed under your orders, I beg you, if you see no objection, to express in my name, to all your officers and seamen, how delighted I have been with the constant concord and good feeling with which we have carried on together all our naval and military operations since our entrance into the Black Sea. Though far from them, my heart will be with them, and longing for their success; and the memory of the time we have passed together will be one of the pleasantest reminiscences of my naval career.

"For yourself, my dear admiral, take with you my wishes for your happiness, and be pleased to accept the expression of my most affectionate and devoted good feeling.

"The Admiral of France commanding in chief
"the Mediterranean Squadron,
"HAMELIN."

THE QUEEN'S COMMENDATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

GENERAL CANROBERT has issued the following "General Order" upon the receipt of the Queen's despatch relating to the conduct of the French troops at the battle of Inkerman:—

"The Commander-in-Chief is happy to have to communicate to the troops the expressions, most honourable for our arms, in which her Majesty the Queen of England appreciates their conduct at the battle of Inkerman.

"The Queen has remarked with grateful satisfaction the vigour with which the troops of her ally, the Emperor of the French, came to the assistance of the divisions of the English army engaged in so unequal a combat. Her Majesty is profoundly sensible of the cordial co-operation of the Commander-in-Chief, General Canrobert, and of the valiant conduct of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet. She beholds in the cheers with which the soldiers of the two nations

mutually encouraged each other during the action proofs of the reciprocal esteem which this campaign and the traits of bravery it has produced have given rise to on both sides.

"Her Majesty the Queen of England could not praise in a more flattering manner the attitude of the army at the battle of Inkerman. In marching to the aid of our brave allies we fulfilled a duty which they themselves would fulfil towards us with that valour we know they possess, and so many proofs of which we have witnessed with our own eyes.

"The Commander-in-Chief,

"CANROBERT.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Dec. 28."

DECORATIONS FOR PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

We read in the *London Gazette*:—

"The Queen has been pleased to grant unto private Andrew Anderson, of the Sappers and Miners, her royal license and permission that he may accept and wear the Order of the Medjidie, which the Sultan has been pleased to confer upon him in approbation of his distinguished bravery and good conduct at the passage of the Danube on the 7th of July last, and subsequently in rescuing the body of his commanding officer, Lieutenant Burke, after he had fallen; and that he may enjoy all the rights and privileges thereunto annexed; provided, nevertheless, that her Majesty's said license and permission do not authorise and shall not be deemed or construed to authorise the assumption of any style, appellation, rank, precedence, or privilege appertaining unto a knight bachelor of these realms.

"And also to command that her Majesty's said concession and especial mark of her royal favour be registered, together with the relative documents, in her Majesty's College of Arms."

THE MILITIA.

The Lord Mayor, as Lord-Lieutenant for London, has received her Majesty's warrant to embody the whole of the City of London Militia forthwith. It is supposed that their first quarters will be at the Tower.

The 2nd Royal Surrey will be fully embodied for permanent duty on February the 1st. The regiment is expected to muster 700 strong.

The Norfolk Militia Artillery are summoned to muster at Yarmouth on Tuesday next, the 23d instant, to be embodied for permanent duty.

The Exeter and South Devon Volunteer Rifle Corps assembled for ball practice at Dawlish last week. Considerable skill was displayed.

The South Devon Regiment of Militia has been recruiting in several of the rural villages and towns of Devonshire lately with some success. The regiment, which is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. Y. Buller, has attained great military proficiency.

The Royal Cornwall and Devon Miners Militia corps have assembled for permanent duty at Falmouth. The deficiency in the regiment, consequent upon volunteering into the line, will be soon made up.

The Royal Westminster Militia, Colonel Lord Chelsea, is ordered forthwith to be embodied for permanent duty.

The Artillery battalion of the Royal Sussex Militia is to be embodied on the 1st of February next, at the dépôt in Southover.

On Tuesday the Northumberland Light Infantry Regiment of Militia assembled at Alnwick on permanent duty. The nominal strength of the regiment is 900, and of that number nearly 600 have already come forward.

The Fermanagh Light Infantry Regiment of Militia assembled in barracks at Enniskillen on the 1st inst. The corps then mustered nearly 200 men, and volunteers have since joined at the rate of 10 a day. They are all young men of a very good description; 21 have volunteered to the line.

The Louth Militia, Lieut.-Colonel Sir J. S. Robinson, has been constituted a rifle regiment, and is ordered to be embodied forthwith.

The 1st Devon Regiment of Militia, which has now been assembled at Exeter for some time, have during the last fortnight been daily contributing volunteers for the line.

The North Durham Regiment of Militia has received orders to assemble for permanent duty on the 1st of February.

The second detachment of the 2nd Royal Lancashire Militia, composed of about 700 rank and file, left Liverpool for Edinburgh on Friday.

THE SECOND REGIMENT OF DERBYSHIRE MILITIA. —It has been resolved to form a second regiment of Derbyshire militia, and from the spirited and influential manner in which the lord-lieutenant's wishes on this subject are being carried out, there is no doubt the resolution will be attended with success.

It is stated by the *Dublin Evening Mail* that many of the Irish militia regiments are likely to be left as destitute of medical care as the unfortunates of the army at the seat of war. Several corps have been unable to procure assistant-surgeons, and it is added the surgeons of others will resign as soon as the regiments are fairly embodied. The cause of this strange state of affairs is

attributed to an old source of public mischief—viz., pinching and misplaced economy in small matters, while reckless and prodigal expenditure in great is but too frequently regarded with indifference.

MR. COBDEN AT LEEDS.

On Wednesday Mr. Cobden addressed his constituents at Leeds. The meeting was appointed to take place in the Music-hall; but the attendance was so great that it was found necessary to adjourn to the open area of the Cloth-hall Yard. Occasional falls of snow did not interrupt the proceedings. After the usual formalities, Mr. Cobden delivered an address which, upon the whole, was well received, and deserved to be well received.

Mr. Cobden commenced by observing that his motive for speaking was, that all his hearers disagreed with him. He did not wish to talk about the origin of the war. There was war, and the thing was, had we not better get peace. He maintained that it could not be a little war, nor a cheap war.

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

I have told you that I am not going to detain you with a long historical account of the origin of that war, but I must take exception to a remark of the chairman, from which he seemed to consider that I was going to address you as the advocate and champion of the abstract principle of peace at all price. Now, really, it is rather unfair that one should be made responsible for opinions which one has never avowed, nor uttered, nor professed, nor entertained. There is a respectable body of Christians in this country—very influential from their character, if not from their numbers—who put an interpretation on the New Testament which leads them to believe that war, under any circumstances, is contrary to the precepts of Christianity; but these gentlemen themselves have never attempted to impress their religious opinions upon the policy of this country, and they have been the first to urge me again and again to disavow their doctrines. I have been again and again requested by members of the Society of Friends to disavow their opinions, which they know I am charged with entertaining, merely because I should lose all influence with practical minds in the advocacy of peace principles. Let us discuss this question as a question of policy and of policy only. My first and greatest objection to this war has been the delusive—I had almost said the fraudulent—pretences under which it has been made popular in this country, and by which the feelings of the people have been roused to enthusiasm in its favour. They have been allowed to entertain the belief that it was to effect objects which I knew and felt it never was intended to effect. ("No, no!") Will anybody deny that twelve or fifteen months ago, when the first excitement in favour of war with Russia began, the idea was that we were entering upon a war which had for its object to give freedom to struggling communities on the Continent ("No, no")—that it would have for its object to put a check upon the proceedings of Russia with reference, for example, to such matters as the invasion of Hungary and the conquest of Circassia and other countries? Does any one deny that the prevalent opinion was that we were going to raise as an inscription on our banners, "The Reconstruction of Polish Nationality?" (*Loud cries of "No, no."*) On this point I will refer to the opinion of the late Lord D. Stuart. I always thought that he represented, on this question, the opinions of the great body of the public of this country; and I know very well that he and those who acted with him were of opinion that this war had for its aim the giving of liberty to Poland, and the restoration of the rights of other nationalities. ("No, no.") Now, I have never viewed it in that light, for I never believed that it would have had any such consequence. I have ever looked upon this war as a war of policy only. I have looked on it as a political war—a war of diplomatists and statesmen, and not one carried on in the interest of nationalities or freedom at all. It is, in the fewest words I can use, a war in which we have a despot for an enemy, a despot for an ally, and a despot for a client (*laughter*), and we have been for twelve months endeavouring to make an ally of another despot, and have not yet succeeded. But, look at the war as it really is—a war in opposition to Russian encroachments on Turkey. (*A cry of "That's it."*) That is the true state of the case, and all I object to is, that we have been a little too precipitate in going to war for that object—("No, no!")—because I believe that if you had avoided your declaration of war when you made it, and if you had avoided going to war so long as the near neighbours of Russia, who are much more interested in this question than we are, did not think it necessary to do so—I mean Austria and Prussia—we should have got all we could hope for without shedding a drop of blood. ("Oh, oh!") Austria and Prussia have far more interest than you have in keeping back Russia, as, in the case of aggression, their territories will be the first to be taken. Now, as between Russia and Turkey, I have again and again stated in the House of Commons, and Mr. Bright (*disapprobation*) has stated the same thing most emphatically, that there was no doubt the Turks had right on their side; that Russia invaded Turkey; that Russia was the first to provoke hostilities by invading the Turkish territories; and that the Turkish Govern-

most had therefore a fair *casus belli* in going to war with Russia. (*Cheers*). But Russia, in making an attack on Turkey, has not made an attack on us—"Oh, oh!"—and though we have a right if we please to mix in the quarrel, and to take sides with Turkey, yet I do not see that we are at all times called upon to go to war merely in defence of right, because that would involve us in this principle—that we are to go to war whenever there is a quarrel anywhere, and take that side which we believe to be right. ("No.")

THE TURKS AND THE ENGLISH.

Why, what is the constant complaint we hear universally that the Greek Christians are all opposed to the English? We have been obliged to remove them from Balaklava, they were so hostile to the English; and even the Greeks in England have been so much opposed to the English that they have been warned to be more careful as to the expression of their sympathies with Russia. Now, I want you to deal with this as an element in this case. We shall have this question before us for years to come, and I wish you to bear in mind that this will form a most difficult element in the settlement of it. You are dealing with a question in which you have a Government representing only a small minority of the people. You have the Christian population of Turkey opposed to you in this matter, and you are hampered and impeded in your operations in the war because you get no assistance from the populations. Even in the Crimea—where there are a great number of Christians resident—you get no information from them, and they are the only intelligent people in the East—and hence it arises that at this moment your generals in command hardly know the names of the generals opposed to them, and nothing as to the number of the troops they have to encounter. You cannot deal with Turkey, because when you have dealt with Russia then will come up the internal divisions of Turkey; and now I ask, will you be able to settle them? The proposition of our Government is this—that instead of letting Russia interfere to protect the Christians of Turkey, the five Great Powers shall together interfere for their protection; but it appears to me that this involves the same principle. ("No, no.") The Emperor of Russia, no doubt with sinister objects in view, and to serve his own purposes, entered upon this aggression. (*Cheers*). But by your adopting the same principle that she has done you go very far to justify, in the eyes of the world, the course she has been pursuing. And mind, I do not mean like the position we have occupied, because we deal only with Governments, and we never look to the people. We do not allow any interference with a country where the object is to benefit a majority of the population against a Government, however bad. We do not intermeddle with cases like that where you have interference to prop up a bad Government, as in the case of the French troops at Rome, and the Russians in Hungary—where, in short, it is to put down a people and not to aid them against their governments. There may be policy in all this, but, in my opinion, it tends to withdraw this question from the category of justice in which it has been placed. Much might be said upon this aspect of the question. Will my friends here hold out to you that we are going to do the same thing which we are fighting against the Emperor of Russia for doing?

Mr. Cobden then, at some length, criticised the conduct of the Government with regard to the war, all of which he considered grossly mismanaged.

REASONS FOR PEACE.

Now, is there no reason to suppose that there is a possibility of effecting a safe and honourable peace? Is there not ground for supposing that, at the present moment, the Governments of Europe have approximated by their negotiations to such a state of things as may render it possible to arrange the terms of an honourable peace? And now I would address a word to my friends behind me. They propose, I believe, to submit to this meeting a resolution calling for the vigorous prosecution of the war. ("Hear, hear, and cheers.") I have told you frankly, that if the war is to be carried on it must be carried on in a very different spirit, and on a very different scale from what it has hitherto been, but I would put it to my friends around me, and I put it to this meeting, as representing so important a community, whether you may not be throwing an obstacle in the path of peace—whether you may not be frustrating the objects which the Government may now have in view in order to effect a peace—by passing in the midst of this important constituency such a resolution as I understand has been prepared? (*Loud and general cries of "No, no!"*) My own impression, drawn from those public sources of information which are open to us all, is that attempts are now being made—which are not unlikely to prove successful, if they are not thwarted by the public opinion of this country—to arrive at an honourable peace, and I ask you and my friends behind me, to consider well before you say or do one single thing that can possibly impede the progress of these pacific negotiations.

These remarks were followed by an eloquent description of the suffering endured by the British force in the Crimea, and by an appeal against taking

Sebastopol, with dreadful loss of life, merely "for the look of the thing."

THE POLICY OF ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IDENTICAL.

You have heard of Russia's having taken territories from various countries? Now, I will undertake to say that for every square mile of territory that Russia has taken from any power by force of arms during the last 150 years we have taken five. I am glad to see you hear the statement with so much good humour, for we should have gone very far towards despotism in this country if a man was not listened to because he spoke the conscientious truth. We are told, moreover, that Russia has been encroaching latterly upon the Turkish empire—that is to say, the present Czar has had a very strong disposition to meddle with what was not his own. (*Laughter*.) Now it is a singular fact, but a fact notwithstanding, that during the present Czar's lifetime he has not taken a slice of territory from Turkey, but one of the parties engaged in this war for the assertion of justice has taken a very large slice of the Turkish empire during the lifetime of the Czar. We know that in 1830 France seized upon Algiers, and has kept it ever since. We know that Algiers was a Mahomedan dependency of Turkey, and I believe up to this moment England has never recognised the right of France to Algiers by sending consuls there, simply because the British Government did not like to offend Turkey by recognising the appropriation of her territory. ("Hear, hear, and a laugh.") I know what my friend Mr. Baines will say. He will tell you that it is all very well for Mr. Cobden to talk in this way, but that two blacks do not make one white. Let me remind Mr. Baines that I set out with the position taken by some persons, that we were the judges and that the Czar was the criminal, and that we were doing justice in the interest of all Europe and of the whole civilised world. I think before we mount the judgment-seat it is necessary that we should have clean hands. I do not think a judge who was known himself to be given to pilfering as much as the culprit in the dock would be very likely to be sustained on the judgment-seat by public opinion, or that he would be allowed to exercise the functions of a judge for a single day after his delinquency was discovered. (*A laugh*.) That is the predicament in which we place ourselves when we come to this argument of justice. We are taking a position in which the world does not recognise us. Be assured, gentlemen of the West Riding, that however complacently we may lay our hands upon our hearts, and thank Heaven we are not as other men who invade and annex their neighbours' territory, other nations, recollecting that we have possessed ourselves in India during the last 150 years of the territory of a Mahomedan sovereign—the Great Mogul—containing a population of 100,000,000 or 150,000,000—remembering what we have done with the Dutch at the Cape, and with everybody else somewhere or other—(*great laughter*)—will not regard us as the disinterested, just, and perfectly immaculate people we allege ourselves to be. They believe we are just another Russia in that respect—just another Russia, nothing better, nothing worse; we have taken territory wherever we thought it was worth having, and the parties who held it were not sufficiently strong to prevent our taking it. Now, what is the consequence? We find that not only Russia does not acknowledge our authority as a judge, but that the rest of the world does not acknowledge it. That is our anomalous position.

Mr. Cobden then reviewed the aspect of other countries with regard to the war, and remarked that as they were neutral they did not, at all events, agree with us. He then adverted to his (Mr. Cobden's) former triumphs of unpopularity, his opinion against the anticipated French invasion three years ago, and his advice on the Don Pacifico affair. These, and other cases, made him most unpopular, but he was invariably right in the end.

MINISTERS AND THE CZAR—PEACE.

When the secret conference was going on at St. Petersburg between Sir H. Seymour and the Czar, Lord John Russell was Foreign Minister for a few months, and knowing, as he did, the proposition made by the Czar about the "sick man," he thus wrote to Sir H. Seymour:—"Upon the whole, her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe than that which his Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory." That is the way Lord J. Russell spoke of the Czar on the 9th of February, 1853, less than two years ago, after the secret and clandestine proposition made to Sir H. Seymour as to whether we should like to go shares for the goods of "the sick man." Lord Clarendon followed Lord John Russell; and how does he speak after he knows of this proposition of the Czar, who is now looked upon as the very incarnation and embodiment of everything wicked? He says—"The generous confidence exhibited by the Emperor"—that is, the generous confidence with which he whispered "the Sultan is going to die, will you go snacks with me?"—(*great laughter*)—"the generous confidence exhibited by the Emperor entitles his Imperial Majesty to the most

cordial declaration of opinion on the part of her Majesty's Government, who are fully aware that in the event of any understanding with reference to future contingencies being expedient, or, indeed, possible, the word of his Imperial Majesty would be preferable to any convention that could be framed!" That is your opinion of the Czar as expressed by your Foreign Minister less than two years ago—mind, after the suppression of the Polish revolution, with all its horrors, in 1830—after the suppression of the nationality of Cracow, and after the invasion of Hungary—after all these things, and after the Emperor had been nearly thirty years on the throne, this is the way he is spoken of by our Foreign Minister. Now what revolts me is the subsequent conduct of these men, and that of Lord John Russell in particular, who has made speeches greatly calculated to rouse the war-spirit in this country. I do not stand here for the Czar, because there can hardly be conceived two men on the face of the earth who can so little sympathise with each other. I regard him as a man of towering intellectual capacity, but the very incarnation of physical force. ("Keep him back.") Keep him back! That brings me again to the question, how will you keep back a power like that? I am afraid the very course you have taken in going to Sebastopol will have the effect, which I will deeply regret, of raising the prestige of the power of Russia in the eyes of all barbarous countries. ("No, no.") It will be said, notwithstanding the Alma and Inkerman, that England and France came to invade Russia, but that she was more than a match for them both. This arises from the mistake of having gone there at all. If you want to fight a nation or an individual, do not go where you give them tenfold advantage; rather go where you will meet them on equal terms. The language I have always held is, that for purposes of aggression Russia is weak because she is poor; but for the purpose of defence look at the Napoleon example. He entered Moscow on the 14th of September, 1812. You embarked for the Crimea on the 14th of September, 1854, and the mistake in both cases consisted in going to seek the enemy among his own impregnable fastnesses. Here is the opinion given by Lord Palmerston on this subject: "There never has been a great state whose power for external aggression has been more overrated than Russia. She may be impregnable within her own boundaries, but she is nearly powerless for all purposes of offence." Now, I hope, my dear friend, Mr. Baines, will not try to frighten us by telling that Russia is going to do provided we let him take possession of Turkey. I don't think it would be so easy a thing to take possession of Turkey—so difficult does Russia find it to move from home at all. Now, I know my friend's argument exactly. He is going to say, that if you allow Russia to take Turkey, then she will become so powerful, having possession of such rich territories, that she will next come and take other neighbouring countries, and take possession of England also. That is the argument by which we were recommended to go to war with Russia. Now Turkey is a country that has been most barbarously misgoverned for the last 400 years, and it has been brought to a state that I cannot describe better than in the words of Lord Carlisle, your late worthy representative, who has just been in Turkey. He says:—"But when you leave the partial splendours of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favoured beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilisation? Look yourself—ask those who live there: deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people." With respect to Russia taking possession of neighbouring countries, I should like to know how long it will be before that Power could construct the roads and bridges necessary to enable it to cross the morasses and deserts that lie between it and the nations of Western Europe. It takes about seven years to restore a farm to fertility that has been left neglected; and I believe it would take a century at least to enable Russia to make any progress in such a direction as we are told it is likely to take. At all events, I certainly do not like to continue this horrid war, to avert dangers that are not greater than the war itself. ("Oh, oh!") We have got into the war now. It has carried desolation into your homes, from the palace to the cottage, and could you have had much worse if all that my friend may state could possibly happen? Seeing, then, that there is a prospect of peace, all I ask you to do is not to commit yourselves to the passing of any resolutions whatever. ("No, no.") I thank you for your kindness in having so long listened to me on this occasion, especially as I know many of you are adverse to the opinions I have expressed. I am surrounded by men of all political parties, and I was led to expect great discord, but I never believed that among Yorkshiremen I should not have full freedom to express my honest convictions. (*Cheers*.) I felt that all they would look for from their representative was that he should be truthful and sincere in his statements, and that so long as he was so they would not grudge him the time he had occupied in stating his opinions. (*Cheers*.)

Mr. J. G. Marshall then moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Baines and supported by Mr. Milnes.

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the war in which England and France are now engaged with Russia is a great contest forced upon them by the outrageous aggression of the latter Power upon the Turkish empire, and is intended to create a spirit of aggrandisement on the part of the Czar which threatens the independence of other nations, and this meeting is of opinion that the war ought to be prosecuted with the utmost vigour until safe and honourable terms of peace can be obtained."

The following amendment was then proposed and seconded:—

"That this meeting, without giving any opinion on the origin or conduct of the war, earnestly desires that the present negotiations for peace may be carried to a successful issue, and the further evils of a protracted contest spared to this country, to Europe, and to the world."

The voting, however, was decidedly against it, and on the original motion being put very few hands were held against it.

NEW METROPOLITAN COMMISSION OF SEWERS.—MR. F. O. WARD'S STATEMENT.

HAVING disposed of those branches of the subject which relate to the collection of sewage in the houses, to its conveyance through districts of the town, and to its diversion by intercepting tunnels from the Thames, Mr. F. O. Ward proceeded to state his views as to the policy which the Commission should adopt with respect to that much vexed branch of the question—the Agricultural utilisation of the sewage.

The value of town refuse as manure, Mr. Ward said, had been called in question very recently by no less an authority than Mr. Caird, who had distinguished himself as the agricultural commissioner of that able journal the *Times*. Mr. Ward thought, however, that he could produce an overwhelming body of evidence, both scientific and practical, in support of the view adopted by his sanitary friends and himself,—that town refuse was one of the most valuable fertilising agents we possessed. To shorten his argument he would direct attention solely to the azotized ingredients of the sewage; for though the phosphates, the potass, and the soluble silica of sewage were valuable, and ought by no means to be wasted, yet their value was insignificant as compared with that of its azotized or ammoniacal elements. Professor Way, the able chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society,—a man who had brought eminent ability to bear, with great success, upon subjects of the highest national importance—had illustrated the high relative value of ammonia by what might be termed a chemo-economical analysis of guano. Mr. Way had shown, that of the total price given for the best guano, at least 80 per cent. was paid for the ammonia in it.—Guano contained 16 per cent. of ammonia, 24 per cent. of earthy phosphates, and 3½ per cent. of potass; the remaining 56½ per cent. consisting of mere sand and water, which were not only worthless themselves, but diminished the worth of the other ingredients, by diminishing their portability. Now, looking to the prices at which these several substances could be procured in the market, it appeared that of 10*l.* paid for a ton of guano, 8*l.* at least were paid for the 336 lbs. of ammonia in it, and only 2*l.* for the 537 lbs. of earthy phosphate and the 79 lbs. of potass. It was clear, therefore, that, for all practical purposes, they might confine their attention to the ammonia of the sewage; for if its ammonia would not yield a profit, neither the phosphates, nor potass, nor anything else in it would. Now, on comparing the various investigations that had been published, by Berzelius, Lecanu, Boussingault, Gasparin, Paulet, and others, as to the weight and composition of human residua, he found that an adult produced annually about 16½ lbs. of ammonia, of which 4-5ths, or 13 lbs., were secreted by the kidneys, the remaining 1-5th, or 3½ lbs., being contained in the more solid residuum. Children and old persons produced less ammonia; but as the horses, cows, dogs, and other animals in London yielded a large annual quantity, besides that which was produced by gasworks and other manufactories, he believed that it would be an under-estimate to put the net produce, after all deductions had been allowed for, at 15 lbs. per head of the population, taking 4-5ths as urine ammonia and 1-5th as faecal ammonia. Now, amongst the many valuable experiments which had been made by that able and eminent man, Mr. Lawes, of Rothamstead, there was one that would just serve to illustrate the value of the ammonia thus produced, every year, by each individual. Mr. Lawes had put on a plot of corn-land a quantity of sulphate of ammonia, corresponding to 14 lbs. of real ammonia (the quantity was 65 lbs. of the impure commercial sulphate) and he had

compared the produce of that plot with the produce of an adjacent plot kept unmanured for the purpose. The unmanured plot produced 16 bushels of corn—the manured plot 21 bushels; so that 14 pounds of ammonia, used as manure, had produced an increase of no less than five bushels of corn, worth, at present prices, he believed, about 40 shillings. The proportion of increase varied of course with weather and other circumstances; but this result was rather below than above the average effect of ammonia on corn crops; and on grass lands its influence was greater still, quadrupling the ordinary crops. But he was content to take it that the average annual produce of ammonia by each individual of a mixed urban population would, if delivered to the roots of growing corn, produce an increased yield of five bushels of dressed grain.

But he would now turn from physiological and chemical considerations, and from experimental trials, to the rougher but not less reliable results of practical experience on a large scale. Take the Edinburgh meadows for example. Here was a case in which town sewage, very roughly applied no doubt, and without the necessary precautions to render the operation inoffensive, had nevertheless raised land of the most barren description—much of it, in fact, mere sea-side sand-hills—to such a state of fertility that 30*l.* per Scotch acre was paid for several portions of it; and that the average rental was as high as 20*l.* per Scotch acre. The yield of these irrigated sands was actually tenfold the average yield of agricultural lands in Great Britain. Look, again, at the sewage-manured meadows below Mansfield; thirty years ago those meadows were a wilderness—the higher parts covered with gorse, the lower levels a snipe-haunted bog. To these lands—worth 4*s.* an acre at the utmost—the town sewage of Mansfield had been conveyed by a dyke, and distributed by a system of gutters and sluices; and what was the consequence? They were at this moment producing no less than 12*l.* 5*s.* per acre per annum. This had been accomplished by a very dilute form of town sewage; for the whole river (the Maun) had been diverted into the dyke, with the drainage of only that small part of the houses which had been as yet fitted up with water-closets. As these were multiplied the fertility of the irrigated lands below the town would doubtless increase; and it was satisfactory to find that these sewage irrigations were so rapidly absorbed by the land as to be imperceptible a few minutes after the water had been turned on, producing far less offensive smell than the ordinary top-dressings of farm-yard manure, which lay for days together, exhaling ammonia, beneath the sun. Sewage irrigation was practised with equal success, by very similar means, in many parts of the continent. The sewers of Milan, for example, are discharged by a canal called the Vettabbia, which flows a distance of ten miles to the river Lambro, and irrigates in its course a considerable tract of meadow land. These meadows are every year four times mowed for stable-feeding—besides yielding three abundant hay-crops (in June, July, and August)—and furnishing, in September, plentiful pasturage for the cattle till the winter irrigations begin. In all these cases, however, the sewage was distributed by open gutters—a far costlier and less efficient method than the distribution through pipes with hose and jet now extensively practised in this country, which had the honour, he was proud to say, of having originated this plan. Already the sewage of Rugby had been taken on lease by an enterprising landowner, who had laid down pipes for its distribution over five hundred acres of land; and who, it was stated, was so well satisfied with the result, that he was about to pipe five hundred acres more. He (Mr. Ward) had no doubt that the produce of this land would be quadrupled; and that the owner, who had got the lease of the Rugby sewage at an almost nominal rent, would make a fortune by his speculation—and a fortune he richly deserved for his boldness in leading the way. He (Mr. Ward) would therefore assume that the commission recognised the value of town sewage as a powerful manure, and he would come to the question how, under the circumstances of so vast a city as London, this valuable matter might best be made available. Two methods, they were aware, had been proposed for this purpose—the moist and the dry method: the plan of liquid manuring as practised at the places just referred to, and the plan of precipitation, different forms of which had been proposed by Messrs. Higgs, Wickstead, Stothart, Angus Smith, and other able and ingenious men. Each of these plans had its advantages. Undoubtedly, if a precipitate, as rich as guano, could be cheaply obtained from sewage, by some agent capable of throwing down the whole of its fertilising ingredients, such a product would have a high degree of practical value, especially in the case of towns whose great size or disadvantageous position made it difficult to utilise the whole of their refuse on land in their immediate vicinity. On the other hand, the delivery of liquid manure by gravitation or steam power, through pipes, obviated the

expense of the precipitating process, and substituted the cheapest-known means of conveyance and distribution for costly cartage and hand labour. His chief objection to the precipitating processes was, that no chemical agent had yet been discovered which would throw down all the valuable ingredients of sewage in a form sufficiently compact to come into competition with guano. Messrs. Higgs, Wickstead, and Stothart all used lime as a precipitant. Dr. Angus Smith, an excellent chemist, and a gentleman for whom he had a great personal esteem, had suggested sulphite of magnesia; while the Sewage Manure Company were producing a compost, which he believed had a ready sale, by filtering the Ranelagh sewer water through tanks filled with peat charcoal. Now lime precipitated only that portion of the ammonia which was furnished to the sewage by the more solid ejecta; instead of precipitating it disengaged and wasted the ammonia derived from urine. The reason of this was obvious. That portion of the ammonia which was derived from urine existed in sewage in the form of ammoniacal salts; and lime being an alkaline earth combined with the acids of these salts, and set free their volatile base, of which part flew off as gas, and part was carried away in solution in the water. The faecal ammonia, on the contrary, was in the form of organic compounds which lime could not thus rapidly decompose; and these the lime entangled and took down in its descent, very much as white of egg clarifies coffee by entangling and withdrawing from the liquor the pulverulent matter in suspension. Unfortunately, the faecal ammonia was only 1-5th of the whole, the other 4-5ths being contained in the ammoniacal salts derived from the urine. The ammoniacal vapours given off it was proposed to condense, no doubt; and some part of the waste might possibly be thus prevented; but a great deal of free ammonia would still, he feared, escape in watery solution. The ammonia retained by the compost, moreover, would be so small a percentage, encumbered with so much comparatively inert lime, that five or six tons of the precipitate would be required to produce the effect of a single ton of guano. Hence fivefold cartage costs, and a proportionate increase in the labour of spreading it on the land. Mr. Stothart, besides the lime, proposed to employ the sulphates of alumina and zinc, as well as night-soil burned to a sort of charcoal, in the hope of absorbing the ammonia disengaged by the lime; but much would still escape; and, moreover, a question of cost would arise, which, in dealing with large masses of sewage, would, he feared, defeat the plan—full of merit and ingenuity as it undoubtedly was. Dr. Angus Smith proposed sulphite of magnesia as a precipitant of the ammoniacal phosphates of the urine; and these it would no doubt effectually throw down, as double phosphatic salts of magnesia and ammonia. But sulphite of magnesia could not throw down carbonate of ammonia, a salt which, unluckily for this plan, was fifteen times more abundant than the phosphate of ammonia in the urine. The plan of filtration through peat charcoal had been attended with some degree of success; but there was reason to fear that this agent, having a rapid oxydising power in virtue of its porosity, must decompose and waste a large proportion of the ammonia, though a certain proportion was certainly absorbed and retained. Much depended on these proportions, which he had not yet been able to ascertain, and which would be a very fit matter for investigation. Any sensible waste of ammonia or of the other valuable ingredients of sewage, would suffice to condemn the plan; and such waste, he was afraid, took place to a considerable extent in this process as in all the other precipitating processes. Then again it was to be remembered, that all these composts were to be used as top dressings, and, like other top dressings, would be exposed to have their ammonia evaporated by the sunshine, or washed into the ditches by storms of rain; while liquid manure was no sooner delivered than it sank down at once to the roots of the plants. Fertilising matters, they were aware, must be in solution, in order to be available as plant-food; and it did not seem desirable to be at great cost to solidify substances, which must be re-dissolved before the roots could absorb them. For these and other reasons he looked forward to pipe distribution, as the perfect method which would ultimately prevail for the utilization of the London sewage. The cost of pipage, with steam engine and pumps complete, allowing 7½ per cent. for interest and maintenance, is only 5*s.* per acre per annum, and the average working expenses are rather less: so that the outlay is amply reimbursed by the increase of the very first crop. The cost of brick culverts with branches to convey the London sewage to farms so organised would also be inconsiderable, relatively to the vast increase in the produce of the land, and to the cheapness of provisions which would thence ensue. Quadrupled grass crops would enable double the quantity of meat to be raised on half the extent of land; and this would set free a vast breadth of the soil for the growth of grain and roots. This abundance of food would of itself remunerate the

urban ratepayers irrespectively of any direct municipal revenue derivable from the sale or letting of the sewage.

Mr. Wickstead, he was aware, had endeavoured to prove this method impracticable, by calculations intended to show that the pipes necessary would come to some prodigious amount—10 or 20 millions he believed. But arguments of that kind had little weight against even untried inventions; they had no weight at all against the progressive extension of plans already successful on a small scale. Gas lighting had been opposed by similar computations of the prodigious expenditure in pipeage which its extension would involve. But when Murdoch had shown that a single factory could be lighted with gas economically, it was clear that a street,—that ten streets,—that a town,—that all the towns of Europe,—might be piped with advantage, though the operation might absorb millions upon millions. So the success of a single farm—and there were already several scores—laid out with irrigating pipes, warranted anticipation of a time when the whole soil of this country would be similarly organised, and when the difficulty would be, not to dispose of town refuse, but to satisfy the claimants for a supply. Already all Flanders was honey-combed with tanks for the reception of town soil, which the peasants carried out in barrels, and spread by means of lads on the land. That vast sandy waste, called the Campine, a sort of Sahara in Belgium, was being rapidly fertilised by irrigation with similar refuse; and M. Bellefroid, of the Belgian Ministry of Agriculture, had told him that he knew of companies which were making 16 per cent. by these operations. There were vast tracts of barren sand south-west of London; wastes purchasable at 10*l.* or 12*l.* an acre, and which might be made to produce as much as that annually, by a liberal application of town sewage. The Thames below London was skirted by a marshy tract, varying from 2 or 3 to 5 or 6 miles wide he believed, and which, if drained, and irrigated with the London sewage, would produce fourfold crops, and yield a fourfold rental.

He knew there were many difficulties legal and administrative, as well as financial and physical, opposed to the immediate realisation of such a plan. Such was the indolent apathy of farmers, such their ignorant affection for routine, that ten or twenty years might yet elapse before they would awaken to the value of town refuse, and organise their farms for its utilisation. But that time would come at last, and in planning their works they should keep it steadily in view. There would be a transitional period very difficult to pass through—all transitions were difficult. In the conduct of this transition he had no doubt one or other of the precipitating processes would prove useful; just as the old street lamps were useful while gas was gradually making its way. But as they should not be satisfied in the town with anything short of "sewers without sediment" and "the complete depollution of the Thames," so in the country their final aim should be "the complete utilisation of the refuse," without the waste of a single fertilising particle. He looked on the sewers under London as valuable guano mines; the public were the shareholders of those mines; the rates had been so many calls; they (the Commissioners) were the board of directors; and their duty was to work up the property to a dividend paying condition. To that end they must prepare and promote, by all means in their power, the tubular organisation of the soil; availing themselves meanwhile of the best precipitating process as a transitional expedient.

Mr. Ward then proceeded to recapitulate his arguments and to state his general conclusions; after which he brought forward the two recent inventions referred to in his notice of motion, as "calculated greatly to facilitate the execution of sanitary works." These inventions appeared to us exceedingly novel and curious; but the high degree of importance which Mr. Ward attached to them both (and to one of them in particular) induces us to reserve for a separate report his exposition of these interesting discoveries.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon entertained at dinner the officers of the detachments of the Imperial Guard proceeding to the Crimea, and assured them, on parting, that "his thoughts would follow them." This is not quite so bold as the "*au revoir*" from the Camp of Boulogne. After dinner, he presented to each of the officers a pelisse, lined with fur. Before marching to the Lyons railway, the detachments assembled under the windows of the Tuilleries, and the Emperor waved his adieux. It is still reported, but not believed, that he means to go himself to the seat of war.

Prince Jérôme has sent an aide-de-camp and a physician to meet his son at Marseilles. Prince Napoleon is said to be coming home, not only sick, but angry and degraded. He is expected in Paris on Monday.

The *Moniteur* of Thursday announces that the sum total of the subscriptions to the National Loan amounts to 2,175,000,000*fr.* 177,000 persons took part in the

loan. Algeria, Corsica, and the offers to subscribe of some of the departments during the last few days, are not comprised in this amount.

The departments furnished 126,000 subscribers, the subscriptions of whom give a capital of 777,000,000*fr.* At Paris there were 51,000 subscribers, with a capital of 1,898,000,000*fr.* The foreign subscriptions are comprised. England provided a capital of 150,000,000*fr.*, and Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, &c., a similar amount.

The Emperor has conferred the military medal upon General Canrobert. This is considered a compliment to the rank and file of the army. The General is stated to have served twenty-eight years, and to have received three wounds, two in the Crimea.

The death of M. Jacques Arago (the blind traveller, and brother of the astronomer) is mentioned in the last accounts from the Brazils.

The report of the liberation of MM. de Lagondie and de Dampierre, French prisoners of war in Russia, is not confirmed.

The returns of the indirect revenue, published in the *Moniteur*, show an excess of receipts of 456,000*fr.* as compared with 1853, and of 42,926,000*fr.* as compared with 1842. The total produce is 847,260,000*fr.* The three last months of the year have been the most prosperous. During the first nine months there was a decrease, as compared with 1853, of 7,291,000*fr.*; but in the last quarter the increase was 7,747,000*fr.*

GERMANY.—We learn from Vienna that the English and French Ambassadors have received powers to treat for peace with Russia. Baron Baumgartner, the Austrian Minister of Finance, has resigned, and M. de Bruck has been summoned from his embassy at Constantinople to take the portfolio.

The Russian party at Berlin is said to be at the height of its glee. The assent of Russia to treat on the basis of the interpretations is regarded as the triumph of Prussian diplomacy, the salvation of Germany from the apprehension of being involved in war, the forerunner of a standstill in Austria, and of the Western Powers being compelled to negotiate and conclude a peace which will leave them where they were before the war.

BARON DE BRUCK, THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER.—Baron de Bruck, the Austrian Minister, has given a banquet to the Ottoman Ministry. He proposed a toast to the health of the Sultan and to the valiant army which had excited the admiration of Europe by its conduct on the Danube. He added that Austria was willing now to fight with the Western Powers for the defence of Turkey and in the cause of justice, and that, let the solution be as it may, Russia will be no longer menacing—she will have fallen. The Grand Vizier replied with visible emotion.

The Berlin Government has laid before the Chambers a measure relative to divorce, surrounding such a separation with difficulties so serious as almost to render it impossible. One clause enacts that as often as the guilt of the female shall be established in a suit for divorce, she shall be punished with an imprisonment varying from fifteen days to two months.

Letters from Warsaw report that all French and English subjects in the service of Russia are being discharged and forcibly conveyed to the Austrian and Prussian frontiers. The persons so removed were principally employed in various manufactures, and their places are supplied by Belgians and Germans.

M. Drouyn de l'Huys, it seems, has (December 27) replied "incisively" to the Prussian despatch of the 19th of the same month. He exposes the inconsistent and untenable pretensions of Prussia, and refuses point-blank a separate treaty with that power.

Prussia persists, we hear, in reserving her right to participate in the eventual revision of the European treaties.

No enlistments for the British foreign legion are permitted in Hamburg.

SPAIN.—In the sitting of the 13th inst. M. Olozaga submitted the bases of the new constitution to the Chamber. The principal points are:—"All public powers emanate from the nation, in which the sovereignty essentially resides. The nation engages itself to maintain the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion and its ministers, but no Spaniard nor stranger can be annoyed on account of his religious opinions, provided he does not offend the religion of the state by external acts. Liberty of the press. Abolition of the law of confiscation and of the penalty of death for political offences. Establishment of a National Guard. Two Legislative bodies—a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The senators, to be elected for life, are to be chosen from certain categories. They must have attained their twenty-fifth year, and be in the possession of an income of 80,000 reals. One hundred and twenty are to be appointed at first. The King may not appoint more than twelve at the commencement of every session. There is to be one deputy for every 50,000 inhabitants. The Cortes are to meet annually on the 1st of October. Each session is to last four months. No session can be prolonged beyond thirty days. In case of dissolution, the Cortes are to reassemble within sixty days. In the interval between two sessions a permanent Commission of the Cortes, consisting of four senators and seven deputies, is to be established. The King sanctions and

promulgates laws. The Cortes give their sanction to the marriage of the King, and appoint the Regency in case the throne should become vacant. The Budget of the State shall be submitted to the Cortes in the first eight days after their meeting. The Cortes will fix the effective strength of the army, navy," &c.

There are symptoms of unsettlement and disturbance, we regret to find, in Spain. The Government seems, with all its honesty and good impulses, to lack vigour and cohesion. The Ministers seem to rely rather on frightening the Cortes into support than on decided measures that would command it. The other day the Minister of Foreign Affairs hinted in a most alarming and mysterious manner at danger threatening the Government; and the Minister of Finances assures the deputies that if they have not soon discussed the Budget, reduced the expenditure, and given the Cabinet means to carry on the Government, he must resign, and the country must accept reaction and a dictatorship.

ITALY.—The treaty between Sardinia and the Western Powers was signed on the 10th inst. This alliance has produced a Ministerial crisis at Turin. General Dabormida, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned, considering the treaty as favourable to Austria, and contrary to the spirit of the Sardinian memorandum of 1853 against the Austrian sequestrations in Lombardy.

M. Ratazzi, Minister of Justice, has also resigned, but remains in office until the passing of the Convent Suppression Bill. M. Ratazzi was one of the promoters of the campaign of 1849. Another Minister, M. Palæokopa, who is a Venetian, has also resigned.

The Convent Suppression Bill is proceeding with great animation.

The late earthquake at Marseilles and Nice was felt at Brignolles, Grasse, Cannes, Cagnes, Bar, and Saint Paul. At Cannes it was accompanied by a great noise and violent commotion in the sea. At Bar it threw down the Gothic tower of a château, and damaged several houses; and at Cagnes it did great injury to a ceiling covered with frescos in the château of Grimaldi. The damage done in the other places was inconsiderable.

The French have begun their evacuation of Rome. Two squadrons of Dragoons left there on the 3rd. Those troops that remain will garrison the Castle of St. Angelo.

The *Giornale di Roma*, of the 9th, announces the presentation to the Pope of the magnificent tiara offered by Queen Isabella. The tiara which for nearly the last half century has been used on grand occasions by the popes was a present from Napoleon I.

In Tuscany the Dominicans have protested against the edict of the Vatican, and their chief, it is said, has shared the fate of the Madiai, being committed to gaol on the warrant of the Archbishop. Austria has forbidden the publication of the bull respecting the Immaculate Conception in Lombardy, and has even prohibited the priests from preaching upon it.

SCANDINAVIA.—The reputed adhesion of Sweden to the Western Alliance, is not confirmed. A letter from Copenhagen, in the *Hamburg Correspondent*, says:—"It is generally believed at Helsingborg, that in the spring an army of 50,000 Swedes and 15,000 Norwegians will be placed under arms. The men belonging to the late levy are to join their regiments one month sooner than usual."

Six members of the Danish House of Commons have formally proposed to impeach the late Ministry, as responsible for the promulgation of the general Constitution of the 26th of July. It appears probable that this motion will be adopted by a majority of the House, but the present Prime Minister disavours it as dangerous.

M. Von der Pfordten, the Bavarian Prime Minister, designated the present crisis graphically, when supporting the other day a demand for war credits:—"There may be prospects of peace," said he, "but the prospects of a more extended war are equally great."

SWITZERLAND.—A conference is almost immediately to be held at Milan, between the Governor-General of Lombardy and delegates from the Swiss Confederation, for the purpose of settling the differences that have existed for the last two years between Austria and the canton of Ticino.

A Mr. Phillips, an American citizen, has been arrested at Basle for his resemblance to Mazzini, who is quietly residing in London. He has demanded an indemnity of 25,000*fr.*, or 5000*fr.* a day for his captivity. It appears that a fresh note has reached the Federal Council on the subject. The Federal Council has offered the ex-prisoner 25*fr.* a day instead of 5000*fr.*

NAPLES.—The origin of the quarrel between the King of Naples and the Jesuits is now said to have been an oration delivered by the Jesuit father, Tarquini, at the Ecclesiastical Academy in Rome, inveighing against the right assumed by secular governments of refusing the publication of papal bulls in their respective dominions without a previous examination and *placet*, or *exequatur*. The pious father maintained that the oracles of Rome ought to be above such profane scrutiny, and the Pope so far shared his opinion as to have his speech printed at his private press, in order to distribute copies amongst the offending sovereigns, and the King of Naples got a hundred as his share. *Hinc illa lacryma!* The Jesuits are a good deal puzzled by the declaration in favour of absolutism, as the only good government, exacted from

them at Naples by his Majesty; and Father Becx, their general, wished to publish a modification, in order to make his peace elsewhere; but the court of Rome, upon mature deliberation, requested him to take no further trouble in the matter, but just "let well alone."

The Consul General of France, in Egypt, has been charged to present to Said Pacha the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, accompanied by an autograph letter of the Emperor Napoleon.

Thirty-five Turkish decorations have been conferred on the French army by the Sultan.

Eighty-two officers and 2053 rank and file of the Imperial Guard have embarked from Marseilles for the Crimea.

VINCENZO GIOBERTI.—The members of the committee formed at Turin to examine the papers left by Gioberti have announced that they consist of fragments of works which the illustrious writer intended for publication, and entitled "On Catholic Reform," "Preface to the Philosophy of Revelation," and "New Corrections and Additions to the Vocabulary of La Crusca." All these are to be published.

OUR CIVILISATION.

Reduction.—At the Thames Police Court a curious case has been heard. James Tilley, a master-mariner, was charged with being the father of the child of Emma Sophia Forster, described as "lady-like and well educated." The defendant was husband of a cousin of the complainant. Her family had been in difficulties, and the defendant had been very attentive. The complainant was properly grateful. On the 28th October, 1853, Tilley requested Miss Forster to accompany him to a house in Margaret-street, St. George in the East, where he had to transact some business. She went, and they were shown to a room with a bed in it. The remainder of the evidence may be omitted, but it should be remarked that complainant shouted so that defendant became alarmed. However, subsequently further connexion occurred.

The defendant cross-examined the complainant with considerable severity, imputing to her that she had had connexion with Mr. Roche, her mother's landlord; a Mr. George Thompson, a clerk in the London Dock; and a doctor who attended her in her confinement, all of which she indignantly denied. She said that Mr. Roche, her mother's landlord, was very kind to her, and allowed them to quit his house without seizing their goods, although a good deal of rent was owing to him. This drew forth a remark from the defendant that Mr. Roche was an officer of a loan club, and nothing would be squeezed out of him, and that he (the defendant) must be a fascinating man to be preferred to all her suitors. He then asked the young woman if Mr. Roche had not let her on to swear the child to him to save himself, and let Mr. Pelham upon him, and she denied having been let on by Mr. Roche, or that he ever indulged in the least familiarity with her. The defendant said that Miss Forster had taken him to the back of Birchfield-terrace, Tullock's Side-rooms, and other places, three and four years ago, and that she would never let him alone; and it was singular she was not in the family-way then by him, and finished by saying, "May God strike me dead on this spot if it is not so; and she knows two or three others have had the same favours as I have had."

It appeared that Roche was an officer of the court, and Mr. Yardley gave him an excellent character. That part of the defendant's charge was utterly disproved.

The defendant conducted himself in a very violent manner. He constantly called on God to witness the truth of his statements; it was of no avail. The usual order was made. However, Tilley ascertained that he was at liberty to appeal, and said he would have a new trial if it cost him 500l.

ASSAULTING A WOMAN.—A seaman named Wm. Howland, belonging to the ship Gallant, met Mrs. Halpin in Well-close-square. Although as a seaman he had had the advantage of travel, he could not resist commenting on the weather, and on Mrs. Halpin requesting him to leave her, he could not resist savagely assaulting her. He had clearly mistaken the character of Mrs. Halpin. Some evidence was given at the police-court to prove that the seaman was struck first, but this was very strongly denied, and Mr. Yardley sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

William Barker performed every known method of beating his wife. He knocked her down, kicked her severely, dragged her out of the room by her hair, and threw her down stairs. An attempt to stick a knife in her throat was unsuccessful, but he contrived to wound her hand dreadfully. The only reason was that his wife wanted money to buy food for the children. He had only given her tenpence for three days, and yet he had that day spent six or seven shillings at a public-house. He was remanded.

DESERTING CHILDREN.—Harriet Nelson, the woman who left her child naked in the street, has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

KEEPING COMPANY.—Caroline Haynes appeared at Worship-street to complain of a young man with

whom she had been "keeping company." In some quarrel he had made a cut at her throat with a razor! and failing in that, had severely gashed her arm. He has been sent for trial.

THE FOLEY-PLACE MURDER.—The inquest has been resumed on the body of Mrs. Lambert (or Latham), but has been again adjourned for a week, when it is expected that Mrs. Lambert will be sufficiently well to give evidence. Baranelli is progressing in health.

SEVEN MEN SHOOTING A FOWL.—Our Civilisation has been illustrated in a remarkable manner at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Seven men—we are delighted to give publicity to honourable names—George Smith, Timothy Smith, George Severn, Thomas Choyce, William Atkins, Edward Shepherd, and Edward Needham—were charged, at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the first with having "caused to be tortured," and the other defendants with having "tortured a domestic fowl."

From the evidence of Mr. Forster, on behalf of the society, it appeared that the seven defendants, with other persons, assembled in a field in the parish of Heather. George Smith brought with him a gamecock, which he tethered by a string two feet long to a stake driven into the ground. A distance of forty-five yards was then measured off, at which point the other defendants took their station, armed with three guns among the party. The owner of the fowl, George Smith, now agreed with the rest that for a payment of threepence each any person should be allowed to shoot at the cock, and it was further agreed that the fowl should become the property of the one who killed it. During half an hour the six defendants fired eight shots at the bird without inflicting upon it any fatal injury, but one of its legs was broken, and several single shots had entered the head and different parts of the body. As the bird was struck by successive shots it flew up as far as the tether permitted it, and uttered cries of pain. At the moment the eighth shot was fired, the rector of Heather, the Rev. G. P. Belcher, who had learnt what was going on, arrived in the field and interfered to prevent a continuance of the cruelty. Finding that he could not induce them to cease firing at the cock, Mr. Belcher released the animal from the tether, and was in the act of carrying it away, when the defendant, George Smith, followed him and demanded that the cock should be given up to him as it was his property. Mr. Belcher, however, handed the bird to the parish constable, but it died during the night. George Smith endeavoured to repudiate the ownership of the cock, and denied having fired at it. He did not consider he had been guilty of any cruelty. The other defendants said they were not aware they were doing wrong in shooting at the cock.

They were all fined 2l. each, with costs, or one month's imprisonment.

WHITE SLAVERY.—Mrs. Mary Cumber, "a well-dressed, but hard-featured lady," has been fined 40s. for beating her maid-servant. The girl was perhaps rather "slatternly," but Mrs. Cumber was really worse than that. She used to strip the poor girl naked, and beat her with a thick rattan cane. This occurred several times, and the exposure of the lacerated back occasioned a shudder in court.

KING, THE THIEF-TRAINER.—A further examination has produced much corroborative evidence. In one instance a park-keeper observing some men earnestly congregated about a tree, examined the tree when they left. He found a purse concealed there, which was doubtless that which the former witness mentioned.

THE WARDROPER CASE.

This matter is settled, but scarcely satisfactorily. The result is that Mr. Wardroper has abandoned his speculation—the alleged reason being, that the public calumny has destroyed confidence in his mercantile stability. He professes to be already a loser of between 200l. and 300l., and imagines that his arrangements for a vessel may involve a further loss of 1000l. The *Globe* says:—

"The explanation offered on Saturday by Mr. Parry in behalf of Mr. Wardroper was not altogether satisfactory, nor was the tone of his comments upon the conduct of the magistrates and Mr. Aldridge altogether just. As far as Mr. Wardroper is concerned, we are told that he is a man of good family; that he was once, in some sort, attached to the household of the Duke of Richmond as a surgeon; that he entered with the best intentions upon his Crimean enterprise; that he had sold property value 1540l. to furnish capital for his venture; that he had practically chartered a ship called the Sparrowhawk; and that he has not as yet received a farthing from any of her Majesty's subjects. But neither Mr. Parry, nor any one else, gave reasons for the strange course of proceedings adopted by his client in advertising for a storekeeper and a loan under varied initials. Sir Robert Carden's judicious questions also elicited the fact that the property sold for 1540l. was subject to two mortgages, one of 1000l., the other of 100l.—facts which, as the magistrate observed, 'awaken a little suspicion.' Still it does not appear that Mr. Wardroper engaged in

the enterprise with any bad intentions, although it would seem that he was not the fittest person to carry it out.

"With respect to Mr. Aldridge and Alderman Wilson, Mr. Parry would have done well to have abstained from casting doubts upon the purity of the motives of the former, and the propriety of the conduct of the latter. Mr. Aldridge was perfectly right, under the circumstances, in making a public statement on a matter affecting the public interest and the good faith of those who come forward to give legitimate aid to our gallant army. And certainly Alderman Wilson, presiding in a public court of justice, did no less than his duty in giving attention to the statement of Mr. Aldridge. We cannot but think that had Mr. Wardroper adopted a perfectly simple and straightforward line of conduct, his name would not have appeared in the records of the City police."

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

We beg to call the attention of all those interested in imparting or receiving instruction to the rules laid down by the India Board for the examination for writerships, which is to take place in July next. These rules differ in many respects from the report already published. Each candidate must send in, before the 1st of May, certificates of health, character, and of his being above 18 and under 22 years of age, together with a list of subjects on which he wishes to be examined. These subjects, as finally settled, are—English composition; English literature and history, including that of the laws and constitution; language, literature, and history of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, Italy; mathematics; chemistry; electricity and magnetism; natural history; geology and mineralogy; logic; mental, moral, and political philosophy; Sanscrit and Arabic. The 20 best candidates are to be selected. They will be required to pass, after one or two years, at their option, an examination in law, Indian history, one Indian language, and political economy. After passing this examination they will receive their appointments. Such are the outlines of a plan destined probably to work greater changes in the education of the upper classes than any which has occurred since the revival of classic learning in the 15th century.

NEW MAIL ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA.

The following route to Australia has been suggested, by way of remedying the inconvenience likely to arise from the withdrawal of other lines. The most direct, safe, and speedy means of reaching Australia from this country seems to have been entirely overlooked:—

"If the overland route to India be followed as far as Aden, and clipper sailing vessels be provided to run direct between Aden and Port Philip, it would place Australia within fifty to fifty-five days' passage from London, and bring the return of post in about 110 days.

"It will be seen on reference to a map, by following a line over land and sea *via* Paris, Marseilles, Alexandria, and Suez to Aden, that a passenger from England at the latter place would be nearly half way on his direct journey to Australia. As it is possible, by existing means of boat, rail, and road, to reach Aden on the 19th day from leaving London, allowing necessary time for rest and refreshment, it only becomes a question how soon the space of ocean intervening between Aden and Port Philip—say, 6720 miles—can be traversed by a sailing ship. Judging from antecedents, thirty to forty days would be a reasonable time to allow a fast vessel to effect this distance.

"The employment of steam-vessels, instead of sailing ships, would reduce the whole time between London and Melbourne to about forty-three days; but, looking to the difficulty of coaling, and the enormous expenses attendant on steam navigation, it is doubtful if capitalists could be found to take the risk of providing them, until the traffic and other inducements could be clearly shown as sufficient to justify the experiment."

INDIAN NEWS.

THERE is no news of importance received by the last mail. A few mere scraps of intelligence and inculcable rumours make up the news. The Bombay correspondent of the *Times* says:—

"Friendly relations are now established between Dost Mahomed and the Government of India, and it is reported that a British envoy is to be sent to Cabul, and one of the Dost's sons to the Governor-General.

"The Khan of Kokan, who applied to the British Government for assistance to repel the Russian force that has invaded his dominions, is to be allowed to entertain British drill sergeants. Government, it is said, has sanctioned volunteers being allowed (from the artillery and infantry of the frontier regiments) to proceed to Kokan as drill instructors.

"We know nothing of the strength of the invading Russian force on the Jaxartes, except that it has hitherto been strong enough to beat everything that the invaded districts have been able to bring against it, and that the chief of the patrimony of Baber and the successor of Mahmoud of Ghuznee have been under the necessity of

asking us for help to resist it; but there can be little doubt that this force is numerically weak, and that it has counted on the co-operation of the Persian army at Merve for its ulterior objects.

"The King of Nepal is about to undertake an expedition.

"The 10th Hussars are to start immediately for the seat of war; they muster about 650 sabres."

From Calcutta we hear that the Burmese Embassy has at length arrived. The envoy was detained at Rangoon for several weeks, and refused a public audience because the letters sent to the British authorities were defective in the mode of address. The mission springs from the King's own spontaneous will, and is doubtless intended to cement a friendship and alliance with the British Government. They say he has no favour to ask but amity and good will.

The question will now come on whether we shall make the Irrawaddy free from its source to the sea, and establish a cementing bond of commerce between the provinces of Aya and those of British Burmah, and obtain access to the western provinces of China, and a vast outlet for our manufactures, or plant a range of non-intercourse sentry-boxes along our frontier, and fill them with a dozen custom-house officers; in other words, whether it is better to open the Irrawaddy to the enterprises of commerce, or carry 15,000*l.* a-year to the credit of the province of Pegu.

Important changes are expected to take place almost immediately in our Indian armies: the senior officers on becoming entitled to off- reckonings are to be promoted and shelved—they are to be disabled from holding auditor-generalships and other appointments hitherto entrusted to them. Lieutenant-colonels of three years' standing are to be promoted to the rank of colonels, and 220 majors-general, including those now existing, are to be added to the army, each regiment having an officer of this rank at its head: at present a colonel never sees the corps to which he belongs.

So short is the supply of civilians in Bombay, suited for high appointments, that young men not six years in the service, and not seven and twenty years of age, are holding appointments worth close on 2000*l.* a year, others of from ten to fourteen years' service, holding those from 2000*l.* to 8000*l.*, for which no special or Haileybury qualification is required.

THE RUSSIAN FRIGATES AURORA AND DWINA.—Accounts from Calcutta of the 5th of December, state that the Russian frigates, the Aurora and Dwina, had been captured by a combined English and French squadron. These accounts, which are gaining currency in London, are most probably incorrect.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AT TAMWORTH.

On the occasion of a *soirée* at Tamworth, in connexion with the Library and Reading-room for the Working Classes, Sir Robert Peel made a useful and pleasing speech full of good advice. It was principally remarkable, in these times, for the attention given to the matter in hand, and for not being a criticism on the conduct of the Government with regard to the war. The war, however, was mentioned in its relation to the present necessities of readers, and Sir Robert gave some admirable advice, which we subjoin. He also remarked that newspapers would now be liberally distributed in the Reading-rooms—they having been hitherto withheld as calculated to imbue the minds of workmen with party strife. That cause having greatly decreased, there was no longer a reason for withholding newspapers.

Dr. Playfair had remarked to him, he said, that a desultory course of reading resulted in little advantage. What he would recommend was that they should read works bearing on the trades, occupations, or professions, or any particular kind of study in which they happened to be engaged, and afterwards direct their reading to the passing events of the times. Each age had a distinguished feature, and was characterised by events which always for a time absorbed the public mind, and they should read about them, in order to understand and be able to express an opinion upon them. In the time of the Crusades, every one talked about the Crusades; and in the time of the Reformation, the subject of discussion was whether Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, or the Church of Rome was right, and the whole of Europe had its attention directed to the all-engrossing subject. So there were periods when discoveries of science and philosophy attracted general attention, as was the case in the last century, during the time of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others. At the present time public attention was directed to the subject of the war—the calamities and sufferings it entailed, and its probable advantages or disadvantages; and was it not well that they should read the records of past struggles, in order that they might bring experience to bear, and form a judgment on the events which were now passing? Any one, anxious to enter on a course of reading connected with the subject of the war, he would recommend to read a geography of the East, and learn something of Mahomed, who, a thousand years ago, ruled over 150 millions of people, and who had more power than any other mortal who had ever lived. They

should also read of the fall of Constantinople, in 1453; and by the way, he might be permitted to express a hope that at this time, about the 400th anniversary of the fall of Constantinople, they might see the commencement of liberty and of greater civilisation in that country. They should also read the history of the Empress Catherine of Russia, the originator of a policy which, from 1772 up to the present time, had had a striking influence on the affairs of Europe; and it was necessary to read that history in order fully to appreciate the events now happening. In 1772 the Empress Catherine committed the greatest atrocity which had ever marked the history of a nation—the partition of Poland. Russia had again provoked a war, which, he trusted, might result in restoring Poland to her position as a nation, and give liberty to a people which have been so long enslaved."

CHURCH FURNITURE.

In the Consistory Court on Wednesday,

Dr. Bayford made an application on the part of Mr. Westerton, one of the churchwardens of the district chapel of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for a decree against the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, and others, to show cause why a license should not be granted to Mr. Westerton to remove the altar or high altar and cloths now used for covering the same, together with the wooden cross elevated thereon and fixed thereto, as well as the candlesticks thereon, together with the credentia, preparatory altar, or credence table, now set up and used in the chapel or church of St. Paul, and which were offensive to the religious feelings of a large portion of the parishioners and inhabitants of the district. It appeared that those persons had made application to Mr. Westerton to apply for this decree. They were prevented by conscientious motives from attending divine service while those things remained. There was an affidavit from Mr. Westerton, stating that instead of a decent communion-table, covered in time of divine service with silk or other decent stuff, which ought to be provided and placed in the church, there was set up therein an altar or high altar of wood, which was constantly covered with a succession of cloths embroidered and decorated in a fanciful and unseemly manner, and which cloths were varied at different periods of the year, and that there was also elevated upon, and fixed and attached to the centre of the altar or high altar, a wooden cross two feet high and of proportionate breadth. There were also two gilded candlesticks placed on the altar or high altar, with candles therein of at least eight inches in circumference, and, when new, of one yard in height, and that the same were wholly unnecessary and superfluous for giving light, and that there was also set up in the chancel of the church a credentia, preparatory altar or credence table, and that the altar, altar-cloths, cross, candlesticks, and credentia, preparatory altar, or credence-table, were offensive to the religious feelings of a large portion of the parishioners and inhabitants of the district chapel; that they were thereby, as they had frequently informed him, and as he in his conscience believed, precluded by conscientious motives from attending divine service at the church; and that they had required him, in his official capacity of churchwarden, to take such legal measures as should be requisite and necessary, and he should be duly advised to adopt, for effecting the removal of the altar, altar cloths, cross, candlesticks, and credence-table, from the district chapel, and substituting a decent communion-table with a proper covering instead thereof. With regard to the matters complained of, Dr. Bayford said, that it was perfectly well known and of common reputation that the parish had been in a state of conflict on account of those things for a long time. Application had been made personally to the bishop, but he, of course, declined to interfere without this Court.

The Court took time to consider.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—THE CRIMEA.

ARRIVAL OF THE AVON.—A disgraceful incident occurred at Portsmouth last Friday. The crew of the Avon transport refused to prolong their engagements for the purpose of having the wounded men taken to Chatham instead of being landed at Portsmouth. This kept the poor fellows two days longer on board, but they were made very comfortable, and the people of the town sent them presents of porter, &c. It was evident that the conduct of the merchant crew made considerable impression on the soldiers. Whilst gazing on the mutinous spectacle going on around them, many a poor fellow told of the care and kindness, and truly feminine gentleness, with which he had been carried from the spot where he fell to a place of help by the sailors of the royal navy, and of almost equal kindness being exhibited to the wounded Russians themselves.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.—The Cambria arrived in Liverpool on Monday, and brought with her 213 soldiers, wounded in the Crimea or sick, 8 servants, and 29 women, and also the remains of Major-General Adams. It should be further stated, that so fully suitable were the arrangements on board, that, notwithstanding the very precarious condition of the large numbers on board, only one death oc-

curred on the voyage. Among those on board were Quartermaster Lilley, of the Grenadier Guards, in charge of the invalids; Captain Vials, of the 95th Regiment; Paymaster Wheatley, of the 42nd; Colonel Warren, of the 55th; Hon. Captain Carnegie, R.N.; Captain Frere, R.N.; Lieutenant Astor, R.N., and Lord Butler.

ARRIVAL OF THE SAMPSON.—The Sampson, a paddlewheel steam-frigate, steamed into Portsmouth harbour on Saturday morning from Spithead, to have a thorough overhauling and refit. She was much injured in the great storm. She brought home a fine Circassian bear, about seven months old, which has been named Nicholas, after the Emperor; she also brought home a very fine oil painting, a portrait of the Czar, captured at Yalta.

DEPARTURES AND PREPARATIONS.—The Volante, with another detachment of the "navvies," has sailed for the Crimea. The Coriolanus, sailing transport, chartered by the French Government, has sailed, laden with huts for the use of the French soldiers in the Crimea. She has stowed away 382, besides a quantity of stoves. The fine clipper sailing ship Swiftsure, also chartered by the French Government, is being speedily filled with huts. The General Screw Company's steamship Lady Jocelyn, 1800 tons, also chartered by the French Government, is receiving on board her cargo. She will convey, besides huts, 1500 barrels of pork and about 3000 bales of clothing. The remaining portion of the English huts have been despatched by the screw transport Amity, 177, and the chartered steamship Rajah, belonging to the Peninsula and Oriental Company. The Loire screw steamship, chartered by Messrs. Crookford and Co., wine merchants, of St. James-street, has sailed with a cargo of wines, spirits, &c., for sale among the army and navy in the Crimea and Black Sea. Messrs. Crookford have engaged to convey, free of charge, about 500 packages and parcels which are being forwarded by friends to various officers and men engaged in the Crimea. The General Screw Company's steamship Croesus, 2500 tons, which has been chartered by the English Government for the purpose of conveying detachments from Portsmouth to the Crimea, will be removed from the large graving dock shortly. Her hands are ordered to ship, and there is now no doubt that she will very shortly be ready for sea.

THE HIMALAYA.—Respecting the alleged severity of the Custom House authorities on the landing of the sick and wounded from the Himalaya, Mr. Maclean, the Secretary to the Custom House, thus writes to the *Times*:

"I am desired by the Board of Customs to state that, having caused the strictest inquiry to be made into the facts of this case, they find them to be entirely at variance with those furnished by your correspondent at Portsmouth, upon which your subsequent observations were, no doubt, based; and it has been ascertained most distinctly that not a single knapsack or bag of the sick or wounded men (the only baggage they had) was examined, nor was one of those men detained on board, or after landing, by any act of the officers of this department. And although it is true that the baggage of the other persons who came home in the Himalaya, consisting of officers, passengers, shipwrecked sailors, and a large number of women and children who belonged to troops for some time stationed at Malta (not the Crimea), was considered liable to be inspected, even more than two-thirds of that baggage was passed without being opened at all, whilst the inspection of the remainder was of the most superficial character."

THE MARLBOROUGH.—It is well known that the name of "La France" is to be given to one of the first-class men-of-war now building, to commemorate the cordial and warm intimacy that now exists between this country and our allies the French. We believe that the great screw three-decker, the Marlborough, of 131 guns, now building in Portsmouth dockyard, will be the vessel selected to receive this name. She will be ready for launching in March, and there is a probability that the Empress of the French will, with the Emperor, be present at the launch, and perform the ceremony of naming this splendid ship.

On the arrival of the sick and wounded troops at Liverpool, on Monday, the Mayor (Mr. J. A. Tobin) supplied them with new shirts and sheeting at his own expense.

On Thursday the screw-steamer Pioneer completed loading at the Irongate Wharf, Tower; she has on board a miscellaneous cargo of comforts and necessities, the voluntary contributions of the public for the army in the Crimea, altogether about 700 tons. The vessel is to sail to-day for Balaklava.

When the crew of the Nile, 91, was paid off on Monday, it was with great difficulty that some of them could be persuaded that Bank of England paper was a legal tender, and there was a decided objection to accept a 5*l.* note as the value of five sovereigns. Many of them first took the bank-note to be a ticket of leave, by which they are granted fourteen days. Stranger still, these men were from the "far north."

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

THE population of London now suffers, as appears from the last returns, a high rate of mortality. Last week the deaths of 1466 persons (743 males and 723 females) were registered, showing an increase on the previous week, in which the number was 1404. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54 the average number was 1203, with which, after it is raised by a fifth part as an allowance for increase of population, the present return may be compared. The deaths of last week were 143 in excess of the corrected average.

Out of 300 deaths from zymotic diseases, 19 are referred to small-pox, 25 to measles, 63 to scarlatina, and 1 to hooping-cough. Influenza is on the increase, and persons died of it in the week. Bronchitis is also fatal, and numbers 178 cases, which are thus distributed over different periods of life—85 occurred under 20 years; 21 in the period of 20—40; 31 in 40—60 years; 78 in the next 20 years; and 13 at 80 years of age and upwards. Pneumonia carried off 139 persons, of whom were less than 20 years old, while consumption carried off 150, of whom nearly half were 20 years of age and under 40.

The annual mortality of London, except in periods of great epidemics, is at the rate of 31 in 1000 among the children and young persons under 20 years of age, 10 in 1000 among men and women of the second age (20—40), 1000 among persons of the third age (40—60), 1000 among persons of the fourth age (60—80), and 224 in 1000 among persons of the age of 80 and upwards. At these rates, the deaths at the five periods of life in London would be 621, 179, 197, 201, and 42; and the numbers as returned last week were 680 (in the period 0—20), 193 (20—40), 226 (40—60), 288 (60—80), and 63 (at the age of 80 and upwards). It is evident, as the result of comparison, that the mortality is in excess at the present time, that this excess runs through all periods of life, but is chiefly remarkable at the more advanced ages. The rates of mortality which form the standard of comparison are derived from the whole year, but the season at which we are now arrived is usually the most fatal in the year, and, as the increase of mortality is chiefly owing to this circumstance, these figures serve to show the influence of winter on the population at different ages.

Last week the births of 881 boys and 825 girls, in all 1706 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54 the average number was 1446.

VARIETIES.

QUEEN POMARE.

During the two or three years that Admiral Bruat commanded on the station of Oceania, Madame Bruat acquired a certain authority over the Queen by her intelligence, her education, and her knowledge of the world, but nevertheless could never prevail on the static sovereign to adopt the use of shoes and stockings. She wore the dresses sent from Paris and the handsome head-dresses given her by Madame Bruat, but she walked about the salon bare-footed.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

In a recent case, Serjeant Wilkins called on the jury, most touching terms, by their verdict to restore a son to the bosom of his wife and family, and dwelt in great pathos on the effect the result of the trial would have for happiness or misery on those who are so dear to him. When the learned serjeant sat down, wiping his forehead after his great effort, he was a little surprised to learn this touching allusion to wife and children had been made on behalf of a bachelor.—*Sherborne Mercury*.

THE HERACLEA COAL MINES.

A correspondent of the *Times* says:—These mines have been since 1850 worked under the superintendence of English mining engineers and with a staff of English workmen. The supineness of the Turks and Turkish Government has thrown great difficulties in the way, considerable progress has been made, and, we may say, a nucleus formed, around which we may hope that a European enterprise will rally. It is but too true that the cupidity and chicanery of the Turkish Government sent almost insuperable difficulties to obtaining concessions; but Lord Stratford has accomplished much."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURT.—The Court has been at Windsor during the week. The list of visitors includes the French Ambassador and the Countess of Walewski, the Earl of Ardgahan, Prince Ernest of Leiningen, Lord Hardinge, and Duke of Newcastle, &c.

Cabinet Councils were held on Tuesday and Thursday. Lord John Russell has returned from Paris.

THE HIMALAYA.—The master of the Hampstead workhouse calls attention to the fact that there is a

clause in the general consolidated orders of the Poor Law Commissioners, issued in 1847, by which masters of workhouses are required to admit such cases as that of the unfortunate seaman, John Williams, who died of neglect in the Himalaya, without an order from the relieving officer.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—An "English Officer" writing to the *Times*, says: "On the 9th of January, I went to the Duke of Newcastle's office in Whitehall-gardens, to ascertain for an officer of a Swiss regiment the particulars under which his application must be made for entry into the British service under the Foreign Enlistment Act. I explained my business to the very respectable hall-keeper, and requested to be shown to the clerk in whose department my business lay. The answer I received was in so many words:—'There have been many applications, but nothing is settled yet. It is not yet decided whether this office or the Secretary-at-War will take the business; but, if you will write the particulars you want, and address the letter to this office, it will be received, and answered when the question is settled.' Now, sir, this act passed about the 23rd of December, under a statement from the Duke of Newcastle that it was a matter of urgent necessity, and to be acted on at once; so much so that the country was not consulted about it. Yet, on the 9th of January, sixteen days after authority had been obtained for action, it is not even decided which branch of the Government shall act on it, and no details are settled!"

KING'S PAMPHLETS.—The frequenters of the reading-rooms of the British Museum were gratified, at the re-opening of the library this week, by the appearance of nine huge folio volumes labelled "King's Pamphlets." This is not a catalogue, however, of the splendid collection of pamphlets, about 40,000 in number, which generally pass under this name, "the most valuable set of documents," says Thomas Carlyle, "connected with English history." The collection contains all the most important pamphlets written during the reign of George III. on trade, commerce, finance, administration, and politics generally. It embraces also an immense number of tracts, placards, statutes, &c., in Dutch and French, having reference to Spanish rule in the Netherlands. To Mr. Panizzi's energy the public is indebted for the banquet thus set before it.

GENERAL DE LACY EVANS.—A meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster has been held, to consider what steps should be taken for doing some honour to Sir de Lacy Evans on his return from the Crimea. A congratulatory address will, most probably, be moved.

THE BLUE-RIBAND.—We understand that it is the intention of her Majesty to confer the vacant Blue Riband upon the Earl of Aberdeen.—*Globe*.

LIBERAL OFFER.—The Governors of the Middlesex Hospital have made an offer to the Government to receive into that establishment forty of the sick and wounded from the seat of war.

DRUDENS FOR THE CRIMEA.—Mr. Leonard Sedgwick, pipemaker, of Barnsley, despatched, a day or two ago, 5000 pipes of his own manufacture to the Crimea, for the British forces there.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR ANDREW BARNARD.—The colonelcy of a battalion of the Rifle Brigade has become vacant by the death of General Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B., and G.C.H. The gallant colonel was also Lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital, where he expired on Wednesday morning. Sir Andrew Barnard was one of the most gallant soldiers in the British army, and a noble personification of "an officer and a gentleman."

MILITARY ARRANGEMENTS.—It is stated in military circles that immediately on the reassembling of Parliament, the strength of all regiments serving in the Crimea, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar, is to be further increased in the following manner, viz., Cavalry regiments to have eight troops of 100 men each, exclusive of trumpeters and farriers. Infantry regiments to muster 1600, instead of 1400, as previously arranged. The Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Regiment of Foot, will have a 3rd battalion, consisting of 1000 men each. A 3rd battalion is now being raised for the 60th Rifles, which, as soon as it is organised and disciplined, will proceed to the seat of war. Four more infantry regiments will proceed to the Crimea early in the spring, as soon as the militia now embodied take garrison duty. The cavalry regiments spoken of as about to be sent to the seat of war, are the 2nd, 6th, and 7th Dragoon Guards, and the 7th Hussars and 16th Lancers. The 15th Hussars, which have recently returned from India are not to be sent. The 10th Hussars are on their way from India to the Crimea.

THE BLACK SEA ADMIRALS.—Rear-Admiral Houston Stewart becomes second in command of Sir Edmund Lyons' fleet in the Black Sea, and Rear-Admiral Montagu Stopford will succeed him as admiral-superintendent at Malta.

DEATH OF MISS MITFORD.—After a long period of decline and helpless suffering, cheerfully borne, the author of "Our Village" died at Swallowfield Cottage, near Reading, last week, aged, as a memorandum furnished by herself some years ago assures us, 67 years.

MR. BLACKETT, M.P.—We are glad to be able to state that Mr. J. B. Blackett, M.P., who has been for some time in precarious health, is now convalescent.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, January 20.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge* makes the following extraordinary statement, which we give under all reserve, and with no disposition to consider it authentic. Unfortunately, it is too like truth: it confirms the tenour of too many private letters from the camp, received within the last few days, to be dismissed as altogether unworthy of notice. After mentioning the arrival in Paris of M. Faubert de Genlis, Aide-de-camp of General Canrobert, with despatches for the Emperor, the correspondent adds:—"The following version of the contents of these despatches has transpired. This Aide-de-camp was entrusted with a long memoir justifying General Canrobert against the frequent charges of indecision, if not of incapacity. The General explains, it is said, all the difficulties which have prevented the fall of Sebastopol, and adds that if the city were ours, or at least that part of it which can be taken, our position would be worse than it is, since it would be more difficult to maintain an exposed position in the midst of the ruins of the city than in our present encampment. On the other hand, the want of cavalry and other horses (three thousand are required for the artillery, *en rase campagne*) has made it impossible to offer battle to Prince Menschikoff as soon as had been desired. General Canrobert proceeds to report that he finds himself compelled to throw part of the responsibility of these difficulties upon the British army, whose courage is above all doubt, but which, badly provisioned, wanting in vigilance, slow in its manœuvres, unskilful in its siege works, has been often rather an embarrassment than an assistance to the French troops."

Private letters from Vienna say that Prince Gortschakoff has instructions to accept everything, and accede to all the Allies may demand, except the reduction of the Russian fleet and the occupation of the Russian territory.

A letter from Bucharest, in the *Presse* of Vienna, says:—"The English Consul has remitted to Prince Stirbey a note, calling upon him to repudiate the Russian protectorate by a public act. The French Consul will send the Hospodar a similar note."

A letter from Berlin says that the gossips of the place hope for peace because their excellencies the ladies of the British and Muscovite Ministers were seen, or said to have been seen, embracing each other "with effusion," in the ante-room at Baron von Manteuffel's last Tuesday's party.

The wounded soldiers at Liverpool tell some amusing stories, and, moreover, give much information. Whenever the Duke of Cambridge is mentioned they say, "Plucky fellow that." Here is a very humorous hit:—

"It was hard bayonet work at Inkerman," was remarked to a corporal of the Grenadier Guards, who had received a bayonet thrust in the chest. "No, we didn't use the bayonets so much as you think. We knocked the Russians down with the butt-end of the musket. The little fellows wouldn't stand the bayonet charge at all, and we were forced to humour them and keep them from running away by knocking them about with our muskets."

A private of the 7th Light Dragoons, whose arm has been amputated, was one of the gallant survivors of the cavalry charge at Balaklava.

"How did you feel when you got the order to advance?" inquired a gentleman sitting on the bed beside him.

"Why, Sir, I felt as if I could jump from the saddle with ecstasy. We dashed on at a beautiful pace down the hill, and left not a moment for a countermand of orders. It was one splendid flourish of sabres."

LORD RAGLAN.—It is due to the Commander-in-Chief to mention that very many of the wounded soldiers testify to his good qualities, his undaunted bravery, and close attention to his work and to his men.

"The treaty to which Sardinia has just given its adhesion," says a letter from Turin, "is not that of the 2nd of December, but the treaty concluded on the 10th of April between France, England, and Turkey. The 15,000 Sardinian soldiers to be sent to the Crimea will form part of the army of Lord Raglan. The expense of conveying them to the scene of war will be defrayed by the Western Powers, but from the moment of their landing in the Crimea they will be at the charge of Sardinia. A loan of fifty millions of francs, in Three per Cents., is guaranteed by England. The embarkation of these 15,000 men will take place very shortly from Genoa. This corps will form three divisions of 5000 men each, composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and will be under the command of Generals Durando, Della Marmora, and Trotti. Colonels Potito and Pettinengo will be at the head of the staff."

The *Opinion* of the 15th states that General Dabormida, after having resigned the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Lieutenant-General of Artillery. Many rumours are afloat as to the departure of Piedmontese troops for the East; it is believed by some that it will take place on the 28th of February. M. Cibrario is spoken of as the future Minister of Finance.

THE "STRANGER" IN PARLIAMENT.

These Parliamentary Sketches will be resumed in the *Leader* of Saturday next, January 27th, and continue during the session.

Our Subscribers are informed that the *Leader* Title-page and Index for the past year will be published, as a Supplement, with No. 253, next Saturday, the 27th of January inst.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

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.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT reopens on Tuesday next; but we are not so sure that the interests of the country are likely to be the more vigorously served. We have no guarantee that the session which then really commences will constitute a departure from that series of mock fights which is so tedious and so demoralising. The Opposition is said to have abandoned its purpose of moving a vote of censure; what then? Will Ministers be the less censurable; or is it only that the Opposition is too weak to censure? M. DE BAUCK says, it matters not whether we have peace or war, for in either case Russia must succumb: so it matters not in Parliament whether we have vote or not—for in either case we have no confidence in Ministers, and less in the Opposition. The complaint against Ministers is, that instead of really conducting the affairs of the country, they only keep up a semblance of conducting those affairs by going through the forms of routine. They cannot overcome red tape, how then can they overcome the CZAR? But the Opposition dares not unmask the sham statesmen on the right side of the Speaker, for they wear masks also on his left. As doctors of medicine conspire to observe a respectful mystery towards each other, because each man is conscious of the ignorance in himself which he could impute to his rival, so the honourable Opposition uses reserves in denouncing the honourable Administration, because the gentlemen on the left may have to profit by the forbearance they exercise. The contests of the Legislature, therefore—always excepting the private bill department—are sham fights; and they will continue to emulate the fearful encounters of the melodramatic stage. Some adventurous leader of a boarding expedition cries to his gallant crew, "On! on to the boats!" and retires to the wing to take a drain of stout. Some leader of the Opposition rallies his band to storm the Treasury bench; furiously implacable before the audience, and retires to take a glass of wine behind the Speaker's chair with the "honorable proposition."

Like Ministry, like Parliament. We rail at our rulers because they are so aristocratic, so exclusive, so monopolising of place. The more shame to us if we let them be so. We accuse them of ambition—when their fault is not to have ambition enough. What a situation the present for a great man, a CROMWELL, on the Treasury bench, holding in his hand England's mighty power—her potent sword, her exhaustless treasury—with a people to champion, while making himself immortal by a safe and easy justice—with allies abroad to encourage in their aspiration after our political freedom, making them the grateful recipients of his benefactions—with an enemy to conquer, and be blessed by mankind. Ambition! Why a man with a soul in his bosom, and a will in his head, standing at that post where vigorous men have stood before, might well feel the impulse seize him to make the English people his debtors, Europe his witness, and every capital of the Continent the pedestal of his statue. This session it might be done. But—

Let not Anti-Coalition rail: which of you will have a statue raised to him? Nor the Liberal Opposition, for all its opportunity, equalling almost that of HAMPDEN and CROMWELL, without the difficulty or the danger. Have you amongst you a wise man with a sword in his hand? for such is the man wanted now. Alas! you do not answer, except in "speeches." There are the unenfranchised millions—there the enslaved peoples of the Continent—there the HAMPDENs and SOMERSEs of Piedmont, of Italy, of Spain—there the arch-enemy Russia, whom even Austria, Imperial Faust, mistrusts and dislikes: is there not a man of you that can shape a course for England which shall make her mistress of the world—himself master of her power, her wealth, her honour? A sword in hand! why they have not a purpose—except "to annoy Ministers!"

Such is the disgrace of Parliamentary Government when there is no head to dominate and to guide, no heart to ennoble and to inspire. Yet we live in days when representative institutions have need of all the force of their patriotism, of all the sincerity of a national mandate. What do we see? Factions fight factions, and faction-fighting becomes the business of the "epoch." Honourable members think that the idle region over which Mr. Speaker presides is the world, they the Pompeys and Cæsars contending for its dominion. The weary fighting with votes commences on Tuesday. The lead of the nation is vacant: he would be elected to the post who, listening to the vast inarticulate voice of the people, could say to it, "Yes, I will do your will;" and could prove his ability by giving to that will articulate shape, purpose, and action.

WAR AND THE PRESS.

SINCE the press became so decisively the Fourth Estate, there could be no doubt that it would take its share in the conduct of a war. A long peace, considerable prosperity, increased intelligence on the part of the community, and therefore increased craving for knowledge, have raised the press into a more powerful and more responsible position than ever. Accustomed to take a strong lead in many questions, always shaping opinion, either wilfully by direct propagandism, or unconsciously, by the propagandism of facts, as it had taken so large a part in the public affairs of peace for above a quarter of a century, so of necessity, when war broke out, the press at once took its place, not only as the purveyor of intelligence, but as the promoter of the war, and the exponent of the intensity of the national feeling. The question of publicity or no publicity could not even be discussed;

it had been decided by events. The British newspaper, that most impressive symbol of the right of Englishmen to free speech and free writing, is practically as much a part of the constitution as the House of Commons; and even if it should abuse its right, no power existing could put it down. Therefore the press took its share in the conduct of the war, as a matter of course.

Not for one moment would we consent to restrict the right of publicity. The press has done incalculable service in rousing and sustaining the national ardour in this great cause, and by its means England has been enabled to impress Europe and Russia with her unanimity and resolution. The press has told the army what the nation feels, and has, at the same time, consoled those whom the heroes of the Crimea have left at home. Neither is it sensible to declaim against the national desire for news as a vulgar curiosity, and base love of gossip; rather is that desire the measure of the strong sympathy felt for our soldiers, and of the earnest feeling with which we carry on the war. Think of the baseness of that nation which could feel no anxiety for intelligence respecting men entrusted with the task of fighting its desperate battles in a foreign land! We will undertake to say that not one man advocates the gagging of the press, unless he have private, perhaps official, sources of information.

There is another advantage in free publicity. One of the most dangerous poisons in a State is chronic suspicion of the Government. Where the people are intelligent and brave, suspicion soon begets action, in other words revolution, even though that suspicion may have little or no foundation. Were the correspondents ejected from the Crimea that state of suspicion would arise, and not only would no Government be possible, but as suspicion is a base condition, the whole nation would suffer demoralisation.

Yet, if publicity be inevitable, if it be a good thing, as essential as the air we breathe to the health of our political and social constitution, it does not follow that it is without its disadvantages. A correspondent in the camp may be, nay often is, an unwilling, an unconscious spy in the interest of the foe. In purveying what he deems the most ordinary information for the public, it is impossible that he should not sometimes furnish intelligence to the enemy. That was the case in the last war. When WELLINGTON was at Burgos, the communications between the French army and the War Minister at Paris were so uncertain, that the latter found his best information in the English papers. That is the case in the present war. Take a test. What do we know of the state of the Russian camp; the condition of Sebastopol; the strength and movements of the external Russian army? Little or nothing. Whereas we publish pretty exact accounts of everything that takes place within our lines, the position of batteries, the condition of the troops, their gross numbers and effective strength; the weak points of their position; the discontents of our officers; in short, accounts more full and regular than any spy could furnish. The Russians have no correspondents; no free newspapers. We do not, like the gentleman who publishes fly sheets on the mischief of Crimean gossip—a gentleman of more heat of temper than judgment—accuse the correspondents of treachery. They are honest gentlemen, pursuing an honest calling; and the country is indebted to them for the intelligence they have supplied at the cost of so much discomfort and hardship. Perhaps they exceeded their commission as collectors of news when they became military critics, and discussed the weakness of positions, or the arrangements for the siege. They were there

to state facts, certainly; but facts that had been accomplished, not preparations and incomplete arrangements. Things done it was their business to relate; they should have exercised discretion in reporting upon things in progress. The defects in the administration of the medical and commissariat department were subjects for manly exposure, with a view to getting them remedied. But nothing could be more prejudicial to the cause of the country, nothing more calculated to give encouragement to the enemy, than the continual wail which has saddened the papers,—the complaining *refrain* of some officers who think themselves entitled to more comforts, and who have made the welfare of the men the stalking-horse of their own grievances.

Whatever the consequences, that we must make war in the full blaze of publicity, is an inevitable condition of our political and social system. The sound rule of discretion would seem to be that journalists should abstain from publishing all manner of knowledge that relates to military operations in progress, to the strength and weakness of positions, the numbers by which they are manned, the position of batteries and the number of guns they mount, and to the effective strength of the army. Surely if not only the safety of our troops but the success of their operations depends upon a prudent silence on these points, the press of England will know how to do its duty, and the public how to bear the privation.

STATESMANSHIP AND JOURNALISM.

HALF the world lives without knowing what the other half is doing; or, rather, we may say that we do but know an infinitesimal fraction of what is going on in the world even close round about us. In politics, as well as in private life, we constantly reverse the rule—Trust not to appearances. Half the journals of the day are conducting the discussion of national and public affairs on the sole ground of appearances, and statesmen slavishly copy the journals. But the journals themselves are to a great extent ignorant of journalism. The “gentleman connected with the Press,” who is the nexus between Parliament and the paper, knows but little of what passes in the editor’s room; the editor knows not whither his writers wander; and if he has so incomplete a knowledge of his own establishment, what can he know of others? His very knowledge may mislead him. But if he is misled respecting a contemporary, what can outsiders know, save that journals are printed having more or less reference to the passing events of the day. We have heard of a discovery which Lord MELBOURNE made comparatively late in life: he asked some “gentlemen connected, &c.,” to dinner, passed a very pleasant evening, and in bidding them good-bye, convivially confessed his having had “no conception that they were such d—d pleasant fellows.” Yet he had been under the same roof with them, or some of them, every night for a considerable part of the year; at all events, he was an Englishman. Other statesmen, who have survived to our own day, know the Press perhaps through its members; but it must be very difficult for a stranger to classify. How can he bring into one category the well-informed, independent, unobtrusive, high-minded gentleman—independent in every sense of the word, conventional as well as moral—whose opinion on public affairs is sought by acting statesmen; the not less independent or genial, but more frequently-seen member of the Press, a historian and a man of taste, who sustains the traditions of an old Radical paper; the working lawyer, who is the

animus of a great journal, little seen or known to the public, save as a kind of election agent or party advocate, faithful to his employment; the dashing “gentleman connected, &c.,” who thrusts his eyes and his voice into every place, from a royal palace to a pauper’s death-bed; the speculating, pushing originator of papers for sale; the hired mercenary, who can be employed by parties out of doors for a fee to palm off reports or leading articles upon journals as genuine statements of fact or honest expressions of opinion.

There are three classes of these people. First, the hired tools for pay, and will accompany that branch of political trade with trade in private scandal, for the purpose of extorting hush-money. But those banditti of the Press, since the great London journal of scandal went down, have occupied but a precarious and detested position, and they seldom did more than transitory evil. Another class consists of political spies, who are by turns scouts, couriers, instigators of conspiracies to be discovered, actors of plots to drag the plotters into the net, arrangers of newspaper on-dits, purveyors of material for leading articles to serve the purpose of this or that Minister, domestic or foreign. These men are seldom really connected with the Press; they come to it on occasion; they are more or less trusted, more or less mistrusted. Sometimes they succeed, sometimes fail. They contribute to the errors of the journals, but do not stamp any peculiar mark upon its general character. They really belong to the establishment of the statesman, and not to that of the journalist. Their delusions contribute more to the blunders of statesmanship and of parliamentary eloquence, than to the faults of leading articles. The third class finds a type in a person who has lately been dragged before the public by the Editor of the *Examiner*, with his own assistance. He is what the *Morning Advertiser* calls “a Chevalier WIKOFF, not ‘Nichoff.’”

“That this strange individual has played the part of agent to the dancing woman, Fanny Elssler, shone forth the American of small wit, had many unfortunate adventures, been private friend and secret agent of Lord Palmerston, to the astonishment of Americans better acquainted with him, enjoyed the friendship of Count d’Orsay, sought pertinaciously the hand and gold of a lady for whose name we entertain too much respect to insert here, been imprisoned for laying a despicable plot to extort marriage and money, while minister in general to the English Foreign Office,—and, as a last act in his hopeful adventures, written a work of scandal, entitled *My Courtship and Its Consequences*, by which he hoped to still further extort, for its suppression, money from the lady whose name he so ungallantly drags before a scandal-loving public, is but too true. But instead of his being an agent of Russia, and the writer of certain articles in the *New York Herald* favourable to the Czar, he has always been held up by that journal as only a fit object of ridicule or commiseration. Knowing these facts, we give them here in justice to that journal. Nor, indeed, would the fooleries of this singular individual, whose highest ambition on one side was to imitate his friend, Count d’Orsay (through whom he became known to Lord Palmerston), and, on the other, to possess himself of a fortune and a lady, have become notorious but for the London press.”

According to this person, he fulfilled some kind of employment under the English Government—Lord PALMERSTON being the Minister; and the nature of that employment is indicated in the subjoined extract of a letter which he publishes, from our Foreign Office to himself:—

“Foreign Office, November 24, 1851.

“Sir,—In reply to the letter which you addressed to Viscount Palmerston on the 21st of October, I am directed to observe to you, that the sole object of the arrangement which his Lordship made with you in the autumn of last year was to make known clearly, through the medium of the French and the United States press, the liberal, and especially the pacific character of the policy of her Majesty’s Government, &c. . . . I am therefore directed to state to you that Lord Palmerston considers the engagement

taken with you would properly cease with the close of this year, but, in order that you may have a full twelvemonth’s notice of its cessation, he will continue until the end of June next, 1852, the rate of payment which you have already received, and on the 30th of June that allowance will accordingly cease altogether.

“I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
“H. U. ADDINGTON.”

Not long since we found the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland convicted of a juvenile indiscretion in employing a gentleman, whose services could be bought, to express certain statesman-like views to the Irish people. Lord PALMERSTON selects a “Chevalier WIKOFF.” It is an approach on the part of these distinguished Cabinet Ministers towards the functions of editing, and we cannot congratulate them on their success or their felicity in the selection of writers. It only shows what a totally inadequate conception certain public men may have of the qualities required for reaching the conviction of the public. It shows that public men are content with a lower standard of intellectual morality than the editors of any esteemed journal would be. A statesman who professes to have a practical knowledge of life, imagines that the Press is composed of men like these! The story has many morals: it teaches us to what instruments statesmen will condescend; it teaches us upon what ignorance statesmen will presume to act; and if they do so in matters connected with journalism, how do we know that they are not equally mean, equally ignorant in matters of strict statesmanship? Possibly they may adapt the principles to the treatment of foreign countries—gambling away the independence of a Sicily and betraying the rights of a Venice. They may “make things pleasant” in Ireland, until nobody knows what is genuine and what is got up. How can we tell what passes in diplomacy? that profession more secret than freemasonry, because its members are fewer, and yet are men exhibiting this strange ignorance of things nearest to them, this strange laxity of morals.

WHAT IS HERESY?

WHAT is heresy? It consists, says Pope PIUS THE NINTH, who is not yet canonised, in believing that the VIRGIN MARY partook of sinful humanity. And in that opinion he is sustained by King FERDINAND of Naples, and Queen ISABELLA of Spain. It consists, says Saint BERNARD, in supposing that the VIRGIN did not partake of the original sin of humanity; and the Roman Church, tacitly at least, rather agreed with Saint BERNARD than otherwise, until the opposite doctrine was enunciated by Pope PIUS, with the support of King FERDINAND and Queen ISABELLA. Heresy consists, says the Roman Church, in not believing that the wafer is “really” omnipotence: it consists, says the Protestant Church, in believing that reality: it consists, says Protestant Dissent, in using the wafer at all; but High Church thinks that it consists in *disbelieving* the reality, although the reality must not be affirmed. Heresy, says Mr. GORHAM, lies in believing that the priest has any share in imparting a subvenient grace to the infant baptised; no, says H. EXETER, it consists in denying that the priest has any part in the transaction, and in thinking that it is only a prevenient grace which is transmitted at the time when the priest operates. On the contrary, heresy, contends one able Low Churchman, consists in everything; and he finds a splendid example for condemnation:

“The fact that Miss Nightingale is so variously represented—by some as a ‘Roman Catholic,’ by others as a ‘Unitarian,’ and by Mrs. Herbert as ‘rather Low Church’—is a pretty good proof that her creed is not very distinct. The creed of the modern High Churchman is likewise of a non-descript character. It would not be difficult to show

that it is a combination of Judaism, Romanism, and infidelity; while some, like the Bishop of Oxford, love to infuse into it a mixture of Evangelicalism."

When FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is held up as an example of bad Christianity, self-righteousness is indeed reduced to the absurd. The case proves the inevitable tendency of sect to separate itself more and more from whatever is common to faith, and still more from what is common to all Christianity, and to rely in what is distinctive only. The type of humanity, says the Jew, is only the high Caucasian nose; nay, says the negro, it is a flat nose; the standard, says the Esquimaux beauty, is a nose which will not touch a stick laid from cheek to cheek. The Christian is not he who obeys the two new commandments, but he who disbelieves what other Christians assert that they believe, and who believes in any new and difficult proposition which the other sects find it impossible to accept. The sects thus indeed justify the blindest negation of all belief: for, take the votes of the majority against each in turn, and you must not believe in the reality, nor disbelieve in the reality; nor believe that the grace comes before, nor that it comes after; nor believe one way or the other; while the new commandments which distinguish Christianity from the Judaism of the prevalent ten are passed over in slighting silence as unimportant. "To love your neighbour as yourself, and to love God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength—as FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE does—these are things compatible with Unitarianism, Romanism, Judaism, Puseyism, or "infidelity" itself. A divine tells us no less! So that, on the showing of all sects against each one, pure Christianity—that is, the essential elements extracted from the distinctive dogmas of sect—is nothing more than "infidelity." There was once a Teacher that came from Nazareth, who rebuked the doctors for relying on their vain conceits, and (far be from us the irreverence) on this showing of sectaries, *He was the first infidel!*

Heresy, perhaps, depends upon the application of the doctrine. If a peculiar religious body professes to hold property and enjoy privileges on the strength of entertaining distinctive beliefs, then it becomes important to know whether the possessors of that property really believe as they say. If they keep up the art and mystery as a trade, without honestly believing it themselves, they are, as we have often said, a Corporation of Soothsayers. Then we must ask them to define their belief, in order to see whether they are, that exclusive sect, representing King HENRY THE EIGHTH, and entitled, on such showing, to the fee simple of the corporation with all its revenues. If, on the other hand, they claim not as a sect, but as the representatives of a nation, then how foolish to seek exact definitions of doctrine in a nation which has a thousand doctrines though it has but one table sauce. If the Church is to be that "of England," practically as well as by title, it will seek to rest its tenure on those doctrines of Christianity which are superior to sect and independent of it, and will not collapse to a sect by pinning its faith, or rather its property, to one secondary doctrine more than another. It is by relying on broad Christianity more than on Romanism that the Church of Sardinia is become the Church of the people. It is by casting aside the casuistic notions equally of INNOCENT III. and PIUS IX., as of GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON and HENRY LAW, that any Church, whether of England or of Rome, is able to expand, as knowledge and the appreciation of religious truth expand, and to continue to be the Church of a nation. The Christian Church

of England forfeits its Christianity as well as its nationality, while it is divided against itself by childish sectarian quarrels to settle casuistic questions which have their solution, if at all, beyond the bounds of human ken. In Christianity there is no heresy.

SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THE *Leader* has never failed in sympathy and encouragement towards men of rank and position who have had the courage to recognise the obligation of hereditary name. One of the most esteemed and beloved of French writers, equally esteemed and beloved for his brilliant services as a soldier of the press, and his virtues as a citizen, a man of true heart and genius, EUGENE PELLETAN, has finely said, "Whenever a man of intellect is born in the higher ranks, he cannot help coming to the cause of the people. Welcome to all who have the longest way to come: the people owes you a double debt of gratitude, for a liberal aristocrat has a double merit in his liberalism. We of the people belong to the cause of liberty; an aristocrat leaves behind a part of his existence when he joins our ranks." We have only been able to paraphrase feebly enough the vivid and generous language of the French writer, but the thought has always been at our heart when we have offered a respectful greeting to men nursed in all the luxury of wealth, in all the isolation of vast possessions, amidst the dissolving influences of ease and pleasure. Most assuredly this feeling has had nothing to do with that propensity to "love a lord," so distinctive of our social classifications. The subject of our present notice bears a name of which he may well feel the glorious burden, the more so that it is a name which, however high placed to-day, was yesterday the child of industry, whose blazon is the blazon of democracy. ROBERT PEELE, the statesman whose too early death was lamented by thousands of rude hearts, as a personal no less than a national calamity, whose couch of agony was almost invaded by the lamentations of a people, lived long enough to pay back to the democracy the debt of his birth, and he had the noble pride to hand down to his descendants a name undisguised by the idle artifices of the Herald's College. It is well, we say, that his son should feel the glorious burden of that simple name. It is well, too, that he should refuse to lend that name to unworthy associations. We have observed with frequent satisfaction of late the appearance of Sir ROBERT PEELE as heir to his father's larger sympathies, if not to his political principles. The present Baronet would call himself, we suppose, a social Liberal, a political Conservative. Well, we can see no objection to the one, nor to the other; if to be a social Liberal is to seek to reconcile rather than to divide classes of society, if to be a political Conservative, is to seek by gradual emancipation of the less favoured of our fellow-creatures from the double pauperism of body and soul, from want and ignorance, to give to as many as possible something to conserve. Why! the *Leader*, let us confess, is as much Conservative as Liberal, for do we not cherish order as the guardian of liberty, and liberty as the pledge of peaceful order? Sir ROBERT PEELE after a youth not more stormy than that of greater men, returns home to cultivate a career of political eccentricity and social benevolence. Every now and then he startles a provincial platform by a singular combination of the philosopher and the *mouquetaire*. But the example survives the eccentricity, and it is the example we desire sincerely to encourage and applaud. We have received, this week, a letter from

a correspondent at Tamworth, giving an account of the *soirée* mentioned in another part of our paper.

"The ladies of the town and neighbourhood provided tea, and invited their poorer friends to join their tables: thus all classes mingled together and spent the happiest social meeting ever known here. It was a plan of Sir Robert Peel's to bring about a more kindly intercourse of the different grades of society. He spends much time and money in promoting the intellectual good of the town, and has given for seven years to come a house for the use of the Library and Reading-room. Indeed, I know no man more thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the poor; he has a good heart, a large head, and a great name; in your encouragement he feels a great support, and might grow a great benefactor to his race."

This enthusiastic eulogy is at once pardonable and pleasant; no doubt it is sincere and deserved. It is to be regretted that a man of impulses so generous, should talk, if we may so speak, systematically at random in the House of Commons. Sir ROBERT PEELE is perpetually interjecting the wildest Liberal declamation, with all the air of insincerity, in the midst of Tory professions, the most bigoted and the most retrograde, with all the air of conviction. Which is the real man, and which is the hero of a masquerade? For instance, on the first night of the December Session, this benevolent Baronet wound up some wild talk about Poland and what not, with an appeal to British Ministers to expel political exiles from the shores of England, and to drive VICTOR HUGO across the Atlantic, to a country where the poet of the *Châtiments* would cease to disturb the dreams of the Ruler of France. Now we are not disposed to deny that there may be justifiable disapprobation of any foreigner, however injured, and however worthy of all honour and respect, who affects to dictate a policy to the land of his refuge, or to identify that country with his own just resentments. But that any Englishman, we do not say any liberal Englishman, should even remotely hint at the possibility of denying the refuge of our freedom to the victims of political vicissitudes, who are Republicans to-day, and may be Royalists or Bonapartists to-morrow, is inconceivable on any other supposition than that the man who utters the proposition is no more in earnest against refugees than he is in earnest for oppressed nations. Unhappily, it is not permitted to a politician who bears the name of Sir ROBERT PEELE to be a *saltimbanque*.

MEMOIR ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR. In the Memoir on the Conduct of the War, inserted in our last number, some slight typographical errors have, we regret to say, completely changed the sense of certain passages. In a strategical argument these errors are doubly serious: a syllable out of place may destroy the basis of an argument which has all the precision of a mathematical problem. Has not a single word in a despatch changed the fortunes of a campaign?

Page 40, 1st column, line 9: for *destroy the forces*, read *divert the forces*.

In the same page, 2nd column, line 64: for *would not be of long duration*, read *could not fail to be of long duration*.

Page 41, 1st column, line 37: for *he justly thought the sea not a bad base*, read *he justly thought the sea a bad base*.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE CAMBRIA.—The brave fellows who arrived at Liverpool on Monday in the Cambria from the Crimea, disembarked about four o'clock, an order from London to that effect having been received. The most urgent cases were conveyed to the infirmary, where the most prompt assistance was rendered. Refreshments were provided for them immediately upon their arrival, and for these, and the excellent arrangements made for their comfort, each expressed his warm thanks. The Mayor, the ex-Mayor, Captain Bevis, R.N. (the Admiralty agent), the superintendent of Police, and other officials were unremitting in their attentions to contribute to the comfort of the men, and have been present at the various meals.

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*.

THE political article in the present number of the *Edinburgh Review* takes the shape of a historical sketch of "The War in the Crimea." It is throughout an apology for Ministers, and is written in the spirit of the mildest and smallest Whiggism. Everything that the allied governments have done in the East has been done as well as, in the circumstances, it possibly could be done—such is the doctrine of the article; it winds up with a recommendation to let the Ministers patch up a peace.

In the present temper of our countrymen, flushed with the excitement of unaccustomed efforts and with the heroic achievements of the army, it may require some courage in a Minister to speak of peace on any terms, not absolutely inconsistent with the strength and the rights of the empire to which we are opposed. Yet peace is still our object, and our only object. We have bound ourselves by treaty to France, as she has bound herself to us, to seek no territorial aggrandisement or advantage in this war which shall not be common to the interests of Europe. No one has ever yet attempted to show that any exclusive or preponderating British interest was engaged in the quarrel; though British interests of the first order are identified with the independence of the East, and with the general cause for which we are contending. Those interests and those rights being defined by our alliances with the powers pursuing the same objects, we have no motive to put forward any pretensions different from theirs; and if the people of this country were so unreasonable as to attempt to prolong the horrors of war, and to impose incalculable sacrifices of treasure and of life not only on this nation but on the rest of Europe, after the essential objects of the war have been obtained, we should ourselves become an object of distrust and alarm to other nations, and we should lose that influence in Europe which, thanks to the disinterestedness and temper of the British Government, has never been more conspicuously displayed, nor more beneficially exerted, than at the present time.

Another article in the number, bearing generally on politics, is one entitled "Parliamentary Opposition." It is an attempt at a scientific appreciation of the faculties necessary to a successful Parliamentary oppositionist, and also of the uses of Parliamentary opposition. As there are no allusions to existing politicians, the article has a thin and somewhat abstract character; there is also too much of quotation from LIVY and the PHILIPPICS of Cicero in it—as if the writer had not forgotten his essays in the Union Debating Society. In fact, the article reads like a faint reminiscence of a chapter of ARISTOTLE'S *Rhetoric*. Still it is suggestive, and by no means commonplace. Characterising Parliamentary opposition as consisting in the Science of Objections and the Science of Alternatives—that is, in the knack of pointing out faults in a proposed measure, and the knack of suggesting alternative measures to the one proposed—the writer discusses, in detail, the various tricks of the oppositionist in practice; the general effect of what he says is both to lower the estimate one is apt to form of what is necessary for an opposition leader, and also to show that "Her Majesty's Opposition" is an essential element in our Parliamentary Government.

By far the most interesting article in the number is one on "Cardinal Mezzofanti," giving an account of the life and acquirements of that unparalleled linguist, who, before he died, could write, read, or speak, some seventy different languages. This is precisely the kind of article that one likes to meet with in a *Review*—pleasant, full of information, and yet novel. The writer prefixes to his account of MEZZOFANTI a series of brief notices of all the most celebrated linguists before his time, commencing with METHURDITES, the famous King of Pontus, and coming down to 1774, which was the year of MEZZOFANTI'S birth. The article is of a kind from which it is useless to make extracts; and whoever takes up the *Review* will be sure to read it, whatever else he may skip. A good deal of the information in the article, we may mention, is derived from a memoir of MEZZOFANTI, read before the Philological Society by Mr. THOMAS WATTS, of the British Museum, a gentleman whose own acquisitions as a linguist are, according to all accounts, not surpassed, if they are equalled, in Britain.

The remaining articles in the *Edinburgh* are—one on "Charles the Fifth," one on "Modern French Literature," one on "The Siege of Rhodes in 1480," one on "Private Bill Legislation," one on "The Monasteries of Mount Athos and Lord Carlisle's Diary," and one on "Marsden's History of the Puritans." There is nothing very remarkable in any of these articles; one or two of which are solid and useful, while others are so trite and so little superior in execution to the most common and most ephemeral writing, that we wonder on what principle they are selected for the *Edinburgh*.

The new *Quarterly* is decidedly superior, on the whole, to the *Edinburgh*. The opening article—one on "Fires and Fire-Insurance"—may rank, in point of freshness and interest, with the article in the *Edinburgh* on Mezzofanti. It is a complete account of the organisation of the London Fire-brigade, and includes a summary of the statistics of fires, their causes, &c.; and the arrangement of the article is masterly. Here is an extract:

In contrast to the immense rabble of Bumble engines and the Bashi-Bazouks of private establishments, we have the small complement of men and material of the fire brigade. It consists of 27 large horse-engines, capable of throwing 88 gallons a minute to a height of from 50 to 70 feet, and 9 smaller ones drawn by hand. To work them there are 12 engineers, 7 sub-engineers, 32 senior firemen, 39 junior firemen, and 14 drivers, or 104 men and 81 horses. In addition to these persons, who form the main establishment, and live at the different stations, there is an extra staff of 4 firemen, 4 drivers, and 8 horses. The members of this supplementary force are also lodged at the stations, as well as clothed, but are only paid when their services are required, and pursue in the daytime their ordinary occupations. This not very formidable army

of 104 men and 81 horses, with its reserve of 8 men and 8 horses, is distributed throughout the metropolis, which is divided into four districts, as follows:—On the north side of the river—1st, From the eastward to Paul's-chain, St. Paul's-church-yard, Aldersgate-street, and Goswell-street-road; 2nd, From St. Paul's, &c., to Tottenham-court-road, Crown-street, and St. Martin's-lane; 3rd, From Tottenham-court-road, &c., westward; 4th, The entire south side of the river. At the head of each district is a foreman, who never leaves it unless acting under the superior orders of Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent or general-in-chief, whose head-quarters are in Watling-street. In comparison with the great Continental cities, such a force seems truly insignificant. Paris, which does not cover a fifth part of the ground of London, and is not much more than a third as populous, boasts 800 *sapeurs-pompiers*; we make up, however, for want of numbers by activity. Again, our look-out is admirable: the 6000 police of the metropolis, patrolling every alley and lane throughout its length and breadth, watch for a fire as terriers watch at rat-holes, and every man is stimulated by the knowledge, that if he is the first to give notice of it at any of the stations, it is half-a-sovereign in his pocket. In addition to the police, there are the thousand eager eyes of the night-cabmen and the houseless poor. It is not at all uncommon for a cabman to earn four or five shillings of a night by driving fast to the different stations and giving the alarm, receiving a shilling from each for the "call." In most Continental cities a watchman takes his stand during the night on the topmost point of some high building, and gives notice by either blowing a horn, firing a gun, or ringing a bell. In Germany, the quarter is indicated by holding out towards it a flag by day and a lantern at night. It immediately suggests itself that a sentinel placed in the upper gallery of St. Paul's would have under his eye the whole metropolis, and could make known instantly, by means of an electric wire, the position of a fire to the head station at Watling-street, in the same manner as the Americans do in Boston. This plan is, however, open to the objection, that London is intersected by a sinuous river, which renders it difficult to tell on which bank the conflagration is raging. Nevertheless, we imagine that the northern part of the town could be advantageously superintended from such a height, whilst the southern half might rest under the surveillance of one of the tall shot-towers on that bank of the Thames. The bridges themselves have long been posts of observation, from which a large portion of the river-side property is watched. Not long ago there was a pie-man on London-bridge, who eked out a precarious existence by keeping a good look-out up and down the stream. Watling-street was chosen as the head-quarters of the fire brigade for a double reason: it is very nearly the centre of the City, being close to the far-famed London Stone, and it is in the very midst of what may be termed, speaking ignominiously, the most dangerous part of the metropolis—the Manchester warehouses. As the fire brigade is only a portion of a vast commercial operation—fire insurance—its actions are regulated by strictly-commercial considerations. Where the largest amount of insured property lies, there its chief force is planted. It will, it is true, go any reasonable distance to put out a fire; but of course it pays most attention to property which its proprietors have guaranteed. The central station receives the greatest number of "calls;" but as a commander-in-chief does not turn out for a skirmish of outposts, so Mr. Braidwood keeps himself ready for affairs of a more serious nature. When the summons is at night—there are sometimes as many as half-a-dozen—the fireman on duty below apprises the superintendent by means of a gutta-percha speaking-tube, which comes up to his bedside. By the light of the ever-burning gas, he rapidly consults the *London Directory*, and if the call should be to what is called "a greengrocer's street," or any of the small thoroughfares in by-parts of the town, he leaves the matter to the foreman in whose district it is, and goes to sleep again. If, however, the fire should be in the City, or in any one of the great West-end thoroughfares, he hurries off on the first engine.

The next article, entitled *Life of Dalton—Atomic Chemistry*, is partly Biographic, and partly Scientific, and without being very brilliant and striking, is decidedly able. It is followed by a short paper highly laudatory of Mr. JOHN LEECH'S *Pictures of Life and Character*. One has only to read a few sentences of this pleasant and peculiar little paper, to be aware that Mr. THACKERAY is the writer. It opens thus:—

We, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quite respectable old-foggyed times, remember amongst other amusements which we had as children the pictures at which we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakespeare, black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes, straddling Fuschis! there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, with starting muscles, rolling eyeballs, and long pointing quivering fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying, in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out his eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutland being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford; there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth, and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbed (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lady Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch, and dancing before a black background,—a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke's delightful Seven Ages only fitfully relieved its general gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders were present, and plenty of lights and company were in the room.

Our story-books had no pictures in them for the most part. Frank (dear old Frank!) had none; nor the Parent's Assistant; nor the Evenings at Home; nor our copy of the *Ami des Enfants*: there were a few just at the end of the Spelling Book; besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel; there were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the Spelling Book, little oval grey woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we? The rough old woodblocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy-books had served hundreds of years; before our Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus—in Queen Anne's time, who knows? We were flogged at school; we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are our sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip-baths, and Baden towels? And what picture-books the young villains have! What have these children done that they should be so much happier than we were?

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr. Syntax: Doctor Syntax, in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, and that aquatint and the gay-coloured plates very pleasant to witness; but if we could not read the poem in those days, could we digest it in this? Nevertheless, apart from the text which we could not master, we remember Dr. Syntax pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in the Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arrow-head, illegible stuff? give us the placid grinning kings, twanging their jolly bows over their ridant horses, wounding those good-humoured enemies, who tumble gaily off the towers, or drown, smiling in the dimpling waters, amidst the anemithon gelasma of the fish.

Here is a description of the caricatures that used to amuse our grand-fathers:—

In these great coloured prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments of the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat, and tricoloured plume, a crooked sabre, reeking with blood; a little demon revelling in lust, murder, massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal: indeed he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures; by Sidney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by the amiable and indignant Russians,—all nations had boots at the service of poor Master Boney. How Pitt used to defy him! How good old George, King of Brobdignag, laughed at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we remember in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, &c.)—this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the Gillray chronicle,—a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder, and wickedness, in general, like their ally. The friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups, now scaling heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down; now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader Fox was represented with hairy cloven feet, and a tail and horns); now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels, we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed; some that girls could not understand; some that boys, indeed, had best not see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humour!

Mr. THACKERAY (for in so clear a case there is no use in being anonymous) then goes on to show, by reference to Mr. LEECH and his friend *Punch*, how caricature has become civilised since GILLRAY's time. The following passage, in which *Punch* is made to represent modern caricature, is capital, and the concluding reference to "Jeames,"—considering by whom it is written, is exquisite. It is a happy stratagem of Mr. THACKERAY to break the force of criticisms, against himself by anticipating them.

This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neckcloth, and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humourists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously), and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and halfpence extorted from passers-by. He is the Satyrical genius we spoke of anon: he cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed amongst his new friends the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, "plungers," and other military men; and was until later days very contemptuous in his behaviour towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce demeanour. But now that the guardsmen are gone to war, and the dandies of "The Rag"—dandies no more—are battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkermann by the side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is changed to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courage and honour he wars: but this great moralist—must it be owned?—has some popular British prejudices, and these led him in peace-time to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. If those hulking footmen who accompanied the carriages to the opening of Parliament the other day, would form a plush brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike with their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave off laughing at Jeames, who meanwhile remains among us, to all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly consuming his five meals per diem. Against lawyers, beadles, bishops and clergy, and authorities, Mr. Punch is still rather bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was prodigiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes which happened to him at that period was that, through the violent opinions which he expressed regarding the Roman Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the graceful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of Mr. Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the *Snob Papers*, resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. Mr. Punch parted with these contributors: he filled their places with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cried Punch just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, after these events as before.

To a clever but inefficient paper on Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE'S "Psychological Inquiries," there succeeds an article on "Clerical Economics," in which the household ways and accommodations of clergymen both in England and Scotland are treated in the light easy style peculiar to this species of papers in the *Quarterly*. Then there is an article on "The Open Fire Place," in which the history of improvements in grates, chimneys, fire-places, and stoves is traced from the rough old times to the last invention of Dr. ARNOTT; the concluding pages of the article are devoted to an exposition of Dr. ARNOTT'S "new grate"—already, as all know, making a sensation in London, and promising to cure all the ills that grates have hitherto been prone to, and to

effect an incalculable saving of money besides. The writer of the article anticipates that Dr. ARNOTT'S grates will become universal.

Besides an article on "Provident Institutions," and one giving an account of the recent history and present state of "Corsica," there are two articles relating to the war and its conduct—the one historical in its form, and entitled "Campaign in the Crimea;" the other more critical and political, and entitled "The Conduct of the War." This last article is a direct counterblast to the similar article in the *Edinburgh*, being an attack upon ministers, and a denunciation of their incompetency. From a postscript alluding to the Czar's offer to negotiate, we quote the following:—

We believe that there will be greater need than ever for vigilance and firmness. We dread the diplomacy of Russia more than her arms. We are apprehensive that her submission is a device for detaching Austria from the alliance, and for paralysing our preparations for the next campaign. Hostilities, it is affirmed, are not to be interrupted; but we are alarmed lest the Government should repeat their former errors, and, lulled into false security by the negotiations, should relax in their efforts to provide armaments against the spring. Any such suspension in our efforts would be the height of folly and false economy. The mere pecuniary cost of preparing for war is vastly less than that of war itself, and should Russia really yield to our demands, it will only be because we hold ourselves in readiness to exact what she refuses. In ignorance of the guarantees that will be asked of her, and the amount of the indemnity which will be required for the expenditure we have incurred, we can give no opinion upon the conditions of peace proposed by our Ministers. We trusted them to provide for the contingencies of war, and found ourselves deceived. If, taking advantage of the secrecy with which the negotiations must be conducted, they should again disappoint the reasonable expectations of the public and assent to inadequate terms, they will not, we venture to predict, be able to withstand the storm of reprobation which is justly due to men who, through weakness and incapacity, have betrayed their country.

The *Quarterly*, it will be observed, is more spirited and popular in its style of thought about the war than the *Edinburgh*. Both, however, agree in thinking that the war should be made to go on exclusively to the interest of the "balance of power" among the great states, and that all talk about "the nationalities," &c., ought to be kept down.

VARIETIES.

TWO OR THREE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and let who will make the laws." We would almost say the same of books for children, and of the literature of maturer age. We know no art more delicate, more serious, more responsible than the art of writing "children's books." There is no art, we must add, more desecrated by the pedantry of bunglers and the cant of kill-joys. What is childhood intellectually considered? Is it not the simplicity, the intuition of genius, without its sorrow and its bitterness? What is genius in after-life but the simplicity, without the ignorance, of childhood blossoming amidst the brambles of the world? To write for childhood, then, is to address an audience of untainted senses, unclouded souls, uncorrupted hearts, ears pure as living streams, eyes fresh as the earliest flowers. The first quality in writers for children should be reverence; the second, simplicity; with these let humour, invention, fancy, spring from the pen as from an enchanter's wand; the child's imagination will fill up the barest outline with visions of wonder and terror, of beauty and strength, and glory unknown even to the brains of men. No doubt we cordially disagree with the excellent Mr. George Cruikshank when he converts *Jack the Giant-killer* into a member of the Peace Society and a Temperance Apostle: that is not the way, we believe, to win the sympathies of little readers for whom "the bottle" has been something maternal and persuasive, not something remorseful and destructive, and who, never having suffered the ill effects, do not need the warnings of venerable converts. Nor do we condemn the warlike exploits of the *Giant-killer*, as of a pernicious tendency, and likely to instil a barbarous ferocity into the tender breasts of eventual Great Britons: on the contrary, we rejoice in the due and seasonable cultivation of that combative instinct which, however of the earth, earthy, seems to be part and parcel of our poor human nature, and therefore respectable, and even sacred, and which makes a nation of soldiers, not, let us remind Mr. Cruikshank, a nation of peace principles and standing armies. Still, with all our affectionate gratitude to Jack the Giant-killer and Co. (a tolerably long-lived firm, it appears, and likely to do a great stroke of business for many years to come), we do not consider them the *ne plus ultra* of excellence in the literature of childhood; and we have no difficulty in conceiving a better. If we had not believed in the possibility of superseding the *Iliads* and the *Epics* that stirred the infant souls of the heroes of the Alma and of Inkermann by stories scarcely less exciting, equally undidactic, and infinitely more pure, more simple, more inspiring, we should be rebuked by this beautiful little gem of a "Child's Story," *The Three Boys*, written and illustrated by Jane Eleanor Hay. (Bosworth.) We have only met this book by mere chance. Had it come to us in the ordinary course, we should not have been silent so long on its rare and peculiar merits. But if we mistake not, it will survive many a Christmas. This story is, we do not hesitate to say, the model of what stories for children should be. To write it was not only a happy inspiration, it was a good action, and it bears at every line the sweet impress of the hand and the heart of a loving mother, the touch of a sincere artist, the tone of a true poet. We shall not commit the cruelty of robbing these thirty-two pages of their gentle secret. Only thirty-two pages, and enough of beauty to be a joy for ever to the child that listens to the story! We can imagine the little reader or the little listener asking for *The Three Boys* again and again, pondering on it in secret, getting it by heart, putting the precious volume under an innocent pillow, as a talisman of lovely dreams—the dreams of childhood! No child taking to heart this story can fail to grow in grace and in strength. For what is its teaching—*Perseverance, Faith, and Purity*. These immortal precepts are not made harsh and hateful by we know not what theological terrors and condemning texts: there is no thought of frightening the child into love of God, but as a guide and com-

fort and support in life's troubles and temptations; as a pledge of communion with the Heavenly Father, and of His constant and intimate protection, fidelity to these watchwords is the motto of the tale. In the deepest and truest sense this story of *The Three Boys* is a religious story; only, the religion is the religion of childhood, looking out on nature with trustful eyes, and listening to the voice of the Father in the mysterious harmonies of earth and sky.

The illustrations are worthy of the text, exquisite in feeling and in dignity. We fervently hope Mrs. Hay will be encouraged to write more children's stories; never was there finer sympathy of pen and pencil; never were pen and pencil better employed. We say emphatically to all mothers, here are pages pure as a mother's love, written by a woman of genius, for her own child. Read this story to your children: it will make them happier, stronger, more patient, more affectionate: it will teach them to live valiantly, and to die, like children, in a Father's arms. As we put it aside, we feel a debt of thankfulness: it has brought to life again for a moment that golden age of hope and aspiration to which, as we advance into the thickening troubles, we look back as upon a vanishing distance reflected by the last rays of a sun setting behind the hills of life. And all this is to be found in thirty-two pages of a pretty little child's story! Reader, judge for yourself!

A strange contrast to *The Three Boys* is *Mother and Son: a Tale* (J. H. Parker), proposed, it seems, to be the first of a series of tales, equally well intentioned, no doubt, and, as we think, mistaken in design and tendency. Nothing can be more correct and strict than the moral of this well-principled story, which we can imagine any healthy child rejecting as a pill not even disguised in sugar. The subject is the development of the dispositions and the destinies of the victims of self-will and over-indulgence; one of the many new versions which will never equal the old, of the famous story of the boy who bit off his mother's ear at the gallows-foot. It is interspersed with harsh doctrines, and cheerfully hints at misery hereafter as the proper reward for happiness here. We should be glad to find the succeeding volumes of the promised series a little less theological, and a little more humane.

Miss Corner has arranged the favourite old story of *Mother Goose* as a play for miniature actors and actresses. We agree with her in thinking these charades a very harmless and even improving amusement for young people. The illustrations of the tableaux, in the play of *Mother Goose*, are by Harrison Weir, the Landseer of the poultry-yard. There is wonderful life and character in his geese, and his human figures are drawn with spirit and elegance. We said there was wonderful life in his geese; we should add that the dead goose (p. 24) is equally remarkable for its melancholy truth.

POETS OF THE WAR.

The Agamemnons of the present siege of Troy are not likely to perish unwept for want of poets, when a "retired Liverpool merchant" bursts into ballads as the Tyrtæus of Balaklava and Inkerman. (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.) We needed not the touching couplet prefixed to his title-page—

"Critics forbear, rain not your blows on him,
A touch of pity makes the whole world kin"—

nor even the announcement that the proceeds would be applied to the Patriotic Fund, to commend the honest emotion of his verses, and to judge him by no other standard than that of the impulse and the intention.

Mr. John William Fletcher, author of *Tryphena and other Poems* (R. Fheobald), sings the battle of Alma with a muse so facile and so spontaneous, that he reads like the *Times* correspondent, in verse, fashioned into easy alternate rhymes by a turning-lathe. *East and West; a Song of the War* (George Bell), is neither verse nor prose, but it is grim and earnest in thought and expression. *The Bugle in the Black Sea* (Robert Hardwick) is less political and more lyrical; it has the alarum of martial music and the ring of true metal in its episodes of the battle-field, and in the more domestic and tranquil pieces there is freshness and power, a homely pathos, and a generous simplicity more effective than the most laboured art. The *Bugle* is the voice of a poet, and its sounds will live. The writer gracefully acknowledges his debt to the *Times* correspondent, but in his case the acknowledgment was scarcely due: the spirit and the sentiment are his own.

Mr. Westland Marston, so universal is the warlike infection, has ceased for the moment to be the Hamlet of sentimental passion in blank verse, to requit his debt of enthusiastic homage to the gallant men who spurred to leath in the charge of Light Cavalry at Balaklava.

The Death Ride; a Tale of the Light Brigade (C. Mitchell), has something of the sweep and the suddenness of the charge in the rhythm of the stanzas. Mr. Marston also confesses that "the masterly records of the war" in the journals—"records which are at once histories and poems, leave to formal poetry only this task—to comment as it were upon their glorious texts."

The last on our present list of war-rhymes is, we are disposed to assert, the best and bravest that has yet appeared. We do not except Alexander Smith, whose sonnets, as we read them again, do not quite sustain, we confess, our first and more favourable opinion. The thought was too often obscure—the phrase too ambitious, and the feeling too far-fetched. There was too much cleverness and conscious cleverness, too much manipulation, too little heart. In these *War Waits*, by Gerald Massey (D. Bogue), "wind-balls," he says in a caustic preface, "shook down in this wild blast of war," we recognise the unbidden voice of a singer who sings as others merely speak, because he cannot choose but sing, and not because he has published a successful volume of poems. We judged Mr. Gerald Massey with so much severity on a former occasion, that we are all the more proud to be able to praise him when we can. We did him, as we believe, justice then, as we do now, and we regretted his mistaken resentment at a serious impartiality which was the truest recognition of real merit amidst the defects of youth and immaturity. Mr. Gerald Massey is probably still too young to appreciate the advantage of honest severity, and to understand that critics do not waste severe counsels on unripeness without promise. Our present commendation is doubled in value by that severity which aroused Mr. Gerald Massey's inconsiderate and foolish wrath.

His *War Waits* are, as the writer expresses it, "rough and ready," but they are none the less welcome for that quality: indeed, it is their flavour and bouquet. We may fairly consider Mr. Massey as a fit interpreter of the people's voice and will: and to be the poet of the British people is no mean prerogative. These lyrics are fierce, hearty, terribly in earnest: the Peace Society would brand them as bloodthirsty; they do not treat war as a political fencing match, but as a wrestle of Titans for life and death.

There is true feeling here, when he speaks of England—

And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears.

The following stanza may be revolutionary, it is not un-English:

They would mock at her now, who of old lookt forth
In their fear, as they heard her afar;
But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth!
When the Old Land goes down to the war.
The Avalanche trembles half-launcht and half-riven,
Her voice will in motion set:
O ring out the tidings, ye Winds of heaven!
There's life in the Old Land yet.

There is grim humour in "Nicholas and the British Lion;" "Down in Australia" is a burst of triumphant welcome. In "Liberty's Bridal Wreath" we mark these lines:

Now side by side, in the fields of fate,
And shoulder to shoulder are we;
And we know, by the grip of our hands in hate,
What the strength of our love may be.

"After Alma" has some fine pictures:

The fiery valour at white heat,
Was flashing in their faces.

... For us they pour'd their blood like wine,
From life's ripe gathered clusters.

At Inkerman:

No Sun! but none is needed—Men can feel their way to fight,
With the lust of Battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery light.

... Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash, in wild despair,
On ranks of rock ...

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at the set of sun
Stood Conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers' Battle won.
That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of golden grain!
That night the ruddy sheaves were reapt upon the misty plain!
For we cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the shocks of slain:
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reel'd Death's harvest-wain.
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that night,
And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves bedight!
They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's lusty pride;
But they made their bed o' the Russian dead, ere they lay down and died.
We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and grey,
And thought of those who rankt with us in Battle's rich array,
Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from that fell fray!
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far away—
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson bubbles play—
The stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay
Like Statues of old Heroes, cut in precious human clay—
Some with a smile as life had stopt to music proudly gay—
The household Gods of many a heart all dark and dumb to-day!
And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank down to pray.

The *Leader* said last week that the Government had aroused a spirit that would not subside at their bidding. Mark these lines: "Certain Ministers and the People:"

With faces turn'd from Battle, they went forth:
We marcht with ours set stern against the North.
They shuffled lest their feet might rouse the dead:
We went with martial triumph in our tread.
They trembled lest the world might come to blows:
We quiver'd for the tug and mortal close.
They only meant a mild hint for the Czar:
We would have bled him through a sumptuous war.

We believe the bitter indignation of these verses to be a message from thousands of inarticulate heroic hearts of Englishmen. Ministers may well beware of the spirit they have raised but cannot quell.

MISCELLANEA.

The author of *Blondelle* went to Elba in the course of last summer in search of health. He employed his time on the island in visiting the spots made memorable by the brief sojourn of Napoleon, and in picking up reminiscences of the Emperor from the oldest inhabitants, notably from Monsieur Claude Hollard, sometime gardener to Napoleon, a man whose troubled life began so far back as 1773, and who had suffered every vicissitude of fortune, in the service of Austria, of the French Republic, of Napoleon, of a Grand Duchess of Tuscany, of Napoleon again, of the Duke of Wellington, and finally of a Russian Prince, the proprietor of the St. Martino estate, in the island of Elba.

The author of *Blondelle*, on his passage from Leghorn to Elba, met a senator of the Second Empire, one of the very few genuine Bonapartists still extant, who had been attached to the little army of Napoleon in the "Island Empire" forty years ago. Our author did not neglect to take advantage of so fortunate and interesting an acquaintance. The result of this trip and of these acquaintances is an agreeable and lively book,* of which the first part is the record of the writer's actual impressions of each morning passed on the island, committed to writing of an evening by a lady of the author's family; the second part is a narrative of Napoleon's residence at Elba, from his abdication at Fontainebleau till his return to France. This

* "The Island Empire; or, the Scenes of the First Exile of the Emperor Napoleon I., together with a Narrative of his Residence on the Island of Elba, taken from local information, the papers of the British Resident, and other Authentic Sources." By the author of *Blondelle*. (Bosworth.)

narrative has the advantage of being derived from the unpublished papers of Sir Neil Campbell, who, as Colonel Campbell, was in attendance upon the Emperor at Elba, as British Resident; with the aid of extracts the narrative contains much that is new and suggestive. The third part of the book is a brief sketch of the history of Elba; many readers will, we doubt not, be surprised to find how animated and picturesque a history so small an island owns.

On the whole, the author has made up a pleasant and readable volume; of which the first part is, strictly speaking, all that is original; but the second will, we imagine, be read first. As a faithful record of that strange transitional episode in the career of Napoleon, it has an historical value of real significance for political readers who know where to look for the springs of history, and a lively interest for all.

We congratulate Mr. Lovell Reeve on having disinterred from the columns of that venerable periodical, the *Literary Gazette*, a selection of articles from the pen of the lamented Professor Edward Forbes. These papers, now we may almost say first published, embrace a variety of subjects, grave and gay. We would note more particularly the articles on "Life-development, Geology, and Religion," "England and her Surveying Expeditions," "Pseudo-Philosophers," "The Salt Lake and the Mormon-ites." In all of these we observe the same delightful vivacity, the same genial sympathy, the same bright flow of humour, the same strong and clear understanding of various learning, the same mastery of science in its principles, the same love of science in its results. When these papers appeared in the *Literary Gazette* they were remarked by the comparatively few who had access to them, not only for their substance, but for their form; not for their science and learning only, but for their gaiety and—grammar. In the present volume the latter qualities will pass unobserved for want of contrast, but the charm of style still enhances the learning and the science.

We have already noticed in some detail, and with sincere praise, the excellent edition of Chaucer, by Mr. Robert Bell. (J. H. Parker.) We have only now to report the appearance of the second volume, containing the *Wife of Bath* and the *Canterbury Tales*. We remark again the care and conscientiousness of an editor who does his work *con amore*.

Mr. Constable's fourth volume of the *Miscellany of Foreign Literature* contains a selection of unpublished papers by Washington Irving. (*Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers*, by Washington Irving: Constable and Co.) These papers are published by a direct arrangement with the author. We shall return to the volume. Meanwhile, we may take this opportunity to announce the forthcoming publication of the first number of a weekly periodical in France, which will be at once a miscellany of foreign literature, and a journal in the form and style of *Household Words*. It is the intention of the proprietors, we believe, to devote a considerable space to translations (by arrangement with the authors) of some of the best of English works of fiction, travel, and biography. With these selections there will be occasional papers on general social topics, such as have established the reputation, under the high auspices of the editor, of *Household Words*. This *International Magazine* is to be edited, we hear, by M. Jules Simon, sometime Professor of Moral Philosophy, and member of the Constituent Assembly, a name and a reputation enjoying deservedly the cordial respect and esteem of all who can appreciate intellectual abilities of the highest order dignifying and adorning a blameless life. M. Jules Simon's latest treatise on Moral Philosophy, *Le Devoir*, which rapidly exhausted a first and second edition, was justly considered, in the present intellectual darkness of France, an act of the noblest civic courage and virtue. It was the voice of a good man summoning his fellow-citizens to the defence of all that rescues humanity from the disgrace of brutes. We therefore hail this new *International Magazine*, under such an editorship, as a happy augury.

We must dismiss in a sentence the January number of the *New Quarterly* (Hookham), which seems to us inferior to some of the preceding, but clever and discursive enough to be readable; *Putnam's Monthly* (New York), various and original in its topics; the *Rambler* (Burns and Lambert), in many respects the ablest of the Catholic organs, and displaying increased strength and prosperity in a calmer tone and a less aggressive attitude. In the present number, an article on the eternal question of the Jesuits, a proposal of the Abbé de Ravignan's recent defence of the Order, deserves attention, though it has nothing new to tell us. We do not share the Exeter Hall horror of Jesuits individually: we have been happy enough to make delightful acquaintances in the Order; but we must affirm our unshaken conviction, confirmed by all history, by the experience of States, by the textbooks of the Jesuits themselves, that the Order of Jesuits is incompatible with the peace, the progress, and the liberty of nations, and even of families, and that their statutes are irreconcilable with true Christianity. This does not, need we add? preclude us from acknowledging the presence of many men, admirable for virtue as for learning, within the celebrated Order of St. Ignatius.

A Tour Round my Garden (Routledge) is a neat and careful version of Alphonse Karr's delightful *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*. This translation is revised and edited by the Reverend J. C. Wood, the naturalist, whose own works we have more than once had occasion to commend. We dare not say that the peculiar vein of the French humourist has been quite preserved in the English form; there remains quite enough to make the translation almost as agreeable to an English reader unacquainted with the French, as the original is to a reader accustomed to Alphonse Karr. Our Anglican priests are certainly in advance of their Catholic brethren, whom they sometimes imitate: think of Alphonse Karr, the freethinker, Voltairian to the core, translated by a clergyman of most undoubted orthodoxy, and spoken of with truth as "this charming author." Why not? There is no attack on any form of theology in this *Tour Round my Garden*, but a general love of nature: the honest and sincere English clergyman knows how to love nature without deserting his, and Nature's, God.

Among the small fry we may mention *Prince Menschikoff's Carpet-Bag*, by Our Own Correspondent (Thomas and Co.), an obvious *jeu d'esprit*, but treated with a gravity quite foreign to the real contents of the Prince's carpet-bag. Messrs. Orr and Co. continue their elegant series of

The Butterflies of Great Britain—a charming drawing-room book for amateur naturalists. The author of *Cookery Made Easy* sends us a treatise on *Cheap, Nice, and Nourishing Cookery—How to Live Well upon a Small Income* (Dean and Son), which recommends itself to—we regret to say—a vast majority of the public. The editors of the *Poultry-Book* contribute to the numerous catalogue of almanacks a very useful and very well arranged *Poultry-Keeper's Pocket Almanack* (Orr and Co.), which we confidently recommend to all whom it concerns.

Among pamphlets, lectures, and sermons recently received, we may mention a letter (Ridgway) from Colonel Mansfield of the 53rd to the Secretary-at-War, discountenancing the employment of the militia abroad, and recommending the increase of the regular army; a lecture on the *Theological Tendencies of the Age* (Paton and Ritchie, Edinburgh), by the Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, which appears to us vigorously feeble, and boldly inconclusive; *Two Sermons* by the Curate of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, on the Cholera, affectionate and earnest in tone.

M. de Chatelain has translated with really singular felicity the *Flower and the Leaf* of Chaucer. (W. Jeffs.) It was almost impossible to render the hearty simplicity of the original; but M. de Chatelain has wonderfully caught the spirit, and even preserved the flavour, if we may so say, of the old poet.

The Children of the Street: a Tale of Birmingham Life, in Verse, by H. R. H. (Hardwicke), is a versified episode from the Birmingham Gaol Report, and relates the very common progress downwards of neglected and outcast children who have had the misfortune to be born into the midst of "Our Civilisation." The intention of this tale, written, we are told, for the author's children, and the profits of which are to be given to the Ragged Schools, is so excellent, that it seems almost a profanity to confess that it reminded us once or twice of the celebrated ballad of "George Barnwell," and of the still more celebrated ballad of "Villikins."

The Christian at Home (Fowler) is a series of mild and unexceptionable reflections, moral and religious, in prose and verse, deserving of all respect; as are also the *Burdens of the Church* (Adam Salt), by the author of the *True Vine and the Branches*; and the *Monopolist, or the Power of Conscience*. Surely this is a sufficient certificate.

Florine, Princess of Burgundy: a Tale of the First Crusades. By William Bernard Mac Cabe. (Dublin, James Duffy.) It would seem that history and romance are only to be found united in the early ages, or that age gives a tone of romance to history. At all events, the writers of historical romances prefer the dark ages as subjects upon which to cast no light. But, as light is occasionally bewildering, we are well content to be amused and interested by the combination of such elements under the experienced construction of Mr. Mac Cabe, who has acquired no mean reputation in the field of history proper. In his present work he has done something more. He has given a likeness to life—a reality and a human interest even to a story of the Crusades, without plagiarising *Ivanhoe*, and, we may add, without having perused *Moredun*. There is the siege of Antioch, described with vivid and picturesque power—the famine in the Christian camp—Zara, an enchanting Oriental young lady—a real magician, a crafty Greek, and endless horrors, suited to a period before the age of chivalry was gone. We recommend admirers of stirring descriptions and good love-passages to read the work; those with Hibernian sympathies will be glad to learn that, some centuries back, the kings of Meath were descendants of certain celebrated characters whose fortunes are so skillfully sketched in *Florine*. By the way, we never had an Irish friend (if his name commenced with an exclamation) who was not in some manner descended from an Irish king of the Silurian period—it may be permitted to Mr. Mac Cabe to be national, even in Palestine. An Irishman, in fact, had better be national anywhere than in Ireland. As the only controversy in the book is between pure Christianity and pure Mahomedanism, the most Protestant readers need not be afraid of their sympathies being jesuitically seduced. Only Anglo-Catholics think of luring you to Rome by the novel road.

Horses and Hounds: a Practical Treatise on their Management. By "Scrutator." (Routledge.) At the sight of the familiar green and red of the chase we expected to meet our old friend Harry Hicover. "Scrutator," however, is equally welcome, as he writes about a subject he knows thoroughly, and gives us the advantage of considerable experience in the field, the stable, and the kennel. The chapters on "How to form a Pack of Fox-hounds," with anecdotes of the most celebrated kennels; on the breeding and management, the "rounding" and education of young hounds; on the duties of the huntsman and whipper-in, are particularly valuable to the class of readers to whom the volume is addressed. There is plenty of spirit and adventure in the book to amuse even those who have never "sporting a pink." Such a book may be called national, and among Anglo-maniac sportsmen in France would be regarded with religious awe. The illustrations are by Harrison Weir; that is as much as to say that they are to the life.

The Treasury of Rampantius. By John Smith Phillips, M.A. Illustrated by Hine. (Bogue.) A slice of Herodotus is here turned into Ingoldsby verses—which are rapidly becoming the last refuge of the destitute of humour. A word of recognition may be given to the illustrations, in which the regular imbecile-looking Egyptian figures are rendered even more imbecile by being drawn in the usual (or unusual) positions of life. Perhaps the mysterious Egyptian prototype of the conventional modern "Snooks" is a little too freely employed in this burlesque.

March Winds and April Showers. Being Notes and Notions on a Few Created Things. By "Acheta." (Lovell Reeve.) The increasing class who delight in natural history will be glad to meet with a work which combines easy knowledge with agreeable writing. As might be expected from the elegant enigmatical title, the subjects treated are insects, birds, water-plants, trees, and Nature's wonders generally. There is also an introductory chapter, in which, by the rather worn-out machinery of Nereides and Tritons, a graceful moral is taught. Sea-flowers, and fifty similar things which will flash across the mind at their suggestion, are described in a calm and thoughtful manner, at once devotional and poetic. The unobtrusive illustrations are no mean ornaments of the book. They are beautifully executed, and in many instances are excellent in conception; that of the owl listening

to the pattering sound of an hour-glass, is sufficient to restore that bird to his old place in our estimation. We regret to say that it has lately been a fashion to decry him. We entreat people not to refrain from reading this book because they are not naturalists. If they will only read they will be interested, and as worthily as readers of lighter subjects are likely to be.

The Heir of Selwood. By Mrs. Gore. Railway Library. (Routledge.) Mr. Routledge has added to the railway library this high-life novel by Mrs. Gore, which will form an agreeable diversion to the scalp-hunting excitements which have distinguished the latter volumes. Whether Mrs. Gore's fashionable circles will appear to many readers more probable than those adventures, we will not take upon ourselves to determine.

Russian Life in the Interior; or, Experiences of a Sportsman. By Ivan Tourgenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. Meiklejohn. (A. and C. Black.) The Russian sportsman is here experiencing a third language, the present translation having been preceded by a French version, from which the present is made. In the autumn of last year we noticed the French translation at some length, and we then recommended its translation into English. This version is not all that might be desired in elegance, but it is correct enough to convey the general spirit of the sketches.

The Roving Englishman in Turkey. Reprinted in part from *Household Words*. (Routledge.) Every reader of *Household Words* will remember the pleasure with which he shared the miseries of travel with the thoroughly discontented Englishman who, apparently, will not live at home. The present volume contains some hitherto unpublished grumbles, harmonising well with the old original complaints, whose freshness, by the way, is quite unimpaired by time. It is most pleasing to find a dissatisfied countryman who does not look at home before he looks abroad.

Lobster Salad: mixed by Percy B. St. John and Edward Copping. (Ward and Lock.) "Lobster Salad" appears to be the latest phrase for "something of everything." It has taken only two gentlemen combined to hit upon the notion of a club as a medium for telling various stories in prose and verse. The feat has been accomplished, and the humblest shilling in the land may procure the results. Mr. St. John, who has possibly published an autobiography, apologises in a preface for having taken apparently the lion's share in the manufacture of the book; he thinks, however, that the public cannot possibly mistake his style, nor confuse it with that of Mr. Copping. "The reader," he says, "is probably aware that I never perpetrated verse." Now we, who have read everything, confess, with a feeling of humiliation, that we really were not aware, but the phrase "perpetrating" shows what originality may be expected if Mr. St. John ever should, as he would probably call it, "trifle with the Muses."

The Colonial Almanack for 1855 (Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh) does its best to condense into 150 pages all that readers interested in colonial questions can desire in the way of reference or information. As an elaborate compilation of geographical and commercial information, it is another of that class of almanacks which have of late years grown so big in their utility as to induce us to wonder what will be their ultimate development.

Mr. F. Mayne's *Voyages and Discoveries in the Arctic Regions* (Longmans) make a seasonable contribution to the "Traveller's Library." The present volume consists of a series of articles collected from the pages of a weekly periodical. Two chapters are now added, "embodying the most recent accounts of Arctic enterprise that have reached us." The body of the narrative comprises all the recent Arctic voyages from the year 1553 to the present time, and the last chapter closes, tragically enough, with Lady Franklin's letter, dated February last, to the Lords of the Admiralty, recording her "respectful but earnest protest against the removal from the Navy List as dead of the officers and crew of the Erebus and Terror;" a letter not only in itself most affecting, but full of interest as the best abstract of the history of the last Arctic expedition.

Messrs. Cornwell and Fitch's *Science of Arithmetic* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) has the merit of being one of the best practical and compendious treatises we have met with upon the most elementary of sciences. "It differs," the authors say, "from others bearing a similar title in several important particulars." The principle of a rule precedes the statement of the rule itself; "every process employed in the solution of questions is referred to some general law or principle of the theory of numbers;" decimal calculations are given, with a view to the proposed change in our monetary system; the logical relations of the several parts of arithmetic are explained; the origin of our standards of moneys, weights, and measures is elucidated; with questionings following each section, as exercises upon the pupil's acquired knowledge. This is a fair and satisfactory statement enough of the specialities of the work; we may observe, however, that neither the principle of introducing the philosophy of a rule, nor the questions for self-examination, are here presented for the first time. The book has enough of merit of its own, in its logical acumen, methodical arrangement, and comprehensiveness, to recommend it to that very large class of the British youth who cultivate figures as the science of life.

The last year's numbers of the *Band of Hope Review* (monthly, price one halfpenny), have been collected into a folio volume. We believe this little work does much good in Sunday schools. There is a vast amount of information, not entirely clerical, and a mass of woodcuts which must facilitate the transmission of morals to the unlearned of three or four years old.

Charade Dramas for the Drawing-Room. By Anne Bowman. (Routledge.) This volume is so far an innovation on the old system of charades, that the points are worked out in long dialogues, which are generally serious. The essence of such entertainment is, that it should be entertaining.

Hogg's Instructor has almost ceased to instruct; but as it has taken to amuse, we make no objections. *Poetry and Civilisation* is written to prove the high mission of the poet; and the continuation of the very nicely-written story of *Sister Anne* is devoted to the praise of women from a woman's point of view. The readers of poetry—those who understand and love it—will not love Mr. Gilfillan any the more for his strictures on the *Use of Religion in Poetry*, wherein some old charges are revived with new fatuity.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses of the Lebanon: their Manners, Customs and History. With a Translation of their Religious Code. By George Washington Chasseand. Richard Bentley.

Every schoolboy knows that in the mountain range of the Lebanon there is a people called "the Druses," whose women wear an absurdly long horn, like that of a unicorn, on their heads, and whose men are reputed brave and hardy mountaineers. Beyond these two facts little is known by schoolboy or sage about the Druses. Whence come they? Of what race are they? What is their religion? What their government, their history, their domestic manners and customs? These are questions which few can answer at all, and none satisfactorily. Yet, certainly, there is interest enough attaching to the people in question to make inquiries into all that concerns them worth prosecuting.

The quaint old traveller, Sandys, who visited the Druse country, imagines that they are descended from the French crusaders, and many of the Druse Emirs are of the same opinion, producing archives and relics of the followers of Godfrey de Bouillon, which have been handed down to them by their forefathers, together with the tradition of their descent from these warriors of the Cross. Apparently the Emirs are proud of this supposed pedigree; we fear that even a herald's college would hesitate to confirm it to them. That some intermixture of French blood with that of the natives took place during the Crusades there can be no doubt, but that the genuine stock of the Druses existed and was in possession of tracts of the Lebanon before Peter the Hermit's missionaries entered the land of Syria, seems equally certain. Indeed few people bear stronger marks of a purely Eastern origin than the Druses. It is more probable that they are of Arabian or Ishmaelite race, and without absolutely identifying them with the Hivites mentioned in the Bible as the nation that should be "a thorn in the side of the Israelites," we think that a better or more plausible pedigree for them cannot be invented.

The question of their religion we postpone to the last as being the most difficult to answer, even with the very excellent assistance of the work before us. Their government is, perhaps, the simplest and most patriarchal now in existence. The chief authority is the Grand Emir, an hereditary prince, whose seat of judgment is at Shouaifat, and whose duty is to decide all civil and criminal cases among his people. And yet this fortunate prince has scarcely anything to do; for not only are his people extremely moral and little disposed to quarrelling and lawsuits, but, in most cases where disputes do arise, the parties refer them to the judgment of the secondary Emirs or Sheiks, one of whom presides over each village throughout the country. These Sheiks have also to collect the taxes, but this gives them little trouble. The people like taxes, and rush to the collectors to see who shall pay first. Think of that, Mr. Gladstone! How supremely delightful to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in such a nation! And yet, notwithstanding this affection for taxes, there is one sect exempt from it—the Akals, or priests. This is extremely unkind to the clergy. Why should they be debarred from the innocent enjoyment of tax-paying? Is it one of the earthly pleasures they are bound to forswear? The village Sheiks get a per centage on the imposts they collect, and, after deducting it, remit the balance to the Grand Emir, who does, we presume, what he likes with it, and is a great Unaccountable.

The history of the Druses is involved in obscurity until about the year 1517, after which the records are tolerably clear and connected. From that date it has been a succession of fearful struggles against the gigantic power of the Ottoman Empire—struggles in which the Druses have often been victorious, and often worsted, but never entirely subdued. At the present moment they are nominally subject to Turkey, but are in reality as little so as the Circassians are to Russia. Indeed, in following their own history we cannot help being reminded of the heroism, hardihood, patience, and indomitable patriotism of the brave Caucasians, and confessing that all these qualities are rivalled in the characters of the men of Mount Lebanon. But there is one notable difference in the position of the two people towards their nominal rulers—the Circassians hate the Russians, while the Druses, on the contrary, evince an attachment to the Turks, and have assisted them with some of their best blood in the present contest. This feeling, without doubt, arises from the fact that Turkey does not attempt to interfere with the Druses in any way save one. She leaves them to the exercise of their own government, religion, manners, and customs: she does not even levy a tax within their country, but she claims the right of conscription among the people, and the Druses are compelled to furnish a certain number of men annually to the Sultan's army. To a warlike people this is no great hardship, and they submit with tolerable good will.

In addition to their ancient contests with the Turks and Egyptians, the Druses have been much addicted to fighting with their Christian neighbours, the Maronites. The reader will pardon us for not endeavouring to trace the causes of these outbreaks when we tell him that the last and most bloody of them, in 1845, arose from a Maronite emptying a dustpan into the garden of his next-door neighbour a Druse.

The Druses are all farmers and silk growers. Possessing one of the most fertile soils in the world, and a beautiful climate, they raise all kinds of grain and fruits. They live simply and frugally; are sober, honest, and industrious as a model housemaid, and appear to have no pleasures beyond those of smoking and sleeping. Above all they have the great Eastern virtue—

unbounded hospitality. The Arab will shield you, give you half his tent and half his bed (he seldom has anything else to offer) so long as you are his guest, and follow and cut your throat for the sake of your gun or your saddle, or your gold pieces, an hour after you have left his encampment; but not so the Druse. You are not only under the protection of your host, but of every other individual Druse, so long as you remain within their country; and they have braved danger and annihilation rather than give up a refugee who had taken shelter with them.

The religion of the Druses has been, and seems likely to remain, a perfect puzzle. Sandys thought they had none. Others have treated them as Mahometan dissenters, and some have suspected them of a kind of bastard Christianity. They have a religion—its code is before us, translated for the first time into English. They are neither Mahometans nor Christians; indeed it is easy to say that they are not, but human ingenuity must fail to discover what they are. A more extraordinary, extravagant, incomprehensible, unconnected document than this "Religious Code" it would be difficult for the imagination to invent, or Bedlam to produce. And yet it is not all absurd. You meet with thoughts and expressions in it that surprise you by their truth, their beauty, and their poetry, and just as you begin to think that the cloud is about to be cleared away and the light let in to your befogged mind, you are again led into a labyrinth of narrative, precept, and reflection so utterly confused and meaningless, that unmitigated absurdity is the very mildest term applicable to it. If we can imagine a *chiffonnier* picking up bits of torn paper that constituted parts of Bibles, Korans, the writings of Greek philosophers, Persian poets, Hindoo mythologists, Talmudic rabbis, and Chinese transcendentalists, and first shaking all these bits of paper together, and then taking them out, joining them together, and transcribing them literally, without any attempt to make ordinary sense out of the sentences thereby produced, we may have a faint idea of the "Religious Code" of the Druses as it lies before us. The East has been the mother of all religions (save that of Joe Smith), and a motley offspring she has produced; but certainly she never gave birth to a stranger child than the creed of the Druses. Yet for this religion, in its name and for its exercise, have the people fought and bled for ages, though none of the laymen pretend to understand it, and their Akals, or doctors, are as secret and mysterious on the subject as Freemasons, and probably for the same reason.

The author of the work before us is the son of the British consul at Beyrout, and a native of that place. His knowledge of the Arabic language, and his constant residence amongst the people of the Lebanon, well fit him for the task he has undertaken of making us better acquainted than heretofore with this strange nation. He has performed his work well, and if not quite satisfactorily, the deficiency has arisen more from the nature of the subject than from the author's shortcomings. It would, perhaps, have been better to have allowed some competent literary friend to have corrected the work before sending it to the press, for the author has occasionally a strange, and not very correct way of expressing himself, which may be imputed partly to long residence away from England, and partly to his youth. According to one passage in his book he can be only twenty years of age. Such being the case, it would be unfair to criticise too closely any errors or defects in the style of a work which displays real ability, research, and earnestness of purpose—a work, too, which is valuable for the addition that it makes to our stock of knowledge on a subject of much interest, and which is withal very entertaining and readable. Of the public and private virtues of the Druses our author entertains the highest opinion, founded on much personal intimacy with them. Indeed, if we are to trust his judgment implicitly, we must pronounce the Druses the most virtuous, innocent, and truly moral people of the present age. Looking at this fact in connexion with their religious code, we are compelled to admit either that their religion must be very different as taught from what it is as written, or that morality and religion may be entirely independent of each other, and that the former may be sound while the latter is all mystery or absurdity.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- The Art of Travel; or, Shifts and Contrivances Available in Wild Countries.* By Francis Galton. John Murray.
- The Formation and Progress of the Tiers Etat; or, Third Estate in France.* By Augustin Thierry. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Francis B. Wells. 2 vols. Thomas Bosworth.
- A Handbook of Proverbs, comprising an entire Republication of Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, with his Additions from Foreign Languages, and a complete Alphabetical Index, in which are introduced large Additions, as well of Proverbs as of Sayings, Sentences, Maxims, and Phrases.* Collected by Henry G. Bohn. Henry G. Bohn.
- Indestructibility, One of the great Truths proclaimed by Nature and Science.* By Henry G. Cooper. R. Groombridge and Sons.
- The Christian Life, Social and Individual.* By Peter Bayne, M.A. James Hogg.
- The Step-Son, a Domestic Romance of the Present Day.* By F. N. Dyer, Esq. 2 vols. R. Bentley.
- History of Christian Churches and Sects from the Earliest Ages of Christianity.* By the Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. R. Bentley.
- Ballads from Herodotus.* By J. E. Bode, M.A. (Second Edition, with four additional Pieces.) Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- Population and Capital; being a Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, 1858-4.* By George K. Rickards, M.A., &c. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature.* Vol. IV. T. Constable and Co.
- The Young Ladies' First French Book, with a Vocabulary of the French and English and the English and French of all the Words used in the Book.* By R. Aliva. Hope and Co.
- Life of William Etty, R.A.* By Alexander Gilchrist. D. Bogue.
- A Dozen Pair of Wedding Gloves—Glove-making without the G.* James Blackwood.

The Arts.

THE WAR DIORAMA.

THOSE old campaigners, Grieve and Telbin, have recommenced operations at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION in Regent-street. "The war that for a space did fail" to keep the popular demand for warlike exhibitions up to a sufficiently paying pitch, has been a more exciting topic since the closing of the diorama of Scenes in the Baltic and Black Sea. Still we cannot help preferring, as pictures, the best of the scenes in the old diorama (which still do duty in the new) to the representation of moving accidents by flood and field, which make us rather feel the absence of motion. The views of Sebastopol, Constantinople, Cronstadt, and St. Petersburg, are not only better, considered as works of art, but they are, in our belief, more effective with the mass of spectators than are the scenes at the battle of Alma, and the latest addition of the cavalry charge at Balaklava. These have the fault which we have observed in all pictures of the kind—excessive violence without real force.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE—LOUIS XI.

To say that Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.*, as adapted by Mr. Bourcicault for the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, is an exceedingly good play, would be an exaggeration; compression has not given it that which was wanting in the original—movement; while the versification (for more's the pity, it is written in blank verse) is far inferior to M. Delavigne's, who at least understood the mechanism of poetry; but it is put together with a considerable amount of tact, and the two or three strong situations are worked up in a very artistic manner. We have no intention of detailing the plot, which is of the slightest; the object of the author was clearly not to write a drama, but one great character—a detestable king. This part was intended for Talma, who rehearsed it many times, but for some reason unknown to us, did not perform it. Ligier inherited it, and has played it constantly at the FRANÇAIS, and always with success,—yet he played it not so discriminately nor so powerfully as Mr. Kean. Certainly the readers of the *Leader* are aware that we have not always expressed favourable opinions of that singularly-unequal actor's performances, but it would be difficult to deny that on this occasion Mr. Kean has achieved an undeniable and merited success. There is a great deal of light and shade in the part—transition bits, as it were—and all these are seized upon by Mr. Kean surely, but delicately, in a way that shows not only natural aptitude, but taste and study. Take as an example the scene where Louis is quietly giving Tristan l'Hermite directions for the murder of the "Burgundian Envoy": he hears the Angelus, and immediately turning away from the subordinate cut-throat, commences muttering an *Ave*, or a *Credo*—murmuring *ses paternôtres*—to the image of some saint which he wears in his cap—then takes up his homicidal direction just where he left off, without the slightest change of tone or gesture. We need only add that the minor parts are passably filled: we may particularize Mr. Ryder and Miss Leclerc.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH we generally look upon classic revivals as lugubrious shams, we must admit that the adaptation of *Alceste*, now given at this theatre, is in many respects highly creditable. It is true that there are critical objections lying upon the surface of the piece which will occur to every schoolboy who sees it. Nothing of the original is preserved but the leading idea of *Alceste's* noble sacrifice, the episode caused by the arrival of Hercules, and Admetus' endeavour to hide the fresh sorrow from his guest; it must be admitted that whenever Mr. Spicer (the adapter) has wandered from the original, he has wandered from pure taste. What would have been the sensations of an Athenian audience had their dramatist committed the solecism of portraying, even in the recesses of a tomb, the actual physical struggle between Death and Hercules? But, let us not be critical, when criticism is so easy; rather let us commend the manner in which *Alceste* is put upon the stage, the scenery, the appropriate costumes, the music of Glück. Miss Vandenhoff, who has so fine a weakness for Greek heroines, was a continual study for the sculptor; Mr. Stuart (thanks to padding and cork-soles) made a very fair Falstaffian version of "Hercules."

We all remember the profound learning displayed by the great lessee of the PRINCESS'S on the occasion of reviving *Macbeth*. Even Xiphilin becomes insignificant beside the erudition of Mrs. Seymour, when she lectures us about Vitruvius and the *versura* of the ancients. We are reminded of that learned daughter of a civilian, who lectured the scholars from behind a screen lest her beauty should distract their attention from her argument.

FROM Paris, we hear that M. Scribe's new play, *La Tzarine*, written expressly for Mademoiselle Rachel, was produced at the THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS on Monday last before a crowded audience, in which the public could hardly find a seat, as every box and stall was secured by the Court, the Ministers, and other functionaries of the government, without number. Mademoiselle Rachel, we believe, may almost be considered a member of the existing Government; not that, like many others, she has not served former régimes. At all events, she is a personage "in authority." The play excited great interest from its title, besides the interest attached to any new creation of the celebrated actress, and M. Scribe's name implies success. *La Tzarine* is a success, but not a success of enthusiasm: it will probably be what is called the *vogue* for a few weeks. Mademoiselle Rachel's success is a success of costumes which have probably never been surpassed in richness. Her acting was altogether inferior to her reputation: whether she has lost all respect for her art, or for the public, we cannot say; but she literally gabbles, and reserves her genius for a few flashes, leaving all the rest a blank. The *Leader* noticed a deterioration of power when this highly-gifted woman was last in London; since then a neglected art has punished an unfaithful artist; and Mademoiselle Rachel, with all her grace and witchery, and almost electrical fascination, is sinking into a remembrance and regret of a marvellous promise unfulfilled. It may be interesting to our readers to know that the "Tzarine," the heroine of M. Scribe, is the Catherine of Peter the Great, not, as might have been supposed, Catherine the Second. Madame Emile de Girardin's screaming *Jocrisserie*, "*Le Chapeau d'un Horloger*," still draws all Paris to the GYMNASSE. This inimitable buffoonery, conceived in the spirit of the finest comedy by the hand of genius that drew tears from half Europe in *La Joie fait Peur*, was written originally for private theatricals at a Château in Normandy. Prince Poniatowsky, we believe, was to have played the part of the servant. Here is a success for Buckstone or Keeley. Whether the *finesse* of the original would not evaporate in translation, is another question: there is one scene between the husband disposed to be jealous, and a bantering friend, which is nothing less than an exquisite domestic parody of the great scene in the third act of *Othello*.

RUSSIA AND THE AMERICANS.

The *Boston Telegraph* says:—"Last week, a young American engineer of talent and skill, who had successfully served in the navies of England, Russia, and the United States, sailed from this port for Europe, in response to tenders made him by the Emperor of All the Russias again to enlist in his service. The offers were of the most advantageous and flattering character. He took with him some fifteen or twenty young men, whom he had enlisted as associates, and who for a few months back have been in training under his experienced and skilful instruction. It is well known that the Emperor has long appreciated American talent, and is now making it available whenever possible."

A MODERN TROUBADOUR.

The following anecdote of Macaulay appears in a weekly paper:—Macaulay, being lately desirous of obtaining information respecting eighteenth-century poetry, as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads of a singing boy. Happening to turn round as he reached home again, he perceived the youth, with a circle of young friends, was keeping close at his heels. "Have I not given you your price, sir?" was the indignant remonstrance. "All right, guv'nor," was the response, "we're only waiting till you begin to sing."

THE ANTI-RUSSIAN.

A new weekly journal of this name has just been established. It is thoroughly devoted to the demolition of Czardom, and may be regarded as a great "sign of the times."

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, January 16.

BANKRUPTS.—JOHN GARDINER HODGES, Bull's Head-court, Newgate-street, warehouseman—THOMAS STURGES, Frough Tavern, Stockwell, Surrey, licensed victualler—MATTHIAS EDWARD BOWEN, Old Ford, india-rubber manufacturer—ISAAC MAY, Ipswich, linendraper—ROBERT NORMAN, Histon, Cambridgeshire, grocer—GEORGE BUMPSTEAD, Great Yarmouth, grocer—ROBERT SMITH, New-castle-street, Strand, licensed victualler—ELIZABETH TAYLOR, Rose and Crown, Croom's-hill, Greenwich, licensed victualler—SAMUEL DENNIS, Rayleigh, Essex, carpenter—RICHARD ALLCOCK, Nottingham, wine-merchant—SAMUEL REDER, Plymouth, flour factor—JOSEPH NORTH, North-owram, near Halifax, grocer—JAMES ALDRED, Manchester, innkeeper.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. HARVIE, Auchingree, writer.

Friday, January 19.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—ABRAHAM CORONEL, Great Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, cigar-manufacturer.

BANKRUPTS.—HERBERT WYATT, THOMAS DICKENS, DANIEL EDWARD AUSTIN, Pilgrim-street, Kennington, chimney-piece manufacturers—THOMAS ANDREW FRANCIS BURTON, Montague-close, Southwark, wharfinger—THOMAS LOWELL RALPH, the elder, and WILLIAM RALPH, Birmingham, ironfounders—BRYAN HESLEDEN, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, scrivener—HENRY JOHN ACHLIN, High Holborn, wholesale shoe-manufacturer—THOMAS RICHARD, Sidcup, Kent, apothecary—CHARLES ONKEN, Hopemakers'-street, Finsbury, coachmaker—WILLIAM GILHARD, the elder, Catherine-street, Strand, and Thornhill-square, Islington, dealer in oils and pickles, &c.—GEORGE EICKERTS, Euston-square, coach-builder—HENRY REVEL SPICER, Bagnor Mills, Berks, paper-maker—THOMAS NICHOLSON, Leeds, machine-maker—JOSEPH CROWTHER, Manchester, grocer—EDWARD JACKSON and EUGENE CLARKE, Manchester, wholesale milliners—HENRY BENSON COX, Southampton, dealer in provisions and trader—WILLIAM FOSTER, Millbank, Westminster, stone-merchant—JOHN ROOTS, of Luton, near Chatham, brickmaker—JOHN DENNETT, New Cross, Hatcham, Surrey, builder—CHARLES HODGE, Chelsea, ironfounder—SAMUEL MORRITZ KROHN, Broad-street, Cheapside, merchant—JOHN BODDINGTON, Manchester, malt-factor—GEORGE HICKES and THOMAS ELLING, Edenwood, near Edenfield, Lancaster, sisers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—ADAM YULE, Kelso, innkeeper—SAMUEL PORTER, Newton-stewart, wood dealer—WILLIAM MILLER, Musselburgh, starch-manufacturer—DAWSON and AUTON, Leith, colour-merchants.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BARROW.—Jan. 11, at Blackheath Park, the wife of Robert P. Barrow, Esq.: a son.

DALY.—Jan. 12, at 83, Eaton-place, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Daly: a daughter.

DENMAN.—Jan. 16, at 24, Westbourne-terrace, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denman: a son.

GRAVES.—Jan. 11, at Boulogne-sur-mer, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Graves: a son.

KILDARE.—Jan. 11, at Stafford House, the Marchioness of Kildare: a daughter.

STOKES.—Jan. 10, at Goring Vicarage, near Reading, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Stokes: a son.

WHITTY.—Jan. 18, at Hampstead, the wife of E. M. Whitty, Esq.: twins.

MARRIAGES.

D'AGUILAR—WEDDING.—Jan. 15, at Alderton, Suffolk, Francis James D'Aguiar, Lieutenant Royal Navy, son of the late Colonel George T. D'Aguiar, to Mary Phillips, youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel Wedding, of Ryde, Isle of Wight.

BOWATER—SMITH.—Dec. 24, at St. Mary Magdalene, City, George Bowater, Esq., to Mary Hawkins, daughter of Samuel Smith, Esq., surgeon, Danbury, Essex, and granddaughter of the late Sir Christopher Hawkins, Bart., of Trovetan, Cornwall.

DUCKETT—WHITE.—Jan. 8, at Forest of Dean, the Rev. William Duckett, rector of St. Agnes, Nassau, to Charlotte White, widow of the late D. White, Esq., Civil Service, Madras, and eldest daughter of S. Nicholls, Esq., Ashley Court, near Tiverton.

KERR—FENNESSY.—Jan. 11, at Hampton, Middlesex, by the Rev. — Johnson, W. Scott Kerr, Esq., of Chetto, to Frances Louisa, second daughter of the late Robert Fennessy, Esq., of Wilton-place, Belgrave-square.

TERRY—OGLE.—Jan. 16, at St. Mary Magdalene, Oxford, the Rev. Charles Terry, of Harleston, Suffolk, to Isabella Henrietta, youngest daughter of James A. Ogle, M.D., Reg. Prof. of Physic in the University of Oxford.

DEATHS.

ASTLEY.—Jan. 13, at Burgh Hall, Norfolk, the residence of her son, Francis L'Estrange Astley, Esq., Lady Astley, of No. 7, Cavendish-square, aged eighty-seven.

ARTHUR.—Jan. 14, at her house, in Gloucester-square, Lady Arthur, widow of the late Lieutenant-General, the Right Hon. Sir George Arthur, Bart.

BOOTH.—Jan. 16, in Dublin, Caroline Susan, the lady of Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.

BOURKE.—Jan. 14, at Clifton, Lady Louisa Bourke, aged seventy-seven.

LEITRIM.—Dec. 31, at Killadun, the Right Hon. Nathaniel, Earl of Leitrim, K.St.P., &c., aged eighty-seven.

REUSS-KOESTRITZ.—Jan. 16, at Fulham, Count Henry, eldest son of the late Rev. Count Henry LV. Reuss-Koestritz, aged fifty-six.

WOMBWELL.—Jan. 14, at his house, George-street, Hanover-square, Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh-park and of Wombwell, both in the county of York, Bart.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, January 19, 1855.

THE Funds have been very stationary all the week. Some large and influential sales yesterday and to-day depressed the market to 91½, 91¼, during the forenoon, but closed somewhat firmer.

The applications for the French Loan have been all in vain, so completely absorbed has it been in France, but the expectant allottees of the Loan having sold largely at a premium, find that not only can they not realise a profit, but have to give a still higher price in order to fulfil their engagements. Hence the reason of the heavy premium that the Loan now stands at, between 5 and 6 premium.

Turkish Scrip continues very firm, and there is no doubt if peace be patched up it will command a strong premium. With railway shares there has been not very heavy business—prices are moderately maintained. Mines are all bad—nothing doing—Agua Frias more especially have been flat during the week: Crystal Palaces are weak, 2½, 2¼; General Screw Steam Company at last is said to be ready with its accounts—those accounts which have puzzled the most arithmetical and calculating of accountants. There is no particular feature in the Stock and Share markets. The Bank returns are said to be favourable, and money will possibly become easier, as the French Loan, being taken up nearly exclusively in France, will not absorb our capital. As to the aspect of public affairs, the City seems at fault. They would like to be more assured of Russian sincerity, of Austrian sincerity, of English Ministers' sincerity, and a variety of other doubts cleared up. So, for the present, they are laying on their oars.

The most astonishing part of the business, with the universal dislike expressed and want of confidence for our Coalition, is that they can remain in office one hour. To be sure the House of Commons, which is supposed to be the voice of the Nation—is it?—acquiesces in peaceful submission. One hope is that the Cabinet may split of itself, from internal discords. Any of these accidents would produce a monetary crisis for the moment.

Four o'clock.—Consols, for account, 91¼, 92; Turkish Scrip, 76½, 77; French Loan, 5½ pm.

Caledonians, 61½, 62½; Eastern Counties, 11, 11½; Great Northern, 90½, 91½ x in.; Ditto (A Stock), 75, 76; Ditto (B Stock), 124, 125; Great Western, 67½, 68½; Eastern Westerns, 83½, 84½; Birmingham, 101½, 101¾; North Eastern, 76½, 77½; Yorks, 54, 55; Midlands, 70, 70½; Dovers, 59½, 60½; Oxfords, 32, 33; Antwerps, 6½, 7; Eastern of France, 32½, 33½; Luxembourgs, 2½, 3½; Namur and Liège, 7, 7½; Paris and Lyons, 21½, 21¾ pm.; Paris and Orleans, 47, 48; Paris and Rouen, 40, 42; East Indian, 1½, 1½ pm. x in.; Ditto Extension, 1, 1 pm.; Western of France, 5½, 6½ pm.; Agua Frias, 1, 1; Imperial Brazil, 2½, 2½; St. John Del Rey, 29, 31; Peninsulas, 1 dis.; Santiagos, 4, 4½; Linars, 7, 8; South Australian, 1½, 1½ pm.; Australasian Bank, 79, 81; Oriental Bank, 37, 39; Union of Australia, 66, 68; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 1, 1½ pm.; Australian Agricultural, 33½, 34½; Crystal Palace, 2½, 2½; General Screw, 13½, 14; Canada, 102, 104; South Australian Land, 35, 36 x d.; North British Australasian Land and Loan, 1, 1; Scottish Australian Investment, 1½, 2.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening.

We have not received our usual circular this week.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....	208½	210½	210½	208½	210	211
3 per Cent. Red.	91½	91½	92	92	92½	92
3 per Cent. Con. An.	92	92	92	92½	92	91½
Consols for Account	92½	92	92	92½	92	91½
3½ per Cent. An.						
New 2½ per Cents.						
Long Ans. 1860.....		4½	4 5-16	4 7-16	4 7-16	4½
India Stock.....		223				
Ditto Bonds, £1000	12	11	14	11		
Ditto, under £1000	14	14				11
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	7	7	7	4	4	7
Ditto, £500.....	7	7	7	7	4	7
Ditto, Small.....	7	7	7	7	4	7

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds	100	Russian Bonds, 5 per	100
Buenos Ayres 5 per Cents.	83	Cents., 1822.....	90
Chilian 5 per Cents.....	101	Russian 4½ per Cents.....	90
Danish 5 per Cents.....	102	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def. 184	184
Ecuador Bonds.....	4	Spanish Committee Cert.	
Mexican 3 per Cents.	21½	of Coup. not fun.	
Mexican 3 per Ct. for		Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	92½
Acc. Jan. 31.....	21½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.....	81½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	42	Dutch 2½ per Cents.....	81½
Portuguese 3 p. Cents.		Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif	93½

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that a grand BAL MASQUE

will take place on Friday, February 2, 1855, which will be the first ever given at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, and positively the last this season, and terminate the Concerts.

It is now several years since M. JULLIEN had the honour of introducing the above kind of Entertainment in England, and it has afforded him the greatest satisfaction to observe, from year to year, that they have unvaryingly increased in favour and popularity. It is not the ball-room alone which has exhibited this increase, but those portions of the Theatre set apart for the convenience of Spectators have, at the same time, been entirely thronged with visitors. This unremitting patronage is a sure evidence of the immense attraction of these Entertainments, and, of course, cannot fail to be a source of great gratification to M. JULLIEN, convincing him as it does that his efforts to afford amusement to all classes have not been made in vain.

The approaching Bal Masque, the first ever given at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, will, however, afford an opportunity of producing an Entertainment surpassing in grandeur and brilliancy all former Balls—the vast area of that beautiful Theatre giving facilities possessed by no other locality. M. JULLIEN therefore believes that, without entering into details, he may safely state that the Bal Masque above announced will be one of unrivalled splendour.

The orchestra will be considerably enlarged, and consist of One Hundred and Twenty Musicians.

Principal Cornet-a-Piston ... HERR KENIG.
Conductor ... M. JULLIEN.
Tickets for the Ball ... 10s. 6d.

The Audience portion of the Theatre will be set apart for Spectators.

The Prices of Admission for Spectators will be as follows:—

Dress Circles 5s.
Amphitheatre Stalls 3s.
Amphitheatre 2s.

Private Boxes, for four, six, or eight Persons, 3l. 3s., 4l. 4s., and upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball-room without extra charge.

Places in the Dress Circle and Amphitheatre Stalls, as well as Private Boxes, may be secured beforehand, on application at the Box-office of the Theatre; also Private Boxes at the principal Librarians and Musiciansellers.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine, and Dancing commence at Ten.

The Refreshments served under the Superintendence of Mr. George Payne.

Mr. I. Nathan, jun., of 18, Castle-street, Leicester-square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons will not be admitted.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST NINE NIGHTS.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce, that in consequence of his Provincial engagements, the CONCERTS will most positively TERMINATE on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31.—To-morrow, Monday (being the last night but eight), and during the week, the Programmes will include Madame Pleyel's and Herr Ernst's performances; Madame Anna Thillon's Popular Songs; the Sleigh Polka; the Pantomime Quadrille; the Allied Armies Quadrille; with the Guards Bands, &c.

THE MOZART FESTIVAL.

On Tuesday next, January 23.—The whole of the first of the Concerts will be selected from the Works of Mozart, and include the celebrated "Addio" sung by Miss Dolby. Herr Ernst will make his last appearance but two, and perform one of Mozart's Sonatas with Madame Pleyel.

The second part will be miscellaneous, and include the Pantomime Quadrille, the Allied Armies Quadrille, &c.

Prices of admission:—Promenade, Upper Boxes, Amphitheatre, Stalls, and Amphitheatre, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 12s., 21s., and 36s. 6d. Commence at Eight.

BAL MASQUE.

The Grand Bal Masque will take place on Friday, February 2.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

Monday and during the week, will be produced a New Comedietta, called

TIT FOR TAT.

Principal Characters by Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. F. Robson, Mr. Emery, Miss Maskell, Miss E. Turner, and Miss Bromley.

After which,

A WIFE'S JOURNAL.

Mr. Brown.....Mr. Emery.
Mr. Harcourt.....Mr. Leslie.
Mrs. Brown.....Miss Maskell.

To conclude with the New and Original Fairy Extravaganza, by J. R. Planché, Esq., called

THE YELLOW DWARF AND THE KING OF THE GOLD MINES.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, EXETER HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5th.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will read "Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanied by the whole of the MUSIC, composed expressly for this play by MENDELSSOHN, performed by a complete orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock. Tickets and reserved seats to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 53, FLEET-STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

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

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

PATTERNS OF THE NEW COLOURED SHIRTINGS, in every variety of colours; upwards of two hundred different patterns for making **FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS**, sent post free on receipt of six stamps. Price 7s. the half dozen.
FORD'S WHITE EUREKAS, best quality. Six for 40s.; second quality, Six for 31s.; if washed ready for use, 2s. extra.

CAUTION.—Ford's Eureka Shirts are stamped, "38, POULTRY, LONDON," without which none are genuine.
RICHARD FORD, 38, POULTRY.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the recent improvements. Strong Fire-proof Safes, Cash and Dead Boxes. Complete lists of sizes and prices may be had on application.

CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-Fields, Wolverhampton.

HOBBS' PATENT AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LOCKS.

MESSRS. HOBBS, ASHLEY, and Co. are now manufacturing their celebrated **AMERICAN and ENGLISH PATENT LOCKS** by their **PATENT STEAM MACHINERY** on the Premises, 97, CHEAPSIDE, and 33, LAWRENCE-LANE.

Messrs. H. and Co., by the introduction of their Steam Machinery, are enabled to guarantee **GREATER SECURITY**, and **SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP**, at prices more moderate than any Locks produced, either in Town or Country. In addition to which, they are applicable to all purposes for which Locks are used.

EVERY LOCK being made and finished at the MANUFACTORY bears **THEIR OWN STAMP**, and is **WARRANTED**, without which none are genuine. These Locks can be procured by order through any respectable Ironmonger in the United Kingdom.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL WAREHOUSE, 97, CHEAPSIDE, Manufactory, 33, Lawrence-lane, London.
P.S. Depot for Milner's Patent FIRE and BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES fitted with Hobbs' Patent Locks.

ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT.

And Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, AND FAMILIES.—The important object so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, PATENTEES, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their *Improved Process* in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured, from the Oat and Barley.

To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obviated, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.

The Barley being prepared by a similar process is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soups, &c.

CAUTION.—To prevent errors, the Public are requested to observe that each Package bears the Signature of the PATENTEES, J. and J. C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maiden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters at 6d. and 1s. each, and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 6s., and 10s. each, of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c., in Town and Country.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A certain remedy for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs. In difficulty of breathing, in redundancy of phlegm, in incipient consumption (of which cough is the most positive indication), they are of unerring efficacy. In asthma, and in winter cough, they have never been known to fail. Sold in boxes, 1s., 14d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London**, and by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, &c.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.

SIR.—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
THOMAS KEATING, Vicar Choral.

KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL, imported direct from Newfoundland, of the finest quality, pale, purified, and nearly tasteless. Imperial Measure half-pints, 2s.; pints, 3s. 6d.; quarts, 6s. 6d.; five-pint bottles, 15s.

*Orders from the country should expressly state **KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL.**

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 225, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c., for VARIOUS VERMS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. Postage, 6d.

HOT AIR, Gas, Vesta, Joyce's, STOVES.—STOVES for the economical and safe heating of halls, shops, warehouses, passages, basements, and the like, being at this season demanded, **WILLIAM S. BURTON** invites attention to his unrivalled assortment, adapted (one or the other) to every conceivable requirement, at prices from 10s. each to 30 guineas. His variety of registrar and other stoves is the largest in existence.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The **Real NICKEL SILVER**, introduced 20 years ago by **WILLIAM S. BURTON**, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Riddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons, per dozen	18s.	26s.	32s.
Dessert Forks	30s.	40s.	46s.
Dessert Spoons	30s.	42s.	48s.
Table Forks	40s.	56s.	64s.
Table Spoons	40s.	58s.	66s.

Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

	Riddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen	12s.	28s.	30s.
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The Director to be chosen in the room of Thomas Clarke, Esq., will remain in Office until 24th June, 1855. The Director to be chosen in the room of Edward Lawford, Esq., will remain in office until 24th June, 1856.

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