

Head-Edmund Gallows, 184 Strand.

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"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, AUGUST 25, 1855.

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News of the Week.

THE Parisians love a holiday, and they have taken ample advantage of that afforded to them by the conjunction of planetary Crowns—LOUIS NAPOLEON and VICTORIA. Paris was summoned to show itself in its best pageantry, and it never looked so well as it did in the eyes of VICTORIA. For the time, party distinctions appear to have been laid aside. In fact, the one overruling instinct of the Frenchman, and of the Frenchwoman, mastered the entire people; and, however some may theoretically disapprove, practically they countenanced whatever was going forward. The republicans, we are told, stayed away; but, if there was that great concourse, and no republicans, where, indeed, is "the Republic?" We doubt the statement. The republican was merged for the moment, and the Frenchman was under the mastery of his *storge*—the impulse to crown every festivity by the presence of *moi*. The *moi* welcomed her—in every form that *me* can assume—Emperor, created nobles, officer, sub-officer, garde national, maire, tradesman, ouvrier, gamin, priest, prelate, professor, student, journalist; and these not only in their individual capacity, but also in their corporate capacity—academy, church, mairie, garde nationale, army, government, empire. Present it in whatever phase you will, there stood France, and there came Queen VICTORIA, with an amount of smiling all around that Paris has never witnessed. The Orleanists alone bore really a distinct and gloomy countenance, for the Orleanists have a positive proximate interest, and every smile given to imperial France from regal England was a nail in the coffin of the Orleanist hopes. What boots it to repeat the tale of the pomp which our abridgment tells—of all that passed from the time that Queen VICTORIA landed at Boulogne until she found herself in the imperial arms, and was conveyed to St. Cloud—all that befel as she has gone through the round of sight-seeing? The fact is, that on an occasion like this there is a concurrence of movements and not one movement. The QUEEN comes to see the EMPEROR, and he takes her to see the sights of Paris, that is one fact. The sight-loving folks of Paris go again to see the Exposition, because Royalty and Imperialty set the fashion for the week. Others go to see the

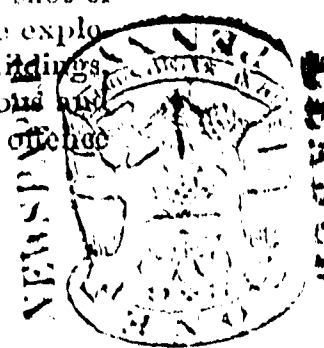
crowd at the Exposition, with the QUEEN and EMPEROR at the head. Activity stimulates itself; delight glows upon the countenance of Paris, and we are told that France has welcomed England, and has condoned the *coup d'etat*—that there is, in short, an Imperial millennium—a millennium of the Champs Elysées: an Elysian era of love, that might be represented, after the infernal mummery of the siege, at Cremorne.

Whatever may be the uncertainty of apparitions at courts—whatever may be the hypocrisy lurking in councils that direct the war—there is no mistaking the stern reality itself, or the spirit of the men that confront it bodily. It has been remarkably characteristic of the present contest, that the reality has almost invariably transcended the imagination of those who had the early and imperfect rumours of the events. We underrated the Alma; imagination had to be spurred by repeated descriptions before it could contemplate the wonderful folly, and extraordinary heroism, which directed and executed the charge at Balaklava; the surprising omission in guarding the point at Inkerman, so far excelled by the devotion in the soldier which made good the fault in the officer, seemed at first beyond all reasonable belief. And so the earliest idea of the second battle of the Tchernaya falls short of the simple narrative in the official despatches. The position of the Russians has already been fairly conjectured, for the official accounts strongly confirm the original interpretation. They had just received large reinforcements of men, and probably of ammunition; they felt stronger than they had ever been, but already they were on short commons, and reinforcements at a stunted board are formidable to friends as well as foes. They had tried their hands at sorties, but here was the opportunity for a great sortie, as it were, in flank—a great sortie of a whole army from the interior. The immediate scheme appears to have been this: GORTSCHAKOFF intended to force the Tchernaya, and to occupy the old position held in the winter by LERAND. For this purpose they had brought a mass of matériel. Their main attack was directed against the bridges of Traktir. GORTSCHAKOFF mustered some 60,000 men, and on the night of the 15th, and at dawn on the 16th, he fell upon the four French divisions and Sardinian troops that lined the left bank of the Tchernaya from Tchorgoun to Inkerman valley. The French occupied the left and centre, forming on a low line of hills just above the river; the Sardinians continued the position by holding the

heights near Tchorgoun. We assume that the Allies were plentifully supplied with artillery, and we know that an English battery of position—32-pounder guns—were advantageously posted on the hill of the Sardinians. GORTSCHAKOFF's devoted soldiers were slaughtered as they advanced under the fire of the Allied guns. Unable to advance, or to retain their ground, they retreated with tremendous slaughter. They left 3300 upon the field, besides some hundreds of prisoners.

The last reports, therefore, leave the Russians under tremendous pressure; the Allies appear to be well furnished with everything that can be required, either for the purposes of the siege, or for the maintenance of the position; and Dr. SUTHERLAND, whose authority is deservedly ranked as complete, reports that all the sanitary regulations with respect to the removal of nuisances, water supply, clothing, and shelter, are such as to minimise the pestiferous influences which cannot be eradicated upon the spot, and probably to counteract any perils to the health of the men from the winter.

Sir CHARLES WOOD has promised a great supply of gunboats and mortar-boats for the Baltic next year. It is this promise for next summer which lends the only practical importance that we can attach to the assault upon Sweaborg as it is described in the authentic reports. It has been said that the fortress was gutted, and that is about the truth of it. The fortifications, which bar the entrance into Helsingfors, had been elaborated as Russia has elaborated all her coast defences. They had been connected by outworks, and filled with stores of ammunition. Against these stone forts ships could not be brought without something like a certainty that the vessels must be destroyed, the fort remaining uninjured. It was not even like Bomarsund, which was really so little touched—for the fortress could not be taken in the rear, nor was there an island to surround. The channel would have been a trap for any vessel that should have entered it. The gunboats, however, even when they went within range, could continually shift their ground, and forming a smaller mark than the entire fortress, they eluded the missiles of the Russians; while the fixed and broad ground of the enemy received the deadly hail of the British. The red-hot shot of the Russians were cooled in the water; the explosions of the British fell amongst the buildings, and the place was gutted by conflagrations and explosions. The blow at Helsingfors is an



to the pride of Russia, a bearding of her guarded coasts, and a warning that Sir CHARLES WOOD'S reinforcements may do something more terrible next year.

"Next year!" The word sounds ominous for our own Government, which may perchance be compelled to give up its half-and-half policy, and for those who venture to ally themselves against us. The first body of foreign legionaries are assembled at Shorncliffe, numbering about 3000 or 4000. They are a fine, soldierly body of men, and the manner in which they have been treated will tell foreign countries something of the feeling of the English people. The entire body, officers and men, have been entertained by Mr. RAIKES CURRIE, a private Member of Parliament, in his park. In other words, Mr. CURRIE, who represents at once the independent Member of Parliament, the Liberal party, the commercial classes in the City, and the *élite* of English society, becomes the hospitable entertainer of a body of men solely because, besides constituting a part of the forces to attack Russia, they represent those natives of Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Holstein, and Italy, who are prepared to take service under the English banner in the battles against the Czar and arbitrary power; for the arbitrary power has much to do with it. Independently of the set speeches of the table, where Lord PALMERSTON used a few words about the Italians in the Crimea, such as he knows how to fill with so much meaning—innumerable things must have been said in conversation which would make the foreigners and the English understand each other better than they sometimes do through official communication. We talk about other alliances besides those with the imperial head of France; we have already constitutional Piedmont, "king and country;" Spain offers herself; but here the English gentry were seen welcoming the first advance of Germany, Denmark, Holstein, and Italy. The natives of those countries, too, although they will fight under the English flag, will fight where they can show what the subject races are made of. They will be able to win the respect of Englishmen and the fear of their enemies.

We have had some other entertainments besides this strange one of a foreign force by an English private gentleman. Lord STANLEY has been presiding as host, when the grounds and mansion of Knowsley—seat of the once royal STANLEYS of Derby—were thrown open to 5000 people, constituting the united Mechanics' Institutions of Lancashire and Cheshire. The courtesy was shown in no measured style; Lord STANLEY made a speech, but it was short and unpretending; the grounds were freely thrown open to the thousands, and not only the grounds but the house itself. The servants will probably report that less damage was done by the 5000 humble visitors than happens sometimes when "carriage company" fill the rooms, and advertisements in the papers next day tell that fans or shawls have been "taken away by mistake." At all events, the heir to the STANLEYS of Derby, a Conservative and a noble, knows how to trust the people of this country in the very bosom of his own home. That is another form in which the nobility, as well as the gentry of England, see the policy of extending hospitality to a foreign legion.

The next host is Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR, who received at Rickmansworth an army of Scripture Readers in a triennial visit. Lord ROBERT has been a leader of fashion, a distinguished Whig in the county representation of Parliament. He is no longer young; he thinks of the other world, and appears to be acting as Member for a certain constituency which he is to represent in "another place," superior even to the House of Lords. He plays the patron in piety with a good grace—without pretension, but with liberality; and the Scripture Readers no doubt are fond of Lord

ROBERT. They carry Christian comfort to many a humble home, and with it the good repute of Lord ROBERT. It is here that he finds his strength. He only happened to mistake the great working districts of London for Rickmansworth, when he proposed a Sunday Bill that would do very well in that rustic district, but which threatened a sudden and inconvenient revolution in the habits and manners of regions that he is imperfectly acquainted with. Lord ROBERT is at home at Rickmansworth, he was out of his element in Bethnal-green; and after being astounded at the ingratitude of his species for refusing to be edified and beatified after his own fashion, he retreats to congenial Hertford, and finds solace amongst his Scripture Readers. It was another sort of foreign legion entertained there—foreign only to the feelings and ideas of a great number of English people, not to the noble host.

Two other appearances before the public, personally and by pen, do not require many words, because, although they are events within the survey of the week, they do not belong to the present time. Mr. LAING has been down to his constituents at Kirkwall, making a clean breast of it; and Mr. DUFFY has been bidding farewell in an address to his constituents at New Ross. Mr. LAING tells the electors of Kirkwall that he received offers of place under Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, but he has not full confidence in Lord PALMERSTON. He trims somewhere between war and peace, and his chosen leader is Lord JOHN RUSSELL: in the between-day-and-night the moth deliberately elects to follow the lead of the Will-o'-the-wisp! Mr. LAING evidently is not to be reckoned among the strong statesmen of the day. He has chosen at the commencement of his public life to identify himself with the declining career of Lord JOHN.

The list of outrages this week is considerable. From lunatics to railway directors there has been an unusual activity. An unhappy little girl is found half buried under a heap of stones—by a cottage where her parents resided, near Bristol—horribly cut with a sharp instrument; and the women of the neighbourhood are terrified at the idea that there is some lunatic wandering about seeking whom he may murder. At Knightsbridge an unhappy old woman is found with her throat cut, and her daughter, a woman of middle age, tells an unintelligible story implying that the mother killed herself. A great anxiety about lodgers who would not come, an extreme depression of spirits, and a restless desire to get possession of a razor indicating in the daughter a state of mind that inevitably suggests the probable *dénouement*. It is a case of poverty mastering the mind.

Passing over ordinary cases of assaults by husbands upon their wives, we have a story which in some respects resembles another that recently excited public curiosity. At Clapton, in Somersetshire, EMMA CANDY, wife of a farmer, suddenly dies, and unmistakable traces of arsenic are discovered. She seems to have been greatly depressed and to have been addicted to intemperance. A cousin lives in the house—a dairymaid, of whom the husband is said to be "very fond;" but there is no direct evidence of jealousy on the part of the wife, nor anything in fact which confirms suspicion against the husband or the cousin; while it seems probable that the wife herself had been purchasing poison.

Whether it is some wonderful lunatic or some "skeleton in the household" that introduces crime and spreads suspicion, the precariousness of human life is not half so far betrayed by these individual cases as by the wholesale assaults which railways inflict upon passengers. We have half a dozen cases this week of accidents in which the Eastern Counties, the Great Western, the Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, the South Devon, and

the North British Railways have assailed their passengers, either with switches that turn when they ought not to have turned or do not turn when they ought; or trains that overtake other trains labouring along with imperfect steam; engines have been thrown off the lines, carriages dragged or jerked off and smashed, travellers bruised, their limbs broken, their lives put in danger if not actually taken from them; whole masses of wreck, suffering, and destruction inflicted on a scale which no private lunatic or murderer can command.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE ATTACK ON SWEABORG.—Stung by the recent success of the Allies at Sweaborg, Sir Charles Napier has addressed a long letter to the papers, setting forth the history of his own schemes of last year, and of his alleged ill-usage by the Admiralty, and more especially by Sir James Graham. He says that, had he been provided with a hundred gun and mortar-boats, he could have "annihilated" Sweaborg; but, without one of these indispensable vessels, he was ordered by Sir James Graham, in October, after the proper season had passed, to make an attack which, under the circumstances, must have resulted in the destruction of the fleet. Forty-three was the number of mortar and gun-boats employed by Admirals Dundas and Penauld. Sir Charles conceives that, if they had had a hundred, they might have utterly destroyed Sweaborg, instead of leaving the sea defences almost untouched.

DRAINAGE OF SYDENHAM.—A deputation from the inhabitants waited on the Commissioners of Sewers on Tuesday, to complain of the wretched sanitary condition of that neighbourhood, which, owing to open sewers and defective drainage, is held to be in a worse state than any place around London. The chairman said they had to encounter a great obstacle in being prevented from making a higher rate than sixpence in the pound. The deputation retired without any definite arrangement being come to.

HACKNEY BROOK.—At the same Court of Sewers, the drainage of the New Cattle Market at Islington into this brook was again alluded to, when Sir John Shelley said it appeared by the report of the engineer that 30,000*l.* was required to be expended to mitigate the nuisance, and, looking at the fact that another body would soon come into power, he could come to no other conclusion than that it was not advisable to expend such a sum of money on a temporary work. A resolution in accordance with this opinion was carried.

A RECKLESS FEAT was performed at the Crystal Palace a few afternoons since. One of the workmen engaged in the completion of the circular water tower, for a wager of a gallon of beer ascended to the summit of the southern tower by a rope which had been suspended there for some purpose, and which hung down into the high road, a height of more than two hundred feet. He accomplished the daring exploit, to the astonishment of a considerable number of spectators, by pulling himself up hand over hand, and twisting his legs round the rope.

THE "QUEEN'S ENGINE" UNSAFE.—The express train which left Edinburgh at ten minutes to ten on Monday, ran off the rails about three miles north of Berwick. The engine No. 57 is the largest which the company possesses, and is that used for the royal train; but it is said that it was not considered a perfectly safe engine, the flange of the wheels not having a sufficient grip. The accident occurred on an embankment, down which the engine, the tender, and several carriages ran, turning completely over. The fireman was thrown against a wall, and picked up insensible. Of the thirty passengers, only three or four were slightly injured. The effect of the accident upon some of them was rather singular, and has been thus described:—An American lady, as soon as she was dragged out, desired to know the address she was to write to for damages. Another lady entreated that her plan of Sebastopol should be recovered; she was studying the plan when the accident occurred. Out of one carriage, the end of which was broken in, a gentleman jumped laughing. One young man, finding a smash inevitable, got under his seat, and as soon as the carriage upset leaped out, and ran with great rapidity into Berwick for assistance, which was at once sent, all the medical men in the town being put in requisition.

RAILWAY COLLISION.—About one o'clock on Sunday morning last, a heavy excursion train, conveying about one thousand persons, on its return journey from Blackpool to Sowerby-bridge, Yorkshire, was overtaken and run into by a goods train in the Summit tunnel of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Todmorden. The excursion train had come almost to a stand-still for the want of steam; but the goods train fortunately slackened its speed, or the collision would have been worse. A boy had his legs fractured, and several of the other passengers were bruised.

TOTNESS ELECTION.—It is said that the vacancy in the representation of this borough, caused by the call of Lord Seymour to the House of Peers, will be contested by Mr. Blount, a relative of the present noble duke. The Conservatives are expected to bring forward a candidate, but, as yet, nothing definite is known.

THE WAR.

THE pause in the operations before Sebastopol is resumed; but several circumstances point to a probable hastening of the catastrophe, and the opening of some new chapter in the history of the war. By "a mistake in a despatch," says the *Moniteur*, the bombardment has been announced as having recommenced when such is not the fact; but "the artillery fire" has reopened, and, adds the same authority, "has powerfully contributed to the facilitation of the siege works and approaches directed against the line of works of the Malakhoef." A reference to another part of our War news of this day will show that, according to the *Morning Post*, the Russians contemplate an evacuation of Sebastopol. Whether this be correct or not, it is certain that their desperate attack on so strong a position as that which the French and Sardinians hold on the Tchernaya indicates a degree of frantic despair from which we are warranted in drawing hopeful inferences for ourselves. There seems little doubt that, as we related last week, preparations have been made for a speedy transit from the south to the north side of Sebastopol, which, notwithstanding the denial of the pro-Russian continental papers, appears to be in a frightful state of pestilence and famine; so that a continuance of the present condition of things for any lengthened period seems highly improbable. Yet, in the face of these facts, the *Military Gazette* of Vienna states with the utmost confidence that the Emperor of Russia will, towards the latter end of this month, proceed to Sebastopol, with his brothers Nicholas and Michael, in order "to convey in person to the army the expression of the gratitude of his late father, as he verbally promised to do."

Further accounts of the action on the Tchernaya reveal more clearly the fearful loss which the Russians sustained. An armistice was demanded and obtained. Portions of two days were employed in burying the dead; and the census, according to the *Moniteur*, shows the following results:—"Russians buried by the French, 2129; by the Russians themselves, 1200; total, 3329." For this immense loss, there has been absolutely nothing gained!

The details of our attack upon Sweaborg will be found below. They show that the word "destruction," as originally applied, was not correct; but they also exhibit a great amount of injury to the enemy. A Hamburg correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says that the bombardment "has not produced such an effect as ought to give rise to much self-gratulation" to the Allies. He adds:—

"The fortress and the encrusted batteries in the five islands of the road remain intact. One only of the batteries—that most advanced, and, consequently, most exposed to the enemy's shells—was destroyed, and they have not to deplore any other explosion than that of a *voiture* stationed in this place, and full of powder taken from the depôts of the fortress for the use of the guns. The greater number of the private houses in the city, which is very circumscribed, and all the stores of wood, with the building dockyard, have been burnt by the Congreve rockets. For several months, this dockyard has contained only articles of very slight value."

This account is plainly tinctured with Muscovitism; and we know that the Russians and their friends never admit any great reverse. If St. Petersburg itself were battered into ruins, they would say that they had sustained but slight damage, while candidly admitting that they had indeed lost "one Cossack."

The accounts from Asia have reference entirely to the positions and manœuvres of the hostile armies, which appear to be "sparring" at one another, as if neither knew precisely where to plant a blow. According to the *Presse d'Orient*, Erzeroum is said to be threatened; the Russian army had crossed the Soghanli-Dagh, and occupied the valley of Tchintchah. Haliz Pacha was at Baibuth, in great want of provisions; but troops are marching from Trebizond to the relief of Erzeroum, and ten thousand Bashi-Bazouks are said to have arrived there. In a supplement to the *Invalide Russe*, we read as follows as regards the position of the Russians near Kars:—

"Aide-de-Camp-General Mouravieff announces, under date of the 5th (17th) of July, that on the 30th of June (12th of July) he transferred the main body of his corps of operations to the village of Tikmé, on the left bank of the Kars-Tchah, where he formed a junction with Major-General Baklanoff's column. The position of Tikmé, by placing our principal forces in the rear of the army of Anatolia, has enabled us to examine with greater facility and more minutely the west side of the entrenched camp at Kars, by continual reconnaissances."

The English contingent, it is said, will go to Schumla, and not to Asin.

A despatch from Hamburg, dated Sunday, records that, on the 10th, two English steamers bombarded the batteries of Riga for five hours. A few of the guns were dismounted in the batteries; but this appears to have been all the damage. No further accounts have been received. There has also been some destruction of Russian shipping at Wasa.

According to a despatch from St. Petersburg, an Imperial ukase orders the embodiment of militia in eleven provinces, commencing on the 1st October, and finishing on the 1st November, and in the proportion of 23 men to 1000 souls. The Russians are beginning to feel the constant draught upon their armies.

The subject of the resignation of General Simpson is for the moment recalled to our mind by a statement in the *Presse d'Orient*, to the effect that the present Commander-in-chief will shortly be replaced by General Henry Bentinck. How the said *Presse* comes to be so learned about the matter, it would be hard to say; but, at the same time, it would not be very surprising to hear of a change in the chief command.

HEALTH OF THE ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

A letter from Dr. Sutherland, of the Sanitary Commission, addressed to Sir James Clarke and Lord Shaftesbury, has been published. The Doctor is of opinion that that part of the Crimea in which our armies are encamped is highly malarious and marshy, and that the unhealthiness of the army during the summer months—that is to say, the degree of cholera and fever that has prevailed—is ascribable to these causes; the mortality of the winter being the result of bad management, exposure, overwork, &c. The harbour of Balaklava and the camp have been greatly improved by sanitary arrangements, and he believes the latter is now in a good state. Still, the troops on the low grounds necessarily suffer, while those on the heights have excellent health. The harbour, he asserts, is now "much sweeter than the Thames, and the town is cleaner than nine-tenths of the lower districts of London, Manchester, or Liverpool," or than entire villages in England. The soldiers complain of nothing but of not being in Sebastopol. The hospitals at Scutari are described as "really beautiful," and superior, in their sanitary arrangements, to any of the hospitals in London. The water question is thus summed up:—"With proper care, there is enough; without proper care, it will require much labour to obtain a proper supply; after the dry weather is over, there will be water enough for any purpose." Dr. Sutherland mentions sand or gravel as an excellent disinfectant, six inches of it having entirely deodorised the horrible marsh at the head of the harbour. He conceives that a knowledge of the laws of health should form a compulsory portion of the military education of every officer. The Doctor is the only one of the Sanitary Commissioners who is not either dead or disabled; and he does not know one person who has not had diarrhoea.

FAILURE OF RUSSIAN SUPPLIES IN THE CRIMEA.

Under this head we read as follows in the *Morning Post* of Thursday:—

"We have, more than ever, reason to believe that the Russian forces in the Crimea are suffering intensely from want of food and necessary supplies; and that this, combined with other causes, assures their speedy expulsion from Sebastopol and the South of the Crimea."

The *Morning Post*, despite its semi-connexion with Government, is rather notorious for what are now called "shaves" in connexion with the war; but the foregoing is certainly supported by other intelligence, and is rendered not improbable by the immense destruction of Russian stores by the Allied fleets. It is said—and, if it be true, nothing can give a more fearfully vivid idea of the infected condition of the besieged city—that every time the wind blows from Sebastopol the number of sick in the Allied camps is considerably augmented, and the mortality increases in a due proportion. It is also speculated that the attack on the Tchernaya was made in order to get rid of some of the men, and thus relieve the pressure on the supplies.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG.

We are now in possession of detailed accounts of this exploit; Admirals Dundas and Penaud, the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, and other Russian and English papers, having given full narratives of the attack. The English Admiral, after premising that, in the course of the last five months, the defences of the place have been greatly increased, observes—"It has therefore formed no part of my plan to attempt a general attack by the ships on the defences; and the operations contemplated by Admiral Penaud and myself were limited to such destruction of the fortress and arsenal as could be accomplished by means of mortars." On the night preceding the 8th of August, the day on which the bombardment opened, the French Admiral stationed on the islet of Abraham, at two thousand metres from the place, a siege battery of four mortars. The submarine rocks and reefs proved a great obstacle to the boats; but a position was ultimately chosen in a curved line on either side of the islet of Oterhall. "The extremes of this line," writes Admiral Dundas, "were limited, with reference to the extent of the range and the distance from the heavily-armed batteries of Bak-Holmen to the eastward, and of Stora Rantan to the westward of Sweaborg." The battery, together with six English bomb-ketches, each carrying one mortar, and five French bomb-ketches, each provided with two mortars, opened fire on Sweaborg at half-past seven on the morning of the 8th. A line of mortar-boats, according to the Rus-

sian official paper, had been constructed from Rönshö to Grottkar. Bombs were thrown, principally, says the same authority, into the fortress of Sweaborg, and partly into the fort of Longörn and upon the Nicholas battery; while "two vessels anchored upon Sandham also opened fire against the island and battery No. 2."

In less than three hours serious damage was done. Fires broke out in rapid succession on several distinct points, and the flames rose above the dome of the church situated in the northern part of the isle East Swartö, which, however, was respected by the fleets, and saved from destruction. Presently, the conflagration reached some magazines filled with munitions of war, and four tremendous explosions shook the air. "For several minutes," writes Admiral Penaud, "we heard the detonations of the bombs and shells, which covered the sea-board with fragments." The hostile fleets, however, did not slacken their fiery tempest, but still poured forth discharges which at one time numbered thirty per minute, or one every two seconds. "Two of the enemy's frigates, and a steamer," says a Russian telegraph, "were placed between Melk-E and Droums-E, and kept up a constant fire against the latter island." On the evening of the 9th, the intricate nature of the reefs, on which the gunboats occasionally grounded, compelled Admiral Dundas to recall them; but next morning they were again directed to engage. On August 10, the telegraph reported that the assailants were concentrating their fire upon the fort of Wester Swartö; but, it is added, "thank God, they have not succeeded in doing us injury. All our batteries are intact." The Allies are recorded to have fired at least ten thousand bombs during August 9, and to have thrown rockets at the rate of thirty a minute. A three-decked ship, which had been moored by the Russians to block up the channel between Gustafsvaard and Bak-Holmen, was withdrawn during the night to a more secure position. "Late on the evening of the 10th," says Admiral Dundas, "her Majesty's ship Merlin, under the command of Captain Sullivan, struck upon an unknown rock on ground which he had himself repeatedly examined while conducting me along the line of the mortar-vessels. No blame whatever can attach to this officer on the occasion."

The bombardment ceased at half-past four on the morning of the 11th, after having lasted two days and two nights, "during which period," says Admiral Penaud, "Sweaborg presented one vast expanse of flame. The fire, which still (August the 11th) continues to rage, has devoured the whole place, and consumed workshops, magazines, barracks, various establishments belonging to the Government, and a great quantity of the materials of the arsenal. The firing of our mortars and howitzers was so true that the enemy, fearful of seeing the three-decker which had been anchored across the pass between Sweaborg and the island of Back-Holmen entirely burned, withdrew that vessel into the harbour during the night."

"It is reported here," says the Berlin Correspondent of the *Daily News*, "that the unexpected favourable—or, according to Prussian opinions, unfavourable—result of the bombardment of Sweaborg was owing to the employment of Earl Dundonald's discovery. The French steamer Pelican, which brought the intelligence to Dantzic, is said to carry in her hull marks of the Russian cannon-balls."

THE ACTION ON THE TCHERNAYA.

The following is General Pelissier's account of this affair:—

"In the attack of yesterday (August 16th) the enemy came forward with five divisions, 6000 horse, and twenty batteries, determined to occupy the Tediouchine mountains. After passing the river at several points, they brought up an immense accumulation of sapping tools, planks, madriers, fascines, and ladders, all which they abandoned in their flight. According to its usual custom, our artillery fought bravely and with great success. An English battery of position on the Piedmontese hill afforded very efficient assistance."

"The Russians left on the field at least 2500 dead. Thirty-five of their officers and 1620 soldiers are in our ambulances. Three Russian generals were killed. We have made besides 400 prisoners. Our loss consists of 181 dead and 810 wounded. Tixier, Darbois, Alpy, and Saint Remy are severely wounded; De Polhes and Barthe less severely, and Gagneur has only received a slight wound."

General Simpson reports that it was not Liprandi, as at first stated, but Prince Gortschakoff himself, who commanded. The presence of the commander-in-chief gives another proof of the importance which the Russians attached to this movement. Among the Russian generals killed is General Read, the son of a Scotchman who settled in the land of the Czars.

Prince Gortschakoff's account of his defeat on the Tchernaya is as follows, according to a telegraphic despatch received at Berlin:—"A portion of our troops crossed the Tchernaya, and attacked the enemy on the so-called Feducheni heights. Having found the enemy in considerable force, our troops, after an obstinate combat, withdrew to the right bank of the river, and there awaited the enemy for four hours. As he did not advance, they returned to their former positions. The loss on both sides was considerable."

The *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna (a paper inspired by

Russian influence has the following account of the battle of the Tchernaya:—"Prince Gortschakoff was informed that on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, the French had collected considerable forces in the trenches, and that a general attack against Karabelnaia was imminent. He resolved to profit by this circumstance. He attempted on the 16th to force the line of the Tchernaya, between Traktir and Tchorgoun. At the head of 36,000 men, he scattered the Turks, broke the ranks of the Piedmontese, and alarmed the whole besieging army. The arrival of reserves turned the combat. Prince Gortschakoff, having ascertained that the attack on Karabelnaia was not pending, gave the signal for retreat."

WAR MISCELLANEA.

Operations at Berdiansk.—Sir Edmund Lyons transmits to the Admiralty a report from Commander Sherard Osborn, giving an account of the destruction, by means of submarine explosions, of the four Russian steamers sunk in Berdiansk Bay, and of the firing of the western suburb of the town of Berdiansk, as a punishment for treacherous attacks, upon two occasions, on some of our men who were at the time peaceably employed. On account of this exploit, Commander Osborn has been made Captain, and Lieutenant Horton, whom the former favourably mentions, has been promoted to the rank of Commander.

Russian Armaments.—General Melnikoff is to replace General Iedichev as directing engineer in the defence of Sebastopol. The latter officer, however, is said to be completely recovered from his wounds. The *Presse d'Orient* states that Prince Gortschakoff is recalled to undertake the Ministry of War, and that General Mouraviev will succeed to the command of the Russian forces in the Crimea. The latter general will be succeeded in Asia by General Lüders, Count Osten-Sacken taking command of the troops in Bessarabia.

The Foreign Legion.—On Saturday evening, a detachment of upwards of one hundred Swiss passed through Nancy, on their way to join the Foreign Legion at Dover.

Mr. HALL BARKWELL, the author of a letter in the *Times* describing the want of preparation for the wounded after the action of the 18th of June, has been dismissed from his situation as Acting Assistant Surgeon on account of the statements thus made by him. He was staying at Scutari for the benefit of his health at the time the investigation was being made, and, though professing his willingness to go to the Crimea to substantiate his charges, was told that he might wait until he was perfectly recovered. In the meanwhile the inquiry was made, and the decision came to, without his being heard in his defence.

Situation of Kars.—On the 16th of July the Russians made a grand demonstration against Kars, their object being to cover and bring safely into camp an enormous convoy of provisions which had been sent to them from Alexandropol. From that day to the 21st of July all was quiet, but the enemy was drawing closer round the place. For effecting this operation, he has at his disposal thirty-two battalions of infantry, one battalion of chasseurs, one of engineers, three regiments of dragoons, two regiments of Cossack regulars, some *razvit-bazouks* of the Ohirvan district, and some Armenian militia, besides eighty pieces of cannon; the whole commanded by ten generals. This army may be computed to be from thirty-five to forty thousand strong. It is divided round Kars, having a radius of about three leagues. It forms four corps, is independent of the division occupying Sohanli-Dagh, and is throwing up communications at Enkhar-Dorzi. The Turkish forces are divided into two corps, under the chief command of the *Mushir* Yassif Pacha. The total number of men is nearly 30,000; the chief generals being Ismail Pacha, Ismail Bey, Mahomet Pacha, Takir Pacha, Veli Pacha, and Ali Pacha.

Huguenin Pacha, at the request of General Vivian, has been appointed Military Pacha to the Anglo-Turkish contingent.

A **CAMP** is established at Scutari by the *Times* fund for the English soldiers. The articles are at a reasonable price and of good quality, so that our men are no longer exposed to pay exorbitantly for refreshment.

THE WHITE SEA.—The *Invalide Russe* publishes a long "rémorale," purporting to be an account, given by the principal of the Monastery of Solovetz, of an attack by the English and French on certain places in the island of Zaitetky, and of the pillage which they committed upon the monks and peasants. The worthy ecclesiastic had an interview with an English officer who spoke a little Russian, and who made use of "some gross expressions against the officer who commanded the squadron last year," for having fired on the monastery!

Rumoured Occurrence at Turkey.—The *Times* Vienna correspondent writes:—"A day or two since, the *Oesterreichische Zeitung* stated, on a reliable authority, that the Western Powers had made known to the German Governments their intention permanently to occupy Turkey, and at no distant period to attack Russia from the Danubian Principalities. It is generally believed that the paper in question receives information from the French Embassy in this city; and, therefore, considerable importance has been attached to the foregoing intelligence. There are also rumours of renewed negotiations; but they are not worthy of credit."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

THE PROGRESS TO PARIS.

The visit of our Queen, the representative of an ancient dynasty, and of power transmitted by a species of modified "divine right," to the elected Emperor of France, who rules, at least nominally, by "the will of the people," is an accomplished fact; and, if there has been no "Field of the Cloth of Gold," as when Henry and Francis met in the old days, under the gorgeous skirts of departing chivalry, there has been no lack of Imperial splendours, no want of courtly ceremony, no absence, indeed, of goodwill on the part of the brave and generous French people, who, whatever they may think of the existing regime in their own land, have received our Queen as the bearer to them, in the form of graceful womanhood, of the friendship of England, of the cordial desire of Englishmen that all ancient discords should melt away in the warmth and sunshine of a better mutual understanding. That sentiment has been understood and answered by the French nation; and in the old, quaint cathedral towns of France, where, in fantastic streets and buildings, the Past seems to be yet sleeping, the Present has risen up in the form of vital manhood, and recognised a nobler Future; while in the great capital of France, newly adorned and burnished, as it were, for the occasion, the same feeling has been manifested.

The Victoria and Albert yacht, decorated with French and English flags, left Osborne at half-past four on Saturday morning, and arrived at Boulogne at half-past one. A royal salute was fired by the battery, and continued by the English men-of-war, which, forming a squadron of honour, were drawn up outside the harbour. Immense masses of French soldiers on the heights then started into view, and from their muskets out rang a pealing volley. At a quarter before two, the royal yacht crossed the bar; and, amidst a gay scene of streamers and garlands, the Emperor appeared in sight. Quickly passing on board the yacht, he first kissed the Queen's hand, and then both of her cheeks, according to the etiquette of these matters, and as a sign of affectionate consignment. The congratulations of the civic authorities having been received in a state pavilion, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, were handed to their carriage, and the Emperor, mounting a horse, rode at the Queen's right hand, thus forming, so to speak, a part of her escort. And then, amidst the acclamations of the people, the *cortège* proceeded to the railway station, and, passing under an arch of gilded lattice-work and flowers, with a large figure representing Civilization, and no end of banners, shields, scrolls, and mottoes, the royal party entered the *marquise*, where from brown velvet, golden candelabra wreathed with flowers, gorgeous carpets, and doors lined with white velvet hangings spangled all over with golden bees and leopards and acorns, enormous vases of flowers, "bright as light and soft as shade," mirrors, couches, toilet-tables, and chairs, made a magnificent reception-room. After remaining here a short time, the party left by the train. Through the decorated station of Montreuil; through Abbeville, with its fine old cathedral, and Amiens with the same, through wooded slopes and fields of ripening corn, looking lustrous in the yellow August sunlight; through broadlands of pastoral land, and straggling lines of willows, with little villages in the midst, the train passed rapidly on, and at ten minutes after seven arrived at Paris.

THE RECEPTION AT PARIS, AND THE JOURNEY TO ST. CLOUD.

The railway terminus at Paris was decorated with pendant streamers, orange-trees in full blossom, draperies of purple velvet brocaded with gold, laurel wreaths, gilded eagles, and the standards of England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia. The area of the court-yard was also covered with beds of flowers; and all down the Boulevards the houses were rich and glowing with many-hued tapestries, flags, shields, and festoons of coloured lanterns slung from house to house across the street. In the balconies, the ladies, in brilliant costumes, "rained influence;" down below on the pavements were collected several hundred thousand human beings, including not a few of our own countrymen; and along the route were stationed, on the right-hand side, 50,000 of the National Guard, and on the left an equal number of troops of the line. Across the thoroughfare, at one point, and at one alone, a triumphal arch was erected; and, with this exception, the magnificent vista was left unbroken. It may be added that the side streets were scarcely less gorgeous in their adornments than the main line.

The Queen, the Emperor, and their companions, did not arrive till more than a quarter past seven, when it was beginning to get dusk. Twenty-one guns for the Queen, and one hundred and one for the Emperor, announced the coming of the procession; and the thunder of the artillery was continued by

the voice of welcome. Preceded and followed by sergeants de ville, cavalry, and infantry, Municipal Guards, and Imperial outriders, the *cortège* passed on through the gathering dusk amidst enthusiastic demonstrations, and, quickening their pace, arrived at nightfall at St. Cloud.

Some disappointment has been felt, and some murmurs expressed, at the Queen arriving too late for the people to see her.

THE WEEK IN FRANCE.

Sunday was observed as a day of rest at St. Cloud. In the morning, divine service, performed by the chaplain to the embassy; in the afternoon, a drive in the park, and through a portion of the Bois de Boulogne, and dinner *en famille*; and in the evening a concert of sacred music by the *Conservatoire* were the chief features of the four-and-twenty hours. On Monday, the Queen, the Emperor, Prince Albert, and the Royal family, went to the Palais des Beaux Arts, where they were almost mobbed by the people, the police not being stationed in sufficient force to resist the pressure by which they were fairly overwhelmed. Afterwards, the Royal and Imperial party drove along the Boulevards in the midst of a shouting crowd, and subsequently visited La Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame, having previously received the *corps diplomatique* at the Elysée. In the evening, there was a grand dinner at St. Cloud; and the day terminated with a performance of the company of the Théâtre Français.

It is worthy of remark, that, after seeing Notre Dame, the Royal party paid a visit to the Quartier St. Antoine, once—and perhaps still—the hotbed of revolutions. They penetrated as far as the Place de la Bastille, and then returned.

On Tuesday, Versailles was visited in the morning, and the Opera, which was magnificently decorated, in the evening. At the latter, "God save the Queen" was vehemently applauded and encored. The audience was extremely numerous, enthusiastic, and brilliant.

On Wednesday, the Queen, the Emperor, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, went over the Palais de l'Industrie. They were received at the entrance by Prince Napoleon (who acted as cicerone), by the members of the Imperial Commission, the Foreign Commissioners, and the jurors. Nearly three hours were spent in the Exhibition; and Prince Albert seemed particularly interested in this, the offspring of the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851.—On leaving the Palace the Emperor and his guests proceeded to the Tuilleries, where they had luncheon. At half-past four o'clock they returned to St. Cloud, where at eight a grand banquet was given. The festivities of the day terminated by a theatrical performance, in which the artists of the Gymnase acted in *Le Fils de Pa-mille*.

Prince Albert, on Thursday morning, again went over the Exhibition. The Queen, the Emperor, and the Princess Royal visited the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées in the afternoon, when the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his tutor, proceeded on foot to the Palais Royal, where they entered some shops and made purchases. In the evening there was a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville.—The Queen's proposed visit to the tomb of the first Napoleon will, it is said, not take place. Prince Jérôme, who has the keys of the tomb, is absent from Paris; and it is thought that so near a relative to the former Emperor could not with propriety accompany an English sovereign on such a visit.

The following letters from private correspondents give the impressions of eye-witnesses.

(Extracts from our Private Correspondence.)

RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN AT BOULOGNE.

THROWN into Boulogne last week with nothing to do but watch the preparations for the reception of the royal visitors, I send you jottings of the impressions made on an English eye in Boulogne and Paris. With no pretensions to judge France, never having seen it before, these memoranda will include simplicities except in the eyes of those who have never been there. But he who has been there, however often and long, must have a first impression. Here are mine if they can amuse for ten minutes. Of social manners, I say nothing here. The out-door scenes of the week are all of which I speak, and the very absurdities into which a stranger falls in recounting his first impressions are often the only tolerable part of his experience or his story, as first impressions often are in first love. In a new country, we all act like the Chinese traveller, who inferred from one wooden-legged waterman he found on the Thames that we prudently employed all our wooden-legged countrymen in that office with a view to save boot leather.

Boulogne, the queen of harbours, always gay, has, this Queen-week (August 12 to 18), been resplendent. Its basinic sea, its protracted, almost

inimitable piers, its river and cathedral, its high town and commanding ramparts, its broad out-
lines stretching from Montelembert to the Camp
du Nord, and its pretty streets, curious as ca-
binets and glistening like piles of jewels, always
afford countless interest and inexhaustible variety
to the Boulogne visitor. Everybody says the
town never was so full and never so beautiful as
during this royal week. This you hear every-
where, for, of course, Boulogne talks of nothing
else but Queens and Emperors.

We call Boulogne an "English town." It is
because English so largely occupy it. Happily
they have not changed it. It is essentially French
in all things, travelled judges reiterate. The
houses yellow, green, and "cream-laid," utterly
undimmed by smoke, seem fairy tenements. Dur-
able enough, they have thrown over them an air
of lightness and transientness. A resident
friend, who prefers it to all continental resorts
(and he has tried all), still thinks it a great pan-
tomime, and expects daily when some great har-
lequin will bang the streets with his sword and
demolish the whole pack of architectural cards, or
transmute them into some combination of new
flimsiness.

Day by day all this imperial week the weather
has become brighter and brighter. On the 18th
it was perfect Queen of England weather. Fine
weather judiciously occurring when her Britannic
Majesty goes forth, that atmospheric perfection is
called by her name. Boulogne kept pace with
the sun. There was the grand Fête de Napoleon,
or de la Procession Générale de l'Assomption:
there is a good deal of imperial assumption in
France. The Fête de Napoleon is, of course, reli-
gious as well as gay. The carnal part of it consisted
in placing a barge in the lake of the river Liane,
from which barge projects a greased mast. Along
this pole certain adventurous persons, in bathing
costume, attempt to walk, and seize a small flag
at the end, with which they leap into the river
and swim away. Those who fall into the river
without the flag. Next, a flag was placed in the
water, far in advance of the boat, from which
darted a number of men to swim round it. They
swam in the common way until tired, when they
advanced by beating the water with the arms, a
mode of swimming common to France, I was told,
though unnoticed in the usual bathing-books I
have ever seen. A fruitless swimming after ducks
ended the hydropathic part of the fête. The river
was surrounded by thousands, including crowds
of English ladies, who at home would not have
looked at the sight a moment. There was no
harm in it, and no good; it was a very dull affair.
In front of the river a fine military band played,
and half the crowd being soldiers, the banks
looked gay enough. But not a cheer greeted the
champions. One expected so demonstrative a
people as the French to have been extatic. An
English crowd would have broke out when the
brave swimmer gained his point. Some of them
well deserved cheers. In England the exciting
point is to see one man get before another; in
France the point is to get along easily and grace-
fully. The comparison of the national manners
in this instance suggested that we ought to place
a statue of Competition by the side of that of
Mammon.

The "Procession Générale" was elaborated
with great art. It was as prolonged as a hundred
alexandrines. The countless repetitions of girls
in white veils, displaying every variety of deco-
ration, made the procession as delicate and beau-
tiful as one of Tennyson's songs. The widow
with one or two tiny children—old women, very
old, the grandmothers of France—old men as old
as they could be, who had borne the sword of the
old Empire before the present Napoleon was born
—crept along in honour of the Corsican Saint.
They make a little go a long way in France, but
certainly a procession goes furthest of all. A
walking company, which in England would be
compressed into Ludgate-hill, was made so at-
tenuated in Boulogne as to reach from one end to
the other of a Blackfriars-road.

At night there was a Ball at the Tintelleries.
Fifteen thousand lamps were promised, and there
appeared to be the full number. The Schottische
dance extended a quarter of a mile. Soldiers in
the ranks and their officers danced often with each
other, as well as in the same circle. The girls
were of every order of beauty, and the men not
less remarkable. The quietness and order of so

thronged a company astonished many English ob-
servers. The swarms of kaleidoscopically-dressed
soldiers everywhere give brilliance to every as-
sembly, and they are everywhere, in doors and
out, thicker than houses and more numerous than
trees or flowers.

Nothing seemed to be known of any movement
or intention of the French Court. Except what
the English papers said, Boulogne knew abso-
lutely nothing. Whether the Emperor would
come down on Thursday or Friday, was un-
announced. From what took place when Prince
Albert came before ancient visitors made infer-
ences, and this was all the news in Boulogne. Half-
a-dozen English residents called upon Mr. Ham-
ilton, the British Consul, to hold a meeting to
propose an address to the Queen. This is what
the French ought to have done; but nothing of
the kind was announced, and possibly would not
have been allowed if it had.

Marvellous, however, were the silent efforts of
somebody to make the town look gay. All the
week flags had been peeping out for one fête or
other, and on Saturday the 18th, they streamed
from chimney to pavement. The railway station,
a remarkably elegant structure, unequalled in
England for light beauty, was buried in gold and
garlands. A triumphal arch sprung up in the
road like Jonah's gourd by night. At the top, a
head alone at first appeared—it shortly shot out
two arms, holding over the head the word "Civi-
lisation." "Toryism" has become "Conser-
vatism"—"Despotism" is now "Civilisation," at
least that is its French reading. Soon the body
of the figure lengthened out; underneath her feet
were the English words "Welcome to France,"
addressed to the English Court. Trèlises ran
down from the lady "Civilisation" to the earth;
and others shot crescent-like before the station.
Gold leaf "dabbed" on at random, was left so,
and the wild edges fluttered in the sun like gems
from a hundred thousand angles. The station
walls were covered with red velvet, festooned with
flowers, and emblazoned with heraldic figures.
The palisades before the station were put up as
if by magic. The broken ground was covered with
sand, turfed, and planted with full grown trees,
making a little wood, six hours old. Five hun-
dred flower-pots were buried in the sand, and lo!
a parterre in full bloom fluttered in the breeze.
Two enormous pasteboard and canvas pillars were
laid down at the bridge over which the royal
party had to pass. They seemed as imposing as
the pyramids put up by Cheops. These grew up
in one night. On the quay side, where the landing
took place, similar structures leaped up from the
ground. A canopy of reception was erected, ap-
parently of so light a structure that I went late
on Friday night and stamped over it, and shook
it, to find whether it was really safe. There was
loyal solicitude for you! When my diamond
snuff-box comes from the Court, it shall be for-
warded to the Leader office.

On Friday evening, while the hotels were
dining, about six o'clock, in slid the Emperor into
Boulogne—to use a phrase of Coleridge's—like
Sleep, few knowing the fact until the imperial car-
riages passed by the windows. He "stopped" at
the Pavilion and Sea-bath Hotel, commanding a
view of the sea on which his Royal Visitors were
to arrive. After dining he came to the window and
took coffee and a cigarette. The English part of
the small throng cheered him—and when they did
they extinguished the voices of everybody
else. No sounds could be heard but theirs. Once
or twice, as he passed along the Quay next day,
French fishwomen threw out their arms in the
way we should to express derision, and screamed
out cheers, and so did several men in blouses:
but my unpractised eye could not tell whether
the cheers were genuine. Cheering in France is
now a profession.

The wonder of Boulogne is the Camp du Nord.
Seventy-five thousand soldiers are encamped about
Boulogne. The Camp du Nord is one built by
the soldiers, stretching four miles along the shore.
The thatched and cemented dwellings seem like
monster ant-hills. Down the well-trodden plains
the men are dispersed like ants. At first you
would suppose you had lightened upon a vast
Shaker settlement. On the morning of the
18th this and other camps poured forth their tens
of thousands to invest the port. English Brown,
who had been "on the Continent" (two hours
distant from England) four days, felt delighted

that his own Queen was about to visit him in his
tremendous exile. Jones greased the inside of
his hat to facilitate taking it off whenever royal
etiquette required it. Robinson went out with-
out his, in order to be always ready. By ten
o'clock the vast cliffs were lined. The Camp du
Nord had poured forth its swarms. The high
road to the camp was black, as division after divi-
sion advanced. Bayonets glistening in the sun
formed a protracted and repeated railing of steel
wherever the eye could fall. The piers of the
port, capable of swallowing all Boulogne without
being two deep, were crowded; and the inner
lines (the promenade lines are double) were bris-
tling with the army. It seemed as though France
itself was in arms. The variegated houses—the
myriad flags—the gay and beautiful women and
soldiers in every diversity of splendour—the broad,
still, blue sea and burning sun, threw a magic
over the whole port. On the north side sat the
Emperor with his staff, surrounded by vast
squadrons of horse soldiers, waiting for the
Queen of England—on the banks of the very
stream down which he swam for his life a few
years ago. Near the spot where his sea-throne
now was placed a soldier shot at him as
he struggled, a miserable insurrectionist, in the
stream. At length, two hours after all was ready,
the Queen's vessel steamed proudly into Boulogne.
The amphitheatre before was all resplendent, wait-
ing the actors. The magnificent royal yacht com-
pleted the scene. Boulogne was one blaze of
scenic glory. The cannon poured forth its thun-
ders, the distant soldiers responded from the cliffs.
The smoke often obscured the port, and the
Queen might have thought she was entering
Sebastopol, so dense, so deafening was the wel-
come of artillery peals. In Paris the Queen
arrived too late to be seen. It was nearly twilight.
In Boulogne she was driven along too quick.
Royal carriages in France seem to run down an
inclined plane. You cannot see the occupants in
their precipitation to get out of sight. The sur-
passing magnificence, both on the line to Paris as
well as in the imperial city, the Queen must read
of afterwards—she could hardly have seen any of
it. As you have read in *Galignani* and other
papers, the Parisian ladies were greatly disap-
pointed at paying enormously for seats to view—
nothing. Some had stood in one position four
hours—longer than French ladies usually consent
to do. In Paris there was intense curiosity to see
the Queen, but no enthusiasm, whatever may be
said. As the royal party drove down the Boule-
vards, some Republican voices could be heard
shouting, "Down with the French Czar!" Paris,
like Boulogne, was all splendour. In justice to
the Emperor it must be said that he does all he can
to amuse and gratify his royal visitors. In Bou-
logne I saw him drive everywhere to inspect him-
self every arrangement, that it might be perfect.
The French, to whom I spoke in Paris, said they
thought the Queen did not enjoy herself, that she
seemed indifferent. She did not seem sufficiently
astonished to gratify their expectation. This
may be owing to the greater stolidity of English
character which feels more than it manifests—in
fact, rather disdains manifestation—certainly can-
not equal French gesticulation of sentiment. But
other feelings might influence an English Queen.

The royal palaces in Paris are mere fortresses.
The English are astonished at the magnificence of
Paris, but would like a little less splendour and a
little more liberty. Make freedom as brilliant as
you can—why not? but stolid freedom is better
than gay despotism.

The illuminations in France—at least in the
capital—have been chiefly official. Those who
knew Paris in the February of the Revolution—
then every boulevard and obscure rue was one
continuous and interminable blaze—contrast it
now with its few highway and imperial illumina-
tions, and the dense darkness of the mysterious
city elsewhere. Last night (Aug. 22), while the
Boulevard Montmartre was in a blaze, I sat two
hours outside a café in the great quadrangle of le
Chemin de fer du Nord, where only two single
"joyful lights" were to be seen. You turn into
the Rue d'Argenteuil and you find a row of win-
dows burning furiously, and you think imperialism
has hidden itself there, when you discover under-
neath "Bureau du Commissaire de Police,"
which accounts for it. The Boulevard Mont-
martre was crowded as the Queen passed by me
at eight o'clock last night. The arch erected by

the Government was magnificent, far beyond anything I ever saw in England. A vast and burning garland of the shape of an inverted balloon was suspended under it. The effect was like that of a cluster of Pleiades hung down from the sky. But the cheering, except from English voices, was an almost indiscernible rumble—making the ear long for a hearty British burst. Fleet-street cheered Louis Bonaparte ten times more than the Boulevard Montmartre cheered Victoria. In fact, Paris has a hundred thousand bayonets in its throat, which naturally produce a slight guttural obstruction. You can smell the blood of December on the Boulevard Montmartre now.

(From another Correspondent.)

The arrival of the English Queen in Paris has produced an impression so mixed, so confused, that it is difficult of description. We may state it for a certain fact, however, that under the excuse of curiosity Paris has flocked en masse to lay its homage at the feet of a real Queen. It has long been hungering for such a sight and such an opportunity. Listen to the conversation that is going on on all sides. They are talking from the *salon* up to the *mansarde* and down to the porter's lodge of her descent from a line of sovereigns, of the fact that she came to her crown by inheritance, and may probably transmit it to her children—just as in the old times before revolutions came, or usurpers; for, of course, there were no revolutions before '93, and usurpers all spring from Corsica. Some criticise the style of the royal lady's beauty—not generally approved of; but all admire her character and speak benevolently of her young family. What you see in the papers about the reception being intended for England is trash. The crowd goes to see Queen Victoria because she is Queen Victoria; and England, except as the land that makes her great, is never spoken of, or only with the compassionate contempt usual since the disasters of the winter campaign. All this means natural love of kings over people in high places: it also means opposition. The homage paid to our Queen's position directly, is secretly paid to Henri V. or to any one who will assist in shaking off the incubus. Not that the idea takes form in many minds: it is a sentiment rather than a conviction—perhaps not a very dangerous one to power, unless defeat or famine come. No one will combine to overthrow what all are ashamed of; but all would be glad if, in the course of a night, things were to change, and another strong government were to announce itself with proclamations, and even with grape-shot, in the morning. As to a constitution—republican or other—nobody cares about it: the very name stinks in the nostrils. Prince Albert is cheered because he is supposed to have recommended strong measures against press and parliament. If he were to imitate "the chivalrous Charles X."—a supposition not absurd to a French politician, in the state of information usual amongst that class—he would be an immense man. *Coups d'état* coming from a *bona fide* prince would be regarded as dew from heaven. Outside of all this there is of course a small coterie of honest men, ay, honest and enlightened; but what do they weigh in the nation? Paris expects her royal visitors to be munificent. Some already grumble that a good number of pictures were not bought at the Exposition; and artists sneer at the fact that our Queen stationed longest before the canvases of Horace Vernet, the Alexandre Dumas of the brush—which English critics, having graduated for their position by studying picture-dealers' slang, agree also to admire. There is a little ill-humour, by the way, abroad, on account of the late arrival of the party on Saturday. It is certain the arrangements were detestable. Why not have managed to start from Boulogne in the morning? As soon as darkness closed in people began to grumble. A little hair-dresser ventured to observe: "I have left my shop to receive the Queen of England with French politeness; and I cannot see her. I do feel hurt in my dignity; but, poor lady! I suppose it is not her fault, and I forgive her. But the railway company—never!" Curiosity, or servility, or both, however, carried the day; and not a man left the ranks. I do not know what is said on this point in the English papers; but you may be quite certain that they do not exaggerate the numbers or the eagerness of the people. Not a

man left his position till after the passage of the *cortège*, although the lamps had long been lit. There were a good many English in the crowd, and they hurra-ed lustily, directing half the efforts of their lungs to glorifying the Emperor. From the French part of the crowd an unintelligible "Hoo, hoo," arose; but the French don't know how to cheer; hats off, but no waving of handkerchiefs; banners lowered as the carriages passed, except when the bearers, in their eagerness to see, forgot this act of politeness. For the great object was to see the Queen, individually and distinctly, her countenance, her features, her complexion, the colour of her eyes, her hair, the shape of her bonnet (not approved of by milliners), her attitude. It appears that as long as light lasted, "like the sun, she shone on all alike;" for everybody boasts of having received a point-blanc smile and nod. They will treasure the memory thereof, and boast indirectly, affecting to reveal the fact in the midst of cold criticism. Poor human nature! But where are the Republicans? Sulking at home, consuming their energies in hope or despair, and joining, alas! too often the sneaking Orleanists in their opposition of sneers and disbelief.

THE MECHANICS AT KNOWSLEY.

A VERY pleasant mingling of the humbler orders of society with the more exalted took place on Saturday last, when the fine old mansion and park of the Earl of Derby at Knowsley were thrown open to the members of the mechanical institutions connected with the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire. About five thousand persons from the chief towns of those two counties were present. Lord Derby was himself absent in Scotland; but Lord Stanley was "at home," and made a genial and well-felt speech, in which he addressed his hearers as "Ladies and gentlemen,—Good neighbours all." He said he never walked out in the park without wishing for a few more happy faces to enliven the scene. Referring to the subject of education, and premising that self instruction is better than any amount of government tuition, his lordship remarked:—

"In this association, I suppose you don't want telling, there are 70 institutions, and more than 16,000 members, while your libraries and reading-rooms contain in the aggregate about 250,000 volumes. Of this association, as I understand it, one of the leading features is, mutual assistance among a large number of unconnected institutions, the securing of a bond of union between them, of a common centre to which all their members may look; so that local difficulties may be more easily got over, local quarrels or differences as to management decided in an amicable way, and the special experience of each institution made available for the common benefit of all. The other leading feature is the establishment of itinerating libraries, or collections of books, circulating gratuitously from village to village, in rural districts which are not populous enough to maintain libraries for themselves. That is still almost a novelty in England. It is now for the first time being tried in other counties; but here the system has been (though but on a limited scale) in operation for three years. It has met with signal and remarkable success; and I am bound to affirm, and glad to have an opportunity of doing so, that, as a means of diffusing knowledge, it deserves more general notice than it has yet received."

After thanking the visitors in his own and his father's name, for "the compliment of the visit," and for "the courtesy and good humour" manifested by all, Lord Stanley retired amidst vehement applause. Three cheers were then given for Lord Derby, three for the Countess of Derby, and three for Lord Stanley; and the excursionists dispersed themselves about the grounds.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

A LETTER having been addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert, requesting her to state what she conceives would be the most acceptable testimonial to Miss Nightingale, Mrs. Herbert has replied that the means of founding a London Hospital on her own system of unpaid working, so as to reform the nursing system of England, would be the only one testimonial acceptable by the heroine of Scutari. A subscription list, called "The Nightingale Hospital Fund," is about to be opened at Messrs. Coutts's.

We have received a letter from Mrs. S. C. Hall on this subject, in which she trusts that our support may be given to a design which all men of the commonest feeling must have so deeply at heart. It is, we are sure, needless for us to inform the reader that an object so entirely in harmony with the beneficent nature to whom it will be at once the highest satisfaction and the noblest tribute, will always command our warmest sympathies, and every aid which it is within our power to accord. We can conceive no occasion on which the

payment of a subscription could give to the donor a degree of satisfaction so deep and various, so ample and complete. The rendering any testimony to service pure, noble, and self-denying as those of Nightingale, is in itself a pleasure of no small amount as a mode of venting the love and admiration which all England is charged towards one who stands foremost amongst the heroines of the war; when this testimony is to take the shape of a reform which is most deeply needed, and to enable her whom we wish, not to honour, but to thank, to carry out reform in England as she has already carried it out in Turkey, we feel that we are only expressing the universal feeling of the country in saying that the man will not be wanting for carrying out such an object.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

ISABELLA MARY JOLLEY, a respectable woman a forty-two years old, has been examined at the Westminster Police Court under suspicion of murdering her mother, a lady between eighty and ninety years of age. From evidence taken at the police office, and before a coroner, it appeared that the mother and daughter lived in a house at 33, Hill-street, Knightsbridge; and, in the night preceding the tragedy, Miss Jolley went into the servant's bedroom, and told the girl not to get up till seven, when she was to take breakfast into the old lady's room. This was done; but the room, contrary to the usual custom, was found locked. Miss Jolley said it was to prevent the cat getting in, and ordered the breakfast things to be taken into the room. This was the more extraordinary as the servant always went into the room to cut Mrs. Jolley's bread and butter. Some time after the breakfast things were found in the back room, with both cups bearing evidence of having been used. About eight o'clock, and a few minutes before ten o'clock, Miss Jolley went out for a short time, and a little after twelve o'clock, Mrs. Crapp, the wife of a neighbour, and a friend of the family, saw the prisoner at the parlour window, in a state of great distraction holding her hands to her head, and exclaiming, "I am mad—I am almost mad!" Mrs. Crapp went in, and heard some wandering fragments of sentences from Miss Jolley, to the effect that her mother was dead, that her throat was cut, and that she had died quietly. A policeman was called in, and the old lady was found stretched across the bed, with her feet on a chair, her throat cut. Miss Jolley related that about daylight she heard something the matter with her mother, and said, "I am very wet," and it then appeared she was covered with blood. She added, "I am dying," and expired almost immediately. The policeman was directed to a drawer, where he found a razor, but it was quite clean. Miss Jolley said she had washed it, had taken it out to be sharpened, and had then tried to cut her throat, but it would not act on her. In reference to not telling the servant of the death, she remarked that the girl was a Roman Catholic, and would swear a thing.

The first examination was on Friday week, when the prisoner was remanded till the following Thursday. That day, further evidence was received, the most important being that of a cutler, who said that Miss Jolley had been twice to his shop to have a razor sharpened and set, and that on one occasion a companion of the prisoner motioned to him not to let her have it. The servant girl stated that a night-gown found by the policeman on a table, and covered with blood, belonged to Miss Jolley. It appeared that the prisoner had been for some time very depressed in her spirits, owing to being in debt and in want of money; and she once spoke to a friend of committing suicide. The case was again remanded.

On Saturday last an inquest was held, and the jury returned an open verdict, that the deceased died from a wound in her throat, but by whom indicted there was no evidence to show.

THE POISONING CASE IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

A CASE of mysterious death from poisoning near Midsomer Norton, in Somersetshire, was briefly recorded in the *Leader* of last week. The inquest then stood adjourned, and the facts were suppressed; but a further sitting has since taken place, and the evidence has been made public. From this, it would seem that the deceased, Mrs. Candy, had been in a low state of mind some time past, and had often brought up blood and that she occasionally threatened to hang herself. In the service of her husband, was a Miss Huntley, a cousin of Mr. Candy, who employed her as a dairymaid. He occasionally drove out with the cousin; but his wife, he stated at the inquest, "did not disapprove of it; she wished it." He added that his wife was not jealous of any woman; and that a domestic servant at the house, as well as another witness stated that they had never heard Mr. and Mrs. Candy quarrel. It appeared, however, that Miss Huntley told the servant, before she came to the inquest, to make a statement to that effect. This witness had held the mistress, to prevent her cutting her throat; and a need woman occasionally employed by Mrs. Candy had been seen by her say she would take arsenic if she could get it.

the same time, the deceased said she did not wish her husband to know of this. In the course of last November, Mr. Batt, a farmer of Clapton, and a friend of the family, was sent for to Mr. Candy's house, and informed by him that his wife intended to hang herself, and had in fact been already prevented from so doing. Mr. Batt was told that the cause of this was "a religious impression that her soul would be lost, or that there would be no mercy for her." Mrs. Candy was present, and did not contradict her husband.

Mr. Bourne, a surgeon, stated that he was called in to see Mrs. Candy on Thursday, August 2; that he was satisfied she had not then taken poison, as she was not so ill as he had seen her before; and that on the following Saturday he learnt she was dead. It appeared, however, from the evidence of the servant-maid, that Mrs. Candy had sent about a week previously to a druggist's shop for three pennyworth of poison to kill rats and mice. On the day Mrs. Candy died, Miss Huntley gave her a glass of raw gin before breakfast, a glass of brandy and water afterwards, and a glass of porter. Miss Huntley said Mrs. Candy had asked her for the drink, and she had given it to her. On the surgeon being told of this by Mr. Candy, he was very angry; but he was answered that Mrs. Candy would have the porter and spirits. A *post-mortem* examination of the stomach and bowels exhibited arsenic, but there was no evidence of a large quantity of alcohol having been taken shortly before death.

The inquiry was again adjourned till Monday next.

OUR CIVILISATION.

ASSIZE CASES.

CHILD MURDER BY A MANIAC.—Elizabeth Sanson, a married woman, was tried at the Liverpool Assizes for the murder of her child. She had been insane after her first confinement, and had been for a month in an asylum. After the birth of the deceased child, her fourth, she became very melancholy, and one day a man found her standing up to her breasts in water with the infant in her arms. She was got out, and the child was found to be dead. In answer to all questions, she merely moaned. She had previously complained of a severe pain in her head. The jury, as a matter of course, found the poor woman Not Guilty, on the ground of insanity; and the judge directed that she should be confined in a lunatic asylum.

BURGLARY.—Thomas Wilson has been found Guilty at the same assizes of burglariously entering a dwelling-house, and stealing twenty gold watches, ninety silver watches, and ninety-seven rings; and Christopher Banks and Henry Ingham were at the same time convicted of receiving the goods, knowing them to have been stolen.

ABRAHAM NAYLOR was tried at Liverpool for a criminal outrage on the person of Mrs. Frost, a respectable married woman, in a lonely part of the road to Ashton, at night. Several witnesses were called for the defence, and endeavoured to prove an *alibi*; but, upon being rigorously cross-examined by the judge, serious discrepancies were made apparent. Naylor was therefore found Guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. The jury, in answer to a question from the judge, said they believed that the three witnesses for the defence had wilfully perjured themselves; and those worthies were accordingly ordered in custody.

THE MORALS OF GAMBLING SPECULATIONS.—A Jew, named Myers, brought an action at Croydon against another Jew, named Levi, as the acceptor of a bill of exchange for 230*l.*, to recover the amount. It was contended by Levi that the money was advanced for an illegal purpose—namely, to set up a gambling house—and that the plaintiff, at the time he discounted the bill, knew that such was the fact. Myers was himself examined, and denied any such knowledge; but, upon cross-examination, he admitted that he was perfectly well aware of the general pursuits of the parties, and he would not swear that he did not know that the money was used for the "bank," or that he had not stated that the "business" was not carried on properly with a view to profit. Mr. Justice Wightman having summed up, the jury almost immediately returned a verdict for the defendant.

THE CASE OF ALLEGED HOCUSING.—The young man charged last week at the Mansion House with following a young woman into a cab with a criminal intent, has been discharged, as the Lord Mayor believed that both the man and the woman were intoxicated, that the latter had not been drugged, and that there was no proof of the design imputed.

THE OLD STORY.—Isabella Hamilton appeared at the Mansion House charged with attempting to poison herself. She told Sir R. W. Cardon that she had been seduced by a "gentleman," who had solemnly sworn to marry her, but who after a while left her without a penny, and destitute of the commonest necessities of life. He had previously refused to "allow" her to go back to service. The "gentleman," having been sent for, jauntily admitted the facts. The landlady of the house in which the couple had lived spoke highly of the girl's affectionate and decent conduct; and the alderman addressed her very kindly, and read the scoundrel

who had seduced her a severe lecture, expressing his regret that there was no law to punish him. The persons present could not avoid a murmur of approbation; in the midst of which, the criminal, whom the law will not recognise as such, sneaked out of court. The girl's former master and mistress have consented to take her back into their service.—On Monday, a woman was charged before the Lord Mayor with throwing herself over London Bridge. She said she had been deserted by her husband, and driven to desperation; and the Lord Mayor directed that she should be lodged in the infirmary of the prison, and that the parish officers should take measures to compel her husband to maintain her.

THE EARL OF KINGSTON AND THE CABMEN.—A few weeks ago, the Earl of Kingston was summoned for refusing to pay a cabman his proper fare, on which occasion the case went against him. His lordship was again summoned last Monday for a similar refusal, when, though due notice had been left at his residence, he did not appear. An order for the full amount, and five shillings costs, was made out against him. It appeared that his lordship resides at a grocer's shop; and the cabman stated that he had carried him about the day before for eleven hours and a half, and could not get a halfpenny of him. He had to "beg and pray" of the grocer who keeps the house where the earl resides to let him have some money.

MANUEL DE CORTAZOR AND MIGUEL MASIP have been remanded at Guildhall on a charge of obtaining the sum of 1100*l.* from Messrs. Murrieta and Co., of Old Broad-street, City, by means of forged letters of credit.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK SHARPE was on Saturday last ordered to put in bail to the amount of 400*l.* for having threatened to shoot Captain Tinkler, and afterwards himself, if the former did not speedily come to some arrangement with respect to money matters.

A "RESPECTABLE" THIEF.—A middle-aged man, having the appearance of a respectable tradesman, who gave the name of John Thomas, but refused to give his address or any account of himself, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott on a charge of being concerned with two other persons not in custody in stealing a large bale containing various articles of property of considerable value belonging to the 31st Regiment, and, further, with making a murderous attack with a life-preserver on the officer who apprehended him. Mr. Isaac Joyce, a person of gentlemanly appearance, residing in Meadow-place, Kennington-oval, was also charged with attempting to rescue Thomas, and by his interference the other two prisoners escaped. The prisoners, who were riding in a cart, took the goods out of the back part of a van, but were seen by a policeman, who succeeded in arresting Thomas. Both prisoners were remanded; bail being taken for Joyce.

AN OMNIBUS THIEF.—Mary Ann Leonard, *alias* Mary Ann Gardiner, a notorious thief and associate of thieves, has been sentenced at the Surrey Sessions to six years' penal servitude for stealing a purse containing six sovereigns and some silver from Mrs. Sully, while riding in an omnibus. The prisoner was one of the most expert omnibus thieves in London. Her custom was to spread her shawl over the dress of any lady next to whom she was sitting, while a male companion rifled the victim's pocket. In the case of Mrs. Sully, however, she was detected in this ingenious artifice, and was pursued and captured, when she offered her watch and chain to be released. Two male companions escaped. On hearing her sentence, she threw herself down in the dock, screaming for her father and children, and seized hold of the railings in such a frantic manner that it required three turnkeys to remove her to the cells.

A DANGEROUS SERVANT.—Emily Legg, a servant, was charged on Tuesday at Bow Street with throwing a fork at a little girl, eight years of age, in consequence of which one of her eyes has been so severely injured that the destruction of its sight is considered probable. On being spoken to, the woman replied, "It's a good job, and I'll serve the baby so too, if I'm here long enough." She was remanded for a week.

A DRUNKEN RIOT between some English and Irish labourers, who had just returned from Camberwell Fair, took place a few days ago at a public-house. Quart pots were used as weapons of offence by the Irish party, and three of the belligerents lie in a precarious state. Three other men, all Irish, are now under remand.

ROBBERY AND OUTRAGE.—A burglary has been committed in the house of an old couple in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and the robbers inflicted serious personal injury on the man and woman. Suspicion has fallen on two hawkers; but they are not in custody.

A WORTHLESS SAILOR.—Thomas Davidson was charged at the Mansion House with deserting the ship Ocean Monarch, Captain Lawson. His conduct during the voyage had been very bad; and he left the vessel, together with some others whom he influenced, during very unfavourable weather. A loss of upwards of one thousand pounds was thus incurred. Davidson was sentenced to treadmill labour for eight weeks.

MURDER BY A MANIAC.—Rebecca Turton was tried at the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday, for the murder of her husband by strangulation. The act was committed as far back as April, 1854; but, owing to

the insanity of the prisoner, it was found necessary to postpone the trial. The husband was addicted to drink; the wife, in the disturbed state of her brain, conceived that he designed to kill her; and, having quarrelled with him on the day of the murder, under the impression that he had been consorting with other women, apparently committed the act in a state of frenzy. Shortly afterwards, she gave information of her husband's death to a policeman. She was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

THE FOUR CHINAMEN charged with murderously wounding their countryman, the celebrated juggler, have been found guilty at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

FORGERY.—At the same court, Daniel Wells, engineer, and John Williams, were convicted of feloniously uttering forged banknotes, with intent to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. They were sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

THE GREAT CITY FRAUD CASE.—At the Central Criminal Court on Thursday, Daniel Mitchell Davidson, aged forty-one, and Cosmo William Gordon, thirty-four, both described as merchants, were placed at the bar to plead to several indictments charging them with obtaining various large sums of money by false pretences. Another prisoner named Joseph Windle Cole, also described as a merchant, who is already under a sentence of penal servitude, upon a conviction arising out of some of the transactions in which the prisoners Gordon and Davidson are involved, was also placed at the bar. There were four or five indictments against the two last-mentioned prisoners, the amounts mentioned as having been obtained by them being stated at 4100*l.*, 2400*l.*, 4900*l.*, 7000*l.*, and 17,000*l.* They were also charged under the Bankruptcy Act with felony, in not having surrendered to be examined at the Bankruptcy Court on the day fixed for that purpose by the Commissioner. There was likewise another indictment in which the prisoners Davidson and Gordon were charged, jointly with Cole, with conspiracy to obtain money by false pretences. The prisoners pleaded "Not Guilty" to the whole of the charges. After a large mass of evidence had been received, Gordon was found Guilty; and the charges against Davidson and Cole were postponed to a future day.

STABBING.—Samuel Hewett, a sullen lad, about seventeen years of age, is under remand at the Southwark Police Court, charged with stabbing his master, a shoemaker, in the arm and the abdomen, when remonstrated with for idleness.—Charles Branstons, a marine store shopkeeper, is also under remand at Marylebone, on a charge of stabbing a barman.

THE ITALIAN NIGHTMARE.

AGAIN have we to recur to the frightful exhibitions of cruelty, injustice, and oppression which haunt the disturbed sleep of Italy. The madness of Neapolitan despotism grows wilder every day, and the crowned maniac who sits upon the very throats of the people becomes pampered by indulgence and impunity. The priest who performed the funeral service over the body of the ex-deputy De Cesare has been arrested, and sent to a monastery in Castigo, where rebellious ecclesiastics are confined in a sort of prison. Some monks having had the boldness to accuse their vicar-general of intolerance and peculation, they were confined for six years to their houses, with a money allowance; but at the end of this time they renewed their accusations, and in consequence have been charged with conspiracy against the Government, and have been arrested. The son of the judge who condemned Carlo Poerio owed a merchant seven hundred ducats. The merchant sent in his claim to the judge, who despatched a police-officer to the creditor with one hundred ducats, for which he was to give a receipt, or be imprisoned. So much for the lawlessness of the law; in addition to which, brigandage and unlicensed ruffianism threaten to throw the country into a state of universal anarchy. Three American ladies have been robbed, under fear of murder, on the heights of Camaldoli, by four soldiers who had deserted, and who said they were starving. The matter has been taken up by the American Minister.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER died last Saturday in his fifty-sixth year. He was a supporter of the Government of Lord Derby, from whom he accepted an appointment in the royal household.

VISCOUNT HEREFORD expired on the same day in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was rector of Little Hereford.

MRS. LAWRENCE, of Ealing Park, well known for her Horticultural Fêtes, died suddenly a few days ago.

GENERAL CONYERS, an old Peninsular officer, who won a medal by his conduct at the battle of Orthes, died a few days since at Brighton.

MR. EDMUND WODHOUSE, late M.P. for East Norfolk, died on Tuesday at his residence, Thorpe, near Norwich. The hon. gentleman represented Norfolk from 1817 till last June, when he retired in favour of Mr. H. Stracey. In politics he was a strict Conservative.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

A PRIVATE letter from Constantinople, of the 6th inst., says:—"The proposition to construct a suspension bridge from the heights of Pera to Sinfari, made to the Porte some time since by an English engineer (Mr. Kennard, of London), has been approved, and it is to be hoped that the necessary formalities will soon be completed between the contracting parties, and that the work will be commenced without delay. . . . The funds for this undertaking will be subscribed by an English company. The cost of the bridge is estimated at between 600,000*l.* and 700,000*l.*"

An English company has offered to purchase certain of the crown lands in Turkey, to the value of about 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

Cholera is raging throughout Tuscany. The Government does not allow any publication of the number of deaths.

General Kalergi has fallen into great disgrace at the court of Athens. The story is, that in a letter from him, which was published in a newspaper, he used expressions towards the Queen which M. Mavrocordato called "unseemly," and which the Austrian ambassador, not satisfied with that mild epithet, termed "impudent." The Ministers of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria, supported the King in his determination to dismiss Kalergi from his post of Minister of War: indeed, they had previously threatened that, if he were not dismissed, they would interrupt their official relations with the Greek Government. The Minister, in consequence, has been forbidden to cross the threshold of the palace.

Lord John Russell's speech on the state of Italy has not given any great satisfaction at Turin; while Lord Palmerston's reply—allowance being made for official reserve—has been received with some degree of negative approval.

The *Parlamento* of Madrid asserts that M. Olozaga officially informed the Emperor of the French, in a recent audience granted by his Majesty, that the Spanish Government has adopted the resolution to take part in the war against Russia, and of sending an army to the East.

Some artisans have lately been prosecuted in Paris for combining to leave their work. They were employed in the making of those bronzes for which Paris is famous; and they contended that their health suffered from the charcoal dust employed in preventing the bronze adhering to the sides of the mould. Metal had for a time been used for this purpose; but being found injurious to the casts, it was discontinued. The court found all the prisoners but four guilty; and they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. It is thought that the Emperor will remit or mitigate the sentences. A man in court called out audibly, "It is infamous." He was arrested; and, although at the earnest solicitation of the public prosecutor and of his own brother he begged pardon for the expression, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

The breach between the Spanish Government and the Pope on the ecclesiastical questions seems to be growing wider. The Madrid correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"I understand that the Government have resolved to reply to the Pope's allocution, and to publish all the correspondence which has taken place with Monsignor Franchi. Other measures are also spoken of, one of them being the suppression of the Tribunal de la Rota, a high ecclesiastical court over which the Pope's Nuncio presided *ex officio*, and decided the cases brought before it after hearing the members of the tribunal. It is said that the idea is to substitute a tribunal, composed of six bishops, instead of it."

A despatch from Vienna, of August 20th, says:—"Cardinal de Viale-Prelat, Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna, and the Archbishop of Vienna, have terminated the negotiations for concluding a concordat between the Holy See and the Austrian Government, and it was signed yesterday, and will be published as soon as the ratifications have been exchanged."

It was stated in some of the foreign journals that the Austrian Government had addressed a note to the Neapolitan Cabinet on the barbarous punishments revived by the Minister of Police. "This, I am sure, is not the case, remonstrances of a friendly and non-official kind only having been addressed to it by the Austrian Envoy at Naples. It was stated that a note had been addressed to the English Government by Austria on the subject of the enrolment of an Italian Legion. I am assured that this statement also is incorrect.—*Times Paris Correspondent.*"

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, second son of Prince Charles, Prince de Canino, who has assumed the ecclesiastical profession, is to be named Cardinal and Grand Almoner to his cousin, the Emperor of the French. The young prince, who is now twenty-one, has already declined accepting the Cardinal's hat, and declared that he had no ambition to be other than a simple Abbe. He has only yielded out of obedience to the Pope.—*Idem.*

Some sensation has been caused in Constantinople (says the *Courier de Marseille*) by a sailor six sunclips of, the imperial palace, having assailed a respectable Prussian merchant with stones and sticks, and so brutally ill-treated him as to leave him for dead. The sole reason for this assault was that he was in the way of a *harem*, which the eunuchs were removing. The

Prussian legation has made a complaint to the Porte on the subject, and is in hopes of obtaining the punishment of the offenders.

The telegraph across the Black Sea to the Crimea has become deranged, and it is to be replaced by a new one. The outrages committed by the Bashi-Bazouks are said to have been much exaggerated.

With reference to the question of Papal supremacy in Roman Catholic countries, the *Times* Paris correspondent quotes some old documents to show that even Ferdinand the Fifth of Spain—the "Catholic King," *par excellence*—resisted the undue encroachments of the Papal Envoys. He also produces a letter of Philip II., headed "On the Excesses of the Court of Rome."

There has recently been a very great improvement in the Austrian paper currency, which is mainly attributable to the judicious reduction of the bill portfolio of the Bank.

The Spanish Government recently received information that a public demonstration was being got up against the Pope. Precautions were taken to prevent a disturbance. His Holiness was to have been burnt in effigy. Surely, Spain must be on the high road to Protestantism and Exeter Hall.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

THE SAPPERS AND MINERS received the Crimean medal on Friday week at Woolwich. The number of recipients was forty. A dog belonging to the Lieutenant and Adjutant also appeared on parade with the medal round his neck, which had been awarded him for his devotion to his master while serving in the Crimea, as during his stay the Russians several times stabbed him.

A FLOATING FACTORY FOR THE ARMY.—Messrs. W. and T. Smith, of St. Peter's, have constructed a powerful iron screw-steamer, named the *Chasseur*, which is being fitted up as a floating factory for the army in the Crimea. Artisans will be able to execute any kind of iron work on board of her. Between decks is laid out as a large fitting shop, which is furnished with machinery of the latest improvements. She has also several smiths' forges, with four blasts fitted up, two circular saw benches, and a cupolo for cast iron and brass founding. In addition to her marine engine, a ten-horse portable engine will drive the machinery; and the workmen she takes out with her will have ample accommodation, with baths, &c. The artisans engaged to go out with her are engine-fitters, blacksmiths, brass finishers, cast iron and brass-founders, house carpenters, shoemakers, and gun-carriage and wheel-makers. A party of miners also proceed with her, for the purpose of being engaged in sinking wells for the supply of water for the army. They have a complete set of mining apparatus.

LOSS OF THE TRANSPORT COTTINGHAM.—The English steam transport *Cottingham*, Captain Moore, returning from the fleet to England with one hundred and eleven invalids and twelve other passengers, ran ashore, during a thick fog, on a reef of rocks off Fahl-Udd. All the passengers were saved.

THE FOREIGN LEGION was last Wednesday presented with its colours by the Duke of Cambridge, at Sandringham Park, the seat of Mr. Raikes Currie, M. P., where the officers and men were entertained at dinner, the day being concluded with dancing and other sports. Lord Palmerston, Lord Panmure, the Turkish Ambassador, and other notable persons were present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUICIDE.—A gentleman, having the features and accent of a Polish Jew, drowned himself a few days ago in a cold water bath at Plymouth. He had previously paid for the bath, and ordered that it should be increased in depth from thirteen to nineteen inches.

MR. BOYVERIE has been re-elected for Kilmarnock without opposition. He was not present.

THE COUNTESS DE NEULLY, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Princess Salerne, have been staying in Wales, and visiting Beaumaris, Llanberis, and Carnarvon.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—A fearful boiler explosion (to which we briefly alluded in last week's *Leader*) took place at Sheffield this day fortnight, while the boiler was being tested. The person who had charge of the trial determined to carry the test to a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch; but, on reaching seventy-five pounds, he proposed to let the steam blow off. Some delay, however, occurred, and an explosion followed. The boiler was carried through the gates of the yard, knocking down several walls, damaging some buildings, and inflicting injuries upon human beings, which have resulted in four deaths. An insufficiency of water, combined with careless management, appears to have been the cause of the accident; and as verdict to that effect was returned at the inquest, which was not brought to a close until the evening of Friday week. (The boiler was guaranteed to bear a pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch.) On the very next day to that on which the inquest concluded, another boiler explosion occurred, and, singularly enough, in the mill next to that in which the first explosion had taken place. As in the former case, immense damage was done to the

surrounding brickwork; some neighbouring cottages were almost dashed to pieces; a youth was killed, a four other persons were seriously hurt. At the time the rupture, the pressure was forty pounds to the square inch.

AMERICA.—Colonel Walker, the defeated "Fillibuster" according to the last advices from America, had retreated from San Juan del Sur to Realto. He has also been recruiting at Leon, where he has shot one of his followers. Colonel Kinney was at San Juan with twenty-four men. The insurrectionary government in Nicaragua is in state of disruption. Mexico is still in a very disturbed condition. Santa Anna has proposed the inauguration of a new constitution; General Wolf has fallen upon Matamoras, but the revolutionists are concentrating their forces upon that city, the capture of which is considered certain. From California, we hear continuing reports of the extraordinary fertility of the mines, and of an immense conflagration at San Francisco. An election riot has occurred at Louisville, in which twenty persons lost their lives. Mr. Thackeray has been engaged to give a winter course of lectures in New York. Trade is reviving, and money continues abundant.

THE SLAVERY LAW IN AMERICA.—The dismissal of Mr. Reeder from the governorship of Kansas, for refusing to lend himself to the designs of the pro-slavery party, has created great sensation in America; and excitement has been increased by an incident which lately occurred in Philadelphia. The American minister to Nicaragua was passing through the Quaker city with some slaves, and stayed there for a short time. A Mr. Williamson went to the boat in which the negroes were kept, told their master that by bringing them there he had made them free, and, with the assistance of some other negroes, bore them off. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued against Mr. Williamson for the recovery of the slaves. He replied that he had not got possession of them, and never had; and he was therefore committed to gaol for contempt of court. He still lies in prison.

AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILWAY.—A very violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, passed over the north of England, on Wednesday week; and the river Tyne was so swollen that it threatened to burst through the wall which separates it from the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The rail itself was flooded with water and loose gravel to such an extent that it was found necessary to make several breaches through the wall to let off the torrent into the river. This having been done, the train, which had been brought to a standstill, proceeded at a very slow pace, until a new disaster occurred in the shape of one of the carriages running off the rail and breaking away from the rest of the train. The carriage was close to the breach of the wall; the floor raged round it; and the situation was one of extreme peril. However, after a time, the passengers were got out, and conveyed to other carriages; and Newcastle was at length reached in safety.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBILITIES.—A man at Swansea named Lewis, has been the means of saving no less than eighteen of his fellow-creatures from drowning. The other day, while engaged in his ordinary business, as the weather being comparatively fine, he was himself drowned off Port Talbot, taking a raft of timber to the works of the Messrs. Vivian, at Taibach. A widow and nine orphans are left.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—Some extensive works are now going on at Windsor Castle, including a subterranean passage from the northern to the southern wing, with coal-cellars at the sides.

THE WESTERN FISHERIES.—During the week ending last Saturday, the boats in the St. Ives pilchard fishery took from 7000 to 8000 pilchards each, which have been sold at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* per hundred of six score. A Polperro, the boats brought in from 1000 to 2500 each and the price realised has been from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* per hundred.

THE MOORS.—Reports have gone abroad that what may be called the "grouse crops" are not good this year; but the *Interpress Courier* states to the contrary and says that the quantity is scarcely below that of last season, which was an extraordinary one in sporting annals.

THE HARVEST.—The fine dry weather which has succeeded to the rain has had an excellent effect upon the corn and other crops; and harvest operations have now begun in some districts, with the prospect of being brought to a favourable conclusion.

RIOT AT CLOMMEL.—Owing to the arrest of a drunken man some very serious disturbances have occurred at Clommel. The police at one time found it necessary to advance against the people with fixed bayonets; and it was not until the arrival of the South Tipperary Artillery that the riot was quelled.

A WATERSPOUT burst over the neighbourhood of Stirling on Wednesday week, sweeping away fences, laying a great deal of wheat, flooding houses, and destroying a large amount of property. Several districts in Dumfriesshire and other counties in the south of Scotland have been flooded. The autumn is

A BOG AT CLOMMEL, Ireland, began moving the other day, after remaining quiet for seventy years. It had been swollen and finally set afloat by the late rains.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—In the afternoon of Tuesday an explosion took place at the Victoria Colliery, Barnsley, belonging to Messrs. Sutcliffe and Co., which four persons were injured, the life of one being aided.

FEARFUL DEATH.—A joiner, named Charles Mow, who was employed by Messrs. Burlinson, engineers, in the erection of some machinery at the South of Sunderland, while passing through the pumping was severely staggered. Immediately afterwards, between the cog-wheels of the engine, and the work. The engine was stopped, but the poor man was crushed and bruised that he instantly expired. Aquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of fatal death.

TURKISH LOAN.—The tenders for the Turkish of 5,000,000 were taken at the Bank of England on day morning, in the presence of Mr. Musurus, the man Minister, and Sir A. Spearmen and M. Baudin, representatives of the English and French Governments. The Governor, Deputy Governor, and the Directors, were also in attendance, with Mr. J. field as their solicitor. Among the capitalists at were Baron L. Rothschild, Sir Anthony Rothschild, M. Adolphe Rothschild, of Frankfurt, Sir I. L. mid, Mr. R. Thornton, Mr. E. H. Palmer, Mr. W. allens, Mr. James Capel, Mr. Laurence, Mr. Caze, Mr. B. Cohen, Mr. L. Cohen, Mr. D. Stern, and Forman. Tenders from Messrs. Rothschild and and from Messrs. Palmer, Mackillop, Dent, and were put in and read; and M. Musurus declared of the former accepted, as being the most favourable. Messrs. Lubbock and Co. have sustained a loss of 6587 from forged acceptances. The bills in ion were discounted for a person who opened a ing account with them about two years back, under rams of Macallum de Allo. On that occasion, he ited 1000l., and subsequently he applied on about dozen occasions for the discount of excellent paper all amount. Within the last few months he has d himself of the credit thus established to nego- two spurious bills for an aggregate of 8641, as a y, against which there is a balance of 2067 on his ing account, apart from anything that may be red in case of his capture. *Times City Article, lay.*

LAING, M.P. has been making a speech on the at Kirkwall, in which he states his belief that we alienated from ourselves the sympathies of Europe by accepting the Austrian proposal. At the close address, the meeting, which consisted chiefly of as, passed the following resolution:—"That this ag, while reserving their own views on the subject a war, express their cordial approval of Mr. Laing's act in Parliament, and their continued confidence in their representative."

REGULAR DEATH.—Some explosive substance was urday week thrown into the front area of a house olton-row, Grosvenor-square, in consequence of y the windows in the front of the house were and the servant, who was dreadfully frightened, should never recover the shock. A medical was called in; who found her suffering from itea, which he believed to have been caused by . Ultimately, she died. The jury returned a t of manslaughter against some person or persons own.

THE OF TRADE.—The advices from the manu- ing towns for the week ending last Saturday show inued tendency towards a steady and increasing Three of the suspended Birmingham houses— y, those of Messrs. Haywood, Mr. Joseph Spencer, lessrs. Whitehouse and Jefferies—have gone into aptcy.

ALTH OF LONDON.—The deaths registered in Lon- se from 998 in the previous week to 1095 in that ended last Saturday. In comparing the results last two weeks in the several periods of life, it rs that the deaths under 20 years of age rose from 628; at 20 years and under 40, they were 146 44; in the period 40-60 years, they were 120 and in the next period, 60-80, the number increased 146 to 159; and of persons who had attained 80 of age and upwards, the deaths were 31 in the us week and 37 in the last. Though the present shows an increase, the mortality is much less than on an average in the corresponding weeks of the 1845-54. In seasons like the present, when cholera extending its ravages, the deaths from it have ged 16 in the middle of August. Last week, 12 registered, of which 6 were caused by "cholera ica," 2 by "cholera infantum," one was from lish cholera, and 3 are returned simply as caused olera. Diarrhoea was fatal in 154 cases, of which occurred to infants less than one year old, and 23 se between one and two years of age. The average r in ten corresponding weeks, corrected for in- of population, is 159. Last week, attention was to the fact that more than the just proportion of from diarrhoea occurred in the North districts; he present returns still more remarkably support ine observation.—Last week, the births of 872 and 825 girls, in all 1697 children, were registered don. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 54, the average number was 1384.—*From the ar-General's Weekly Return.*

MYSTERIOUS CHILD MURDER AT BRISTOL.—A little girl named Melinda Payne, about eight years of age, has been murdered at Bristol in a very mysterious manner. Between seven and eight o'clock on Saturday evening last she was sent by her parents to get some beer at a public-house a mile distant from her home. A considerable time having elapsed, and the child still being absent, her parents became uneasy, and went out to seek her. She was not found that night, but the search was resumed the following morning, when, at an early hour, the body of the child was discovered under a heap of stones in a ravine at no great distance from Payne's house. An inquest has been held, when it appeared that the child had reached the public-house to which she was sent, and must therefore have been murdered in coming back. Inspector Attwood stated that, on searching the cottage where the deceased had lived, he found some linen belonging to the father, which was stained with blood. From the evidence of the surgeon, it appeared that the head, throat, thighs, and one of the arms, presented a great number of wounds, many being of a most deadly nature; and it was obvious that a fearful degree of violence had been employed. The inquest stands adjourned. There are rumours of a lunatic being loose, who is said to have run after children with a razor. The police are making inquiries.

MR. DUFFY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER HIMSELF.—Mr. Gavan Duffy has made his farewell address to his New Ross constituents in the columns of the *Nation*. With considerable calmness and dignity, and something of pathos, Mr. Duffy relates the history of his struggles for the last fourteen years to keep the Irish party afloat, and "the green flag flying." But he finds himself deserted by all but a few friends; the champions of Ireland's rights have gone over to the enemy, and have been bribed by places under the English Government; the priests, in the greater number of cases, are influenced by unpatriotic bishops; the constituencies have not sent a single recruit for the last three years; and Mr. Duffy, in despair, has determined upon leaving his country for ever, and upon forswearing politics in his new home. He thus finds in the present war an "opportunity" for Ireland—"England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." That point has arrived at which our hopes were to culminate; to shut our eyes upon it is national suicide. The emergency of the empire is the old and proved epoch of Ireland's success. With the victories of Washington came free trade and independence; with the victories of Dumouriez came the first instalment of Catholic liberty; with the victories of Todleben and Liprandi might come an Irish nation if we stood on our rights like our fathers. If we do not claim and compel them now, when, in Heaven's name, will the fit time come? The time is for winning whatever we are able and determined to have. The Irish cause depends for success only on the Irish people, and that success is easier at this moment than it was for forty years past.

FIRE NEAR WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—The premises of Mr. George Myers, builder, Guildford-street, Commercial-road, Lambeth, principally filled with sashes for the huts in the Crimea, caught fire on Tuesday afternoon. The flames were at length suppressed without any loss of life; but the premises were greatly injured, and an adjoining warehouse was also damaged.—On Wednesday night, a fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. Bryan Donkin and Co., engineers, Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey. A great amount of damage was done.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, August 25.

The first division of the German Legion, forming the Rifle battalion, numbering upwards of 1000, are under orders of readiness for the Crimea, and, according to present arrangements, will leave Shorncliffe about the 28th inst. for embarkation. The first division of the Swiss Legion is also expected to leave Dover for the seat of war in the ensuing week.

A despatch from General La Marmora states that the number of killed and wounded in the Sardinian contingent, at the battle of the Tchernaya, amounted to 600.

The Wurtemberg Chambers have been dissolved.

* FIVEPENCE is now the price for an UNSTAMPED copy of the *Leader*, and SIXPENCE if STAMPED.

A STAMPED copy of this Journal can be transmitted through the Post-office to any part of Great Britain as frequently as may be required, during fifteen days from its date, free of charge; but it is necessary that the paper should be folded in such a manner that the stamp be clearly visible on the outside.

The *Leader* has been "registered" at the General Post-office, according to the provisions of the New Act relating to Newspapers, and a STAMPED copy has, therefore, the privilege of transmission through the post beyond the United Kingdom on payment of the proper rate of postage.

ANTON WATERMILLZOO
The
Leader.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 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.

PEACE OR WAR.

THERE is a peculiar inconsistency in the ideas of our popular politicians. They profess to entertain a theory which cannot be affirmed in part and rejected in part, but must be acknowledged or denied as a whole; yet they separate into fragments the acts and opinions of public men, and judge of each alone, without reference to its relative or subordinate character. Moreover, they, the most impatient of agitators, demand that the nation shall be led into a mortal crusade against Russia, and shall challenge to an internecine conflict every despotism in Europe, at the same time that, within two years from the commencement of hostilities, they lament the undertaking as a failure, and exclaim for peace at any price in preference to war at any cost.

The dilemma thus created is symbolical of the passionate and half-enlightened condition of the working-class mind. We say "the working-class mind," because the working classes, so far as they move in politics at all, move in obedience to these irregular impulses. There is a great industrious body, we are aware, which separates itself from that nomadic tribe continually oscillating between Kennington, Islington, and Westminster, in the metropolis; and between Birmingham and Sheffield in the provinces; but the active men are, to all appearance, the representative men of every order, whether it be the peerage or the democracy. Consequently, at every "aggregate meeting," whether in the east or west, the same illiterate orators appear, the same riotous crowd assembles, and thus a fictitious public opinion is forced into growth, which, in the present instance, is adverse to the Russian war. Taking the case as it stands, we may submit to the most intellectual and reasonable of the working classes, whether they gain anything for themselves or for their friends by the premature cry for peace.

How did the war originate? The policy of Europe had sanctioned, during forty years, the aggressive action of the Russian Empire. Across the fixed boundaries which they could not safely penetrate by force of arms, the Czars extended their illegitimate influence by corrupting the press, by intermarrying their kindred with the reigning families, by interesting the nobles, and, above all, by overawing the people, and thus strengthening the tyranny of the court. In their efforts to form a coalition against Russia, the Allies are met at almost all points by this long-prepared concatenation of intrigues. On other frontiers, such as those of Turkey, Persia, Bokhara, and China, the Czars employed military demonstrations as well as diplomatic arts, and thus increasing year by year the circle of their sway, built up in the north of Europe the central citadel of despotism. The failure of French, German, Hungarian, and Italian and Polish revolutions, may be partially traced in every instance to the existence of this immovable supremacy. While Russia remained intact, a permanent threat checked the liberal ad-

vances of Europe. Finally, when one concession after another had induced the Emperor NICHOLAS to believe that no power in Christendom would sincerely oppose his views, he made his flagitious attempt on the territories of the Ottoman Empire. The crisis found the Governments of France and England united; an overwhelming exertion of public opinion in the one country, and motives of personal policy in the other, impelled them to resistance, and the war broke out.

Before that point was reached, an ominous murmur filled the camp of the "popular" Liberals. Ministers were accused of treachery, because they delayed the declaration of war. The same men who now reckon the dead, and sum up the costs, and wave above their heads the palm of peace, passed martial resolutions, inflaming their compatriots to the conflict, and spurning all the devices of diplomatic moderation. Sinope accelerated the collision. The Allied expedition was armed, despatched, and brought into the field, amid impatient exclamations from the "enemies of Russia." A grand programme was drawn up, suggesting the remote or collateral objects of the struggle, and the occasion was offered for "a war of principles."

But what course did our Liberal enthusiasts desire the Government to pursue? They desired the Government, without delay, to insult Prussia, spurn the alliance of Austria, outlaw every existing power, cry havoc, and proclaim a crusade of natives against Sovereigns. They desired it to appeal to every European people—"the glorious Belgians and the immortal Poles"—to arm them against their Governments, and pledge itself not to make peace until the world had been utterly revolutionised. On the part of Russia especially, they would consent to nothing short of its political annihilation; they would restore Poland to the Poles, Finland to the Fins, every geographical item to the nation that had lost it in the course of former wars. How much, or how little, of this theory was wise we do not undertake to determine. No doubt the Holy Alliance partitioned Europe, with profligate selfishness, as the domain of a few domineering families; but at present we only remark on the readiness with which these agitators would have entered upon a war of one year, or of fifty years' duration; with what alacrity they would have plunged into a struggle of which no human forethought could have told the end.

Two years pass, and the vast object is not fulfilled. The British and French Governments have not gained more than one ally—a third-rate power—and Russia is not subdued at a single point. There have been repeated victories, more or less glorious; the enemy has been damaged, at the extremities of his empire; but no definite purpose has been accomplished. Suddenly, the working-class agitators, uniting themselves to the more practical speakers of the middle-classes, exclaim for peace. But peace upon what grounds? There is not one journal inspired by these personages—there is not one personage among them that has not ridiculed the Four Points, and vituperated the Minister who adopted them. The Austrian compromise proposed by Count BUOL, and grasped at by the staggering intellect of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, was still more mercilessly criticised. Not one whisper has been heard, out of Mr. GLADSTONE'S circle, of any satisfactory terms of peace that have at any time been within sight; yet the cry is—"Stop the war!"

They are insignificant persons who utter this cry, and they represent only the noisy and heedless portion of the working-classes; but the question that arises is not the less

important. If peace were now concluded, what would be the condition of Europe?

The British forces would retire from both divisions of the field of war without a real success. Russia, as a despotic power, repressing the liberalism of Europe, would not come out of the contest injured in any material respect. Her *prestige*, perhaps, would be increased, since four nations, leagued against her, would have failed to enforce, by a decisive victory, the terms she refused at Vienna. The war, however, as it continues, and as it entangles one government after another, may acquire a momentum of its own, favourable to the independent action of the several nations. At all events, English and French success means injury to Russia, and injury to Russia enfeebles the despotic system of Europe. The war, though as yet a local conflict, is not designed for a temporary end. It is the practical protest against Russian aggression, and if it prove that Russia must succumb at any point at which she is pertinaciously attacked, it will have removed the weight under which liberty has lain, pale and hopeless, for a quarter of a century. Events are often more logical than policy. Turkey, in its *effete* condition, and with its conflicting nationalities, cannot survive this war, as a pure Mahomedan Empire. It is not to prolong an expiring system that the forces of Western Europe have been roused. Turkey is defended merely because Turkey was attacked—as Greece would have been defended under the same circumstances.

The clear meaning of the war is, that Russia had become so powerful, had grown so vast, had armed so many soldiers, had acquired influence over so many rulers, that she appeared to possess a dictatorial authority in Europe. Acting upon this idea, the Emperor NICHOLAS assailed a point which the policy of Christendom affirms to be inviolate. The Allied Governments undertook to demonstrate that there still remained an authority capable of resisting such an attempt, though supported by the material forces and moral influence of so mighty an empire. Without their interference, the Porte must ultimately have been overwhelmed. Here was an occasion, and here was an object. The result is uncertain, but they who seek to arrest the war before any result has been attained, would play into the hands of despotism, and leave the oppressed nations with whom they profess to sympathise without a chance or an opportunity.

It is one thing with inconstant impetuosity to declaim against the prosecution of the war. It is another to endeavour by calm and logical persuasions to give it a new direction, with high and permanent objects in view. Only a sincere, spirited, and rational expression of public opinion is necessary.

THE FIFTH POINT.

THE war with Russia has been one of growth and development. At the outset, the predominant portion of the British Ministry, shrinking from the responsibilities of their position, or ignorant of the true character of the contest, unfortunately took a low view of the "interests of humanity," as the phrase went, and did their utmost to limit the area of the war. They did not, or could not see, that the true interests of humanity and the true interests of England coincided on this point—that the extent of the war should be coequal with the extent of Russian power, because the satisfaction to be exacted must be exacted on all points and in all places where Russian aggression came in contact with the European system. Russia, by force

or guile, was master of the situation in Germany, paralysing Prussia and neutralising Austria. Russia held the other Baltic power in awe of her arms. Russia held the Caspian controlled Persia, rode supreme in the Black Sea, domineered at the mouth of the Danube, looked out of grim fortresses and from behind one of the finest strategical positions over Europe, and menaced Paris from Warsaw. Russia, in fact, laid siege to Europe and Asia ever sapping onwards to the sources of the power, and as she gained a foot of territory—a mountain-pass, a rocky bay, or a commanding position on her neighbour's frontier, she secured her conquest by strong forts and rigid military system. Steadily onwards in all directions—now "surveying" on the Jaxartes, now piling up a Bomarsund in defiance of treaties, at one time pressing down the Amoor into the Sea of Okhotsk, casting meanwhile longing glances at the Segalier at another building up a Petropaulovsk. Lord ELLENBOROUGH said the war was statesman's war; but the statesmen of 1853 looked upon it as a war for the defence of Turkey, when the people of 1853, not of England only, but of Europe, felt instinctively that it was a war for the defence of Europe. The statesmen wished to make it exclusively an Eastern question; the people felt that it should be European. The statesmen looked at the part, and called it the whole; the people steadily fixed their eye on the whole.

The question is not only how to deal with the preponderance of Russian power in the Black Sea; that is but a point—the *third* point even in the programme of the projected Vienna settlement—it is, how to deal effectually with Russian power—everywhere. That is the logical object of the war. Hence the law which has presided over its development—the war refuses to be local. It has grown from a simple defence of Constantinople—of Turkish territory—to an aggressive war, an invasion of Russia. Now the sooner our Government recognise this fact the better, for in this fact lies the whole question, not only of possible benefit to the oppressed nationalities, but of benefit to the nationalities weak, yet still ostensibly independent, and to the whole European system.

What then must be the next step in the war, if intrigue do not check its development?

The Conference at Vienna formulated a third point, which really swallows up the other three—the cessation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea. That still remains one of the chief objects of the war, and we may call it the first point, really the first, since danger threatens there more closely than elsewhere, and since it means not only Russian Power in the Euxine, but in Georgia, Circassia, the Principalities. Sweep away the three nugatory points for the present, and formulate a fifth, or, as we should call it, a second point—what would that be? *The cessation of Russian preponderance in the Baltic.*

Here then is the next logical development of the war. It involves many things, but first and foremost it involves an alliance with the Scandinavian Powers.

In the weakness of its faith, the British Government that began the war talked of not diminishing the territory of Russia. What a blow to the Scandinavian alliance! What a bribe to neutrality, almost to apathy and indifference! We have bombarded Sweden and laid waste its interior. Why were there not Swedish and Danish gunboats? Swedish and Danish troops engaged in that battle? Because the Swedes and the Danes see that at present the war is regarded as an

Eastern, not as a European question. These northern states, although independent, are weak, and they require a guarantee that Russian encroachment in the North shall be no less arrested than Russian encroachment in the East. "What," say the Swedes, "matters it to us that the Euxine is free, while the Baltic is under Russian domination? What care we whether Sebastopol be destroyed if Cronstadt contain a formidable and increasing fleet?" What, indeed! But we can do little in the Baltic without the aid of a Scandinavian army; they can do nothing without the aid of an Anglo-French fleet. What is the price of the aid of a Scandinavian army? That the war should be frankly developed into a European war, the whole of the Allied Powers pledging themselves to put a stop to Russian preponderance in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea.

There are then two questions for solution, the Eastern and the Scandinavian Questions; we are doing something towards a solution of the former, and let us hope that we shall be in a position to attempt the solution of the latter before the ice of next winter has melted away.

TWO COUPS D'ETAT.

THERE have been two additional *coups d'état* in Europe—the one as yet a failure, the other partially successful. The more fortunate champion of "society" is his MAJESTY OF HANOVER; his mimic is the KING (or QUEEN) OF GREECE.

We have already observed upon the constitutional struggle that has taken place in Hanover. It was abruptly brought to a crisis at the beginning of this month. The king dissolved his parliament, which had refused to register his decree; abolished the institutions of 1848, and proclaimed that the laws of the state would, in future, stand upon the original basis, prepared by the agents of the Frankfort Assembly. Thus has a liberal people been deprived, by a sudden and illegal act, of privileges it had obtained by peaceful means, and exercised with more than judicious moderation. For, if there be a moral in the Hanoverian drama, it is, that the two chambers had refrained from the creation of legitimate checks upon the authority of the crown. This, indeed, is the local and special meaning of the late events in Hanover. But the great public principle affirmed is one which has been adopted in nearly all the lesser kingdoms of Germany—the principle that at the next settlement of Europe, whether after a general war or a general revolution, the powers of the Federative Diet should be abridged, if not extinguished. Political enmity, in this instance, signifies universality of oppression. If our peers and chairmen of companies desire an illustration of "solidarity," they will find it in the compact and the action of the Germanic Confederation. In that autocratic council, representing the governments of Germany, who, in their turn, represent the Holy Alliance, the states of Germany agree, all for one, and one for all, to repress any developments of liberalism that may threaten to carry the ideas of the German race above the snow-line of absolute power. They who sneer at the suggestion of a principle, as an aid more valuable than a diplomatic alliance, should study the organisation and the objects of the Frankfort Assembly. It signifies little, in a direct sense, to Austria or Prussia, that Hanover enjoys a popular franchise. The utmost expansion of material force, or of political enthusiasm in that confined state, could not raise it to the proportions of a province in either of the leading monarchies. But unrestricted liberalism in Hanover would loosen the frame

of Federative Germany, and perhaps excite sedition within contiguous frontiers. Therefore it is that the Georgian seal is for the present omnipotent, and that a *coup d'état* can be advanced to a certain stage in defiance of the Hanoverian chambers. As matters stand, the Parliament is dissolved, and cannot meet without declaring itself independent of the throne, which would be a step towards a Constituent Assembly. Such an act of political courage would probably bring to the rescue of "GEORGE REX" a Germanic army of occupation, the police of the Holy Alliance. The danger, however, would not be confined to one side. Military tactics, resorted to in defence of unconstitutional assumptions, have been as often as otherwise the signal of more extended rebellion. Nevertheless, the probability is that the King of Hanover, armed with a pretext and a contingent, would cut up the Liberal party in his kingdom by the roots, sever all the minute connexions between his prerogative and the popular constitution, and thus renew his lease of pigmy despotism.

On the other hand, should the chambers succumb, their corporate existence will cease within a few months, or perhaps sooner. A new Parliament elected under the former system will succeed them, and bring an official majority to the service of the throne. The franchise which existed in Hanover before 1848 was even more restricted than that which existed in France before the same period. An election then was the mere response of placemen and functionaries to the proclamations of arbitrary power. Moreover, as the first act of this marionette assembly would infallibly be to recognise the usurpations of the Frankfort Diet, Hanover, thrown back to its old position, would have to recommence, with a mute public opinion and a stifled press, its conflict for constitutional liberty. To the rest of the minor German states—waiting for an example—the discouragement might be disastrous. Even Wurtemberg, which promises to become a Piedmont in the north, with the King as its leading reformer, would be reduced to an attitude of timidity, itself humiliating and calculated to damp the faith of the long-suffering German people. We look, consequently, with peculiar solicitude to the next phase of the crisis in Hanover. And this interest, let us add, is not exaggerated or without its use. While the leading nations of Europe lie quiescent, or have suspended their political activity, the lesser states exhibit almost all that remains of constancy or of vigour. Prussia is a king's machine, while Belgium is the resort of Liberals, to whom, with as much of courage as it dares in the face of Europe to show, it affords an asylum, with the privileges of free thought and discussion. Austria is governed by an Emperor "responsible only to God," and by ministers "responsible only to the Emperor;" while Wurtemberg is governed by a prince who invites his subjects to encircle the royal prerogative with parliamentary authority, and with statutory guarantees. Switzerland and Piedmont maintain a successful struggle with ecclesiastical powers, representing the more formidable despotisms of the Catholic world. And Hanover, as we have shown, has brought upon itself an imitation of the Napoleonic process by a resolute maintenance of parliamentary and constitutional authority. Thus do states geographically inferior deserve the sympathy and respect of Europe, while others, of great historical importance, suffer the yoke of sovereigns who rule by virtue of their contempt for the human species. Such manifestations may appear insignificant to Liberals who think that nothing is gained except by

combustion; but may we not see, in every community that adheres to its political faith, the prolific seed-plot of future developments, auspicious to the general liberties of Christendom?

The second *coup d'état* has been on a more paltry scale. The KING (or rather the QUEEN) OF GREECE has struck at the constitution, and the result has been only a hollow sound. Ever since Greece has been a kingdom, it has possessed one man of steady temperament and reasonable public spirit, who has moderated the excesses of the court, and the exaggerations of the patriotic party. General KALERGI, in 1843, prevented the Greek revolution from degenerating into a street broil, and, perhaps, into a victorious massacre. His firmness, which calmed the people, and arrayed them in imposing masses before the palace, overwhelmed the cowardice of the King and the insolence of the Queen, who no longer put their trust in the sanguinary braggadocio of the Bavarian hussars. The constitution, composite as it was, relieved Greece from a proportion of German brutality and German beggary; and some of the expelled Ministers fled to London, became traders, and conspired, with vindictive treachery, to place a Russian prince on the throne in the room of OTHO. Knowing some of the relations existing between this Finsbury settlement and the Court of Athens, we were not surprised that KALERGI, from the time of his last return to office, should be thwarted by a secret influence playing upon Queen AMELIA. His Ministry, comprehending the necessities of the times, have acted in accordance with them, and have opposed the intrigues of Russia. For this offence, not only KALERGI, but his most intimate friends—even ladies—have been banished the Court. Finally, the King, having concerted measures with the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Ambassadors, acted as their deputy, and despatched an aide-de-camp to KALERGI with his dismissal. A cabinet council, it is said, immediately replied that OTHO was obviously acting under private influence, that he had no authority—and his wife still less—to interfere with the Ministers, and that KALERGI should remain at his post. The French Ambassador, with his English colleague, appear to have supported the General, who does not seem to consider the royal prerogative very formidable in Greece. Upon being informed that the porters at the palace had orders not to admit him, and that the Bavarian Minister had threatened him with a challenge, he proceeded with his official business; and thus the Cabinet remains, smitten by the thunders of the throne, as though OTHO's decree were no more than an inebriated ejaculation of the KING OF MOSQUITO.

But matters cannot remain upon this footing. Queen AMELIA has gone too far, and, if the present Ministry remains in power, has no alternative but to quit the country, or sink into utter insignificance. The Russian star—the gift of NICHOLAS—that sparkles on her bosom, will then be her only distinction. We are not accustomed, however, to rapid improvements in Greece. Though a separate state, under a European guarantee, it is a mere arena of ambassadors, and was principally influenced by Russian and German counsels, until the allied army of occupation extended to General KALERGI a support more positive than that of secret memoranda. But the question arises, when the war ceases, and the Allies have withdrawn their troops, what is to become of Greece? Its Greek population, cut off from the Christian subjects of the Porte, is too small to enjoy independence, but too important to be ignored or neglected.

A WORD TO OUR TOURISTS.

By this time a multitude of our upper classes, and not a few of the middle classes too, are on the Continent. They will probably first spend a week in Paris, torturing the nerves of their Imperial ally, overtaking the English Ambassador, and supplying subjects for caricatures—not, alas! to the *Charivari*, but perhaps to some English humourist who has not yet grinned delight at the door of Imperial greatness. After the tribute to the *entente cordiale*, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy will receive their annual shloals.

We wish that about three-fourths of these tourists would remember, for their own sake and the credit of their country, that touring through beautiful scenery or places of historic interest is an intellectual pleasure, and can only be enjoyed by people of some refinement of feeling and some cultivation of mind. A great deal of money would be saved which cannot conveniently, perhaps not honestly, be spent, and the real tourist, the man of taste and cultivation, would be spared many a painful scene and much that mars and almost destroys his pleasure. We do not want to confine touring to the rich—we are exceedingly glad that it is not confined to them, but we do wish to confine it to the educated, because the educated alone can derive from it any real benefit or enjoyment.

The mind finds everywhere that which it brings. "To Newton and Newton's dog," says CARLYLE, "what a different pair of universes! Yet the image on the retina of both was the same." But Newton's dog did not expect the stars to make him astronomical, as our tourists expect the Alps to make them sentimental. Can you feel a sunset? Then you may feel scenery. Have you a taste for history? Then you may appreciate historic places. If you have no sentiment and have read nothing, or read nothing but your school-books and the newspapers, it is in vain that you post through Europe, "Murray" in hand, seeing all the orthodox things, rain or fine, by day or by night, to say you have seen them. In vain you do your Rhine, your Alps, your Como, your Venice, your Capitol—do your Parthenon even, or your Pyramids—you come back a great deal poorer, and not a bit better than you set out. Better in no way, not even in health. In having no real intellectual interest, you think of nothing but the table d'hôte, and the miscellaneous eating and drinking counteract the benefit which your health might derive from the increase of exercise.

It is difficult to say why touring is so favourite an amusement with Englishmen, whether intellectual or not. Our insular position, probably, reacts upon us, stimulating our curiosity to visit the Continent. The middle classes are the higher. Wealth, without work or sense of duty, finds it pleasanter to lounge away life abroad than at home, freed from the restraints of English society, and enjoying for the time the rights of property without the annoyance of its duties. But there must be a restlessness in the English temperament, begotten perhaps partly by the anxious and incessant pursuit of gain, which renders the whirl and distraction of travelling so grateful. A certain Consul used to say that Englishmen always seemed to him to come there not to see "the Lake," but to catch the steamer. And so it is. They post along as if they expected, by travelling fast enough, to run away from themselves. Let them take a lesson from the phlegmatic Continental, whose want of energy they despise, but whose quiet and contented mind has strength of its own which theirs has not, and tastes what they cannot taste, the pleasures of repose.

In three cases out of four, the best advice to persons about to make tours would be that which *Punch* gave to persons about to marry—*Don't*. But if they will go they may at least forbear to make their country odious and ridiculous, though they cannot benefit themselves. They may learn a little of the language before they start, so as not to be entirely reduced to pantomimic gesture. They may learn respect for the people among whom they are, and avoid parading the Englishman abroad as they affect the foreigner at home. They may remember the trouble their helplessness and their strange habits give, and learn to be civil to those who attend on them. They may try to hide their selfish arrogance if they cannot get rid of it. Then we will forgive them for wasting their own money.

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT AND REVENUE.

A LARGE amount of railway property is at present in a state which must challenge the attention of many people to its management, and we may tell shareholders that they are at present paying the penalty of violating certain principles of government and economy. Many men of business, we know, will assure them that they are losing their money because they have not chosen directors who are sufficiently vigilant, officers who are not properly economical; and that is true, but not in the sense in which the words are used. At the meeting of the North-Western Railway Company items in the account were pointed out as proving that directors had been too lavish, or that they did not watch their outgoings with sufficient care. It is objected that the large railways arrange loans in the Board Room, and so pay 4½ or 5 per cent, where, if they were to advertise for tenders in the more common and humble way, they might obtain the money at 4½ per cent. This on a loan of 1,900,000*l.*, which the Great Western contracted in order to carry out a particular extension, would make a difference of 4750*l.*, or 9500*l.* in the outlay; but not one-tenth of the dividend lost to the shareholders, which is occasioned by the whole outlay of the 1,900,000*l.* Those who have property in the company have a perfect right to ask whether that outlay was justified at all.

There is another species of extravagance of which the directors have been guilty; it is extravagance in the lives and limbs of her Majesty's lieges; and under the law of compensation this may be a heavy item if railway managers are not careful. The compensation awarded to the parties injured by the Croydon accident, amounted to 18,000*l.*, of which the Brighton Company had to pay 85 per cent., and the South-Eastern 15; each company had to pay half the expenses of the arbitration, 450*l.*, and the damage to its own rolling stock, raising the sum considerably above 20,000*l.* This is much more than the difference in interest for loans. But still it is not the whole cost. The traffic has fallen off on the line; and although that may be accounted for in part by the completion of works, by the severe weather, or the double income-tax during the war, it is more than probable that the frightful scene enacted at Croydon has kept traffic off the line.

The pretence that war and "stagnation of trade" occasion the decline in railway dividends, we have already shown to be absurd. In most cases, even in those of the lines so seriously damaged, the gross earnings of the railways have been diminished but slightly, if at all. On the Brighton line, the traffic has not declined upon past years; but only in comparison with the greatly increased traffic of the last year. On most of the chief lines

the goods traffic has actually increased, which alone would disprove the alleged "stagnation of trade." The true causes which have run away with railway dividends are most nakedly confessed in the most glaring instance of decline—in the Great Western. There the extension of the Worcester, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton line accounts for one per cent. gone; the guaranteed dividends to the unsuccessful Shrewsbury lines account for the other one per cent. Out of every 100*l.* that a man was receiving for his property invested in the Great Western Railway last year, he has now but 50*l.*, not because companies have been giving a little too much per cent. for loans, but because they have been indulging in fighting extensions and fighting lines.

In many of these cases the outlay is necessarily a loss, for a time at least; if not for an indefinite period; but it almost always happens that the company which undertakes extraneous work, in the nature of an extension or a guarantee, is venturing upon a ground not included in its original design, and that it must be less familiar with the ground than the company superseded was. *Prima facie*, it is probable that the Great Western Company knew less about the Shrewsbury district than the Shrewsbury Company. If anything could induce the Shrewsbury directors to be as attentive as possible, in order to repair the essential imperfections of their own enterprise, it would have been the fact that they might ultimately obtain a profit out of their scheme; and, at all events, while they worked it they must have done their best to diminish the loss. As soon, however, as they obtain a quasi-annexation to the larger company, and a guarantee of their dividends at a fixed rate, virtually they are exonerated from pains and penalties, which are transferred to the alien company. In many cases this occupation of an extended ground is dictated solely by the apprehension that some other company will approach the ground, and will compete for the traffic. Thus, to avoid a future and contingent loss, arising from competition by way of Shrewsbury, the Great Western Company have incurred a present and certain loss of one per cent. on their already declining dividends. Again, in order to compete with the North-Western Company's traffic to Birmingham, they have made an extension in that line, which, besides previous inflictions upon them, has this year entailed a loss of another one per cent.; so that to damage the North-Western, in which probably they have succeeded, they have damaged themselves. Mistakes of this kind, we say, are not to be tested by an ordinary examination of the accounts and a petty auditing to find out whether a hundred pounds have been given beyond the market price here and there.

The very nature of railway undertakings removes them to a certain extent from common trading rules, and places them in an intermediate state between trading and Government. Railways have to a great extent superseded the common relations of supply and demand. They have volunteered a supply which has created its own demand. When once established, so long as they are maintained at all, they are, for a large part of their traffic, excluded from the common standard which defines commercial value—the "higgling of the market." It is strange that they should be so much in dread of competition, and show such a greediness to inflict it, when a considerable part of their management is completely protected against competition. Here, however, they have shown a very imperfect intelligence in working out the rules suggested by the circumstances of

their own trade. It is usual enough to hear it said that a given sum for a certain journey is "very moderate," and that "the public cannot expect" to ride more cheaply. This may be true; but the public expectation is not the question for railway managers or shareholders. On the North-Western, we observe, there is an attempt to economise the outlay of the company. Now in ordinary working expenses the outlay has not been increased. It has been greater in the maintenance of 'way.' The earnings of the company on the ordinary traffic have not materially fallen off; yet the dividend has been eaten up, principally by the causes which we have just pointed out. But the managers are going "to economise;" by diminishing the number of trains—that is, by diminishing the convenience of the public. Let us now consider the manifest tendency of this management. The 'way' was never strong enough, and the company is annually paying the penalty in repairs which partake the nature of an original construction, since they are for strengthening as well as repairing. It is false economy to make a tool too weak for its work. Unless the company intend actually to diminish the passenger traffic, they expect that fewer trains will bear more passengers. For that purpose the trains must be heavier; and unless the passengers are to be delayed as well as restricted in the number of trains, the speed must be as great as for the light train. Now it is well known that the greatest cause of wear and tear on railways is a high speed for heavy trains. The company, therefore, is adopting an economy which risks a loss in the income by passenger traffic, and certainly entails a loss in increased expenditure for wear and tear. On the Brighton line they have adopted the very opposite policy. The rails have been rendered stronger, the conveniences to the public have been increased.

It is a great mistake to examine the accounts with reference to the particular returns by particular trains. Raised, as we have said, above ordinary trading rules, the management of a company is more like that of a state. It must look to its outlay, chiefly for the purpose of seeing that it gets value for the money laid out—effectively strong rails and rolling stock in a district where there is a busy traffic, not a stout railway in a desert or a tin-plate line through a town population. To avoid wear and tear it is better to have light trains and frequent; to avoid accidents, the costliness of which we see, it is better to spend 10,000*l.* more in wages than 20,000*l.* in compensation and repairs. But quite irrespectively of the expectation of travellers, that is the best tariff of fares which brings in the largest revenue. Railway must not compete with railway, but with shoe leather, with rent, with everything that emancipates the traveller and resident from considerations of distance. And that railway will form the safest investment which, instead of trying to compete with the railways of other districts to filch the traffic of another company, or fight off a competitor, strives to accommodate its own district so well that it anticipates the wishes of the public, and teaches the inhabitants to travel. In this respect the interests of the province are identical with the interests of the railway—another incident which shows how much more nearly the direction of railways resembles that of State governments than common trading.

THE ROEBUCK TESTIMONIAL.

The electors of Sheffield have only done their duty in setting on foot a combined effort to compensate Mr. ROEBUCK for the shortcomings of fortune. They point to his twenty-

three years' services in Parliament, six of which he has sat for Sheffield. They may refer justly to the beneficial measures in which he has taken part. He has been independent; he has acted faithfully to his own conviction and conscience; and by steadfastness in that course he has earned the respect of the stoutest party opponent. The Tories have even voted under his lead; the Radicals have found in him a spokesman with courage to express their claims when others have flinched; the Whigs have been obliged to confess that in many cases he expressed the popular will better than they, and they avow that the man who has so frequently beaten them has, nevertheless, in the main, stoutly and faithfully sustained Liberal principles. This is the strongest testimony; for those whom we resist on our own side, are commonly bitterer foes than avowed party enemies. Mr. ROEBUCK has been called a Tory by Whigs, a Whig by Radicals, a Radical by Reactionaries, because on suitable occasions he has stood up for great principles, when they have been forgotten in turn by Tory, Whig, and Radical.

In saying this, we do not intend to endorse all the opinions that Mr. ROEBUCK has maintained. We have thought him wrong in labouring for a separatist policy in colonies, and violating the great principle of federation which the United States have established, which our Ministers appear incapable of comprehending, and which JOSEPH HOWE of Nova Scotia is at this moment endeavouring to urge, both upon colonies and mother-country. We are not sure that Mr. ROEBUCK has always dealt most discreetly with military subjects. But he has compelled the executive to tell the truth to the country about Sebastopol; he dragged the mask off "corrupt compromises at elections;" he vindicated the Canadians when they were standing up, as Englishmen did, for their Bill of Rights, and he made the English public understand that the crime of rebellion lay not with the Canadians but with their official oppressors. He did not in all things go along with Lord DURHAM, but he helped to open the way for the "responsible government" which his genius did not enable him to assist so well in building up. If there was an abuse to be exposed, a high power to be challenged, and something to be said in Parliament which everybody knew to be true, but nobody had the manhood to proclaim, ROEBUCK was ready. With a slender voice, with failing health, with a comparatively feeble hold upon the sympathies of Parliament men who were often irritated by his sharp temper, still more frequently exasperated by his unflinching independence, he always told his tale clearly, was not to be stopped in telling it by any fear, was candid even towards opponents, and ultimately made people respect him even after he had compelled them to submit. "You cannot think how I love a man after I have fought with him," says the vanquished Damas to Melnotte, who unfoils him; and such have been the acknowledgments made to Mr. ROEBUCK by his opponents. These are things that can be said in our day of few Members of Parliament. Now, why is it that Mr. ROEBUCK has not been Solicitor-General? It was expected when by his motion in the affair of Don DAVID PACIFICCO—an amendment in the Commons on the successful DERBY vote of censure in the Lords—he rehabilitated PALMERSTON and the RUSSELL Government. He brought faction sternly to account, and rescued Ministers from a combination of hostile parties; but the prize fell to another lawyer who had taken up the idea at second-hand, and made a more thorough-going party-speech. We may be told that

COCKBURN is a better lawyer than ROEBUCK, and we are not prepared to go into any question of professional criticism; but we say that *that* was not the real reason. Although ROEBUCK was prepared for the welfare of the state to risk his reputation as Radical, to defend Whigs when justice dictated the defence of Whigs against a party prostitution of opportunity, he has never been a subservient man, and was not fit to be made a tool in a subordinate Government post.

The very thing that damaged him in the Ministerial market ought to raise his value in the market with his constituency. He lost the prizes of political ability and activity because he was faithful to constituents and to the principles for the sake of which they appointed him. Justice, right feeling, political expediency, and the enduring interests of a constituency and the country, require that Sheffield should redress the wrongly-balanced account, and teach public men that they will not always be treated like beggars when they behave as patriots.

We have several claims for compensation to deserving citizens in one form or other. A little bill is presented to us in the name of the amiable Miss MITFORD, who delighted the country with her mild imagination; and there can be no objection to pay the bill, except that under a commercial system, which enforces the debts of honesty by penalties at law, we have acquired a habit of disregarding a mere moral claim, especially when death has relieved us of the creditor.

LADY FRANKLIN says, and justly, that if Captain M'CLURE has actually traversed the North-West passage, FRANKLIN and his companions had most probably completed it. They died in confronting a more formidable peril than M'CLURE encountered, and he gets the prize where they forfeit it. In tracing her husband, Lady FRANKLIN has contributed sums which have gone far to clear up the mysteries of the Arctic circle; she has reduced herself to poverty by acting thus as the model of a wife and as a good citizen; but again, we are not aware that she could establish her claim in any court of justice in the country.

Again, SOUTHWOOD SMITH was one of the few men—there were not half a dozen—who first got together the facts which, when arranged in a simple tale, have taken hold of the mind of this country, and have forced Ministers to construct a department of Health for looking after the households of this great community. SOUTHWOOD SMITH laboured long in pure love, and in the intervals of a practice of his own. One or two others assisted him, but he, at all events, avoided enmities, and did not deserve any rancour for uncharitable treatment of other men's exertions. One of his colleagues made a sharper tooth more severely felt by those who crossed his path. A vanquished Government offered to SOUTHWOOD SMITH a post as Minister in the department which he had obliged Government to construct. The post was only a very modest reward of real patriotic exertions; it has proved a mockery. The department is no sooner consolidated, than one of its chief authors is shelved, without the slightest acknowledgment. The man with the sharp tooth, indeed, gets a pension of 1000*l.* a year; and we must confess that, on second thoughts, Government has seen the necessity of giving SOUTHWOOD SMITH also a pension—of 300*l.* a year! Well, but in what court of law could he make good his claim?

Nor are we aware that Mr. ROEBUCK has a lien upon anything. He has not been a party hack or a Government tool; he has not, therefore, even a "moral claim" upon

faction or office. He is only a patriot, only one of the most efficient servants that the people had in Parliament; the people having very few efficient servants in these days. Now "the people" is a vague expression, but a Member of Parliament looks to his constituency; this constituency expects him to obey its general wish to maintain the high credit which it may have acquired in Parliament; and, in short, to gratify at once its conscience and its pride. ROEBUCK has done both for Sheffield. Has Sheffield no return? Evidently the public, meeting under the Presidency of the Mayor, with Mr. WILLIAM FISHER taking the lead, admits that Sheffield has a duty, and that some of them, at all events, know what they ought to do. We say, however, that if this proposition should prove a failure, Sheffield would be absolutely dishonoured. We might say more; we might ask whether any really independent constituencies would not gain—ay, in positive worldly profit—by completing the tenure of their Members, and giving their Members a genuine Parliamentary salary. That it would make Members more independent we are perfectly certain; that it would bring out a new class of professional men, not necessarily connected with the patronage-made aristocracy, is also obvious; but it would not require much space to show that ultimately constituencies would gain in pounds, shillings, and pence. A few such Members, working together, would soon take away from Parliament that mass of local business which at present impedes the imperial business, overworks Members sitting in London, and is badly conducted, because conducted at a distance from the spot where the real merits are understood. Now we say that simply to recover that local business, so that affairs of the county shall be conducted by the county, and parish affairs by the parish, would very soon pay the constituencies for any sums which they might advance to their Members in bringing about that grand restoration of self-government. And that is only one result by which independent Members for the people could promote the material welfare of all classes.

At present, however, we are not considering the payment of Members, but only a debt due from Sheffield to its Member; and from the public of this country to that Member of Parliament who, instead of limiting his services to his constituency, or placing them at the disposal of party, has on all occasions been foremost to vindicate the rights and welfare of the whole country.

THE INDEPENDENT STATES OF INDIA.

(CONCLUSION.)

It is not many years since the fashionable world of London derived considerable amusement from the eccentricities of his Excellency Jung Bahadoor, ambassador extraordinary from his Nepaulese Majesty to the sovereign of the British Isles. It is possible that many persons then heard for the first time of the existence of such a kingdom, but it is hardly probable that the illustrious stranger, the admired of all beholders, was known to any as a blood-stained villain who had obtained his first advancement by the murder of his own uncle, his best and kindest friend. This atrocious act gained him the favour of the Ranees, and the post of Commander-in-Chief. In the following year, 1846, the Government was conducted by a triumvirate of Ministers, one of whom was murdered in his own house. Jung Bahadoor's suspicions falling upon Abinam Singh, one of the deceased man's colleagues, he urged the other survivor, Futteh Singh, to put him to death, and become sole premier. As the latter hesitated to act upon his truculent advice, Jung determined to consult his own safety by deposing both the Ministers. A fracas consequently ensued in the presence of the Ranees, when a ball from Jung's unerring rifle laid Futteh Singh dead at the Queen's feet; and as Futteh's son rushed

forward to avenge his father, one of Jung's brothers cut him down with his sword. At the further end of the hall there stood fourteen noble-men, friends of the murdered Minister, and fourteen times did Jung receive a loaded rifle from his guards until his enemies were all laid low in death. Abinam Singh, in attempting to force his way out, was also cut down. A terrible massacre then ensued, and no fewer than 150 sirdars were slain in the very palace. On the next day the troops unanimously elected their Commander-in-Chief to the post of Prime Minister, the virtual ruler of the country. Other plots soon afterwards followed, and were only repressed by more bloodshed, until at length the Ranees were exiled to Benares, and during the absence of the Rajah, who accompanied her to her destination, their youthful son was placed on the throne. The old Rajah, having subsequently made an attempt to recover his lost power, was defeated and taken prisoner. From that time Jung Bahadoor has held possession of his bad pre-eminence through the universal dread of his desperate resolution and the known fidelity of his body guard. But that he is fully sensible of the hollowness of his position may be inferred from the fact that he expended 20000*l.* in London on the purchase of rifles for his guards, whose arms are ever loaded, and whose skill and valour are approved. Indeed, soon after his return to Nepaul he incurred considerable danger from a conspiracy organised by his own brother. For, as Mr. Oliphant remarks, it does not signify "in the least in Nepaul whether a man is a fratricide or prefers making away with more distant relatives. If you do not associate with assassins, you must give up the pleasures of Nepaul society. Among the natives assassination is not looked upon as a crime, but as a matter of course." The same writer mentions a prevalent rumour that the young king was in the habit of amusing himself by witnessing wholesale executions of slaves in the palace-yard, for nearly all the domestic servants are the property of their masters, being sold into slavery by their wretched parents.

Whenever danger has seemed to impend over the British sway, the Nepaulese have shown themselves eager to add to our difficulties. And this is one very strong argument in favour of the absorption of all the independent states of India. In times of peace they are troublesome and expensive allies; but in times of war they are covert foes, ever on the watch for an opportunity to work us some grievous injury. After our terrible disasters in Afghanistan, and also during the Sikh invasions, very many states only wanted a leader to combine and organise their forces. Had any great chief arisen we should have found enemies in the very heart of our dominions, and the fidelity of our native troops would have been sorely tested. And the inconvenience caused by the interruption to the uniformity and consolidation of our territories will be readily appreciated when it is remembered that there are interspersed upwards of 180 protected, or independent, states, varying in superficial area from one to ninety-five thousand square miles. Were it not for this circumstance, a much smaller army would suffice for the defence of our dominions, and one common system of law and police might be established from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from the frontiers of Afghanistan to the Bay of Bengal. Unquestionably, we cannot at once stretch forth our hand and appropriate these vast tracts of country; but our common humanity imperatively demands the extinction of the cruel oppression exercised upon so many millions of our fellow-creatures. Many persons in this country entertain the idea that the whole peninsula of Hindostan is already subject to our control; but so far is this from being the case that, while the British territories consist only of 676,177 square miles, with a population of nearly 108 millions, the area of the unprotected and independent states is equal to 690,261 square miles, though their population does not exceed 53 millions, a very significant fact in itself. The revenues of these states amount to nearly thirteen millions of money, even under their present system of misgovernment, and this addition to the means now at the disposal of the British Government would facilitate to an inconceivable extent the introduction of vast material and social improvements.

The welfare of our fellow-subjects in India requires that there should be no dens of robbers maintained at their very doors. Unsettled and disorderly habits are thus fostered, and the progress of civilisation retarded. Were a regular

police organised throughout the country, it would be possible to disarm the inhabitants and to prohibit the use of deadly weapons. At present, peaceful men are compelled in self-defence to assume the garb of warriors or marauders, and there is no sufficient security for the solitary trader or traveller. The very safety of our empire is imperilled by containing within its bosom the germs of faction and war, and in the event of an invasion by a European power, these petty states might occasion most serious alarm and inconvenience.

But admitting that the entire absorption of all native principalities into the British Empire must be the work of time and opportunity, there is one extensive kingdom about which there need be no delay, and for the annexation of which there is ample justification. It was in the first half of the eighteenth century that the Oude dynasty was founded, in the person of Mahommed Ameen, a successful soldier of fortune, who obtained the investiture of the vice-royalty of Oude, with the title of Sadut Khan. Until the year 1819, however, the Nawabs, his successors, always professed outward homage to their suzerain the Mogul. But at that period Lord Hastings absurdly enough encouraged the Nawab Ghazee-ood-deen Hyder to assume the title of king. His lordship no doubt flattered himself that by thus raising up a rival to the Delhi family he had achieved a master-stroke of policy—forgetful that both potentates had long since ceased to be formidable save only to their own subjects. The son and successor of this new-made monarch "more than perpetuated the worst practices of his predecessors. Engaged in every species of debauchery, and surrounded by wretches, English, Eurasian, and Native, of the lowest description, his whole reign was one continued satire upon the subsidiary and protected system. Bred in a palace, nurtured by women and eunuchs, he added the natural fruits of a vicious education to those resulting from his protected position. His Majesty might one hour be seen in a state of drunken nudity with his boon companions; at another he would parade the streets of Lucknow driving one of his own elephants. In his time all decency, all propriety, was banished from the court. Such more than once was his conduct, that Colonel Lowe, the Resident, refused to see him, or to transact business with his minions."

So terrible was the misgovernment of the country, and so much difficulty was experienced in obtaining the payment of the annual subsidy, that at length, in virtue of existing treaties, the Home Government instructed Lord William Bentinck to take possession of the kingdom. But that nobleman was ever more ready to carry out his own crotchets than to execute the instructions he received from his superiors. He, therefore, postponed the measure, and so perpetuated the sufferings of the Oude people, in the hope that under a new reign some amelioration would take place. How far these expectations have been fulfilled may be shown in the following statement made by a European gentleman in a position to speak with authority:—"I have travelled several times into the districts of Oude, and passed over tracts of uncultivated, though rich, lands without meeting a single individual, and through villages wholly deserted, and with nothing but bare walls for houses, from which the roofs had been taken away by the wretched fugitives, who, on the approach of troops, seek refuge in the jungles with their families, cattle, and the little property that may have escaped the rapacity of the Zemindar, who, instead of being the protector, is but too frequently the robber of the helpless ryots." The kingdom is at present divided into twenty-three chucklas, or districts, the revenues of which are farmed out to Chucklidars, sometimes through interest and bribery, at other times to the highest bidder. As the royal troops are not liable to be called upon for foreign service, they act merely as a police for the benefit of the tax-gatherers. And there is no regular or equitable assessment. Every Zemindar, or landholder, is fined—rather than taxed—according to his means of resistance. When several zemindars are held by one man, he is called a Talooqdar, and is then generally able to present a stout opposition to the forces of the Amil who comes to exact payment. If perchance an armed encounter ensue between the latter and the Talooqdar's adherents, and the Amil should happen to be slain, the defaulter takes to the bush until his friends arrange with the court the amount of blood-money he is to pay.

Dr. Donald Butter makes mention of three brothers who held zemindarees assessed at an annual revenue of 10,000*l.*, but, as they kept up an armed force of 9000 men, they were never molested. Another possessed lands taxed at 15,000*l.* a year, but he too retained in his service a thousand matchlock men, with whom he twice defeated the revenue collectors, fleeing afterwards into the jungle until he had made his peace. "The decrease of revenue," says the gentleman whom we have already quoted, "is chiefly owing to the formation of a limited number of taloos, in place of the very numerous petty zemindarees of which the country formerly consisted. The Amils, caring of course nothing for the interests of their successors, were easily bribed to transfer estates from peaceful and inoffensive persons to already powerful Talooqdars. Many villages were also conquered by the sword, and forcible possession taken of them."

"An Amil, or Chucklidar, is vested with full magisterial powers in the district over which he presides. He is treated with many of the honours peculiarly appertaining to royalty, whose representative he is. The *dunga*, or kettle-drum, is beaten before him, and, on his leaving his camp, the thunder of cannon announces his departure. His power is almost despotic. He regulates disputes, settles the land revenue, summons the Zemindars to his presence, and, in case of their refusal to do so, enforces his orders by sending troops to attack their forts. He punishes whomsoever he pleases; and, although the right to transfer zemindarees from the real owner to any of his own favourites, or friends, is not recognised by the state, he arrogates this stretch of power, and others of a like nature, to himself. No one inquires after his actions; his word is law in the *elauqua* confided to his charge, and whenever he commits himself the Durbar never hesitates at accepting a *douleur* as hush-money, if they know anything about it—which is highly improbable."

Any person may become a Chucklidar, or farmer of the revenue, if he have means to make the *nuzzerana*, or offerings, expected by the *Wuzer*; and, according to Sir Herbert Maddock, these may amount to 170,000*l.* Not unfrequently the Lucknow bankers farm several large districts, appointing agents to collect the revenue. But it also happens that a chuckla is bestowed upon some mean fellow, who retains the appointment until the downfall of his patron, with whom he probably shared the spoils. Thus the Nawab Ali Bux was originally an attendant upon Nautch girls, and the Nawab Ameen-ood-Dowlah was a fiddler—his sister being a Nautch girl, raised to the ambiguous dignity of royal concubine, and invested with a jaghire, or military fief, which her brother managed in her name.

An Amil may at any time be suddenly removed from office, and this uncertainty of tenure naturally increases his anxiety to amass wealth while there is yet time. The man who to-day exercises absolute sway over thousands and tens of thousands of human beings may to-morrow be the inmate of a prison, and "subjected to blows, starvation, and all the tortures the fertile brain of a disappointed Mussulman can conceive. The horrors of being hoisted high into the air, tied up in a bag, and then suddenly dropped on rough ground, of being buried in filth, and of undergoing other ingenious modes of torture, fall frequently to the lot of the Chucklidar who fails to pay up the revenue."

One general system of extortion and oppression pervades the whole kingdom. "A wealthy native travelling through the country is never at a loss for bearers to carry his palanquin, or Coolies to bear his traps. The peasant is taken from the plough, and the villager from amongst his children, to be made an unwilling carrier of a heavy load, and no reward is given to the poor *begarree* for his time lost and the labour performed. If, after trudging over a space of several miles, he receives a miserable pittance of parched grain (a kind of pulse on which horses are fed), or a single pice, he may deem himself fortunate." Gang robberies are still very common, notwithstanding the exertions of the king's troops under European commandants. Captain Weston's corps alone captured 260 desperate ruffians during the three years 1849, 1850, and 1851. Homicide is hardly regarded as a crime. A dispute takes place about a boundary line, and numbers on either side engage in deadly conflict with sword and spear, and club and matchlock. Innumerable forts, too, are scattered through the jungle, and these can only

be taken after being regularly battered in breach.

It is surely unnecessary to multiply instances of this nature. What has been said of Oude might be applied with nearly equal truth and force to the Nizam's dominions, or to any other independent state in India. It will, indeed, be a joyful day for the peoples of Hindostan when the prediction of the old "Lion of the Punjab" is fully brought to pass. Earnestly gazing on a map of the Peninsula in which the British territories were marked by their characteristic lines of red colour, the venerable chief prophetically exclaimed, with a sigh, as he passed his hand over the broad sheet, "*Sub lall ho jega*"—"the whole shall certainly become red." It is truly a consummation devoutly to be wished for, in the best interests of humanity, truth, and civilisation, as well as for the perfect security of our present dominions.

Open Council.

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

ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—May I be permitted to ask the "Believer in Italy for the Italians," of what utility can it be to invite Italian patriots to make their *profession de foi*, and expose the programme of their future revolution to the eyes of England? Are "the wishes and feelings of the Italians" to be consulted in the future reorganisation of the peninsula?

Should England co-operate with European diplomacy to indicate what changes shall take place in Italy, "the wishes and feelings of the Italians" will not be taken into consideration, and an "Italy for the Italians" becomes a term of derision similar to that mockery so bitterly felt by Naples in 1799, Sicily in 1812, Genoa in 1814, Lombardy and Venice in 1815, Piedmont and Naples in 1820-21, and the whole of Italy in 1848.

Lord Westmoreland may defend the interests of the Lombard refugees at Vienna—Austria still sequesters and hangs, while England is silent; Mr. Gladstone may write letters on Naples, while Lord Aberdeen accepts their dedication—still the people of Naples are beaten and tortured, and England is idle; Lord Palmerston may declaim against the imbecility and inhumanity of the Papal Government—Pius IX. still reigns, and with him the branded assassin Nardoni, who bears the mark of infamy on his shoulder, assisted by Antonelli, the worthy nephew of the notorious brigand Gasparoni. The sympathy of English statesmen expends itself in mere words, and these are all that English modern diplomacy has hitherto offered in favour of Italy.

Now that the Italian question begins to claim some attention, Italians are called to enrol themselves as mercenaries to fight for Turkish independence, while the independence of Italy still remains a plaything in the hands of Austrians, Jesuits, and Bourbons. Thus, by a masterstroke of political hypocrisy, Christians are to be freed from the Mussulman yoke, and therefore Italians, mere Helots under the most degrading despotism, are expected to cry, Hurrah! for the defenders of European liberty and civilisation!

Let us not, therefore, hear of "Italy for the Italians," if English diplomacy and English official generosity are to take any part in her affairs, for, believe me, sir, it will be a mockery and a snare for that unjustly oppressed people. England will act towards Italy as may best suit her own interests, and would to God she may discover in time that her true interest is to side with "the wishes and feelings of the Italians."

But if a revolution must solve the destiny of Italy, it will not be easy to answer the "Believer." In the history of nations, a revolution has never been preceded by a written programme, nor have its objects been exactly defined. People are not revolutionists by design, but by necessity; when, therefore, inexorable necessity urges a nation to revolt, the explosion of popular indignation is often caused by unforeseen circumstances, and frequently leads to unforeseen conclusions. Far, therefore, from the erroneous opinion prevalent in England that Mazzini and his secret society, or any other sectarian organisation, directed or could control an Italian revolution, you may be assured that in 1848 the national will spoke energetically for National Independence before the Mazzinians, or any other sectarian, uttered a word.

The people of Italy hate foreign domination: this is a fact known to the whole world. The people of Italy will not have a Pope who is at the same time pope and king: this is also well known. The people of Italy desire to be governed, and not trampled on by brute force; and nothing could prevent their attaining these just rights but the shameful European

system, which is upheld under the pretence of maintaining the balance of power.

Independence and nationality are not poetical ideas which could be easily set aside, nor is the hatred of the Italians towards the Pope unreasonable. The Papacy, with its assumed character of universality, has made Italy the field where foreign ambition, under the cloak of religion, has fought for dominion. Foreign and papal rule are, therefore, synonymous, and the emancipation of Italy can only be effected by the expulsion of the first, and the destruction of the temporal power of the second.

Independence means a free selection, either of one government or of several bound together, which have at heart the welfare of the country and of the people governed. Italians, as a cultivated, practical, and rational people, will choose that form of government only which, with the least possible change, will be able to develop the greatest advantages in the shortest time, so as to augment the natural resources of the country, and finally restore her politically, socially, and materially to that grandeur to which, as an important European nation, she has a right to aspire.

Some will ask, what will be the form of government chosen? Assuredly none with the present sovereigns. The monarchy of Savoy, the only state in Italy where a king has kept his word, the only asylum of free thought, affords the clearest proof that the Italian people, to be rendered happy in 1848, only required honest and enlightened rulers. Had Ferdinand II., Leopold II., and even Pius IX., acted uprightly, Italy would not now be threatened with a new bloody and mortal struggle. Sovereigns have been dishonest; can the people be reproached for being disaffected? Kings cannot be trusted on their oath; are we then to be astonished that the people are revolutionists?

What the people of Italy may do after so many hopes have been so cruelly disappointed, it is impossible for us to say, removed as we are from the enormities arising from the blind suspicions and blind punishments of a brutal despotism. The cry of an oppressed multitude that shakes off the yoke may be "Freedom" as well as "Vengeance," and if in the hour of triumph they commit excesses, who is to blame if not the governments, who have condemned them to brutality and ignorance?

Still, with all these threatened dangers, if any reasonable Italian be asked to choose between a constitutional monarchy and the actual degradation of his country, none but a madman or an Austrian disguised as a Mazzinian would prefer the latter. True, there are Mazzinians, but it would be nonsense to identify Mazzini or his proselytes with the whole of Italy. Mazzini, who in England has been regarded as the soul of the Italian party, is but a grain of sand in the great movement which agitates the Italian mind throughout the Peninsula; and Mazzini would be a traitor to his country if, to identify himself as the leader of the future revolution, he should endeavour to prolong the present degradation of Italy. But he has not the power; and, even if he had, I feel convinced he is too heartily an Italian to obstruct ameliorations which would enable his opinions to be more freely discussed throughout Italy.

Italians may differ in opinions, but these differences do not blind them to the necessity of uniting against foreign domination, despotism, and papal rule. If they are yet divided as to the ultimate object of their wishes, they perfectly agree as to their immediate needs—war to foreign oppressors—emancipation from clerical and jesuitical misrule—liberty for every single part so as to be consistent with the welfare of the whole country—development of national resources—and constitution of Italy into one nation.

When these objects are realised under any form of government, then Constitutionalists, Republicans, and Clericals will be free to discuss, write, and print, even as they are now wisely permitted to do by the Government of Piedmont, without fear or illegal opposition. Polemical squabbles could then do no harm; they would simply indicate the danger or advantage of further change. Without freedom of discussion there can be no liberty, and despotism alone suppresses the manifestation of contending opinions, in order to make the absolute will of one rule the many. The discordant principles which agitate every free country, far from causing weakness, constitute strength; for, in the constant shock of opposing doctrines and ideas, the nation learns to distinguish the true from the false, until the convictions of the majority, which are generally the wisest, finally predominate. According to these considerations, perfect concord would be death to liberty and to the world, for as Seneca says, *Tota hujus mundi concordia ex discordiis constat*.

It is, Sir, by these means only that "the wishes and feelings of the Italians" can be effectually expressed in accordance with the hopes of the "Believer in Italy for the Italians," in whose aspirations I most sincerely concur.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
August 24.

AN ITALIAN.

Literature

not been done, and as the judges and police of literature, they do not make laws, they interpret and try to enforce the law. *Edinburgh Review*.

One is made curiously aware of the changes in fashion and in opinion which take place in literature, by an occasional publication, or republication, in whose pages we either read what years ago would have stirred our enthusiasm, and now leaves us quite tepid, or else read what it seems inconceivable should ever have excited enthusiasm. A republication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, for instance, puzzles this generation. The republication of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, will be very differently read by those who remember the old days of Blackwood, and enjoyed the literary warfare, if warfare it could be called, which then was thought admirable; and by those who do not remember the period but have only heard their fathers speak of it.

LEIGH HUNT, from his studious solitude, has just sent forth a volume which twenty or even fifteen years ago would have produced a sensation among us Reviewers, and set us one and all at the task of eager criticism. It is a *Selection from Beaumont and Fletcher*, somewhat on the plan of Lamb's *Specimens of the Old Dramatists*, but more extensive and satisfactory, since it gives whole scenes as well as separate passages. It is addressed to two classes: first, to the family circles wherein the poetry of these admirable poets would be thoroughly appreciated were it not excluded by their riotous indelicacy. LEIGH HUNT has with jealous care removed every passage of word which might offend, and given only such extracts as may be read aloud. The second class of readers is that, perhaps equally numerous, whose members, however sensitive to the beauties of poetry, have not the time nor the patience to undertake the entire works of Beaumont and Fletcher. For both classes he has skilfully catered. The supreme elegance of his taste is well known; and he has added such notes, critical, explanatory, and verbal, as to use the stereotyped phrase, "leave nothing to be desired," except an abundance even greater than there is.

This book, a few years ago would not only have found its readers in the two classes just named, it would have found a band of ardent proselytes in the critics and dramatists, who were then doing their utmost to revive a defunct literature, trying to persuade the sceptical public that the Old Dramatists were great, nay the greatest of dramatists, and trying, with more or less success, to imitate those dramatists. We were all infected with this fever. The mantle of the Elizabethan school was continually falling on the shoulders of Jones, and the resurrection of the English Poetic Drama was even on the point of taking place through the efforts of SMITH. It is true that privately Jones sneered at the pretensions of SMITH, and SMITH was loud in contempt at the baldness of Jones. But however private estimates might separate them, in public they were united. The Unacted Dramatists formed a phalanx, a phalanx dreaded by managers who would not produce their plays, but supported by the critics, partly because there was still latent, sometimes vented, to claim admiration, and partly because the aim was high, the purpose was literary, and the Drama in a desperate condition. The Old Dramatists were lauded on every side, new editions were issued, and Mr. Moxon ventured on cheap editions of the principal writers, but alas! found no public for such literature; and in a very short time the secondhand bookstalls were crowded with these volumes. The Unacted Dramatists, it was found, were the Unactable, and Mr. Moxon soon found they were also the Unsalable. The trades against public taste, with which we all consoled ourselves, and varied our dithyrambs of praise did not much affect the public. An occasional five-act play was produced by some misguided manager, with brilliant success for one night, but no piece which succeeded had any resemblance to the Old Dramatists, except in the case of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, who succeeded in spite of such resemblance. And of last when poor GEORGE STREYER engaged a theatre for the express production of *Martinez*, and ruined himself thereby, the comedy was given. From having been an imposing minority, the Unacted became a ridiculous minority. They disappeared. Magazines, Reviews, and Newspapers no longer published essays on the Old Dramatists, or Prospects of the Drama. And now LEIGH HUNT produces a charming work, which, if produced then, would have been reviewed in every possible journal, but now will most likely be passed over in silence, and left in silence to find its way to readers.

Nothing is more certain in the book-making world than that Germans are the very best, as well as the very worst, makers of books; they have more conscientious zeal and labour to bestow on any subject, if they have less practical sense of the needs of a public. A bad German book is terrible; a good book is certain to be very good. J. B. MEYER has just published a work on *Aristotle*, considering him as a zoologist (*Aristoteles Thierkunde*), which is one of those patient exhaustive books met with only in German literature. In it he establishes what was the actual knowledge of ARISTOTLE of what animals and classes he knew from actual inspection, and what from hearsay; he also examines the questions of ARISTOTLE'S Method and Classification, everywhere comparing the results of modern science with the statements and opinions of the Greek; and, in short, has, in the space of five

hundred solid pages, produced what must remain a valuable repository of facts and ideas on the subject. It is not a work which admits of review in our columns; but there are several of our readers who may be thankful for this indication of its existence.

LOVE IN THE DRAMA.

Cours de Littérature Dramatique, ou l'Usage des Passions dans le Drama. Par M. SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN. Tome troisième. Paris: Charpentier. M. SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN is a writer who makes the public not only desire his volumes, but wait for them. The reason of this, in the case of the *Cours de Littérature Dramatique*, is that it consists of lectures given by him at the Sorbonne, so that the volumes can only appear after their contents have been delivered in "winged words." The first volume was published in 1843, the second in 1849, and it is only now, after the lapse of another six years, that we obtain the welcome third. Nothing can be more charmingly easy and conversational than the style of these volumes. We have all experienced that "who writes about amusing books must himself be amusing," is as far from being an axiom as Johnson's immortal parody, "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat;" and that a work on the belles lettres may be as drowsy as one on weights and measures. But M. Saint-Marc Girardin is one of those writers who make a graceful subject still more graceful; he enhances the beauty of the flowers he gathers by the tasteful way in which he weaves them together. Qualities which make him delightful as a critic are his ready appreciation of beauty, even when that beauty is mingled with much quaintness and absurdity, and his lively sensibility to every trait of genuine feeling. He has at once chastity and largeness of thought—not a common conjunction anywhere, and perhaps especially uncommon in France; he is liberal without being lax, and pure without the least suspicion of prudery.

In the latter part of his second volume he examined the three grand influences which have modified the character of Love, and made us differ so widely from the ancients in our conception and presentation of that passion, namely, Christianity, chivalry, and the doctrine of Platonic love. In the present volume he pursues the subject of Love, and traces its modifications in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, by analysing, or rather graphically sketching the three typical romances. The *Amadis*, which represents chivalrous love in its more softened and effeminate stage; the *Astree*, which mingles Platonic with chivalrous love, under the name of pastoral love; and the *Clélie*, which is the code of *la galanterie honnête*, and "marks the apogee of woman's preponderance in the world and in literature." We recommend readers who would like to be told, in the pleasantest way, something about those antediluvian romances, to turn to this volume of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's. He will show them matter for admiration, even in D'Urfé and Mlle. Scudéry, and it is always worth while to widen our circle of admiration. After thus surveying the general expression of Love under the varying conditions of society, from antiquity down to the seventeenth century, M. Girardin enters on an examination of the particular expressions given to this passion in the drama, the romance, and the pastoral, and it is this part of his work which is most attractive. He opens for us one book after another, perhaps lying dusty on our shelves, points out beautiful passages and significant traits, makes Theocritus appear the most tempting author in the world, and pastorals in general seem readable—which we humbly confess we have rarely found them—shows a fine appreciation of Shakspeare, and winds up by charming his reader's interest to Madame Deshoulières, who ought to be held in grateful recollection, if for nothing else, at least for having written those incisive lines—

Nul n'est content de sa fortune,

Ni mécontent de son esprit.

an epigram to which La Rochefoucauld has given a new dress in his *Maximes*. It is of course impossible for us to follow him through this lengthy survey, so, by way of selection, we turn to his observations on *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he compares Shakspeare's tragedy with the novel of Luigi da Porto. In the novel it is Juliet who makes the first advance to Romeo; at the first glance they exchange, the young maiden feels that her heart is no longer her own, and when the progress of the dance brings Romeo near to her, she says, "Welcome to my side, Messer Romeo." M. Girardin observes that this treatment of the subject is entirely in the spirit of ancient poetry, and he proceeds:—"Why, in ancient poetry and in the Italian novel, which is here in entire unison with ancient poetry, why do the women love before being loved? why do they feel the passion before inspiring it? and why, in modern poetry and romance, do we find the contrary? Did not Eneas before we knew whether she was loved in return, and we may even doubt whether she was ever loved. Medea loves Jason before being loved by him. Is it that the love-smitten heroines of antiquity had less modesty than the love-smitten heroines of modern times? or is it that the modern poets and romancers are more refined and reserved in the pictures they give of woman's sentiments? The manners of antiquity may explain why, in ancient poetry, woman wants that reserve in feeling, and yet more in words, which is her rule in modern times. Shut up in the gynæceum, and never mixing in the society of men, who themselves found objects of love elsewhere, women were compelled, when love took possession of their hearts, to proffer the avowal of their passion; they must themselves reveal their secret, or let it remain for ever unknown. The less free woman is made by laws and conventionalities, the freer does she become through passion when she yields herself up to it. Thus, the women whose passion made them famous in antiquity were compelled to forget at once the first and last proprieties of their sex. In order to be loved, they were forced to say that they loved; and hence ancient poetry was accustomed to represent its heroines as making the first avowals of love."

M. Girardin then goes on to say that Shakspeare, "who is altogether a modern," differs in his treatment from the Italian novelist, in assigning the first movement and expression of love to Romeo; as if he meant to imply that Shakspeare is an example of the antithesis he has just been stating between ancient and modern love, or rather love-making. He could hardly have made a more unfortunate selection of a case in point, for—inconvenient

as the fact may be for those whose creed includes at once the doctrine of Shakspeare's infallibility and the doctrines of modern propriety—Shakspeare's women have no more decided characteristic than the frankness with which they avow their love, not only to themselves, but to the men they love. If Romeo opens the duct of love with a few notes *solo*, Juliet soon strikes in, and keeps it up in as impassioned a strain as he. Sweet Desdemona, "a maiden never bold," encourages Othello, not only by a "world of sighs," but by the broadest possible hint that he has won her heart. Rosalind, in her first interview with Orlando, tells him he has "overthrown more than his enemies;" Portia is eloquent in assurances of her love before the casket is opened—

One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours!

And this frankness towards the lover is generally followed up by the most impassioned soliloquies or confessions to confidants. Then there are the women who love without being loved in return, and some of whom even sue for love. Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well*, the Helena in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the shepherdess Sylvia, Viola, and Olivia, who woos so prettily that the action justifies itself. Curious it is to contrast these Shakspearean heroines with some of Walter Scott's painfully-discreet young ladies—the Edith Bellendens, Alice Bridgeworths, and Miss Wardours! Whatever may be the respectability of these modern heroines, it is clear that little could be made of them dramatically; they are like trees trained in right lines by dint of wall and hammer. But we are wandering from the point we had undertaken to prove, namely, that Shakspeare cannot properly be contrasted with the ancients in the expression he gives to woman's love. If so—if this feminine frankness is not peculiar to the ancients, the cause of it in them must lie deeper than the restraints of the gynæceum, to which M. Girardin attributes it: it must be simply a natural manifestation which has only been gradually and partially repressed by the complex influences of modern civilisation.

In his criticism of Shakspeare, M. Girardin sometimes reminds us of the Germans by his discovery of profound philosophical intentions where Shakspeare had probably nothing more than poetical and dramatic intentions. For example, Caliban, he tells us, is meant in the first instance to typify the inevitable brutality of human nature in the savage state, in opposition to the marvellous stories of voyagers in Shakspeare's days; and in the second instance, when he "tastes of civilisation"—that is, of Trinculo's wine—Caliban is meant as a caveat to the hasty panegyrist of civilised life. But, unlike the Germans, M. Girardin touches lightly on such subjects—just dips his wings in the *mare magnum* of philosophical interpretation, but generally floats along in the lighter medium of tasteful criticism and quotation. He promises us, at some future time, a fourth volume on the dramatic treatment of religious enthusiasm, a volume which will come to us recommended by the memory of much pleasure due to its predecessors.

NOTES AMBROSIANÆ.

The Works of Professor Wilson. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vol. I. *Notes Ambrosianæ.* Vol. I. Blackwood.

THAT a man's son-in-law should be his biographer is one of those good old literary arrangements which we are glad to see carried on. The fashion is set in the prince of all biographies, the "Agricola" of Tacitus; it is followed in Roper's Sir Thomas More, in Lockhart's Scott, in Hanna's Chalmers, three of the best Lives which our literature (not rich in this department) possesses. We shall be glad to see Professor Ferrier's Life of Wilson, and, meanwhile, we welcome this first instalment of his works; but the "Life" to come (for it is not yet out) should rather have been committed to Wilson's other son-in-law, Aytoun. Ferrier's chief distinction is metaphysical; Aytoun, as a humourist, and a man with a certain wild and rollicking freedom about him, would better, we think, sympathise with Christopher's character than his "learned brother."

More *probata*, we criticise the editor before criticising the work edited. Our Professor has the amiable fault of making somewhat too much of his hero's performance. Undoubtedly, the "Shepherd" of the "Noctes" is a capital character—truly dramatic, delightfully humorous, and intensely Scotch. But listen to Professor Ferrier on him:—

In wisdom the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato; in humour he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakspeare.

Of course, an Englishman roars at such a dictum as this, and a Scotchman whose head is not turned gives a melancholy grin. This is a little too much, O good Professor! In sense, the Shepherd resembles Franklin or Sydney Smith, and in humour he is equal to Sam Slick and some comic creations of Scott's. But this is as much praise as the wildest admirer of Wilson has the least right to expect.

It is the editor's business to append notes illustrative of the text. Let us look at some of Professor Ferrier's. *Vivian Grey* being mentioned, we are told gravely at the bottom of the page:—

Vivian Grey was the juvenile production of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852.

Fowell Buxton turns up, and we have "afterwards Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton," &c., &c. Henry Cockburn similarly appears, and "afterwards Lord Cockburn, one of the judges," &c., duly salutes us. Surely, the world will remember that *Vivian Grey* was an early work of Disraeli's as long as it is likely to trouble itself with the book before us. We could add specimens of the same kind, indicating that the Professor expects some of the best-known facts of this age to be alone remembered through the medium of his notes to Wilson.

With regard to the more important matter of the discretion used in reprinting the "Noctes," we have nothing very censorious to observe. Certain bits of terribly coarse violence might have been omitted, for they add nothing to Wilson's intellectual fame, and may lead some people to the mistaken impression that he was not fundamentally a sound-hearted, kind man. We beg to instance the critique, or rather the denunciation, at pages 196-7,

of a certain Mr. Mudie's *Modern Athens*. Man and book are dead and forgotten, and where is the benefit of reprinting in a volume, intended for libraries and drawing-rooms, a bit of declamation so coarse and loathsome that it might have come from one of Swift's Yahoos? Again, we are no enemies to satire, nor are we conscious of an undue admiration of Hazlitt, but Hazlitt is abused in this volume in language which the late infamous *Satirist* would have transferred to its columns with pleasure. North and the Shepherd are talking of magazines, and of *Colburn's*, then edited by Campbell, when the following pleasant piece of dialogue about a contemporary occurs:—

North. The very name of Campbell sheds a lambent lustre over its occasional dullness; and a single scrap of one of his Lectures on Poetry—such is my admiration of his delightful genius—redeems the character of a whole Number. Campbell is a fine critic, at once poetical and philosophical, full of feeling as of thought. The Prefaces to his Specimens—are they not exquisite? The Smiths are clever men—but why is not Hazlitt kicked out of the concern?

Shepherd. 'Cause Cammel kens he's hungry.

North. That may be a very good reason for sending an occasional loaf or fish to his lodgings, with Mr. Campbell's, or Mr. Colburn's compliments; but it is a very bad one for suffering him to expose his nakedness periodically to the reading public.

Tickler. It does not seem to me, from his writings, that Hazlitt's body is much reduced. The exhaustion is of mind. His mind has the wind-colic. It is troubled with flatulency. Let him cram it with borrowed or stolen victuals, yet it gets no nourishment. It is fast dying of atrophy; and when it belches its last, will be found to be a mere skeleton.

North. I perceive he has lately assumed the character in *Colburn*, of Boswell Redivivus. Why Jemmy Boswell was a gentleman born and bred—a difficulty in the way of impersonation, which Billy Hazlitt can never, in his most sanguine moments, hope to overcome.

Tickler. Then Jemmy was in good society, and a member of the Club. Moderate as were his talents, he was hand-in-glove with Burke, and Langton, and Beauclerk, and Percy, and the rest. He of *Table-Talk* has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the Press-gang—Reporters fight shy—and the Editors of Sunday newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach.

Now, Hazlitt has an honourable place in literature as a critic. Barring certain defects of temper, his personal character, so far as we know, is without stain. Why reprint this? All this violence arose out of political differences. But the Tory violence of those days did not check the movement against which it was directed; and by no men are the Rigbys, the Hooks, and the other fellows who did the hangman work of the party, held in such indifference and contempt as by those who are now endeavouring to embody the genuine and good part of Toryism in forms suited to the new age. Nobody is gratified by the revival of such matter as this, and Professor Ferrier, by doing so, makes himself personally responsible to the families of the men insulted.

These passages, however, are few—they were the offspring of the passion of the hour—and we turn with pleasure to the permanent goodness and beauty embodied in the book before us. We are glad to see Wilson's works open with a portion of the "Noctes," for they are—excepting the Recreations of Christopher North—the finest things he did. Poetical, though not a poet—dramatic, and yet not a dramatist—witty, but something better than a wit—with a fund of sense and shrewdness and fun—all animated by a radiant glow of high spirits and human heartiness—Wilson was born to be a great critic, and was entirely at home in the form of Dialogue. Had he been more completely poet, dramatist, or wit, he would have gained the distinctiveness at a sacrifice of versatility, of dash, and perhaps of geniality. As it was, he was alive on every side to every form of excellence, and the man was never lost in the artist. The world requires its "appreciators"—interpreters between it and the noble and beautiful in nature and books. Wilson was one of these genial priests of letters—these Peter the Hermits of Nature! Where his clear bright eye fell, a thousand new beauties were made visible to the common ken,—his native feelings were so vivid, his glance so keen, his voice so ringing and hearty. A creative mind his was not, but as a man-of-letters (in the distinctive sense of that term, with a stress on the *man*!) he belonged to the very highest class. He was, too, one of those men-of-letters (a distinct body within the class) who in an earlier age would have been men of action. His personal tastes were like his literary ones, and there is the freshness and manliness in his style which belonged to him in his shooting coat, a tread and a stride about it like that with which he brushed away the dew on the heather on many a glorious morning in the North. He who wants to know what the historic Scotchman was (the Scotchman of the ballads, not the "canny" adventurer of trade) may form a good notion of him in studying the image Wilson has left of himself in his writings. The MAN is everywhere predominant. Most vigorously he describes, for instance, flinging upon paper light and colour and figures with a force that makes you start back and wink again. But does he finish a picture which may hang up calm and complete, a thing apart from its creator? Not he. He paints and declaims, and laughs and weeps, passes from satire to pathos, from pathos to wild drollery, with the most self-reliant independence, and the most wanton animalism. A mixture of humour and vehement earnestness—a Lutheran character—is very common among notable Scots. You find it in the writings of old Knox, in Burns, in Carlyle. It is a kind of variety of that Germanic character common to English and Lowlanders—for Wilson was a Lowlander like the other three.

His critical works are distinguished by the heartiness of their sympathy. He showed that pre-eminently in the incessant fight he made for Wordsworth. His main defect was one quite in keeping with this hearty quality and tendency to violence. His taste, though good, was not nice. It was sound and fresh, but it was not refined and minute. Something large, leonine, Johnsonian, marked the man. In the great main features his judgment was sound, but it was not delicate in details. As one often sees men of the strongest physical power into whose eyes emotion makes its way as quickly as into a weak girl's, so the vigorous descriptions of Wilson sometimes run over into maudlin when he is pathetic. In the same way his satire is often overdone, and he goes rollicking into some excess which shocks.

In the "Noctes," all his variety of qualities has fair play, since he has abundant range; and, apart from the special merit of the dialogues, the book is a very curious record of what was doing in England in politics, letters, and general life during the early part of this century. Nothing is rarer than a good, that is, a dramatic dialogue, since in most compositions bearing the name, the men are made for the sayings, and not the sayings for the men. The "good things" pass like counters at a game of cards, which have nothing about them to mark them as one person's property rather than the other's. The "Noctes" are singularly dramatic. The Shepherd is unique. He is a character whom one remembers like the delineations of a great novel. What Hogg exactly supplied towards the creation would be hard to tell. It is Hogg, and not Hogg. Hogg was not such a converser, yet could Wilson have created the figure without Hogg? It is Hogg as a man of genius saw him. Let any one who doubts how much is due to Wilson select the most remarkable man he knows, and try to make out of him anything a hundredth part so real!

There is something in this conception of the Shepherd Sancho-Panza-ish, and yet poetical. It is a Scotch Sancho who is a rural poet. It is an embodiment of mother-wit, a most admirable exhibition of our old friend—

Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.

We shall select a specimen or two of his happiest vein:—

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Shepherd. You may keep wagging that tongue o' yours, Mr. Tickler, till midsummer, but I'll no stir a foot frae my position, that the London University, if weel schemed and weel conductit, will be a blessing to the nation. It's no for me, nor the like o' me, to utter a single syllable against education. Take the good and the bad together, but let a' ranks hae education.

Tickler. All ranks cannot have education.

Mullion. I agree with Mr. Tickler,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Shepherd. Oh, Man, Mullion! but you're a great gowk! What the mair dangerous are ye wi' your little learning? There's no a mair harmless creature than yoursel, man, amang a' the contributors. The Pierian spring! What ken ye about the Pierian spring? Ye never drouked your lugs intil't, I'm sure. Yet, gin it were anything like a jug o' whisky, faith, ye wad hae drank deep aneuch—and then, dangerous or no dangerous, ye might hae been lugged awa to the Poleesh-office, wi' a watchman aneath ilka oxter, kickin and spurrin a' the way, like a pig in a string. Haud your tongue, Mullion, about drinkin deep, and the Pierian spring.

North. James, you are very fierce this evening. Mullion scarcely deserved such treatment.

Shepherd. Fairce? I'm nae mair fairce than the lave o' ye. A' contributors are in a manner fairce—but I canna thole to hear nonsense the nicht. Ye may just as weel tell me that a little siller's a dangerous thing. Sae, doubtless it is, in a puir hard-working chiel's pouch, in a change-house, on a Saturday nicht—but no sae dangerous either as mair o't. A guinea's mair dangerous than a shilling, gin you reason in that gate. It's just perfec sophistry a'thegether. In like manner, you might say a little licht's a dangerous thing, and therefore shut up the only bit wunnock in a poor man's house, because the room was ower sma' for a Venetian! Havers! havers! God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and driblets. That's my creed, Mr. North—and it's Mr. Canning's too, I'm glad to see, and that o' a' the lave o' the enlightened men in civilised Europe.

[A word or two, such as "wunnock" for "window," "oxters"—"arm-pits," "havers" for gabble or nonsense, require explanation. The editor is liberal in these matters throughout.]

MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH LADY.

Tickler. What an absurd old beldame is Madame Genlis, in the last number of the *Quarterly*! Have you read her Memoirs, James?

Shepherd. Me read her Memoirs!—no me indeed! But I have read the article on slut, French and a'. There can be nae doubt but that she would marry yet! Hoo the auld lass wad stan paintin her shrivelled cheeks at a plate-glass mirror, wi' a frame o' naked Cupids! Hoo she wad try to tosh up the rizzered haddies o' her breast, and wi' paddins round her hainches! Hoo she wad smirk, and simper, and leer wi' her bleered rheumy een at the marriage ceremony before a Papish Priest!—and wha wad venture to say that she wadna entertain expectations and howps o' fa'in into the family-way on the wrang side o' aught? Think ye she wad tak to the nursin, and show undue partiality to her first-born ower a' the ither childer?

North. Old age—especially the old age of a lady—should be treated with respect—with reverence. I cannot approve of the tone of your interrogations, James.

Shepherd. Yes, Mr. North—old age ought indeed to be treated with respect and reverence. That's a God's truth. The ancient grandame, seated at the ingle amang her children's children, wi' the Bible open on her knees, and lookin solemn, almost severe, with her dim eyes, through specs shaded by grey hairs—now and then brightening up her faded countenance wi' a saintly smile, as she saftly lets fa' her shrivelled hand on the golden head o' some wee bit hafflin imp sittin cowerin by her knee, and, half in love half in fear, opening not his rosy lips—such an aged woman as that—for leddy I shall not ca' her—is indeed an object of respect and reverence; and beats there a heart within human bosom that would not rejoice, wi' holy awe, to lay the homage of its blessing at her feet?—But—

North. Beautiful, James!—Tickler, is not that beautiful?

Shepherd. I was thinking just then, sirs, o' my ain mother.

North. You needed not to have said so, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. But to think o' an auld, bedizzened, painted hag o' a French harridan ripin the ribs o' her wasted carcass wi' the poker o' vanity, to wauken a spark in the dead ashes o' her wonted fires, and tryin a' the secrets o' memory and imagination to kindle a glow in the chitterin skeleton—

North. Tickler, what imagery!

Shepherd. To hear her gloating ower sins she can no longer commit—nay, ower the sins o' them that are flesh and bluid nae mair, but part o' the moulderin corruption o' catacombs and cemetaries;—to see the unconscious confusion in which the images o' virtue and vice come waverin thegither afore her een, frae the lang-ago history o' them that, in life, were her ain kith and kin—

Tickler. Stop, James!—stop, I beseech you!

Shepherd. To hearken till her drivellin, in the same dotage o' undistinguishing heartlessness, o' chaste matrons that filled the secret drawers in their cabinets wi' love-letters, no frae their ain husbands, but frae princes, and peers, and counts, and gentlemen, and a' sorts o' riff-raff, as plain as pike-staffs ettilin at adultery;—o' nae less chaste maidens blushin in the dark, in boudoirs, in the grup o' unprincipled paramours, let lowse upon them by their verra ain fathers and mothers, and, after years o' sic perilous rampagin wi' young sodgers, walin out ane at last for her man,

only to plant horns on his head, and lose a haud on the legitimacy o' any ane o' his subsequent children except the first, and him mair than apocryphal;—o' limmers that flang their chastity with open hand frae them like chaff, and rolling along in flunky flanked eekpages by the Boulevards o' Paris, gloried in the blaze o' their iniquity—

North. I must positively shut your mouth, James.—You will burst a blood-vess in your righteous indignation. That's right, empty your tumbler.

There is a raciness and boldness about this and many such passage which is refreshing in our quieter and more decorous days. And we are bound to say that on returning to the "Noctes" in this new shape, we found them quite as readable as of old when we hunted them up in the volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

ARISTOTLE ON THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

Aristotle on the Vital Principle. Translated from the Original Text, with Notes by Charles Collier, M.D. Macmillan and Co.

It will perhaps cause some surprise in certain readers to see the well-known treatise of Aristotle, *De Anima*, translated by an accomplished physician, and a treatise, not on the *Soul*, but on the *Vital Principle*. To the best of our knowledge this is the first time the work has been correctly designated, at least by translators. De Blainville, in his *Histoire des Sciences de l'Organisation* (Vol. I. p. 220 *et seq.*), had already rectified the vulgar error, and established the true meaning of Aristotle. Dr. Collier, in alluding to his predecessors, says that their misconception of this physiological treatise being psychological treatise, and their ignorance of physiology, have led them into obscurities and errors; but he himself nowhere establishes how and why the confusion became possible, nor what properly is the signification of the word $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, translated correctly enough *anima*, and *vital principle*. It may not be altogether uninteresting to clear up this point as far as we can.

Every one knows that $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ means *soul*; but it requires slight acquaintance with Greek writers to be made aware that this word also means *life* not only in an indirect, derivative sense, but also in the direct sense; no simply as soul and life are used by us convertibly, but in the specific distinction of soul as life and soul as intelligence—*vous*. Sometimes, as in Herodotus (Clio, i. 112), the phrase "he will not perish as to his soul" $\text{οὐκ ἀπολείπει τὴν ψυχὴν}$, may be taken as a periphrasis for "he will not die;" as Homer uses the phrase ἀπο θυμὸν ὀλεσθαι . Then again the expression $\text{τὴν ψυχὴν ἀπερρηξεν}$, "he died," may be the equivalent for he "gave up the ghost." But there is no such ambiguity in the phrase $\text{ψυχὴν παρατερομένην}$ "begging for life;" nor in such a passage as that in St. Matthew, ii. 20 $\text{τεθνηκασι γὰρ οἱ ζητοῦντες τὴν ψυχὴν τοῦ παιδίου}$, "they are dead who sought the child's life," nor in various passages in the Dramatists where life is meant and soul cannot be meant. Throughout his treatise Aristotle obviously is treating directly of Life, and only indirectly of Mind; although, as Dr. Collier remarks, the term Vital Principle embodies Aristotle's idea, yet the writers cited do not always employ the term $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ in this sense; no was Aristotle himself always consistent in his use of it. We are not consistent in our use of such words as Heart, and Soul, why then should we be rigorous with the Greeks?

The cause of the ambiguity is, however, more interesting to us than the ambiguity itself; and that cause, we believe, lay in the superior psychological basis which the Greeks had. We who for centuries have been in the habit of dissociating Life and Mind, of making them either two separate independent Entities residing in the body, or one Entity (Mind) and one process moved by it, controlled by it (Life), are necessarily puzzled at these Greek phrases, which identify and sometimes confound the two. But—unless our reading of Aristotle is erroneous, unless we read into his pages what is not in them—he, at least, saw with more or less clearness, that Mind was only a higher development of Life, the particular manifestation of a general activity. There could be Life without Mind—the general without the particular form; but no Mind without Life. Read this masterly passage, in which Aristotle anticipates modern physiology and psychology, and what has just been asserted will, perhaps, become clear:—

We say, then, resuming our inquiry at its outset, that the *animate* is distinguished from the *inanimate* by having life. Now the term *life* has many acceptations, but it is one only of the following properties, viz., mind, sensibility, locomotion, and rest, as well as the motion concerned in nutrition, growth, and decay, be manifested in any object, we say that that object is alive. And, therefore, all plants seem to be alive, for they all appear to have within them a faculty and a principle by which they acquire growth and undergo decay in opposite directions; for they do not grow upwards exclusively, but they grow equally in both these and all other directions, and are alive throughout so long as they are able to imbibe nourishment. It is possible for nutrition to subsist independently of the other functions, but the others cannot possibly, in mortal beings, subsist without it; and this is manifest in plants, since no other than it has been allotted to them. Thus, it is by this faculty of nutrition that life is manifested in living beings, but an animal is characterised above all by sensibility; for we say that creatures endowed with sensibility are not merely living beings, but animals, although they may neither be motive nor change their locality. Touch is the sense first manifested in all creatures, and, as the nutritive faculty can be manifested independently of Touch and other senses, so the sense of Touch can be manifested independently of any other. We call nutritive function that part of Vital Principle of which plants partake; but all animals appear besides it to have the sense of Touch; and we shall, hereafter, explain why each of those functions has been allotted. Let it suffice, for the present, to say that Vital Principle is the source of the nutritive, the sentient, cogitative, and motive faculties; and that by them it has been defined.

There are passages in which he seems to contradict this, but this is the permanent result of his teaching, and may be summed up in the phrase he uses: "The Vital Principle ($\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$) is that by which we live, feel, and think from Life's outset."

If, therefore, Mind is thus identical with Life, as the flower with its root, if Life is saturated with Mind, or as Aristotle would say, possesses Mind

potentially, there was propriety in using one term to express both in a general way, for *Life is always psychical, though not always intelligent*; that form of Life which we specifically designate as Intelligence, Aristotle did not designate as *ψυχή*, but as *νοῦς*; yet, inasmuch as Intelligence rises from the psychical nature, the Mind, conceived in its entirety, was properly called *psyche*.

We must quit such discursive talk, however, to inform the reader more precisely about the work which has led us to be thus discursive. It is a curious monument of ancient science, painful to read otherwise than *historically*—unless we take it as a perpetual example of the Method which, in such inquiries, satisfied the highest intellects of that day. Some few of its general notions are still accredited, and some imply the marvellous sagacity of the old Stagyræ; but the bulk of the treatise is made up of the barrenest metaphysics and scientific errors long exploded. The metaphysics and the errors have their interest to the historical student; but to any one not thus to be interested, the work offers no attraction. We cannot too highly praise Dr. Collier's translation. He has not contented himself with producing an admirable version, he has enriched the work with copious notes, and has prefixed to each chapter an analysis of the contents, which both facilitates study and reference.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF EUROPE.

Les Musées d'Europe. By Louis Viardot. Five Volumes.* Paris: Maison. THESE five volumes by M. Viardot form a singularly useful work. They contain notices of everything that an enlightened lover of the Arts travelling through Europe could wish to admire or remember. To supply their place it would be necessary to bring together hundreds of catalogues in various languages, and to append thereto all the appreciations which careful comparison, critical power, and the possession of historical data on the filiation and the development of the various Schools of Art in all countries have enabled a studious and judicious man like M. Viardot to present us with. We have here, for the first time, be it remarked, in an agreeable and useful form, something like the Universal History of Art. That such a void remained to be filled, seems surprising. All nations, it is true, have had their historians, either local, and embracing only a particular period, or general, and embracing the whole duration of their artistic school—as in Italy, for example, where Vasari leads on his readers to the epoch that immediately followed the disappearance of the great individualities of Italian Art to the close successors and actual disciples of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian; and where, on the other hand, Lanzi embraces the whole series of schools up to the beginning of this century. But the Universal History of Art has not yet been given, and could not, until now, be attempted. Ignorance too great has reigned, and too great partiality, with too many narrow systems. Endeavour could have but led to failure. Besides, in a matter wherein the eye and the memory are so much concerned, it would have been difficult to obtain the sanction, the confidence, the conscientious approval of the public. The number of persons interested in works of Art, and who are at the same time able to travel, is limited indeed. It increases every day, but as yet there is no great public opinion—either in France, for which M. Viardot writes, or in England—before which an appeal may be made from arbitrary private taste and eccentric doctrines. Until a comparatively recent date, moreover, many important series of works were almost entirely unknown, for the great European museums contained thereof but very insufficient and disconnected specimens. This is true especially of the Spanish School, which M. Viardot in many special essays, previous to this elaborate work, has much contributed to render generally known. Some eminent productions of great masters—of Ribera, of Murillo, of Velasquez—were familiar to all; but the beginnings, the progress, the general character of the school, have only lately been elucidated. Yet surely if a limited number of capital manifestations are worth knowing, they will stimulate really inquiring minds to study the sources from which they flow, the medium they traverse, the points whither they tend.

This is a question often left out of sight. Knowledge of the most beautiful things in Art and Literature is incomplete so long as our attention is concentrated on them alone. We can appreciate the height of a mountain only by penetrating the depths of the valleys round its base and allowing our gaze to travel slowly up its slopes. The Egyptian Pyramids are never understood in their vastness until we have not only compared them with the columnar palms that wave along the feet of their rocky pedestal like nettles below a fortress wall, but have wandered through the interminable quarries from which they have been hewn. Shakspeare rises in stature when we have traced him back to Middleton, and Dante when we have perused snatches of his Provençal predecessors. In Art this is more particularly true; for its exercise is wedded irrevocably to manual processes, which become perfected by practice, and are transmitted by industry to genius, by patience to inspiration. To judge of Raphael without having seen the works of Perugino is almost an impertinence; and Luca Signorelli is sacrificed unjustly if we estimate Michael Angelo without reference to his name. There is a class of minds, however, which is offended at this fair distribution of praise and notice. It affects pride and disdain in order to appear great; and seeks to raise itself by selecting certain select names as the representatives of an age and people. Kindred minds are irresistibly attracted by sympathy, says the Commonplace-book. And observe; these systematic and contemptuous historians, if we watch their ways well, in describing a great man whom they admire and think they understand, generally substitute their own portrait for the original, invest it with their own features, and grace it with their own beauties. Criticism is something different from this. And such errors are best avoided by the inquisitive and assiduous man whose object it is to understand the real value and ideas, the different and multiple characteristics of whole generations of Workmen, competing one with the other, treading

on each other's heels, crowding towards the goal, and leading at length the genius of a people towards its highest and most special manifestations. What right have we to forget the army that fought and fell, some with glory, and some obscurely but not without merit, between Giotto and Raphael?

M. Viardot, in all his publications on Art, and especially in this most useful one, belongs essentially to the judicious, modest, laborious, and really instructive school. Without falling into the error of wearisome minuteness, avoiding petty works and insignificant facts, he examines with scrupulous and leisurely attention whatever seems likely to bring out the character of a school both in its origins and its complete developments. His book teaches much without declamation and without partiality; and, like all good books, whilst imparting instruction it provokes the reader to seek for more. Whilst glancing through it we feel the wandering impulse revive strongly within us. We think of our hat-box and our portmanteau; and also, alas! of our banker's account. What a "joy for ever" to undertake the vast journey, or succession of journeys, which has enabled this universal narrator—this firm critic—to gather so many facts and receive so much enjoyment! M. Viardot will make many a traveller; and the museums of Europe will surely see their visitors augment. Not without great profit to Art. No city, however rich its collections, can afford more than a very incomplete idea of the numerous schools and innumerable artists who have laboured in the field he has so well described.

M. Viardot's plan is to describe the contents of each gallery separately—selecting the chief works not according to the order of the catalogues, but according to the divisions of schools and chronological succession. His work therefore, as we have said, becomes almost an Universal History of Art, and as such an indispensable companion to the stay-at-home student as well as to the traveller. Were we to examine it in detail, we should be compelled to criticise various assertions and dissent from many opinions. This is a matter of course. But it is better to notice how on the whole so vast a series of statements has been brought together so successfully. From St. Petersburg to Madrid, from Rome to London, from Paris to Vienna, all the important public galleries, and many private ones, are here analysed and introduced to legitimate curiosity. The last published volume is chiefly devoted to the Louvre—recently described from a different point of view by Mr. Bayle St. John. In this case, the writer found the paintings at least already arranged pretty nearly in the order he is inclined to assign to them; for, whilst his other works were in progress, the French Museum was placed by the Republic under the direction of M. Jeanron, who took advantage of the momentary paralysis of routine to effect the principal reforms necessary. Perhaps the least successful section of the whole work is the account of our National Gallery, in approaching which something like prejudice or aversion seems to chill the usual enthusiasm—always kept within due bounds—of the accomplished critic. We may notice also an act of great courage in the decided attack on that great usurped reputation of Cornelius, the German Epic Dauber. But details, as we have hinted, must be avoided. Space forbids the minute discussions that would be necessary. We have said enough to introduce this admirable *Cicerone* to those who are not yet acquainted with him.

M. FORGUES ON THE CARICATURISTS OF ENGLAND.

La Caricature en Angleterre. Par E. D. Forgues. Paris: Simon Dautreville et Cie. THE opinions of intelligent Frenchmen on English subjects possess, at the present time, a special value for persons of all classes in this country. With that conviction, we have already inserted in this journal some examples of French criticism on the display of English Art at Paris; and we now propose in the same spirit to introduce to the notice of our readers—as another specimen of the critical literature of France which has a national interest for us—a sketch of the history of Caricature in England by an able and conscientious French writer.

M. Forgues will excuse us, we feel sure, if we confess that the thing which most astonished us on first glancing through his pamphlet, was its extraordinary correctness. While cutting the leaves we found every page studded with English proper names and English book-titles, interspersed with quotations from English poetry, and references to English slang. Our first hasty impression on observing this, was that the principal critical duties we should have to perform in noticing *La Caricature en Angleterre* would consist in correcting mistakes in spelling, and in deciphering inconceivable hieroglyphics wherever our British mother-tongue made its appearance in the course of the pamphlet. We remembered a long line of celebrated modern French authors, who could be quite correct as to names and local customs, while writing of Germans or Italians, but who became elaborately incorrect the moment they began to write of English names and English customs. We remembered (to take only illustrious examples) that the nearest approach so famous a dramatist as M. Scribe could make to a nationally comic name for a funny English nobleman (in *Fra Diavolo*) was "Lord Kochbourg"—that the type of an Englishwoman, as exhibited by Balzac and Dumas (in *Le Lys dans la Vallée* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*), was a furious, ravaging, revengeful, Amazonian devil in a riding habit—the most unconventional and free-thinking being that could be picked out of the ranks of women of all nations! We remembered that so short a time back even as the period of the Exhibition in Hyde Park, our French visitors published in newspapers and little books certain accounts of their sojourn in England, in which our names, localities, virtues, vices, and national habits in general were exhibited in such an extraordinary masquerade of misprints and misrepresentations, that if any one of these said newspaper sketches or books had been called "Strictures On Society In Timbuctoo; Including A Back-handed Hit At The Political Economy Of Crim-Tartary," we should never have suspected the author of misleading us by his title-page, or of ever having ventured himself on English ground. With these experiences—and many others that we might mention—of the mistakes inveterately made by the most renowned French authors and the most recent French travellers, when writing of our countrypeople or seeing sights in our country, it is not so very wonderful that we should unconsciously have done M. Forgues an injustice on our first glance at his work. We say our "first

* Each volume forms a separate work, sold separately. One is devoted to the Museums of Paris, another to those of Italy, a third to Spain, a fourth to Germany, a fifth to England, Belgium, Holland, and Russia. A sixth is promised on the French provinces.

glance" for the second was quite enough to prepare us for the agreeable surprise which followed a perusal of the pamphlet. From beginning to end there is not only no mistake, but no such thing even as a misprint, that we could discover in any of the numerous English names and English references which the author has admitted into his pleasant and instructive pages.

M. Forgues begins his history of Caricature in England with the first positive development of the Art produced by the quarrels of the Whigs and Tories in the reign of George the First—declining very properly to encumber his subject, when confined within the limits of a pamphlet, by taking it back to middle-age antiquity, and trying to establish an origin for caricature in the works of grotesque gothic sculpture, and in the strange pictures which illustrate our old Missals. His next epoch is the period of the South-Sea Bubble, when the fever of speculation raged everywhere, and when the caricaturist had only to look into Change Alley to find a whole host of subjects ready to his hand. A final glance at the theatrical caricatures of that day brings the historian on to the time of Hogarth. We must own to having felt a little surprised, at first, when we saw the name of Hogarth placed on a page which bore the title of "La Caricature." That Hogarth did make caricatures, and that some of them are, perhaps, the most extravagant ever produced, is certainly incontestable; but, considering that he was also a great painter (in the technical as well as the intellectual sense), we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to seeing him, because he condescended to extravagances, placed on the same list of names with Gilray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, and other mere caricaturists, who were in no strict sense of the word painters at all. Considering how justly and admirably M. Forgues appreciates such entirely unrivalled works as the *Marriage à la Mode* and the *Rake's Progress*, we are inclined to wish that he had devoted a separate pamphlet to Hogarth, and had only mentioned him in the present work in connexion with such of his productions as can strictly be called caricatures. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the so-called works of High Art, French and English, in the present day, have more real caricature in them, if they are tried by the standard of Nature, than can be found in any of the serial pictures of the *Rake's Progress*, the *Harlot's Progress*, or the *Marriage à la Mode*.

From Hogarth M. Forgues leads us on to the caricaturists who came after the great painter. Sayer, Gilray, and Rowlandson receive the most generous and discriminating appreciation at his hands. The critical part of the work ends with George Cruikshank, whose achievements in caricature are, as it seems to us, rated by the author rather too highly. Of the successors of Cruikshank (who, in our opinion, have carried their art to a much higher pitch than that to which he or his immediate predecessors attained, even at their best), M. Forgues does not speak in detail. He considers them to be still in a state of progress, and not yet fairly entitled to take their places among the Classics of Caricature.

We have only to add to this brief sketch of the contents of an excellent pamphlet our hearty congratulations to the author on the intimate acquaintance with the social and political history of England under the Georges which he exhibits. The mass of information collected within a small space, the justice and intelligence of the critical passages, and the elegant terseness of the style, all claim for this work our warmest recognition. We trust that we have not heard from M. Forgues on English subjects for the last time.

STORIES IN VERSE.

Stories in Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Now First Collected.

Routledge.

Leigh Hunt's reputation as a poet is now so firmly established that it requires no fresh proof; but, if any doubters remained, we need only place this book in their hands to cure them of their infidelity. More rich and varied poetical power—more affluence of fancy—more wealth of illustration and of imaginative sympathy with the external shows of things and the inward emotions of our human nature—more musical utterance in easy, natural, unsuperfluous verse, the articulations of which seem to come forth spontaneously from the thought or feeling to which they give expression—we do not know where to find, short of those few god-like singers who sit apart from all comparison and all envy. Leigh Hunt has here collected the very flower of his poetical genius into one elegant volume, which, from its moderate price, we trust will be found scattered abroad in many English homes, darting to and fro on many English railways, through peopled town, broad meadow, and green old woodland, and incorporating itself with the home affections, the household thoughts and familiar memories of many English hearts. We are well assured that no book of poems extant is better fitted to become a part of the moral life of a people. Meanness, insincerity, malignancy, and irreverence, cannot co-exist with the open sunshine of Leigh Hunt's mind. That disregard of the beautiful—or rather that positive worship of the ugly and vulgar—which forms but too large an element of the popular intellect, must needs feel itself rebuked and converted by pages so overflowing with beauty, health, and love. On the mere ground of literary taste, we are grateful for this volume: on the broader ground of human progression, we must be doubly thankful for seeing here collected some of the choicest writings of a man who, while combating and suffering for political liberty, has done the most to keep us humane; while contending against bigotry, has done the most to make us religious; and, while fighting against hypocritical pretences, has done the most for genuine morals.

Fully acknowledging as we do the worth of Leigh Hunt's lyrical, descriptive, and meditative poems, we cannot but think that it is mainly as a narrative poet that he will take his rank in the future. And we believe that it is in this direction that his ambition chiefly looks; for we have reason to know that he regards narrative poetry as one of the highest exercises of the poetical faculty, and regrets that we have not in the English language a greater number of "stories in verse" of the romantic and ideal order. With the example of Chaucer before us, it is difficult to come to an opposite opinion; otherwise, we confess to a doubt whether the chronicling of events, however much they may be in alliance with emotion (which is the very essence of poetry), be the highest office of the poet, who is thus turned

into a sort of celestial reporter. We wish the reader, however, to understand that we use the expression "narrative poetry" in a very restricted sense—a sense which excludes epic poetry, and even such a poem as the "Faery Queene" of Spenser, as being rather the history of the struggles of the soul, or an allegorical presentment of abstract principles; and ballad poetry as giving a series of *tableaux*, of which the intermediate parts are hinted by some intense suggestiveness of emotion. By narrative poetry, we mean poems such as were written by Chaucer and Dryden, and, in our own time, by Scott, Byron, and Crabbe—poems which depend for their interest (we do not say their poetical worth) chiefly on the incidents, and where the facts are narrated with the same regular sequence that we find in a prose tale. Yet, as we have said, this is the class of poetry which Chaucer chiefly wrote; and before the transcendent genius of that early Titan of our literature, all theories which do not harmonise with his practice stand abashed. Dryden, moreover, cast much of his masculine mind into this mould; and here is Leigh Hunt making additions to the stock, in the form of his touching "Story of Rimini," and the other exquisitely finished tales of the book before us.

We rejoice to see that, in this new edition of Leigh Hunt's chief poem the author has restored those omitted or altered passages which form part of the beauty of the whole. For instance, the fresh, natural, and spontaneous couplet with which the story originally opened, again appears:—

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.

Every one must feel the superiority of this to the somewhat limp and faded lines which were inexplicably substituted in after editions:—

'Tis morn; and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay.

The catastrophe of the tale is also restored; Paolo dying in a duel with his brother Giovanni, and Francesca wasting into death with grief, instead of the two lovers being murdered by the jealous husband. "The refashionment of the poem," says the Preface to the present edition, "was always a unwilling, and I now believe was a mistaken, concession to what I suppose to be the ascertained facts of the story and the better conveyance of the moral." We have therefore again the beautiful address of Giovanni over the dead body of his brother (exquisitely put into verse from the old prose romance of "Mort d'Arthur"); but we miss with some regret the lurid hurry of the murder as given in intermediate editions.

The description of the pageant in the First Canto of the "Story of Rimini," is a marvellous study of word-painting and of melody. The cavalcade pours along bright and exulting, and the verses shine with gold and jewels, and seem to march to the stately measure of the procession. What can be more vivid in description than this?—

First come the trumpeters, clad all in white
Except the breast, which wears a scutcheon bright.
By four and four they ride, on horses grey;
And as they sit along their easy way,
To the steed's motion yielding as they go,
Each plants his trumpet on his saddle-bow.

The heralds next appear, in vests attir'd
Of stiffening gold with radiant colours fir'd;
And then the pursuivants, who wait on these,
All dress'd in painted richness to the knees:
Each rides a dappled horse, and bears a shield,
Charg'd with three heads upon a golden field.

Or in more clear and animated relief than this?—

Some watch, as they go by, the riders' faces
Looking composure, and their knightly graces;
The life, the carelessness, the sudden heed;
The body curving to the rearing steed;
The patting hand, that best persuades the check,
And makes the quarrel up with a proud neck;
The thigh broad-press'd, the spanning palm upon it,
And the jerk'd feather flowing in the bonnet.

Others the horses and their pride explore,
Their jauntiness behind and strength before;
The flowing back, firm chest, and fetlocks clean;
The branching veins ridging the glossy lean;
The mane hung sleekly; the projecting eye
That seems half thinking as it glances by;
The finish'd head in its compactness free,
Small, and o'erarching to the lifted knee;
The start and snatch, as if they felt the comb,
With mouths that fling about the creamy foam;
The snorting turbulence, the nod, the champing,
The shift, the tossing, and the fiery tramping.

The ideal of Giovanni's garden is enchanting. It is purpled with flowers cooled with shady lakes, varied with enticing lawns and paths, which bring us to the edge of the forest:—

A land of trees, which, reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.

The fountain, which "shakes its loosening silver in the sun," is worthy of playing in Paradise; but still finer is the rill in the garden,

Whose low, sweet talking seem'd as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.

When the bride comes back to Ravenna, dead, the simplicity of the climax is very touching:—

On a sudden, just
As the wind open'd in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet

The train, and now were entering the first street. Then turn'd aside that city, young and old, And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow roll'd. But of the older people, few could bear To keep the window when the train drew near; And all felt double tenderness to see The bier approaching, slow and steadily, On which those two in senseless coldness lay, Who but a few short months 't seem'd a day— Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind, In sunny marriage, he, the first of womankind.

We are glad that these *Stories in Verse* (the volume contains a cluster of them) have not been first collected in covers of gilt and morocco, with thick satin leaves, in pretentious octavo. They appear modestly, for popular circulation. This is well. To our younger poets, especially, we commend the volume; that they may study Leigh Hunt's finished simplicity, and learn how much of their own spasmodic inspiration is unreal.

RUSSIA AND HER CZARS.

Russia and her Czars. By E. J. Brabazon. Theobald. Miss Brabazon must allow us to say, that she is not fitted to write the biographies of princes. There is a sort of humility in her mind which compels her to reverence, in a monarch, the act of strangling his father, or shaving his mother's head. And this, which is the predominating essence of her volume, is a characteristic of nearly all the books that have lately been compiled about Russia and her Czars. The subject seems to taint every one who handles it. Because the first Peter used an adze, overcame his antipathy to cold water, and was partially successful in arms and politics, the most emollient phrases are employed to gloss over the record of his excesses and crimes; and because the first Nicholas was more than six feet high, wore large boots, and stood in unnatural relation to the rest of mankind, the peasants of Russia, and the diffusers of useful knowledge in England, paid him equal homage. Travellers of all descriptions have encouraged this tendency, from old Richard Hakeworth, who allowed a Czar to pull his beard, to Lieutenant Royer, who felt honoured when an Emperor laughed in his face. So far, indeed, have our popular accounts of Russia been vitiated by this servile practice, that we know of few bookmakers who dare mention the knoutings and gibbetings of helpless men and women at Minsk or Warsaw, without distorting their ingenuity to suggest some allowances for the unfortunate sovereigns, who had no choice but to condole with their beloved subjects, and to break them alive on the wheel! We must not, however, commit the mistake of supposing that this infatuation always springs from a mind indifferent to the degrees of good and evil. That which is immoral in a courtier, is only deplorable in a serf, or it may be, a biographer. Our rigour must relent, and pardon something to education—that education, we mean, which is simply prejudice ratified.

In the case of Miss Brabazon's work, we have an extremely clever narrative, elegantly written, well-arranged, full of instruction, and alive with anecdote, but which excites our astonishment by the ambiguity of its ideas on points of morals and politics. It is of some consequence to notice this fact, because, let us repeat, the compilers, as a body, are to blame. One of them acquires the corrupt habit from another. Here is Miss Brabazon, who promises to become a favourite writer for the young, who has collected her matter diligently, and has worked it into a flowing and graceful narration, who extols the cardinal virtues like a Chinese law-giver, and laughs at them like a Chinese judge, and who speaks of Christian clemency and Imperial ferocity as though they were identical. If we might read a lecture to a lady who, though wrong-minded, is obviously sincere, we would say that she will accept, at the hands of squires and churls, nothing less divine than that mercy which allowed the woman taken in sin to go unstoned; while for the "high and mighty prince" adored by a Quaker deputation, she has only to recommend that gentle dew which dropped on the Hebrew king's head when he hewed Agag in pieces.

But Miss Brabazon's is a pleasant, fresh, animated narrative, and likely to be popular. The contents and illustrations are exactly fitted, in their variety and lightness, for our reading, though not for our thinking generation; and as the audience will probably be large, we may, without recurring to historical incidents which Miss Brabazon has omitted to notice, point to acts which she repeats, without characterising, but which partly explain

the situation of Russia, and the acts of its Czars. The fault of our popular abridgments is that they amass details, but permeate them with no philosophy. They are, therefore, only useful to the memory; they do not aid the mind; or, what is worse, they arm it with fallacies. Many a greybeard in country towns may be detected reproducing the notions he imbibed from little dirty duodecimos of plagiarism at a village school. We have long thought that writings for boys and girls ought to be taken out of inferior hands, and given to great masters, capable of engaging young minds with something better than the monosyllabic platitudes of Pinneck and Corner.

Russia has only just emerged from barbarism. This truth, which few deny, has an application to the Court, as well as to the people. The reigning Czar is removed, by few degrees, from the tameless chiefs of the Tartar desert—politically, not lineally, we mean. Then how could he become the civilised and accomplished monarch drawn in shilling portraits? The dynasty has been one of fragments, but its traditions are one. They extend from Ivan III. to Alexander II. in an unbroken series; but the successors of Peter may be classed alone, to simplify the account. We purposely select only such traits in their character, and in the social influences bearing on them, as are pleaded in arrest of judgment by Miss Brabazon and her compeers. Peter, to begin, mangled his enemies, tortured them, delighted to look on their writhing limbs, smote off their heads with his own hand, and, while these murders, "breathed their bloody steam," nearly choked himself with wine. His sister Sophia, no doubt, acted treacherously to him; but she at least possessed more benignity of character, and atoned for offences under the deliberate and pertinacious cruelty of her kinsman. In manners and in disposition Peter was rude, brutal, vulgar—a man of genius, yet a savage, and one of the few virtues he claimed was that equivocal one from Sparta, of being able to ordain the execution of his own son. We have sometimes preferred a faltering judge to a monstrous father; but the objection may pass. The second Peter was Czar, but did not reign, which excuses an historian from alluding to him further. Anne indulged herself in frenzies of vindictive passion, and Biron exercised his vicarious ferocity in her name. The practical jokes of the Empress were such as the negro monarchs of Dahomey and Ashantee have enjoyed.

There was more suavity in the humour of Elizabeth; yet her refusal to sign a death-warrant was only a formal excuse for inflicting punishments still more terrible, and her nature was stained with an inveterate disposition to profligacy. Peter the Third illustrated by his misfortunes the barbarism of the dynasty, as much as Catherine by her excesses. But for these excesses history might not have known her, so that their recital may be spared. Of Paul the same may be said as of the third Peter; but shall we permit Miss Brabazon, or any other enthusiast, to persuade such youths as desire a sequel to Voltaire's theatrical story, that Alexander was sincere when he tore his hair in the room under that in which his father was strangled? This is too good. It resembles the lamentations of an Arab mourner, who beats his breast, and bites his skin, but would utter all the maledictions in his language if he failed to have the reward of his grief. Be this as it may, the parricide Alexander mounted his throne, and Miss Brabazon has nothing to relate of him that is not heroic and meritorious. Possibly her information was scanty; but the accession of Nicholas is a scene in which her powers of omission shine. By the most natural process of transition the sceptre passes from one brother to another, and that is all! Not a word of the intrigue; scarcely a word of the massacre. In the character of the Czar, however, our lady biographer finds it a remarkably virtuous distinction, that for a long time he was faithful to his wife. Fie, Miss Brabazon! This would not sound well in the Liturgy.

The truth is, that the ancestors of Nicholas were barbarians, and that he was a barbarian French-polished. Genghis Khan acquired and ruled a greater empire. We use the term "barbarian," however, in its philosophical and not in an insulting sense. The late Czar was naturally the first Cossack of a Cossack empire; a politic imitator of Timour and Holagou. He was a driller of Calmuck hordes, who took diplomacy into his pay, and who committed atrocities as his predecessors committed them; not because he was worse than other leaders of rude races, but because he continued a line of monarchs bred to despotism, to conquest, and to barbarity. To search further, and seek to reconcile the attributes of a moral hero with the acts of a Russian Emperor—Ivan, Peter, or Nicholas—is to pervert history, and to plough the sand. But Miss Brabazon's work, at all events, is interesting, and not ill-adapted for a popular circulation.

NUISANCES AT KING'S CROSS.—A meeting has been held in the Caledonian-road to take steps for the removal of some nuisances existing at a district called Belle Isle, near the Great Northern Railway station. The nuisances, it seems, consist of the establishments of melters, pig-dealers, horse-slaughters, grease-makers, entrail-boilers, and patent manure-manufacturers, which latter were explained to mean "bakers of night soil, blood, putrid fish, and vegetables." The locality was described to be wholly undrained except by an iron pipe, which discharged the sewerage of two establishments into the public road, where it was exceedingly offensive. Sixty thousand people were said to live and suffer within the influence of these nuisances. A committee was appointed to set the Nuisances Removal Act in force.

THE STATE OF THE THAMES.—A petition is lying for signature at the London Tavern, and other City houses, in which the petitioners set forth that, as there is a probability of the "dispollution of the Thames" not being effected for years, owing to the election of the new Board of Works not taking place till next January, when numerous objects will press on its attention, it is advisable that the meeting to be called by the Lord Mayor should take steps with a view to "securing the prompt execution of such works as may be finally decided upon."

DEATH ON THE MOORS.—A man has been accidentally shot on the moors near St. John's, Weardale, Durham.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO MR. ROEBUCK.—A meeting was held in the Council Hall, Sheffield, on

Friday, to take into consideration the presenting some testimonial to Mr. Roebuck, "in recognition of his great national services." The Mayor presided; and a resolution was passed inviting the co-operation of all classes, not only in Sheffield but in the country at large. Mr. F. T. Mappin (the master cutler elect) was appointed treasurer to the fund. A committee was also appointed to carry out the object of the meeting. 250*l.* was subscribed on the spot, and there is every probability of a handsome amount being realised.

A FATAL ACCIDENT, arising out of the foolish habit of pointing a gun at a man in sport, occurred a short time ago near Manchester. A trivial quarrel having taken place between two labouring men, named John Smith and Joseph Booth, the latter took up a gun, which he believed to be unloaded, and made a pretence of firing it at Smith. The gun, however, was in fact charged; and Smith fell mortally wounded, and died almost immediately. It appeared that Booth's brother had left the weapon loaded, without giving proper notice that such was the case. At the inquest, a verdict of Accidental Death was returned; but the coroner, at the request of the jury, severely reprimanded both brothers.

M. CESARE BARNIERE, the distinguished Italian photographic artist, has arrived in England. He has been engaged by Mr. Kilburn, and the specimens of his skill are very highly spoken of for their singular refinement.

MR. JOHN SINCLAIR, contractor of the Auckland Branch Railway Durham, has been killed, owing to the

fall of a stone from a viaduct which is being erected. Mr. Sinclair was standing on some woodwork, on which the stone fell, throwing Mr. Sinclair amongst the framework of the arch. He died in about fourteen hours. This is the seventh life that has been lost since the commencement of the works.

ANERLEY POULTRY SHOW.—This show commences on Tuesday next, in the grounds of the Anerley Hotel. Many workmen and gentlemen interested in the improvement of our rural economy have actively promoted the exhibition which will probably be renewed annually. Mr. Belshaw, the practical manager of the exhibition of 1851, has arranged all the details.

AUSTRALIA.—From the great southern continent we hear tolerably favourable reports of the state of trade, the markets being less burthened with an overplus than for some time past. Still, the plethora is only diminished, not removed. Grain and farm produce generally were in great demand. The export duty on gold came into operation on the 1st of May, and its effect has been seen in a lesser quantity of gold being brought into Melbourne. The Chinese have been very successful; so much so, that there is an agitation for expelling them, or at least to prevent the arrival of others. A bill for confining them to one locality has been introduced into the Legislature, but is not likely to pass. Shelter sheds, on the roads to the mines, have been erected. Sir Robert Nickle, Commander of the Forces at Melbourne, is said to be dead.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, August 21.

BANKRUPTS.—ANTHONY GIBSON, of Lloyd's Coffee-house, Royal Exchange, underwriter—HENRY SCRASE, Brighton, stonemason—ROBERT NICOL, Idol-lane, Tower-street, grocer—ROBERT AUSTIN, Pembroke-square, Kensington, linendraper—JOHN HOBSON, Leeds, grocer—JOHN WILLIAMS, Llanasa, Flint, grocer—THOMAS YOUNGER, sen., Sunderland, builder.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—J. M. MOWBRAY, Hartwood, Edinburgh, writer—T. and D. DICK, Paisley, manufacturers—J. BURT, Newburgh, Fifeshire.

Friday, August 24.

BANKRUPTS.—HENRY KNIGHT FURNELL, and ALBERT KAHN, Fenchurch-street, insurance brokers—REUBEN DICKINSON, Wicheam, Cambridgeshire, grocer—HENRY WILLIAM BROWN, St. Albans, Herts, innkeeper—RICHARD BIRTWISTLE, Bury, innkeeper—NATHAN LEVY, Worcester, clothier—JOHN JENNINGS, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, linendraper—DAN DAY, Dewsbury, manufacturer—THOMAS WALTON, Haverton-hill, Durham, glass manufacturer—SAMUEL BRIGGS, WILLIAM BRIGGS, and ABRAHAM BANKS, Keighley, machine makers—ANTHONY O'DONNELL, Liverpool, chair seller—DEX BEAN, Halifax, Yorkshire, apothecary—JOHN SMITH, Sheerness, dealer in drugs—GEORGE HILL, Kentish Town, builder—JOHN JESSUP SEWELL, Brighton, dealer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—JAMES FORBES, Inverness, tanner, &c.—JAMES SCOTT, Glasgow, builder.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

CATTERMOLE.—August 18, at Clapham-rise, Mrs. George Cattermole: a daughter.

GISBORNE.—At Point de Galle, Ceylon, the wife of Frederick William Gisborne, Esq., Ceylon Civil Service: a daughter.

WALLER.—August 18, the wife of Dr. Waller, Finsbury-square: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRAMAH-WHARTON.—August 16, at St. Peter's, Walworth, Edward Bird, eldest son of the late E. Bramah, Esq., of Guilford-street, to Ellen Philadelphia, second daughter of the late Henry John Wharton, Esq., of St. Katharine's Dock House and Grosvenor-park, Camberwell.

ROBERTS-STEPHENSON.—August 16, at the parish church of Hadley, Middlesex, Captain Julius Roberts, R.M.A., to Eliza Margaret, second daughter of E. S. Stephenson, Esq., of Great Queen-street, St. James's-park.

DEATHS.

LAWRANCE.—August 12, Laurie Lawrance, aged 23, son of M. L. Lawrance, Esq., of Gloucester Villas, Maida-hill, unfortunately drowned whilst bathing in the Seine, near Paris.

OMMANNEY.—August 17, at Warblington House, Havant, Frances, widow of the late Admiral Sir John Acworth Ommanney, K.C.B.

THOMPSON.—August 5, at the hospital, Kululee, Constantinople, James Bowen Thompson, Esq., M.D., in the 42nd year of his age, of malignant typhoid fever.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, August 24, 1855.

CONSOLS have been firm throughout the week at improved prices from our last quotations. On Saturday at the highest mark, closing on that day at 91½ for 6th September account, ½ for money, they have ruled since then tolerably steady at 91½, with few and slight fluctuations; this day they are last quoted 91½ to ½ for money and account; Exchequer Bills, 13 to 17 premium. The new Turkish 4 per cent. scrip has chiefly occupied the attention of the Stock Exchange magnates, during the week, for an able and elaborate estimate of the merits of which reference may be made to the Times of the 22nd inst., that calculation showing the estimated value of the Stock to be 111 1-5 per cent., as based upon the hypothesis that 3½ per cent. (being the same rate of interest as is now yielded by the English Funds) is a fair rate of interest upon which to calculate its value, and the loan being under the guarantee of this country. Yesterday it made for 3 pm, but since declined, closing to this day at 2½ to ½ premium. On the 22nd the Midland Railway meeting was held at Derby, when a dividend of 3½ per cent. was declared, the report of the Director was received, and accepted, an amendment being put by a Mr. Bateman, which was only supported by a show of four hands, and a resolution carried to the effect that paid up shares in anticipation of calls should be consolidated. Turkish 6 per Cent. Bonds still pursue their onward course, having been as high as 94½, closing to-day at 93½ 94, the second coupon coming off next month, reducing the price to 90½, 91, being nearly 25 per cent. higher than the lowest quotations at any time. This Stock is now held largely by real purchasers, and not so likely to be subject to the extraordinary fluctuations so long its feature in the Market. The Ardennes Railway, for which the day of settlement is not yet fixed, is gaining ground in public favour. The London and North-Western reduced dividend (4½ per cent.) has not improved the value of the stock in the market; business, has been done as low as 95½ x. d. Great Westerns still much depressed. The Bank of London, now established at the Hall of Commerce, has been dealt in at good prices; 50½ is now fully paid up, and the bank has every prospect of a prosperous career under its able management. There is no feature in the Mining Market. Great Luxembourg Shares—13½ paid after a fall of more than one per cent.—have again shown a reaction to nearly the same extent. The following leading prices will show the state of the markets generally.

Caledonians, 63, 63½; Chester and Holyhead, 11, 13; Eastern Counties, 11½, 11; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 54, 56; Great Northern, 89, 90; Ditto, A stock, 69, 71; Ditto, B stock, 127, 129; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 105, 107; Great Western, 56½, 56½; Lancaster and Carlisle, 73, 76; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 85, 83½; London and North-Western, 95, 95½ x. d.; Midland, 71, 71½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 25½, 26; Berwick, 73½, 74½; Yorks, 48½, 49; South Eastern, 62, 63; Oxford and Worcester, 27, 29; North Stafford, 6½, 6½ dis.; South Devon, 13½, 14½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 9½, 10; Bombay and Baroda, 1, 1½ pm.; Eastern of France, 38½, 38½; East Indian Five per Cent. Guaranteed, 24½, 24½; Ditto, Extension, 24, 24 pm.; Grand Trunk of Canada, 6, 6 dis.; Great Central of France, 44, 44 pm.; Great Western of Canada, 23½, 24½; Great Luxembourg, 54, 54; Madras, 101, 204; Paris and Lyons, 48½, 48½; Paris and Orleans, 48, 50; Rouen and Havre, 27, 28; Paris and Rouen, 51, 52; Sambre and Meuse, 91, 91½.

Great Western of France, 12½, 13; Ardennes, 13, 2; Agas Frias, 1, 1; Imperial Brazil, 2½, 3; Cacao, 34, 34; St. John del Rey, 27, 29; Clarendon Copper, 1, 1 pm.; Cobre, 61, 63; Linars, 74, 84; Liberty, 1, 1; Australasian Bank, 94, 95; London Bank, 3½, 4½; Union of Australia, 73, 74; Oriental Corporation, 42, 43; Australian Agricultural, 29½, 30½; Canada Land, 134, 136; Ditto, Open Cut, 114½, 115; Crystal Palace, 2½, 2½; North British Australasian, 1, 1; Oriental Gas, 1½, 1½; Peel Rivers, 2½, 2½; Scottish Australian Investment, 1½, 1½; South Australian Land, 36½, 37½.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, August 24, 1855.

SINCE this day week the supplies have been very moderate into London, and reports from the North of Europe discouraging as regards the growing crops of Grain and Potatoes. In France, also, prices have risen considerably for some descriptions. At market to-day the value of Wheat was 2s. more than last Friday. Sales made—Roman Wheat, off the coast, 70s. 6d.; Saidi, 45s.; mixed Egyptian, 44s., just shipped; hard Enos, 55s.; a cargo of very fine Saidi, 47s., to Continent; one of Mersyne, 63s.; and a hard Smyrna, 59s., all cost, freight, and insurance. Swedish, 81s. to 82s., 63 lb. per bushel off the stands. Some orders have been executed at Dantzic for English account at extremely high prices. Barley is firm to-day at last week's quotations. Oats, 6d. to 1s. dearer. Flour—Spanish, 60s.; Norfolk, 51s.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....	214	214	214	215	215	215
3 per Cent. Red.....	92½	92½	92½	93	92½	91½
3 per Cent. Con. An.....	91½	91½	91½	91½	91½	91½
Consols for Account.....	91½	91½	91½	91½	91½	91½
3½ per Cent. An.....
New 2½ per Cents.....
Long Ans. 1860.....	4	4	4
India Stock.....	230
Ditto Bonds, £1000.....	29	26	30
Ditto, under £1000.....	25	30	29
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	12	16	16	13	16
Ditto, £500.....	15	16	16	17	16
Ditto, Small.....	17	16	14	16	16

FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds.....	101½	Russian Bonds, 5 per
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts.....	57	Cents, 1822.....	101
Chilian 6 per Cents.....	Russian 4½ per Cents.....	90
Danish 5 per Cents.....	Spanish 3 p. Ct. Nw Def.....	18½
Ecuador Bonds.....	4½	Spanish Committee Crt.....
Mexican 3 per Cents.....	of Coup. not fun.....
Mexican 3 per Ct. for	Venezuela 4½ per Cents.....
Acc. August 31.....	21½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.....	95½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.....	Dutch 2½ per Cents.....	64½
Portuguese 3 p. Cents.....	Dutch 4 per Cent Certif.....	96½

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, in Casks or Bottles.—HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., are still Delivering the MARCH BREWINGS in Casks of 18 Gallons, and upwards. Also in Bottles, imperial measure. Address:—HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., Wine and Beer Merchants, 54, Pall-mall.

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall-mall, London, offer to the Public Old and Superior Wines, pure, and of the finest quality, at prices not exceeding those charged for ordinary Wines.

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO. would call especial attention to their PALE and GOLDEN DINNER SHERRIES, as under:

IMPERIAL PINTS, 29s. to 34s. per dozen; or bottled in Reputed Quarts, 38s. to 45s. per dozen.

Agents for ALLSOPP'S PALE AND INDIA ALE.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed with complete confidence by the Faculty for its purity, and superior, immediate, and regular efficacy.

It is entirely free from nauseous flavour, and being invariably and carefully submitted to chemical analysis—AND ONLY SUPPLIED IN SEALED BOTTLES TO PRECLUDE SUBSEQUENT ADMIXTURE OR ADULTERATION—this Oil possesses a guarantee of genuineness and purity offered by no other Oil in the market.

TESTIMONIAL from ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.,

F.R.S., M.R.C.P., Chief Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the Lancet, Author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c., &c., &c.

"I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis, and this UNKNOWN TO YOURSELF—and I have always found it to be free from all impurity and rich in the constituents of bile. So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition."

Sold ONLY in bottles, capsuled and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, London, Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees; and by most respectable Chemists in town and country.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 9s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. Postage, 6d.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—THE

FIRST NIGHT of the EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES of the GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH will be MONDAY, Sept. 3rd. Extensive preparations are in progress, but with every precaution taken that the arrangements shall be complete on the Opening Night. PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S improved series of DELASSEMENTS MAGIQUES will, on this occasion, surpass any previous illustrations of Magic Art given by him either in the Metropolis or elsewhere. He would respectfully refer his patrons and the public to the successful season at the Adelphi, in 1842, when the novelty and surprising character of the wonders produced by him drew dense crowds on each night of performance; he would also refer to the still more astonishing features of the Entertainment given by him at Covent Garden, in 1840, when the magnitude of the scale on which the Experiments were presented far outvalued anything that had been previously attempted by himself or any other artist. At THE LYCEUM, the GREAT WIZARD'S ENTERTAINMENT will now be presented with still increased magnificence with perfected Apparatus, and far more amplified Wonders. THE ENTIRE ARRANGEMENTS will be so modified as to present each Experiment in a more striking manner, and with greater dramatic effect. To accomplish this, the services of the best men of science, artists, and mechanicians have been enlisted, including the inventive genius of the French, the profound research of the Germans, and the fantastic originality of the Oriental nations. For every monarch before whom THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH has performed a special new feat has been invented. The whole of these will be concentrated into the EVENING'S AMUSEMENT AT THE LYCEUM. The Mystical Perplexities which were most pleasing to HER MAJESTY at BALMORAL; the Magic Feat which most excited the curiosity of the late CZAR at ST. PETERSBURG; the Paradox which proved most paradoxical to the KING OF PRUSSIA at BERLIN; the tour d'adresse which most astonished the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA at VIENNA; the experiment which elicited the most marked approbation of the KING OF SWEDEN at STOCKHOLM; the special wonder which most excited the curiosity of the QUEEN OF SPAIN; the new exemplification of the MAGICIAN'S ART produced on the occasion of Professor ANDERSON performing in the presence of the PRESIDENT and the SENATE of the UNITED STATES; the Puzzle which most puzzled the "cuteness" of Brother Jonathan; the seeming inexplicability which rendered awe-struck the Indian in his native forest; the grand feats which, for fifty consecutive nights, obtained unprecedented applause from audiences numbering from two to three thousand in the Metropolitan Hall, New York; the chef-d'œuvre of Professor Anderson on his first appearance in London, twenty years ago; the most wondrous of his wonders produced at the Adelphi; the most exciting of his marvels which originated so much excitement in his performances at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; the peculiar and most pleasing portions of his Entertainment as given in the Provinces; together with astounding novel features in his repertory of Mystery, reserve expressly for his appearance at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, will all be comprised in his DELASSEMENTS MAGIQUES. Not the least wondrous of these will be the exemplifications of the delusion of SPIRIT-RAPPING inasmuch as the invisible spirits of the Great Wizard will be found to pervade every part of the house and to be present everywhere. The whole will be produced with due regard to gorgeousness of effect, and all the resources of the Wizard of the North's inexhaustible fund of Magic will be called into active aid on Monday, September 3rd.

The Prices of Admission will be thus arranged:—Private Boxes (which will be obtainable at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers, and at the Box-office) 17, 1s. and 17, 1s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. The Box-office will be open from 10 till 5, on and after Wednesday next, under the direction of Mr. Chatterton.

DR. KAHN'S GRAND ANATOMICAL

MUSEUM, consisting of upwards of 1000 highly-interesting Models representing every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, also the various Races of Men, &c., open (for Gentlemen only) daily from 10 till 10 Lectures, varying every day in the week, are delivered by Dr. SEXTON, at 12, 2, 4, and half-past 7. Admission, 1s.—4, COVENTRY-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

FITCH & SON'S

CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON,
AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS' LETTERS.
CONTINUED.

"We were much pleased with the quality of No. 9 case The bacon, &c., we found first-rate."—Melbourne, South Australia.

"I beg to enclose you a Post-office order for 17, 5s. 6d. for bacon; the quality is very excellent, and quite to my taste."

"I like the cheese much, and I have no doubt the bacon will prove as good as in former times."

"The bacon you sent me is excellent; I shall recommend it to friends."

"I never tasted such bacon in my life; it was delicious."

"The Rev. ——— begs to enclose Fitch and Son 17, 1s. 10d. for Bacon received this morning, and found very nice indeed."

"I am obliged by your attention to the small order, and for the excellent article supplied. Enclosed are postage stamps for the amount."

Fitch and Son will be gratified by showing the originals of the above, and a multitude of others of the like import upon application.

This celebrated bacon is sold by the side and half-side at 10d. per lb.; the middle piece of 12 lbs. at 10½d. per lb., and other separate pieces.

Bacon, hams, tongues, German sausages, cheese, butter, &c., securely packed for travelling, and delivered free of charge, at all the London Terminals.

List of prices free. See also daily papers. Post office Orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is not sent with the order for goods.

FITCH AND SON,

Provision Merchants and Importers,

No. 66, BISHOPSGATE WITHIN, LONDON.

Established 1784.

PHOTOGRAPHY: A complete apparatus 3l., 5l. 5s., and 11l. 11s. Send for a list (post free), at Gilbert Flemings, 498, Oxford-street, Author of "First Steps in Photography." Price 6d., by post, 7d.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH THE BEST ARTICLES

AT DEANE'S Ironmongery and Furnishing Warehouses. Established A.D. 1700. A Priced Furnishing List, free by post.

DEANE, DRAY, and CO. (Opening to the Monument), London-bridge.

212° MILNERS' HOLFEST AND FIRE-RESISTING SAFES (non-conducting and vapourising), with all the improvements, under their Quadruple Patents of 1840-51-54 and 1855, including their Gunpowder-proof Solid Lock and Door (without which no safe is secure).

THE STRONGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST SAFEGUARDS EXTANT.

MILNERS' PHOENIX (212 degrees) SAFE WORKS, LIVERPOOL, the most complete and extensive in the world. Show-rooms, 6 and 8, Lord-street, Liverpool. London Depot, 47A, Moorgate-street, City. Circulars free by post.

1855.—JOYCE'S PATENT WATERPROOF ANTI-CORROSIVE PERCUSSION CAPS.

F. JOYCE has much pleasure in submitting to the notice of Sportsmen a greatly Improved Percussion Cap, for which a patent was granted on the 3rd of April last, and which can be warranted as the best Primer for Detonating Guns ever manufactured, whether for the ARMY, NAVY, or the FIELD.

The principle on which these CAPS are made differs materially from any hitherto adopted; in lieu of Metallic Foils or Linings, as they are termed, and other substances of an equally injudicious character, which cannot be consumed without the introduction of the most corroding materials, these Patent Caps have their detonating composition covered with a highly waterproof substance, burning with as much facility as the powder itself, and in no degree detracting from that certainty and sharpness of fire, as well as anti-corrosive property, so necessary for the convenience and comfort of those who use them.

JOYCE'S PATENT CAPS are equally certain in all weather, wet or dry, and if firmly pressed down on the nipples, will close the apertures and render the powder in the barrels air-tight, keeping it quite dry. Sportsmen are recommended to re-load as soon as possible in misty and wet weather, otherwise the moisture deposited inside the barrel damps the charge and occasions hang-fires.—Manufacturer of WIRE CARTRIDGES and WADDINGS of every description.

Counting-house, 57, Upper Thames-street, London.

THE 16s. Trousers reduced to 14s.—Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.—Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, and thoroughly shrunk.

The **TWO GUINEA DRESS or FROCK COAT**, the Guinea Dress Trousers, and the Half-Guinea Waistcoat, made to order by **B. BENJAMIN**, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street. For quality, style, and workmanship, cannot be equalled by any house in the kingdom.

N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

SISAL CIGARS.

H. N. GOODRICH, after 25 years' practical acquaintance with the business, will stake his reputation for ability and honour as a Cigar Merchant, upon the truth or falsehood of the assertion, that no Cigars as good as his Sisal Cigars have ever been sold so cheap. Box containing 14 of the finest quality, for 1s. 9d. Post free, six stamps extra. None are genuine unless signed, "H. N. Goodrich." 416, Oxford-street, London, nearly opposite Hanway-street.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

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

In the High Court of Chancery.

TRIESEMAR.—On the 29th of May, 1855, an Injunction was granted by the High Court of Chancery, and on the 11th of June following was made perpetual, against Joseph Franklin and others to restrain them, under a penalty of 1000l., from imitating this medicine, which is protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. Triese-mar, No. 1, is a remedy for Relaxation, Spermatorrhoea, and Exhaustion of the System, whether arising from accident or climate. Triese-mar, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which cavi and cubeb have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. Triese-mar, No. 3, is the great Constitutional remedy for that class of disorders which unfortunately the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sarsaparilla in the world cannot remove. Triese-mar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may be on the toilet-table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases at 11s. each; free by post, 2s. extra; divided into separate doses, as administered by Velppeu, Lallemand, Roux, &c. To be had wholesale and retail in London of Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Hanney and Co., 63, Oxford-street; and Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; J. H. Powell, 15, Westmorland-street, Dublin; Kames and Co., Leith-walk, Edinburgh; and D. O. Campbell, Argyle-street, Glasgow.

INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,

72, Lombard-street, London.

Lord Viscount TORRINGTON, Chairman.

THE Policies of this Company, being indisputable in terms of the Deed of Constitution, registered in conformity with the Act, 7 and 8 Vic., c. 110, by which this Company is Incorporated, form FAMILY PROVISIONS and NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES; their validity not being dependent (as in the case of ordinary Policies) on the import of previous, and perhaps forgotten, Statements, Reports, and other Documents.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

E A G L E

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1807; Empowered by Act of Parliament, 53 Geo. III., and regulated by deed Enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

3, Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

DIRECTORS.

JOSHUA LOCKWOOD, Esq., Chairman.

WILLIAM WYBROW, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Charles Bischoff, Esq.

Thomas Boddington, Esq.

Thomas Devas, Esq.

Nathaniel Gould, Esq.

Robert A. Gray, Esq.

Chas. Thos. Holcombe, Esq.

Richard Harman Lloyd, Esq.

W. Anderson Peacock, Esq.

Ralph Chas. Price, Esq.

Thos. G. Sambrooke, Esq.

Auditors—THOMAS ALLEN, Esq.; WILLIAM H. SMITH, Jun., Esq.

Medical Officers—JAMES SANER, Esq., M.D., Tottenham Green; W.M. COOKE, Esq., M.D., 39, Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

Actuary and Secretary—CHARLES JELICOE, Esq.

The Assets of this Company Exceed Three Quarters of a Million Sterling.

THE ANNUAL INCOME EXCEEDS—One Hundred and Thirty Five Thousand Pounds.

THE NUMBER OF EXISTING POLICIES IS—Upwards of Four Thousand.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT ASSURED—Exceeds Two Million Eight Hundred Thousand Pounds.

AT THE DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1852,—About One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds was added to the Sums Assured, under Participating Policies.

The Division is Quinquennial,

AND THE WHOLE SURPLUS (LESS 20 PER CENT. ONLY) IS DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE ASSURED.

The Premiums required by this Company, although moderate, entitle the Assured to 80 per cent. of the quinquennial surplus.

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	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	1000	20 17 6	6 11 6	14 6 0
30	1000	25 13 4	8 1 8	17 11 8
40	1000	33 18 4	10 13 8	23 4 8
50	1000	48 16 8	15 7 8	33 9 0
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