

Adm'd Edmund Galloway, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

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, APRIL 7, 1855.

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News of the Week.

THE 3rd, not the 1st, of April is named as the day for the grand assault at Sebastopol. OMAR PACHA is marching from Eupatoria southwards; all war ships are ordered to approach Sebastopol, as if to assist in surrounding the place; an enormous besieging force has been brought to bear upon the walls; and really appearances do half make us believe that the Allies intend to try taking the town by the dead weight of superior strength. Not long since there was a very general impression, that, while the occupants of the town were to be kept in play by a certain portion of the besiegers, the Turks under OMAR PACHA, the Piedmontese contingent, a portion of the Allied forces, a new French division specially sent for the purpose, and perhaps an Austrian army, were to grapple with the enemy in the open field, and to decide the question of Sebastopol, by a general engagement, at a distance. The latest preparations look as if the game were still to be kept up where the Russians have been allowed ample time to prepare, with an entrenched fortress, and unlimited resources. There is no placing any bounds upon the possibilities of French or English daring; but the supposed experiment looks something like trying how English and French soldiers can stand being dashed against artificial rocks.

We have no belief in deliberate treachery at head-quarters. We do not readily credit any reports, that Austria intends to play traitor. But the aspect of affairs in the Black Sea, with the particular dates laid down for the performance, come before us curiously in the enlarged interval of time allowed to Russia at Vienna. The Congress has suspended its labours until the arrival of M. DROUYN DE LUY, so that more than a week longer has been allowed to Russia; the plenipotentiaries have adjourned until the 9th instant. The grand display of fireworks at Sebastopol on the 3rd—re-assembling of the Congress on the 9th.

The proceedings of our own Government appear to exhibit a curious mixture of real purpose and no purpose at all. From some of their most recent acts, it might be supposed that they contemplated a greatly extended war, and were prepared, by adequate measures, to earn immortality for themselves and honour for their country;

while from other acts it looks as if they were trifling with the gravest emergencies. The offer of the North American Colonists to volunteer for service in the East, it appears, has been accepted, and corps are there to be formed of Canadian or other British North American colonists, and of Foreign volunteers who may be collected from the wide recruiting field of the United States. This looks like business.

So does the admission of Lord HARROWBY into the Government, after his recent and public declaration in favour of the "oppressed nationalities."

Yet both these acts would become pieces of "gag," if Government really means nothing by them. And if Ministers positively intend great political and military operations, how is it that they are still haggling with the militia about petty niceties as to the conditions on which the men enlisted, while they are refusing a really comprehensive Militia Act for the whole of the United Kingdom, including the necessary complement of Volunteer corps? There are great numbers amongst us, not of extreme opinions, who feel that they have not fulfilled their duties as men while they have failed to learn so much of the military art as to enable them, in time of necessity, to play the special constable against the foreign invader, as well as the inward disturber. Short blue batons and a white band round the left arm would be but a sorry array against any suddenly introduced army under Prince GORTSCHAKOFF or OSTEN SACKEN. In vain would the "Peelers" tell those barbarians that they "must move on," or that they "must not crowd the thoroughfare." Such things have been, as unexpected arrivals: and if any Sir CHARLES NAPIER, less lucky but not less "indiscreet," were to lose one-and-twenty sail of the line in some unhappy fog, there is no tangible reason why some PASKIEWITCH or SUWARROW should not contemplate a grand tour of the United Kingdom. If, therefore, the prospects of war are really, such as the Canadian corps and the addition of Lord HARROWBY to the Government would imply, why does Government still keep down the willing male population of this country?

While we are asking the question, the militia-men, who enlisted under the belief of domestic service, and whom the War Office has tried to seduce into permanent foreign service, have seized the opportunity to throw up their enlistments, and return home. Several of the regiments have

almost disappeared; others are seriously weakened in numbers; and the effect to foreign eyes must be, that Englishmen are too timid or too selfish to care for the defence of their country or her flag.

The departure of the Fleet for the Baltic on Wednesday, and the gallantry still exhibited by our soldiers at Sebastopol, might be evidence to the contrary; but it is to what we are doing at home foreigners will look. These, they will say of the sailors and soldiers, are the few whose numbers the English Government can scarcely keep up, and who have to suffer reverses or to undergo more painful retreats, for want of sufficient strength, while the English people look on. Mr. BRANDE, a new Lord of the Treasury, is re-elected for Lewes—without a question. Mr. PRICE, one of the hut contractors for the Crimea, is reinstated by his constituents of Gloucester, as a matter of routine. Even the boys of Glasgow University do not call to account the Duke of ARGYLE, and have nothing more discriminating to utter on the state of public affairs than hisses at the name of Lord ABERDEEN; upon which, of course, the youthful Duke had an opportunity of displaying his fortitude and his fidelity by vindicating his friend.

It seems as if our Government had made a mistake in calculating the odds between Spain and the United States. The relations of those two countries are in a very curious position. The latest report from America is, that President PIERCE's Government intends to propose, as the concession by which Spain is to purchase indemnity for the past, complete commercial reciprocity and freedom of intercourse between Cuba and the United States. This is a proposal which looks likely to be defeated, both in Spain and at home. The Americans already show that it has disgusted them in wearing so much the aspect of concession. Spain is hardly in a position to grant the demand: she cannot give free ingress to strangers, lest they should see the oppressed, and therefore the anarchical state of Cuba itself; nor is Spain, in her fatal pride, likely to make a concession. While the Government labours under the unceasing threat of a Carlist reaction,—while more than one of its members was lately proposing to resign, as a sacrifice to propitiate the National Guard clamouring for the dismissal of some of the Ministers,—the Spanish Government has had the audacity to demand the recall of Lord HOWDEN, because he had publicly stated the truth respect-

ing the proceedings to enforce restrictions upon Protestants at Seville—proceedings which the Government had misrepresented. Spain knows neither her true position in the world, her power, her liabilities, nor her friends. She is worse than worthless as an ally; she is placed in the safest position for opponents when she is made an open enemy.

The Revenue Tables have been published five days earlier than has been customary. This is in conformity with new regulations introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE, under which the Revenue Tables henceforth will coincide with the Quarters of the Calendar. The tables show a total revenue for the twelve months of 59,496,154*l.*, which comprises an increase on the previous year of 6,312,624*l.*, and on the corresponding quarter of the previous year of 4,384,308*l.* It must not be forgotten, however, that during the last session the Income-tax was doubled, and several other taxes raised, or imposed; while the decline of some, such as the Tea duty, has been stopped. The total effect of new taxation has been calculated to amount to 8,500,000*l.* on the year—a sum exceeding the apparent increase, and making a virtual decrease of 2,000,000*l.* on the year. That, however, is not a very serious decline after two years of enormous prosperity, followed by one of great financial uncertainty from various purely commercial causes.

THE WAR.

We have this week to report from the Crimea a veritable sortie by the Russians upon the allied armies. The attack was made on the night of the 22nd; and, as usual, was vigorously repulsed. The English had three officers killed, two wounded, and one missing. The French, it is thought, lost upwards of 300 men in killed, wounded, and missing. They set fire to Sebastopol in two quarters with rockets. A Russian despatch says that the sortie was successful, and that the French works were destroyed; but this is false. General Canrobert states that the Russian loss was 2000 in killed and wounded. A detailed account will be found below.

The bugbear of last week—the “attack along the whole of our line” on the 17th—has collapsed to comparatively small proportions, and turns out to have been nothing more than a sharp and long-continued contest between the Zouaves and some Russian riflemen occupying certain pits in front of the mound called the Mamelon, on which our enemies have succeeded in establishing themselves, and where they are erecting works intended for a large redoubt, which, if completed, will be a great annoyance to us. From these pits, the riflemen poured in a very sharp fire upon the French; and three desperate, but unsuccessful, attempts to dislodge them have been made by our allies. The second of these was indeed temporarily successful, and for a little more than a day the French held the pits; but they were driven out again on the morning of the 17th. They made another attempt, however, on the night of the same day; but, after a hotly-contested conflict, which lasted about four hours, they were obliged once more to retire. The *Times* correspondent says that, “from the almost ceaseless roll and flashing lines of light, one would have imagined that a general action between considerable armies was going on;” and Lord Raglan, writing on March 20th, states that, although the English parallels were not attacked, “the fire was so continuous that the whole force was either under arms, or ready to turn out.” This will account for the exaggeration of last week.

The *Morning Herald* correspondent supplies the annexed vivid narrative of

THE STRUGGLE AT THE RIFLE PITS.

Soon after it was dark, 300 volunteers from the French sharpshooters, with about 200 from the infantry of the line, and seven officers, were selected. They remained under cover till eight o'clock; when, the night being windy and pitchy dark, they cautiously advanced to the attack. The rifle pits are between 60 and 70 yards from the French parallel; yet the French had scarcely advanced ten paces when a Russian shouted out something, and in a minute afterwards a smart fire was opened from the pits. The French instantly threw themselves down,

and, availing themselves of the inequalities of the ground, began their advance until within a sufficient distance to make a dart at the enemy. The sudden discovery of their plan appears, however, to have disconcerted the French, who straggled far in the darkness, opening their line so wide that some of them were advancing upon points where there were no riflemen, and only deep ditches and stockades. This error, with the repeated words of command which were given in order to rectify it, enabled the enemy to fire with much accuracy in the direction of every sound. The French, notwithstanding these difficulties, managed to come within twenty yards of their antagonists, and the firing was hot on both sides; when the order was given to our allies to rise and charge. All instantly rose and made a dash in the darkness, at where the flash of the rifles was thickest, and in spite of a heavy volley continued their advance. In a few minutes the French had completely captured the first row of pits, and were engaged with the second and third, when some unaccountable confusion arose among them, and by the time it was rectified the enemy's fire was so steady and so hot that they were compelled to give ground before it. A retreat, therefore, became necessary; and the French accordingly retired in the same manner in which they advanced—skirmishing and fighting from stone to stone. They did not, however, fall back upon their advanced trench, as on the first symptoms of their having experienced a repulse, a strong reinforcement of 800 men was despatched to their assistance. This additional force joined the first attack while retreating from the rifle pits, and a renewal of the attempt to capture the position was instantly determined on. The French accordingly made a stand, and began a steady continuous file fire upon the line of pits, which the enemy returned as hotly. So close and incessant was the rattle of the musketry, that it aroused even the troops at Balaklava. The assemblée blew in the English and French camps, and the divisions rapidly got under arms, as, from the continued rattle, a general engagement was expected. Lord Raglan and staff turned out with their horses, but only remained at head-quarters in readiness for whatever might arise. In the French camp there was the same activity. All their divisions turned out, and, closing up to their batteries, formed, with the English, a perfect line round the south of the town. The musketry had now lasted nearly an hour and a half. Very few heavy guns were fired by the enemy, as the French and Russians were much too close to permit of its being done with safety to their own troops. Our allies had meanwhile continued their advance until close upon the pits. The flashes of musketry, extending over nearly a mile, were incessant, and every five or ten minutes the explosion of a long gun in the batteries dimly lit up the whole scene, and showed the heavy masses of smoke which hung over the place of contest. All this time the English troops were quietly waiting for their turn to begin, as of course they were unacquainted with the nature of the French attack, and were looking forward with confidence to another night battle of Inkerman. Suddenly the French musketry ceased, and with loud vivas they advanced to the charge. In another second, broad, heavy streaks of flame, followed by a stunning crash, showed that the enemy were then in overwhelming numbers, and had drawn up reserves of infantry under their batteries, and in rear of the pits. The time which the contest had lasted had thoroughly alarmed the whole Russian garrison of Sebastopol, and much of its strength was concentrated round the threatened point. The French, as I have said, dashed in upon the pits, but, before they had moved ten paces, received a heavy volley from the troops in the rear of them. Still they pressed forward to where the holes were occupied by the riflemen, engaging in bayonet contests with their occupants, while the Russians behind were discharging deadly volleys full into their ranks. Nevertheless, so impetuous was the French onset, that within a minute they again captured the first line and the greater part of the second line of pits, and bayoneted their occupants. But by the time that this was effected, the heavy volleys of the Russian infantry were telling severely, and the officers saw that, with the small force at their command, it was in vain to persevere any longer. After a brief but desperate struggle, therefore, they again commenced their retreat.

A day or two after this, the French commenced “shelling” the Russian riflemen from a 13-inch mortar, and with such good effect as to drive them from their holes. On the morning of the 22nd, our allies succeeded in gaining possession of three out of the six rifle pits; but at the latest dates the Russians still occupied the others. The French have succeeded in destroying some new works which the Russians endeavoured to throw up in advance of the Barrack Battery, and flanking our left attack. An attack by the French and English on the advanced earthworks on Gordon's-hill has been determined on.

MOVEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS.

The Russians have armed their new battery, which the French failed to take some nights ago, and they have erected a strong work, which will soon be armed, on the Mamelon formerly known as Gordon's-hill. For three days the enemy have shut up their batteries, and have preserved the profoundest silence. They have

closed up about forty of their embrasures, for so known purpose. Of course this is done in the instance to screen the guns, but why they should screen them for what object the Russians have co these embrasures, no one pretends to say. A 15,000 men is reported to have entered the city north side. Another force of equal strength is said to have crossed the Tchernaya from the army of the and to have gone away towards Baidar, in our *Times* correspondent.

STATE OF THE CAMP.

Our siege works are in a state of completion. The French are almost as far advanced. The defences of Balaklava are strengthened day after day; large calibre are placed in position along the line, and the disadvantages of a plunging fire are obviated as far as possible. The French have thrown up work, containing six guns, right above our 32-p battery on the road to Kadikoi. General Simpson, J. McNeill, and Colonel M'Murdo are deeply engaged in the business of their respective departments. A Boxer has devoted himself with much energy to the improvement of the harbour, and has effected considerable improvement in the condition of the m and of the approaches to the harbour itself, as we the roads, for the transport of munitions of war are stored there.

A very useful form has been prepared and sent to the various regiments, I presume by the direct General Simpson. It consists of a series of questions which the answers must be given and sent in month. The commanding officer is required to “Whether there has been any deficiency of ration?” “How often fresh meat has been issued?” “What the men have received vegetables?” “What the men are in huts?” “If they are not in huts, the reason?” “Have the huts been brought up regimental horses or by the Commissariat, or in any way?” It will be observed that these inquiries are retrospective.

A kind of Medical Commission, at the head of is Dr. Hall, goes round each camp periodically inquires into the state of the sick and into the condition of the camp. Dr. Hall is accompanied several medical officers in these visits, which will place once a week. Mr. Milton is at Balaklava, two junior officers of the Medical Purveyor's Service inquire into the state and working of that department.—*Idem.*

The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says the state of the harbour of Balaklava is worse ever.

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

In one of his recent despatches, Lord I encloses a letter from Dr. Hall, Inspector-General Hospitals, from which it appears that, “though sickness still amounts to 14.31 per cent., the fatality does not exceed 0.5 per cent.” Dr. Hall fore concludes that a great improvement has place. The prevailing diseases are fevers and complaints. The former have rather increased; but bowel complaints have become fewer in number and milder in character. Scurvy, decreasing; and the recent cases are of a very mild nature.

Lord Raglan's despatch of the 19th and despatch of the 20th ult. do not contain anything importance beyond the remark that “reinforcements are reported to be on their way from Russia, and Ninth Division to have reached the neighbourhood of Eupatoria.”

THE CAMP RACES.

The infantry officers, in emulation of the cavalry, have been amusing themselves with races. The Russians, roused by the loud shouts of the spectators, were all alert, and commenced firing, but without doing any mischief. In the mule races, two riders got severe falls, and were assisted on ground.

The following (says the *Daily News*) is a list of the camp races that were fixed to come to the rear of the camp of the Fourth Division, “sians and cannon-balls permitting.”—

“FOURTH DIVISION RACES.—By permission of Major-General commanding it is proposed that should take place in the rear of the Fourth Division campment on the 17th instant, commencing at 11 Stewards.—Colonel Garrett, K.H.; Major Son R.A.; Captain Radcliffe, 20th Regiment; Lieutenant Colonel Smyth, 68th Regiment; Captain Croker, Regiment. The following stakes will be run 1. The Greenhill Stakes.—For horses bona fide the property of officers of the Fourth Division, to be ridden by officers of the division. Entrance, 30*s.*; 5*l.* Catch weight. Distance three-fourths of a mile. Sweepstakes for Ponies of the Division under four hands two inches high. Entrance 10*s.*; 8*l.* Catch weights. Distance half a mile. 3. An Sweepstakes for all Horses.—Entrance 2*l.*; 10*l.* Catch weight. Distance one mile. 4. A Sweep for Ponies under thirteen hands belonging to the Division.—Entrance 5*s.*; 2*l.* added. Distance mile. 5. An Open Sweepstakes for all horses (included). Entrance, 30*s.*; 5*l.* added. Distance fourths of a mile. 6. An Open Sweepstakes for

Horses under fourteen hands two inches high. Entrance, 15s.; 5l. added. Distance, half a mile. 7. An Open Mule Race. Entrance, 5s.; 1l. 10s. added. Distance, half a mile. 8. A Pony Race, to be ridden by sailors of the Naval Brigade. Entrance 2s. 6d.; 1l. added. Distance, half a mile. 9. A Hurdle Race, for all Horses. Entrance, 1l.; 5l. added. Distance, three-fourths of a mile, over a ditch, hurdle, and wall. (Signed) Major HAMILTON, D.A.Q.M.—General, Clerk of the Course. Mem.—In case of necessity, the Stewards have the power of postponing the day for the races.—Camp, Fourth Division, March 15th, 1855."

AN ENGLISH SURGEON SHOT BY ACCIDENT.

A melancholy accident occurred on the night of March 17. Mr. Edward Leblanc, surgeon of the 9th Regiment, was coming home after dark, and got outside the French lines on our right and rear. He was challenged by a sentry, and either did not hear or understand what the man said. The Frenchman challenged again, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, shot the unfortunate officer dead on the spot. Mr. Leblanc was much esteemed by his brother officers and by the men of his regiment, and his loss is severely felt.—*Times Correspondent*.

A second despatch from Lord Raglan, dated March 20, intimates that the Commander-in-Chief has received a letter from General Canrobert on the subject, and that an inquiry, to be conducted by French and English officers, has been set on foot.

THE RUSSIAN SORTIE ON THE NIGHT OF THE 22ND.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, columns of Russian infantry came suddenly upon the men in our advanced trenches, and rushed in upon them on the right with the bayonet ere we were quite prepared to receive them. When they were first discerned they were close at hand, and, on being challenged, they replied with the universal shibboleth, "Bono Franciz." In another moment they were bayoneting our men, who had barely time to snatch their arms and defend themselves. Taken at a great disadvantage, and pressed by superior numbers, our men met the assault with undaunted courage, and drove the Russians out at the point of the bayonet after a smart fire. The Russians, pursued by our shot, retired under cover of their batteries. The attack seems to have been general along the line. At half-past eight o'clock the French batteries began to shell the town, while their rockets were poured every five minutes in streams into the place. At ten o'clock, our sentries in advance of Chapman's attack gave notice that the Russians were assembling in force in front of the works. The 20th, 21st, and 57th Regiments were in the trenches on the left attack, and they were, to a certain extent, prepared for the assault of the enemy. About the same time, the French on the right of our right attack, which is separated from the left attack by a deep ravine, were assailed by masses of the enemy. As our allies were hardly pressed, orders were given to advance the troops in a portion of the trenches, consisting of a part of the Light Division, to their support. On the left attack the Russians, advancing with impetuosity through a weak part of the defence, turned the third parallel, and took it in reverse. They killed and wounded some of our men, and had advanced to the second parallel, when our covering party and the men in the trenches of the batteries came down upon them and drove them over the works after a sharp conflict. On the right, the attack was more serious and sudden. Our men had been ordered out to the support of the French from one part of their lines, and while they were away, the Russians came up to the flank of the works, and took them in reverse, so that they had to fight their way back to get to their position. The gallant old 7th Fusiliers had to run the gauntlet of a large body of the enemy whom they drove back *à la fourchette*. One brave young fellow, Captain Cavendish Browne, of the 7th, was killed. The 34th Regiment had an enormous force to contend against; and, as their brave Colonel Kelly was leading them on, he was shot down, and carried off by the enemy. His dead body was found outside the trenches this morning. In the midst of the fight, Major Gordon of the Royal Engineers displayed that cool courage and presence of mind which never forsake him. With a little switch in his hand, he encouraged the men to defend the trenches, and, standing on the top of the parapet, all unarmed as he was, he hurled down stones on the Russians. He was struck by a ball which passed through the lower part of his arm, and at the same time received a bullet through the shoulder. We are all rejoiced that he is not dangerously wounded, and that the army will not long be deprived of his services. After an hour's fight the enemy were driven back; but we have to deplore the loss of the following officers, killed, wounded, or missing:—Colonel Kelly, 34th Regiment, killed; Lieutenant Jordan, 97th Regiment, killed; Captain Cavendish Browne, 7th, killed; Lieutenant Vickers, 97th Regiment, wounded; Captain Montague, Royal Engineers, missing; and Major Gordon, Royal Engineers, wounded. About 100 of our men were put *hors de combat*, or carried into Sebastopol.—*Times Correspondent*.

GENERAL FACTS.

The Russians have opened fire from the Mamelon against the French approaches towards the pits. It is thought the Russian works east of the Mamelon

will soon be armed; in which case their fire will enfilade a portion of our lines, while the Mamelon will be enabled to direct its fire on the flank of our right attack. Shot and shell are being perpetually thrown by the Allies into the works; and the deserters affirm that the Russians lose a hundred men a day; but they hold their position notwithstanding. Sir John Burgoyne has left the camp on his way to England. Lord Raglan, in an order of the day, has paid a high tribute to the general's abilities, and the eminence of his services.

"On his return to England (says the *Times Correspondent*) the Inspector-General of Fortifications will have an opportunity of vindicating himself from the charges which have been made by insinuation against his professional character. The most serious accusation which has been made against him is, that he permitted the enemy to throw up the tremendous works which have now so long defied our science and our artillery, without an effort to prevent them; and that he underrated their strength, and held out strong hopes that, after a couple of days' cannonade and bombardment, the place must fall. It was generally stated and believed that Sir John said we should be in Sebastopol in forty-eight hours after our batteries opened fire."

There is a rumour that the Russians want generals. A Polish deserter says that they have been ordered not to open fire from their guns, although they do not want ammunition; that there is plenty of provisions; but that the garrison are in great fear, and are terribly overworked.

Two Greek or Albanian chiefs, who appear to have headed the attack on the 22nd, are among the killed.

COMBATANTS IN AND AFTER A BATTLE.

So Ben wants to know more of the way we actually fight. I suppose he has half a wish to experience it, if not too dangerous. Well, this for him. Our first experience of the enemy was anything but pleasant, being round shot and shell, which quickly took the life of many a brave fellow, and consequently heated the blood of the living; who, after asking permission, flung away their great coats, and rushed on to the fight. Now, Ben, came the work. When the hill up which we ascended was surmounted, a long line of skirmishers (Russians) were seen. One volley and cheer, and then the bayonet, which, for Ben's information, the Russian seldom waits for; if he does, our firelock is brought to that position ready for use, called the "charge," and, first parrying, if required, our enemy's thrust, is driven to the socket through any part of the body we can reach, the upper part the better. Does not that seem dreadful to you at home? and no doubt so it is, and cursed be he that causes it. But in battle our feelings are different. The passion to kill and destroy is raised within us. The demon of war is within you, and the work of death is but as sport; for fear goes from you, and but one idea fixes itself in your brain, and that is, there are enemies in front, and your mission is to destroy; and how the British "missionaries" (no sneer intended) did their work at Inkerman, tell me not I boast if I confide it to history to tell. On returning to camp, you first asked yourself, "Am I safe?" and then you wondered how you escaped. You next look round your tent, and as was the case in mine, saw three poor fellows with bandages on different parts of their persons, with merely, "I see, Jack, you are winged," or "Tom, the Russ has spoiled your countenance to-day," and "How did it happen?" and no more is thought of the matter. Another glance round shows that our number is deficient of two. A little inquiry determines their fate. One was ripped open by a shell, and the other was stretched at full length; and with the exclamation, "Poor fellows! they were good soldiers," the matter is dropped. Everyone sets to work to boil a cup of coffee, drinks, rolls his blanket round his head, and sleeps without dreaming that but a mile or so from him lie ten thousand beings that he has assisted in destroying. Such is all a soldier thinks of a bloody fight. In quiet hours after, they sit and talk of the event; but not as if it were the extraordinary thing that is ushered throughout the world.—*Letter of a Private in the Huddersfield Examiner*.

WAR MISCELLANEA.

THE CRUELTY OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—The English Government having complained, through the Danish Minister at St. Petersburg, of the brutalities committed by Russian soldiers on the disabled English on the field of battle, Count Nesselrode has addressed an exculpatory despatch to the representative of Denmark, the chief object of which is to show that the alleged inhumanities were begun by the English, and that, being thus provoked, the Russians may have retaliated. Prince Menschikoff, it is added, has been requested to use his utmost efforts to render the war more civilised; and a hope is expressed that Lord Raglan will do the same.

THE HOSPITALS AT BALAKLAVA.—The present hospital state of Balaklava is not unpromising. At the beginning of the past week, there were 277 patients in the general hospital, 92 were admitted during the week; 18 died, chiefly from fever; 93 were discharged, part going up to the convalescent hospital and part on board ship. The number of convalescents now on the hill

above is 169, of whom about 17 are invalided with fever. My obituary, I regret to say, must contain several names; the death of Dr. Frederick Smith, of Dr. Pine, and of Surgeon Renwick, of the 14th Regiment, have not yet been noticed. In the clerical staff there are also two more death vacancies. Mr. Shehan, one of the three Catholic priests left in the Crimea, died early in the week, and may be said to have sacrificed his life to too exacting a sense of duty; he had actually departed on leave, and in a very critical state of health, but returned suddenly by a generous impulse to supply part of a growing want. Mr. Proctor, though at the date of my last letter from Scutari he was still on board the transport ship which conveyed him hence, died at Scutari shortly afterwards. Six clergymen—three Protestants, and three Catholics—have now perished in this service.—*Times Balaklava Correspondent*.

THE NAVIGATION OF THE DANUBE.—A telegraphic despatch has been received by the Austrian Government, to the effect, that the Russian authorities have not yet permitted the Austrian vessels laden with corn to descend the Danube from Galatz to the Black Sea, although they promised that no difficulties should be thrown in their way.

RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS IN THE NORTH.—German papers state that the approaches to the various towns and fortifications are being rendered impassable, even for the smallest craft, by the sinking of vessels and large blocks of stone. New batteries are being erected, and fortified camps formed, near Riga; and the Baltic army is to be brought up to 140,000 men.

LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE.—This lady, in writing to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bedford, in acknowledgment of the gift of 1000 prayer-books, recently transmitted to Scutari, says:—"We have less fever, and the deaths have fallen to twenty; now that the windows can be opened we trust the fever will abate—indeed the convalescents have become numerous. The loss by frost-bite has been severe; but with this exception there are scarcely any wounded in hospital. We have thirteen nurses and sisters ill; but thank God none have died, though some will be incapacitated from further duty. It is calculated that one in five of the men read, and a great many books are now circulated among them, as well religious as entertaining. The Sanitary Commission has arrived, from which we expect great benefit to the future health of these hospitals."

THE BARRACK HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.—Mr. Sidney Godolphin Osborne writes to the *Times*, reiterating his statements before the Sebastopol Committee with respect to the absence of operating tables, and the rickety state of those few which were afterwards supplied. He says that on one occasion he got an orderly to sit on a table while an operation was being performed, in order to steady it! Dr. Menzies threw doubt on Mr. Osborne's assertions; but the latter gentleman stands confidently to them, and refers to Dr. Pyemont Smith, of Leeds, as being able to corroborate his statements. Dr. Smith's brother has also written to the *Times*, saying:—"My brother is now on his way home, and will, I hope, arrive in time to give evidence before the Committee, when I am sure he will not only be able to confirm 'S.G.O.' but also to contradict, on important points, the something more than *'non mi ricordo'* of Dr. Andrew Smith, Dr. Menzies, &c. In October last my brother offered Dr. Andrew Smith to proceed (gratuitously as far as the Government were concerned) direct to Scutari, with two or three medical assistants, a number of nurses, and a chaplain. This offer Dr. Andrew Smith declined, stating that there was no want there, and that the published accounts of the state of things at Scutari were untrue. Notwithstanding this refusal, my brother went to see and judge for himself, and the accounts he has sent home quite agree with all you have published. He worked as a 'volunteer' surgeon in the hospital for four months, having at one time above two hundred patients under his care; and yet Dr. Andrew Smith, who knew of the offer to serve, and ought to have known of the service actually rendered, gave evidence that he had never received any offers of gratuitous medical service." A further correspondent of the *Times* likewise confirms, from his own observation, the statements of Mr. Osborne.

DEPARTURE OF GUARDS TO THE SEAT OF WAR.—400 of the Grenadier Guards, 300 of the Coldstreams, and 300 of the Scots Fusiliers, have been inspected by Prince Albert, previous to their departure for the Crimea.

THE SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

The Baltic Fleet was to have sailed on Tuesday, but was prevented by adverse weather. It left Portsmouth, however, on Wednesday.

As early as six o'clock in the morning (says the *Times*) the Port Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, and the Board of Admiralty, went to Spithead in the Vivid steam yacht, and gave the last orders to the fleet; after which the Vivid carried them to Scone Point, to inspect the new works of defence at that part of the Needles Channel. A dense fog shut out the fleet entirely from the shore, and it was not until noon that even the spectre-like hulls became visible to the anxious eyes gazing seawards. It appeared uncertain in the early part of the day whether the fleet would move; but at nine a.m. the flagship, the Duke of Wellington, signalled to the Geyser and Driver to get up steam and prepare to weigh;

at ten, signal was made to the fleet to weigh the small bower anchor and raise screw propellers; the wind being fair, it was then known to be the Admiral's intention that the ships should put to sea under sail; and at 11-30 he signalled to the paddle-vessels to get up steam at slow speed, while at the same point the dinner pennant was hoisted. At ten minutes after one, signal was made "Prepare to weigh;" the fleet immediately hove short, and at half-past one signal was made "Weigh and form order of sailing as most convenient," with *Magicienne* and *Basilisk* in front to look out ahead of the Admiral, and the *Bulldog* and *Dragon* to take their places in the Admiral's wake. At two, a general signal was made to "Rendezvous in the Downs in case of parting company."

The first off was the *Blenheim*, under courses, topsails, and topgallantsails, the *James Watt* following closely in her wake under topsails and topgallantsails, and evidently having the heels of her; at a wide interval came the *Colossus* and *Hogue*, the latter carrying fore and maintopmast and topgallant studding sails, which example was followed by the other 60-gun blockships. Generally, the ships carried royals, which the *Blenheim* was first to hoist, and this she did when abreast of the *Pylades*. The Port Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, went out of harbour in the *Vivid* while the fleet was under way, and remained close to the Duke of Wellington for some time, eventually proceeding some way out with the ships. Had not the weather been so hazy, the picture from the shore would have been magnificent; but the first of the fleet was out of sight before any movement was known on shore. About half-past three, however, the mist suddenly lifted, and a glimpse was then obtained of the fleet, in full sail about six miles from port, between the Warner and the Nab. The last signal seen was now made out, flying from the masthead of the Duke, and was evidently in consequence of the wind falling light; it was for the line-of-battle ships to 'Get up steam at low speed.' During the time these manoeuvres were being performed by the fleet, the splendid new two-decker *Orion*, 91, under full steam, was cruising about the roadstead, and trying her speed by the measured mile; she is a magnificent ship, and apparently of great power. The *Bellerophon*, 78, sailing ship, afforded a sad contrast to the outgoing fleet as she was towed into harbour with sick and wounded invalids from the Crimea. There were but few vessels of any kind moving about the fleet, owing to the general impression that it would not leave before Thursday. The only casualty was with a schooner yacht, the property of Mr. H. D. P. Cunningham, R.N., the inventor and patentee of the plan for reefing topsails from the deck, who got under way with the fleet to exhibit the utility of that important application. The yacht got under the bows of the two-decker *Majestic*, carried away both her topmasts, and obliged the line-of-battle-ship to drop anchor. Thirteen sail of the line and five paddle-steamers went on Wednesday. The latter are the *Magicienne*, *Vulture*, *Dragon*, *Bulldog*, and *Gorgon*. It is reported that the sailing line-of-battle ships go shortly to the Downs, to salute the Emperor and Empress of the French, on their forthcoming visit to England.

At five o'clock the van of the Baltic fleet was hulled down from the extreme end of the land on the Portsmouth shore.

THE REVENUE.

THE Return of the Quarter's Revenue, now made up, for the first time, under the new arrangement, to the 31st of March instead of the 5th of April, presents a very gratifying result—a net increase of 4,384,308*l.* on the quarter. Under every Income but one, and that of very minor importance, there is a surplus, in comparison with the corresponding quarter of last year. The following analysis will show the fact:—

INCREASE.	
Customs.....	£221,060
Excise.....	211,284
Stamps.....	54,944
Taxes.....	95,595
Property Tax.....	3,798,612
Post-Office.....	45,922
Crown Lands.....	1,000
	£4,428,417
DECREASE.	
Miscellaneous.....	44,109
Net Increase.....	£4,384,308

The Revenue for the year is also considerably larger than that of the former year—the net increase being 6,312,624*l.*—*Abstract in the Morning Post.*

THE BOARD OF TRADE MONTHLY RETURNS.

THE Board of Trade returns for the month ending the 5th of March were issued on Monday morning, and furnish the strongest evidence yet presented of the rapid contraction of business throughout the country. As compared with the corresponding month of last year, the declared value of our exports shows a falling off to the almost unprecedented extent of 2,470,496*l.*, the aggregate not having been

more than two-thirds of what it was at that period. This change has been felt more or less in all departments of business; but there are still abundant indications of its being mainly due, not to the war, but to the reaction, which the war alone rendered timely, from the wild trade carried on last year to Australia, America, and elsewhere. At the same time, the political state of the continent is unquestionably producing some considerable effect in reducing the amount of our transactions, proof being afforded of the inactive state of the various European manufacturing by a great decrease in our exports of cotton linen, and woollen yarn.

The exportations for the first two months of the present year amount to 10,197,460*l.*, against 12,480,526*l.* in the corresponding period of 1854, showing a diminution of 2,698,242*l.* As compared with the same months of 1853, there is a falling off of 2,307,030*l.*

With regard to imported commodities, the quantities of foreign grain and flour brought in for consumption have comparatively been very small. Some other articles also show a falling off; but tea, coffee, sugar, spirits, fruits, and spices, have all been rather largely used. The comparative imports and exports of raw material show, with the exception of hemp and tallow, a very large decrease in each instance. Silk manufactures also present a great reduction; and the imports of other articles have experienced a diminution sufficient, with the instances already mentioned, to account for the improvement during the past month or two in the foreign exchanges. Dyes and dyeing stuffs, metals, oils, and timber, have all been taken in very limited quantities.—*Times City Article*, Tuesday.

STATE OF TRADE, LABOUR, AND THE POOR.

THE general trade of the country is by no means brilliant; but in some places it continues to recover from its late depression. The yarn market and the cloth market of Manchester are more active than they were a short time back. The Liverpool cotton market has received an impulse. In the linen trade, there is an improved demand for the medium and finer classes of linen goods; and at Birmingham, the decision of the ironmongers to reduce the price of iron 20*s.* a ton, is said to have met the approbation of the trade generally. The *Birmingham Journal* of March 31st, in reference to the late failures in South Staffordshire, says:—"A good deal of uneasiness still exists as to the commercial stability of several firms in the district; but, so far as we can ascertain, no new circumstances have transpired to increase the apprehension. The belief seems to be that the system of accommodation bills is not confined to the firms that have stopped, but affects, directly or indirectly, many others; and that until the trade is purged of this unhealthy ingredient it will not be perfectly sound. Of course we cannot say how far this belief may be justified." The general trades of Birmingham remain in a very various condition, some languishing, others exhibiting signs of improvement.

The coal trade of South Staffordshire (says a report on this subject), although the demand is great, is still in a very unsatisfactory state. The stocks are extremely small, and the threatened turn-out of the colliers, should it occur, will, without doubt, further complicate the difficulties of the manufacturing districts. The notices for a reduction of wages given to the thick coal men in the neighbourhood of Dudley and Brierly-hill expired on Saturday; in other neighbourhoods they extend to another week. It is however satisfactory to state that the thin coal men, respecting whom still more serious fears were apprehended, have generally resumed their work in the pits. At Walsall and Wolverhampton, printed addresses have been issued by bodies of colliers, denouncing "strikes" as injurious to the workman, and calling upon the colliers to resist foreign influence and dictation. At Longton, the operatives in the collieries of Mr. Sparrow have, in addition to those in the employ of Lord Granville, received notice of a fall, and the men have in consequence resolved upon a strike. The notices of the reduction in the wages of the colliers employed around Dudley expired on Friday week; and, in expectation of a disturbance, a large number of special constables were sworn in at Dudley and at Brierly Hill, and about sixty of the enrolled pensioners from Wolverhampton took up their quarters in Dudley on Saturday. Everything has, however, remained quiet and peaceable, though many have not resumed work.

The leather trade is reported to be in a state of great activity.

The Nottingham lace and hosiery trades have improved in consequence of the home spring demand, but the hosiery trade of Leicester continues very depressed. As a consequence of this, nine hundred paupers are inmates of the union workhouse, while those receiving out-door relief exceed by one thousand those of the corresponding period last year. The leather trade of Bristol is very dull, and the demand for wool is heavy. From the Welsh iron districts,

we learn that the marketable value of iron that a reduction of wages is inevitable. It falls very heavily on the workmen, as the provisions are still high; but it appears that they have resolved not to go out on strike. *Be* Leeds is rather quiet: woollen goods, however, met with a fair, though not a large, demand in home markets; but the flax trade is very active, and large numbers of the workpeople are employed owing to the mills working short more cheerful tone prevails among the iron and manufacturers of Bradford. Two hundred of the working classes are receiving parol than the number a week or two ago. Still many houses are working short time, severals are out of work, and the yarn trade market are very flat. At Rochdale the market continues steady; but at Halifax the market for worsted is small.

Advices from the North of Ireland continue full. Linen, yarn, flax, and cotton are meeting a good demand and full prices.

AUSTRALIA.

FROM Australia we learn that the recent digging out of the obnoxious licenses for digging has not been without a good effect. Meetings were held at Bendigo to express sympathy with those of Ballarat; and at these meetings those determined to take out no more licenses—a decision which has been so far acquiesced in by the authorities that they have announced that in future be made to collect licenses by force.

Considerable commercial and social improvement has taken place at Melbourne. Business is increasing, and the people are settling down to their pursuits. The amount of gold collected from diggings has recently augmented; and the result seems on the whole to be in a prosperous condition.

Recent advices announce the departure of the *Constance*, with 37,121 ounces of gold, and the *Charlotte Anne*, with 9570 ounces, making a total value of 257,400*l.* The *Vivid* sailed from Sydney; but she will bring only 500 ounces and 500 sovereigns.

INTENSE HEAT IN AUSTRALIA.—Messrs. Stilling and Co., of Adelaide, South Australia, in their circular for the overland mail, say:—"The last seven days, the continuance of hot weather has been unparalleled since the establishment of the colony. In this period the thermometer has ranged night and day, in the shade, from 100 to 110 degrees, according to situation; and from 110 to 120 degrees in the sun. Many cases of sun-struck occurred in the neighbourhood, death has resulted in some instances. Apples are exhibited as having been roasted on the spot by the fierce rays of the sun as perfectly as they had been in a furnace."

INDIA AND CHINA.

NOTHING of great importance has lately occurred in India, which continues tranquil. Communal disturbances have been reopened, but not as yet led to anything. He has replied to the Governor-General's letter in very amicable terms, and his son, Hyder Khan, has arrived at Jhelum, and is to be received by Major Edwards at the mouth of the Khyber Pass. The last of the Indian contributions to the Paris Exhibition has been despatched.

We quote the following from the *Bombay*

"An outrage of a singularly daring nature has been committed on one of our posts near Peshawar, the tribe adjoining. The Kohat some time since been closed until satisfaction was obtained for a murder committed near Akh Akhor Affreedies professed innocence, and acknowledged the tribe of Bussee Khel, when it was re-blockade the pass, and to seize such people, flocks as came into the Peshawar valley. To be of this, on the 9th of February, 200 of the British men, who equally professed innocence with the attacked, about 11 o'clock at night, the British Budee-beer, seven miles from Peshawar. They rounded it with lighted torches, and, having put tents with stones, they fell upon the inmates sixteen and wounding thirty, the bulk of them. They succeeded in carrying off 600*l.* or 800*l.* six horses, and everything portable they could. The whole affair was over in a few minutes, sailants only losing a single man. There were five well-armed policemen in a fort immediately adjoining, who witnessed the whole scene without shot, or giving the slightest assistance. Of the men guarding the treasure, one only remained post, and was cut down; the others ran away marauders, on their return towards their fastness a native officer with thirty troopers of the 5th cavalry returning to Fort Makoson, with son they had just rescued from another band of pl

The troopers immediately took to their heels, leaving the cattle behind them, to be added to the booty already safely secured. Despite of incidents of this sort now and then occurring, the Punjab is tranquil and prosperous."

The trade and manufactures of India, for the most part, seem rather depressed.

From China we have some important intelligence with respect to the rebellion. The rebels have been defeated at Canton whilst attempting to force the passage of the river at the barrier forts, and were compelled to retire to their head-quarters near Whampoa. Their chief has issued a proclamation to the three treaty Powers (England, France, and America), protesting against the transport of rice, &c., by the river steamers, and notifying that all foreigners must quit the city of Canton, and that trade must be stopped until the place is in possession of the insurgents. In the north, the rebels are said to be losing ground. Nankin and Chekiang are reported to be invested by the Imperialists, who are starving out the inhabitants; and the accounts from Peking are also favourable to the ruling dynasty. But it must be recollected that the transmission of the news is in the hands of the Imperialists, who, of course, give the best account they can of themselves; and it is certain that they, in conjunction with the French, have received a signal defeat at Shanghai on the 6th of January. They endeavoured to take the city by assault, but were repulsed, with the loss, it is said, of 1000 killed and wounded on the part of the Imperialists, and between forty and fifty on the part of the French. The *Overland Friend of China*, of February 15, publishes a letter from the spot, which contains the following account of the affair:—

"At daylight, when the French were making the breach in the city wall, the Imperialists were seen suddenly mustered 2000 or 3000 strong, close to the French breastworks, waiting for orders. So soon as the breach was made, and the ladders planted, the Imperialists, to the number of 1500 or 2000, were led on by the French in good style. The Imperialists were soon in possession of the wall nearly the whole length of the north side; while a body of the French storming party marched from the breach to the north gate, which they soon opened, and invited the remainder of the Imperialists to come in. The latter, after considering for a short while, declined the invitation, and made a rapid retreat to their encampments. About this time the Canton men belonging to the city made a desperate charge from the west upon the Imperialists, while the Fokeen men kept up a most destructive fire of musketry against the French from the houses and narrow streets. Together with their bamboo fire-machines and powder-bags the insurgents drove the French and their Imperial allies over the wall and through the breach. When the Imperial allies were driven out of the breach, and before the retreating parties recovered from their confusion, the insurgents deliberately commenced hauling up all the scaling ladders, and filled up the breach with mud bags, in the face of their enemies. The Imperialists having gained possession of the wall, numbers of them formed themselves into gangs, proceeded down the streets, and commenced breaking into the houses of the detained innocent citizens, from whom they demanded money, which failing to find or get, indiscriminate slaughter commenced, attended with horrors too disgusting to relate. Men, women, and children—none escaped, until, the Imperialists having set fire to several houses, the insurgents came suddenly upon them, and threw them into the flames to the number of fifty. The French admiral has driven every native off the French settlement, pulled down their houses, and cleared a space for 6000 Imperialists to come and encamp."

The accounts of the state of trade at Canton are not very satisfactory.

STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING IN FRANCE.

(Extracts from Private Correspondence.)

Paris, March 28.

... I AM not quite clear about the state of public opinion on your side of the water with regard to the war. But to me, judging at this distance, you appear sick of it, weary, discouraged. Here we are, as we have been from the first, utterly indifferent. When the day comes for us to be told "Sebastopol is to be given up," we shall "grin, and bear it;" and next day if we are told that the war is to be carried on with more vigour than ever, we shall—yawn. We are thoroughly bored with the war. (*La guerre nous ennuie.*) What do we gain by it? The men of the Bourse will be very well satisfied if a peace is patched up anyhow. They will "bull" the market without a thought of dishonour. The soldiers will return, half laughing, half in tears, glad enough to sleep in their beds again, ashamed, perhaps, to have suffered and fought for nothing. The peasants will be told that all is glorious and

happy, and they will believe it. They will have no idea that this war has cost them some fifty millions of francs, to be paid annually, with nothing to show for it. Ah! if they only knew... but they will only find it out when the responsible Editors of this ruinous folly will be no longer within reach of punishment. And then, if they demand an indemnity, it will be at the expense of the innocent... The general opinion just now is that some means or other will be found for patching up any sort of peace, and that when once we have made up with Russia, the first pretext will be seized for laying hands on Prussia. At all events this is a stop to the army. Others—I mean the *Machiavels d'estaminet*—talk of the military weakness of England, and of the programme of 1803 and 1804. A Russian friend of mine is persuaded that the Emperor Alexander will be compelled by public feeling in Russia to break off the negotiations, and to continue the struggle until the Russians have gained some great battle. For my own part I cannot help thinking that an abortive peace, accompanied by general dissatisfaction and jealousy, could never last; but the next war will be for more sincere objects, and for more positive ends. The fact is, however, that a war of principles is not at first sight a good speculation... We fancied for a moment that your aristocracy was a little shaken, really shaken, by its own blunders and the public exasperation, but the sudden calm of your parliamentary horizon proves that you are almost as dead as ourselves. Perhaps from the same causes. You are afraid to touch the rotten rafters of your house lest the roof tumble about your head. We are all of us in the same plight, in this dear old Europe. . . .

(From another letter.)

"Paris, April 3.

... Thank you, on behalf of all our friends of every shade of liberal opinion, for that article. You have made amends to us for the unworthy platitudes of other English journals. You have expressed the feelings of the whole liberal party on this intolerable *salimbanquerie*; you have had the courage to say what all decent people (*tous les honnêtes gens*) think here, and you have said it with equal firmness and moderation. . . .

"You must perceive that the situation grows worse from day to day.—is placed between a disgraceful peace and the continuation of a war with no other issue but disaster. If he makes peace, the army will not forgive him the humiliation, and you know the army is his only *point d'appui*. As to the war, our public opinion is thoroughly sick of it (*en est excédée*), and becomes more irritated every day. The most inveterate optimists had cause for reflection the other day when they saw six battalions of the Guard, under orders for the Crimea, march from one end of Paris to another amidst universal silence. A silence significant enough to those who know the instinctive propensity, alas! of this nation to the madness of what fools call the glories of war. If these soldiers were marching in the name of a free government and to the sound of the *Marseillaise*, the people would not have been so silent, you may believe! . . .

... You will be sorry to hear that our friend, Eugene Pelletan, has finally left the *Siècle*. Sorry, not for him, but for the *Siècle*, which has only existed, as a Liberal journal, on his reputation. What with the intrigues of some (doing liberalism one half of the week, and dining with Bonapartist Ministers the other half) and the stupid Chauvinism of others, Pelletan's position had long been distasteful to himself, and was no longer tenable. There is a talk about an offer made by M. Mires, the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays*, to buy the *Siècle*, and to carry it on as an organ of moderate opposition. It is only as a journal of opposition that the *Siècle* has gained its position, and the loss of Pelletan is irreparable.

BELGIUM.

THE BRUSSELS PAMPHLET.—CANTILLON.

(From our Correspondent.)

Brussels, April 5.

If we are to believe the *Moniteur*, Prince Napoleon has at length yielded to the injunctions of his imperial cousin, and has resolved to authorise prosecutions in his name, at his personal suit, against the publisher of the brochure *On the Conduct of the War in the East*. The *Moniteur* adds that the repre-

sentations communicated by the Minister of France to M. de Brouckère, were immediately handed over to the judicial authorities. They were dated, according to the *Moniteur*, March 22; yet from that day to this the prosecution has made no great progress, for I can assure you the publisher has not yet been, even directly or indirectly, informed of his impending prosecution. You have read the *brochure*. It simply but authoritatively records facts already known or suspected, and it comments upon them with discretion.

No summons to appear before the examining magistrate has been issued, and as to the person who is the object of the prosecution, he is so little disturbed by the threats of the *Moniteur Français*, that he has this very day announced a new edition of the *brochure*, with explanatory notes. Perhaps if Louis Napoleon were aware of the perfect calmness and resignation of the Brussels publisher, he would regret this ill-advised step, which can only lead to very scandalous revelations.

The best joke in the note of the *Moniteur* is the ground of the prosecution: "that it has been *calumniously* attributed to a general officer." "Calumniously?" Who proves it to be calumnious? "Attributed?" By whom? Not by the publisher; and surely he is not to be made responsible for what public opinion has pronounced on the personality of the anonymous author, testing him by the principle *fecit cui prodest*.

As the complaint has been lodged a fortnight, it will probably remain a dead letter; our magistrates have not yet received, by the grace of a *coup d'état*, the right to falsify facts, and to sophisticate laws for the behoof of the imperial régime: they have not yet learned in the school of M. Troplong to render services instead of judgments, and you may expect to find the *Chambre du Conseil* replying to the demand for a prosecution, by a *fin de non recevoir*.

The press has a right to express its opinions; and although the French Emperor has succeeded in clipping the wings of the press in Belgium, he has not yet deprived us of the right of discussion altogether.

Perhaps the *Moniteur* will be obliged one of these days to confess its mistake, and to own that these proceedings were ridiculous. Fortunately, a defeat can do the official French journal no great harm; it has no esteem to forfeit in Europe. . . .

The article of the *Leader* on the visit of Louis Napoleon to England has been much approved in Belgium. All the Belgian journals—even the Napoleonist *Indépendance*—admire it, and the *Observateur*, the most influential organ of the Liberal party, has promised its readers to reproduce the article in its own columns. It will appear this evening, no doubt. A propos of the visit of Louis Napoleon to England, a Brussels journal, the *Sancho*, publishes a singular anecdote from the memoirs of M. Dupin. "It appears," says our contemporary, "that on the night of February 10, 1818, there was an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington as he was returning to his house in the Champs Elysées. 'A judicial inquiry,' says M. Dupin, 'was commenced, and resulted in suspicions attaching to an old soldier by name Cantillon.'" The pistol shot which had been fired at the Duke's carriage struck too high, and went through the panels above the head of the victor of Waterloo. This circumstance gave rise to a number of epigrams, among which the following was remarked:—

"Mal ajuster est un défaut ;

Il l'a manqué, et voici comme :

L'imbécile a visé trop haut,

Il l'avait pris pour un grand homme."

This affair made a terrible noise. The Bourbons, who had been twice brought back by the Duke to the throne they had twice deserted, were bound by the commonest gratitude to show their indignation at the cowardly attempt. Let us hear M. Dupin again:—

"A certain Marinot, who had boasted to Lord Kinaird that he knew of a conspiracy to assassinate Lord Wellington, was, in spite of his revelations, arrested and tried with Cantillon. Both were tried by the Court of Assizes on the 10th of May, 1819. The affair lasted five days. The prisoners were defended by M. Dupin, and acquitted."

M. Dupin adds that "the ball had not been found."

The Emperor Napoleon I. heard of the affair at St. Helena, and chatted about it with M. de Las Cases. He justified Cantillon's attempt in these words: "He had as much right to kill that oligarch as the latter had to send me to St. Helena." This apology for political assassination was not confined to words. In his will the great man testified his admiration of the devotedness of Cantillon by a legacy of ten thousand francs. . . . After many political vicissitudes the Second Empire arose "like a thief in the night." The nephew, who has accustomed France to stand and deliver, remembers that the uncle left a will to recompense the devoted services of his adherents. France—not only rich enough to pay for her glory, but also to pay

for the trifling services rendered to the man who found her free, victorious, and powerful, and left her humbled, mutilated, and conquered—France paid only a few months since four millions of francs (160,000*l.*) to acquit the legacies of the First Emperor. Now we are assured that this M. Cantillon has lately received the ten thousand francs as a small recompense for his heroic act. We shall be curious to learn how England will appreciate the morality of this honourable recompense paid so many years after to the man who had sought to destroy her preserver.

Let me add that this M. Cantillon is now an inhabitant of Brussels, where he keeps—Rue Notre Dame, near the Place Royale—a grocer's shop. You would never believe, to hear him ask in an oily voice, "*Monsieur, ne désirez pas autre chose?*" that this subdued grocer is the historical candidate for the imperial munificence. It belonged to Louis Napoleon to pay the debt of blood. *Arcades ambo!* E.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

We deem it right to assure our friends in France, for their consolation, and in behalf of our own national dignity, that the object of our Government in recommending the Court to invite the French Emperor to Windsor, is understood to be to prevent him from going, at present at least, to the Crimea. It is not improbable that our Court will pay a return visit to Paris in May or June, and thus another delay will be interposed between the French Emperor's design of visiting the Crimea, and his actual departure on that wild adventure. He is to be made, respectable, *malgré lui*. The repugnance of our Court to the idea of entertaining the present ruler of the French is no secret. Only the other day Count Walewski was emphatically and deliberately snubbed, or rather ignored, by the Duc de Nemours, who chanced to pay a morning call to Windsor at the time when the French ambassador was on a visit to the Queen. It is a serious blow to hereditary royalty to entertain such guests as Louis Napoleon on equal terms. The question of morality need not be discussed, for what is the morality of Courts and Cabinets? We know how King Leopold has paid his respects to the despoiler of the House of Orleans. So long as the French nation permit a successful conspirator to represent them, however lawlessly, they must excuse these political and official necessities. We can only record a protest, and leave to time and to the awakened public spirit of France to ratify it.

FRANCE.—The discussion on the *projet de loi* of municipal organisation in the Corps Législatif has given rise to considerable difficulties. The reporter of the commission was obliged to state that the commission adopted, with reluctance, several of the clauses which appeared to it to destroy the municipal liberties; but that it had yielded its objections from a desire to afford a sincere support to the Government. Nevertheless, the project, as adopted by the commission, is seriously altered from the draft approved by the Council of State. For instance, concerning the dissolution of municipal councils by the Government, and their being replaced by a special commission, the law, as proposed by the Council of State, determined that the commission so appointed *ex officio* should hold office until the time appointed for the renewal of the municipal council—that is, for a period extending possibly to five years. The commission, in spite of its good-will, and of its anxiety to lend the Government a "sincere concurrence," declares that it cannot accept that clause which would hand over the municipal councils to a sort of arbitrary supremacy. By way of a compromise, it proposes as a *maximum* of delay in re-electing the municipal commissioners, thirty months. To this, however, the Council of State demurs, and the Corps Législatif will have to pronounce its decision by a public vote. The same disagreement has arisen respecting the authority of the mayors.

The measure which has been presented to the Corps Législatif for a tax upon carriages, is very obnoxious to the deputies of the provinces, in which it will affect the middle classes and the small proprietors.

The Deputies are curious to learn some details of the financial situation of the City of Paris: the commission charged with the examination of the measure for a loan of sixty millions of francs (2,400,000*l.*) will have to be informed of the actual state of things, and grave disclosures are apprehended.

Since the flat denial given by General Changarnier to Messrs. Véron and de Moray, there has been a talk of a Memoir prepared by the two latter in reply to the exiled General. This Memoir was forbidden to appear at the last moment.

We read in the *Constitutionnel* a despatch from Madrid, 8rd. April, which says:—"Lord Howden has addressed to the newspapers a communication contradicting the Ministerial account of the measures taken against the Protestants of Seville." The Spanish Government has demanded the recall of Lord Howden on account of his interference.

The *Moniteur* of Wednesday states that, on the demand of Prince Napoleon, and in conformity with the instructions of the Imperial Government, the Minister of France on the 22nd ult. lodged with the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs an official complaint against the publisher of the Brussels pamphlet on the expedition to the Crimea, and calumniously entitled "A Memoir, addressed to the Government of his Majesty Napoleon III., by a General Officer." This complaint was at once transmitted to the public prosecutor.

The Vienna Conference have come to a standstill, being postponed till Monday or Tuesday next, when the Russian ministers are expected to receive their fresh instructions. It is stated by some writers, and denied by others, that Lord John Russell and M. de Bourqueney are not quite agreed on some important points; and that this is the cause of the visits of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to London and Vienna. France, it is said, objects to England conceding so much. The *Times* Vienna correspondent writes:—"Since the 15th of March, the first point, which relates to the Principalities, has been signed, though with a reservation on the part of Russia; the second point, which treats of the free navigation of the Danube, has been initialled (*parafé*), but not signed, and the Conference has been fruitlessly occupied for two sittings with the third point. This, then, is all that has been effected in a fortnight, during which there have been seven regular Conferences, and many consultations between the Allies on the one hand, and Prince Gortschakoff and his large diplomatic staff on the other." A variety of rumours have been in circulation, but so entirely devoid of authority as not to be worth repetition. It is pretty clear, however, that Russia is not very conciliating.

The daily papers state that the following entry appeared in one of the recent returns made by the Vienna police agents to their superiors:—"Lord John Russell has walked arm-in-arm on the glacis with Prince Gortschakoff." This of course set the quidnuncs talking; but it had no influence on 'Change.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys returned to Paris on Saturday, and on Monday started for Vienna. In his absence, the Foreign Office will be filled by M. Thouvenel, the Director-General.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord John Russell will not accept the invitation which they have received to stay at Berlin.

On the 6th ult., M. Corrad, editor of the *Clamor Público*, and M. de Mazo, editor of the *Occidente*, both of Madrid, fought a duel. To escape the penalty of the Spanish law, the duel was fought in a hired hall. The combatants fought with swords, which were ground for the occasion, and having wounded one another, closed, intending each to end the other's life. The seconds were compelled to tear them asunder.

A singular ceremony took place at Madrid on the 25th ult.—namely, the public crowning of the Spanish poet Quintana with laurel, as a solemn acknowledgment of his genius and patriotism. The following are the particulars:—The ceremony took place in the Palace of the Senate, and the Queen and the King presided over it. The ministers, the foreign ambassadors, and many personages of distinction, were present. The poet having been introduced, M. Calvo Ascensio, a deputy, delivered a speech, in which he gave an account of his labours; M. Hartzembach, one of the first dramatic authors of Spain, then presented a crown of laurel leaves in gold to the Duke de la Victoria. The duke handed the crown to the Queen, and her Majesty, amidst loud applause, placed it on the head of M. Quintana. A triumphal hymn, written by M. Ayala, and set to music by M. Arieta, was then executed; and afterwards the Senora Avellanda recited an ode. The Queen and the King then returned to the palace, and the ministers, the ambassadors, and other principal personages, retired to partake of a banquet. M. Quintana was afterwards accompanied to his residence by the president of the Cortes, the constitutional alcalde of Madrid, the director of the Spanish Academy, and a splendid procession; the crown was conveyed before him in a sort of triumphal car. An account of the day's proceedings was drawn up and signed by the King and Queen, and all the principal personages, and it is to be deposited in the archives of the Royal Academy of History. It was intended to read, in the course of the ceremony, pieces of verse in honour of Quintana, written by the principal literary celebrities of the day; but they were so numerous that it would have taken too much time, and they were ordered to be printed, and to be distributed gratis in all parts of Spain.—This reminds one of the days when Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol.

Death has been busy among the notables of Greece. General Tsavellas, the hero of Missolonghi; Gardskiotis Grivas, formerly palace marshal; and Deliany, formerly President of the Senate, have died within the space of ten days. Spiro Millios, the Minister of War who aided from the public treasury the bands which left Greece to kindle an insurrectionary war on the Turkish territory, is imprisoned at Athens. The ministry are endeavouring to find out the precise application of the missing money. Several political personages, apprehending ill consequences, have left the country. Charles Soutzo, who succeeded Spiro Millios as Minister of War, has gone straight to Russia.

The rumour of the death of Prince Menschikoff seems

to be true. He had been staying some time at Simphoropol, on account of a wound in his leg, which assumed an alarming appearance, and he died on the 16th of March at Perekop, on his way to St. Petersburg.

The *Patrie* contains a long and interesting letter from St. Petersburg, dated March 18. The writer says, it is remarkable how liberal the Government is, just now about newspapers. The *Charivari*, *Punch*, and all the London and Paris papers are distributed, and may be seen in the *cafés* of St. Petersburg. The language of the European press towards Russia, it was supposed, would create an increased hatred among the Muscovites towards France and England. The nobles, according to this writer, are animated with much devotion towards the new Emperor. This is a remarkable and sudden change, for they have been conspiring for years against the family of Romanoff. They are making, however, immense sacrifices of men and money. Prince Cheremeliéff is reported to have given 2,750,000 fr., and 20,000 serfs, provided with clothing, to the State. They are to be conveyed to the Danube also at the expense of the Prince. Another noble, Prince Yousouppoff, has given thousands of roubles and men. Demidoff and Yakowloff have also contributed very largely towards carrying on the war. The whole military internal force had left for different points of frontier defence. Fortifications of every sort have been erected about St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. A telegraph is in course of construction between St. Petersburg, Riga, and Abo.

The Vladida of Montenegro has ordered a ten days' mourning, of the deepest kind, for the late Czar. Hopes are entertained that Alexander II. will appreciate this manifestation, and restore the pension of 8000 zekkins per annum, which Nicholas cut off in 1842, after it had been duly paid for a generation.

The King of Prussia has decreed that the Sixteenth Cuirassiers should bear for ever the name of the Emperor Nicholas, and that the Third Regiment of Hulsars should take the name of the present Emperor of Russia.

A letter from Berlin, in the *Universal German Gazette*, says:—"General de Berg, the Governor-General of Finland, returned to Helsingfors on the 16th from St. Petersburg, bringing with him the manifesto which guarantees the fundamental laws and privileges of Finland. After the publication of this manifesto, however, the Government ordered throughout the whole of Finland and the Isles of Aland a large levy of sailors, which is directly contrary to the tenor of the manifesto."

The Turkish Sultan has lately received several petitions, both from France and England, beseeching him to become a Christian. We do not, however, hear of his conversion.

Large preparations (says a letter from Turkey) are still going on at Constantinople for the reception of the French Emperor, which will be in a style of high Oriental splendour. Four ladies of honour, to attend upon the Empress, and also to act as interpreters, have been chosen in the highest rank of the Armenians. The same letter says that the Council of the Tanzimat is employed on a code for Turkey, and has completed a chapter treating of corruption, "the great cancer of the Ottoman Empire."

A letter of the 24th ult. from Rome, in the *Piemonte* of Turin, states that the Bank of Rome is in so precarious a condition that it is preparing to wind up its affairs. It is to be succeeded by another bank, to be established by Prince Torlonia and Messrs. de Rothschild.

The new Belgian ministry are in the interests of the priests, and, with the exception of M. Mercier, are new to the duties of government. The King has taken a very friendly leave of the late liberal ministry.

Mr. Bowyer's recent assertion in the House of Commons that the Sardinian Government is not solvent, or, indeed, over honest, has been received with great indignation by the Sardinians, who deny the truth of the allegation, and support the denial by figures.

A letter from Naples says—"I am glad to confirm the report which I sent you some time since, that Pœrio was better treated. Greater lenity is shown to him; he has better food, and is permitted to have books and writing materials."

The story of the physician, Dr. Mandt, having been obliged to quit Russia to evade popular aversion, is stated to be without foundation.

Lieutenant-General von Wedell returned to Berlin on the 1st of April, from Paris, and proceeded at once to wait on the King at Charlottenburg. He has again set out from Berlin for Paris.

A letter from Frankfurt, in the *Patrie*, says:—"The mobilisation of the Federal Army, which Austria so strongly urged only about a month ago, now appears indefinitely postponed. At several of the late sittings here, the question was not even alluded to."

MANIFESTO OF THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."

A REMARKABLE manifesto of this rising and powerful American party, has been issued in the United States. The document states that the association, if it may be so called, "has found it necessary to take its stand against the political action of the Catholic Church in the United States," but disclaims any feeling of intolerance towards the Papists, whose honest convictions are respected, and whose claim to freedom of action, in common with all other sects, is

ably acknowledged. The "The Know-Nothings," however, are resolved to oppose, though only in a lawful manner, the exorbitant pretensions and unrarrantable political action of the Roman Catholics. The manifesto says:—

"The instinctive sense of the nation, brought into active resolve by this emergency, has proclaimed the necessity for a great American party. In obedience to that call, the party has already come forth, and has entered upon the theatre of its duty. It comes to silence the clamour of faction, to check the career of pernicious innovations, to rebuke the busy intrigues of selfish politicians. Its great purpose is to recal the government to its time-honoured and approved principles of administration, and to express the authentic voice of the American people in favour of a thorough American policy. We mean, that henceforth, in the face of all opposition and all combinations, Americans shall govern their own country, and that every genuine American interest shall take its paramount place in the counsels and thoughts of those to whom the management of the public affairs shall be entrusted. We desire to see our national resources improved, our labour rewarded, our genius fostered, our agriculture, manufactures, and commerce guarded and sustained, by an intelligent American statesmanship.

"We desire to see the children of our Republic educated in American sentiment and principle, and fortified by the wisdom of that sacred book from which our ancestors drew their inspiration of the moral and religious freedom which they infused into our civil institutions.

"We desire to see the right of suffrage consecrated in the veneration of the people as the bulwark of liberty, and protected by laws which shall for ever preserve it as the peculiar medium through which none but genuine American opinions and sympathies shall find expression in the functions of government.

"We desire to see the federal constitution faithfully administered in strict accordance with the views of its unders, all usurpations of power checked, all encroachments upon the rights of the States rebuked, all forced instructions disavowed."

OUR CIVILISATION.

MOTHER STARVING HER INFANT.—An inquest has been held on the body of an infant about three months old, the illegitimate offspring of a woman in the workhouse of St. Mary, Newington. The mother, it appeared, had taken an unnatural dislike to her child; had been heard to say "she wished the little devil was dead;" and had not only refused to suckle it, but had beaten it with great violence. A verdict of Wilful Murder has been returned against the woman.

SUPERSTITION AND BRUTALITY.—During an affliction case recently heard at the Hull police-court, it came out that the young woman who made the application had caused a toad to be roasted alive, in order that she might pound it into a powder and mix it with her seducer's food, which she believed would have the effect of making him love her.

DEATH FROM ILL-TREATMENT.—Samuel Kelland, captain of the schooner Caroline, and Hugh Dunlop, mate of the same vessel, which trades between London and Demerara, were charged at the South-west police-court on Saturday with causing the death of Samuel Sullock, the cabin boy. The chief evidence was that of the cook and steward of the vessel, a German named Karl Henry Kuoff, who gave his testimony through the medium of an interpreter. He stated that the captain and mate beat the boy, sometimes with a rope and sometimes with a stick. A great deal of work had to be done owing to one hand being short; but, although the boy did all he could, the captain was not satisfied, but on one occasion broke a broomstick over him, and afterwards beat him with the handle of a shovel over the head, until blood flowed from his nose and ears, and his head was shockingly swollen. Kuoff interred, and said, "Don't beat the poor lad like that; you'll murder him." Dunlop then came up, kicked the boy, and threw him on the deck. When the boy left the ship on its arriving at London, he was covered with bruises, and reeled like a drunken man. From the other evidence it appeared that he was admitted into Guy's Hospital, and died after a few days. The prisoners were remanded until after the inquest, at which a verdict of Manslaughter was returned against them, and they were committed to Newgate. It came out on the inquest that the lad had slept, in very severe weather, on a box in the fore-castle, where, however, it appeared there was a rug. There was no bed for him; and he had but one set of clothes, which he never changed. Notwithstanding this evidence, the surgeon of Guy's Hospital said he thought the boy had not received any injuries from which he might not have recovered. He attributed the death to bronchitis; but admitted that the injuries might have rendered the disease more dangerous. On the re-examination of the prisoners before the magistrate, their legal adviser contended that the boy had only received proper cor-

rection for certain dirty habits which he had; but they were committed for trial.

THE CASE OF MRS. RAMSBOTHAM.—This lady (who was bailed out of prison on Friday week, a medical certificate having been obtained, stating that her health would be endangered by further confinement) was re-examined on Monday. After a little bickering between the magistrate and Mr. Ballantine, Mrs. Ramsbotham's counsel, as to whether the accused should be allowed to sit with her veil down, the shopman who had served her gave evidence to the same effect as the preceding witnesses. In the course of his examination, the fact was extorted from him that the handkerchiefs, though described as "French cambric," were not in reality so. In cross-examination, Mr. Ballantine endeavoured, but ineffectually, to make it appear that Mrs. Ramsbotham had said to the shopman, "Make out a bill for what I have had;" and in his address to the magistrate he besought that she might not be sent to trial. Mr. Broughton (the magistrate) observed that he had received a letter in which the writer mentioned that he was a friend of Lord Palmerston, and threatened Mr. Broughton with some vague punishment if he sent the case for trial. Mr. Moule had also received several letters from persons stating that they should cease to deal with him if he went on with the prosecution. Nevertheless, the magistrate felt it his duty to commit Mrs. Ramsbotham for trial; but he accepted the same bail as before.

JOHN MANLY, the shoemaker, whose brutal treatment of his apprentice we noticed some weeks back, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment at the Middlesex Sessions. The indentures were cancelled.

ALLEGED ENTRAPPING OF A FRENCH GIRL.—A handsome French girl appeared at Marlborough-street on Tuesday, to complain that she had been induced to come to London under the pretence of a situation being found for her, and had been taken to a notorious house in Newman-street, from which, upon discovering its true character, she contrived to make her escape. The magistrate feared that, as the girl had not received personal contamination, he could not do anything in the matter; but, upon the complainant stating that the lady who brought her to England had rudely exposed her bosom, he said that he would grant a warrant against the woman. Euphrosyne Croissey, otherwise Madame la Comtesse de Croissey, was accordingly brought up on Wednesday; and Madeleine Amuret, the complainant, gave a detailed account of the exposure of her bosom and of other parts of her person, and repeated the indecent comments by which the act was accompanied. Her evidence was supported by a French woman who accompanied her. Upon being cross-examined, however, it appeared that the girl had waited for a week after the assault before complaining to the magistrate—a delay which she accounted for by saying that she was a stranger and did not know the laws. It also came out that she had by herself visited a man whom she knew at his lodgings; but she denied that anything improper had taken place. Under these circumstances, the magistrate thought that no jury would convict if he sent the case for trial; and he therefore discharged Madame de Croissey.

THE CASE OF MR. PHILIP HERRING.—It will be remembered that a Mr. Herring was recently brought before the magistrate at Marylebone, charged with cutting the throat of a woman with whom he lived; and that, as there was a strong presumption of the woman's insanity, it was thought necessary to make an inquiry. The result of this has been that the woman has been found of a disordered intellect, and that she will shortly be removed to a proper asylum.

ASSAULTS.—On Tuesday, several cases of assault came before the police magistrates. At Westminster, an Irish labourer was committed to the House of Correction, for three months, for kicking and biting a policeman while drunk.—Joseph Smith, a private in the Middlesex Militia, was committed for trial at Bow-street for stabbing a man with a bayonet. He was also drunk.—Charles Meredith, a "respectable" man, likewise drunk, was committed to prison for a month, for a savage and unprovoked attack upon a policeman.—William Smith, also "respectable," was brought up at Marlborough-street, and remanded for a week, on a charge of shooting at a woman of the town in a house of ill-fame. He, too, was drunk.—At Worship-street, William Ball, a glass-blower, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for beating his wife with a crutch until she was covered with bruises.—Various other cases of assault and woman-beating have been heard during the week.

BARBARITY BY A LADY.—Miss Emilio Frances, a young lady, stated to be the daughter of a Scotch baronet, was summoned before the petty sessions, at Kingsclere, Hampshire, for torturing a pony. It appears that, the pony not going fast enough to suit her caprice, she beat the animal with a thick stick, and thrust the end into its mouth and up its nostrils; that she tied it to a gate in deep snow, and left it there for a couple of hours without any covering;

that she afterwards took a knife and stabbed the pony several times; and that, upon returning home, she desired the stable-boy to hold its head while she drew a clasp-knife, and "jobbed" it into the animal's mouth and nostrils, causing the blood to flow profusely. Miss Gordon, in extenuation, declared that her pony being a confirmed "jib," she had been told of two cures: the one was to apply a hot iron to the animal's hocks, and the other to cut the animal slightly near the flank, and apply a little turpentine to the wounds. She admitted she had cut the pony, and that it was her intention to apply some turpentine next day! If it was wrong she was sorry, and would undertake not to do so again. She concluded by remarking that she was prepared to pay any fine that might be inflicted upon her. A fine of 5*l.* was imposed; and the accused, throwing down a 10*l.* note, took the change up jauntily, and left the court. That is to say, this "lady" received no punishment whatever.

ASSIZE CASES.

A DISPUTED WILL.—THE EARL OF SEFTON *v.* HOPWOOD, AND THE EARL OF DERBY *v.* HOPWOOD.

The first of these cases was an issue directed by Vice-Chancellor Wood to try the validity of the last will of the late Robert Gregge Hopwood, Esq., of Hopwood Hall, Lancashire, who died in 1854. The second case was an issue directed by Vice-Chancellor James from the Chancery Court of the County Palatine of Lancaster; and it had been arranged by consent of all parties that the verdict on the first action should be conclusive on the second case.

The circumstances were very singular as well as very painful. From the introductory statement (supported by evidence) of Sir Frederick Thesiger, the counsel for the prosecution, it appeared that the late Mr. Hopwood was a gentleman of large property, and had made a will, bequeathing all his estates to his eldest son, and leaving legacies of 5000*l.* to each of his younger children. In 1853 he had an attack of paralysis, from which his speech suffered in some degree, though his mind remained perfectly unimpaired. Nevertheless, Captain Edward Hopwood, the eldest son, and the defendant in this action, considered that his father was incapable of managing his own affairs, and therefore assumed to himself the most absolute control over his parent's estates, property, and household, to the extent even of directing the bankers not to pay any cheques of his father's without having his (the captain's) signature. He then took a document to Mr. Hopwood, sen., consisting of an order to the bankers to that effect, and, having read it over in a very hurried and indistinct manner, so that it was impossible that Mr. Hopwood, who was deaf, could hear, requested him to affix his signature to it. Mr. Hopwood became confused at his son's imperative manner, and was about to sign, when Mrs. Harvey Hopwood, the wife of his third son, Colonel Hopwood, interposed, and said, "You must not sign it until it is explained to you." Captain Hopwood then became very angry, and quitted the house. Upon the return of Colonel Hopwood, who had been absent, he thought it right to inform his father of his brother's conduct; upon which Mr. Hopwood exhibited great distress, and subsequently forbade Captain Hopwood his house. Through the medium of Mr. Slater, his solicitor, various communications, with reference to a written apology, took place between them; and at length, one morning, the wife of Captain Hopwood appeared at the Hall, and went into the drawing-room with Mr. Hopwood, sen., and Mr. Frank Hopwood, the second son. A very painful scene then ensued, which is thus detailed by Sir Frederick Thesiger:—

"Mrs. Edward Hopwood, addressing Mr. Hopwood, said that her husband had always been his attached son, as he had been an affectionate father; that Mr. Hopwood had been deceived; that the truth had been kept from him; and that he was surrounded by base, very base, people—looking at Mr. Frank Hopwood and his wife, Lady Eleanor Hopwood (a daughter of the late Lord Derby). Mr. Hopwood's answer was, 'Let him write the facts—let him write as I told him.' He became extremely distressed at the importunities of Mrs. Edward Hopwood; for at this time she knelt before him, and entreated him to receive her husband. Mr. Hopwood rocked himself on his chair, as if in distress. He put his hand to his head, as if he felt pain; and, upon Mr. Frank Hopwood inquiring if he was in pain, he told him he was, upon which the butler was called in, and applied a liniment usual upon such occasions when Mr. Hopwood was ailing. After this, Mrs. Edward Hopwood renewed her importunities; and Mr. Frank Hopwood, apprehensive of his father's health, immediately sent for Mr. Wood, the medical attendant. Some short time after that, Mr. Hopwood said he desired to leave the room. Mr. Frank Hopwood took him into the adjoining room, and before long, he saw Captain Hopwood with a friend of his coming across the lawn, and making towards the library window. Mr. Frank Hopwood asked his father whether he wished to see Edward; and he said, 'No,' upon which

Mr. Frank Hopwood recommended him to go to his own room. Mr. Hopwood proceeded to his own room, and Captain Hopwood, with his friend, came through the library window into the house, and immediately rushed up stairs. Lady Eleanor Hopwood had preceded him. She told Mr. Frank Hopwood that Captain Hopwood had arrived, and was coming up stairs, upon which Mr. Frank Hopwood desired her to go into the room and bolt the door, which she did. Captain Hopwood arrived at his father's door at the moment it was bolted. I will not detail to you the violent language which he used towards his brother. He said he would never have any communication with him, except in the presence of the witness whom he brought with him; and they descended to one of the rooms. An altercation then took place, and ultimately Mr. Frank Hopwood retired from the room, saying, 'I leave my father's house in the forcible possession of his eldest son.'

Some time after this, Mr. Hopwood made an alteration of his will, by which he removed his son Edward from the position of executor, and appointed Lord Sefton, his son-in-law, in place. Captain Hopwood then published an account of the matter in a pamphlet which he widely circulated; and his father was so offended at this that he determined to disinherit him. The will and codicil which have been made the subject of dispute were prepared and signed. The Earls of Derby and Sefton were appointed executors; and the will was made in favour of Captain Hopwood's sons, or, in the event of their death before the age of twenty-one, succession in favour of the two younger brothers and their sons. In July, 1854, Mr. Hopwood died. Captain Hopwood then took possession of Hopwood Hall; proceedings in Chancery were instituted; and ultimately the present action was commenced.

Previous to Mr. Hopwood appointing Lord Sefton executor, he had undergone a medical examination, by two physicians, relative to his sanity; and it was admitted by Sir F. Thesiger that, upon Mr. Slater, his solicitor, coming into the room at the end of the examination, he mistook him for another medical man, and was rather irritated. Afterwards, he could not recollect the names of the original executors; and, when asked if his son Edward had been kind to him, replied "Yes." But in other respects he seemed to be self-possessed.

Various witnesses have been examined for the prosecution; and it is thought that the case will extend over a week. No witnesses have yet been heard for the defence.

—BOYLE V. WISEMAN.

The new trial in the case of the Rev. Mr. Boyle against Cardinal Wiseman came on last Tuesday at the Kingston Assizes, before Mr. Baron Platt and a special jury. It will be remembered that the case, which arises out of an article published in the *Univers* in the early part of last year, and which bore the Cardinal's name, reflecting seriously on the character of Mr. Boyle, was tried at Guildford Assizes in August last, when the plaintiff (Mr. Boyle) was nonsuited before Mr. Baron Pollock, in consequence of his being unable to produce the original document. On an appeal to the Court of Exchequer it was affirmed that, the original document being out of the jurisdiction of the Court, secondary evidence was admissible; and a new trial was granted. The evidence on the present occasion went to show that the article in the *Ami de la Religion*, which had provoked the Cardinal's remarks in the *Univers*, was not written by Mr. Boyle at all (as imputed), but by the Rev. Mr. Ivers, a Roman Catholic priest; that Mr. Boyle had never been "expelled," as stated in the libel, from a religious society, but that he had voluntarily left the Society of the Jesuits, of which he had been a member; and that the other charges brought against him by the Cardinal were entirely untrue. Mr. Boyle stated that, although, for some alleged insubordination, he had gone down on his knees before the Cardinal and obtained his blessing and forgiveness, the Cardinal had subsequently persecuted him with such bitterness as to prevent his obtaining employment, and almost to reduce him to starvation. The defence was, that in the original MS. of Cardinal Wiseman's letter to the *Univers*, the word "dismissed" was used, instead of "expelled," which, it was contended, made a material difference; that the letter complained of was merely a reply to attacks upon the Cardinal, which had appeared in the *Ami de la Religion*; and that the defendant had reason at the time to think that Mr. Boyle was the author of those attacks. No witnesses were called for the defence, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 1000*l*.

THE BIRMINGHAM GAOL CRUELTY.—At Warwick Assizes, on Monday week, bills of indictment were presented to the grand jury by Mr. George Whateley, on the part of the Crown, against Lieutenant Austin and Mr. Blount, the late governor and surgeon of the Birmingham Borough Gaol. The inquiry lasted several hours, numerous witnesses having been examined. Ultimately the grand jury returned two joint bills, containing six counts, against Lieutenant Austin and Mr. Blount for cruelty to prisoners; and four bills, containing forty-

two counts, against Lieutenant Austin separately. The trials, unless removed to the Court of Queen's Bench, will take place at the summer Assizes.

A CONTRAST.—At the Taunton Assizes, a postman has been sentenced to six years' penal servitude for stealing a shilling; and at the same court, on the same day, a man convicted of manslaughter was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. In the latter case, Mr. Justice Erle indulged in a flourish about its being "necessary to make an example of persons who use the knife; and therefore"—the homicide was sentenced to four years and nine months less punishment than the petty pilferer of a shilling. So much more sacred, in this money-loving country, is property than life!

THE ACTION FOR ADULTERY, EVANS V. ROBINSON, which was tried at the last South Lancashire Assizes, and terminated in a verdict for the defendant, has given rise to a new action, by which it was sought to reverse the former decision. This second trial has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 500*l*. We narrated the facts of the case on the former occasion. They derived unusual importance from the circumstance of an ex-detective policeman having been employed by the plaintiff as a spy upon the conduct of the offending parties.

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY ACTOR.

At the tenth anniversary festival of the Theatrical Fund, held at the London Tavern on Monday evening, Mr. Buckstone, who was in the chair, made an excellent speech, full of humour, kindness, and feeling, in which, after commenting upon the nature and objects of the society, he dwelt upon the hardships of a poor country actor's life, and favoured the company with a bit of his autobiography. He observed:—

"Few are acquainted with the country actor's toil—the studying long parts from night to night; the throwing off one heavy burthen, some long tragic or dreary comic part, only to bear another—one that, after the play is over, will keep him from his bed half the night, to be ready, as well as he can, at rehearsal on the coming morning. And, with this constant labour, often is the poor actor compelled to observe, without any order of Government, his day of fast and consequent humiliation. Gentlemen, I am enabled truly to depict what this class of performers endure, because I was once a country actor, and, amongst other vicissitudes, walked from Northampton to London—seventy-two miles—on 4*d*. It is a fact, I assure you. I had a companion in the same plight; and, on comparing our pecuniary resources, we discovered ourselves masters of the sum of 9*d*.—4*d*. each, according to Cocker. As it may interest you, gentlemen, I will describe my costume on that occasion, and how we got to London. My costume consisted of a threadbare whitey-blue coat, with tarnished metal buttons, secured to the throat, because I wore underneath what we term a flowered waistcoat, made of glazed chintz, and of a very showy pattern, generally adopted when playing country boys and singing comic songs, which at that time was my vocation. I will not attempt to describe my hat, while my trousers must only be delicately alluded to, as they were made of what was originally white duck, but, as they had been worn about six weeks, and, having myself been much in the fields, there was a refreshing tint of a green and clay colour about them, which imparted to that portion of my attire quite an agricultural appearance. I carried a small bundle. I will not describe its entire contents, except that it held a red wig and a pair of russet boots. Under my arm was a portfolio, containing sketches from nature and some attempts at love poetry. While on my feet to perform this distance of seventy-two miles, I wore a pair of dancing-pumps, tied up at the heel with packthread. Thus equipped, I started with my companion from Northampton, and before breakfast we accomplished fifteen miles, when we sat down to rest ourselves under a hedge by the roadside. We felt very much disposed to partake of the meal I have alluded to, but were rather puzzled how to provide it. Presently a cow-boy appeared, driving some lazy zig-zag going cows, and carrying two large tin cans, containing skimmed milk. We purchased the contents of one of the cans for one halfpenny. A cottage was close at hand, where we applied for bread, and procured a very nice, though rather stale, half-quarter home-baked loaf for one penny. The cow-boy sat by us on that roadside to wait for his can. The cows seemed to regard us with a sleepy look of mingled pity and indifference, while, with the bottom crust of that loaf, and three pints of skimmed milk, I assure you I enjoyed the roadside breakfast of that summer morning more than I have enjoyed the sumptuous banquet of this evening. On the first day we walked forty miles, for which my pumps, and what they covered, 'suffered some.' Our bed for the night was in one of those wayside hostleries called 'a lodging-house for travellers,' for which accommodation we disbursed twopenny. Late in the evening of the next day we completed the remaining thirty-two miles, and found ourselves at the Mother Red Cap, at Camden-town, with enough in our pockets to procure half a pint of porter. Thus you see, gentlemen,

I have experienced some of the vicissitudes of a country actor, and am qualified to know how great a boon this fund must be to that class of the dramatic profession."

The announcement of subscriptions to the amount of upwards of 300*l*. closed the business of the evening.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK. (From the Registrar-General's Report.)

THE births of 2099 children, and the deaths of 1604 persons, were placed in the London registers in the week that ended last Saturday, which was the last week of the quarter. At this period the registration usually shows an increase, arising from cases which occurred in previous weeks, but were not registered at the time of their occurrence. The deaths that belong properly to a former date are cases on which coroners have held inquests, and chiefly consist of deaths from external causes, such as fractures, wounds, burns, suffocation, &c.—a class which, in the present return, numbers 139. Under the head "sudden," 74 deaths are classed—a number which is much greater than usual, these cases having been returned by the coroners as "found dead," "visitation of God," &c.

But it is obvious that this cause of disturbance as now stated will not affect, or will affect only to a small extent, the comparison with returns of corresponding weeks in previous years. In the thirteenth week of the years 1845-54, the average number of deaths was 1243, which, with a correction for increase of population, becomes 1367. It will, therefore, be near the truth to state that about 200 persons died last week above the usual number, in consequence, apparently, of the coldness of the season.

With the exception of phthisis, which in England destroys more lives than any other disease, and in the present return numbers 181 cases, bronchitis is the most fatal in the list, and next to it is pneumonia. To bronchitis, 149 deaths are referred; to pneumonia, 113; whilst the corrected averages are respectively 106 and 97. Hooping-cough was fatal in 77 cases, typhus in 49, scarlatina in 42, measles in 14, small-pox in 11. The deaths from small-pox are not many, but most of them occurred in the east districts; and the same remark is generally applicable to that part of London with reference to other zymotic diseases. During the last thirteen weeks, 21 persons have died from disease directly attributed to intemperance, and others have died from injury received in a state of intoxication. In the same period, 17 have died from want of the necessities of life; and 36 from exposure, or want of sufficient protection against the cold. Also in the last thirteen weeks 90 children died from want of breastmilk.

Last week, the births of 1021 boys, and 1078 girls, in all, 2099 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1588.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POLICE OF PROVINCIAL TOWNS.—Sir George Grey has issued a circular to the mayors of the principal north-country towns calling their attention to the inefficient state of the police, in consequence of which, on the occasion of any rioting, it is found necessary to call out the military. The circular requests that the mayors will bring the subject before the town-councils, with a view to amending the evil.

COLONEL COMMELINE, lately of the Indian army, has been killed by a fall from his horse while hunting.

FIRE AT SUNDERLAND.—On Saturday night an extensive fire broke out at Sunderland in a block of riverside property called "Number's Garth." The flames originated in the warehouse of a chemist, which was stored with flax, hemp, turpentine, ship-stores, and other combustibles. Six of the adjoining houses afterwards caught fire, and a considerable part of the town seemed threatened; but by the vigorous exertions of the police and the fire brigade, the conflagration was got under. Assistance from Newcastle was telegraphed for, but the danger was over when it arrived. About 10,000*l*. worth of property is said to have been destroyed.

FAST-DAY INSUBORDINATION.—According to the *Warrington Guardian*, the incumbent of Trinity Church Warrington, refused to read the prayers for the fast-day; and set forth his reasons in his sermon.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE is said to be recovering from his indisposition.

THE WOODS OF SOUTH CAROLINE AND GEORGIA have been on fire.

THE EXPLOSION AT PORTSMOUTH.—Inspector Stroud, after undergoing amputation of both legs, has died.

SEAL-HUNT IN THE SEVERN.—A large seal was recently observed in the Severn, about twelve miles from Gloucester. Chase was given, and harpoons, rifles, and revolvers, were used against the strange fish, the nature of which was as first a mystery. After some hours, it was caught and killed.

MORMON EMIGRATION.—Thirty-one Mormons have started from Worcester on their way to the Salt Lake.

THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY AT VICTORIA.—Henry Beresford Garrett was on Friday week re-examined at Marlborough-street, and committed to Newgate. From the evidence of one of the officers of Birmingham gaol

it appeared that Garrett was sentenced to ten years' transportation for burglary in 1845. He will be taken back to Melbourne for trial.

CONFESSION OF A MURDER.—Henry Ifield, who was lately committed for trial at Tunbridge for stealing a cheque, attempted to hang himself in prison, but was cut down in time. He afterwards made a confession, to the effect that he had murdered his wife. He had married her, he said, for the sake of her money, and this being soon spent, he conceived a violent hatred of her, and at length struck her down, and cut her throat. The body he deposited on a shelf in an archway at Dartford. This was about twenty years since; and the strange part of the story yet remains to be told. A year ago, he was irresistibly impelled to visit the spot, in order to see in what condition the body was; and he found the bones remaining, but no flesh. He thought he would remove the bones, and took hold of one of the fingers; but he fancied that the skull moved, and he ran away, frightened. He added that the ghost of his wife had haunted him unceasingly. Search has been made in the archway indicated; but no bones have been found.

THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.—At the anniversary festival of the Royal Humane Society, on the evening of Friday week, the Chairman Sir Samuel Peto, Bart., gave some interesting statistics relative to the labours of the association. He said—"The report for the last year states that of 150 cases brought under the notice of the society (comprising 177 persons), 159 were treated with success, that 97 skaters and sliders (out of 1,097,000) immersed by breaking through the ice during the late severe season, were rescued by the society's men, and that 620 cases of severe cuts and bruises received medical treatment at the receiving-house up to the 27th of February. The total number of bathers in the Serpentine during the year amounted to 193,000, and out of this number 17 bathers were rescued from drowning.

MR. W. P. PRICE, who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to relieve himself from any disabilities he had incurred in consequence of the extensive firm of timber merchants, of which he is a member, having constructed the huts for the soldiers in the Crimea, was re-elected for Gloucester, without opposition, on Saturday.

DEATH OF VISCOUNT BOYNE.—This nobleman, whose name revives some important political reminiscences, died on the 30th ult. at his town residence. The deceased peer, Gustavus Hamilton, in the peerage of Ireland, was son of the fifth holder of the title, and was born in 1777. He succeeded his father in 1816, and married, at an early age, the daughter of Benjamin Baugh, Esq., through whom he inherited some property in the county of Salop. He succeeded in the title and estates by his son Frederick, born in 1797. The title was conferred upon the first viscount, General Hamilton, for services rendered to the cause of William III., for whom he raised no less than six regiments, two of which now bear the title of "Inniskillinge"—one the Inniskillinge Dragoons, and the other the 27th Inniskillinge Foot. The first Lord Boyne particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne, for which services, in addition to title, he received a large portion of confiscated property.

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—The total number of passengers who have left Liverpool for all foreign ports during the quarter ending March 31 has been about 21,000, of whom 6704 have proceeded to the Australian colonies, and the great bulk of the remainder to the United States of America. In the conveyance of this number of people, a fleet of a hundred ships have been employed, of an average tonnage of 1000 tons each. During the month of March eight vessels sailed for Australian ports, of an aggregate tonnage of 10,727 tons, or an average of 1341 to each vessel; of these, four were for Melbourne, two for Adelaide, and two for Sydney. Three conveyed Government emigrants to the number of 1219, while the remaining five carried 596 private passengers.

A TRAGICAL STORY.—We derive the following narrative from the *Chicago Press* of February 21:—"On the Saturday preceding the memorable storm of the 21st of January, two families, numbering ten persons, moving from Southern Indiana to Northern Illinois, arrived at Oxford, the county seat of Benton county, Indiana, with two ox-teams, and well provided with necessities for the road. They remained there through the storm, and on Monday morning resumed their journey. Last Tuesday morning, a man passing over a prairie only about five miles from Oxford came upon the carcasses of two oxen, from which the viscera had been removed. Inside of one of them were the frozen bodies of four children, and in the other the frozen corpse of the mother, with a nursing infant at her breast. Under the snow was a heap of ashes, in which the iron of the waggon showed that the party had broken them up and burned everything they had in the effort to save their lives. Not far from this spot was found the body of the other woman of the party, partly concealed in a snow-drift, and near her one of the men. The two other men had not been found. It is probable that the party became inextricably involved in the snowdrifts on the bleak prairie, and lost their presence of mind. After burning up their waggons, it would seem that the men had killed two of the oxen for a shelter to those found in them, and then, accompanied by one woman, vainly endeavoured to reach the town they had left, and procure

aid to rescue their companions. The two other oxen had wandered off."

THE NEW METROPOLITAN CATTLE-MARKET.—In the Court of Common Council, on Monday, Mr. H. L. Taylor, the chairman of the Markets Improvement Committee, brought up a report in which it was stated that the architect estimates the expense of completing the works at 80,000*l.*, in addition to the amount already authorized by the Court. After some discussion, it was agreed that the report should be received, and referred to the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee, to consider how the money may be raised.

FRUITS OF SLAVERY.—The painful operations of the "peculiar institution," have been witnessed practically in Missouri. The wife of a slave who was in the employment of a planter was severely whipped for some real or imaginary offence, which so exasperated her husband—also a slave—that he armed himself with a deadly instrument, and visited the residence of his wife's adversary, and inflicted over his head several severe blows, which soon caused his death. The slave fired a pistol at the window, and, jumping on a horse, rode away. A mob immediately gathered, apprehended the criminal, and proceeded to inflict summary vengeance on him. One party was in favour of burning him alive, the other for hanging; the latter prevailed, and another crime was added to the already extended catalogue. — *Kansas Herald of Freedom*, February 24.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA has been passed for the first time by a locomotive. An English engine, bearing the name of the London, started from the Canada side, and paused at the centre to test the strength of the work. A deflection of one half of an inch—no more than was anticipated—took place. The engine then passed on to the United States side; and the blended flags of the two nations were waved amidst the exultation of the spectators.

THE ENCAMPMENT IN THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.—A correspondent of the *Carlow Sentinel* gives the following particulars relative to the proposed camp at Kildare:—"I have visited the camp to-day. It will be beautifully circumstanced. In the rear, it will be completely sheltered from the northerly winds by the hill on which it is placed; whilst in front, its southerly aspect will make it exceedingly warm. The nature of the soil, and the inclination of the ground, will cause it to be dry in the wettest season of the year. The camp itself will be composed of huts made of wood, placed on brick foundation, about twenty by forty feet in size, arranged in rows, with streets twenty feet wide between each, running down the side of the hill, so as to form an inclined plane for the water to be carried away in rainy weather; each house will face the one at the opposite side, and there will be a space between the end of each, forming, as it were, cross streets, a matter of great importance in the ventilation. Each hut will be covered in with asphalt except the officers', which will have vulcanised iron roofs, and will be supplied with a stove in the centre, and open by a door at each end. Some of them will have boarded floors; others merely the soil on which they are placed; and more will have ceilings. It is estimated that five rows, each having eight huts, will accommodate 1500 men. The foundations for four are already built, and a large number of men are engaged in removing the furze, clearing away the ground for the position of each hut, and preparing mortar, &c., for the works. Twelve wells are being sunk along the bottom of the hill on the Brownestown side; in these, forcing pumps will be put up, which the soldiers will have to work; and, in order to train them to field duties, I have heard it is the intention of the authorities to make the men clear away all rubbish which may be left; and when encamped they will have to make the streets, remove offal, &c., to trenches dug at some distance from the camp, which are to be covered in according as they are filled up. Ovens and a slaughtering-house will also be erected."

THE CAMP ON ALDERSHOTT HEATH.—We read in the *Times*:—"Aldershot-heath embraces about 3000 acres of waste land, covered with heath or broom, and sufficiently undulating in surface to give, at the more elevated points, a fine extensive view of the surrounding country. The selection appears to have been a most judicious one, as affording facilities for the execution of military manoeuvres upon a sufficiently comprehensive scale; and so far as the health and comfort of the troops to be stationed there are concerned, there seems nothing to be objected to in the soil or situation, or in the supply of water, which is said to be found in abundance and of good quality. Altogether, perhaps, no better selection could have been made, for the site of an experimental camp. It is proposed to concentrate upon this heath 20,000 militia-men, and 10,000 regular troops—the former to be huddled, and the latter to be provided with permanent barracks." The writer goes on to make several serious objections to the construction of the huts, which he thinks will not be convenient nor healthy; and to point out the bungling way in which the Board of Ordnance have set about the works. Amongst other instances of mismanagement, he mentions that the Board have begun the erection of the huts before preparing the ground or making the roads.

MEXICO.—Advices from Mexico to the 3rd ult. state that Santa Anna is reported to have left the capital on the 26th of February with all the troops, except 15,000, taking with him a large quantity of baggage. It was further reported that he had reached the department of

Guerero, and had defeated the insurgents under Moreno; that he had met and forced the main army under Alvarez to retire after a desperate engagement, and that he was on his return to the capital.

THE TREES IN THE PARKS.—Correspondents of various of our contemporaries complain that the authorities are allowing trees in the parks and Kensington Gardens to be cut down. If this be done without sufficient excuse, it is a shameful robbery of the public, and a disgraceful piece of Vandalism. The trees about the suburbs of London are being destroyed so fast by the progress of building, that the public gardens become every day of greater importance. It will be really too bad if those too are to be rendered deserts.

AMERICAN NEWS.—The President has issued his proclamation ratifying the treaty of reciprocity between the United States and Great Britain from the 16th of March.—The charge in the United States' district court against the alleged "Fillibustering" expedition of the steamer *Massachusetts*, has failed.—It is said that the Governor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has received authority to raise a foreign legion for the British service there, with a couple of regiments formed of persons born subjects of England.—The intelligence of the failure of Page and Bacon, of St. Louis, has caused a great panic. A tremendous "run" has taken place upon the banks; many of those establishments have been obliged to close; and the people, having in their anger broken into the vaults, discovered them to be empty. Some wealthy merchants, however, have proffered assistance; and it is hoped that trade, which had been entirely suspended, will soon be resumed.—Business, in the United States generally, was dull at the last advices.

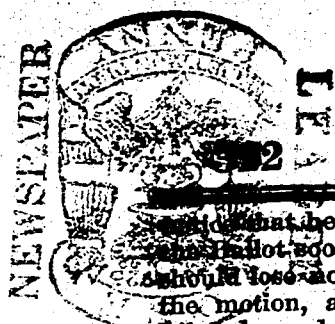
SUICIDE IN FULL DRESS.—Miss Augusta Frederick, a lady of property, aged fifty-three, residing in Upper Berkeley-street, was found lying upon her bed dressed in an embroidered satin gown, as if for an evening party. Upon examination, she proved to be dead; and, from the fact of an empty phial which had contained essential oil of almonds being discovered close by, and the body itself giving out the odour of that poison, it is presumed that the deceased had committed suicide. She was frequently depressed in her spirits.

ROYAL INSPECTION OF WOUNDED GUARDSMEN.—By command of her Majesty, fifty men of the Brigade of Guards on service in the Crimea, invalided during the different military operations, attended at Buckingham Palace at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, and were inspected by the Queen and Prince Albert in the Grand Hall. Twenty of the invalids were Grenadiers; fifteen were of the Coldstreams, and fifteen of the Scots Fusilier Regiment. Her Majesty was attended during the inspection by Colonel Wood and Surgeon-Major Brown, of the Grenadiers; Colonel Upton and Surgeon-Major Munro, of the Coldstream Guards; and Colonel Ridley and Surgeon-Major Richardson, of the Scots Fusilier Guards; who explained to the Queen the nature of the different wounds, the actions in which they were received, and the state of health of the men.

DEATH OF MR. CARPENTER, THE ARCHITECT.—Mr. R. C. Carpenter, distinguished by the success with which he has prosecuted that revival of Gothic architecture which forms a characteristic feature of the present generation, died on the 27th ult., at the early age of forty-three. Equally beloved as a man as he was honoured as an artist, Mr. Carpenter's loss will be alike felt by the circle of friends to whom his amiable qualities endeared him, and by the world at large, in being deprived of one whose eminence in his profession was incontestable. Of his original works, the principal already executed was the large and striking College of St. John, at Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton, founded by the Rev. N. Woodard, for the education of the sons of the middle classes. The designs for Mr. Woodard's upper-class college, at Lancing, were already prepared. Of the numerous churches which Mr. Carpenter erected, we need only refer to St. Paul's, Brighton; All Saints, in the same town; and St. Mary Magdalene, in Munster-square, London; while, among many others, the restoration of the magnificent minster at Sherborne attests his skill in that department of the ecclesiastical architect's profession. In the various subsidiary arts of glass-painting and wood-carving, his taste was excellent; and Mr. Carpenter never left any work of his half finished from want of that fine eye which considers no detail too inconsiderable for the artist's attention.—*Morning Post*.

THE REPORTED DEATH OF DR. BARTH.—The following is an extract of a letter from Malta, dated the 26th of March:—"A highly interesting letter from Colonel Herman, her Majesty's Consul at Tripoli, has reached the island, dated the 13th of March. It says:—"You will, I am confident, be delighted to hear that the rumour of Dr. Barth's death was unfounded. A letter from him, dated Kamo, the 15th of November last, reached me yesterday. He then calculated on arriving at Moorzuok within three months, but which, as he purposed moving by the circuitous route of Kooka, he never would accomplish. The rumour of his death was fabricated by the ex-ruler of Bornou, for the purpose of possessing himself of a depot of supplies that had been formed at Zeffhan against the doctor's return, and in which he succeeded. The overthrow of this man was most fortunate, otherwise the fabricated report might have been converted into a stern reality."

THE BALLOT.—Mr. H. Berkeley, M.P., has given



that he will bring forward his annual motion for the abolition of the slave trade. Constituencies, therefore, should lose no time in getting up petitions in favour of the motion, and in using their influence to persuade Liberal members, who are hostile or neutral on the question, to vote in its favour. A great effect will be produced if the full number of the Parliamentary supporters of the Ballot—two hundred at least—can be induced to divide on the occasion.

COLONEL FREMONT.—A most interesting legal decision has just been pronounced by the whole bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. It has established definitively and unalterably the title of Colonel Fremont, the celebrated explorer, to the richest portion of the gold districts of California, known as the "Mariposa Tract." The decision makes him, in the estimation of geologists, bankers, and merchants, the richest man in America.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A MANUFACTORY.—On Tuesday night, the manufactory of Messrs. Crookes, Roberts, and Co., the Argus Works, Doctor's-fields, Sheffield, was the scene of an explosion, not the result of accident, but of design. Between half-past eight and nine o'clock in the evening, Mr. Thomas Richardson, a nephew of Mr. Roberts, while alone on the premises, heard a smothered explosion at the basement of the building. The authors of the mischief had taken care to retire, but their work was sufficiently apparent. The instrument used to effect the explosion was a sort of hand-grenade, a very strong steel canister firmly and elaborately bound together with wire, and having the remnant of a fusee attached.

THE MILITIA.—Great dissatisfaction, and some amount of insubordination, have been exhibited by the militia in various parts of the country, in consequence of the men who enlisted under the act of 1852, and who were only liable to be called out for training for fifty-six days, being embodied by the act of 1854, and retained for five years. All apprehensions, however, have been quieted by Lord Panmure consenting, as an act of grace, to dispense with the prolonged services of those men who enlisted before the last act. The men with families are to be discharged altogether; but the single men will be required to attend the regiment for fifty-six days in every year, until the expiration of the period during which the regiment is embodied. These men may, if they please, be re-attested, and complete their term of five years' service; for which act of fresh allegiance every man is to receive 20s., entirely irrespective of all other pay or bounty. In some instances the regiments have been greatly reduced by a secession of a large number of the men.

DISGRACEFUL USAGE OF THREE MILITIAMEN.—Three men belonging to the South Lincolnshire Militia, of which Colonel Sibthorp is the commander, applied on Thursday, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, for assistance. They stated that they had wives and families (each, indeed, was accompanied by his wife and a child); that they had enlisted under the act of 1852, but had been embodied, and had served for eleven months under the act of 1854; that, upon the receipt of Lord Panmure's "act of grace," they, in common with 250 of the regiment, had applied for their discharge; and that thereupon they had been "bundled" into the streets to find a home where they could, without receiving any marching money, or anything over and above the arrears of their pay. They thought this additionally hard, since they had not received the full bounty-money of 6l. They were one hundred and ten miles from their home, and were without money. The magistrate defrayed the expense of taking them to their parishes out of the poor-box.—It will be recollected that the South Lincolnshire is the regiment of militia concerning which Colonel Sibthorp recently made a flourish in "the House," stating that he would put himself to any expense for its sake. The militia generally is being broken up, owing to the Government not keeping faith originally with the men.

MILITARY DISTURBANCE AT PRESTON.—On Sunday and Monday evenings a fight took place between the men of the 18th and the 97th Regiments, at Preston. Nothing serious, however, occurred on either occasion; and the soldiers, on the interference of the police, aided by the presence of one of their officers, retired to their barracks.

DEATH OF THE AUTHORESS OF "JANE EYRE."—We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Nicol, formerly Miss Brontë, who, under the *nom de plume* of Currer Bell, established a lasting reputation by the publication of "Jane Eyre." We have two other novels from her pen, "Shirley," and "Villette," and all are especially distinguished for great power of conception and vigorous portrayal of character. The lady, who was the last survivor of a family of six, died on Saturday last, at her father's house, at Haworth, Yorkshire.—*Manchester Guardian.*

NATIONAL GALLERY MISMANAGEMENT.—A Protest against the Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery has just been put forth by several gentlemen, stating, from the evidence, the grounds on which the report is imperfect, one-sided, and misleading. The custody and management of the National Gallery are treated as jobbing. The Protest is published by Mr. John Russell Smith, of Soho-square. It derives additional interest from the fact that Sir Charles Eastlake, who purchased a spurious picture as a "Holbein," and ordered the destructive cleaning, has been reappointed Director of the National Gallery, with an enhanced

salary; and that Mr. Worslem, an upholder of the cleaning, has been appointed Secretary. Among the signatories of the Protest, are Mr. Haristone, Mr. William Coningham, Mr. W. S. Landor, Mr. George Long, Mr. Alfred B. Richards, Mr. Edward Mayhew, Mr. Thomas Wakley, and "An Englishman."

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.—About sixty cases of Assyrian antiquities, from the excavations of Mr. Layard, Mr. Rassam, and Mr. Loftus, have arrived at the British Museum.

A REFORMATORY INSTITUTION is about to be established for the county of Warwick.

LEWES.—The Hon. H. Brand, the Member for Lewes, who vacated his seat on accepting office as a Junior Lord of the Treasury, was on Thursday re-elected without opposition.

AN ELEPHANT belonging to a travelling menagerie performed a strange feat while staying at Sheffield. He was stabled in a coach-house adjoining a tavern; and, possibly for a little amusement, took it into his head to break through the partition-wall into the kitchen of the tavern. A fire place ran against this wall; and the elephant's head was seen coming through the chimney, to the great horror of all present. Fortunately, a lady belonging to the exhibition, had the courage to go into the coach-house, and calm the beast until the arrival of the keeper. It was found that he had broken through nearly a square yard of brickwork.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. G. Watts, vicar of Brockworth, has been missing for the last ten or twelve days; and, although a reward of 50l. has been offered for his recovery, he has not been found.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, April 7.

THE Assemblée Nationale says:—

"There is every reason to believe that on the 10th of April the Ministers of France, Austria, and England, will present themselves at the Conference with a proposition arranged in common, and upon which Russia will have no more to do than to declare acceptance or refusal. The uncertainty will not be of long duration, and probably the next week will not pass without our being able to announce to our readers something more precise than hopes and conjectures."

—The *Pays* contains a letter from Vienna, which says:—

"The navigation of the Danube continues to be subjected to obstacles. Prince Gortschakoff had written from Kischeneff to the Austrian Consul, that Austrian vessels might come to Galatz and to Ibrail, to load and convey to Trieste and Venice the corn which had been purchased in those provinces by Austrian subjects previously to the prohibition. Vessels under every neutral flag daily enter by the Sulina passage, but on arriving at Ciatala, at a short distance from Tultscha, the Russian flotilla stops them all without distinction. Thirty have been thus detained, and among them are several Austrian vessels. Such conduct is at variance with the note of Prince Gortschakoff. Thus, without the permission of Russia, vessels cannot reach the ports of the Principalities."

A despatch from Lord Raglan, dated the 24th ult., and giving an account of the Russian attack on the 22nd, has been published. It contains only the following additional fact to those already known:—

"The French, in retiring from their advanced parallel upon their supports, speedily rallied, and fell upon the enemy, whom they repulsed with great loss, and followed so far up towards the Mamelon, that they were enabled to level and destroy nearly all the 'ambuscades' or 'rifle concealments' erected along their front."

The ice in and around the Baltic appears to be slowly breaking up; but in some parts—namely, at Kiel and in the Haff—it was still very firm at the commencement of April; and even where it has loosened, the channels are rendered dangerous by drift ice and bergs. At Memel, no ice is to be observed seaward; but the Sound, on March 30, was covered with floating masses.

Ali Pacha leaves on the 29th, *via* Trieste. He will be at Vienna on the 6th or 7th of April.

The Volksthing have passed, by 94 votes against 1, the act of accusation against the late Danish Ministers.

Is it true that Lord Palmerston, in addition to his other grave and important duties of premiership—not the least grave being a vigilant resistance to the intrigues of Lord John Russell—is now transacting the affairs of the Colonial Department?

NEW MAP OF EUROPE.—We have received from Messrs. A. & C. Black (Edinburgh) a clear, accurate, and elegant Map of Europe, with accompanying descriptive letter-press, at once full and succinct. Another month will decide whether the territorial distribution of Italy is to be recast: at all events, there never was a time when the map of Europe was more worthy of attentive study, or more suggestive of serious considerations than it is now.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.—In the Review of Lady Morgan's "Life and Times of Salvador Rosa," p. 307, col. 2, for Guido, Beni, read Guido Beni; p. 308, col. 1, for Guercino Spagnuolo, read Guercino Spagnuolo.

A SUBSCRIBER (Worcester).—Our obliging correspondent seems to be happily "superficial on the history" of errors of the press, or he would be more disposed to understand that the displacement of a comma or two, and even far more serious typographical inadvertencies, sometimes totally destructive to the sense, and subversive of the writer's reputation, will constantly take place even in the best regulated journals. Perhaps, however, our correspondent was only anxious to display in a harmless manner his own familiarity with Pilkington. Both the mistakes he signifies any one less familiar with Pilkington would at once understand to be among the most frequent and unavoidable (because of their triviality) of errata.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 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.*

SURVEY OF THE WAR.

SOME important changes have occurred in the relative positions of the Allies and the enemy, and the condition of the former, since we last took a survey of the war. Then the British forces had not re-appeared in that strength which it is understood they have subsequently shown on parade. The sickness had just begun to grow less, the mortality to cease its ravages, the supplies of food and clothing had begun to tell, the diminished work in the trenches was saving many scores of lives, and the navvies had only just begun to clear the ground for the railway. Since then, it was full six weeks ago, we have heard how man, and beast, and bird, and flower have revived, as winter departed and spring came softly in. The British army has mustered its 20,000 bayonets, all in health, and strength, and spirits; and once more the tone of the correspondence from the camp is cheerful in its tenor.

But vastly important as this is, it naturally yields in importance to the military position of the allied armies. Here, also, there has been considerable change.

1. *As to Sebastopol itself.*—The works of defence have been finished, even with neatness, and greatly strengthened, chiefly on the eastern side, opposite the British attack. They now form on this side a strong chain of earthen ramparts and batteries, covered in their immediate front by abattis, these, again, covered by "rifle pits"—in other words, artificial posts—partly above, partly below the surface of the ground, thrown up along the front as shelter for riflemen. The key of this line of works is the strong redoubt which stands where stood the White Tower (Malakoff), against which the recent operations of the Allies have been directed. In front of Malakoff rises a round hill, now called the "Mamelon;" and further

to the north, another loftier elevation, bounded on the west by the Carcass Bay, and on the north by the great harbour, and looking to the south-east into the works on the right of the Allies. The French now hold the extreme right beyond Gordon's Battery, and it soon became evident to the Russians that they intended to push their approaches both towards the head of the great harbour, and towards the Malakoff Tower. In fact, redoubts were thrown up on the rising ground looking down on the harbour; and the fire from a British battery, not long since, drove off three steamers from their position on our flank, and sank one. The Russians, alarmed at these menacing advances, adopted bold measures, seized Mount Sapoume, the hill on their extreme left, quickly threw up a work there, and beat off the Zouaves in their daring assault upon that redoubt. From this height the Russians overlook our works, and the approach to it is covered by a converging fire from the batteries across the head of the harbour, as well as from the main line of defence. Not satisfied with this, and foreseeing the great danger they would incur by yielding to the French advance, the enemy seized the Mamelon in advance of Malakoff, and established a redoubt there. This skilful operation enabled the enemy to dig pits for his sharpshooters right and left of the mound, in such positions as to enfilade the British right, and to sting the French in front with a constant and galling fire. So that the occupation of the Mamelon is a measure of defence, not, as has been represented, a measure of offence; the object of the Russians in seizing it was not to gain ground upon us, but to meet, and repel, if possible, the effort to gain ground upon them. For the possession of these pits and the works on this hillock there have been several sanguinary struggles, in which the Russians have displayed true soldierly qualities, and have disputed the ground with great hardihood and success. The whole of the recent conflicts have had for their object, on one side to retain, on the other to obtain, this hill. As the French, in spite of their defeats really gained ground daily, and as it was obvious the Allies could not suffer the enemy to hold this advanced post, the Russians, in anticipation, made a strong sortie on the night of the 22nd of March, leaping suddenly upon the Allies, from Chapman's Battery to the French right: a fierce combat ensued in the trenches; the Russians turned the advanced parallels, and the French and British charging at the point of the bayonet, and "pitching them over the parapets," swept them back to their own lines. Following close, our daring allies chased the enemy even as far as the Round Tower. The result was great loss on both sides; but the French seized and held some of the rifle pits so obstinately contested.

2. *As to the north side.*—Here the enemy is stronger than ever. A line of entrenchments reach from the Belbek to the head of the harbour, form the outworks of the Russian camp, and grimly enclose the large Star Fort, and the batteries on the sea face. From the head of the harbour westward, every cliff has its battery looking towards the Allies, and commanding the road along the opposite shore. On the plateau above the second Inkerman Light, the Russian divisions there encamped have flanked their position with abatis, and over the ruins of Inkerman batteries have been established. Still further east, we find the summit of the steep defile leading up to Mackenzie's Farm from the Tchernaya, defended by earthworks that sweep the road; while, below the defile, strong works have been constructed to bar the passage of the Tchernaya either at Tchorgoun or Traktir. And, crossing the Tchernaya, we find the old Russian encampment at Kamara

still held by the enemy. Whether the enemy will be able to man these extensive lines is quite another question.

3. *As to the Allies.*—Therefore, in any field operations, the Allies must either face the passage of the Tchernaya, under a heavy fire, or turn it by a march through the country to the East: by no other mode, except by re-embarking a portion of the force, and operating upon another line, can they penetrate into the country. Their present position, from Balaklava to Inkerman, is now impregnable; but locomotion seems as difficult to them as holding their ground is easy. The Turks still hold Eupatoria, watched by a seemingly large Russian force, under Prince RADZIVILL. OMAR PACHA has visited the camp of the Allies, and has returned to his post. Whether it be true as rumour reports, that he has marched upon Saki, in the direction of Simpheropol, or not, some movement of this sort, in combination with an Anglo-French advance upon the Belbek, would seem to be on the cards; and also another line of separate operations which we refrain from indicating.

It is always difficult, often impossible, to understand the exact position of affairs in war. A day, an hour, a change of commanders, temper, too much or too little wine, may change the whole aspect of a campaign. We can unfortunately only judge by results. But it is not possible to deny that the present aspect of the war is extremely unsatisfactory. If Sebastopol were taken by assault it could only be partially retained; if the siege were to be raised, the Allies must leave behind their artillery, stores, and ammunition. If they enter on a campaign in the country, they will have enormous difficulties to surmount, because in the field they have lost the initiative, and are badly supplied with cavalry. It is true that if they seized, they could make Sebastopol untenable, and the harbour impassable by means of a few batteries; and if this were done, the whole of the army not required for the south side, might be directed against the north side. Whether the south side can be reduced is the practical problem that the Allies are now engaged in solving; but beyond this, military authorities concur in the positive necessity for ulterior operations.

THE SINS OF THE "SYSTEM."

It is impossible to avenge the lost army of the Crimea by loading any public man, or set of men, with the odium of its destruction. Blame attaches in many places—perhaps infamy somewhere; but though neglect or incapacity have been proved against a few miserable understrappers, the result of the Parliamentary inquiry has hitherto been to clear particular administrators of much that had been rancorously or hastily imputed to them, and to lay open, under the framework of our official system, the sources of those evils by which our troops have suffered, and by which our reputation has been stained. For ourselves, we have always hesitated to ascribe culpability so enormous to any individual; it has been too hard for us to believe that an English statesman would recklessly abandon an English army to famine and disease; and Mr. ROEBUCK's Committee has elicited very much to exculpate the late Ministers from the guilt of practices forming part of a system of which one of the chief evils was that it rendered them helpless, and made them the slaves and victims of its corrupt routine.

When we have said this, we are more at liberty to say, that the nation should feel degraded by these revelations, so hideous, so incomprehensible, so afflicting. The public Ministry, confided without jealousy to the hands of one predominant class, has been so abused, that thousands of men, dismissed to a

distant campaign, have escaped the fire and sword of war, and perished in agonies in British camps and hospitals. Nothing appears more unanswerably demonstrated than that our governing orders, after forty years' leisure, have learned no new arts of military administration, and are radically incompetent to conduct a war. Follow the Eastern expedition from our coasts to Sebastopol, and, step by step, error, failures, neglect, and senility keep pace with its movements, until the inglorious parallel ends in an hospital, with soldiers dying from change of diet, ordered by mistake.

Abstaining, as carefully as possible, from stigmatising individuals until their actions can be criticised in strict relation to their responsibilities and to their necessities, we may mark the lines by which delay and hurry went on together, with blunders signalling almost every action, deficiencies in every supply, confusion in every department, disaster at every stage of progress. Perhaps no mistake was more prolific of ill than the inveterate tenacity with which our Ministers clung to the hope of peace. Sir DE LACY EVANS deposed that all things seemed to be managed under a persuasion that there would be no fighting, that magazines would be unnecessary, that wounds would not be suffered, that a Note would come from Vienna and restore the world to peace. Many of the officers in command laughed at the thought of a real war; it is known that a son of Lord ABERDEEN talked at Varna about the absurdity of going so far without a genuine object. Moreover, when these optimistic deceptions had vanished, the nature of the service was mistaken. The army was provided as if it were destined to operate in a civilised country, where villages would abound, and where materials would be forthcoming to meet the exigencies of the season. Spain lingered in the memory of many an untaught campaigner. Thus the ignorance of "the system," as well as the fatuity of the Cabinet, sent our forces unprepared to their severe and deadly work. We shall not enlarge here on that infirmity of purpose which yielded to the counsels of Marshal ST. ARNAUD, trying to outstrip death, and to find for himself an atoning grave. These are serious points; yet they do not explain the horrors of the Crimean campaign—horrors inexplicable, unless we connect them with the system out of which they sprang.

The long European peace saw England competing with other countries in experimental feats of arms. It was supposed that military science had advanced, and that fleets would sail, and armies as well, with an organisation too perfect to admit of shortcomings, blunders, or delay. But the siege of Sebastopol was undertaken by an army almost as ill-equipped as that which, without a sapper or miner, invested and captured thirteen cities of Spain. Bad clothing, bad implements, and bad food were provided. The iron tools splintered after three or four blows on green wood or on hard earth. Had they been supplied without trial, there would have been neglect; but they had been tried and condemned at Chobham, and were recklessly given out. Chobham was, professedly, a test; then how monstrous to defy the consequences of this test, and to employ machines which it had proved to be useless! But, as if to forbid the chance of happy accidents, even these wretched tools were scantily allowed. A regiment came to the Crimea with two pickaxes and one spade—all broken. A hospital at Sentari, intended for the reception of five hundred men, was supplied with two bottles of port wine. "Green coffee" became a malignant proverb in the camp. Stores of planks were shipped for hutting, but no nails. Ships were laden with grain, but no sacks. Some of the regimental medicine-chests were found to be empty. Amputating imple-

ments abounded, but no operating tables were to be had; so that many a suffering wretch was held down on a crazy bench, or even in a fellow-creature's arms, while his limbs were cut through—and then, in some instances, the victim bled away, because there was not a sponge to stanch his wound.

At Varna this mismanagement was exhibited in its second stage. Numbers of the troops, even there, were insufficiently fed, badly sheltered, and overworked. Twenty-four valuable ponies were shot in one morning to save them from the agonies of starvation, as four hundred were afterwards shot in the Crimea, though men were then doing the work of horses, and though the southern coasts of the Black Sea yielded endless supplies of forage. Fuel was scarce in the vicinity of woods because the tools were useless; and provisions ran short in a rice country, because, said a witness, rice was not, probably, an ordinary ration for a soldier. The martinets who in Kensington Gardens would put a man on fatigue-drill for a spot on his pipeclay, saw their battalions, still unscathed by warfare, becoming filthy and ragged, as if they had toiled through a harassing campaign. Neglect was the genius of the expedition; at home the authorities were at a loss; in Turkey they were helpless, and the sacrifice of the British army began.

Reaching the Crimea, the expedition was landed without a siege-gun, and set in motion unprovided with a mortar. These deficiencies at a later date were partially remedied; but the fact remained unaltered that Sebastopol was besieged by a force altogether unprepared. That our soldiers—invariably irreproachable in battle—did all that in them lay, with their allies, to retrieve the evil influences of the campaign, is no extenuation of the acts which brought them to such a trial, but rather a more heavy impeachment. They bore a noble testimony before the world, that their brave nature had not been blasted by the plague of "departments," "official observance," and "customary order." But this courage, unless for self-defence, was more fruitless than vanity, because the disastrous enterprise was at the mercy of a system, not Whig or Tory, but favourable to family arrangements.

From the first the difficulties of the campaign began to appear; it was remarked that the roads were bad, and certain officers, foolishly digressing from routine, wondered why 1000 men in ten days did not make a passable highway from Balaklava to the camp. The reason was no mystery—they were not set to do it. But they soon had more to bear than labours in the trenches, almost insufferable in themselves. Their food was poor and scanty; they could seldom enjoy the warmth of fires; their horses died; they had to roast their green coffee on hot stones, to pound it with cannon-balls, and to drink a decoction "resembling charcoal and water." Often their pork was raw, and sometimes their spirits sank under these privations. As a body, however, whether ill or well, they endured their lot—the witnesses say—"with pious resignation," while commissariat officers, overtasked at the pen, could give them no active assistance. It was to no purpose that complaints were made about tents that had rotted in the Peninsular wars and now were soaked to shreds by the rain; about the harbour choked with carcasses, and green with putrid scum; of clothes that swarmed with vermin; of horses who looked as if they had gnawed their tails and manes away; of stench from the burial-grounds; of transports in which half the contents were rotted; of countless cruelties by which the army was continually reduced and disheartened.

No one helped the soldiers, and they had no means of helping themselves. Some of them, in the freezing cold, bound sandbags on

their legs; but most, in utter helplessness or in despair, submitted to the bitterness of their situation. Meanwhile, the administration at home had reports of these affairs, and in accordance with "the system," sought to redeem possibly, but their second thoughts were almost as useless as their original preparations. The Jason carried three thousand great-coats three times from Constantinople to Balaklava; a splendid steamer, laden with charcoal, was knocked about the sea, like a shuttlecock, by little officials, who would insist on "the prescribed forms." Contracts were refused because they got in a few days too late; requests for provisions were considered "inadmissible," because not made "on printed forms," and certain vouchers were refused because "the signature was half an inch too low." To such sticklers millions of public treasure are confided, and human lives more precious; and through such errors chiefly have fifteen thousand Englishmen perished in the Crimea.

After the battles came the horrors of the hospitals. Wounded men were wrapped in blankets in which the dead had been carried to their graves, and for which some shivering victim was willing to pilfer his countryman's tomb. They were, in the worst instance, huddled on the shore, three hundred together, under a storm of icy rain, with two boats for their conveyance to the unsheltered deck, on which they lay, wet and miserable, and expiring, without nurses, medical attendance, or food. The hospital added little to their comfort. Filth unnamable, and a distressing paucity of bedding and food, exasperated instead of alleviating their pains. The nurses, when they arrived, reformed these pestilential quarters; but previous to their coming, the stench was so malignant that it afflicted visitors with diarrhoea. In one hospital the dead-house was directly beneath a sick ward; and in many the arrangements allowed not even the privileges of decency. There were instances of dying men, for whom the attendant was unable to procure a spoonful of brandy; one man perished through being put on a wrong diet, "by mistake;" a single person cooked for two thousand of the sick and wounded; soldiers who had survived Inkerman were placed on the wet beach to await removal, and "to be drowned by the next tide;" in the wards numbers were without mattresses or blankets; the meat was raw; and unsplit peas were given to dysentery patients.

We have left ourselves little space for comment, and none for a comparison between our own arrangements and those of the French. But the general view above presented is based exclusively on the evidence taken before Mr. ROEBUCK'S Committee, without a touch of colour added. The members were anxious to reach the cause of all these intolerable errors and misfortunes. All they could extort condemned "the system;" the confessions of conflicting authorities; quarrels of thirty years' standing between the heads of departments; formalities and complexities; and a code of responsibility by which the official is taught to shrink from his duty, on the principle that he is safe while he is quiet. There is matter here for reflection, and for inquiry, but we must commit it, for the present, to our readers.

THE TORY PARTY.

THERE is a great appearance of disunion among the Tories, but we believe it to be merely superficial. It extends only to questions of principle. On questions of party, a complete union still prevails. There is a little difficulty about accepting the Radical programme, which Mr. DISRAELI recommends as suitable to the present state of the political market. That is the whole account

of the matter, and Liberals had better speculate on it no more. The *Press* and the *Herald* quarrel like man and wife; but Mr. DISRAELI still votes with Mr. SPOONER for Sabbatarianism and Church-rates, and so he will continue to do, unless he can succeed in converting the Spoonerian intellect to a more practical line. Lord STANLEY may safely be allowed, not only to talk and write, but sometimes to vote liberalism, and in that way to make as much capital as he can out of Radicals who think nothing of their own friends, but are ravished at the condescension of the heir of DERBY. The Conservative whipper-in, however, will tell you that on any party division Lord STANLEY'S vote is safe. He, and his patron, and the whole set of "historic Tories," are quite ready to take office at the head of the Spoonerites, though they wish that the Spoonerites would drop some impracticable articles of their creed. After which, who shall say that high principle is not the exclusive heritage of the aristocratic party, or that it is not worth while to keep up the peerage for the sake of maintaining a morality higher than that of the people?

We trust for the credit of human intellect that there are no Liberals weak enough to be caught by such a bait as Mr. DISRAELI and his followers hold out to them. Even if their liberal tendencies were sincere, why should we be picking up the crumbs that fall from the table of Toryism? We are not so weak ourselves that it should matter to us whether this or that flashy young Tory has small Liberal tendencies or not. But the fact is, the whole thing is a Jesuitical intrigue. It is all of a piece with the Free Trade addresses of Tory candidates for boroughs in 1852, and the promises of "administrative reform," which were so faithfully performed in the administration of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Mr. STAFFORD. It is the contrivance of a set of political infidels to whom all professions are alike, provided they lead to place. Upon the minds of these men, the most acute of their party, has dawned the great truth that, in a country where Liberal principles are completely triumphant, illiberals must sham liberalism in order to clamber into power—when they have once gained power they will use it for their own ends, or, rather, for the ends of those who have taken them into their service, and whose plush they wear. Something of eccentricity and vanity may perhaps mix with this Jesuitism, but the Jesuitism is the root of it. Instead of being disposed to coquet with the young Tories, we admire the few genuine old Tories that remain for choosing to fight under their own colours, at all events, and we would far rather trust English liberty in their honest, though bigoted, hands.

If the DISRAELITES could succeed in extinguishing or overwhelming the remains of Tory morality, they would be at the head of a faction which Liberals would have only too much cause to fear. The game of party is at best but a low game, and therefore naturally it is one in which the lower natures have the advantage. A mass of stupidity led by a sharp adventurer was the political vision of Mr. DISRAELI'S youth, which in his maturity he is struggling to realise, and there is a world of roguish wisdom in the idea. Nothing is more disorganising than independent thought, unless it is controlled by a very rare degree of disinterestedness and self-command. The Tory ranks are almost entirely free from this inconvenient influence. They are almost equally free from the jealousy and insubordination which is caused among the Liberals by personal ambition. In the first place, the country gentlemen are seldom so constituted by nature as to be subject to

the last infirmity of noble minds. In the second place, having their acres, their Rotten Counties, their game laws, and their parsons, they have got all they want. Their only desire is to preserve their comforts. For that purpose they choose or hire a leader, and follow him as blindly as they can. Their discipline puts to shame the wayward adherents of the better cause. Even after the unspeakable insult of the PALMERSTON resolution, the "Cannon Balls" to a man voted confidence in DISRAELI, ridiculing his Budget in private all the while. Give this faction the power of the Executive Government, with the example of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S success before them, and his patronage to encourage them, and you will have done your best to endanger the existence of the last great Constitutional Government of Europe. The moment political Jesuitism was triumphant, religious Jesuitism would join it, as any reader of the *Guardian* may perceive, and the happy union of feudalism and priestcraft would be restored. The dreams of CONINGSBY and SYBIL made old Superstition feel young. Let us take care that they do not prove true.

We have a right to call upon Liberals not to trifle with that sacred trust which England now holds as almost the sole guardian of the liberties of Europe. We have also a right to call upon them not to disgrace the morality of Liberalism by encouraging a profligate intrigue. Where shall be the reward of sincere and conscientious Liberalism, if those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, whatever may be their short-comings, are to be cast aside for such alliances as these?

THE REFORM FOR TO-DAY.

If public men at the present day want a "mission," there is one almost vacant; although there is a sufficient movement in it ready to be taken up and converted to a useful national purpose. It is Administrative Reform. The totally disorganised, broken down state of the public service was only exposed in the Crimea; it existed before, and under the quietude of peace was gradually doing us even more destructive mischief than it has been able to accomplish by the slaughter of British soldiers and the waste of our substance and money in the East. The reforms first assume a practical shape among the officials themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE had plans under his notice, though of far too pedantic an order to be of any real utility. One of the projects upon which a considerable amount of printing was expended, consisted in a systematic assorting of every department under fanciful heads, who would have carried on the reading and writing, the superintendence, the reporting, down even to the duties of the wardrobe and laundry, with the supernumerary task of reading the public newspapers and getting instruction out of them for the officials! Even within the civil service, therefore, those benighted wise-aces recognise the fact that the journals are beginning to govern the country. Another plan was thrown out by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE after conducting inquiries into several of the public departments with the assistance of gentlemen connected with each of those departments. This also was a literary scheme, the striking part of which consisted in the suggestion that the candidates for admission to the public service should undergo examination in Latin and Greek, French and German, Science abstract and applied, History, and a variety of other accomplishments taught at the best academies and at college. And now there is a new plan developed in a pamphlet entitled *Our Government Offices*. (Ridgway.)

This is the best of all. It evidently has in

some degree or other an official source. The writer is practically acquainted with the routine of business in more than one office—a fact which we can avouch from our own observation of the course of business in public departments. At the same time he writes with manifest independence. He has therefore knowledge, no lack of courage to grapple with difficulties, no bondage to an official superior; but he evidently sees the interest of the public servants as well as of the public in thorough reorganisation.

The civil service constitutes an army scattered over the face of the United Kingdom. It comprises 16,000 persons. This force, however, may be divided into two classes about equal in number—one whose duties are of a purely mechanical order, and the other whose duties require some degree of mental capacity, even in the lowest ranks, while in the highest the members rise to the government of an empire. This army, be it remembered, really has to govern the Empire, for it has practically to conduct all the affairs of the United Kingdom and its dependencies. The first object in forming such a corps would be to arrange it so that there should be some unity in its proceedings; that the individuals composing it should, by promotion or transfer, be stationed at the posts for which they were most suited; that a special capacity, coupled with judgment, should secure to a man his passing from one rank to another; and that those should rise to the chief commands who best understand the business in its details and in its whole. The actual arrangement, however, is exactly the reverse.

There is no Unity in the Service.—"Particular offices may be controlled without vigour or even ability, may be underhanded, or may want the services of clerks with peculiar qualifications, but there is no correspondence between them and other departments to ascertain whether means of supplying the deficiencies may not be found within the limits of the service itself; one department, although located side by side with another, does not know of what it consists. In particular instances, and more especially during the present pressure, the heads of an overburdened office have borrowed clerks from other offices with some partial advantage to the augmented department, and with, in many instances, a serious loss to the office from which the officials are removed. The correspondence and intercourse between offices are so partial that the opportunities for co-operation in this way must be very rare. (The evil is sometimes partially remedied by personal friendliness between superiors in the respective offices; but even in these cases, self-convenience is too often considered by heads of departments, and the fact is lost sight of, that the public service is not injured, but often benefited by the removal of a superior clerk from one department to another.) It may happen, for instance, that while department A, already hard-worked, is obliged at a loss to give the assistance of an able accountant to department B, there are in departments G and H accountants of great ability applied to tasks of very little difficulty and very slight importance; but such men are unknown, and though originally men of energy and ability, often fall into common routine clerks, from the fact of no prospect being open to them for distinguishing themselves. This instance may serve to illustrate a thousand cases where departments possess men of peculiar qualifications urgently required in some other department, the head of which has no means of knowing the quarters in which the most appropriate assistance is lying comparatively unused."

A man is put into the service in a particular place, he may rise a little—but very slowly; may ultimately retire on pension—if he lives long enough; but, he is not expected to do his work well, he is not liable to punishment even for flagrant neglects, he has no hope, no fear; and the consequence is, that if he can write a given number of letters—just enough to pass muster—or a given number of entries in the book, he may whistle "Peter Dick," loiter about the office, or go to spend the day at Gravesend, and everything will be "kept quiet" for him. The officer above him can neither order him, fine him, reward him, nor put him under arrest, as a superior officer can in the army.

The civil literature compiled every year by the public servants would form tons upon tons of manuscript: the clerks labour as if their sole business were to create those tons; but there is no effective report upon the business done, or upon the clerks who do it. The literary business is the most cumbersome of the impedimenta to a modern army: the sword has to wait upon the scribbling of the pen; but it is the Civil Service that makes its duties consist in writing. Who is responsible for this state of things? The official chiefs who go in and out of the Cabinet and carry with them their assistant Under-Secretaries—these are the men who have to use the public departments, who are responsible for them to the country; but absorbed with Parliamentary business, engaged in receiving calls, carried off by court ceremonies, and thoroughly occupied with the social and personal engagements of their own class, they have no time to learn what the public departments are, or how they are going on. They are masters who only visit their estates late in the day; and as the custom of impeachment has become an antiquity, no responsibility is enforced upon these "responsible political statesmen." The case is the same as if in a place of business the clerks in the different rooms had no communication with each other, the heads of the firm only called occasionally to keep up an appearance of giving orders, and the business went on by its own weight, drifting away with the tides of time. This is not a metaphor, it is the actual state of the public departments of this country; and when we go to fight the enemy, we find our worst enemies are our civil servants. We have 16,000 such enemies in the land, mostly very well-intentioned people, but, by the organisation of the department, enrolled, as a band of traitors, to frustrate the public work by undertaking it and preventing its execution.

The author of "*Our Government Offices*" sketches a plan for reversing all these bad conditions—consolidating the whole service; giving to each man rank and promotion in the service, without reference to his merely departmental opportunities; facilitating his transfer from one office to another, where he would be more useful; rendering him liable to penalties, but opening to him reward and advancement; and in short, enabling him to earn as much as he can, and the public to get out of him as much as he can give. Now this reform may be said to have originated within the public service, or from knowledge acquired there. What has the public done as yet to reform its own servants? Nothing. It takes almost as little attention to the subject as the political ministers of the Crown, or the House of Commons do; and then we have traders in Parliament, journalists in the papers, local politicians at public meetings, complaining that they cannot get business done in the public departments!

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE MILITIA?

THE militia are "melting away!" Raised at great expense, trained with considerable care, and in many cases with considerable success, many of the embodied regiments are rapidly becoming disembodied, non-existent, or shorn of two-thirds of their strength.

Like so many of our efforts in the military line we have managed to make this militia experiment no exception to the run of failures. Four Governments have had a hand in the creation of the militia. Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S Government was shipwrecked on this subject; then came Lord DERBY. With Lord PALMERSTON'S assistance Lord DERBY contrived to get the act of 1852 through the Parliament.

But he made a most important omission. It was enacted that the regiments should only be embodied in case of actual invasion or danger thereof, making no provision for the embodiment of the men in case of war! This is the root of the evil. Mr. WALPOLE showed too much wit when he proposed a militia franchise clause, and he showed too little when he forgot that England might go to war. It so fell out that in the very next year we found ourselves "drifting" into war—with no power to embody the militia. What could be done? Lord PALMERSTON made an appeal to some of the regiments, and to their honour, no fewer than sixteen volunteered for embodiment, and were embodied. But now the ABERDEEN Government fell short. They, too, forgot the militia. Throughout 1853 no efforts were made to correct the mistake made by Lord DERBY, although the man responsible for its prompt correction was Lord PALMERSTON. It was not until war had been declared, it was not until May, 1854, that the recent act empowering the QUEEN to embody the militia in time of war was passed. For this neglect, as for so many others, preceding Governments are greatly to blame; because the militia had been so long unused, everything relating to it had to be rearranged, the great experiment of voluntary enlistment, forming not the least element in the difficulty; while the want of barracks placed really serious obstacles in the way. But we cannot entirely absolve the ABERDEEN Government, nor the present Prime Minister. Had they clung less to peace, or, clinging to peace, made the utmost preparation for war, how differently would England stand before Europe. Energy and contempt for routine would have found means of facilitating the raising and quartering of the militia in 1853, so that in 1854, not only would every available soldier have stood ready to embark for the Black Sea or the Baltic, but we should have had a reserve of trained soldiers at home whence recruits would surely have come forward to exchange passive for active soldiering. It is now clear, either that the ABERDEEN Government in this matter did not look before, or, that looking before, they were overawed by the clamours of the peace party, who feared for the effect of a large militia upon the wages market.

The result is now before us. By the act of 1854, militiamen who had enlisted for continuous service only, "in case of invasion or the danger thereof," found themselves called upon to serve permanently "in time of war." Charges of breach of faith were raised in the House of Lords, not without foundation. The new Minister of War, looking into the matter, found that, strictly interpreted, the case of the recalcitrant militiaman had right on its side; and determined, at all hazards, to be just. Lord PANMURE issued a circular, offering the men, enlisted before the 12th May, 1854, who had served more than the time prescribed by law, full discharge, or 1*l.* bounty on re-enlistment under the new Act. The effect is magical. One regiment loses 600 out of 800; another, 200 out of 392; a third, 300 out of 400; a fourth almost disappears, and so on in every variety, with the same result—a large diminution of the available force.

It is difficult to estimate what will be the actual effects of this state of things. At the present moment the militia is a name, and little more. The whole service, by official blundering, is disorganised. On the other hand, seeing that the bounty on enlistment into the infantry is 7*l.*, and into the cavalry 10*l.*, and further, considering that most of the men will find their old places filled up during absence, it is not improbable that the recruiting sergeant will pick up what the militia has thrown away. But this is very unsatisfactory.

It is an ugly sign that militiamen feel so little the instincts of patriotism as to fly away from their colours at the first opportunity. Popular as the war is, here are Englishmen eager to evade the light share of it they had undertaken. But we must not be too hard upon these young men. They are poor, unlettered, uncultivated, uninstructed in the duties which a citizen owes to the commonwealth. They had an example before them, set by their "betters." How many officers have "bolted" from the Crimea? How many lipping dandies, who in the heat of battle fear nothing, but who are not sufficiently in earnest to go patiently through the rough hard work of campaigning, are now loitering about the clubs and the pleasant places of the country? If we censure HODGE or JOHN for deserting his flag, because he was entitled to do so by Act of Parliament, what shall we say to FITZ-FULKE, or MONTAGUE SNOOKS, who not only deserts his flag, but deserts it in the hour of peril, when honour bids every man stand by until he can literally stand no longer?

The fact is both army promotion and militia organisation are based on false principles. Purchase and favour give us a strong sprinkling of officers for the army who care nothing for the service except its gay clothes and free-and-easy life—men who "bolt" when discomforts come upon them. A plan of levying a partial, instead of a national militia, leaves the country at a critical moment without support from its home army.

What is the object of a militia? The first object is the formation of an army of citizen soldiers for the defence of the country; the second object is to provide a machinery by means of which a warlike people may be trained to arms, and a certain proportion, accustomed to the handling of weapons and combined movements, furnished to the regular army. With our present militia system these objects are not adequately attained. The remedy will be found in making the militia truly national and truly effective; in training the whole population to the use of arms and military movements; and in giving every facility for the raising of volunteer regiments. The latter step alone would compensate for much that is defective in existing arrangements. But there is one obstacle—CASTLEREAGH'S Drilling Act; and we should like to know very much how it is that our self-styled liberal Governments have not repealed this act, which is a violation of the Bill of Rights, and a standing disgrace to the rulers and the people of this country. It needed not a Russian war to teach us that every nation to be truly independent must be trained to use arms with effect; but Turkey furnishes a new illustration; for had she possessed an army, she would not have needed help from the West; and had the British military force been really effective, the Allies would not now be encamped before Sebastopol.

SUNDAY SINNERS AND MONDAY DINNERS.

SOME months ago, we visited one of the great manufacturing capitals of the north of England, and wishing to inspect certain curious processes for which the place was famous, we made application at a mill for permission to inspect the works. The owner received us courteously, but told us that he had one inflexible rule from which he never departed, and that was, to permit no one to enter that was not either a lady or a clergyman; "because," said he (by way of explanation), "neither clergymen nor ladies understand anything about business, and they can't carry any new ideas away with them." This curious truth receives constant confirmation. Without disparagement to their intelligence, gentlemen of the cloth are proverbially green in all matters relating to subunary

affairs. They are the ripest victims to bill-discounters, the most innocent prey to designing horse-dealers, and if Goldsmith had made the Vicar of Wakefield himself the hero of the "gross of green-spectacles" adventure, instead of his son Moses, he would not have outstepped the modesty of nature.

We have been led into these reflections by a very curious controversy between the BISHOP OF LONDON and Mr. CHARLES PEARSON, the Solicitor to the City of London. The subject is the future market-day for the new Islington Cattle Market; Mr. PEARSON says that it should be Monday, as at the old market, and the Bishop as stoutly maintains that Tuesday is the better day. The BISHOP says that the change of day will prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, and Mr. PEARSON declares that if it be changed, the business of the market will be destroyed, and that the BISHOP's plan is calculated to increase rather than diminish the actual desecration of the Sabbath. Both the disputants appear to be in earnest, both may be assumed to be without any *arrière pensée* in urging the dispute, and the question resolves itself simply into a balance of evidence.

These then are the facts. When the doom of Smithfield was decreed by Act of Parliament, power was conferred upon the Corporation to build a new cattle market in Islington, provided that the by-laws for the regulation of the place should be approved of by the Home Secretary. The Corporation has expended 400,000*l.* in building the market, which is admitted to be the most perfect cattle market in the world; and private individuals have invested large sums of money in building around its precincts. The by-laws have been prepared by the City solicitor, and are now before the Secretary of State, for his approval. At this juncture of affairs comes the BISHOP OF LONDON, with a memorial signed by sixteen thousand inhabitants of the Islington district, and demands that the market-day shall be Tuesday instead of Monday, in order to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath. As we have already stated, Mr. PEARSON objects to this upon two grounds, either of which ought to be as sufficient as the excuse given by the Hanoverian Mayor for not firing a salute, *imprimis*, that he had no cannon.

By way of getting in *medias res*, we may state it as a fact that most meat-buying people in London eat a hot joint for dinner on Sundays, and content themselves with the cold edition of the same on Monday. *Ergo* Monday is a very idle day with the retail butchers, so far as selling is concerned; *ergo* Tuesday is a very busy day with them; *ergo* Monday is the best day in the week for buying beasts, slaughtering them, and cutting them up for consumption. It is apparent, therefore, that both the customs of society, and of the retail meat trade, are so arranged, that butchers must have their live stock on Monday, either from Islington or elsewhere; and that if they are forbidden to obtain them from thence, the consequence will be that Croydon and other neighbouring markets will be held on Monday, and thus the trade will be driven away from this splendid new market at Islington, which the Corporation has erected at such vast expense.

It should be remembered that the whole mechanism of the trade in live stock throughout the kingdom—farmers, drovers, markets, fairs, banks, and a hundred other wheels which go to make up the system—are arranged with express reference to this great Monday market; any derangement, therefore, cannot but prove highly detrimental, if not fatal, to a vast number of those abstractions for which Churchmen generally entertain a profound respect—existing interests.

But the last argument is the best:—The alteration would, after all, only increase the desecration of the Sabbath. Hitherto, the custom has been for drovers to bring their beasts within an easy stage of London by Saturday night, in order that they might rest on the Sunday, and with the aid of a good feed upon the layers which bound the suburbs of the metropolis on the north, get up a saleable appearance for next day's market. Sunday has, therefore, been hitherto a day of rest to the drovers up to about ten o'clock at night, when it was necessary to bring the beasts through the streets into Smithfield before Monday's dawn. What will be the consequence if Tuesday is the market-day? *Why that the drovers will travel on Sunday and make Monday their day of rest.*

Here, then, is a plain proof that the BISHOP OF LONDON and his sixteen thousand memorialists are attempting, with the best and purest intentions possible, to do that which will tend to destroy the utility of a great public work upon which nearly half a million of public money has been spent; to subvert and revolutionise one of the largest departments of the internal trade of the kingdom; and, finally, to increase the desecration of that Sabbath for which they feel a legitimate veneration. Their views are limited by the circle of their own experience, and they have not weighed the consequences of that which they are attempting to effect. They know nothing of the innumerable ramifications of trade; nothing of the delicate and intricate manner in which the parts of the great machine are adjusted, so that the derangement of one is the stoppage of the whole; they have not even taken the trouble to inquire into the facts with which they profess to deal, or they would have learnt what nothing but the sheerest obstinacy can deny, that the Sabbath would be more desecrated by their system than it was before. Those who have given any attention to the subject know full well that the customs of trade are the most sensitive and capricious institutions possible, and much more so when they rest upon the customs of a nation. The removal of a great market for literally a few yards (we refer to Farringdon Market) converted it from a property into a waste. Similar instances might be quoted *ad infinitum*. A conqueror has found it far easier to subjugate a nation than to change the fashion of its dress, and the BISHOP OF LONDON will discover that he can more readily convert the Thirty-nine Articles into elastic bands than force the London butchers to buy and kill their meat on a Tuesday. One thing he may do (if the Home Secretary yields to the pressure), and that is, wantonly destroy a valuable property and a public good; but this, we are persuaded, he is both too sensible and too Christian a man to do. Would that these qualities were always as compatible as they are in Dr. BLOMFIELD!

THE LATE CASE OF SHOPLIFTING.

AN exceedingly distressing case has been brought before the police-court. It is that of a lady who was detected in appropriating articles exposed for sale in a linendraper's shop. She is the wife of a physician who is respected in his profession and in society. We know that the occurrence has created pain amongst those who had even a slight and distant acquaintance of the family, not only because their personal sympathies were aroused, but because the very nature of the case is in itself lamentable. It is one, for which our law and social customs appear to provide no proper treatment; and it is amongst the class of troubles,—like the taint of illegitimacy cast upon the children of a widower who has married his sister-in-law,—

against which common sense and common feeling equally rebel without sufficient will to grapple with the difficulty and set it right.

It is to be presumed that the lady has been under the usual influences of education. She is, of course, surrounded by circumstances that render her act quite unnecessary. It is well known that misdeeds of the kind are committed by persons who are removed from the ordinary impulses of necessity, as it is usually understood. It is remarkable that the propensity does not belong to any particular class; and it is by no means limited to a low order either of understanding or of moral feelings on other subjects. It is necessary to bear this in mind. We could point out, by name, several people in really respectable, if not distinguished positions, who have been convicted of stealing; have in one way or other been punished for it; have confessed it; have undergone serious trouble in consequence; but who still remain in respectable and distinguished positions. Under some circumstances, however, when the act is positively noticed, there appear to be only certain modes of treating it: the misdoer may be subjected to a medical inquiry, perhaps conveyed to a prison exclusively employed for the custody of persons who are not in their right senses. Or, if evidence of insanity fails, the misdoer may be conveyed before a police-court, and subjected to the usual criminal proceedings. It often happens, however, that neither mode of treatment applies. The offender is not insane in the ordinary sense of the word, but only labours under an incorrigible silliness on the particular point. Nor is the offender criminal in the ordinary sense of the word, but morally irresponsible. The only recourse to which an intelligent and merciful view of the subject can lead is, "to let him off." But here arise questions of justice to other offenders, who may be equally irresponsible, but who happen to be necessitous, and whose moral foible, therefore, is disguised under the obvious motives of poverty; considerations which suggest a difficulty in extending indulgence to one which is refused to another.

The case points to a glaring defect in our law. With the object of extending equal justice to all, and of securing exactitude in legal proceedings, we have omitted to provide for cases in which a lenient, not to say a tender, treatment is the best on every ground of scientific accuracy, of expediency, of moral justice, and of humanity, to say nothing of Christianity. For Christian motives are the last which the English people admit in practical matters. Evidently a provision is required in our statutory system, enabling magistrates and judges to treat certain cases with an absolute and generous compassion, under check, probably, of making a public report on such case to some high authority, such as to the Lord Chancellor, to the Minister of Justice, if we had one, or to the Queen in Council.

THE NEW NEWSPAPER STAMP ACT.

FACTS AND PROBABLE RESULTS.

SIR,—Considerable misapprehension appears to prevail respecting the probable results of the new act to amend the laws relating to the stamp duties on newspapers, and this misapprehension extends not only to certain suppositious facilities extended to the more rapid transfer of news, but also to certain influences detrimental to the London Press, which the measure is supposed greatly to encourage. These ideas, however, appear to me to be founded in a great degree either upon fallacious and illogical bases or upon a too rapid generalisation, not unfrequently attendant upon new and startling propositions.

This generalisation embraces several assertions made both by the opponents and the advocates of the measure. The accusations levelled against the bill stand somewhat as follows:—

1. That the character of the London Press will be lowered.
2. That its circulation, especially its country circulation, will be most materially injured.
3. That undue advantages will be conferred by legislative enactment upon the Country Press, in relation to the London Press, and this partly resulting from the regulation of postal transmission.
4. That the London Press will be further subject to the misappropriation of its columns, and to the loss of circulation consequent upon such misappropriation both in London and in the Provinces.
5. That a vast mass of raw and uneducated journalism will poison the minds of the people, and lower the national taste and reasoning faculty by ungovernable and telling, because vulgar and suitable, appeals to the passions.
6. That the Leading Journal will be notably a great sufferer in all these respects, and that it will, in addition, be exposed to a peculiar, unjust, and special impost.
7. Lastly, there is an idea floating about that the Government feel that the influence of the Leading Journal "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Three separate heads concentrated upon one point, which would of themselves have acted so seductively upon Mr. Gladstone as almost to suffice for the production of the bill in question.

In my illustration of the practical influences which go far to neutralise the admirably concocted injustices of the Stamp Act, I shall select the *Times*, partly because it is the best standard of the present power of the metropolitan press, and partly because special paragraphs of the Act certainly do appear upon the face of them, quite too distinctly levelled, and quite too partially framed.

We may, I think, consider as established, the first proposition upon which my arguments will be based, viz., that, should the *Times* suffer but a slight, or possibly no diminution in circulation, its influence, power, and character will remain intact, and advertisers will still seek to find publicity where they now seek to find it. At present everything depends upon proving this proposition, since in proving it, our case is clearly made out.

The circulation of the London press in the metropolis and the provinces would be materially affected by the following causes, viz., difficulty of transmission, and the establishment of a cheap and equally excellent journalism consequent upon undue facilities being afforded in town and country, to the detriment of the metropolitan press.

As respects the first point, a very general opinion is entertained that there will be greater obstructions opposed to the postal circulation of newspapers than is at present the case. The postal service for the press, however, will be in no respect subject to greater limitation than at present. A stamp will still frank a newspaper into the country, and will still cover its retransmission through the post from place to place. The only alteration made in this respect indeed will be the making it optional with the London Press either to stamp its impressions and enjoy its present privileges, or to issue them unstamped and frank it for one transmission by a penny stamp. Under the above conditions, however, the Country Press would be enabled to circulate in country towns at an advantage, since, being published in the towns, it requires no stamp for distribution there, while the *Times* must issue its stamped impression for the country. But railways and the agency of a great metropolitan house offer at once a solution of the apparent difficulty. There is scarcely a town of any importance in the country where newspaper agencies at the stations of the railways are not established, and there is certainly no country village without its bookseller, who acts there in the place of such an agent. The *Times* at this moment, although stamped, is sent to nearly every town in the kingdom—and certainly to all those where country papers are published—by the early morning train; and on the passing of the new act the same system will continue, with this single important modification, that whereas the *Times* has now to undergo the unnecessary expense of a stamped impression, it will, notwithstanding mechanical difficulties and stamped and unstamped impression uncertainties, dispense with the stamp, and will reach the town as

at present, but prepared like the Provincial Press to sell for one penny less per copy. For the country villages and hamlets, where I have continually seen the stamped *Times* received by train, it will, of course, be posted like the Provincial Press, or sent unstamped by train, and will, therefore, stand at no disadvantage in price so far. The only one point where it could be damaged would be by purchasers in the country placing a postage-stamp on the paper, which would only frank it for one transmission; but here, again, the country agent has only to order a stamped impression for the country purchaser, and this inconvenience is obviated; the *Times* still sells at the same price in the country town as the country paper proper, and enjoys the same advantages as the country paper in multiplied postal circulation. You will perceive, therefore, that these dexterously-contrived clauses, if intended detrimentally to affect the London Press, will fail of their purpose for the facilities enjoyed by the *Times* are also possessed by the other metropolitan papers. These enormous advantages cannot be commanded by the Country Press to London, or even by the Country Press from town to town, since the demand being so small, the bookseller would not incur the expense of a daily railway parcel for the problematical dissemination of a country newspaper, in which few people take any interest.

Having disposed of the above question, one of greater difficulty meets us, the rapid publication of *fac similes* of the London papers.

It appears again to be a very general impression that the Bill under consideration creates additional facilities in the above respect, and this impression is in so far based on truth, that the deposit of certain moneys and certain securities, and the prepayment of stamps for the impression are abolished. With these few exceptions additional country papers will possess simply the privilege now possessed by the country press and by the London journals, viz., that of stealing *ad libitum* from any contemporary either news articles or other materials without acknowledgment, and with only such inducements to honesty as may be afforded by a tender editorial conscience—a not very substantial guarantee in the best of cases. That there will be the most shameful pillage after the passing of this act is to be anticipated, inasmuch as there has been the most shameful pillage from time immemorial. With the diminution in price of the stamp duty on the London papers, however, and on the present Country Press, and seeing that no additional facilities are created in respect to a system which is already unjustly legalised, I do not perceive how it can become more advantageous to steal in future than it is at present, and I certainly cannot perceive how additional injury to the London Press can arise. The Country Press has already for years past stood in the same position towards the London Press as it will henceforth stand; and the same clauses which it is said would cause now an indefinite multiplication of metropolitan and country sheets, the facility of transfer, the consequent saving of expenses in all departments, &c., have been always in existence; and since for many years past it has not served the purposes of speculators to establish *réchauffés* of intelligence, I do not believe that it will answer in future. Responsible persons could certainly always have provided the necessary caution-money and securities hitherto; and, with respect to a low and debased literature, resulting from the non-employment of those precautions, certain it is that such a literature, however injurious it may be to the nation, will be perfectly harmless as regards the excellent journals at present established, which are conducted with too much enterprise and ability, and with too much gentlemanly feeling, to sustain a loss of influence from such an opposition as is here mentioned.

The above considerations would, therefore, lead to the conviction that the *Times* and other journals will sustain remarkably little, if any, diminution in the number of their impressions from the new Act.

The circulation remaining undiminished, the advertisements that now appear in the London journals would still seek publicity through the same channels. It is not alone the number of copies sold by a paper that constitute it a valuable medium to the advertiser. The character of the paper is, perhaps, a still more important consideration. The *Times* addresses all classes, high and low; its advertisements are therefore directed to all classes. The *Morning Post*, although generally circulating also, circulates more especially in the higher regions of the community. Consequently, persons seeking publicity are willing to pay that journal its present high rates for advertisements, and find their profit, I presume, in so doing. The *Builder*, *Lancet*, and other journals are prominent instances of this "class" advertising, but the operations in force as regards their columns are quite as powerfully operating in regard to the press generally, although the shades of difference are not

so broad nor the line of demarcation so plainly marked. This class consideration is of very great importance in its bearing upon the new journalism, so much so, that for my part, taking this question conjointly with the questions of character, circulation, postal transmission, and facilities of transfer as elaborated above, I confess it I do not understand how the Metropolitan, nay, even the Country Press is to be materially interfered with. In fact, these points confessedly remaining the same, can it be supposed that the mere abrogation of the caution money and security clauses, taken conjointly with the reduction of price effected by the removal of the stamp, will so liberate journalism, or will so diminish the total price of a paper as to cause a universal alteration in the condition of journalism? Doubtless many inferior sheets will be started, but only by those who could not comply with the laws previously in force. This consideration constitutes the paper *a priori* a stale sheet, makes its news some hours old, and precludes the enterprise, expenditure, and rapid information which, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, have for years past ensured the superiority of the London Press, and prevented the profitable transfer and republication of news. Had this not been the case, it were quite preposterous to imagine that the mere caution money, security, and stamp duty, confessedly the only obstacles opposed, would for so many years past have acted as insurmountable hindrances to the establishment of new Metropolitan and Provincial papers. Had there previously existed any law of copyright, and were it now proposed to abrogate that law, doubtless these alarms would be natural enough; and yet, as the event has proved, such alarm would be unfounded, for the daily papers, although unprotected by a law of copyright, have not up to the present time recognised themselves transferred and under a new name in the pages of a journal copyist.

As respects question 5, I confess it, I do not see my way so clearly. There is, doubtless, some foundation for the belief that journals of an inferior character, and addressed only to the lower classes, will be prepared for publication on the day the new stamp act shall come in force. There may also, and I doubt not will, be some few journals of a somewhat higher character, specially intended for those who cannot afford to buy a daily paper, and take it home under present circumstances, but who would frequently indulge their families with a late copy of news if it could be obtained at a considerably less cost. It will be, however, for such persons only that the new journalism can be made available, since the present high class papers may be obtained of any news agent for perhaps one penny per hour, or two hours, and so on. The educated classes, merchants and others, will still adhere to their high class paper for many reasons. The lower classes, should they be fortunate enough to obtain instruction from the new prints, will resort to other pages the moment their intelligence, knowledge, and general ideas respecting the movements of the day shall have been educated to a better standard. The new journalism, indeed, is much more likely to prove an efficient coadjutor to the established press—a sort of preparatory school, indeed—than to do it injury. On the other hand, in the event of any licentious sheets being published, and the new act encouraging such publications, its repeal will be an infinitely more rapid measure than its enactment.

Points 6 and 7 are so intimately connected that they must be discussed together. The first portion of point 6 I have already endeavoured to elucidate: respecting the second, limiting the weight of a newspaper to six ounces, there is much to be said *pro* and *con*. Taking the Post Office as an office established solely for the convenience of the public and not as a source of revenue to the government, and considering that there are other papers than the *Times* which exceed the weight appointed as the limit; and seeing that these papers are, as a rule, the best in their districts, it would appear but just that the limit of weight should be the present weight of the largest journals. This would establish a limit, which is, of course, a necessity. Yet it may be said, that on the publication of two editions of the same book, the one an abridgement at 1s. passing through the post for 6d., the other a full, complete, and admirable edition, heavier from these very causes, and requiring a shilling to frank its transmission, a manifest injustice would be done to the enterprising publisher who had already gone to greater expense, and produced a more admirable and instructive book for the public benefit. Such arguments, doubtless, have weight; but Sir G. Cornwall Lewis will find that an endeavour to abolish a restriction which would doubtless weigh heavily upon the enterprise and talent of the country, would at all events clear the Government from suspicions and aspersions based upon the evident encouragement held out to this new journalism.

The new Stamp Act has now been fully considered in its different bearings upon the journals already established, and upon those that may possibly be projected; but there are several other circumstances introduced by public necessity, which also have a very important bearing upon the question.

These circumstances are the establishment of clubs, reading-rooms, and the electric telegraph.

The two first have already created peculiar classes of newspaper readers, men of taste, judgment, and education, who are now not at all satisfied unless they are enabled to read or to skim over the majority of the London journals, not only daily, but weekly. The reading-rooms, coffee-houses, and taverns, also offer convenient and cheap enough opportunities to read the morning papers; and so largely, indeed, are these facilities taken advantage of, that where a London paper is purchased for only one person, its readers may be numbered by dozens, and that too both in town and country. The electric telegraph more especially affects the establishment of country sheets, since the present Country Press can procure late telegraphic summaries for their first editions and summaries at about ten a.m., which are published in the form of a slip, and *given away*. The newsrooms again have telegraphic summaries as late as two and three, p.m. What is the new journalism to effect against this mass of telegraphic news? The *Times* and other papers are already telegraphed down, or at least their choicest intelligence. This is concentrated into the quantity of perhaps two columns. Of what avail to republish all this news some hours afterwards in a more ample and extended form? The new journalism can do little enough with the telegraph that is not already done. Should it copy from the London papers on their arrival, the entire valuable portion of these republications will have already appeared. The newsrooms will be still obtaining later intelligence, and the new journalism will effect something new indeed, if notwithstanding all these obstacles, it should succeed in establishing itself in public favour, and in obtaining public support.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A FRIEND TO "THE LEADER."

Open Council.

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

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Although our modern Scribes and Pharisees cannot yet be induced to acknowledge that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, it can hardly fail that the late motion—illustrated by Lord Stanley's good sense—will have done some service in battering in breach a time-honoured prejudice, which most men support merely from fear of offending their wives. If perchance any one be bold enough to speak in favour of innocent recreations on Sunday, some lady or other in the company is certain to exclaim with mingled solemnity and alarm, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," at the same time laying a marked emphasis on the last word. But in what language does "holy" mean "gloomy?" In this case the translation itself is in fault, for it should run thus: "to keep it separate"—that is, separate from the six days allotted to labour. And in the Book of Deuteronomy the reason assigned for this "separation" is, that the Jews should not forget the years of bondage and affliction they passed in the land of Egypt. In the twentieth chapter of Exodus, indeed, another motive is given, viz., the commemoration of God's repose from the work of creation. But this is evidently rejected by Christ, when he declares that the Father is continually working without cessation even on the Sabbath. He also repudiates the doctrine and practice of passive inertness on that day, and everywhere inculcates by precept and example a cheerful spirit and social mirth.

Besides, the Jewish festivals, with one single exception, were occasions of rejoicing, of eating, drinking, and making merry. And so far was dancing from being looked upon as a carnal device and invention of the Evil One, that King David danced before the ark "with all his might."

But whatever may have been the custom of an isolated race of men, our reason revolts at the idea of a Creator being honoured by the gloom and ennui of His creatures. By all means let the seventh day be set apart for rest, that men may gather strength for the duties of the six days that follow. It is good also that thanks be offered to the Most High for all the blessings of this life. But the true worship of God is manifested in an upright heart and pure, and in a faithful discharge of all duties, domestic, social, and political. Against these there is no law. And that man is the best citizen and Christian who devotes the seventh day to the development of his own faculties and to the improvement and education of those who depend upon him. That day cannot be better employed than in instructive amusement, such as may be found in Museums and Galleries rather than among the donkeys of Hampstead-heath, or the tea-and-shrimp parlours of Greenwich.

Yours, &c., V.

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*.

WE hardly know how to express the feeling which fills our mind at the thought of the death of Mrs. NICHOLLS of Haworth, the author of *Jane Eyre*. It is as if we had lost some one near and dear to us. And is it not so, really? Do not those whom God has blessed with genius come nearer, make themselves dearer to our hearts, than many of our own kith and kin? To-day her death is announced—yesterday, we took part in a conversation concerning her works, and every one hoped for another book from her before the year's end, although she was married so recently. But a few short months ago all the literary coteries were full of curiosity about her marriage. Now, she has gone "where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage," but she has not gone beyond the range of thankful and admiring hearts that she has won. To most of these she is not dead, nor can ever die—she has only ceased from writing. How different it is with that quiet household and the two desolate hearts to whom her presence was as daily bread! Daughter and wife gone from them! They are alone on the earth; and to them her books are but the works of CURRIER BELL.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE's career as a literary woman commenced with the publication of a volume of poems conjointly with her two sisters, whose lives and early deaths she relates so touchingly in the preface to the last edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*. In that volume, the best verses were hers; and of the novels written by the three sisters subsequently, the best, by far, were hers—though we acknowledge in *Wuthering Heights* power of writing quite preternatural—in other words an abnormal, diseased power, very remarkable, but not exemplary. *Jane Eyre* was published at the end of the year 1847, after the MS. had gone the round of the chief London publishers, and had been rejected. To the discerning eyes owned or employed by Messrs. SMITH and ELDER we owe the publication of the most original novel of our day; they had the gift to know it when they saw it as beyond all question the best novel by any Englishwoman since the days of MARIA EDGEWORTH, and in passion and poetry (though not in character-painting), far beyond Miss EDGEWORTH, or indeed any other woman, save, perhaps, GEORGE SAND. *Shirley*, the second novel, would not have produced so vivid an impression as *Jane Eyre*, even if it had been as good, because it was the second. *Villette*, the last, in the opinion of many critics, here and there gave promise of something yet to come nearer to perfection in this department of literature than we are accustomed to read.

The Empire was in a bad state when the Emperor sought the applause of a "Roman Holiday" by descending himself into the arena, as if he had been a professional Gladiator. It was a terrible blow to the divinity which doth hedge a king; a blow more fatal than fifty regicides. On a lower scale, but in the same suicidal direction, is the attempt of our aristocracy to secure popular favour by descending from its "halls of dazzling light" into the lecture-room, competing with popular lecturers. What would the Barons of England, who could not sign their names, have said to an aristocracy which, not content with making an extremely poor figure in the world of Letters, has finally come to present a still worse appearance in Mechanics Institutions? Our old nobility looks very well in its Halls, Parks, and quiet House of Lords. If not a very beneficial Institution it is at least venerable, historical. But if it aims higher—if it desires to be what it seems—an aristocracy, it must undergo a thorough change in its training. An historical name or broad acres will necessarily command respect. But a name will not reason, acres have no eloquence; and Lord CARLISLE or Sir ROBERT PEEL, who would assuredly throw GEORGE DAWSON in the background at a county ball or election meeting, would assuredly sink into insignificance beside him on the lecturer's platform.

Sir ROBERT PEEL has undertaken to lecture at the Marylebone Institution. We are glad of it for the Institution; but if Sir ROBERT thinks he has a vocation, it would be desirable that he should take his stand on something more intrinsically solid than his social position. What his ideas are on the subject may be gathered from this programme:—

Programme.

AN EVENING WITH THE POETS,

With recitals of beautiful and powerful passages.

SHAKESPEARE.

As You Like It. Hamlet. Othello. Henry IV.

MILTON.

Description of character.

DRYDEN, GOLDSMITH, JOHNSON, BYRON.

POPE.

War. Russia. Poland.

The Prisoner, The Soldier's Grave, Victory, Liberty.

The Sea, The Navy.

SOUTHEY, BYRON.

The Storm, Shipwreck. Description of personal adventure.

Description of Scenery, &c., &c.

To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Is not this attractive? What a fine flowing incoherence it has, and how it suggests a *Victoria* playbill!

The Lecture was of a character accordant with the "bill." A few of remarks on the old poets, some stale quotations in a stagey manner, and then the "Honourable Bart." proceeded to narrate—it occupied an hour or so—the story of his shipwreck in the Mediterranean! Well, we laugh at all this. But the lecture-room was crowded, and the "Honourable Bart." was "vehemently applauded!" Alas, for possible British democracy, is it not but too evident that our cry to sweep aristocracy from Downing-street cannot be very consistent while we entreat Honourable Barts. to be our lecturers too, and, on the plea of "poetry," to talk about—their honourable selves!

When last week we congratulated Psychology and its students on the increasing attention which is paid to Physiology as the only true basis on which the science can be raised, we ought to have warned the reader against the source of danger which lies in the very method of the Psychologists—the danger, namely, of facile hypothesis. An article in *Blackwood* this month, and a very interesting article too, makes us aware of the danger. It is professedly a review of BRODIE's *Psychological Inquiries*, but is really an original essay, in which, by the aid of very hypothetical anatomy, and some bold disregard of fact, the writer undertakes to prove that the proper seat of sensation is not in the brain but in the nerve, and that the brain is simply the organ of Memory. All instincts, appetites, emotions, the writer distributes over the whole nervous system. All the higher intellectual processes not included under Memory are without any organ, are, indeed, not conceivable by the writer as possible to be represented by an organ. He strangely adds:—

We can understand the cerebrum being the organ of memory; at least we can as easily comprehend this as that the eye should be the organ of vision, or nerves spread through the hand the organ of touch; each fibre or each particle of *neurine* repeats its peculiar impression. But if there is anything higher than memory in the mind of man, if there is any power of reason classifying the contents of the memory according to its own laws, we find it utterly impossible to represent this as acting through fibres or particles of *neurine*.

The following passage we leave to the judgment of the reader:—

There are few, if any, who would bestow upon the lower animals the same immaterial spirit which we believe to be immortal in ourselves. There is no one who would deny to them the faculty of sensations; we see that very many of them combine, with the noble sense of vision, some measure of representative thought or memory. Were it not the wiser plan, then, to admit at once that the vital organism in them is, to this extent, sensitive or conscious, rather than insist on it that sensation itself must imply a dualism of mind and body? Our solution would run thus:—An immaterial spirit, a higher principle of consciousness, assumes or takes upon itself, in man, what in other animals is the sensitiveness of the vital organism; it feels in the nerve, it sees in the eye, it remembers in the brain; but the still loftier, and especially human attributes of mind, have no instrument or organ; they can only be described as the energies of the soul itself, exercised on the materials or in the organs of sense, of vision, of memory.

In spite of this unpromising passage, there is much in the article deserving attention; especially what is said about Instinct as the simple action of the organism.

CHARLES DICKENS is the subject of a long and elaborate criticism in the same Magazine, and although it is difficult to say anything novel on a topic which for so many years has been incessantly discussed, the article will be read with interest. Some of its opinions will excite surprise; none more so than the writer's avowal of inability to see the humour of Captain CUTTLE!

Magazine poetry is seldom the poetry which "repays perusal." Out of one's teens, one assiduously avoids it. But *Fraser* contrives to make brilliant exceptions. We read the poetry in *Fraser*, and were not space so exigent we would often quote it. This month there are poems by MATTHEW ARNOLD and FREDERICK TENNYSON, which we should like to give entire; nay, the latter's poem is short enough to insist on a place being found:—

WINDS OF SPRING.

If sudden Summer shone with all her light,
Who could abide her coming? and what eyes
Awaking could affront the flaming skies
Of morning, and not tremble at the sight?

Slowly She bends unto us from the height
Of her enthronement, and unveils her crown
With sovran sweetness as She steppeth down;
Love shades her triumphs, Mercy stays her might.

If, like the frosts of Winter, Woe and Pain,
And sharp Misfortune, like the winds of Spring,
Were not, some flowers, most sweet in blossoming,
Would not be gather'd in the world again.

Hope would not, like the early primrose, blow;
Nor Charity, like the violet on the plain;
Nor Faith, like the bright crocus dash'd with rain;
Nor Pity, like the pale bells in the snow.

Men would be Gods in their unchanging bliss,
If Joy's midsummer zenith could be still
Unshadow'd by a passing cloud of ill—
And the high worlds unseen for light of this.

But, if the star of Gladness rose no more,
Self-centred hearts would harden into stone;
Life's sweetest lights from good and evil thrown
Rise, like the rainbow, 'twixt the sun and shower.

Very curious and *à propos* is the paper on "Military Hospitals a Century

Age," read by the light from Stentari; this raises strange reflections! The initials of J. A. F. would alone suffice to call attention to the article on the "Court of Henry VIII." for all the world knows by this time that Froude is devoting his brilliant style to a *History of England under the Tudors*.

Not should a paper in the *Dublin University Magazine* be passed over, bearing the title *Contemporary and Posthumous Reputation of Authors*. It is rather a series of hints than an essay; but the hints are good, the matter curious. Read this, on—

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

For our own part, we believe Shakspeare to have been a bad Roman Catholic. He lived in a time when the people went to hear the Protestant service said in churches where they had been wont to hear the mass. The great bulk of the populace must have been Roman Catholic in all its associations. It has been attempted to adduce that the father of Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, from the fact that he never went to church; but this proves nothing, and is little to the purpose. The associations of centuries in the mind of a people are not displaced in a day. We think that the instincts, the prejudices, the affections of memory and habit, the inclinations of custom, in the mind of the great dramatist, were towards the old creed—its forms, its superstitions, its dogmas. But his intellect was too independent and speculative to find complete comfort at any church-door; and whenever he puts aside popular superstitions, it is not to cling to newer rituals, but to adventure upon philosophic doubts. He was, at once, too human and too genial in his nature to be quite independent of popular sympathies and types; too keen and impatient in the desire of truth to be led by the Churchmen. He was an unsettled Roman Catholic—a dilatory sceptic (in the metaphysical sense of the word); but not a hearty Protestant. His temperament is for ever at war with his intellect. As poet, he is ever clinging to the sensuous—as philosopher, ever in search of the abstract.

There is, we think, ample evidence of this throughout his works. The genuine Protestantism of that time was Puritanism. The players of the Globe and Blackfriars were for ever at war with this body; and Shakspeare was of a temperament far too exquisitely susceptible of sensuous beauty, and was far too convivial and hearty in his habits, to look with any love upon asceticism. He never spares these severe Reformers in his plays; and in *Troilus and Cressida* he even goes out of his way, and runs into wilful and ridiculous anachronism, to have a hit at them.

Here again is something on—

CONTEMPORARY OPINION OF SHAKESPEARE.

We are puzzled to know how far he was rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. That he was appreciated there can be little doubt; but we question if it was to the full. We must believe that Spenser was the fashionable poet of the time; but he certainly alludes with high honour to Shakspeare. And yet it is less the profundity and majesty of his stupendous genius than its genial and graceful humanity, that we find everywhere praised by those who were nearest to him. Spenser says:—

"And he, the man whom Nature self hath made,
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly caudery, under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy," &c.

And again he speaks of him as—

"That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow," &c.

Honey and sweet nectar are surely not the first characteristics of a brain from whence proceeded *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Shylock*; and *Othello*, and *Lea*!

We think there can be no doubt of the reference in those lines. But how do we come to know him so affectionately from all his praisers as "Gentle Willy?" Milton even speaks of—

"Gentle Shakspeare, Nature's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

Surely there is something far above the bucolics in his genius?

Chittie praises him for his "honeyed muse," while requesting him to "drop a sable tear" upon the hearse of Queen Elizabeth; and a contemporary writer speaks of his "mellifluous tongue," and his "sugared sonnets."

We must squeeze in this on—

SHAKESPEARE DYSPEPTIC.

We venture the belief that he was subject to fits of intensely low spirits and gloom, at times. We doubt if his digestion was not sometimes at war with his good living. How frequent throughout his plays are the invocations against evil dreams and restless nights? Where else is so strangely given us the whole "anatomy of melancholy?" Who else has been so thoroughly to the heart of solitude and sorrow? How, too, does he not gloat over the loathsome interior of the tomb of all the Capulets with Juliet; and with Clarence on the monstrous abyss of ocean; and with the Ghost of the Royal Dane upon the preternatural horrors of Purgatory.

The *Magazine* altogether is amusing, but that is the best paper in it.

To notice Reviews after *Magazines*, is like coming to the roast after a light skirmish with *entrées*. The *Westminster* presents a very solid aspect, not heavy, but demanding digestive leisure. It opens with an elaborate article on the *Courts of Austria*, as full of matter as of sentences, yet so easily and skilfully presented that we read it *currente ophthalmo*. From MAXIMILIAN I. to FERDINAND I.—from 1498 to 1848, there is a gallery of imperial portraits sketched in this article, with rapid touches painting the social tone of the Courts, and many anecdotes giving piquancy to the narrative. *Dryden and his Times* agreeably follows, and may be read with the other biographical article, on *Victor Hugo*, and his works, the latter questionable in its criticism but useful in its facts. While Literature and History are thus represented, our political questions find a place in papers on *Our Army: its Condition and Wants*, *Lord Palmerston as Premier*, and the *Reorganisation of the Civil Service*. The first of these is first-rate, just what a Review article on a current topic should be; the second is just what such an article should not be; and the third we have not had time to read. *Our Army* is what such a paper should be, because it contains a mass of information very necessary, and not accessible through the newspapers, yet of interest to all readers of newspapers. The "Palmerston" paper, on the other hand, is precisely what the newspapers can furnish, and do furnish—a leading article. In the old days of Reviews, such articles made sensations, in our days they are read with less interest when they are read at all. We could

gladly make many extracts from the article on "Our Army," but extracts would not convey a proper idea of it. We will take two, almost at random, by way of varying our own text. Here is one on

WHO GETS THE COMMISSIONS?

It is a common mistake, and one which the *Times* has lately been led into, to fancy that army commissions are the property of the aristocracy. That the noble families of this country have pretty well monopolised the Foot Guards, is true; but people have but a small conception of the jealousy with which the Horse Guards distributes its patronage. The Duke of Rottenborough is a very great man in his own way; but old Squaretoes, of the "Senior," will beat his grace hollow at getting a commission. It is not merely putting the candidate's name down at the Horse Guards, and lodging his commission-money at Cox and Co's. You must get round the back premises. You must know somebody who will probably meet old Squaretoes at dinner next Friday, and who will ask Squaretoes to speak to the military secretary in your favour. Squaretoes has known the military secretary these forty years, and the last command Squaretoes had, he took the military secretary's son as his aide-de-camp; and though now he is a very plain old gentleman, who reads his paper daily at the "Senior," it is quite extraordinary the number of commissions he has obtained; and many a one, too, without purchase. One of his grandsons got a vacancy the other day in the Rifles, and another has been promised an unattached company; not bad things in their way; considering that Squaretoes has three sons, four nephews, and nine grandsons in the service. No greater mistake was ever made than to suppose the Army belonged to the aristocracy. The fact is, it will not pay the middle classes to take it up as a profession, and unless you have been accustomed from your childhood to pass off as a fine gentleman, though without a screw, or that you have plenty of money to spare, the army won't answer. Gunter will tell you, if you ask him, that man who are not of the aristocracy can get their sons into the army; and what is more, that a man is no more bullied because his father is a pastrycook or a tailor, than if he were the son of the oldest family in England.

Here is another on

THE PURCHASE OF COMMISSIONS.

The argument on the part of the people is, that the highest honours in every profession should be open to all who deserve it, and that the purchase system renders the army a monopoly for certain classes. That the latter part of the argument is not entirely correct is shown at once by what may be almost termed the dislike that the manufacturing and commercial classes have of putting their sons in the army; and surely money is not wanted among them. Of the soundness of the former part there can be no doubt; but before raising non-commissioned officers to officers, render the army such that a different stamp of men will enlist. The men of like energy, of talent, and often of education, to those who are to be found in the ranks of continental nations, look out in England for something besides a shilling a day. Australia, California, the commerce of this country, afford a refuge and a future which on the Continent is unknown. As affairs are at present, the first thing to be done is to improve the condition of both men and officers. Increase the pay of the private. Don't stop his rations, and his washing, and his wear and tear of boots and of clothing, and his pipeclay, and barrack-damages, all out of his shilling a day. Raise the pay of the non-commissioned officer, who out of his scanty salary can scarce buy bread for his children after paying 3s. 6d. a week for a dirty whitewashed room in a slum at the back of the barracks. Then if as a means of transition every two steps were given by purchase, and the third to merit, as displayed either in long or brilliant services, and if the commission of every man who died in the service were sold and given to his family, the service would derive great immediate benefit, and the pension list would be rendered much lighter.

Having already exceeded our limits, we must defer till next week notice of the *British Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, and *Journal of Psychological Medicine*.

VELASQUEZ.

Velasquez and his Works. By William Stirling.

J. W. Parker and Son.

THIS book is a solid and valuable contribution to the art literature of England. It is written throughout with great care and earnestness, in a manly, straightforward style. The narrative flows easily; the biographical illustrations are skilfully introduced; the historical learning is modestly displayed; and the technical knowledge of pictures is recommended to the general reader by an entire and commendable absence of art-jargon. In a word, this is one of the good and useful books of our time. We have heard it objected to Mr. Stirling that he is disposed to rate Velasquez too highly as a poetical painter. Even assuming that this piece of criticism has a foundation in truth, the little defect to which it refers forms no drawback to the merit of the work in our estimation. We have no manner of belief in a biographer who does not treat his subject with some honest, human partiality in its favour. If the work—the hard, self-sacrificing work—of getting materials together for the writing of a man's life be not sweetened from its beginning and throughout its progress by an extraordinary kindness for the man, or by an extraordinary admiration for what he has done, we doubt very much whether that work will ever be truly and thoroughly accomplished, no matter who the doer of it may be, or how "judicial" a mind (as the phrase goes) he may possess. For it is not enough that a man's whole mind is in his work, when he takes up his pen to instruct or amuse his fellow-creatures. His whole heart must be in it too, or it is meagre and ineffective work at the very best. Although the world will not allow a biographer to violate truth, it will gladly permit him to draw the friendliest inferences from biographical facts, and will relish his subject all the more for his partial way of treating it. The most popular biographies in the English language are partially written by authors who were quite incapable of really treating their subjects judicially. Brutus is a mighty great man in the capacity of a judge; make a biographer of him and he is inferior to Boswell.

We find, after reading Mr. Stirling's excellent preliminary sketch of painting in Spain, that Velasquez was born in the same year as Vandyke, the last year of the sixteenth century. The great Spanish painter started on his career of study with that wholesome determination to guide his art rigidly by the realities of nature, which was the intellectual principle of his life, and which makes the distinguishing excellence of his works. The passage in which Mr. Stirling describes the youthful studies of the Master may be extracted as a fair specimen to present, before we go further, of the tone and style of the biography:—

He discovered, also, that nature herself is the artist's best teacher, and industry his surest guide to perfection. He very early resolved neither to sketch nor to colour any object without having the thing itself before him. That, he might have a model of the human countenance ever at hand, "he kept," says Pacheco, "a peasant lad, as an apprentice, who served him for a study in different actions and postures, sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, till he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likenesses." He thus laid the foundation of the inimitable ease and perfection with which he afterwards painted heads, in which his excellence was admitted even by his detractors, in a precious piece of criticism often in their mouths—that he could paint a head, and nothing else. To this, when it was once repeated to him by Philip IV., he replied, with the noble humility of a great master and the good humour which most effectually turns the edge of sarcasm, that they flattered him, for he knew nobody of whom it could be said that he painted a head thoroughly well.

To acquire facility and brilliancy in colouring, he devoted himself for a while to the study of animals and still life, painting all sorts of objects rich in tones and tints, and simple in configuration, such as pieces of plate, metal and earthen pots and pans, and other domestic utensils, and the birds, fish, and fruits, which the woods and waters around Seville so lavishly supply to its markets. These "bodegones" of his early days are worthy of the best pencils of Flanders, and now are no less rare than excellent. The Museum of Valladolid possesses a fine one, enriched with two figures of life size, keeping watch over a multitude of culinary utensils, and a picturesque heap of melons, and those other vegetables for which the chosen people, too mindful of Egypt, murmured in the wilderness of Sinai. At Seville, Don Aniceto Bravo has, or had, a large picture of the same character, but without figures, displaying much more of the manner of the master; and Don Juan de Govantes possesses a small and admirably painted study of a "cardo," cut ready for the table.

The next step of Velasquez, in his progress of self-instruction, was the study of subjects of low life, found in such rich and picturesque variety in the streets and on the waysides of Andalusia, to which he brought a fine sense of humour and discrimination of character. To this epoch is referred his celebrated picture of the "Water-carrier of Seville," stolen by King Joseph, in his flight from the palace of Madrid, and taken in his carriage, with a quantity of the Bourbon plate and jewels, at the rout of Vittoria. Presented by King Ferdinand VII. to the great English captain, who placed him on his hereditary throne, it is now one of the Wellington trophies at Apsley House. It is a composition of three figures: a sunburnt, wayworn seller of water, dressed in a tattered brown jerkin, with his huge earthen jars, and two lads, one of whom receives a sparkling glass of the pure element, whilst his companion quenches his thirst from a pipkin. The execution of the heads and all the details is perfect; and the ragged trader, dispensing a few maravedis' worth of his simple stock, maintains, during the transaction, a grave dignity of deportment highly Spanish and characteristic, and worthy of an emperor pledging a great vassal in Tokay.

After forming his genius by this admirable and independent course of study, Velasquez entered the service of Philip IV., at Madrid, as court-painter. His first portrait of his master at once asserted his transcendent abilities. From this time his labours (comprehending pictures of all classes of subject, from Sacred History to Still Life) were pursued in the full light of court favour. The king was a constant visitor to his studio; offices of dignity were conferred on him in the royal household; and he numbered among his friends the most powerful and most famous men in Spain. He twice visited Italy, copying the works of the great Italian masters, and painting pictures of his own, among others a portrait of the Pope Innocent X. On his second return to Spain he painted his famous picture of the "Maid of Honour," by some regarded as the greatest of his works; his death happened in the sixty-first year of his age, and his remains received the highest funeral honours which his king and his country could accord to them.

Such is the bare outline of the career of Velasquez. For the colour and the modelling which complete and give interest to the biographical picture, we refer the reader from this notice to Mr. Stirling's elegant and interesting book. Few persons in this country, who have any fondness for pictures at all, can require to be reminded by us that there is one noble specimen at least of the genius of Velasquez in the National Gallery of London, which is amply sufficient to show Englishmen that the Spaniard was in very truth a king among painters. Not even the grand portraits at Dulwich and in the Louvre—pictures which, to our thinking, have more genuine poetry in them than nine-tenths of the Holy Families, Saints, and Archangels of the professedly poetical painters after the time of Raphael—not even the noblest portraits of Velasquez assert his manliness and vigour as a painter, his grand grasp of subject and wonderful command of technical qualities, his healthy and unshrinking adherence to nature, so unmistakably, in our estimation, as the "Boar Hunt" in the National Gallery. We recommend all our readers who can do so to refresh their memories by another look at that admirable picture before they begin the reading of Mr. Stirling's book. It proves the illustrious Spaniard's right to the posthumous honour of a good biography—and that is more, far more, than can be said of many famous Old Masters who have had his life written, and his pictures lectured about. Into the disputed question of the right of Velasquez to be called a poetical painter it is not worth while to enter. We have heard Nicolo Poussin and Claude called poetical painters. If they are poets, then assuredly Velasquez was none. If the farther a picture gets away from the sublime realities of Nature, the higher the Art of the man who paints it—then certainly, such a picture as the "Boar Hunt" is not High Art. On that canvas the men and women are really human beings, startlingly natural and life-like in grouping and action—there, the hills, the trees, and the sky show the very form and colour, the very light and shade of Nature herself. Who can honestly say as much of the bacchanalian abominations of Nicolo Poussin, or of the essentially un-Italian set-scenes of Claude, which hang in the same gallery with the "Boar Hunt?"

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS.

Mountains and Molehills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryat. Author of "Bornoo and the Eastern Archipelago."

MR. MARRYAT started in life in his father's profession, and early acquired the self-reliance, the roving turn, and the habitual cheerfulness, which are all three the fruits of an education in her Majesty's navy. For, while a youngster of the same class on shore is writing bad Latin, and bungling over irregular verbs, the midshipman is already schooled for practical ac-

tion, and has begun to take his share of the world's work. And hence, if he quits the service, he carries with him a training which will help him in anything else he applies to; viz., a readiness to adapt himself to conditions, and a liveliness of temperament, which are of use in all manner of human employments, and will do him a good turn whether he takes to the church, or makes for the diggings. A curious paper might be written on naval men who have become famous in other professions. The list would include several notables, from the Athenian Demades to the Scottish Erskines; and, among them, Rennell the geographer, our contemporary lawyer Theobaldiger, not to mention an eminent garter-king-at-arms, and an editor of Tibullus, known to the learned as "Brouckhusius." "cui," says the erudite Heyne, "Tibullus plurimum debet." The last-mentioned gentleman had even, we believe, risen to the command of a man-of-war before he resolved to distinguish himself in polite letters.

Mr. Marryat started to California with the fine easy decision of the nautical mind, intending to open the world-oyster in those distant regions with his midshipman's sword. How far he had a pecuniary success we do not presume to inquire, but we know that he was successful as a traveller, for every page of his readable book shows that he gained an excellent acquaintance with the country, and a successful book of travels is as good a result of an expedition as any adventurer has a right to expect. Good sense and good humour are characteristics of it from first to last. And nothing is so interesting as the way in which the author adapts himself to circumstances, generally falling on his feet as readily as he uses his head. Business looking stupid, Mr. Marryat goes up the country and lives by his gun. Speculation being flat, Mr. Marryat joins a theatrical company, and plays as "Mr. Warren." His fellow-travellers on one occasion are all seized with yellow fever; Mr. Marryat is seized too, and, alone of the company, recovers.

It is to be remembered by the reader, that Mr. Marryat appears to a disadvantage in this book, the "journal," which would have been so serviceable, having been "burnt." But if he had not chosen to tell us this we should not have guessed that anything was wanting. Many a man keeps his journal perfectly safe, and then writes a work not half so well supplied with matter. The style is sensible, rapid, easy; may be described as a specimen of the best mess-table talk—such as conversation is, not in the "Widggon," or the "Peashen," perhaps (which would be below the mark), but as it is in the very best and most cultivated messes of a service, which does not talk the least like the fellows in ridiculous coats and trousers who pass for "naval officers" in the theatres on the south side of the Thames.

We proceed to make some extracts from this agreeable work; that Mr. Marryat may be heard for himself. And first for

LIFE AT ST. FRANCISCO.

There are no public lamps in the town at this time, so that the greater part of it is admirably adapted for that portion of the population who gain their livelihood by robbery and murder in those cases where people object to being robbed. But Commercial-street, which is composed entirely of saloons, is a blaze of light, and resounds with music from one end to the other. No expense is spared to attract custom, the bar-keepers are "artists" in their profession; rich soft velvet sofas and rocking-chairs invite the lounge; but popular feeling runs strongest in favour of the saloon that contains a pretty woman to attend the bar. Women are rarities here; and the population flock in crowds and receive drinks from the fair hands of the female dispenser, whilst the fortunate proprietor of the saloon realises a fortune in a week—and only has that time to do it in, for at the end of that period the charmer is married! A French ship arrived during my stay, and brought as passengers a large number of very respectable girls, most of whom were tolerably well looking; they were soon caught up by the saloon proprietors as waiting-women at salaries of about 50¢ each per month, and after this influx the public became gradually inured to female attendance, and looked upon it as a matter of no moment.

Near the centre of the town is a square, which, in common with many other things in the country, retains its Spanish appellation, and is called the "Plaza;" two sides of this are occupied by brick buildings, devoted solely to gambling. We have the "Verandah," "Eldorado," "Parker House," "Empire," "Rendez-vous," and "Bella Union," in one row. Most of these establishments belong to companies, for the amount of capital required is very large. One or two of the houses are under French superintendence; companies having been formed in Paris, who openly avowed their object in the prospectus they issued. On entering one of these saloons the eye is dazzled almost by the brilliancy of chandeliers and mirrors. The roof, rich with gilt-work, is supported by pillars of glass; and the walls are hung with French paintings of great merit, but of which female nudity forms alone the subject. The crowds of Mexicans, miners, niggers, and Irish bricklayers, through which with difficulty you force a way, look dirtier (although there is no need of this) from contrast with the brilliant decorations. Green tables are scattered over the room, at each of which sit two "monte" dealers surrounded by a betting crowd. The centres of the tables are covered with gold ounces and rich specimens from the diggings, and these heaps accumulate very rapidly in the course of the evening, for "monte," as played by these dexterous dealers, leaves little chance for the staker to win. The thin Spanish cards alone are used, and although the dealer is intently watched by a hundred eyes, whose owners, in revenge for having lost, would gladly detect a cheat, and fall upon him and tear him to pieces, yet are these eyes no match for his dexterous fingers, and the savage scrutiny with which he is assailed as his partner rakes in the stakes produces no emotion on his pale unimpassioned face. The duty of a "monte" dealer is one of great difficulty; although surrounded by a clamorous crowd, and the clang of music, his head is occupied by intricate calculations, his eyes are watchfully (though apparently carelessly) scanning the faces that surround his table, yet they appear to be riveted to his cards; he has, in the presence of vigilant observers, to execute feats, the detection of which would cost him his life;—nightly almost he draws his revolver in self-defence;—and through all this he must never change a muscle of his face, and must be ready at all times to exercise a determined courage in resenting the mere suspicion of dishonesty on his part, if such is expressed incautiously by those about him.

Amidst all the din and turmoil of the crowd, and the noisy music that issues from every corner, two or three reports of a pistol will occasionally startle the stranger, particularly if they should happen to be in his immediate vicinity, and a bullet should (as is not uncommon) whistle past his head and crack the mirror on the other side of him. There is a general row for a few moments, spectators secure themselves behind pillars and under the bar; there is a general exclamation of "don't shoot," which means of course "don't shoot till we get out of the way," but after the first discharge the excitement settles down, and the suspended games are resumed. A wounded man is carried out, but whether it is a "monte" dealer who has shot a

player, or one gentleman who has drawn on another gentleman, in the heat of altercation, one does not learn that night, but it will appear in the morning paper; if the former it will be headed "Murderous affray," if the latter, "Unfortunate difficulty." There are different names for the same thing, even in a democratic colony! The climate of California is very healthy;—there is a tendency in it to intermittent fever and ague in some parts of the mountains; but in the mines, sickness has generally resulted from imprudent exposure, and the drinking of the worst possible description of ardent spirits. On the sea-coast and at San Francisco, the weather is very changeable during the summer months. When the sun rises and clears away the fog that hangs over the bay, the air is as pure and transparent as that of Naples; by noon the glass is at 90 deg., and then the sea breeze sets in, and would be welcome, but that it does not fan one gently like other sea breezes, but bursts on you with the force of a hurricane, blows off a bit of the roof of your house, and sends the fine dust in whirling clouds along the street, in such a way that the people would profit by lying down flat on their stomachs, as they do in a regular Simoom!

The following contains both information and humour:—

GRIZZLY BEARS.

The chief difficulty in killing the grizzly bear arises from the formation of his head, which is convex. The ball generally glances off sufficiently to avoid the brain; you have in fact but three vital parts, the back of the ear, the spine, and the heart; and it is said that the grizzly bear will live long enough after being shot in the latter part to do much mischief. He is always in motion, and I think the steadiest of hunters will allow that his conduct when wounded is not calculated to improve one's aim. The very fact of finding that you hit him so often without effect destroys confidence, and the sudden rushes that the bear makes at his assailant is a great trial to the hunter's nerve. There are many accidents of the description I witnessed on record, although I know one or two instances of bears being killed at the first shot.

It appears to me that a recorder of travels has a difficulty to surmount, which falls to the lot of no other writer, for whilst duty admonishes him to give a strictly veracious account of everything that comes before his notice (and of a great deal that does not), inclination and the publisher prompt him to avoid prosiness, for this very good reason, that if he enters into details he bores his readers; but then, on the other hand, if he is not sufficiently specific, he is pronounced a "superficial observer."

This observation is induced by the necessity of my introducing, at all costs, further accounts respecting the grizzly bear.

When we consider the weight of the grizzly, which often reaches fifteen hundred pounds, the enormous strength of which he is possessed, as evidenced by the limbs of trees which he will wrench from the trunk, and his extraordinary speed and activity, we have reason (speaking as one who lives in his vicinity) for congratulation that the animal is of inoffensive habits, and avoids the presence of man. The sole instance to the contrary is that in which you are unfortunate enough to invade the domestic circle of the she-bear when accompanied by her cubs: she invariably gives chase the instant she sees the intruder, who, if he is wise, will "draw a bee-line" in an opposite direction. In running from a bear, the best plan is to turn round the side of a hill, for the bear having then as it were two short legs and two long ones, can't, under such circumstances, run very fast. There is but one sized tree that you can climb in safety in escaping from a bear, and you may run a long way before you find it. It must be just too small for your pursuer to climb up after you, and just too large for it to pull down, a nice point to hit. The she-bear is invariably irascible when nursing, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that the male-bear is seldom found in her company; to her he leaves the education and support of their progeny, whilst he seeks amusement elsewhere—I might say at his club, for it is the habit of bears to congregate in threes or fours under a tree for hours, and dance on their hams in a very ludicrous manner, with no apparent ostensible object but that of passing the time away and getting away from their wives.

Mr. Marryat gives excellent advice to emigrants. But our readers would prefer, most probably, to hear him in his lighter vein. In the anecdote which we subjoin lies a terrible lesson to Snob and Gent; specimens of each class (and some who are both together) are no doubt to be found everywhere, now-a-days. Would that punishment awaited them in every case with the certainty with which it pursued the "Bobbins" of the following adventure. The scene was a steamer which runs from Aspinwall to New York, and Mr. Marryat was, with other Californians, homeward bound:—

We had on board the junior partner of some English house, who was returning from a business visit he had made to some part of South America. He gave himself great airs, and being dressed with the extreme taste which characterises your fast city man, he threw us all into the shade, for we as yet were not fashionably attired, nor had we put razors to our chins.

One day at dinner this fellow, being affronted at some negligence on the part of the waiter, said, "Aw! do you take me for a returned Californian?"

This remark being audible above the din of knives and forks produced a sudden silence, and, for a moment I thought that Mr. Bobbins's ears would have been taken off with a carving knife. Fortunately, for him, however, each one was in high spirits at the thought of reaching home, and being very hungry continued his dinner without waiting to resent the impertinence.

There was a man on board who had brought with him from the mines two young grizzly bear cubs, who were just getting large enough to be dangerous, and that evening as Mr. Bobbins was dreamily enjoying a cigar on deck, he was aroused from the contemplation of his patent leather boots by moonlight with, "Sir, allow me to introduce to you two returned Californians." Urso major, thereupon, being held up, scratched Bobbins's face, whilst urso minor attacked the patent leathers, which he forcibly removed, together with a toe-nail or so with his teeth.

Whilst one miner held a screeching, biting, ring-tailed monkey over Mr. Bobbins's head, another produced a savage bull terrier, who, having done his duty at the mines dogfully, seemed very anxious indeed to make the acquaintance of Mr. Bobbins's throat.

It was some time before the "returned Californians" could tear themselves away from their new acquaintance, and when they did, they tore away more of his cross-barred trousers and cut-away coat than any tailor could repair.

Nothing remains but to recommend this pleasant book to all lovers of sense and fun.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Corsica in its Picturesque, Social, and Historical Aspects: Being the Record of a Tour in the Summer of 1862. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Russell Martineau, M.A. 8 Parts. (The Traveller's Library, Parts 79, 80, and 81.) Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The Church and its Episcopal Corruption in Wales: An Appeal to the People of England. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan. Robert Hardwicke.

Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities. By Edwin Waugh. Whittaker and Co.

Wolferst Roost: and other Sketches. By Washington Irving. George Routledge and Co.

The Fibrous Plants of India fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper. With an Account of the Cultivation and Preparation of Flax, Hemp, and their Substitutes. By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, in which the Accentuation, Orthography, and Pronunciation of the English Language are distinctly shown, according to the best authorities, and every word defined with Clearness and Brevity. (New Edition.) G. Routledge and Co. Saunders and Otley.

Poems. By Arthur M. Morgan.

The Arts.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

It will be a long time before Saturday evening last ceases to be talked about, either in the fashionable, literary, or dramatic coterie of London. The amount of brains and beauty collected within the OLYMPIC THEATRE, on the occasion of the Amateur Performance for the benefit of Mr. ANGUS REACH, had never yet been so effectively condensed in anybody's memory; and it was difficult to say whether the auditory or the stage presented the most agreeable spectacle. The stalls glowed with bright colours like spring tulip-beds; the dress circle alike formed a conservatory of the fairest flowers of female loveliness; far and away, to the very back of the pit, white and *cerise visites*, pale camellias, and glossy bands and tresses, formed points for the eye to rest upon wherever it turned; and the very gallery looked as if the ordinary Opera pit audience had ascended there for the nonce, and was enjoying the change mightily. Equally pleasant was it to see the eager anxiety with which the different celebrities of the day were regarded by the fair patricians, as one after the other was pointed out or recognised—how the *lorgnette* of the bright Duchess of WELLINGTON was directed towards CHARLES DICKENS, and the Editor of *Punch* formed quite a target for eye-glances as soon as he was indicated to Lady AYLESBURY. How Mr. THACKERAY showed his daughters the young hero of the Balaklava charge, Sir GEORGE WOMBWELL; and JOHN LEECH was sweeping the house with his keen eye for fresh beauties, for his inimitable pictures of young-lady life. It was a rare sight; and the excellent regulations that had been enforced with respect to the tickets sold—no less in limiting numbers than in ensuring an almost exclusive propriety—left nothing to be desired.

Beyond two or three brief, and in most cases merely allusive paragraphs, nothing had been announced as to the object or programme of the evening's amusements. Yet everybody knew it, and knew that a pantomime was to be attempted—daring ambition—for the first time, by amateurs; and so great was the excitement caused by this report, and so eager the curiosity to witness it, that many more persons than were in the house were unable to obtain tickets. Admissions were sold and resold at incredible prices; and on Saturday afternoon, at a well-known literary club, twelve guineas were given for a small pit box, which ten minutes afterwards might have fetched fifteen.

With admirable punctuality, the curtain rose at eight for the farce of *My Neighbour's Wife*. The three ladies were represented by Miss M. OLIVER, Miss ELLEN TURNER, and Miss MASKELL; and the husbands by Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Mr. HALLETT, and Mr. EDMUND YATES. On any other occasion this farce would have been pronounced as having been admirably performed—and, indeed, the laughter of the audience was as spontaneous as their applause was liberal—but still the pantomime was to be the thing of the evening, and the attention and energy of the house in general appeared to be reserved for this undertaking. "I wonder how they will get through it!" was observed innumerable times; and we must say (except among the privileged few who had been admitted to the rehearsals, and knew what the *troupe* could do), mistrust was uppermost.

After a very short delay the curtain rose for the prologue, which had been written by Mr. TOM TAYLOR. Mr. COLE, capably made up for SHAKESPEARE, or rather not made up at all, for the physical resemblance was most remarkable;—Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, in modern evening costume, as the Present Drama; and Miss OLIVER, as the Spirit of Pantomime, very prettily dressed after the *Arlecchino* of the old Italian pantomime (sketched, we believe, by Mr. THACKERAY), held a clever argument about each other's prospects. For the only time the objects of the evening's gathering were here alluded to, but with great delicacy. These lines were so charmingly given by Miss OLIVER, that a warm recognition followed their delivery.

The overture followed, and then came the pantomime. The curtain again rose to discover the vaults below the Houses of Parliament, and the audience directly recognised the well-known features of Mr. ALBERT SMITH, who, as *Catesby*, was smoking a long pipe and sitting on one of the powder barrels. He was heartily welcomed, and directly went off at a burst, with one of his rapid songs, in which nobody knows how much of the history of England, relating to the period, was condensed. The audience being thus put *au courant* with the plot, were prepared to receive *Guy Fawkes*; and when that renowned personage appeared, embodied by Mr. TOM HOLMES, with his lantern and tinder-box, and bowed his head down in the most approved style of Mr. W. H. PAYNE, until it touched his toes, their delight knew no bounds.

"Yes," says the *Times*, "people really began to believe that an amateur pantomime was possible. A great weight was, therefore, removed from the mind, which became keenly susceptible of enjoyment. A parody on an Italian air, admirably sung by Mr. Holmes, was loudly applauded, and the statement of the Lord Montague (Mr. Hale) of King James's time that he was 'Lord Montague, formerly Spring Rice,' elicited roars of mirth. But the cream of the introduction was the terrific combat between *Catesby* and *Fawkes*, in which Messrs. Smith and Holmes went through all those conventional poses that earned immortality in those good old days when the Coburg had not yet taken the name of the Victoria. The introduction was comprised in a single scene, and, according to a common modern practice, the actors of the harlequinade were not the same with those of the story. When the moment of 'transformation' arrived, and the Spirit of the Thames, enacted by Miss Martindale, told *Catesby* to change into Harlequin, the old nervousness of the audience returned once more. What they had hitherto seen showed grotesque talent, it is true, but, after all, it was only the 'little go' of the affair; the difficulties of Clownery and Pantaloonery had yet to be surmounted, and a breakdown was yet upon the cards. Most efficiently were these fears dispelled by the first entrance of the chief characters. Mr. Bidwell looked as much like a real Harlequin as any that ever sparkled at Christmas; Mr. Arthur Smith was a thorough Pantaloon; Mr. Edmund Yates was an unexceptionable lover; and Mr. J. Robins was an ordinary—no, he was not, he was an extraordinary Clown, for, with his stout figure, his fat face, and the expression of quiet humour in his eyes and mouth, he gave a taste of that quality which playgoers of thirty years' standing may recollect in Grimaldi, but of which modern *habitués* of the theatre know but little. The Columbine was, of course, professional, and a more excellent Columbine could not have been obtained than Miss Rosina Wright. In the

various scenes of the harlequinade the amateurs were successively put to every test of pantomimic art, excepting that talent for posture-making which is a modern innovation, and passed victoriously through them all. The business-like manner in which they executed all the conventional movements, supposed to be the exclusive property of a small body of professional artists, was really amazing. The audience could scarcely believe that Harlequin was in earnest when he prepared to leap through a wall, but he was so notwithstanding, and, if he was not quite glib the first time, he went through the scene like a shot whenever he repeated the exploit. It could scarcely be expected that amateurs would interchange those violent assaults which make up so much of the comic business of pantomime, but never did Clown and Pantaloon belabour each other more heartily, or tumble down with more formidable truthfulness, than Mr. J. Robins and Mr. Arthur Smith. The audience, inspired by the triumph of the performers, at last forgot that they were amateurs altogether, and shouted aloud for 'Hot Codlins.' The new test was gallantly accepted, and Mr. J. Robins sang the famous legend of the 'little old woman' with all contortions of voice and countenance that would have satisfied the most rigid judge of pantomimic proprietors. Nor should we, while recording the excellence of the principal characters, forget the accessories. A series of burlesque *poses plastiques*, executed by Messrs. Holmes, Ibbertson, and Hallett, in the dress of acrobats, were imitatively comic, and scarcely less so was the performance of Mr. E. Yates, who, as a careful tight-rope dancer, chalked a line upon the ground, and upon that, instead of a real cord, went through all the business of actual peril and precaution. Mr. Albert Smith, too, reappeared in the harlequinade, dressed as a showman, and sang the late Mr. Mathews's song of the 'Country Fair,' with several modifications of his own. Some exceedingly clever balancing tricks were done by a gentleman who seemed to be unknown to the generality of the audience; but Mr. Albert Smith, who was on the stage during the feats, called out that he was an amateur.

"The fall of the curtain was the signal for shouts of applause and calls for the principal actors, and, as the audience left the theatre, one declaration might be plainly heard from many lips, 'This is the best pantomime I ever saw in my life.'"

We are glad to hear that a second performance of the Pantomime is to be given after Easter.

The following is the Prologue, from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor:—

PROLOGUE

THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE rises through a trap.

Shaks. What's this? Lights! Ladies! Gallants! Sore I fear
That William Shakspeare has no business here.
In Sadler's Wells or Shoreditch he may show—
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow!"
But thus far West, how dare he venture forth,
When he should serve his Phelps, in the far North?
But thus it comes: Ex-managers departed
Have leave, when Cerberus is tender-hearted,
To quit the grave, and change its earthy damps
For that delicious odour of the lamps.

Thus I, *de facto* ghost—stage king *de jure*,
Incog., in Covent Garden, or Old Drury,
At midnight, may to the dim stage recall
My subjects and creations, one and all.
There Betterton treads Hamlet's wayward course,
Richard, in Garrick's voice, still calls "to horse!"
The grim Thane's wife looks forth from Siddons' eyes;
Coriolanus moves in Kemble's guise;
O'er Juliet's balcony hangs sweet O'Neil;
In Kean's lithe hand old Shylock whets his steel;
Young, with Iago's bluntness masks his sneer;
Macready gasps the curse of heart-wrung Lear.
Alas! 'tis fancy all—that stately throng
Yield to Bal Masqué and Italian song.
But yet, 'tis sweet to tread the fallen scene,
And think, though such things are not, they have been.
Upon such errand bound I wandered here
And find it is a play-night—that is clear—
And, with such goodly audience, I incline
To a faint hope it may be one of mine.

MODERN DRAMA rises.

M. D. A play of yours! dismiss that hope—do—in the name of Foggy-dom!
Quit these Olympic regions, for the dungeons of Old-Bogy-dom.

Shaks. What bold spark's this?
M. D. Spark! I'm a blaze of triumph—Modern Drama!
Serio-comico-melodramatico-spectacle—

Shaks. Pray be calmer!
M. D. Style, florid-illegitimate: blends each country, age, and fashion;
Cut and material chiefly French.

Shaks. I hear it with compassion.
M. D. Compassion! come, old slow-coach, whate'er you like to pit 'em at—
'Gainst your Elizabethan I'll back my Illegitimate.
I'd go in with you for horrors—for laughs—effects spectacular—
Situations—ay, and language too—high ropes or slang vernacular.
As *Bell's Life* says, I don't mean "bounce," my money's always ready,
At ev'ry sporting house in town I'm to be heard of—

Shaks. Steady!
Compose yourself, my rapid friend, and know,
In my day, too, we had our "fast" and "slow;"
Know, too, by the old fogeys of the past,
I, Shakspeare, was considered much too fast.
From Norton, Sackville, Marlow's mighty line,
They drew comparison, and pooh-pooh'd mine.
With settled rule and dignity at strife,
Kings jostled clowns, in my plays, as in life;
My *Tempest* was a "masque," *Macbeth* a "droll,"
Nothing I wrote kept one tune through the whole.
I startled grins with groans—with mirth mocked mourning—
Mixed prose and verse—crossed stateliness with scorning—
In tragedy I laughed—in farce moved tears—
In short, I broke all rules, and won all ears.
M. D. Upon my word, old fellow, you set things in a new light to me;
I've no doubt, if you were writing now-a-days, you'd come round quite
to me.
It's a pity you're old fashioned, there's a great deal of good stuff in you,
But, really, your worshippers do go such lengths in puffing you.
No wonder, on the other side, if we fast men talk nonsense;
Tip us your fist, old fellow—so we're really friends.

Shaks. In one sense:
As we search life for themes, take men for models,

Consult, for rules, not books, but our own noddles.
As we use Nature, serving while we rule,
So far—no farther—we are of one school.

M. D. I don't quite twig, but I dare say you're right.
Shaks. But say, which of us two reigns here to-night?

SPIRIT OF PANTOMIME rises between them.

Pan. Neither! For once, although 'tis Easter time,
You're banished; both, for reckless Pantomime.
Nothing is sacred now from amateurs,
In my domain they seek to win their spurs.
Volunteer Hamlets and Macbeths we've plenty,
No year but the Soho will find you twenty;
But amateurs, for the first time, to-day
The heights and depths of Pantomime essay;
Shade of Grimaldi, watch our clown's raw tumbles!
Bologna's ghost, keep Harlequin from stumbles!
Old Barnes, reseek the glimpses of the moon,
To guard our young and heedless Pantaloon!
And you, kind friends, think, as you judge the trio,
How hard it is to play the fool "*con brio*."
And let the cause that prompts, plead for our folly;
Our mirth may help to make a sad house jolly;
From sick and staggering hearts may chase some gloom,
And lighten an inevitable doom.
So I resume my silence, and my mask,
While gentle Charity completes my task,
To plead for all short-comings in our play.
Shaks. Come—shall we seek this work?

M. D. Agreed!
All. Away!

THEY ALL THREE DISAPPEAR.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MANY doubts and fears, of the war, the Paris Exhibition, and what not, have been set at rest this week by the advertisement that the Opera season is to commence on Easter Tuesday. The prospectus is on the whole very promising, although only two novelties are positively announced. One of these is the *Etoile du Nord*, which, we need not say, has never been performed in England, *pace* E. T. SMITH. MEYERBEER has composed recitatives, and there is a reasonable hope of his "personally superintending the production of his work." The other novelty is VERDI's *Trovatore*, which was performed some twenty-five nights during the past season of the Italian Opera at Paris. The *Trovatore* will no doubt prove an attraction, though not so popular as *Rigoletto*. A third novelty is promised, should "time permit," but we do not think the directors will have any call to produce it if they succeed in bringing out the *Etoile du Nord* and the *Trovatore* at the height of the season. Among the engagements, we shall be glad to hear again that exquisite singer Mademoiselle BOSIO, and to welcome back to the land she loves so well, and to the theatre of her many glories, that esteemed and beloved lady, that illustrious artist, Madame VIARDOT. Her name is a tower of strength to the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Mademoiselle JENNY NER, from Dresden and Vienna, is favourably heralded by fame. We are glad to find the rumours of Madame GRISI's reappearance for a few "positively last nights" as yet unconfirmed. There is an inevitable anti-climax in these reappearances. Madame GRISI took leave of us like the sun, in glory; but after setting in the west, a great artist cannot, like the sun, rise again in glory in the east.

Signor MARIO will, however, reappear "for a limited number of performances." This is a most welcome promise: no loss will be more sensibly felt than that of MARIO, who, we have reason to fear, will not sing in public after this season. We shall be strong in tenors this year, with not only TAMBERLIK (himself a host), but GARDONI. Signor GRAZIANI, the new baritone, is a capital reinforcement; his voice is powerful and sympathetic, and his presence is engaging. For basses we are to have LABLACHE and FORMES, and ZELGER; FORMES is designed by MEYERBEER to play *Peter* in the *Etoile du Nord*. TAGLIATICO, in every sense a superior artist, returns with POLONINI, the useful and ever ready. RONCONI, the consummate actor, the finished and masterly singer, comes back; and so does Mademoiselle DIDIER, the pleasantest contralto we have heard since ALBONI; LUCHESI, the accomplished but fatigued light tenor; Mademoiselle MARAI, the fair *Adalgisa*; Mademoiselle BELLINI, who made so decided an advance last year; and last, but not least, the strident and sonorous SOLDI. The engagement of CERITO gives some *éclat* to the ballet. Mr. COSTA presides once more in the orchestra, and once more Mr. A. HARRIS will give "local colour" to the business of the stage. Forty-six operas are already comprised in the repertory of the theatre, in a complete state of preparation; but, if we mistake not, the *Etoile du Nord* and the *Trovatore* will monopolise at least the better half of the present season. Two other engagements are said to be pending. Can these be ALBONI (who is coming to England) and JOANNA WAGNER, of whom our Berlin correspondent has reported so well?

DRURY LANE opens on Easter Monday for German and Italian opera. Last year the speculation was remarkably successful, until the directors, fatuously blind to the only possible conditions of their enterprise, issued a decree that visitors to the dress-circle and the stalls should appear in evening dress! This at playhouse prices, and at DRURY LANE! The consequence was, that the playhouse public, preferring liberty of costume to polyglot operas, gave DRURY LANE a "wide berth," and abandoned the luxury of evening dress to the officials of the theatre. We trust the directors will be better advised this year.

The HAYMARKET has a capital Easter playbill, with the Spanish dancers and an extravaganza, which has at least a good title, *The Haymarket Spring Meeting*. A season of English opera, with Mr. SIMS REEVES for tenor, is to commence soon after Easter; but the best news we have to tell of the HAYMARKET, is the engagement of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, who will appear at that theatre on his return from engagements at Birmingham and Manchester.

The PRINCESS's Easter piece is an "original adaptation" of *Le Muletier de Tolide*—a rather dull comic opera, produced with feeble success at the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris. We hear, however, of a charming divertissement, composed by Mr. OSCAR BYRNE, and in which Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ will appear. The ADELPHI, suspending the performance of *Janet Pride* until the return of Mr. KEELEY at Whitsuntide, revives the *Mysterious Stranger*, and brings out a fairy spectacle on the subject of "Mother Goose." At the OLYMPIC there is no Easter piece, but the *Yellow Dwarf* (Mr. ROUSON) does duty for Christmas and Easter too.

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- III. ENGLISH SURNAMES.
- IV. THE CORRECTION OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.
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- VI. PASCAL PAOLI.
- VII. THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.
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