

By Alfred Edmund Galloway, 2^d of 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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Review of the Week.

A FEW weeks back the *Economist* pointed out the movements in Europe working "for mischief" which were exemplified in the Spanish *coup d'état*. The whole aspect of the news of the present week confirms the worst apprehensions of our contemporary. It exhibits to us the governing classes of the world, the crowned heads and their chosen statesmen, very busy in conference, while the *doctrinaires* of the world are preparing to debate upon abstract questions, and the people, amused at *soirées*, or contending with the homely difficulties of the day, are content to remain absolutely in the dark as to the plans for influencing, controlling, possibly darkening their destinies. Our review will consist almost exclusively in describing that position on the political map.

At Madrid the O'DONNELL *coup d'état*, which NAPOLEON III. declared to be no *coup d'état*, has been successful. ESPARTERO is pronounced to have retired into private life; no effective aid has been given by the leading patriots to Saragossa or Barcelona; the resistance has completely died out. The English Government, which professes to support constitutional government, and which has had special interests in the liberal administration of Spain, has not made a sign; but Lord PALMERSTON, off to enjoy himself for his well-earned holidays, has been arranging for certain intellectual festivities amongst the working classes at Manchester. There he is to assist in the opening of a Mechanics' Institution, and at a *soirée* he speaks an inaugural address. PALMERSTON never shines so well as when he delivers himself on the progress of positive science. He puts great ideas into forcible and homely language, which makes philosophers the better weigh and appreciate the ideas, and brings the knowledge home to the comprehension of the humblest. But his business for the week was to say a word or lift a hand to arrest the progress of Absolutist encroachment throughout Spain: he is rusticated, and contemplating these pleasant amenities.

The Emperor NAPOLEON remains in ostensible retirement at Plombières; but from that quiet retreat he dictates official articles in the *Moniteur*, denying that O'DONNELL's subversion of the Spanish Government is a *coup d'état*, and proclaiming the necessity of arresting "the dissemination of subversive doctrines"—that is, Socialist doctrines—in Spain.

He is in communication with the Sardinian and moderate reform party in Italy, where the public is called upon to subscribe towards the artillery for defending the frontier of Piedmont against Austria.

He is in communication with the Neapolitan Government, whom he has professed to threaten, but who is now putting forth insolent addresses to the King's subjects, denouncing the Liberals as attempting "to plunge the country into new disasters," when any movement that may exist is got up solely by the King's spies, against every effort of the Moderate Reformers.

NAPOLEON III., too, is sending one of his lieutenants, the Count de MORNAY, to represent him at the coronation of ALEXANDER II. Great at present seems to be the friendship between NAPOLEON and ALEXANDER. It quite recalls a certain conference in a boat in the middle of a river, when ALEXANDER and NAPOLEON proposed to divide the world.

Russia, whom DE MORNAY is hastening to honour by his presence at the coronation ceremony, has just been sending an officer to Stockholm to make certain inquiries professedly of a harmless kind. Nobody, however, could learn the true purpose of this unwelcome and unexpected guest. Was he there to reconnoitre? The agents of Russia, who have been surveying the northernmost territories of Norway, have again shown themselves in that district. It is expected that Russia will shortly lay a claim to it. After it has been long enough in the stage of a disputed territory, she will encroach upon it; she will then have established her right of way to the Atlantic coast below the frozen boundary. Before we had concluded peace we had a treaty with Sweden which would have compelled us to defend her frontier in return for her aiding us in the Baltic. Russia has not observed the treaty of peace so faithfully that we could be compelled to stand by it.

For she is even now violating the treaty—razing the forts which she asked leave to raze and was refused—holding Kars after she should have evacuated it—and holding the Isle of Serpents at the Danube mouth, in defiance of the treaty and the Allies.

Notwithstanding the proposal to buy up the Sound Dues, to which Denmark has no right, that insolent State is said to be contemplating a fortification of its coast on the entrance into the Baltic. This, of course, she could not for a moment

think of without the consent of Russia and of Prussia.

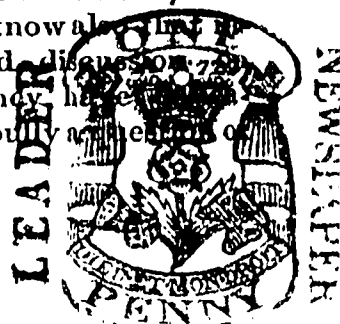
While such is the state of the political world, a congress of free-traders, representing the chief nations of Europe, is about to assemble in Brussels to debate these two questions:—

"1. What are the artificial or natural obstacles opposed to the extension of the commercial relations of the country to which each member belongs?"

"2. What are the practical means proposed, or to be proposed, in each country to remove or diminish the obstacles which impede the extension of commercial relations with other nations?"

The meeting of Plenipotentiaries at the Russian coronation has been anticipated by remarkable meetings in Germany. At Carlsbad the King of Prussia met the King of Greece, Earl GRANVILLE, the Ban JELLACHICH, Prince SCHWARTZENBERG, and Count PERSIGNY. Next day he went to Toplitz, where he met the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony. Meetings of this kind are seldom held for nothing: even the POPE and NAPLES did something when they met.

Such is the state of Europe. We now turn to America, and for the moment the prospect is not more cheering. While the whole crowned and statesman class of Europe are carrying forward their conspiracy against the peoples of the whole world, are planning arrangements by which they can more completely coerce those peoples and monopolize the power of this half of the globe for themselves, they have to a certain extent succeeded in the aim which they have kept in view so long—to divide the great republic against itself, and so to prevent it from giving at least the moral support which it might have rendered to the spirit of freedom and liberal institutions in the old world. We are well aware that there is honest conviction against the institution of slavery in the North, but we know also that it has been mixed with the grossest sectarian bitterness and ignorance; and we know that the abolitionism of the Garrisons and the men of that stamp in the United States has been fostered and excited by the Abolitionist incendiaries of this country, who would have sacrificed the republic rather than not carry their own dogma in their own way. We know that the Southern States have had their difficulties, have had their exasperations; but we know also that instead of frankly meeting broad discussion the difficulties of their case, they have endeavoured to stifle discussion and to buy a moment of



the rights of man into silence. Those are unhappy circumstances in the state of the Union; but it is undoubtedly the fact that foreign agitators have taken advantage of these difficulties to set one part of the Union against the other. It is not only the wild indiscretion of reckless men that has begun civil war in Kansas; it is also the predetermined cunning of European statesmen which has fostered those passions, and has helped to fan civil war in the Union for the purpose of neutralizing the Great Republic during the conflict in Europe. Although, therefore, we admit the candour with which the *New York Journal of Commerce* brings forward figures to show the existence of practices in the port of New York, where slavers are equipped notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities, we cannot but feel that that exercise of candour, natural as it is commendable in many respects, happens at an unfortunate time, when the Union, which should be united, is divided for its own detriment and the injury of the liberal cause throughout the world. Again, when Massachusetts "riles" Alabama by sending to the Slave state Anti-slavery resolutions, we see in the act conduct as culpable as that of Alabama in returning the resolutions with an unbrotherly tone of insult and defiance. Already the politicians of England and Europe are reckoning that the people will elect an Anti-slavery Governor, who will send round the brand of civil discord, as the burning branch used to be sent to rouse the clans of Scotland; and the latest news from the United States induces us to suppose that these external intrigues which have found their accomplices within the Union are not entirely without prospect of success.

The British Association has been a gigantic visitor at Cheltenham, arriving, however, in the off-season. The business began with a very comprehensive address from the new President, Dr. DAUBENY, reviewing everything that has been done of recent years in science, and the mastery which the philosophical investigator is acquiring over the materials of nature—a mastery felt in all the affairs of daily life. The very shops are better furnished, because the natural philosopher can now manufacture in competition with nature. The splendid crops which are springing up in all parts of the globe will be rendered more copious and more certain by the gradual influence which is extended from these annual gatherings.

The welcome to WINDHAM at Norwich, like the welcome extended to other Crimean officers, has called forth many proofs that experience in the field and in the military politics of the Continent is breeding amongst us a new set of men—and we are placing them in Parliament—who will gradually remedy the too wide separation between the sword and statesmanship. It is not only the compliment to the hero which characterizes these meetings, but it is this gradual familiarizing of the public mind with military politics. Even yet, however, some of the best spirits still give expression to sentiments which are more than questionable. Lord ALBEMARLE, for example, one of the most sensible and frank of any of our public men, expressed a hope that General WINDHAM would not again have to draw his working sword. It is expressions such as this which make foreign countries believe the English people to be afraid of fighting, and so embolden them to return to bullying and evasion, even as Russia is doing now.

A very interesting judgment has been given at Gloucester Assizes. Theodore Evans, the manager of the Tewkesbury Branch of the Gloucestershire Bank, was found on leaving his employment to be 3250*l.* deficient. He explained that he had secretly lent 1750*l.* to three customers; for the remainder he gave no explanation, but he had told the cashier and book-keeper so "to cook" the accounts as to conceal the deficiency. He is

brought before the criminal court for defalcation, but as he turned out to have given security, and to be also a customer of the bank, with authority to overdraw his account, the judge directed the jury to acquit him. This judgment will be an interesting hint to shareholders and depositors in banks.

The record of violent death is clogged this week with many painful cases. At Folkestone a soldier in the Foreign Legion has killed two girls, sisters, in a paroxysm of jealousy, and has contributed two remarkable love-letters to the *Newgate Calendar*. At Walton-on-the-Naze, a young lady has ended her troubles by using a sea-bath as the means of suicide. Strange stories have been told respecting her crosses in love—just enough to make the public know that it has only heard half the circumstances, and is incapable of forming any judgment whatsoever on the case. The jury, however, have pronounced the young lady to be "felo de se," taking upon themselves to pronounce the exact state of her mind at the moment, and to dispense, therefore, with the religious ceremonies given to the worst of criminals. The murderer who is hanged, as MURDOCK has been hanged, may be said to expire in the very midst of religious ceremony. MURDOCK, our readers remember, was the lad who killed his gaoler, in a struggle, perhaps with a wild hope to get out of prison, but without any intention of killing the man. The Home Office, however, regards it as a fashion not to attend to recommendations of mercy; and so it is resolved, in conformity with this fashion, that the imbecile DOVE shall pay the penalty of not having been able to control himself in life.

MISFORTUNES CAUSED BY RINGS.—Many have suffered imprisonment, and even death, on account of rings. The great antiquarian, Winckelman, was murdered by a scoundrel servant for a very precious ring that he wore. Conrad, a Neapolitan prince, flying from Charles, King of Naples, was discovered to a sailor by his ring, informed against, examined, and, there being found no sufficient reason why he should live, was put to death accordingly. Richard Cœur de Lion, having made a three months' truce with Saladin, hoped to get safe home, but was betrayed to an enemy by the jewel on his finger. He had reached Vienna, when, fearing to fall into the hands of Leopold, the Austrian archduke, whom he had affronted, he took a cook's place in a gentleman's family; but not taking the precaution to roast with his rings off, he was recognized, arrested, and thrown into prison. The last instance we shall cite of a ring proving inimical to the happiness of its possessor is taken from a remarkable relation of Phlegon of Tralles, Hadrian's freed-man, who dealt in marvellous recitals, and who gives the following amongst other of his *mirabilia*:—A young man of the name of Achates, travelling in Greece, became the guest of Demostrates. One evening, after retiring to rest, he was surprised by a visit from the fair Phillinione (the deceased daughter of his host), who presented herself in the most bewitching guise before him, and persuaded him to exchange pledge-rings with her. This nocturnal visit was repeated for three nights successively, the young man having no idea the while that his fair innamorata was a visitant from another world. On the third night, a maid, discovering a strange lady in the guest-chamber, recognized her deceased mistress, and apprized the parents of the late Phillinione of what she had seen. Incredulous at first at the young woman's story, they at length agreed to enter the chamber at the same hour the night following, when, to their bewilderment and joy, they saw their own daughter before them; but this joy was soon turned into horror, for the maiden had no sooner recognized her father and mother, than, escaping from the embrace of both, she reproached them bitterly for thus coming abruptly to destroy the happiness which for three more nights she had also enjoyed with their guest, her leave of absence from the shades extending to a whole week; saying this, she fell a lifeless corpse on the ground at their feet. On recovering from the shock, the first impulse of the parents hurried them to the tomb, whence the body had indeed departed, and all that remained there was Achates's pledge-ring: on seeing which the unhappy youth, terror-stricken at having affianced himself to a spectre, fell upon his sword and died immediately.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—The committee of the Nightingale Fund have received the sum of 1000 medjide (91*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) from his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, being the contribution of his Imperial Majesty to the fund.

GENERAL WINDHAM "AT HOME."

Norwich has welcomed General Windham back to his native place. The town on Friday week presented quite a holiday appearance, business being almost entirely suspended, and the streets of the town thronged with people. Between six and seven hundred tenant farmers, well mounted, and in their best array, formed a kind of escort; and at the Guildhall, where the address was presented, a large company had collected, consisting of the neighbouring gentry, the officers of the municipality, and several Crimean officers. Having been conducted to the old Council Chamber, the Mayor presented to General Windham the address of the corporation. The General, in returning thanks, alluded to the difficulties which had to be encountered by the English in their attack on the Redan at the final assault on Sebastopol, and declared his opinion that, if we had lost prestige by our repulse on that occasion, we should have lost much more by not undertaking the attack at all, and leaving all to the French. "Although I don't pretend to be the hero you would make me," he observed, "I would rather have been buried in the ditch of the Redan, with the Second Division and the Light Division above me, than that the British army should not have borne its fair share in the assault on that occasion." (*Loud cheers*.) General Simpson, he thought, was unable to push our approaches nearer to the outworks. But there were great disadvantages to be encountered. "Look at what the troops had to go through. In the middle of the winter—and I see many officers here who can confirm what I say—we had not more than 12,000 bayonets to do duty which would properly have required 36,000. Why, gentlemen, you might as well try in Norfolk to farm one thousand acres with capital for three hundred." (*Hear, and laughter*.)

The company, after having partaken of refreshments, broke tip for a time; but in the evening General Windham was entertained at a banquet in St. Andrew's Hall. The chair was taken by the Earl of Albemarle, who observed, in the course of the speech with which he prefaced the toast of General Windham's health, that the celebration of English gallantry at the Redan belongs exclusively to Norfolk, since their guest, a Norfolk man, was the only officer who received promotion for the deeds of the 8th of September, 1855. Good-humouredly alluding to the fact of his gallant friend—"a young officer, two hundred below him on the list"—having been made a Major-general over his head, the Earl complimented General Windham on the efficient way in which he had performed the onerous commissariat duties attached to his post of chief of the staff—an efficiency which was shown by the splendid condition in which the Crimean troops had returned to this country. His Lordship then exhibited two swords—one, a dress sword in an embossed crimson velvet sheath; the other, a service sword, in the ordinary steel scabbard. "The duty now devolves upon me," continued Lord Albemarle, "of presenting to our gallant guest the testimonial which has been subscribed for in the two articles I hold before me. My gallant friend is not a coxcomb in anything, except it be in his weapons; and I recollect that, on his being consulted previous to the purchase of the sword, the only condition he made was that the hilt should be well fitted to the hand, so that he could strike a good stroke with it. (*Loud cheers*.) Here (said the noble lord, exhibiting the weapon for service) is my gallant friend's fighting sword, and here (holding up the dress sword) is his holiday sword. (*Loud cheering*.) With all my admiration of my gallant friend, and my wish for his advancement in the service, I do hope, for the progress of civilization, for the prosperity of this country, and for the cause of humanity, that this sword (the fighting one) may never be unsheathed. (*Hear, hear*.) But, if Providence should order otherwise, and if the Queen should require the services of her soldiers again, sure I am that this sword will never be drawn in vain."

General Windham, in replying, and expressing the warmth of his gratitude for the reception he had met with in his native county, feelingly alluded to the old friends of his childhood whom he saw about him, and to those whom death had removed from the scene. He then related, with much humour, an anecdote of the disastrous 18th of June, 1855:—"I well remember the first attack on the Redan. I was not employed in that attack. I was merely in reserve, and I incurred no more danger than any of my friends whom I see around me. I happened to be sent by Sir H. Bentinck to find out what was going on, when I saw a man two or three yards ahead of me walking along the trench. A round shot flew over the parapet, and almost hid him in dust. I thought he was killed; but when the dust subsided I saw an individual whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy. Scratching his head, he said to me, 'Why, dash my buttons, but that was most amazin' nigh.' (*Laughter*.) The moment he opened his mouth, I knew from what county he came (*a laugh*), and I said, 'Ay, ay, my boy, we'd much better be digging trenches at 'd. a rod in Norfolk than fighting here.' (*Renewed laughter*.) He was astonished that I had hit upon his native county, and his only reply was, 'What, are yew tew from Norfolk?' (*Laughter and cheers*.) But, gentlemen, let us do justice to our own county. Turn your eyes there (pointing to the portraits by which the hall is surrounded), and tell

me if you don't see, represented upon canvas, some of the finest men this or any other county has produced. (*Cheers.*) I should be ashamed of myself if I thought any little bit of service I have performed could even approach the heroism of the gallant Nelson." (General Windham here turned round, and, amidst loud cheering, pointed to the portrait of Lord Nelson, which hung immediately behind his chair.) "I have regarded him as one of the least selfish and most pure of our heroes; and if any future services of mine should only entitle me to have the smallest miniature hung at his feet, I should feel the utmost pride." Alluding to Lord Albemarle's eulogiums on the manner in which he had discharged his duties as chief of the staff, General Windham said that those duties were not so difficult as the chairman had supposed. "I had at head-quarters, as well as in the divisions of the army, a remarkably able set of young officers to carry out any orders that were issued; and, although I know it is the habit of some individuals—I do not say of the press, but of some persons who are fond of writing in the newspapers—to represent that every British staff officer is almost next door to a fool, I beg leave to tell you that, in my humble opinion, after a few months' practice, which, at the commencement of the war, they undoubtedly required, our staff officers were quite as efficient as those in the French service. (*Hear, hear.*) In support of that opinion, I would appeal to the appearance of the two armies at the conclusion of the war." A generous tribute was then paid to the other heroes of the Redan. "There were many others who did their duty just as well as I did. When I look at Welsford, and Hancock, and Gough, and Unett, who commanded parties of the Light Division; when I look at Tyler, and Cuddy, and others in my own division; when I look again at Lysons of the 23rd, and Maude of the 3rd, who fought with the enemy hand to hand at the Redan, I must say I should be a dirty and a scurvy fellow if I appropriated all your praise to myself. (*Loud cheers.*) Believe me, that my title of 'Hero of the Redan' is more due to my seniority than to my superiority. I detest false humility as much as I do vain boasting. I don't pretend that I did not do my duty like a soldier; but I say also that there were scores of others, of all ranks, who did their duty quite as well as I did." An interesting anecdote of Marshal Pelissier was told by General Windham in the course of his address. When it was first decided to attack the Mamelon, the French General took the advice of his own officers, and then "asked our General of Engineers, Sir Harry Jones, for his opinion. Sir Harry Jones's reply was simply this—'Lord Raglan orders me to say that when you are ready to attack the Mamelon he is ready to attack the Quarries.' The answer of General Pelissier to that was—'There, gentlemen, that English officer talks what I call talking.' I cannot give it to you in any other way than in the original French—'*Voilà ce que j'appelle parler.*' I think, therefore, that we may fairly assume that he was not inclined to prop up his officers against ours. At the last of all, he certainly decided to attack the town at all places. I believe that I tell you the truth when I say that one week before the last attack upon the Redan there was no intention on the part of either French or English to make that attack."

After some other toasts had been duly honoured, the company separated.

AMERICA.

THE chief intelligence from America this week has reference to the coming Presidential elections. Great efforts are being made to secure the return of Colonel Fremont; and there has been an attempt in Pennsylvania to effect a coalition between the supporters of that candidate and the friends of Mr. Fillmore—with what result does not appear. Mr. Fillmore has been nominated to the Presidency by the State Convention of the Executive Committee of United Americans. The two Legislative Houses have agreed to adjourn on the 18th of the present month. In the Senate, the Fortification Bill has been passed, the amount voted being reduced to 1,800,000 dollars.

The bellicose Brooks has again appeared on the scene in a fighting attitude, having challenged Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, for language in his speech on the Sumner assault. Mr. Burlingame accepted to fight with rifles in Canada at fifty paces, but Mr. Brooks refuses to go there. Mr. Brooks has been arrested. Mr. Burlingame is out of the district.

The Government denies that 6,000,000 dollars have been offered to President Comonfort for a cession of land in Mexico; but it is supposed that secret instructions have gone out, nevertheless, for a purchase of territory with reference to a railroad to California. Walker has no Minister at Washington at present; Rivas is recognized there as the President *de facto* of Nicaragua.

The writer of a letter from Mexico speaks of the disturbed condition of that unhappy republic, and records his belief that the country must, at no very distant period, be incorporated with the United States. He adds:—"The Puro party which is at present ruling, and is chiefly composed of half-caste Indians, appears anxious to pave the way for American dominion, and it is even asserted that they have a secret understanding with the United States. Some of the measures adopted by that

party are so truly barbarous that they naturally inspire doubt whether Mexico really has, or ever had, any right to be considered as a civilized nation. By way of example, I may mention a recent movement made in the province of Guerrero, under the immediate direction of the high functionaries of the State, headed by a notorious ruffian, the declared object of which is to banish from the country all the Spaniards (a very numerous, laborious, and respectable part of the community), to seize all the lands belonging to the haciendas, and distribute them among the Indians, &c." This, by the way, would only be reversing what the Spaniards did to the Indians.

The steam-ship Northern Indiana has been burnt, and about twenty lives were lost, owing to the forward boat upsetting as the frightened passengers crowded into it. The greater number of persons aboard, however, were saved; but the loss of property was immense.

A Mormon "Elder"—Brother Grant—has supplied a pithy little discourse on polygamy. Thus (addressing the faithful in a Sunday morning sermon) does he stand up for the sacred ordinance:—"You cannot alter it; you cannot alter it; you cannot revoke this eternal law. If a man has fifty wives, and the fiftieth is the best, and does the most good, she will get the greatest reward, in spite of all the grunting on the part of the first ones." Another illustration of Mormonism, and of the system of polygamy, is presented by the fact that a blacksmith, named Strong, a native of Kendal, in the North of England, has been shot dead at Utah, for refusing to give up his wife and daughter to the embraces of the High Priest. Strong was a leader and priest of the Mormon connexion in Kendal for some years previous to his departure from England.

General Smith has assumed the command of the United States' troops in Kansas. In reply to a request from the Free-state men for protection against the armed Missourians, he replied that he had no authority to do so; that those bands were the regularly enrolled militia of the territory; that everything they do is done under colour of law, and that the Free-state men have no redress except by resort to the civil powers. The Senate have passed a resolution asking the President for the instructions to the United States troops in Kansas.

AMERICAN REVELATIONS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

A PORTUGUESE merchant, named Basilio de Cunha Reis, has been apprehended in New York, charged with being engaged in the slave traffic. The affidavit on which the arrest was effected was made by Andrew Wilson, one of the crew of the *Altivie*, a vessel belonging to Reis. Wilson embarked on board another ship owned by Reis (the *Mary Smith*) under a false representation that she was bound for South America; but he soon discovered that the captain was on a slaving expedition to the coast of Africa. The same imposition had been practised on nearly all the crew. The captain, however, soon overcame the scruples of most of the men by promising them enormous pay—six hundred dollars, their passage home provided for them, and the privilege of taking two negroes apiece to Cuba to sell. "Great care," proceeded Wilson in his statement, "was taken to keep out of the way of vessels. There were several kinds of flags on board, of different countries, to hoist as was deemed most judicious. Guns and munitions for defence were on board to use in case of attack or other emergency. The *Mary Smith* landed at Cape Padron, on the coast of Africa, and immediately set about getting a cargo of slaves. Before the entire cargo was taken on board, the second mate and myself deserted from the ship and went to a slave factory, or barracoon as it is generally called, eight miles south of Cape Padron; we here represented that the cause of our desertion was cruel treatment from the captain of the vessel we had left. The *Mary Smith* soon sailed, and it was lucky that, in the case of the mate and myself, principle overcame avarice, for the schooner, as I have since learnt, was subsequently captured by a Brazilian man-of-war off Brazil, where the captain and crew are at present imprisoned."

Wilson next proceeds to describe the principal features of the slave station:—"This barracoon, like all other barracoons on the coast of Africa, was situated in a spot as little liable to observation from the sea as possible; this was to prevent the detection of the locality by cruising vessels along the coast. The barracoon was a roughly constructed affair, and comprised two apartments, one for the negro males, and the other for the women and children; each apartment was over four hundred feet long, by thirty feet wide, with a space intervening of about seventy-five feet. Each structure was raised somewhat from the ground to prevent damage from the inundations to which the land near the seashore is liable. The sides and roofs were thatched. In the two buildings, I was told, there were sometimes 1000 negroes. The number depends upon the luck of getting in a stock, and the frequency of slavers landing on the coast. The way the negroes are obtained is by a regular system of traffic. Persons are trained to it, who do nothing else but forage the country and steal negroes. They bring them to the barracoons and receive in exchange beads, calico, brass bracelets, old muskets, or rum. The price allowed for a stout, able-bodied negro is about eight dollars, and for women and children from three to four dollars, payable in goods. No children are

bought less than six years of age. Such is the infatuation for strong ornaments and rum that parents sell their own children to the slave-factors, and husbands their own wives. The negroes, during their stay at the barracoon, are kept chained in gangs of from eight to twelve. An iron clasp is placed around the neck of each negro, and chains attached to these clasps: the parties are linked together. They make the negroes work, but keep them chained together while at work. The work they have to do, however, is trifling. At this place, the nearest water was three miles off, and it was no small labour to bring the water necessary for drink." The poor creatures are branded with a hot iron, generally on the right breast, but sometimes on the arms, back, or thighs. The agent would not allow Wilson to go to St. Paul de Loando to see the American consul. He was "a very dark, sly Spaniard," heavily armed, and one day he shot a negro dead for disobedience.

At the end of two months, the *Altivie*, another slaver from New York, came to the spot, and in this vessel Wilson returned. Four hundred negroes were stowed on board the *Altivie*, which was a schooner of a hundred and fifty tons. "The major part were compactly huddled in the hold. Accommodations on deck were afforded for the women and children. There was here fresh air, but the condition of those in the hold was awful. They had to lie in spoon fashion, and were not permitted to stir out. A tolerable supply of food was afforded, but water was sparingly dealt out. The vessel directed its course to Cuba; it landed at Santa Nearia, a desert island. During the passage, one hundred of the negroes died."

The result of this testimony was that the slaver was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN DEATHS.

WHETHER it be that a spirit of fatality has gone forth over the land within the last few days, or that the morning papers, finding a dearth of other matter, have given greater prominence to the ordinary casualties of life, certain it is that there has been a perfect harvest, during the week, of sudden deaths and lamentable disasters. Among these, perhaps the most conspicuous is a

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—Howler Bottom, a place between Stubbins and Ewoodbridge stations on the East Lancashire Railway, was the scene on Monday evening of a fatal accident. A double line of rails was being laid down, and a temporary path across the lines was made for the convenience of the ballast waggons. At this spot, the *Bacup* train, consisting of five carriages, ran off the line, and was for a time enveloped from sight by a cloud of dust and steam. On this clearing away, it was found that the fore wheels of the engine had stuck fast, that the hind portion had mounted into the air, making a complete somersault, and that the entire engine, weighing upwards of twenty tons, was thrown down the embankment with the wheels uppermost. The carriages became uncoupled from the engine, and also ran off the line. The engineer, on being got out from under the second carriage, died almost immediately from the scalds and other injuries he had received; the stoker was also discovered in a deplorable condition, and it is expected that he will die; the guard was injured on the thigh, but not dangerously; one of the passengers received contusions which render his recovery precarious; three more sustained fractures and bruises of a very serious description; and others were more or less hurt.—A train ran off the rails on the North-Western line on Wednesday, and, after continuing its course for some few minutes, came to a stand-still. One of the passengers was slightly contused, but this was all the injury that resulted.—An engine at Huddersfield, as it was issuing out of the station, came in contact with a luggage train which was being shunted in the same direction. The two engines and some of the waggons were considerably damaged, and a fireman, a driver, and a pointsman were severely hurt.—A third-class train from Liverpool ran into a goods train at the Albion station on the Stour Valley branch of the London and North-Western Railway, near Birmingham. This was in broad daylight. The shock was very violent. One lady had her leg broken, and many suffered considerable personal injury. The engines and carriages of both trains were a good deal shattered.—Another fatal accident has occurred on the East Lancashire line, a man who was coupling some waggons at the Radcliffe station having been knocked down and run over by the engine.

DEATH OF A DRAGOON GUARD ON THE MARCH.—Robert Lockhart, a private in the Scots Greys, has died suddenly while marching from Farnham to Wokingham. His horse having a sore back, he was not allowed to ride it, but was compelled to lead the animal the whole way, a distance of about seventeen miles. On passing Aldershot camp, the man had a glass of ale, and shortly afterwards he drank largely of water. He complained of fatigue, and admitted to Gray, the farrier-major who had command of the troop, that he had been up all the previous night drinking in company with a comrade and two women. He was soon observed to stagger a good deal, and to talk wildly, and to run forward suddenly and then stop in a singular manner. It was at first thought he was intoxicated; but, when they were within two miles and a half of Wokingham, Lockhart fell down and was unable to move. He was carried

to a plantation at the roadside, and the regimental medical officer was fetched; but an hour elapsed before he arrived, and in the meanwhile the soldier expired. He was found to be wrapped up in a great deal of unnecessary clothing. A private named Coin, who was himself taken ill later in the march, stated that the farrier-major swore at the deceased and pushed his horse up against him; and that, when Lockhart fell down for the last time, he (Coin) offered to stay behind and take care of him, but that Gray would not permit him to do so. An inquest has been held, and the jury brought in a verdict, "That the said Robert Lockhart died from suffocation, brought on by over fatigue, being compelled by his superior officers to march a very long distance under a burning sun." He was twenty-four years of age.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CRIMEAN SOLDIER.—Sergeant Wallis, of the Rifle Brigade, a Yorkshireman, aged thirty-eight, has expired suddenly at Aldershot, after exclaiming, "Thank God, I have arrived safely in Old England again; I'll now have a good rest." He had just come from the Crimea, where he had gone through the whole campaign, but escaped being wounded, though he suffered greatly from trench work, insufficient food, and exposure to weather.

THE CATASTROPHE AT THE GOODWOOD RACES.—An edifying picture of our much-prized "national sport," horse-racing, is presented by *Bell's Life*, in giving an account of the catastrophe at Goodwood on Wednesday week, already briefly noticed in these columns. Whether owing to the heat, or to over-excitement, the horses seem to have become half wild, and extremely vicious. Eight of the animals fell while racing for the Goodwood Stakes, and rolled together in one mass, in the midst of which were the riders. All the horses, with one exception, speedily jumped up, and galloped off; the poor creature which remained behind, however, received so dreadful an injury of one of the fore legs, which was quite smashed, that, after she had sat piteously moaning for some time, it was found necessary to shoot her. Of the jockeys who received severe fractures and contusions, some were sent to the nearest infirmary, while others, being less injured, went on with their work. A few further particulars we derive from our learned contemporary:—"Baron Rothschild's two horses, we believe, ran loose after the others in the race; but Enchanter, Speed the Plough, Jolly Marine, and Vandal, jumped the post and rails at the side of the course, and the three latter commenced fighting in the wood close by. Speed the Plough and Vandal got Jolly Marine down, and attacked him most furiously, until a gipsy boy with great courage and presence of mind seized the former by the bridle and separated them, whereupon the old horse galloped off to a pond, and indulged in a cold bath, in the enjoyment of which he was captured. Vandal had a large piece of flesh torn off his shoulder, and the Jolly Marine, in addition to his bridle being bent and torn, received a similar injury, besides a deep wound in the hip, which had the appearance of being inflicted with a knife or some sharp instrument. Enchanter, who is a very savage brute, fortunately did not join in the *mêlée*, but tried his hand at steeple-chasing, and was eventually secured at a small village nearly three miles off."

THE LATE FIRE NEAR COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. Bennett died on Sunday morning in Charing-cross Hospital. His widow, who still remains in the same hospital, continues in a very precarious condition; but the children, who were also severely burnt, are much better.

A fearful catastrophe has recently occurred at the works of Messrs. Hutton and Son, silver-platers, Sheffield, to Emma Memmott, a young woman employed as a silver polisher. The young woman engaged in this occupation stand each at a workboard, underneath which, at about eighteen inches from the floor, runs the shaft from the steam-engine by which the polishing spindles are propelled. An iron bar is fixed on a level with the front of each workbench, to protect the clothes of the young women from the shaft. This precautionary measure, however, proved ineffectual in the case of Memmott; for, while she was at work, her clothes became entangled with the coupling-box of the shaft. Feeling the drag at her garments, she screamed out for assistance, and a man named Birks, under whom she worked, ran to her aid, and, seizing her under the arms, endeavoured to drag her from the spot, both he and she screaming all the while to the persons in care of the engine in a lower room to stop it. The engine was not stopped, and the machinery gradually wound up the young woman's clothes, dragging her down at every moment, despite the efforts of Birks, who, finding it useless further to contend against the force of the machinery, himself ran into the lower room and instantly stopped the engine. But it was too late; she was quite dead, and frightfully crushed. It is supposed that an iron bar connected with the shaft was loose, and caused the accident; for, so great was the force of the machinery, that the bar, though of considerable thickness, was found wrapped round the shaft as if it had been a piece of cord. During the inquest, it came out that the shaft was not sufficiently protected, and that an accident (though not a fatal one) occurred about a year ago. Nevertheless, the women object to the shaft being fenced off, as it imposes some extra labour on them; and it seems that there is a want of similar protection in all the

Sheffield silver works. Messrs. Hutton signified their intention to box off all the shafts, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.—A labourer at Stockport has been killed by a sunstroke while haymaking. He was seen to stagger and fall, and he was dead in a few minutes.—Two men have been drowned in the Serpentine, the north bank of which is so dangerous that orders have been issued not to allow persons any longer to bathe at that side.

A farmer living at Stittenham, sixty-seven years of age, has met with a singular death. He was at work hoeing, and, noticing a thistle, he got over the hedge for the purpose of cutting it. While doing so, he leant upon the handle of the hoe (the top of which had previously been splintered), and, having lost his hold upon the instrument, the handle entered the lower portion of his person, on the right side of the rectum, causing a frightful wound, some six or seven inches in length. Blood flowed copiously, and, after lingering a few days, the injured man expired.—A fatal accident occurred at Blanchland, Northumberland, last Saturday, to a man named John Beck, of Shildon. He was mowing for his father, and was in the act of whetting his scythe, when he was observed to fall in a fainting fit, and the scythe fell between his neck and left shoulder, causing a mortal wound. His brother and another person were present, and assistance was speedily procured; but from the great extent of the wound, it was of no avail, and he died almost instantaneously.—An explosion has taken place in a chemist's shop in High-street, Dorking, by which two persons have been seriously injured, and a considerable quantity of property destroyed. Mr. Knight, the master of the shop, was engaged in making up a prescription when the explosion occurred. It is supposed that the catastrophe must have been caused by an escape of gas. Mr. Knight himself escaped with comparatively slight injury, but a boy, employed as his assistant, and a servant girl, who were with him at the time, were both hurt to an alarming degree; the former was blown through the window by the force of the explosion, and coming in contact with the iron railings outside the house, received a violent contusion on his head, which stunned him. The girl was found among the broken panes of the window, and was also severely wounded. Both of them are still in a precarious condition. Besides the great amount of damage done to Mr. Knight's premises by the accident, several of the neighbouring houses have been much injured by the force of the shock.

STATE OF TRADE.

The trade reports from the provincial towns for the week ending last Saturday, show the effects of the fine harvest weather in imparting general confidence. At Manchester, the markets have been firm, owing chiefly to the prospects of the home demand. At Nottingham, this is usually a quiet period, but there is good employment. In the woollen districts, a tendency to improvement has been manifested; and the Irish linen markets are active.—*Times*.

A *résumé* on the 30th of June showed the total capital nominally required for the new schemes introduced during the half-year to 23,490,000*l*. Of this, about 11,000,000*l*. was the amount estimated as having been promised to foreign countries, while of the remainder only a small proportion was pledged to undertakings of a description to withdraw serious sums from the ordinary channels of employment. The prospect, although not calculated to awaken anxiety, was such as to stimulate caution. Nevertheless, although the public are disposed probably to infer that this fact, and the dulness of the money-market during the subsequent period, have led to an abatement of the ardour of projectors, such has not been the case. The subscriptions invited from January to June averaged 3,900,000*l*. per month, and in July they have reached 5,370,000*l*. An additionally unfavourable feature is, that the foreign proportion presents relatively a large augmentation. Of the total of 5,370,000*l*., 3,125,000*l*., or considerably more than half, is destined to be drained from us to quarters whence a reflux will be very distant. 2,000,000*l*. is intended for India, although the requirements for that country have for several years past produced a chronic pressure on the money-market, which most injuriously affected our resources during the war, and the amount remaining to be sent thither was still inconveniently large. 470,000*l*. is raised for Canada and Western America, apart from a further large sum understood to have been privately negotiated on the bonds of a railway in the repudiating State of Michigan; 180,000*l*. is for Chili; 190,000*l*. for mines in Italy and Germany; 85,000*l*. for a land project in Hungary, and 200,000*l*. for a telegraphic communication with the East.—*Idem*.

According to the Customs' bill of entry the total value of foreign goods imported into Liverpool during the past half-year was 24,806,185*l*. 15*s*., of which goods to the value of 14,858,819*l*. 15*s*. were imported during the past three months. The value of the exports of British goods for the first six months was 25,941,706*l*., exceeding the imports by 1,135,520*l*. 5*s*.

Disorder still prevails in the vicinity of Messrs. Young, Son, and Magnay's shipbuilding yard, where the men continue to hold out. James Wray, a shipwright, appeared before Mr. Yardley last Saturday, on a charge of assaulting Mr. Charles Cousens, a draughtsman attached to the establishment. Mr. Cousens had been to a public-house in the neighbourhood in search of two ship-

wrights who had engaged to work at the yard, but who were afraid of going, on account of the threats of the Union men. As he was leaving the house in company with them, Wray (who is not one of the men on strike, nor a Union man) threw some beer he was drinking in Mr. Cousens's face. He was given into custody; on which the mob attempted to rescue him, but he discouraged them, and offered no resistance to the police. The defence was that Mr. Cousens pushed against Wray in going out, and spilt some of the beer, and that Wray then threw the rest over his shoulder. A fine of thirty shillings was imposed, together with costs. The money was immediately paid.

The colliers of Barnsley and the inhabitants of the vicinity have held an open air meeting, to consider the dispute now existing between the men of the Oaks Colliery and their employers. Resolutions in favour of the struggle maintained by the men were unanimously passed.—The secretary to the society of the colliers has written to the *Times*, to deny the assertion of the masters that they had taken every precaution to insure the safety of the pit. The writer maintains that the pit is not safe, and says that the men have merely taken reasonable precautions for the protection of their lives.

The whole of the operative stonemasons employed in the various public and private buildings in Newcastle-on-Tyne left their work last Saturday, and have not since returned. The dispute has originated in the determination of the men to enjoy a weekly half-holiday at the expense of their employers.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

AN ALLIANCE BANQUET.—The inhabitants of Portsmouth and the surrounding districts, including the county and the Isle of Wight, are collecting subscriptions with the object of giving a grand English banquet in Portsmouth to as many of the united forces (officers and men) actually engaged in the late war as their funds will permit. All the naval and military authorities, the Duke of Richmond, Lord George Lennox (chairman of the committee for carrying out the idea), the chief firms, many of the county and borough magistracy, the members for Portsmouth, and the townspeople, are warmly enlisted in this hospitable *fête*, which will take place in about a month, under distinguished auspices.

BURNING OF A LIVERPOOL SCREW STEAMER.—The Italian, screw steamer, Captain Hamilton, from Liverpool to Genoa, was discovered to be on fire in the forehold while off Cape Finisterre, when the hatches were battened down and she made for Lisbon. She arrived on the 28th ult., still on fire, and was run aground. The engines played upon her all night, and she has fifteen feet of water in her; but the fire was still burning at the date of the telegraphic despatch communicating the news, viz., the 29th.

SELF-MUTILATION OF A SOLDIER.—A district court-martial, presided over by Colonel A. Anderson, Royal Marines, assembled on Tuesday at Chatham barracks for the trial of William Dowell, a private in the 32nd Regiment, on the extraordinary charge of having deliberately blown off his right hand with his musket, with the view of being discharged from the service. The prisoner, who, since he has been in the regiment, bore a good character, was tried some time ago on a charge of desertion—having been absent from his regiment only two hours—and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The apparent hardship of his punishment preyed very much on his mind, and on the morning of the 5th of May last, while at Chatham barracks, he rose between three and four o'clock, and, without disturbing any of his comrades asleep in the barrack-room, provided himself with ten rounds of ammunition and ball, after which he loaded his musket with two balls. He then placed his right hand over the muzzle and discharged the piece, when his hand was so frightfully shattered that, on being taken to the hospital, it was found necessary to amputate his hand above the wrist. On recovering, he was ordered to be brought before a court-martial for trial. The sentence of the court will not be known until it has been confirmed at the Horse Guards; but it is believed that he will not be discharged from the army.

EXPERIMENTS WITH STEAM.—The steam storeship *Dee*, Master Commander Pullen, returned to Woolwich dockyard on Thursday evening from an experimental voyage to Pembroke, to test the new principle of mixing ordinary and superheated steam. The experiments were made under the official superintendence of Mr. Partridge, the acting chief engineer of the factory at Woolwich dockyard. The Hon. J. Wethered, of America, the discoverer of this new method of using steam, was with the vessel during the experiments. The result was highly satisfactory; the clear economy of fuel being over thirty per cent., and the effective power obtained by a pound of coal much greater than can be obtained by the old mode of using steam.

An interesting ceremony was performed on the parade ground of the Marine Barracks on Thursday, when the whole of the officers and men of the corps were drawn up in column, for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of a silver medal, together with a gratuity of 15*l*., which had been awarded by the Lords of the Admiralty to Colour Sergeant James Hewin, of the Royal Marines, for distinguished conduct and long and meritorious service.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

WHY MANSLAUGHTER?

GREAT indignation has been excited by a verdict given by a Cornish jury towards the latter end of last week in the case of a trial for murder. We borrow a brief statement of the facts from the leading columns of the *Times* :—

"Ann Matthews, aged thirty-two, James Gregory, aged nineteen, and Richard Jose, aged thirty-five, were indicted at Bodmin for the wilful murder of an infant born of Matthews at Truro on the 27th of March last. This woman was a shoemaker by trade, and had resided for many years in respectability at Truro. Her husband died about four years back, and about a twelvemonth ago, in a fatal hour for herself, she met with Jose, who was a married man. A connexion ensued between Jose and Matthews, and she became pregnant by him. Jose lodged at her house, and in the same house lived the prisoner George and a young woman named Eliza Burns, but nineteen years of age, who were also living together in a state of concubinage. Matthews had an allowance from the parish, and she feared that this allowance would be withdrawn if it were known that she had given birth to a natural child. About four o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 27th of March, Matthews was seized with the pains of labour, and she went down into the kitchen, where she delivered herself of a female child. Jose came down also to the kitchen, and he called to the girl Burns to come and assist Matthews in her pain. After some little delay, she was admitted into the kitchen, where she found Matthews, Jose, and the new-born baby. George also came down, and in a little while he assisted Matthews to leave the kitchen. As she was going out, she called to Jose to stop the child's crying. After these two persons had left the kitchen, Jose thrust his finger down the baby's throat, and retained it there for some time, but, as this did not suffice to destroy life, he fetched a pan, into which he poured a quantity of water, and in it he drowned the child. On the evening of the next day, Jose and George took the dead body in a basket to a pond near Truro. Jose attached a stone by a cord to it, and threw it into the pond. On the 29th of the same month, the body was discovered by a lad who was fishing in the pond, the water being unusually low at the time. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict was returned of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.' The name of Matthews soon became involved in the gossip of the neighbourhood, and the end was that she was examined by a surgeon, and it was ascertained that she had recently been delivered. In the end, Burns was admitted as Queen's evidence, and upon her testimony the prisoners were convicted. The jury found Jose guilty, not of murder, but of manslaughter; George guilty as an accessory after the fact; and Matthews guilty of concealing the birth."

The singular part of this verdict is that which refers to Jose, who, if guilty of any crime at all in connexion with the case, was clearly guilty of murder. The jury took the advice of Mr. Baron Martin previous to sending in their verdict, as to whether they could convict Jose merely of manslaughter: the opinion of the Judge was strongly against such a finding; but the besotted Cornishmen carried their point, and Jose simply stands convicted of the lesser offence. Why not of the greater?

A SERVIAN'S REVENGE.

A double murder has been committed about five miles from Dover by a man named Sedea (or Dede) Bedanius, a Servian in the Anglo-Swiss Legion now stationed at Shorncliffe. He had been paying his addresses to a girl of eighteen, named Caroline Beck. Fancying that she had been corresponding with another soldier, he taxed her with unfaithfulness, but ultimately asked her to accompany him to the camp. Her parents made no objection, provided her younger sister, Maria, accompanied her. The proposal was agreed to, and they started. This happened last Saturday. On the following morning, about eight o'clock, the bodies of both the girls were found in a hollow, close by a footpath leading to Folkstone. The elder sister had received four stabs near the heart, and was quite dead. The younger girl, Maria, appears to have struggled hard with her assailant. Several of her fingers were severely cut. The discovery was made by a farm servant, who obtained medical assistance, but it was of no avail. The supposed murderer was seen running through the village of Capel shortly after the occurrence. He has since been arrested by some labourers. On being seized, he stabbed himself several times with a knife; but was at length overpowered and secured, and he now lies in a very precarious state in the hospital.

Subsequent investigations have given rise to a suspicion that the destruction of the elder girl was effected under peculiarly devilish circumstances. It was discovered that some one had recently had sexual intercourse with the poor victim; and it is not unlikely that the soldier committed the first of his crimes while the young woman was receiving his embraces. The other girl was probably attracted to the spot by the cries which accompanied the death-struggle.

The inquest has terminated in a verdict of Wilful Murder.

In the course of the inquiry, a letter from Bedanius to the mother of the girls, written on Monday at a stationer's shop where the murderer bought some paper, was put in and read. It was written in German, in a very wandering style; expressed contrition for the acts; and attributed them to the fact of Caroline intending to go to Woolwich, and to his being unable to follow her. He therefore determined that she should die. He did not intend, he asserts, to kill Maria, but, "as she was in his way, he could not do otherwise." The letter then proceeds in this extraordinary fashion, according to the translation that has been put forth:—"Dear mother,—Saturday evening, when I came, I had not at least any intention to commit this awful act; but as I learned that my dear Caroline gave me back my likeness, and as she told me she would leave, I did not know any other way than that leading to the cutler, where I bought a poniard which divided the hearty lovers. Arm by arm I brought my dearest souls in the world over to the unlucky place, near the road before Folkstone, and requested them to sit down. But the grass being wet, they refused to do so, and I directed then Caroline to go forward, and I went behind Maria, into whose breast I ran the dagger. With a dull cry she sank down. With a most broken heart I rushed then after Caroline, lifting the poniard in my hand towards her. 'Dear Dede,' cried she, with a half-dead voice, and fell down with weeping eyes. Then I rushed over her, and gave her the last kisses as an everlasting remembrance. I could not live a more dreadful hour in my life than that was, and my broken heart could not feel when my senses were gone. And I took both the black capes of Maria and dear Caroline, as a mourning suit for me, leaving the awful spot with weeping eyes and a broken heart. Never I shall forget my dear Caroline and Maria, and the poniard will be covered with blood until it will be put in my own breast, and I shall see again my dear Maria and Caroline in the eternal life. Farewell, and be not unhappy about the blissful deceased—they are angels of God—and forget the unhappy, ever weeping, DEDE BEDANIUS."

Another letter was addressed to Lieutenant Schmidt, also confessing the crime.

One of the witnesses, a carpenter named Thomas Girling, though taking the usual oath, declared that he had no religion, that he did not believe in a Supreme Being nor in a future state, and that he thought men would be punished for their ill deeds here, but not hereafter. The Coroner said that, after thirty-six years' experience in his office, that was the first time he had heard such a declaration made by a witness; but he received Girling's testimony nevertheless.

ASSIZE CASES.—Grace Richardson, a straw bonnet-maker, was tried at Carlisle on a charge of administering oxalic acid to her daughter. The woman was intoxicated, and, having quarrelled with her daughter, and beaten her, she forced her to drink part of a mugful of oxalic acid she kept in the cupboard for use in her trade. Finding it burn her throat, the girl refused to take any more; but the mother endeavoured to force it upon her, and in the struggle the remainder was spilt over her clothes. She then escaped to a neighbour's house, where she was extremely ill, though her mother took very little heed of her. For the defence it was argued (on the suggestion of the girl herself, who was much affected) that the prisoner intended to administer a dose of salts, but that, in her drunkenness, she committed a mistake. In answer to a question from the Judge, the girl said that salts were kept in the same cupboard; and the jury gave a verdict of Acquittal.—The trial of Theodore Evans, the late manager of the Tewkesbury branch of the Gloucestershire Banking Company, for stealing 1500*l.*, the money of the bank, has resulted in an Acquittal. We stated the chief facts last week; it now only remains to mention the grounds of the discharge. It appeared that the accused was himself the holder of some shares in the bank, of the value of 1500*l.* and upwards; that he kept an account there; that the directors allowed him to overdraw his account; that he always admitted his liability with regard to the 1500*l.*; and that the bank had security from him for the faithful discharge of his duties. Under these circumstances, the counsel for the defence asked the Judge if he thought any answer to the case for the prosecution were needed. Mr. Justice Wightman said he did not conceive the charge could be maintained, and he directed the jury to return a verdict of Not Guilty; which they did with evident reluctance. Several other indictments against the prisoner, arising out of the same facts, were then withdrawn.—James Ford, a labourer, was charged at Wells with the wilful murder of his wife. He was offended with her for joining a marriage party, and he threatened to her sister to make her head jump up the chimney when she came back. Going to a public-house, he remained drinking there for a considerable time, when one of the neighbours advised the wife to fetch him home. She went, and was several times knocked down by the ruffian. Shortly afterwards, she was found dead on the floor of the tap-room. Mr. Baron Martin said the evidence could only lead to a verdict of manslaughter,

which was accordingly returned, and sentence of transportation for life was passed.—Ann Farley, aged fourteen, a servant, pleaded Guilty at Oxford to a charge of setting fire to a barn and rick of straw, by which property to the amount of 500*l.* was lost. She was sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour for one fortnight, and then to be sent to the Reformatory at Allesley, near Coventry, for four years.—William Hoskins, aged twenty-three, a sawyer, was charged at Gloucester with the manslaughter of Joseph Wetherall. The deceased was also a labouring man; and on the 7th of last June, having been paid his wages, he left Witley Court for Wootton, where he resided. On the following morning, he was found dead and weltering in his blood on the road. His purse was empty. When Hoskins was taken into custody, blood and road dust were found on his clothes, and he had a black eye. In answer to questions, he said he had been in a scuffle; but he gave various accounts of the nature and origin of the contest. He was found Guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' transportation.—Charles William Treagrove Creuse, a gentlemanly-looking man, who had formerly been a captain in the Cape Mounted Rifles, was indicted at Guildford for a criminal assault on a young girl who had gone to his house to be engaged as a servant. The defence was that long residence in a hot climate had disordered the prisoner's intellects. On hearing this alleged, he burst out with great vehemence that he objected to what his counsel was stating, as his reason was in no way impaired. This interruption, however, had the effect of confirming the alleged insanity, for he proceeded, in a very incoherent and violent strain, to declare that he had beheld all the wonders of the world, and that he had seen hell dragged up by the roots. The present charge, he said, was got up against him by the Roman Catholics, because they knew that he was a Protestant; but he was determined to support his religion. Some testimony having been given in support of the defence of impaired intellect, the accused was Acquitted on that ground, and ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

GAROTTE ROBBERY.—A reporter, named Anthony Frederick Beever, has been assaulted and robbed in the streets by two men, both notorious thieves, and one a ticket-of-leave man. Mr. Beever was returning home, rather intoxicated, as he himself admitted, between one and two o'clock in the morning, when he went into a public-house in Crown-street, Soho—a neighbourhood notorious for these attacks. He there saw two men in front of the bar, who requested him to "treat" them. Mr. Beever complied, and then left the house; the men followed him, and presently afterwards one of them knocked him down with a blow from a bludgeon, while the other rifled his pockets of all the money they contained, amounting to about 1*l.* 5*s.* The thieves escaped before any assistance could be obtained; however, they were subsequently traced out by the police, and apprehended. They denied the charge against them, but were committed for trial.

KIDNAPPING.—A cooper, named Michael Murphy, has been examined on remand at the Greenwich police-office, on a charge of having unlawfully deprived a woman, named Ann Davis, of her son. Mrs. Davis, who lived with Murphy's mother at Deptford, had often heard the prisoner threaten to take her child away from her. One Sunday, about a month ago, she sent the boy to the Sunday-school at Deptford-green, and, finding that he did not return at the usual time, she suspected that Murphy had run away with him, and therefore gave information to the police. The authorities at Deptford immediately communicated with those of Liverpool, to which place Murphy had told Mrs. Davis he should take her boy; but, not being able to learn anything satisfactory concerning him, the Deptford police inspector called at Mrs. Murphy's house, and seeing the prisoner there, he charged him with having committed the offence, and asked him what he had done with the child. At first, Murphy denied all knowledge of the matter, but, on the officer threatening to take him into custody, he made a full confession. The inspector afterwards proceeded to Liverpool, and brought the boy back to town, when he was restored to his mother. Murphy stated that his reason for taking the child away was, because the latter had told him that his mother ill-used and half-fed him. He (Murphy) had intended to bring Mrs. Davis's son up to his own trade. The magistrate thought that the taking the child from his parent without her permission was a sufficient offence, and he therefore committed the accused for trial.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Bernard Murphy, a clerk, pleaded Guilty at the Middlesex Sessions to a charge of embezzling various sums of money from his master. When asked what he had to urge, he said:—"The first of these misfortunes was a cheque of nearly 88*l.*, which was abstracted from me by a person whom I presumed to be a friend; but I afterwards got 50*l.* of the amount from him, which I duly paid over." The Assistant-Judge here asked why he did not prosecute the man. He replied:—"I could not prosecute him, for he absconded. Well, in the madness of desperation I took to the dice, in the hope of redeeming the loss; but I was uniformly unsuccessful in everything I did with the view of achieving that object. Look, too, at the extremely low wages I had—1*l.* 5*s.* a week! I had out of that a sick wife

and child to support and a house to keep, and I received large sums of money at various times which were faithfully accounted for—such sums as 210*l.*, 190*l.*, and so on. It was only in little matters that I did wrong, and these I hoped to redeem. I had not the idea of absolutely stealing these sums; and, for the sake of my poor wife and child, I hope you will deal mercifully with me. I have lived meanly and poor; I have been poor and mean in my attire; I am in very bad health myself; and anything like a heavy sentence will be the death of me." He was condemned to twelve months' hard labour, the Judge observing that he hoped it would be a warning to him; to which he replied, "Ay, indeed it will too."

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.—Sentence was passed on Monday, at the Middlesex Sessions, on Mr. Doggett, landlord of the Argyle Hotel, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, for an assault on Mr. H. J. Jennings, a solicitor's clerk, of which he was found guilty last session. Mr. Jennings and another person had given offence to the landlord; a good deal of violence seems to have ensued; and Doggett ejected his two guests. The Assistant-Judge said it appeared that Doggett was a highly respectable man, who conducted his house in an exemplary manner; but, in a moment of irritation, he had taken the law into his own hands, instead of calling in a policeman. Under the circumstances, the sentence would be a fine of 20*l.*—John Lawson, a Danish sailor, has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for an assault with a knife on Alfred Janson.

A STREET SEDUCER.—Some light was thrown on the machinations of professional seducers in the course of a charge brought at Marlborough-street against John Richard Power, a young man described as a commission agent. From the evidence, it appeared that the accused had spoken to two young girls in the streets, who were carrying children; that he had inquired if the infants were their own; that he asked one of them whether she was not big enough to have a child; and that he tried, but in vain, to induce them to go with him to an hotel in St. Martin's-court. Power assured the magistrate that he was "a strictly moral man;" but his assertions were discredited, and he was sentenced, much to his astonishment, to six months' hard labour.

ROBBING A CORPSE.—Another man has been convicted at Bow-street of being concerned in stealing a ring from the hand of a Mr. Stocker, who was recently killed in High-street, St. Giles's. Raley, the culprit, now brought before the magistrate, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

VICTIMIZING INDIANS.—A Mr. Teale, of Eversholt-street, Camden-town, applied on Tuesday to the Lord Mayor for information as to the course he might properly pursue for the benefit of several North-American Indians (six males and four females) who had come to England for the purpose of appealing to the Queen to assist them in recovering a considerable portion of land, of which they had been forcibly and illegally deprived in Walpole Island. Mr. Teale, who was accompanied by a gentleman who stated himself to be connected with the Missionary Society, said, the Indians, of whom Pe-to-e-kee-Lee was the great chief, had been induced by a Mr. Baby to accompany him to England for the ostensible purpose of waiting upon the Queen on the subject of the recovery of their possessions, but really with the object of being exhibited to the public theatrically for the benefit of the person by whom they were recommended to leave their home. The speculation having totally failed, and Mr. Baby not having introduced the Indians to her Majesty, but, on the contrary, having abandoned them without making the least provision for their support, they must have starved in the streets had it not been for the Missionary Society, the members of which had done all they could for them, and were now compelled to represent their deplorable condition to the City authorities. The Lord Mayor said he would write to the Colonial Secretary: if that application failed, he had no doubt the public would raise subscriptions for them. After some objections from Sir R. W. Carden, who thought that, as the Indians were staying at the house of Mr. Teale at Camden-town, application ought not to have been made to the City authorities, and who conceived that a strict inquiry should be set on foot into the authenticity of the narrative, Mr. Teale and the Indians left the court.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—A person named Charles Lister is under remand at Guildhall, charged with embezzling money to the amount of 104*l.*, the property of his employers, Messrs. Petter and Galpin, printers, of Playhouse-yard, Blackfriars. He had the business management of a country paper belonging to his employers; and it is in connexion with this concern that he is charged with misappropriation of funds.

ODD FELLOWS' MERRIMENT.—The Society of Odd Fellows, with their wives and children, were allowed by the Crystal Palace Company on Monday to celebrate their anniversary in the Sydenham building and grounds. They got intoxicated after dinner, and were very riotous and noisy. Having stopped the band which plays at five o'clock in the evening, one of them made a long and tedious speech; after which the band began to play again, but was interrupted by the Odd Fellows, who attacked the performers with great violence. No policeman was to be found for a long while; and when one did at

length appear, he was evidently afraid to seize any of the rioters, being single-handed against a large number. "Later in the evening," says an eye-witness, "several small dancing parties were made up on the grass we are so rigidly forbidden to cross, and one large circle, familiarly known to the frequenters of Greenwich Fair by the name of 'Kiss-in-the-Green,' continued to scandalize decent ladies till nearly nine o'clock."

THE GAROTTE ROBBERY AT READING.—The man Shepherd, who was last week secured, after a desperate struggle with two of the county of Berks police, was finally examined on Monday, before the Mayor, charged with having, in company with another, violently assaulted William John Hayne on the night of Tuesday, the 29th ult., in Chain-street, Reading, with intent to rob him. He presented the appearance of having suffered considerably from the severe blow given him by the policeman with his truncheon during the scuffle, and just at the time when the officer found himself nearly overpowered. The other ruffian concerned in the attack—a man named Millington—has also been apprehended.

HIBERNIAN EFFERVESCENCE.—A charge against several Irishmen and women has been investigated at Bow-street. It arose out of a previous charge of assault on a woman named Mary Callaghan, who was ill-used by two of her countrywomen for having given evidence against them in a third case that had come before the magistrate. The women having been convicted, the husband of Mary Callaghan gave vent to his exultation in a dance of triumph, executed in his place of residence, Orange-court. Thereupon the opposite faction flew to arms, and a fight ensued, ending in considerable damage to the various heads concerned, and in the dispersal of the mob by the police. The prisoners were discharged, having already suffered enough from the casualties of battle.

A HUMANE PRIZE-FIGHTER.—Three little children were observed a few days ago in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, by Mr. Harry Broome, the "ex-champion of England," and landlord of the Norfolk Tavern in the Strand, under circumstances which arrested his attention. They were lying on a mattress spread on the pavement, and all were suffering from small-pox. The eldest was a girl of twelve; the youngest was an infant in arms. Mr. Broome was informed that they were refused admission into the workhouse; and he therefore applied to the Bow-street magistrate for advice. Mr. Henry sent the summoning officer with the children to the workhouse. They were at once admitted, and it was explained that there had been no actual refusal. Some outdoor relief had been given, but the relieving officer had ultimately stopped the supply, and offered to receive the whole family into the house. The father and mother had rejected this proposal, and the officer declined to take the children without the parents. This, however, was done on receipt of the magistrate's message.

EXECUTION.—Murdoch, the man who killed the Hastings gaoler while attempting to escape, was hung on Tuesday morning. He professed great repentance for the act he had committed, while asserting that he had no intention to kill the man; behaved with much decorum and feeling up to the last moment; and died instantly without a struggle. The recommendation to mercy on the part of the jury, on the ground that murder was not intended, was strongly backed up by numerous influential persons, who made repeated applications for a reprieve to Sir George Grey; but, as the event indicates, these efforts were useless.—The ensuing particulars of the execution at Leicester of William Brown, the murderer of a tollgate-keeper and his grandson, were accidentally omitted in our last impression:—The culprit protested his innocence to the last, saying he should die a martyr, and should soon be in heaven. In order to bring him to a sense of his position, he was shown his grave on the day before his execution, and the only remark he made was, "Ah! it's a nice place, ain't it? I shall like to lie under the trees." (The grave was dug near to some trees.) His father and several of his friends visited him on the same day, and he requested the former to "come and see him turned off." The old man secured a seat at a public-house window exactly opposite the drop, occupied it some hours before the execution, regaled himself with beer, and engaged in earnest conversation with his associates. Brown had expressed a wish to be allowed to address the crowd, saying he should speak for an hour. The officials told him he might say what he pleased, and for that purpose he was led out a few minutes before eight o'clock. His father recognized him by waving a handkerchief. The prisoner made a low bow, but did not attempt to utter a word. After a momentary pause, to allow him to speak if he were disposed, Calcraft stepped up, and quickly adjusted the cap and rope. The bolt was instantly drawn, and the prisoner, after struggling for several minutes, ceased to exist.

A STRANGE ASSAULT.—A singular and apparently purposeless attempt to hang a little girl, six years of age, was made on Monday by a young man of twenty, named John Wood. Alice Crowley, the child in question, was decoyed into Wood's house in Haggerston, next door to her own home, under a promise of money, taken up-stairs by the young man, and stripped of all her clothes. Wood then tied a rope round her neck, fastened the other end to the bed-post, and drew her up, observing that he would hang her. He immediately

released her, however, and sent her home, desiring that she should not tell who had hurt her. On reaching home, she was observed to be very ill and excited, and was heard by her father to exclaim, "Oh, that man, that man!" The marks of a cord were perceived round her neck, as if it had been twisted three or four times; and these indentations were so red that they seemed to be bleeding. "Upon hearing her statement," said the child's father to the Worship-street magistrate, before whom Wood was brought, "I instantly went to prisoner's residence, which I found fastened up, but I broke through the panelling of the back-yard door and entered. On ascending the upper stairs, I found a room fastened on the inside, and, when I demanded admission, felt some one push against the door. Here I gained an entrance as in the first instance, and saw the prisoner, whom I dragged out. I asked him 'What have you been doing with my child?' He replied, 'Nothing.' I said, 'What did you want with her?' and he again replied, 'Nothing.' I said, 'Where is the rope you did it with?' and, on the question being repeated, he told me it was in the cupboard. Some neighbours, who by this time had arrived, found it there." A tradesman of the neighbourhood, who was in the police office, said he believed the prisoner to be silly; but a police sergeant, on hearing this remark, observed that the accused had been brought to that court about three years back, charged with grossly misconducting and exposing himself. He was remanded on the present charge.

MOWING OFF A MAN'S LEG.—Some men who had been engaged in mowing near a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire got to quarrelling, when one of them said to another that, if he repeated a certain obnoxious expression, he would cut off his legs with the scythe he held in his hand. The other did repeat the expression, and Bowes, the man who had made use of the threat, at once made a blow at his adversary's legs, one of which was very nearly severed. The loss of blood was so great that the poor fellow died within an hour.

SUSPECTED MURDER AT SHEERNESS.—A young man about twenty-three years old, whose body has since been identified, has died at Sheerness in so very sudden and mysterious a manner as to lead to a suspicion that he must have been murdered. He arrived at that town by a London steam-packet, and afterwards hired a waterman to row him on the river for an hour in the morning, and about the same time in the evening. He conversed with the boatman on several indifferent topics, and was in excellent spirits and perfectly sober at the time. After quitting the boat in the evening, he engaged the same man to row him on the river the next day, and then went for a walk along the Queenborough wall. About ten o'clock the same evening, the dead body of the young man was found lying in the river under two large rough stones. His hat had been discovered a short time previously under Queenborough wall, on the opposite bank. An inquest was held, but the proceedings were adjourned for ten days, in order to give the police time to make inquiries.

A FATAL BLOW.—Death has ensued to a Mr. John William Adams, a traveller in the employ of Mr. Fleet, soda-water manufacturer at Walworth, in consequence of a blow given to him by a person in the same establishment, with whom there had been some practical joke, ending in a quarrel. The inquest resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Fisher, the man who struck the blow; and he has since been arrested under rather singular circumstances. On the day of the funeral of Adams, the coroner's officer, from information he had received, proceeded to the house from which the hearse and mourning coaches were to start, and, opening the door of one of the carriages, he saw Fisher. He was about to arrest him at once, but he begged so earnestly to be allowed to attend the ceremony that the officer permitted him to do so, and accompanied him to the ground. At the conclusion of the funeral, he was conveyed to Horsefonger-lane Gaol. On the day preceding the interment, Fisher called at the residence of the officer to give himself up; but he was not at home. The assizes at Guildford are now pending, and the prisoner will be tried there.

ABDUCTION.—A charge of abducting a young girl, a little under fifteen years of age, has been made out at the Southwark police-office against a Mr. Nicholas Rowe, an army and navy contractor. The same person was also charged with committing a criminal assault on the girl; but this was withdrawn. The facts, as alleged, are briefly these:—Eliza Bradshaw, the girl in question, was induced to leave the house of her father, who keeps a beer-shop in the Borough, and was taken by Rowe to a house of ill-fame in Exeter-street, Strand, where he slept with her until noon of the following day (last Sunday), having previously given her some spirits and some wine. A close cross-examination elicited the facts that the girl was on bad terms with her mother; that the father knew of an intimacy going on between Rowe and his daughter, and that he had not taken steps against it, though he was aware of the prisoner being a married man; that he had borrowed money of him; and that the girl had had an improper intimacy with the accused a few weeks ago at her father's house, though, as she alleged, her father was not cognisant of the circumstance. Rowe was committed for trial; but the magistrate accepted bail.

ROBBING POST-OFFICES.—Two fashionably-dressed young men, named George Thomas and Henry Hillyer, are under remand at Guildhall, charged with stealing letters (one of which contained a cheque for 76*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*) from a post-office in King-street, Covent Garden, and from another receiving-house in Holborn. The robbery at the latter place was committed as long ago as October last; that of the former was perpetrated on the 21st ult. The cheque was given by Thomas to a respectable youth to present at Messrs. Coutts's, but it was not paid. In consequence of inquiries that were then made, the two men were taken into custody.

WILLIAM DOVE.—The execution of William Dove will take place to-day (Saturday) at York Castle. Great efforts have been made for a respite. His mother, the jury who tried him, and several other persons, have petitioned the Government, but Sir George Grey refuses to listen to their entreaties. Dr. Forbes Winslow has also expressed his belief in the convict's "imbecility," and his opinion that to hang him will be "a grave act of inhumanity." Mr. Wright, of Manchester, the well-known prison philanthropist, says he has had twelve interviews with the prisoner, and that he "never met with a more sincere penitent under similar painful circumstances;" but he adds that he believes him to be of very defective intellect. The alleged "penitence" is doubted by some.

IRELAND.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1556.—If the accounts from Limerick are to be credited, the marvellous comet of 1556, after an absence of just three centuries, has made its predicted reappearance in the south of Ireland. But we cannot forget that comets and extraordinary meteors are frequently to be seen—in the columns of newspapers—during the off-parliamentary season.

THE NORTH TIPPERARY MILITIA.—The *Nenagh Guardian* gives a lamentable account of the wretched state of raggedness and physical dejection of the men belonging to the North Tipperary Light Infantry. They recently appeared on parade literally in tatters, and some half naked. This is the regiment the disgraceful treatment of which by the Government led to the recent disturbances.

CHARLES M'CREADY, the soldier who was recently convicted at the Cork Assizes of the wilful murder of Sergeant M'Guinny, of the 68th Light Infantry, has been sentenced to death. It is understood that his execution will not take place till the 22nd of September.

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—Mr. Murphy, the Master in Chancery, has placed on the file of proceedings in the winding-up a minute in which he justifies his proceedings in connexion with the investigations into the affairs of the Tipperary Bank.

COLLISION ON A RAILWAY.—A fatal accident—a very unusual occurrence on an Irish railway—took place on the Belfast Junction line on Wednesday morning. A down goods train came in contact with a ballast engine and wagon about five miles from Newry. One life was lost, and three men were much hurt. The coroner's jury have found a verdict of manslaughter against the engine-driver of the ballast train.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

MARSHAL PELISSIER arrived at Marseilles on the 1st inst. A considerable body of military received him after he had landed, and all the vessels in the port were dressed with flags. He has been created a Duke. His reception at Marseilles was very cold. There was no one to receive him for some time; the streets through which he passed were almost empty, and the few who were abroad scarcely uttered a single cheer. This has been accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants were all enjoying their *siesta* at the time (two o'clock, p.m.); and the Marshal has since met with a flattering welcome at the theatre, where his bust was crowned with a golden chaplet and with laurel, and at the Zoological Gardens, where he has been entertained, together with several of the soldiers and sailors who served at Sebastopol, by the directors of the gardens and by the Municipal Council. A magnificent tent of velvet, silk, and gold lace, was provided for the successful general. An ample banquet having been enjoyed by officers and men, the customary toasts followed; and, at the close of the evening, Marshal Pelissier rose and said:—"Gentlemen, I did expect that somebody would have proposed a toast to our brave allies, but, nothing to that effect having been offered, I must say that we have acted like egotists. Your silence compels me to recall to your recollection the firmness and the valour of the British army, which showed us how to conquer or to die, and the constant spirit of concord and confraternity of which it gave us so many proofs. We should also recollect the eagerness with which the Sardinian army, but recently created, joined our ranks, and the noble courage with which it fought. I am confident, gentlemen, that these observations will find an echo in your hearts, and I consequently propose to you 'the health of the gracious Queen of Great Britain,' and another toast, 'the King of Sardinia.'" The General then retired. On the following day, having received during the night a tele-

graphic despatch from the Emperor, he departed for Plombières.

The weather has been excessively hot in Paris. Politics are at a perfect stand-still, and fashion has departed into the provinces.

Bordeaux (says the *Courrier de la Gironde*) is about to witness the passage of a great number of regiments of infantry proceeding to the frontier of Spain. This movement has already commenced, the 1st battalion of the 3rd Regiment of Infantry having marched through Bordeaux. Ten other battalions of 900 men each are to follow it. The 12th battalion of Foot Chasseurs, consisting of 25 officers and 1000 rank and file, is also ordered to the frontier. We have been assured that the 3rd Regiment of Hussars, in garrison at Libourne and Bordeaux, will leave shortly for Bayonne.—Since the publication of this announcement, the *Moniteur* has issued a notification to the effect that, as tranquillity has been restored in Spain, all movements of troops towards the frontier have been suspended.

The Emperor returns to St. Cloud this day (the 9th inst.). He will leave again about the 15th.

It is anticipated that the harvest will be good.

A discovery has just been made that an immense number of forged notes of the Bank of France, amounting, it is supposed, to the value of many millions of francs, are in circulation.

The *Moniteur* contains what professes to be a letter from Madrid, defending the course pursued by O'Donnell in the late crisis. It is believed that this so-called "letter" has been concocted by Louis Napoleon himself.

AUSTRIA.

The head-quarters of the Austrian troops in Moldavia have been removed from Jassy, and it is said that the evacuation of the two Principalities will be soon completed.

Rumour asserts that the Austrian lieutenant who was concerned in the murder of a French soldier at the Giurgevo telegraph-station has been cashiered, and condemned to imprisonment in a fortress for five years. The punishment of the Austrian corporal who shot the Frenchman will depend mainly on Louis Napoleon, who may perhaps intercede in his favour should he be condemned to death (as he probably will be) by the court-martial now investigating the case.

The "Protectionists" are raising a tremendous clamour against Baron Bruck, who is accused of having recklessly sacrificed the native manufacturers by lowering the duties on woven goods, colonial sugar, and iron. That the inland iron trade suffers from the privilege granted to the various railroad companies to introduce their rails, &c., on payment of half the usual duty, is certain, but the Minister of Finance seems to be of opinion that the interests of the many ought not to be sacrificed to those of the few.—*Times Vienna Correspondent.*

The Jesuits have just received permission for the first time to establish a private seminary at Feldkirch, in Vorarlberg. The priests will not be allowed to examine and grant certificates to the pupils. On the 27th of June, the Emperor decided that Catholic unions or brotherhoods might be formed in Austria "under clerical direction and under the superintendence of the bishops." The Austrian Catholic unions will be allowed, if the bishops consent, to correspond with the foreign unions on ecclesiastical matters.

The harvest has been good, and the price of wheat, rye, barley, and oats, has fallen very considerably.

PRUSSIA.

The King has been visiting Carlsbad, where he was met by the King of Greece, who entertained him at dinner. On the following morning, the King proceeded to Toplitz to fetch the Queen on their return home, and they were met there by the Emperor of Austria and the King and Queen of Saxony, who had come over from Pillnitz for that purpose. The next day, the Prussian King and Queen returned to their own palace of Sans Souci.

SPAIN.

Saragossa has submitted to the Queen's troops, without resistance. General Dulce made his entrance on the 1st inst., and it would appear that the contest between the Liberals and the Government is over for the present, the whole peninsula being reported as "tranquil"—that is to say, sullenly quiescent for the time. A new Ayuntamiento and Provincial Deputation have been appointed at Saragossa.

The Madrid journals of the 29th ult. state that M. de Brull, the ex-minister, took part in the negotiations which led to the surrender of Saragossa. They also say that M. Juan Martinez Alonzo, a progressist deputy, accepted the mission of informing the insurgent leaders that the Queen, her ministers, and her generals, were animated by a most conciliatory spirit. Not only General Falcon, but the President, and several members of the Junta, escaped from Saragossa the night before the surrender, and proceeded towards the French frontier. The National Guard of Saragossa, with the exception of one battalion, and the eleven battalions of the Aragonese provinces, have been dissolved. On the day following the entry of General Dulce, a *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral.

The contest in Catalonia was attended with much

bloodshed. On the side of the people, according to the *Epoca*, General Ruiz, with the Sub-inspector of the militia of Lampurdan, Roger, at the head of two thousand men, mostly belonging to the militia, intrenched themselves at Llers. The Regiment of Navarre, commanded by Colonel Gonzalez, attacked them and put them to flight, and on the 25th Ruiz, his aide-de-camp, the Mayor of the Place of Girona, and the Commander of the Regiment of Africa, Juan Gangara, with all the persons implicated in the revolt at Girona and in the Lampurdan, sought refuge in France, where they were arrested and removed to the interior.

An interesting article on the present position of Spanish affairs has appeared in the Paris journal *L'Union*. The opinions there expressed are, as will be seen, singularly bold, when we consider the rigorous censorship that is exercised on the French press. The writer observes:—"O'Donnell is at this moment master of the position. He can lean on his long sabre, and gaze on the ruins which still smoke, whilst saying—'All this acknowledges me.' But does this victory, so dearly purchased, promise to Spain a regular Government? does it promise to the victor a long possession of power—a Government? On this point our doubts exist. As long as the laws are suspended, the Cortes dispersed, the national militia disarmed—as long as the dictatorship continues—we may question the re-establishment of the constitutional rule in Spain. And yet it is said that this rule is the one meditated by O'Donnell. But we are all aware of the value and of the destination of good intentions. Let us, however, hasten to say that the Government of O'Donnell does not appear to incline towards constitutional liberties. Where are any symptoms that correspond with the intentions attributed to him? Do they, perhaps, exist in his attitude towards the press? At this moment the Spanish press is treated in a manner that corresponds with anything but liberty. The general march of the Cabinet is at the same time hostile to the idea of an approaching return to constitutional Government. With respect to the solution of the second problem—namely, the personal position of O'Donnell—it must be said that threatening clouds conceal the truth, and reduce us to conjectures. O'Donnell issued from a revolution, and bears, whatever he may do, the unmistakable signs of his sad origin. The actual dictator of Spain cannot therefore expect to obtain the absolute confidence of the party qualified as moderate—of that party which, in the end, is really victorious today. On the other hand, he has made himself for ever the enemy of the Progressistas, his friends of yesterday, against whom he fought in the streets of Madrid. This is the position of the isolated victor—a chief without an army, an administrator without a party. It is said, though we discredit the statement, that Marshal O'Donnell had, at one time, the idea of seeking in the Progressistas the strength which fails him. If such had been his tactics, he must speedily have discovered his illusion. The Marshal and that party are separated by all the breadth of the late barricades, and the only policy which remains to him is to throw himself into the arms of his enemies of yesterday. Will he do this? Perhaps! But he will hesitate before accomplishing that act, for he will foresee that the union cannot be of long duration. At all events, it is for the advantage of the so-called moderate party that the recent revolution was brought about."

It is a fact worthy of note that the *Morning Post*, the chief organ in this country of Napoleonism, strongly condemns the O'Donnell treason, though it closely resembles the French *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and though the French Emperor, in the columns of the *Moniteur* (as we showed last week), expresses his gratitude for the recent events at Madrid. The Paris correspondent of the paper in question writes:—"Her Majesty has dispersed by a military force a moderate Cortes, disarmed the national guard, reduced the press to an echo of the triumphant treason of O'Donnell, caused some hundreds to be shot down in the streets, and given life and hope to Carlists and Republicans. Such, in a few words, is the result of a long-cherished plan of the lady Sovereign of Spain, who has no power to replace any one of the elements of government which have been swept away, and Queen Isabella can henceforward only rule by the aid of some ambitious soldier, or, it may be, by the favourite who shall win his way to power by deeds of the drawing-room rather than by military prowess. It is attempted to show that no material change will take place in the Government of Spain, and that the Queen, in dispersing the Cortes by force, has only exercised a constitutional right! Such Jesuitical reasoning cannot deceive any one, either at home or abroad. The Queen, in fact, has sought to establish a military despotism in Spain. That is the plain English of the late 'revolution.' Further on, we read:—"How here believe in O'Donnell's stability. The French official journal" [*i.e.*, *Louis Napoleon*] "has committed a blunder in supporting and countenancing a man who has played many parts, and does not enjoy the confidence of any party. He has no principles, good or bad, and no head for State affairs. Perhaps Queen Isabella, who was always complaining that *Isapaxaro* kept her in prison, will find herself now hedged round with still greater difficulties. She has been wishing to destroy the Constitution for some time; it may be that

she has undermined her own throne; and yet the *Moniteur* supports all this, and reprints an article from the *Débats*, which declares the late events in Spain a legitimate use on the part of the Queen of her constitutional sovereignty. *Such a line of policy will do infinite injury to the Emperor of the French, and prejudice the half of Europe against his Government.* These rather startling opinions—startling as coming from the Palmerston and Napoleonic organ—are but poorly neutralized by the observation that “it is quite time the Emperor came home to Paris, for all goes wrong in his absence,” and by the assertion that the Emperor has no desire to see such a Government as O'Donnell's succeed in establishing itself. From the same writer we learn that the Emperor is currently believed to have declared that he will not, *under any circumstances*, send French troops across the frontier. He adds:—“Spain, I find, is continually interrogating France—that is to say, the Queen and her advisers want to depend on the will of the Emperor, whilst his Majesty wants the Queen and her Government to depend on themselves. The Queen has always supposed that Napoleon III. would be delighted with anything like a *coup d'état*, although she has been told the contrary over and over again.”

It is said that O'Donnell does not propose either to call the existing Cortes, or to convoke another, fearful, probably, of the opposition he would meet with; but that it is his intention to frame a model constitution, and to force it on the people without choice. “Other announcements which come simultaneously with that of this masterpiece of constitutions,” says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who appears to be very well informed on Spanish affairs, “plainly indicate the means by which its framers reckon on being obliged to sustain and enforce it. The Government, we are told, taking into consideration the recent conduct of the National Guard throughout Spain, is indisposed to reorganize it, but talks of forming, by-and-by, at some remote and undefined period, a sort of rosewater National Guard, consisting of persons who are qualified by paying a certain amount of taxes—such a force as would never dream of fighting or of giving trouble to any government. On the other hand, we hear that the army and the Civil Guards—the latter a highly-paid corps, composed chiefly of old soldiers, and generally noted for its fidelity to the existing government, whatever that may be—are to be augmented. In the present state of Spain, these are dangerous announcements, well adapted to revive the smouldering embers of resistance.”

Further details are still received of the slaughter inflicted by the Queen's troops at Barcelona, and other localities of the insurrection. We also hear of several executions inflicted on the ringleaders. On the 28th ult., at the former town, seventeen individuals were shot three by three, on a charge of having assassinated Colonel Olvido and six officers of the garrison, taken prisoners by the people on the 19th ult. The Carlists have again made their appearance in the province of Burgos. They have already stopped several mail and stage coaches, of which they carried away the horses; but they neither robbed nor ill-treated the passengers.

All the insurgents who betook themselves, after the conflict at Barcelona, to the hills beyond the suburb of Garcia, submitted to General Zapatero on a promise of mild treatment. The Minister of War has since written to the General, desiring him to show mercy to the vanquished. The *Gazette* publishes the returns of the loss suffered by the Queen's troops during the collision. The number of killed was 45, among whom were three chiefs and six officers; the wounded were 209, two chiefs and 17 officers; and the contused 89.

Of the insurrection at Malaga, we read that Colonel Buceta, abandoning his post of Military Governor of Melilla, came and placed himself at the head of the revolt.

A striking anecdote of the Madrid *coup d'état* is given by a writer in the *Times*:—“The day on which the last Council of Ministers was held, when Espartero presented his resignation to the Queen, the two Marshals (Espartero and O'Donnell) happened to meet on the staircase of the palace as one was quitting it and the other entering. ‘I fully expected what has happened,’ said Espartero. ‘So did I,’ was the reply. ‘Some day a fearful responsibility will be exacted of you for what has occurred,’ said Espartero. ‘It is you,’ answered O'Donnell, ‘who are responsible for what has taken place for the last two years (forgetting that he, O'Donnell, was his colleague the whole of that time). Now I have the upper hand, and I will and shall conquer, or I will lay Madrid in ruins (*arrasará a Madrid*); and, if I am driven to extremity, I will carry off the Queen by force, if necessary, and deposit her in a place of safety.’”

Colonel Nerels, M. Goccurico, and thirty other persons, have been arrested for being found in a *café* after half-past twelve at night, contrary to a new regulation just promulgated by the Government.

General Saur, the commandant-general of Zamora, committed suicide on the 25th ult. A letter found in his house leads to the belief that a feeling of despair, induced by the recent political events, prompted him to commit the act.

A battalion of chasseurs, stationed in the quarter of St. Isabel, at Madrid, mutinied on the 29th ult., and were only appeased by a bribe of five francs to each of

the soldiers. A regiment of engineers did the same; and the Spanish army is altogether in a very discontented state.

Señor Madoz, Commander of the Fifth Battalion of the Madrid National Guard, and a highly respectable citizen and merchant, who was at one time Minister of Finance, has voluntarily presented himself before the Council of War, in order to answer any questions that might be put to him in connexion with his resistance to the troops during the late insurrection.

The damage done by the soldiers to private property during the conflict at Madrid was very great. The Duke de Medina Celi has sent in a claim to the amount of two millions and a quarter of francs, on account of the destruction of his pictures and furniture. The Countess of Montijo, mother of the French Empress Eugénie, has written to Queen Isabella complaining that her house was plundered and her property destroyed by the royal troops.

All the editors of the Madrid journals who were condemned to several years' imprisonment under the previous ministry, have been set at liberty. The militia commandants will not be prosecuted.

The bands which had taken refuge in the mountains of Catalonia are said to be dispersing.

Several large fires have occurred in various parts of Spain. They have been imputed—whether truthfully or not—to the malcontents.

The Government is seriously preoccupied with the food question. The Ayuntamiento of Madrid has for some weeks paid out of the municipal funds 20,000 or 30,000 reals daily, in order to prevent a rise of half a real in the price of bread. Still greater difficulties have presented themselves in some towns of the province. At Vicalvaro, no bread was to be had on the 31st ult. The authorities, on being apprised of the fact, immediately sent off the secretary of the Civil Governor, who, having assembled the proprietors and farmers, insured the supply of the town, where a regiment of cavalry is quartered.

The Government is preparing an administrative programme which will be shortly carried into execution. The country is at present divided into twelve captaincies-general and forty-five intendancies, taking their names from the capital towns. Among the intended reforms, one is said to be the creation of ninety sub-intendancies, which would correspond with the French sub-prefectures.

ITALY.

The Neapolitan Government has been so much alarmed at the proclamation recently put forth by the Liberal party that, in addition to doubling their ordinary precautions in the way of military and police, they have been reduced to resort to that hated instrument the press, and to issue a counter-address, beseeching the people to maintain “order.” After a great deal of coarse vituperation of the Liberals, whom the Government feels sure the people will “annihilate with the lightning of their contempt,” the concoctors of the address go on to say:—“Our language is that of truth, and we appeal to public opinion. Remember, Neapolitans, the utopias of 1799; the errors of 1820; the follies of 1848. What was the result of those subversive attempts? Grief and desolation. Let all honest men unite, then, to crush those whose depraved objects are to break down our altars, to bring infamy on our families, to get possession of our property. Let all be ready and decided as we are to resist every seduction, that we may prove to the foreigner, whom it is wished to impose upon by announcing a unity of action which does not exist, that the Neapolitans, reunited under the flag of their national and fearless Government, are decided on opposing any base attempt whatever upon order—reposing as they do confidently and tranquilly on the good sense of their august Sovereign, from whom alone all good and prosperity are to be expected.” The idea of King Bomba and his Government appealing to “public opinion” is truly ludicrous.

A gardener at Rome has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for eating meat on Christmas-eve.

Sir William Temple, who has been for a long time the English minister at Naples, left that city on the 28th ult., on his way home, in a most precarious state of health. His sympathies have always been with the oppressed people, and he will be greatly regretted.

The Austrian military force in Lombardy has been augmented by several battalions and nearly one hundred guns. In Parma, General Baumgarten replaces Count Crenville as General commanding the Austrian troops.

An inquiry has been instituted by the Sardinian Government in Turin and Genoa as to the causes of the late outbreak on the Modenese frontier. It is intended to publish a summary of the evidence collected on the subject.

PRUSSIA.

Voss's Gazette has been seized and confiscated for an article of anti-Russian tendency, severely censuring the Russian Government for attempting to evade the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris.

The palace long occupied by the late King of Prussia, and in which he died, is set apart for the residence of the English Princess Royal after her marriage.

BELGIUM.

The *fêtes* still continue, and are likely to do so till the

last day of the present month. Lord Westmoreland left Brussels on the 1st inst., after a very satisfactory mission. On the day the King arrived at Bruges, the Earl presented an address to his Majesty, expressive of the pleasure with which the Queen of England regards the happy development of constitutional liberty in Belgium. On this occasion, “God save the Queen” was played, and received with great enthusiasm.

RUSSIA.

The duty on sugar in Russia is to be reduced for the space of six years from the 13th of the present month.

The Emperor has commanded that the clergy of all the different confessions in the empire, not even excluding the non-Christians, shall be invited officially to the coronation. This is a very creditable concession to the spirit of religious tolerance. Great things are related of Prince Esterhazy's splendours on the approaching occasion. The housings of his charger are to consist of a tiger's skin, studded with a fabulous amount of diamonds. It is now said that the coronation will not take place till the 7th of September.

Jews have been declared eligible to public situations.

The Mixed Commission appointed to fix the boundary line in Bessarabia have returned to Bolgrad; but they have not yet been able to decide whether that town shall continue attached to Russia or be restored to Turkey. The English, French, Austrian, and Turkish Commissioners are of opinion that it belongs to Turkey. Several members of the Russian Embassy, together with the archives, have arrived at Constantinople. Officers of the English Commissariat who reached the Turkish capital by the last packet state that the Russian clergy have celebrated at Balaklava a high mass, at which everybody attended barefooted, as a sign of mortification. A grand procession afterwards took place, when holy water was poured forth in profusion, in order to purify the town. Colonel Stamati, commander of Balaklava, has issued a proclamation, recommending his men and the inhabitants to respect the funeral monuments of the Allied armies. A camp of six thousand men has been established on the heights of Inkerman.

Sir Charles Napier has been spending some time in St. Petersburg, where he has excited so much curiosity, that he has been followed about from place to place by crowds of persons, and has experienced the greatest difficulty in escaping from their observation. He has been well received by the Emperor, and is to take part in a grand naval review.

Quarantine is re-established in the Russian ports. General Mouravieff resigns, at his own request, the superior command of the Caucasus, and has been appointed a member of the Imperial Senate. He is to be succeeded in his command by General Prince Baryatinsky.

THE GERMANIC DIET.

The Germanic Diet adjourned on the 2nd inst. until the 30th of October. The question of the fortifications of Rastadt has been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, by a unanimous vote, declaring that Rastadt is to be not only a fortress, but an entrenched camp.

GREECE.

A formidable band of twenty-three brigands has been attacked by the troops and civilians at the spot where Oedipus slew Laius. Nineteen were killed on the spot; the other four were badly wounded, and were taken prisoners.

TURKEY.

A fire broke out, on the 11th ult., at an inn at Salonica. It was promptly suppressed, but not before it had communicated itself to an adjacent house, where about two hundred barrels of gunpowder (contraband) were secreted. A terrible explosion ensued; more than a hundred persons were killed; and the fire spread far and wide, causing an immense destruction of property.

Admiral Lyons (now Lord Edmund Lyons) has been sumptuously fêted and honoured at Constantinople, where, in company with Sir William Codrington, he was admitted to an audience by the Sultan, who afterwards entertained both officers at a magnificent collation.

Redschid Pacha has returned to Constantinople from Egypt.

It is stated at Vienna that the Austrian Cabinet has addressed a note to Russia, couched in extremely energetic language, and containing a serious protest against the Russian occupation of the Isle of Serpents, at the mouth of the Danube. At Constantinople, it was at first intended to despatch an armed force to the island, in order to drive out the Russians; but this design was abandoned, on the ground that the island belongs to the Danubian Principalities, and could not therefore be garrisoned by Turkish troops.

MONTENEGRO.

Prince Mirko, in his recent expedition against some disaffected Montenegrins who had manifested a wish to incorporate Montenegro with Turkey, committed an act of great treachery. He pretended to open negotiations with the malcontents, but suddenly, in the course of the night, he made a sanguinary attack on them, killed more than one hundred persons, mostly old men, women, and children, burned three hundred houses, and carried away more than six thousand head of cattle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUICIDES.—A Mr. Rose, a hairdresser living on St. Andrew's Hill, Blackfriars, cut his throat last Saturday morning at the back of his shop while a customer was waiting to be shaved. He deliberately took off his handkerchief, leant across a table, seized hold of a razor, and nearly severed his neck. Uttering a shriek, he fell dead on the floor in the presence of his wife, who had just entered the room to seek for him.—A young lady, about two-and-twenty years of age, has drowned herself in a bathing machine at Walton-on-the-Naze. She was discovered with her head firmly fixed downwards under the steps of the bathing machine, her bonnet and shawl being removed, but no other part of her dress. Her story is very melancholy. Arriving at Walton some three months ago, she lived there very solitarily, and, since the place became crowded with visitors, retired into still deeper seclusion. She had with her an infant six months old, and latterly she was obliged to pledge her watch to raise funds. She stated she was only the guardian of the infant; but it now appears that it was her illegitimate offspring, and that its father was an officer in the army, who had deserted her, and was about to be married to another woman. According to some accounts, the young lady was also abandoned by her relations; according to others, she absented herself from them voluntarily. The coroner's jury have brought in a verdict of *jelo de se*, and the young lady has been buried without any religious ceremony, according to the vindictive custom "in that case made and provided."—A Mrs. Rowlestone, the wife of a builder at Woolwich, has cut her throat. She had been suffering for several days with bronchitis, but was rapidly improving.—The body of a man was found with the head cut off, and lying at a few paces distant, on the London side of the Erith station on the North Kent Railway. It is thought that the deceased committed suicide.

A DENSE FOG has occurred on the Northumberland coast.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.—A deputation from the committee of the proposed Manchester Exhibition has waited on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, to solicit his aid in carrying out their design. The Earl of Carlisle, while receiving them courteously, did not hold out to them any great hope of his being able to assist them in the collection in Ireland of works of antiquity and art.

THE CROPS.—The fine, sultry weather we have been enjoying for several days has had a most beneficial effect on the crops, which are now rapidly ripening, and will very shortly be ready for the sickle. In some districts, indeed, reaping has already commenced.

HONOURS BESTOWED BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—A supplement to the *London Gazette* of Friday week has published on Monday, announcing that her Majesty has been pleased to grant permission to various officers and men in her Majesty's military and naval service to wear the insignia of the several classes of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour, which the Emperor of the French has conferred upon them.

PERIODICAL METEORS.—Mr. T. Forster, writing to the *Times* from Brussels, says:—"At no period since I have made regular observations has the summer season been marked by such rapid and important changes both of temperature and electricity as it has this year; it is therefore probable that Sunday next, the 10th of August, will be marked by an unusual number of those remarkable meteors which caused that day to be called '*dies meteorosa*' in some old MS. calendars. The phenomena of the present season have been very unusual, the atmospherical electricity quite irregular, and the atmosphere towards midnight has of late been full of very minute meteors, scarcely discernible to an unpractised person. The thermometer in the deepest shade and under a north wall has for the last three days risen to 90 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale at noon, while it has fallen to nearly 65 degrees by daybreak. The sky has been perfectly cloudless, and the wind varying in gentle breezes from N.E. to S.E." The writer therefore calls the especial attention of scientific men to the meteors which he anticipates will be seen in great abundance on the nights of Saturday (this day), Sunday, and Monday.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—A series of forty-four letters of the poet Cowper have been sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's. Of this number, twenty-one were unpublished, being part of the correspondence of the poet with his friend, Mr. Samuel Rose. These interesting letters were sold singly at prices ranging from two guineas to ten pounds fifteen shillings. The following extract from an unpublished letter, dated October 30, 1791, will be read with interest:—"You have seen, perhaps, the beginning of a review of my '*Homer*' in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for last month. Can you tell me, or can you guess, who is the author of it? He says so many handsome things of me, that at times I suspect it to be the work of Nichols himself, but then he seems so much disposed to find fault, that at other times I give it to I know not whom. I ask out of mere curiosity. In the meantime, I have received and heard of so many testimonies in my favour given by some of the best judges, that I feel myself armed with at least a sevenfold shield against all censure that I can have to expect from others. I hope, as you hope for me, that I shall find my Miltonic studies agreeable. At present, I occupy myself in the translation of his Latin poems, and have

just finished his seven elegies. The versification of them is, I think, equal to the best of Ovid, but the matter of them is almost too puerile for me, who, if I wore any beard at all, should now wear a grey one. For which reason I am glad that I have done with them." This letter (No. 222 of the catalogue) sold for 5*l*.

AN INJUSTICE TO CRIMINALS.—Mr. David Henry Monckton writes to the *Times* to point out that it has been a habit of late in courts of justice not to give convicted criminals time to state their reasons why sentence should not be passed on them; and he instances the recent cases of Palmer and Dove. This should assuredly be looked into.

A WHIRLWIND IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—The neighbourhoods of Parkfields and Barlaston have been visited by a whirlwind. This occurred on the 23rd ult., the same day on which a thunderstorm passed over the Potteries. It is remarkable that the wind which brought the thunder and severe hailstorm was from the north-west, while the whirlwind came about the same time (half-past four o'clock in the afternoon) from the south-west or south-south-west, and passed across the valley of the Trent, to the east of Parkfields, west of Barlaston Station, and on in the direction of Barlaston Hall, doing much damage amongst the trees and hay. The whirlwind, from its ravages, has been traced for about two miles in length, and from fifty to a hundred yards in breadth. Many trees were torn up by the roots; others were stripped of their branches; and the hay was much scattered.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

REPORT OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION COMMITTEE.—The third report from the select committee of the House of Commons on the Ecclesiastical Commission was ordered to be printed on the 18th ult., and is now issued to the public. The committee give a *résumé* of the present constitution of the commission, and an account of the operation of the act under which it discharges its duties. They see no sufficient reasons (subject to certain slight modifications recommended in their resolutions) for disturbing the present law under which the property vested in the Ecclesiastical Commission is made applicable to the wants of the whole kingdom, a preference being given to those places in which assistance for the cure of souls is most required. The committee regard as desirable the continuance of the Church Estate Commission, as a separate commission, for the purpose of sanctioning the enfranchisement effected by ecclesiastical corporations. The consolidation of the Church Building Commission with the Ecclesiastical Commission, after a certain date, is also declared to be desirable. The committee advise the withdrawal of the Bill for the Better Management of Episcopal and Capitular Estates referred to them; and they likewise make various suggestions with reference to matters of detail.

FREE TRADE CONGRESS AT BRUSSELS.—An international congress is to be convoked at Brussels on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of September, under the auspices of the Belgium Free Trade Association, for the purpose of discussing the necessity of further Customs reforms. The last meeting of a similar kind at Brussels was held in 1847. The English Chambers of Commerce are invited to attend the approaching gathering. The council of the Society of Arts have requested their chairman, Colonel Sykes, who is also the chairman of the Court of Directors of the East India Company; Mr. Thomas Twining, jun., vice-president; and Mr. T. Winkworth, to represent them at the conferences. Mr. Cobden is likewise expected to be present, though this is not certain, as he has retired very much into privacy since the recent death of his son.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN.—The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new Asylum for Fatherless Children at Stamford-hill, was performed on Tuesday by the Lord Mayor, assisted by Mr. Mechi, Mr. Sheriff Rose, Mr. Alderman Wire, the Marquis of Townshend, and a large number of the corporation. The proposed asylum is situate at Stoa's-nest, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, on an estate purchased by the society. It is intended to accommodate between two hundred and three hundred children, the present number being one hundred and twenty.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The rate of mortality in London is still below the average rate which the inhabitants have suffered in former summers. 1025 deaths were registered in the week that ended on Saturday, August 2; while the corrected average of the week is 1259 or, omitting the week of previous years, when cholera was epidemic, 1102. Of the persons who died, 515 were females, 510 males; and in the previous week the deaths of females exceeded the deaths of males. Although the females living in London greatly exceed the males in number, the deaths are generally in the inverse proportion. Of 1025 deaths 595 occurred at ages under 20 years; 152 were of the age 20-40; 120 were 40-60; 123 were 60-80; and 27 were of the age of 80 years and upwards. Two old widows, one of 95, the other of 96 years, died in Hackney. Diarrhoea is the prevailing disease of the week; it killed 125 persons—namely, 94 poor infants under a year old, 17 children of the age 1-2, and two of the age 2-3, and three of the age 5-10; nine adults of the age of 20 and upwards; 89 of the deaths were on the north, 36 on the south side of the Thames. To cholera 16 deaths are referred; 12 children under five years of age died of this disease; the rest were adults. During the week, the births of 869

boys and 870 girls—in all, 1739 children—were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1846-1855, the average number was 1431.—*From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return*.

A CLEANLY CONTRIVANCE.—The Marylebone vestry has commenced a system of cleansing those parts of Oxford-street which come within its jurisdiction. The watering-carts, at four o'clock in the morning, lay the dust with a good drenching of fluid, and their progress is closely followed by a gang of scavengers, armed with long brooms, who sweep up the mud thus produced, and cart it away. The consequence is, that the street remains clean during the next four-and-twenty hours. The practice ought to spread into other parishes.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS'S BANKRUPTCY.—To the surprise of most men, Mr. Charles Mathews, after having been examined by the County Court Judge at the Insolvent Court, Lancaster, has been discharged. The facts, as stated on behalf of the insolvent, exhibited great recklessness. He was enabled to reopen the Lyceum Theatre, in June, 1854, partly by means of funds advanced by Mr. Allcroft. He also received loans from various other persons to the amount of 3500*l*., including the discounting of bills; and he obtained in receipts from the theatre 5838*l*. 19*s*. 10*d*. This was up to November, 1854. The insolvent's immense professional earnings are shown by the following entry:—"Between these dates (March, 1855, to July, 1856), I received from my profession as comedian about 10,330*l*." It was also stated, on behalf of Mr. Mathews, that, in order to enable him to obtain other moneys, he was induced to renew debts which otherwise were cancelled by his bankruptcy, viz.:—Mr. Woolf, 50*l*.; Mr. Allcroft, about 4000*l*.; Mr. Roberts, 80*l*.; Mr. Pratt, 100*l*.; and Mr. Wyatt, 500*l*. The insolvent, in his schedule, attributed his difficulties, to a considerable extent, to his wife's illness, stating that the medical expenses alone amounted to 400*l*. in two years, and the loss of her services during that period to the amount of at least 5000*l*.

PICCO, THE BLIND PERFORMER.—The terms on which this celebrated pipe-player was brought to England came out the other day in the Court of Chancery, where an injunction was sought by one Gay against Picco. Gay had seen Picco at Florence in 1855: he was then under an engagement to two jugglers, Gaetano Bagurelli and Antonio Poletti, but was transferred by them to Gay for a consideration of 130*l*. The assignment was for three years. Picco came to England, and performed in public, as the reader will recollect. Ultimately, he absconded, in company with Poletti and his wife, and the injunction sought for was to restrain him from performing except on the plaintiff's account. The Vice-Chancellor commented on the indecency of transferring a man as if he were a horse, and added that, as the contract was with Poletti, and not with Picco, the injunction must be refused, with costs.

THE REPUBLICAN BARBÈS.—A letter from Vichy, in enumerating the persons who are at present taking the baths at that watering-place, mentions Barbès, the socialist, as one of the number. His health, the letter states, is greatly shattered.

MR. JOHN FROST, the Chartist, is about to become a political lecturer.

AT LAST!—New Victoria-street, leading from Farringdon-street to Bagnigge-wells-road, was opened for vehicles on Monday morning. The carriage road is levelled, but at present unpaved.

MASTERS AND OPERATIVES.—A massive blue book, just issued, contains the report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of establishing equitable tribunals for the amicable adjustment of differences between masters and workmen. A majority of the witnesses examined concur in expressing themselves in favour of the establishment of boards of arbitration between masters and workmen, but they differ as to the constitution of the proposed boards, and still more as regards their jurisdiction. The existing law on the subject of arbitration (the act of 5th George IV., cap. 96) is examined, and found to be nearly inoperative, as hardly anybody resorts to it, and few are aware of its existence. Three causes are assigned for the failure of this measure:—1. The unwillingness to go before a magistrate; 2. The reluctance to defer to the decision of unknown arbitrators; and, 3. The objections of the workmen to magistrates in the manufacturing districts, as they are generally manufacturers themselves. To obviate these objections, it has been proposed to establish in the various manufacturing districts "Courts of Conciliation," like the "*Conseils de Prud'hommes*" in France. The committee believe that the formation of such courts in the country, more especially in the large commercial, manufacturing, and mining districts, would be beneficial, and suggest the introduction of such a measure as an amendment in the present Arbitration Act, by enabling masters and operatives to choose referees from their own class or calling, equal in number, and presided over by a chairman unconnected with either party, to be elected by the referees. The tribunal would be appointed to act for a certain period. These boards of arbitration, on being licensed by the Secretary of State, would have full power to act and decide on all questions of existing contracts. The committee, however, think it would be impossible to give these or any other tribunals any power whatever of forcibly regulating the rate of wages.

COUNTY COURT OFFICERS AT FAULT.—Two officers of

the Bow County Court charged a father and son, builders at Old Ford, Bow, with an assault. The officials had been to levy an execution on the goods of a man against whom judgment had been given in the County Court; but they made a mistake, went on to the defendant's premises instead, and commenced seizing their property. The father and son resisted, and struck the officers; but they were apprehended and locked up, and the elder defendant was severely hurt in the eye by a blow from one of the officers' staves. Mr. Corrie, the magistrate, denounced the conduct of the officers, which was illegal. He discharged the accused, and their counsel said an action would be brought against the officers.

CLAPTON GATE was removed on Tuesday. This is the first result of the toll reform agitation.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE inaugurated its twenty-sixth annual meeting on Wednesday at Cheltenham, under the presidency of Dr. Daubeny, F.R.S. The President's opening address was on the subject of "The Progress of Physical Science within the last twenty years."

THE SUNDAY BANDS IN MANCHESTER.—The Manchester City Council, at their quarterly meeting on Wednesday, were occupied for about six hours in debating the question on Sunday bands. Memorials having been presented against the bands, a resolution recommending the bands' committee to withdraw them was passed without a division, an amendment having been previously negatived by 27 to 18.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—The Legislative Council of Victoria have voted a further sum of 20,000*l.* to the Patriotic Fund.

EGYPT.—The annual rise of the Nile has commenced, and unfortunately in a manner completely unusual. The rapidity with which the waters rise inspires great uneasiness, and brings to mind the disasters caused by the inundations in France. In a general way the inundation of the Nile, which is a periodical phenomenon resulting from the geological constitution of the country, causes no alarm; but at the present moment the Egyptians are really afraid. This sudden elevation of the river will compel the Government to open some time before the ordinary period the canal which carries off the superfluous water.—*Letter from Alexandria in the Debats.*

SUSPENSION OF TWO MERCANTILE FIRMS.—The suspension of two mercantile firms was announced on Thursday—viz., Messrs. Pickford and Keen, and Messrs. Courtenay Kingsford and Co. The liabilities in the first case are said to be small, but in the latter they are believed to be little short of 100,000*l.* Both houses were shippers of various goods to the United States and elsewhere.

A WALKER.—An extraordinary pedestrian feat has been performed in Derbyshire. A man named Alfred Helson undertook to walk on six successive days the distance of seventy miles a day. He commenced his performance on Monday, July 21, and completed it with ease on Saturday, the 26th ult., doing it within the specified time. The seventy miles were usually walked in about fourteen hours, but on one of the days they were completed in twelve. While on travel he took very little food, except beef-tea or a small bit of mutton half cooked, and a little stimulant occasionally. In stature, he is about the middle height, thin, extremely muscular, and having a somewhat intelligent countenance. When on travel, Helson had a slight swing with his arms, and appeared to be going at a steady rate of some three miles an hour, and it was only when any one attempted to keep up with him that his real pace was perceptible. His usual pace was probably from four to six miles an hour.

POISON FOR GEN.—Mr. George Richard Westcott, landlord of the Hunters' Arms public-house, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, St. Pancras, has been committed for trial on a charge of selling to a Mrs. Brodie half a quartern of a fluid purporting to be gin, but which was in fact tartarized emetic. After drinking some of this in cold tea, Mrs. Brodie became seriously ill, and remained so for four days. The fluid was drawn out of a tap. It appears that the mistake was accidental; but how came the tartarized emetic in the publican's vats?

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN TURKEY.—The Turkish Government had decided on constructing two lines of electric telegraph from Adrianople to Salonica and to Alexanitzza. The latter is to be afterwards extended to Belgrade by the Servian Government. A credit of five millions of piastres has been appropriated for these works, which are to be commenced immediately.

THE COWES REGATTA opened on Tuesday. Prince Albert's cup has been won by Sir Percy Shelley's yacht *Caprice*. The annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron members took place on Wednesday evening.

A NEW STATUE FOR CHARING CROSS.—Sir Benjamin Hall, or some more intangible and unseen but still more powerful authority—some mysterious oracle or Anglican sibyl—has at length assigned a site for Mr. G. Adams's statue of the great Indian warrior, the late General Sir Charles Napier. This colossal statue from Mr. Adams's model, cast in bronze at Messrs. Thompson and Son's foundry, Pimlico, is now receiving the finishing touches, and will be erected in the course of a few days in Trafalgar-square, near the south-west angle, where the fifth of the capetan posts has hitherto stood.—*Daily News.*

BAZAAR, &c., IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—The bazaar and horticultural show at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, under the immediate patronage of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent, to raise funds for the rebuilding of St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, the chief town in the island, commenced on Wednesday, and will last three days.

COUNT CAVOUR.—A new homage has been paid to M. Cavour. Some Florentines have sent him the bust of himself in marble, and the Romans decreed him a medal. More recently certain Neapolitan subscribers have announced their determination of having a gold medal struck with his effigy, and of sending it to him.

BAKUNIN.—A letter from Berlin in the *Deutsche Reichs Zeitung* contradicts in the most positive manner the liberation of Bakunin, and adds that he is considered in Russia as a far too dangerous subject to be restored to liberty, not only on account of the leading part he took in the revolutionary movements in France, Poland, and Germany, but for his panslavistic speeches and philosophical writings. The writer further maintains that a mitigation of Bakunin's imprisonment is all that can be expected from the "clemency" of the Czar.

THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.—A meeting of clergy and gentry of the county of Hants was held in the St. John's Rooms, Winchester, for the purpose of taking steps to constitute the Reformatory Institution for boys which has been established at Eling the recognized reformatory for the county under the recent act. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester occupied the chair, and upon the platform and near it were several distinguished characters. In aid of the proposed object, 100*l.* were subscribed on the spot.

JEALOUSY.—In my reminiscences of Tiflis I have to pass, with a somewhat sudden transition, to a sad event which occurred during my sojourn there. Winding its slow and solemn way before our windows one morning, I saw the procession of a military funeral. Upon enquiry, I learned that it was that of a young officer of dragoons. A brother officer and himself had had some difference about a young lady, in whose affections the former thought that he had been supplanted by his friend. This jealousy did not lead to any open breach, but there lay a smouldering hate, under the show of courtesy and familiarity with which they associated. The discarded lover and his successful rival were engaged in a game of cards, when the former accused the latter of unfair play. Words immediately ensued; the jealous rival, not satisfied with bringing such an accusation, also demanded satisfaction of a hostile kind. The other refused to meet him; when, maddened with the revenge kindled by his rejection and wounded pride, he followed his former friend and companion into a room alone, and drawing out a pistol, shot him dead.—*Colonel Lake.*

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY VETERAN.—Mr. Denyse I. Denyse, one of the few surviving heroes of the American revolution, died at his residence, Flat-bush, Indiana, on the 20th of July. He was born in the town of New Utrecht on the 18th of October, 1760, and was consequently ninety-six years of age. He participated in the battles of Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, and was present in several other contests. In the war of 1812, he received a captain's commission, and was stationed at Fort Greene. He was also present at the evacuation of New York by the British.—*New York Herald.*

THE LAST ENGLISHMAN IN THE CRIMEA.—The last man of the English in the Crimea is said to have been one of the Land Transport Corps, who, long after the Crimea was given up and all had embarked, was found lying very drunk in one of the ditches. He was carried to the beach by six Cossacks, and pulled off to the last ship quitting the port.

A GRIM DISCOVERY.—A feeling of horror was excited in the neighbourhood of Hay, in Wales, by a rumour that the skeletons of four infants had been discovered in a walled-up water closet at Llambacho-woye in the parish of Llambodr Painscastle, in the county of Radnor. Upon inquiry, the rumour was found to be correct, and an inquest was held at the house of Mr. James Smith, where the bodies were found. The place, although originally intended for a water-closet, was never finished, and was covered by a paving-stone that fitted the top. Mrs. Smith, finding the stone loose, was led by curiosity to put a curtain-rod down; and, feeling what she thought a bundle of clothes, she got a long pike and raised a portion of them, which contained the skeleton of an infant. This led to the taking down of the wall outside, and the discovery of three more skeletons, which had been covered with lime. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown."

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF MEDICAL OFFICERS OF HEALTH.—The medical officers of health recently elected in the metropolis under the Local Management Act of Sir Benjamin Hall have formed themselves into an association for the purposes of mutual assistance and the advancement of sanitary science. Mr. Simon, of the General Board of Health, has been elected the president for the present year; Dr. Thomson and Mr. Liddle, vice-presidents; Dr. Aldie, treasurer; and Dr. Hillier, secretary. Provisional committees have been appointed, to inquire into various subjects affecting the public health, such as the sale of unwholesome meat, the condition of the vaults under the metropolitan churches, &c. Standing committees have been also appointed, to

report severally on trades nuisances, adulteration of food and drugs, the causes of disease, and the relation of meteorological phenomena to the state of the public health.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, August 9.

RUSSIA.

LORD GRANVILLE left Kiel on Monday for St. Petersburg in an English line-of-battle ship.

M. de Boutenieff is invested with full powers to arrange, on his arrival at Constantinople, the differences which have arisen relative to the Isle of Serpents.

The irregularities of Russia in carrying out her part of the Treaty of Paris have hitherto attracted in France little of the public attention or of newspaper notice; but I hear that the Government begins to occupy itself concerning them. The Russians maintain, up to the last accounts, their right to the Isle of Serpents. As regards the progress of affairs, and what has really occurred on the Bessarabian boundary and at Kars, we are rather in the dark. Meanwhile, we learn that the British naval forces in the Eastern waters have received orders to rendezvous in the Black Sea. It is to be hoped that the Western Powers, France as well as England, will show themselves very decided in the matter in dispute. Russia seems disposed to make but a shabby return for the handsome manner in which she has been treated.—*Times Paris Correspondent (this day).*

SPAIN.

Generals Echague and Garcia have been named grand crosses of Spanish military orders. Generals Zapatero Marchessi, Armario, Macrohon, and Mantillan, are promoted to the rank of lieutenant-generals. Three incendiaries have been executed at Rioseco. The celebration of the marriage of the Infanta Amalia with Prince Adalbert of Bavaria is fixed for the 16th inst. General Ros de Olano has resumed the general direction of the infantry.

ITALY.

Baron Brenier, Minister of France at Naples, has informed the French Government by a telegraphic despatch, that the King of Naples has at last resolved on making some modifications in the policy of severity which he has hitherto followed. On the 28th ult., it is stated that King Ferdinand signed several pardons of persons condemned for political offences, and Baron Brenier expresses the firm assurance that in a short time still more important proofs will be yet given that the internal policy of the King has become milder. Thus, the difference between the government of the Two Sicilies and the Western Powers has taken a favourable turn, and this result must be ascribed principally to the intervention of the Austrian Cabinet.—*Paris Letter in the Augsburg Gazette.* [We must be permitted to doubt the probability of any real tendency to reform on the part of the Neapolitan madman.]

The news received from the Legations, though apparently trifling in itself, is really such as gives promise of events of the highest importance, not only for that division of the country, but for the whole of Italy. It is stated that the Municipal Council of Ravenna has followed the example of that of Bologna, and voted an address to the Pope, praying for the removal of the Austrian occupation; and it is added that many others, if not all of the municipalities of the large towns in those provinces are likely to adopt similar resolutions.—*Times Turin Correspondent.*

MAZZINI AND MANIN.—A third letter from Mazzini to Manin on the Italian question has been published. We have received it too late for analyzation this week, but propose to introduce our readers to its main features in our next impression.

ACCIDENT.—A man employed at the Fulham Gas Works has fallen from a seat suspended at a great height by ropes, and has been killed.

A MAGISTRATE'S WARNING.—Mr. Bingham, the Marlborough-street magistrate, has been assuming the character of a denunciatory moralist. Two girls were brought before him yesterday, charged with profligate conduct in the Haymarket at night, and with impudence to a policeman. One was fined ten shillings, or ten days' imprisonment in default; the other was discharged; and both received this exhortation:—"Take my advice, and abandon such a wretched and wicked life of profligacy; for, rest assured that, if you do not, in less than three years you will die on a dunghill." The advice to leave a degrading and miserable life was very proper; but how can Mr. Bingham take on himself to make so nice a calculation with respect to the time of the dunghill catastrophe; or even to say that it will take place at all? Such exaggerations increase the tendency to profligate living by providing it with food for scoffing that has some warrant.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

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.—DE. ARNOLD.

CONSERVATISM INTERPRETED.

SINCE Mr. DISRAELI reviewed the session to a thin and inattentive House, various facts have transpired with reference to the Tory "party" which demonstrate the accuracy of the reports we have published on its state and prospects. A large number of the veritable country gentlemen no longer recognize Mr. DISRAELI and the Earl of DERBY as their parliamentary leaders. The Earl of DERBY has almost ceased to be a politician, and has lost influence by his neglect; Mr. DISRAELI, though as pretentious as ever, has fallen so low in the estimation of Parliament, that he never commands a large audience, and seldom a general cheer. His faculties for debate appear to have been worn out by his personal conflict with Sir ROBERT PEEL. He never attained the character of a statesman; but he did reach that of a successful satirist; and now he is still a satirist, only without the success. When he pronounced his dreary address, from notes, on the history of the session, a very small number of members were scattered about the benches of the House of Commons. So little interest was excited, that Lord PALMERSTON's reply was heard by scarcely forty individuals. The Whigs cheered Mr. DISRAELI derisively, but scarcely one counter-cheer was given from the Tory side, except when the downcast leader ceased. He then received the cheer of habit and courtesy.

In addition to this circumstance are others even more significant. Mr. DISRAELI's leadership is distinctly and fiercely repudiated by the most influential and widely circulating Tory journals. They say that "the leaders of the great Conservative party have ceased to inspire that confidence which is indispensable to parliamentary action. There is, consequently, a want of combination and concert which, when an important occasion arises, results in confusion and defeat." And these words are in the columns which once declared Mr. DISRAELI consummate as an orator, and perfect as a tactician! The fact, however, is undeniable. Who were the sixty members who refused to follow Mr. DISRAELI in the Kars debate? Who were they who warned him that it would be wise to make no demonstration with reference to America? Has he not been told, plainly, since his presumptuous speech on the acts of the session, that the Conservative Opposition did *not* represent the plan of policy he had undertaken to describe?

To declare that the Established Church of England and Ireland should be maintained, that political innovations should be opposed, and that the rights of foreign governments should be respected, is to declare a policy of

platitudes; but upon every definite question that has been discussed this session in the Legislature, the Tories have been divided. Were they agreed on the subject of the Maynooth grant? the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill? the Bishops' Retirement Bill? Irish Education? Did they exhibit confidence in their own unity, in their own principles, or in their leading debaters? Were not Ministers, on frequent occasions, supported by some Conservatives and opposed by others? Did not many Conservatives vote for the Government from a conviction that a change of Cabinets must lead to political confusion, and expose the disruption of the party? Has Mr. DISRAELI been constant in his attendance? Has he been watchful, active, enthusiastic? Has he been the practical leader of the Opposition, or have not some of his former colleagues been entrusted with affairs of parliamentary business once confided to him? These are questions which probe the Tory party; men who see the working of "private politics" in London will be able to say how far Mr. DISRAELI's friends can satisfactorily reply to them. It is, indeed, sufficient to hear the criticisms passed in political circles to learn the true state of "Conservatism." The interior discussions of the party consist in reality of reproaches and recriminations. Mr. DISRAELI, from time to time, endeavours to rally his former followers, but the loss of confidence seems irreparable.

The reason appears to be that some of the Tory members of the House of Commons are inclined to adopt liberal opinions. Lord STANLEY is known to look with contempt upon Mr. DISRAELI's pretensions to be his leader. Mr. WALPOLE and Mr. HENLEY have acted independently of him many times during the session. Mr. SPOONER has been disgusted by his want of fanaticism, while others cannot see how he can be said to represent any public policy at all. The integrity of the hereditary peerage—the assertion of corporate rights—the negation of the ballot—the maintenance of the Irish Church—friendly relations with America, and with the continental powers—do these items constitute a policy? If so, they are as much Whig as Conservative, and the best of them are as much Liberal as Whig.

We have other testimony in reserve to prove that the dissolution of Toryism has begun to take place.

FOREIGN POLICY.

NEARLY twenty years ago, Lord PALMERSTON made a declaration of foreign policy in the House of Commons. He said it was the object of his diplomacy to form and consolidate the confederacy of Western Europe, to counteract the influence of despotic opinions in the East, by the intimate union of States in the West governed by liberal opinions. It was for this that he forgot his professed repugnance to interfere in the affairs of other countries, and took an active part in the civil dissensions of Spain. For this was established the Quadruple Alliance; for this was a Legion armed to raise the throne of ISABELLA. In the particular instance of Spain, Lord PALMERSTON's policy has been a melancholy failure. The constitutional principles supposed to be represented by ISABELLA have been suppressed in the face of Europe, by an adventurer equally infamous in his public and private relations. Moreover, the intimate compact of which Lord PALMERSTON boasted for six years, was never more than a pretence, and has melted, at last, into the confederacy of England with the absolute powers to keep the peace of Europe.

There are now no liberal governments on

the Continent that might be united in a confederacy to oppose the spread of despotic ideas. Whatever movements are in progress are in favour of despotism. The only great power that pretends, indeed, to take an interest in the constitutional progress of Europe, is that of England, which has been practically subordinated to that of France, and thus exerts little or no influence, except for evil. France and Austria are alike concerned in perpetuating the subjection of the Italian people; France, even more than Austria, is desirous of seeing absolutist principles prevail; France, as represented by its Cabinet, is in total antagonism to Lord PALMERSTON's old idea of counteracting the plans of despotism, for if Constitutionalism, in Spain, in Portugal, in Switzerland, in Belgium, in Sardinia, has anything to fear from one government more than from another, it is from the government of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The first intelligence that reaches the Spaniards across the Pyrenees, as they stand disarmed before the destroyer of their laws, is to the effect that France approves the outrage. They turn to England. England will not interfere "in the domestic affairs of other countries."

If the House of Commons were a fit assembly to be entrusted with supreme power, it would submit this principle to some analysis, and resolve in what form it should be applied. So far as we comprehend the arguments employed on this subject by various of our ministers, and by Sir ROBERT PEEL especially, they amount to this: Non-interference with the domestic affairs of other countries, without some clear and undeniable necessity arising from circumstances affecting the condition of your own country. "To this principle," said Lord PALMERSTON, in 1829, "I most cordially assent. It is sound, and ought to be sacred."

But what is non-interference? and what is an undeniable necessity? Does interference mean only interference by force of arms, or does it include representations, notes, remonstrances, demonstrations. If the latter, then Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord ABERDEEN, Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord MALMESBURY, all violated the principle which "is sound and ought to be sacred." The WELLINGTON Administration meddled in every way short of actual military force in the conflict between MIGUEL and the Portuguese Constitutionals. That is to say, they "interfered" *in favour* of the Miguelites. Lord PALMERSTON, upon assuming office, meddled more directly, and by a more positive method, yet he only "interfered" *against* the Miguelites. In the case of Belgium he interfered, because "that was the safest cause;" but in the case of Poland he refused to interfere, because "to take that step would have been to risk a general war." Then, as to necessity. In Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Greece, and Syria, the necessity may have been "clear" to Lord PALMERSTON; but it was not "undeniable," since denials came from many quarters, and were urged vehemently and powerfully in the House of Commons. It is a confused story; but the confusion is the result of the want of a guiding principle in our foreign policy. The Spanish Constitution has been abolished. That is the affair of the Spaniards. But suppose France were to consider it also a French affair, would that be simply the affair of the French, or would it not become the affair of every politician in Europe?

Carrying out the suggestion, events have occurred which force us to look upon Europe as though a *coup d'état* were possible in any part of it. At what point, then, would a Belgian or Sardinian *coup d'état* become a question of European interest? Upon the principle laid down by at least four British foreign ministers in succession, external inter-

ference would be unnecessary as long as the nation was engaged alone in settling its political difficulties. Between government and people, no other people and no other government has a right to intervene.

But France and Austria have to such an extent intervened between the nations and the governments of Italy, that their armies cover the soil. And this intervention is of a decisive and permanent character. Under its shadow, the governments carry on a system of repression which not only abases and benumbs the people, but which has a directly injurious influence on the interest of every commercial and manufacturing nation.

The first step in intervention has been taken. There have been remonstrances and representations, which have failed. What we now wish to learn is, whether any further steps are to be taken, whether, in spite of all that Austria or France may determine to do, Great Britain is to consider her part fulfilled, and is to leave Italy to settle her own affairs with France and Austria.

But we have no chance of knowing, unless information finds its way through illicit channels to the press. We are to have arbitrary government for six months, and upon the reassembling of Parliament, our Ministers will be "called to account." That is to say, nothing they have done will be undone; but if they have disgraced or imperilled the nation, they may be censured. If this were enough to content us, it by no means follows that the House of Commons would have the spirit or the courage to censure the Administration. What has been the result to Lord PALMERSTON of his reckless American policy? Instead of censure, he has had applause. And what was the result to Lord JOHN RUSSELL and to Lord LYNCHURST of their attempts to obtain an account of our relations with Italy? They were desired to restrain their curiosity, and to rely upon the Minister. We ask Lord PALMERSTON what are his intentions concerning the occupation of Greece? He replies, that *when* we know what they are, we shall doubtless be satisfied. We inquire how soon shall we have official representatives in America, and Lord PALMERSTON answers, that he is as ignorant on that topic as ourselves.

We have repeatedly said that the Italians do not hope for assistance from England. For as much of our sympathy as is sincere they give us their gratitude; they perceive in the common discussions of our press the proverbial English ignorance of foreign politics, but they look to a war of independence alone to release them from the hateful domination under which they groan. Meanwhile, however, they detect the evils inseparable from a policy of pretentious intervention, and are rendered almost desperate by hearing the British Premier expressing his confidence in French and Austrian policy. They hear the King of NAPLES vilified, and the Austrian Emperor flattered, the POPE execrated, and the POPE's protector, the instigator of the Spanish *coup d'état*, adulated as a good and great prince.

A programme of intervention in Italy has been issued from a very respectable source—Whig, not revolutionary. It is to the effect that a despatch should be sent to Vienna announcing that Austria *shall* evacuate the Papal States. If the fortifications of Placentia be not abandoned, fifty thousand French troops shall be concentrated on the Savoyard frontier. If a single Austrian soldier is sent to Naples our English fleet will appear in that bay, and another in the Adriatic and before Trieste.

This inventive Whig is surely ironical. Or, his sincerity is of the most simple kind. The French and British Governments are

not actuated by the principles which would lead them into such a course of policy. They have no more intention of putting the Italian princes into such a condition "that their thrones would not be worth an hour's purchase," than Lord JOHN RUSSELL has of proposing universal suffrage, or Count CAVOUR of giving aid to MAZZINI. Their policy is to strengthen the hands of authority, to guard the torpid peace of Europe, and to keep the revolution at bay. French and Austrian principles are identical. Even if Lord PALMERSTON desired the liberation of Italy, he might as well hope to effect it through the aid of the Emperor of RUSSIA as through that of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A SCOTCH FINE ON DISCUSSION.

SOME years since there were in Edinburgh three gentlemen who cast at each other such epithets as "calumniator," "betrayer," "slanderer," "snake;" and they were much admired for the skill with which they sought to damage each other, and to wound each other's feelings. Lately these three put their heads together, and acted in unison for the purpose of defeating a fellow-citizen: a public writer noticed the conjunction, and renewed the description of the three as they had been painted by each other, describing the union on that quasi-autobiographical authority as one between a "calumniator," a "betrayer," and a "snake." On this ANGLIS, forfeiting his title to be the representative of wisdom, laid a complaint before the penal court of Edinburgh, that they were now called by a fourth person that which they once called each other. And an Edinburgh jury has awarded damages of 400*l.* against the *Scotsman* for the offence of telling what JOHNSTONE, DOUGLAS, and MACLAREN called each other! That is in brief the story of the great Edinburgh libel case.

"The circumstances were different," no doubt. Mr. MACLAREN had formerly acted with the Liberal party, had used his quill in the *Scotsman*, and was the champion of free discussion: he was now putting forward one BROWN DOUGLAS to oppose ADAM BLACK, because BLACK would not abolish the Maynooth grant, or perceive the policy of closing public-houses on Sundays; so the "snake" trusted the "betrayer," the "calumniator" took the "snake" to his bosom, and the "betrayer" reckoned on the good word of the "calumniator." Hence it was very inconvenient to have these old words revived: men who are combining for such sacred purposes ought not to be exposed for past transgressions; the champions of confiscating Popish property and closing the working man's beer tap on Sunday, ought not to be reminded, at least publicly, that they had once taken the measure of each other. For if they were publicly reminded, the public might laugh at the queer conjunction, might despise the men, and might hate the concoctor of the combination. Literally, the charge against the *Scotsman* was that it had held up *that* conduct to *that* fate! Discussion must not be free to do that, said the Judge; under penalty of 400*l.*, said the Jury. So MACLAREN obtains, on authority, a declaration of Scottish law, that the public must not be told what he has said and done lest it render him hated, contemptible, and ridiculous; and for the consequences of describing him in his own acts and words, the Jury compensate him with 400*l.* damages.

This is fine law! It follows that the more absurdly a man has acted, the more foul-mouthed he and his friends have been, the less you must characterize their conduct or repeat their words. If an ADAM BLACK interfere in public affairs, *his* conduct you may fairly discuss, because there is nothing in

what he has said or done which is hateful, contemptible, or ridiculous; but if MACLAREN interferes to pervert the representation of Edinburgh, you must beware how you discuss him, what he is doing, or what he has said; for to repeat what he once brawled may injure him to the extent of 400*l.*; and to let the public know the sort of man he is may subject you to a fine of 400*l.*, as a protective duty on morals.

They do things oddly in Scotland. At a place near Alloa, lately, a gentleman has been fined for inaccurate weights and measures, which allowed his customers *too much*. MACLAREN was not fined for doing or saying what he did; but the *Scotsman* is fined for warning the citizens.

The case only confirms our opinion that the libel law attempts a protection which is impossible, and does but defeat its own object. It is a handle for revenge, where no justice is in question: it fails to protect justice; it is not needed to control real discussion. Not long since the *Times* repeated a piece of gossip about a tailor who had been flogged in the Crimea; *no* tailor had been flogged, and it is asserted that there was only one tailor there. Now who is to believe that assertion—who is to know? It is recorded of a royal Duke, that when he visited a lunatic asylum, one of the patients cried "There's Silly Billy;" on which the illustrious admiringly exclaimed, "La! he knows me!" The tailor of the Crimea went to the *Times* office and claimed to be the man traduced. The journalists conjectured the moral possibility that there might have been at least one more tailor in the Crimea; they referred to the spot, could learn the existence of no other tailor, and corrected the blunder. What more could be done? Yet a jury, under our precious libel law, fined the *Times* 75*l.* for having repeated an erroneous piece of gossip, and for not having at once perceived that a Mr. SMITH *must* be the person meant when any one associated the ideas of Crimea, flogging, and tailor. But *cui bono*? Was SMITH exalted by the money gained? Will the *Times* be checked in the exercise of its free discretion when vindicating freedom of discussion.

No. The true checks on libellous writing are not to be obtained in that way. Public confidence can only be obtained when libel is avoided; its withdrawal will sufficiently punish the calumniator. We venture to say that our own paper is the one which has most boldly illustrated "perfect freedom of discussion;" but what enabled us to do so? We have been subjected to attacks, to misconstructions, to misrepresentations; but slander, libel, calumny, cannot be alleged. And for obvious reasons. The only chance we had in gaining confidence for freedom of discussion was, to avoid anything that could identify our freedom with low motives or malignity. On the other hand, no libel law could protect private character against the attacks of papers systematically slanderous: quite the reverse; the journals of that stamp made the slander *worse*, or attacked the defenceless, in order to frighten the assailed from appealing to the law; and thus the law operated to protect the slanderer if he would only go far enough. In short, like all protective laws, it was a hindrance to the lawful commerce in discussion for the community, an obstruction to the honest trader, a protection only to the smuggler. It now figures as a penalty to the *Scotsman*, a profit to Mr. MACLAREN.

THE NEW EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Isle of Serpents lies off the Sulina mouth of the Danube, within sight of the coast. The Russians had a small garrison there before the entrance of the combined

fleets into the Black Sea. From that time to the establishment of peace, the island remained unoccupied, except by a few Turkish soldiers, and the keepers of a new lighthouse built by the Ottoman Government. Upon the ratification of the Treaty of March, however, and upon the formal cession by Russia of the territories which had locked the entrance of the river, the Turks construed the concession clauses so as to include the Isle of Serpents, and placed sixty men, in charge of an officer, to guard the lighthouse, which has already proved of considerable value to the traders between the Danube and Odessa. But the Russian Government denying that the surrender of the Isle of Serpents was implied by the Treaty, sent a detachment to take military possession of it. The island was literally invaded by armed men, and the Turkish officer, not choosing to become responsible for a conflict, simply protested against the intrusion, applied to the Porte for instructions, and took up a position not far from the new Russian quarters. Thus a joint but rival occupation has been established on the Isle of Serpents.

The negotiators of the Paris Treaty are responsible for leaving this question in doubt. They but half performed their duty when they left the cession or retention of any territorial point to be implied, instead of incorporating in a declaratory clause the name of every place to be evacuated by Russia. Doubtful interpretations result from incapable diplomacy. Still, it is impossible to believe that it was the intention of the Western Powers, while rescuing the main stream of the Danube from Russian control, to leave her in possession of a fortified island at the mouth. The terms of the article are vague, but their very generality is inferential evidence in favour of the Turkish claim. All territories within a certain line being abdicated, under the stipulations of the Treaty, it is certainly a strange proceeding on the part of the Russian Government to assert that a particular exception is implied, when no exception at all is suggested.

Collateral circumstances render this discussion one of considerable importance. No alacrity has been exhibited by the Russian Government in fulfilling the conditions of the Paris Treaty. Not only is Kars still unevacuated, its garrison has been reinforced by a corps of twelve thousand men. The demolition of Ismail and the border fortresses, carried on after the conclusion of peace, was an act of offence and hostility, and clearly showed in what temper Russia was preparing to renew her relations with Turkey. Not that the destruction of those works is of import to the Ottoman Empire. Once in possession of the ground, the Turks may fortify it as powerfully as they desire, and create a line of Silistrias along their extended frontier.

We should be glad to learn, however, what reply has been returned to the representations of the Porte on this subject. That such representations have been addressed to the French and British Governments we are in a condition to know; we believe it may be stated, moreover, that communications have passed between the Cabinets, but we are anxious to be assured that they are of a satisfactory nature. We are bound by moral obligations and by political necessities to assert to the full the few advantages that were gained from the Russian war. It is no secret that the Ottoman Government considers the attempt to regain possession of the Isle of Serpents in the light of a scheme to break through the regulations of the recent Treaty, and it is no exaggeration to say that, unless the Turkish claim be enforced, the liberty of the Danube becomes a fiction, and the Convention of Paris an act of hypocrisy.

Russia is not the only Power that desires to retard the settlement of the questions pending between Turkey and the rest of Europe. The Turkish Government itself betrays a suspicious reluctance to elicit the opinions of the Roumanian inhabitants of the Principalities. Having dismissed the Hospodars and appointed the Kaimakans, who are to hold temporary authority in Wallachia and Moldavia, however, there can be little further pretence for delaying the assembly of the International Commission. The first point proposed for deliberation will be the separate or united government of the Principalities. The amalgamation is virulently opposed by Austria and by Turkey, neither of which Powers is likely to refuse any means, however corrupt, of giving effect to its policy. Austria opposes the amalgamation on the ground, virtually, that it would create a bar against future aggressions and intrigues; Turkey opposes it, because it forces the growth of a vigorous state, developing itself towards independence, on the borders of a decaying empire. To Russia the project is not so obnoxious. By England it is regarded with favour. Prussia and Sardinia are believed to share, in this respect, the opinion of England. But all the Powers are under an obligation to consult the wishes of the population through their representatives, convoked in full Divan. It is true that various political sections exist, that Turkish corruption has found a Turkish party in the Principalities, that Austria by similar methods has obtained similar results, and that therefore the local assemblies cannot be expected to express a unanimous assent to the idea of the governmental union of Moldavia and Wallachia. Local jealousies, also, prevail to some extent, the people of Jassy hesitating to accord pre-eminence to Bucharest by acknowledging it as the capital of the United Provinces. Nevertheless, in both those cities the resolutions of the existing assemblies have been unequivocal, and almost unanimous in favour of union.

The British Government has, we think, a clear duty to perform. The Treaty of Paris is now public law, and in the interest of commercial liberty, as well as of the future peace of Europe, Russia must be prohibited from creating, in the Black Sea, new sources of jealousy and dissension. In the Principalities, the inhabitants have a right to be consulted whether or not they coincide with the views of the Austrian and Ottoman Governments.

LA TRAVIATA AND THE TIMES.

THERE has been a sudden explosion in the press of diatribes against divers theatres, and Her Majesty's in particular, for producing pieces which turn upon certain vices supposed to be prevalent at the present day, or at least against a particular shape of those vices. The grand point of attack is the performance of VERDI's opera of *La Traviata*, with attacks also upon the original story by ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, *La Dame aux Camélias*, and upon Mademoiselle PICCOLI-MINI for consenting to perform the part of *Violetta*. Several papers have joined in this assault. One suggestion has been made that there should be a committee of lady patronesses to act as a censorship on the pieces to be performed, aided probably by "a dowager Bishop or two." The proposal looks extremely like a sarcasm, as if the writer of that particular paper designed to take in its great contemporary the *Times*; and veritably it has dragged out that journal as an organ of the old fossil "Society for the Suppression of Vice."

The *Times*, however, cannot handle questions of this kind entirely without ability, or

without some responsibility on the score of its own power: it *must* remember good sense. In attacking *La Traviata* it is obliged to let the reader know, lest he should suspect it of imbecility from whatsoever cause, that it does recal certain works more illustrious than *La Traviata* where the aberrations of the passion of love are especially the subjects of the dramatic art. We have ALFIERI, several of whose plays more or less turn upon the subject; GOETHE, in his *Wilhelm Meister* as well as his *Faust*; SHAKESPEARE, CALDERON, CORNEILLE, are also mentioned by the *Times* with the more ancient writers of tragedies. But "there is a wide step from these representations to the impersonation of all that is most foul and hideous in human nature, and its exhibition upon the stage with all the alluring additions of scenery and song." *La Traviata*—"The Strayed One,"—is a girl belonging to the class of Paris *lorettes*; she forms a genuine passion, and dies for love; and "it is for her," says the scandalized *Times*, "that pity is asked, it is to her that pity is given." This, it seems, is, morally speaking, "most hideous and abominable."

There is something hideous in the style of literature which has lately crept upon the capitals of the civilized world; but it appears to us that our contemporaries do not grapple with the real evil, either in its origin or its nature. Others besides the *Times* object to *La Traviata* because it is "prurient;" the epithet is a total misconception. It would be more correct to say that the whole state of things represented is depraved; and there might be some truth in that. The *Times*, indeed, thinks that it is harmless to perform *Lucrezia Borgia*, or *Don Juan*, because neither "the Messalina of Mediæval Italy," nor "the heartless seducer," is likely to invite imitation. But as little likelihood is there that any of the characters in *La Traviata* would be "imitated." The *Times* carries its censure "deep and unmitigated," not only to the novelist, the composer, the manager, or the actors, but also to the audience. It appears to us he might have carried his deep and unmitigated censure further back—probably to the *homes* of the audience—to the body of society which furnishes that audience; and then, indeed, any writer possessing the power and opportunity of the *Times* might assist us in eradicating the evil.

There is one redeeming point in *La Traviata*, and in some other works of its kind, though not in all of them. The *Times* has marked it, but has marked it as the climax of the wrong. *Violetta* belongs to a particular class: "it is for her that pity is asked, it is to her that pity is given;" and here is the abominable portion of the wrongdoing. The *Times* repudiates pity for a *Violetta*, and is offended at its being asked. To us it appears not a tenth part so wrong to say that such creatures exist, that they may be unfortunate, that they ask our pity, as to suffer the existence of such creatures at all. To create them.

We may question the taste of an artist who selects subjects which are neither powerful nor beautiful; but after all the stage has generally been recognized as "the mirror of society"—as that mirror in which society, looking, will see its own defects as well as its beauties. The *Times* desires the mirror in which the distortions and deformities of over-civilized life, the haggard look of city depravity, shall be erased; a beautifying mirror, where society shall see itself as if it were still living in the woods and the fields with all its rustic freshness. This is an effeminate morality—like official treatment of sanitary reform—which shuts its eyes to the disease, and hopes to get a cure by assuming health. We know the valetudinarian weakness well.

There is one reason, however, why authors, composers, and actors fall into these subjects, and it still bears upon the moral of the question. They do it because they are part of the society among which they live; they, like that society, are guided in their tastes by the things in which they take an interest; and they select this lower class of subjects, because they and the audience are interested in them. It is the habits of life, the turn of the amusements, the train of thoughts in society and in the authors of artworks, that produces these plays, and sends audiences to look at them.

But the appeal against charity is in many ways curious. Our great contemporary would have us ignore the existence of whole classes in this metropolis, and is indignant at the idea that "pity" may alight upon one of that class. Now, in this matter lies the very point of the moral in all art. There is no broad distinction to be drawn between the vices represented by GOETHE, ALFIERI, SHAKSPEARE, CORNEILLE, or CALDERON, and those represented by the DUMAS and the opera poet. The distinction is not that in the one case there may be imitation, and in the other repulsion. The distinction is not that we are free to pity *Jocasta* or *Mariana*, whether of SHAKSPEARE or of GOETHE, and not free to pity *Violetta*. The most tragic works of art have represented one struggle, which has been going on ever since mankind has become conscious of conflicting propensities in itself. In all such works the subject is the contest between the bad and the good. The artist, in the desire to interest his audience, varies the form of that contest; and SHAKSPEARE himself has varied it as widely as we see in the cases of *Lady Macbeth*, *Angelo*, *Shylock*, *Hamlet*, and, indeed, in half of the chief characters of his plays. All that is "foul and hideous" is surely not concentrated in *Violetta*, or in any of the persons that surround her. But some of those characters in our own SHAKSPEARE, though they have nothing to do with the particular depravity, are more foul, more hideous. The inhuman *Lady Macbeth*, *Shylock* worked into a heartless frenzy of avarice, *Iago* sacrificing everything that is beautiful to his own gross and heartless scepticism, with the passion of revenge alone to spur him—these are more foul and more hideous than anything which has been represented to the audience of Her Majesty's. The march of all these tragedies presents to us invariably the contest between the bad and the good—the peril to which the good is exposed by the bad agency—and, whatever may be the tragic mination, the real triumph of the good. Because in none of these cases does the spirit of the devil gain the victory. *Iago* kills his wife who has thwarted him, and works out the death of *Othello* and *Desdemona*; and yet to the very latest, when *Othello* discovers the total folly and vanity of his delusion,—when *Desdemona* has yielded up her life to injustice and to cruelty, visiting her in the form of her beloved husband, the power of goodness remains unconquerable. The sweetness of *Desdemona's* own nature sustains her under the infliction, preserves even her love. And in the same way the more generous feelings of *Othello* come back to him, and restore him to dignity and self-respect at the moment of his death.

The class which *Violetta la Traviata* represents, does exist. It is called into existence by the selfishness and depravity of town-made man: its existence continues unmitigated through the selfish resolve of society to ignore it. But that class consists of some thousands of women—women born to the best qualities of their sex; and these qualities are sometimes so inextinguishable that they re-

main throughout. If we look gravely into that tragedy, we shall find the same struggle between good and bad, with the same triumph of good. *La Traviata* shows us one instance. After a life of heartless depravity into which she has been led, a natural passion, a genuine affection takes her from it; but she is cast back by the suspicions and repulsions of society. It is the old argument of the tragedy in a new shape, arising from the present vices of society. We may question the taste of the author that selected the more trivial shapes of vice; we may affirm the corruption of society in which such incidents arise; but if the representation makes us remember the existence of the class and study the causes of that existence,—above all, if the performance of PICCOLOMINI can make us pity the inextinguishable woman that still survives in the midst of depravity, like LANDSEER'S little flower amid the ruins of carnage and conflagration in the scene of war—we certainly have got even out of *La Traviata* a moral that we apply with some use to society.

We are not sorry to see our orthodox contemporaries accompanying us in the protest against some present aspects of society; but we do exhort them not to be content with falling into hysterics at the mere sight of too familiar vices. If they will go a little further, they will perhaps help us to do more good.

APATHY PLEAS.

It is confessed on all sides that the working classes have attempted little, of late years, with the object of improving their political position. We have made this the subject of serious remark, and there is a desire evinced to break the force of the reflection. Two pleas are put in, to account for the inactivity of which we have complained. First, it is asserted that political organization is too expensive; secondly, that whenever the working classes have combined, they have been misled by selfish or foolish men who have not belonged to their order. The plea of expense we think untenable. There have never been wanting liberals ready to aid in promoting an organized movement on the part of the working classes; but, even without external assistance, a very slight exercise of self-denial on their part would enable them to do all that is necessary for the inauguration of a general scheme of action. It is by no means essential, at starting, to hold mass meetings in large rooms, to advertise, to employ agents, print elaborate prospectuses, or to set in motion any costly machinery. The "people" might make their power and their convictions felt by other and easier means. We do not think that when the working classes have been really in earnest, they have been deterred from activity by the dread of costs. They are not a niggardly class. On the contrary, they have sometimes been remarkably profuse in their contributions to political funds.

The second objection, that the working class combinations have usually been directed by foolish or selfish men belonging to other classes, is even less satisfactory. In the first place, it is not at all necessary or desirable that the working classes should be led by working men. Working men form excellent auxiliaries, but are seldom efficient leaders. They want, in general, the enlarged experience and knowledge essential to the conduct of a political movement. They may be captains, but not generals. In truth, it seems to us a fallacy to suppose that when the working classes have obtained the suffrage they are all at once to turn professed politicians. They are not likely to supply more experienced administrators than we have at present; but they understand their own interests, and we think they have capacities

which fit them to be electors. We have never thought, or said, that they should put confidence in none but men of their own order.

That they have sometimes been misled is no reason why they should remain for ever inactive. They are not recommended to strive for the old objects by the old means; on the contrary, they are counselled by their best friends—friends who value candour as much as sympathy—to discountenance the stormy rhapsodists of the Chartist period, and to put their trust in moderation—which is power—in knowledge, intelligence, and political ability. They ought never to cheer the utterance of noisy nothings, but to encourage at their meetings the men whom they would be willing to send to Parliament if they possessed the electoral franchise. We have frequently tested our working-class friends on this subject. "Would you choose Mr. THROB OF THUNDER as your representative?" "Oh, no; but he does well enough for a public meeting!"

That is a mistake. The board-shaking shouters on platforms come before the public as representatives of the working classes, and the working classes have been damaged by the inevitable inference. We think this touches more nearly the cause of the apathy that has existed than either of the pleas that have been set forth. Exhausted by ill-regulated and unsuccessful efforts, the working classes are only now beginning to recover faith, strength, and determination.

A WORD TO AN ITALIAN.

THE *Unione* appeals to the *Leader* to know whether, if a *coup d'état* in Spain have the same results as the *coup d'état* in France, it will not have been the most fortunate event that could have happened in that distracted country. Would the *Unione* say the same of Italy? If not, the *Unione* has no right to say it of Spain. Every man in England who thinks the December Usurpation is "the only government fit for France" deserves to be degraded from the possession of his political rights, his liberty of speech and action. That is, if any error less than felony deserves to be punished by so much humiliation. The *Unione* may prefer Napoleonic strokes of power; but, for our part, we prefer to see nations struggling through good and evil towards the attainment of independence and dignity. We would not exchange our House of Commons for a new street, our noisiest Irish members for the liveried Senators of Paris, our much-sinning "system" for the single presiding mind plotting in the dark, and the rapidity of the agent who is never so rapid as when he has to kidnap a victim for Cayenne. We blunder, but we do not degrade ourselves; we have defective institutions, but not the government of illegality; we do not move through our own streets, silent, ashamed, and in the fear of the spy. No. The *Unione* must not expect us to announce the virtues of a *coup d'état*. Spain is less the prey of misgovernment than Italy—yet Italy does not pray for a St. ARNAUD, or a slaughter of citizens on the Corso.

THE LATE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.—An action has been brought in the Southwark County Court against the South-Eastern Railway Company for the recovery of 92.3s. paid by the plaintiff to the company on an undertaking that he and his friends should be conveyed to Spithead to see the late review. The vessel on board which they were put at Portsmouth was very inconvenient, and the accommodation was of the worst kind; added to which, the proper time was not observed, and a large part of the review—including the passage of the Queen through the fleet—was missed. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, with costs. There were five other actions of a similar nature against the railway company, in which the judge also gave judgment for the plaintiffs, considering that the defendants were guilty of gross negligence.

Open Council.

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

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

MR. BUCHANAN.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

New York, July, 1856.

SIR,—In your paper of June 21st, you announce the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, by the Democratic party, for the Presidency of the United States, and you give your cordial approval to that nomination. You approve of it because he is a statesman of intelligence, conscience, and experience; because he is a man of peace, favourably inclined towards your own country; and because he is a just man respecting "the independence of the Southern States," and "the difficulties thrown upon them by the existence of a slavery which they did not create," while he is "the vindicator of Northern rights and Northern opinions," and "one who exactly fits the actual position of the Union at the present day." At the same time you condemn unequivocally the "madmen" who "positively identify the defence of slavery with the defence of Republicanism, invade states to enforce their views with the bowie-knife and revolver, assail individual statesmen for the expression of opinion, and actually threaten to divide the Union by civil war." And their madness you compare to "the bigotry of the Abolitionists in times past."

I am an attentive reader of the *Leader*, and appreciate its ability; and I know how great and deserved an influence it exercises over liberal minds in Europe. I regret, therefore, that it should itself fall, or lead others, into the fatal error of believing that Democracy, in this country, means the liberty or the rights of anybody. It is only another name for that which "bigots" with you call tyranny when they allude to Francis Joseph or Louis Napoleon. I should like, as far as it is possible in a few brief words, to tear off this livery which covers a service to the devil.

Whether Mr. Buchanan possesses ability, conscience, or experience, is not a matter of much moment, as neither is now considered a necessary qualification for the Presidency. We shall see presently, however, what sort of a conscience he possesses.

You are quite right in predicting that, should he be chosen President, we shall have no war with England. Every slave state in the Union will vote for Mr. Buchanan without doubt. The cotton you purchase of us is the great staple of a part of those states, and the slaves that raise it the staple of the rest. As a general thing one year's expenses are paid by a mortgage of the next year's crop. To lose your custom for a single year would reduce the South to bankruptcy and beggary, and the starving slaves would rise in insurrection against their miserable and imbecile masters. So long as slavery exists, and cotton grows, and Manchester spins, we shall have no war with England. And least of all shall we break the peace with a President over us of the South's choosing.

But whether we shall have no war in the reign of Buchanan is another question. You cannot have forgotten the Ostend Conference of American Plenipotentiaries, and the manifesto it published to the world, signed by Messrs. Buchanan, Soule, and Mason. The doctrine of that famous paper, stripped of its verbiage, is simply this:—We must have Cuba both to increase the number of our own slave states, and to prevent the emancipation of her 800,000 slaves. We must get it by right of honest purchase if we can; if not, by right of might. But do not think that that need involve us in a war with England or France, as the protectors of Spain. We shall avoid that by permitting emigration—filibustering, the censorious call it—to Cuba. The island will be revolutionized, and declared independent. Then we shall re-annex it to this continent. Some of our New York capitalists hope that the next step will be to render legal the foreign slave trade. Perhaps so, but that is not certain. The main dependence of the Atlantic slave states is slave breeding for the newer states—the *virginital* crop, they call it in Virginia, because at twenty years men and women reach their full market value. The slave-breeding states will naturally aim at a monopoly of the new demand which will arise when Cuba is ours. It is to this, probably, that Governor Wise refers when he says that the election of Buchanan would enhance the price of slaves two hundred, and perhaps three hundred per cent.

What may have been Mr. Buchanan's relation to the North and the South in times past, is of little consequence, though it would be easy to show that he has always been what ex-President Van Buren—

another Democrat—once declared himself to be, "a Northern man with Southern principles." But how far he is the vindicator of Northern rights and opinions, and how far he deserves the credit of merely defending the South against unjust aggressions upon his independence, may be seen by his present position.

The two parties which divide the country at this moment are strictly sectional. The Republicans are, to a certain degree, anti-slavery, and therefore Northern. The Democrats are thoroughly pro-slavery, and therefore Southern. True, they have great strength at the North, but it is among that class who, like Mr. Dickenson, a notorious Democrat of this state, consider it their misfortune that they were not born in a slave state. The one issue between these two parties is the establishment or the prohibition of slavery in Kansas. The "madmen" you allude to are the whole Democratic party, with your wise, moderate, and conscientious Mr. Buchanan as the chief Bedlamite.

You are evidently aware—as all your readers may not be—that Kansas is a part of that region which thirty-six years ago was solemnly devoted by a national compact, called "The Missouri Compromise" to freedom for evermore. Again and again, in subsequent acts, has that compact been reaffirmed. For thirty-six years has the South enjoyed its half of the bargain. When the time came for the North to enter into possession of its half, it was declared unanimously by the South—aided by their Northern allies, the Democrats—Mr. Buchanan's associates—that the compromise was unconstitutional. In other words, they made a bargain, took their pay, kept and enjoyed it, and when the consideration was called for by the other party, declared the bargain a fraud!

Kansas is doomed to be a slave state. All the citizens of the territory in favour of freedom are driven out at the point of the bayonet, or murdered, or arrested for treason, under a fraudulent law, by United States troops, their presses destroyed, their houses burned, their farms laid waste. All along the border a cordon of five thousand men prevent any immigration from the free states. By force and fraud combined these "border ruffians" will complete this work, aided, as it has been thus far, by the legislators and executive power of the Democratic party. Intimidation is a part of the system. The initiative at Washington has been taken by that brutal coward Brooks of South Carolina, who nearly murdered Senator Sumner when incapable of defence. That deed commands universal approval and admiration at the South, and is defended by the associates in Congress of the ruffianly perpetrator, who are all Democrats—all "Buchanians."

Such is the position of the Democratic party of this country at this moment—the party which has made Mr. Buchanan its chosen leader—the party from which the slaveholders find protection and aid. The slavery which you affirm they did not create, they have, since the formation of the Union, extended over eight new states, covering nearly the whole of the valley of the Mississippi, a large part of Mexico, and the peninsula of Florida, and which they now mean to extend over a country nearly as large as the British Islands. The "bigotry of the Abolitionists" consists in this—that they demand without cursing, sometimes, perhaps, with indignation, and in language of unmistakable plainness, the annihilation of a system which is an insult to God, and an outrage upon man.

I do not write, it is proper to say, as a partizan. In the election I shall take no part, not even that of voter. The man or the party that "fits the actual position of the Union at the present day" is the man or the party that can dissolve it, free the North from the despotism under which she suffers, and save, for the sake of the world, the cause of Republicanism where alone, within the limits of the United States, there is any hope of its existence.

Your obedient servant, G.

BISHOPS AT LARGE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Boston, July 29th, 1856.

SIR,—If the history of England in Church and State is hereafter to be read in the statute books, then the act providing for the resignation of the Bishops of London and Durham will be noticed as a wise and liberal measure. But should the student extend his researches to the parliamentary debates, or the contemporary journals, he will see reason to doubt whether a beneficial result has not been dearly purchased. The amount of the retiring allowances is nothing compared with the display of ignorance and recklessness on the part of the authors of the bill. The subject has long occupied attention, though never before did the legislature attempt to deal with it. The act of 1843 confessed the difficulty which environed it, but the provisions for the resignation of Colonial Bishops indicated that there was nothing impracticable. Parliament might at any time enable Bishops to retire, and receive a maintenance as matter of right, not of bargain. Lately it seemed under-

stood that such a measure would be introduced, when two invalid prelates anticipated it by tendering their resignations, on condition. It is objected that this transaction bears the taint of simony, which the legislature cannot obliterate, though it may exempt, from the penalties incurred. Certainly the law has been very peremptory for three hundred years against the legality of conditional resignations of Church preferment, and it cannot readily be credited that the prohibition attaches solely to the inferior clergy. The acceptance of a bishopric is (morally) conditional, depending on the proper discharge of the duties belonging thereto. The law has provided no means for ascertaining when these duties are neglected, and the penalty of forfeiture incurred. But the bishop cannot prescribe new conditions to his superior, nor offer to sell him all his duties and a portion of his emolument. That would be treating as a *peculium* what was committed to him as a trust, an offence not discernible from simony. The bishop's letters read like a plea of guilty to this charge, nor can the act do more than relieve them from the secular consequences. True that they are clear of any moral stain, though they have compromised their official and constitutional character. Their error is in attempting for themselves what Parliament would have blamelessly done for them, and the result is that they are placed beyond the operation of the law, which is severely exerted against minor and more excusable offenders.

The argument about "the succession" was judiciously waived—in truth it is altogether out of place. The bishops form part of the clergy, and the same power is committed to every one of them. An ex-bishop is still a priest, and a bishop *quoad* his consecration. The office is merely an order in the Church, to which he is called nominally by election, actually by royal designation.

Your obedient, H. C.

THE GUN TRADE.—The members of the military gun trade of Birmingham have presented Mr. Muntz, M.P., and Mr. Newdegate, M.P., with testimonials to mark their sense of the important services which those gentlemen rendered to the trade, and to the country at large, in the Small Arms Committee, which sat two years ago. This presentation took place at a dinner given at the Royal Hotel on Friday week. The testimonial to each gentleman took the form of a piece of plate, and of a double-barreled fowling-piece and a Minié, specimens of the latest improvement in this arm. The inscription on the rifle of Mr. Newdegate makes special reference to the exertions of one of his ancestors, Sir Richard Newdegate, who, in the reign of William III., exerted his influence to get the military gun trade introduced into Birmingham.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND THE TORRINGTON BURIAL BOARD.—The vexed question between the Bishop and the Board, which was brought before the notice of the House of Lords shortly before the prorogation, is not yet settled. The Bishop of Exeter refuses to consecrate that part intended for the members of the Established Church, on the ground that one end—that which comes close to the Dissenters, although the whole ground is surrounded by a high substantial wall—is open, and that the burial-ground is not fenced according to the canons. A few days since, the Bishop's secretary informed the burial board that the Bishop would consecrate the ground in accordance with the report of the select committee of the House of Lords on the Burials Act, dated the 4th ult., and recommending a railing as a line of demarcation; but the board, with but one dissentient, declined the terms, and prefer waiting till next session in the hope that an effectual and general alteration will be made in the law, rendering unnecessary the consent of the Bishops as to the finished state of the ground before consecration.

NEWSPAPER PROSECUTION.—A verdict has been given against the *Scotsman* newspaper for a libel on Mr. Duncan Maclaren, who, in 1852, put up for Edinburgh, and was severely handled by the paper in question, which published several articles now complained of as libellous. The defendants contended that all the papers at the time used excited language, and that Mr. Maclaren himself was very violent in his choice of words. One thousand pounds damages were claimed, but the jury only gave 400*l*.

RAGGED OR REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.—The Committee of Council on Education have cancelled all former minutes and agreed to grant substantial and permanent aid to reformatory and ragged schools. The minute by which this resolution is made known to the managers of these institutions provides that no school shall be admissible to aid "unless it be industrial in its character, and unless the scholars be taken exclusively from the criminal and abandoned classes." A portion of the expense is to be borne by the schools themselves. The teachers are instructed to have a special eye to the morality of their pupils.

LIABILITY OF HOTEL-KEEPERS.—It has been decided by an action at law at Manchester that hotel-keepers are liable for losses sustained by their guests owing to robberies committed on them while in the hotel, unless the person robbed has neglected to take ordinarily prudent precautions.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

It is a serious evil that owing to the variety and contradictoriness of the texts of Scripture, fools and knaves, bigots and men of stern uncharitableness are generally able to fortify themselves with a text, which they do in utter indifference to the texts explicitly condemning what they uphold. No matter how rickety the foundation, a text can be found to buttress it. For observance of the Sabbath, for non-observance, for teetotalism and for vinous enjoyment, for intolerance and for tolerance, for rebellion and for submission, texts are equally ready. It is worthy of remark that the men who most vehemently insist on carrying into action the principle laid down in one text, are at the same time the most regardless of the other texts which limit or contradict it. The very fact of there being two contradictory statements, should make men aware that neither can be accepted as absolute, but that both express a limitation. In the *North British Review* a very able and liberal writer has noticed the apparent contradiction in the language of Scripture on the subject of Missions:—

Among the words of the same Divine Teacher, and in the same narrative of them, are contained, both an earnest exhortation to proselytize, and a denunciation, which sounds contemptuous of proselytism. Contrasts such as this are a characteristic of the Christian religion. Far from accounting these a weakness or reproach, it possesses few more convincing proofs of its truth, or surer pledges that it is to last for ever. In this very peculiarity consists, in a great degree, its superiority over the other religions of the world, and most of its own sects. Each of these seizes on truths singly, and develops them into action, unchecked by the necessary counterpoise by which each is, in its own nature, accompanied and controlled. The result of such a procedure is a course of religious efforts, vigorous and energetic even to the extreme of violence, but eccentric and ultimately self-destroying, such as we may imagine that of a planet in which *inertia* had overpowered gravitation. Christianity, on the other hand, presents her truths to us, in their own true nature and connexion, each checked and balanced by an opposite.

This writer, although his orthodoxy cannot be suspected, is fully alive to the onesidedness of the Missionary spirit, and he exposes the vices to which it leads. He courageously says:—

Nothing is baser or more mischievous than mere proselytism. The missionary impulse of each is one, that has disdained to inquire, whether its spirit is one of pure or false zeal, and whether its mode of proceeding is always in strict conformity with the moral law. Hence, the history of these, as of most other proselytizing sects, has been a very chequered one. In each, we may read of acts of dauntless heroism and noblest self-denial. But these are balanced by enormous crimes, in which heroic and self-denying men are often found to have been the criminals. No wars have been more sanguinary or inhuman than religious wars, whether in Christianity or in Islam. No self-interest has ever produced so cold-blooded and calculating a cruelty as sincere unselfish religious persecution. No frauds or forgeries have been so cunningly devised or so perseveringly sustained, as those which have been practised, within the ranks of sacerdotal Christianity, by self-devoted men, in behalf of the law of love and the gospel of truth.

Hard words these, but true words, and worthy of being iterated. In commenting on the odious assumption that sprinkling babies in secret saves thousands of innocent souls which would otherwise perish everlastingly, the writer says:—

Can this be mere *ad captandum* language, intended to draw contributions to the missionary societies? If so, it is very wicked. But if it be really genuine and sincere, how melancholy a fanaticism does it display! We shudder at the accounts of devil-worship which come to us from so many mission-fields. We pity the dreary delusion of the Manichees, who enthroned the Evil Principle in heaven. But if we proclaim that God is indeed one, who could decree this more than Moloch sacrifice of the vast majority of his own creatures and children, for no fault or sin of theirs, we revive the error of the Manichees; for the God, whom we preach as a destroyer of the guiltless, can be no God of justice, far less a God of love.

Again, contrasting the Protestant appeals to the baser motives, made by missionaries with the Catholic appeals, he says:—

We do not presume to promise our contributors payment in full in another world, for the money that they contribute here. But we offer them an equivalent in this world. We furnish them with distinction and notoriety, and ample means for glorifying themselves. Thus we pay them, not, like the Pope, in paper, but, like honest tradesmen, in ready money. We give an unnecessary and very expensive prominence to the names of our subscribers, and so encourage Pharisaism; nay, we infuse the evil spirit of religious self-display even into our children, and give them the very debasing taste for seeing their charitable gifts in print. It would be a good deed if some of our missionary societies would remind Master John Smith and Miss Matilda Jones, the contents of whose money-boxes are chronicled in the annual report, that those reports are the veritable street-corners of the nineteenth century, and that the self-display of modern Pharisaism transcends that of its elder sister, in the proportion, in which the publicity of a work of 10,000 or 20,000 copies surpasses that of a village thoroughfare. Nor can we find much to admire in our great public meetings. They are often nothing but a snare to the actors, and a delusion to the audience. What self-display, what vapid oratory, what exaggerated statements, what distorted facts are considered allowable in these assemblies of men associated together for the propagation of the truth!

Incidentally the writer lashes the British public on another ground:—

We are standing, at this moment, in curious circumstances of close alliance, with the nation, whose present state, and real aims, and traditional policy, are most opposite to our own. We, zealots for civil liberty, stand embracing, with a grand flourish of fraternization, the nation that discredited it by its excesses, and then throw it away as a spoilt child might a plaything of a few days old, and cheering, as our most faithful ally, from Dover even unto Aberdeen, the despot who, for his own selfish ends, trode it under foot. We, zealots for religious liberty, have united our forces with the only vigorous nation, which lends its strength to the support of the now decrepit spiritual despotism. The situation is a curious one, and seems unlikely to be very durable.

A poor article on the "Literary Tendencies of France" follows; it is

mainly a panegyric on M. VICTOR COUSIN, who has had the art of securing more "favourable notices of the press" than any other contemporary. The next article, on "Holland and its Martyrs and Heroes," begins with great spirit, but falls into ineffectuality towards the middle. People must be considerably wearied by ROGERS, and articles on ROGERS, by this time; but the paper in the *North British* should not be left unread, for the sake of its graphic touches of the men and things amid which the poet's life was passed; we can only spare space for this curious *rapprochement*:—

Any man who lives ninety-three years is remarkable,—much more a poet who lives ninety-three years,—and more still, a poet who lives ninety-three years in the very centre of the social and literary activity of his country, and in possession of such means as enable him to be in cordial and even influential relations with all. Ninety-three years! Why, it is no insignificant bit of the entire duration of the world! Seventy Samuel Rogerses, at this rate, might shake hands in an unbroken chain up to Adam; twenty would connect us with the commencement of the Christian era; nine would take us back, with room to spare, to the date of the Norman conquest; and three linked together would reach into the age of Shakspeare.

The article on "Microscopes" needs no signature. It contains much information, and a somewhat insufferable display, on Sir DAVID BREWSTER's part, of the inventions, discoveries, suggestions, and improvements of Sir DAVID BREWSTER. Angry with Dr. Carpenter for not mentioning his services with sufficient emphasis, he seems resolved on mentioning them himself.

Blackwood opens with a lively, well-written paper on MACAULAY, not saying anything new, but saying well what it does say. The "Visit to Selborne" will interest all who have, as children or as men, delighted in WHITE's popular work; and those who have been to Ilfracombe will understand the enthusiasm of the writer of "Seaside Studies," in which that lovely bit of the Devonshire coast is described, and the pleasures of the amateur naturalist are set forth in detail. "Tickler among the Thieves" is a continuation of the history of a stolen dog. The review of ARTOUR's new poem opens with an emphatic disclaimer of the current notion that Professor ARTOUR is or was the editor of *Blackwood*. One of the miseries which we journalists and reviewers have to endure, is the conviction that if once a name gets known in connexion with any periodical, that name is at once credited with all the offences which any or all of the contributors may commit. No matter how individual your style, or tone of thought, the fact of your name being known is enough to cause all articles to be affiliated to you. Readers are singularly dull in detecting differences of style, or thought; so that you have attributed to you opinions which all your published and private opinions disavow, and BROWN, whose poem you have never seen, and never mean to read, hates you, with the deep and lasting hate of wounded vanity, for a review which you perhaps have never read. You may be abroad, known to be hundreds of miles away, but still the objectionable child is affiliated to you. And against this there is no remedy; none, at least, but signature.

In *Fraser*, as we have before noticed, the principle of signature is adopted, and with great advantage. Very often the signature is a guarantee; sometimes a warning. For example, it is probable that the majority of readers would have left unread the admirable story of "The Double House," had it not been signed by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and in that case the majority of readers would have missed a real pleasure. We seldom venture on Magazine stories; but the authoress attracted us to this, and will attract every one else. Besides this story *Fraser* has a "Peep into the Principalities," an essay on "Dwarfs and Giants," giving some biographical details of celebrated monsters; a continuation of the dissection of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON; an amusing paper of "Life at the Watercure;" a very curious account of some "Contemporary Literature from the two Sicilies," with other papers which we have not space to notice.

FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789; and on the Causes which led to that Event. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve. Murray.

Few books have an immediate effect on public opinion; but M. de Tocqueville's is one of the few. Though it will not inform, except on points of detail, those persons who have made the French Revolution a subject of philosophical study, it presents for their use a large variety of testimonies and illustrations, arranged according to critical method, and enforced by profound and masterly reasonings. It had not been left, indeed, to M. de Tocqueville to discover the true theory of the unparalleled event of which he undertakes to explain the origin, but he has demonstrated that theory in a manner in which it had never been demonstrated before, and we perceive already a conspicuous effect produced by his argument, at least upon the English mind. All political students, however, whether prepared by their own inquiries to assume the premises established by this commentator on laws and manners, or forced to acknowledge that they have hitherto misunderstood the Revolution, will take up M. de Tocqueville's volume, and read with interest, and with gratification, every page. It is a specimen of deep historical analysis, broad in scope, circumstantial in evidence, illumined by purely logical thought, and based upon purely reliable authorities. M. de Tocqueville is a critic as well as a collector, and this, in addition to qualities of style, constitutes the difference between the compiler and the historian.

M. de Tocqueville writes in contradiction of two errors which we have frequently pointed out, and which have become proverbial in England. The first is, that the French people are naturally addicted to change. He calls them slaves of habit. The second is, that they are a gay people. He

calls their habitual merriment artificial and fallacious. The French of the eighteenth century, he says, were inordinately addicted to joy and pleasure—far more addicted to pleasure and joy than their posterity, but to be weary without amusement, dull without excitement, and sad in the absence of festivity, is indicative less of light-heartedness than of the monotony of mind which seeks continual distraction. Contrasting the character of the nation in the last and in the present century, M. de Tocqueville has this remarkable passage:—

The baseness of mankind is not to be estimated by the degree of their subserviency to a sovereign power: that standard would be an incorrect one. However submissive the French may have been before the Revolution to the will of the king, one sort of obedience was altogether unknown to them: they knew not what it was to bow before an illegitimate and contested power—a power but little honoured, frequently despised, but which is willingly endured because it may be serviceable or because it may hurt. To this degrading form of servitude they were ever strangers. The king inspired them with feelings which none of the most absolute princes who have since appeared in the world have been able to call forth, and which are become incomprehensible to the present generation, so entirely has the Revolution extirpated them from the hearts of the nation. They loved him with the affection due to a father; they revered him with the respect due to God. In submitting to the most arbitrary of his commands they yielded less to compulsion than to loyalty, and thus they frequently preserved great freedom of mind even in the most complete dependence. To them the greatest evil of obedience was compulsion; to us it is the least: the worst is in that servile sentiment which leads men to obey. We have no right to despise our forefathers. Would to God that we could recover, with their prejudices and their faults, something of their greatness!

How, then, did the French people learn to hate royalty, aristocracy, priestly power? M. de Tocqueville has written this book in reply. To say that his exposition leaves the Revolution partly unintelligible, or intelligible only from a consideration of the peculiar character of the French, is, it seems to us, to ignore a large part of his argument, as well as to disparage the importance of that which is an essential object of investigation—the connexion of national character with historical events. Even omitting, however, M. de Tocqueville's estimate of his countrymen—a mere variation of Strabo's character of the Gauls—his plea of reasons suffices to establish the necessity of a Revolution in the last century to change the state of France. It was a mighty protest against the doctrine of human inequality, which had nowhere become so oppressive or so repulsive. It was nowhere so oppressive, because in no other country had feudalism asserted privileges so inconsistent with the general growth of ideas and manners, and it was nowhere so repulsive, because the peasantry, instead of being mediæval serfs, were possessed of intelligence and spirit. The people improved and the government deteriorated. The government at length yielded to the popular impulse, but the nobles and clergy first resisted the government and then seduced it. A great nation hastening to reform was abruptly and treasonably repulsed, and the collision ensued which left monarchy and aristocracy ruined:—

Picture to yourself a French peasant of the eighteenth century, or, I might rather say, the peasant now before your eyes, for the man is the same; his condition is altered, but not his character. Take him as he is described in the documents I have quoted—so passionately enamoured of the soil, that he will spend all his savings to purchase it, and to purchase it at any price. To complete this purchase he must first pay a tax, not to the government, but to other landowners of the neighbourhood, as unconnected as himself with the administration of public affairs, and hardly more influential than he is. He possesses it at last; his heart is buried in it with the seed he sows. This little nook of ground, which is his own in this vast universe, fills him with pride and independence. But again these neighbours call him from his furrow, and compel him to come to work for them without wages. He tries to defend his young crops from their game; again they prevent him. As he crosses the river they wait for his passage to levy a toll. He finds them at the market, where they sell him the right of selling his own produce; and when, on his return home, he wants to use the remainder of his wheat for his own sustenance—of that wheat which was planted by his hands, and has grown under his eyes—he cannot touch it till he has ground it at the mill and baked it at the bakehouse of these same men. A portion of the income of his little property is paid away in quit-rents to them also, and these dues can neither be extinguished nor redeemed.

Whatever he does, these troublesome neighbours are everywhere on his path, to disturb his happiness, to interfere with his labour, to consume his profits; and when these are dismissed, others in the black garb of the Church present themselves to carry off the clearest profit of his harvest. Picture to yourself the condition, the wants, the character, the passions of this man, and compute, if you are able, the stores of hatred and of envy which are accumulated in his heart.

Apply this description to the majority of a numerous people—does it supply slight or powerful reasons for disaffection and resistance? M. de Tocqueville, however, rests his theory on no exceptional or isolated circumstances. Every class of the population, every institution, old or new, changed or unchanged, every privilege and every concession, contribute to loosen the ties of the state and of society. The Church was attacked, because it was a political power, and because France had been the prey of religious wars. The state was attacked, because under it had grown up a system which reversed the natural condition of society. A vast scheme of centralization had lodged enormous power in the hands of the king and his councillors, the thirty masters of requests who governed France. Municipal rights had been abolished, and the principles of the common law had been denounced as inapplicable to the proceedings of government. The court even endeavoured to create for itself a monopoly of journalism, and starting an official gazette, appointed sub-delegates as correspondents in all the provinces.

Hereupon the sub-delegates undertake the task. One of them reported that a smuggler of salt had been hung, and had displayed great courage; another that a woman in his district had been delivered of three girls at a birth; a third that a dreadful storm had occurred, though without doing any mischief. One of them declared that in spite of all his efforts he had been unable to discover anything worth recording, but that he will subscribe himself to so useful a journal, and will exhort all respectable persons to follow his example.

The paper failed, and was as inefficacious as the malignant laws against a free press and free discussion. But the attempts of the clergy and of the nobles to exempt themselves, in an age of new enlightenment, from their

share in the burdens of the state, would alone have sufficed to justify the Revolution. The petition of the noble who wrote, "Your feeling heart will never consent to see the father of a family of my rank, strictly taxed by twentieths like a father of the lower classes," is scarcely surpassed, for impotence, by the assurance of the high-bred lady who said the Divinity would think twice before He condemned a woman of quality. Meanwhile, to the extinction of local liberties, the promotion of the capital, the smoothing of the nation to an even surface—the establishment of equality without freedom, which is the most subtle art of despotism, was added that administrative corruption which led Burke, in his better days, to prophesy a vast convulsion in France:—

It has been reckoned that between the years 1693 and 1790 alone, forty thousand places were created, almost all within the reach of the lower middle class. I have counted that, in 1750, in a provincial town of moderate size, no less than one hundred and nine persons were engaged in the administration of justice, and one hundred and twenty-six in the execution of the judgments delivered by them—all inhabitants of the town.

Of course, every place was sold. A sort of bastard official class was thus created, despised by the nobles, and hated by the people:—

Government having, in its eagerness to turn everything into money, put up to sale most of the public offices, had thus deprived itself of the power of giving or withdrawing those offices at pleasure. Thus one of its passions had considerably impaired the success of another: its rapacity had balanced its ambition. The State was therefore incessantly reduced to act through instruments which it had not forged, and which it could not break. The consequence was that its most absolute will was frequently paralyzed in the execution of it. This strange and vicious constitution of the public offices thus stood instead of a sort of political guarantee against the omnipotence of the central power.

Thus, the source of all corruption was not the source of all authority, and while the people lost their rights the crown lost its power, and France was given over to a privileged Church—a nobility fed upon exemption, and an official caste intent only upon salaries and bribes. Nevertheless, as M. de Tocqueville proves, with emphatic elaboration, the people were not helpless; they had grown too strong for slavery, as well as too intelligent:—

The spirit of the age had begun to penetrate by many ways into these untutored minds; it penetrated by irregular and hidden channels, and assumed the strangest shapes in their narrow and obscure capacities.

M. de Tocqueville arranges the departments of his subject in orderly and connected succession, treating of the position of literary men in this age of isolated classes, and of their authority in politics and religion; of the early development of reform, separated, unhappily, from the idea of liberty; of economical doctrines sought to be imposed without political franchises being conferred; of the exciting character of the remedies adopted by the court; of all the movements, social, ecclesiastical, moral, which preceded the great explosion, and rendered it inevitable.

An exposition so wide, so luminous, and so calm, is seldom given from the pen of any writer, however unprejudiced, however largely informed. M. de Tocqueville is not a pedant; but he is a rare historical scholar, and illustrates every aspect of his subject by the aid of regular and well applied research. Unlike many writers, besides knowing where to find his materials, he knows how to use them. Any bibliographer is competent to dig up forgotten authorities; but if he would be more than an amasser of evidence, he must be, as M. de Tocqueville is, a philosopher.

Some interesting points have not been noticed by M. de Tocqueville. We mean the attempt of the Duke of Orleans, after the death of Louis XIV., to establish seven reigning councils of state; the ravages of the plague, in 1720, from Marseilles to Montpellier, which long left an indelible impress on the state of the peasantry; the insurrection of the Beauvois, which is barely glanced at; the stupendous public debt contracted by Louis XIV.; the demoralization of the court, which cannot have been without its effect; the age of poison; the Parc-aux Cerfs and the Petit Trianon; the Spintrian mysteries of Louis XV.; the prodigality of his successor, by which even Colbert was terrified; the confusion of finances; the propagation of strange and destructive ideas, which worked into the popular mind, and prepared it for the teachings of D'Alembert, Diderot, and Helvetius.

But M. de Tocqueville's argument, though fragmentary—necessarily so because the subject is illimitable—is of noble proportions, and is itself sufficient to explain the French Revolution. We could not recommend it more earnestly, as a treatise to be studied by every serious reader, than by saying that an attentive perusal of M. de Tocqueville's book will in future form a necessary element of political education.

ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL.

On Foot Through Tyrol, in the Summer of 1855. By Walter White, Author of "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End." Chapman and Hall.

"On Foot Through Tyrol, in July, 1855," would have been the accurate title to this book, since Mr. White was only there during the month of July, in which time, as he informs us, he had "travelled more than two thousand miles, of which four hundred and twenty on foot, at a cost, including everything, of less than fourteen pounds." We are particular in stating the time occupied, because it limits the expectations of the reader. No one will demand, from so rapid a visit, anything beyond the most superficial account of the places and people. There is a certain freshness in Mr. White's book. He is not the regular tourist, nor the regular tour-writer. He goes modestly on foot, and his style also goes on foot; he avoids expensive hotels, everything like display; and in writing he avoids expansive rhetoric, or philosophic disquisition. It is evident that he greatly enjoyed his walk; and we fancy most readers will gallop through his volume without fatigue. It is very slight, sketchy, mere rapid notes such as are jotted down in a journal, full of the trivialities of the day, which seem not trivial when they occur. There are some graphic pages on Hofer and the Tyrolese insurrections; but

the bulk of the book is made up of Mr. White's own daily sights and doings. Occasionally we get a rapid glimpse of the peasants; the pleasantest of which we extract:—

Here I was glad to stay and dine, after my long walk and early breakfast. Friday's rigour was in full force: nothing available but eggs, bread, and butter. In hot weather I like to drop an uncooked egg into half a tumbler of wine, and enjoy the smooth, delicious coolness as it slips down the throat, and had recourse to the process on this occasion, greatly to the astonishment of the landlord and his family. Never had they heard of eggs being eaten in that way. The wine has an agreeable flavour; but must be drunk on the spot, as it will not bear transport. For a quart, and six eggs, and as much bread and butter as I could eat—which was not a little, under the circumstances—I paid forty-six kreutzers—fifteen pence only. Moreover, on producing my coin, the worthy folk told me the zwanziger was reckoned as thirty kreutzers in the Val Sole, which was to me a saving of fifty per cent.; and I think the fact worth mentioning, as a proof that in one part of the world honesty dwells with inn-keepers.

I was an object of curiosity to the hostess; she walked round and round me, at a little distance, inspecting me from head to foot, making now and then a remark to her daughter, who sat by the window sewing. Then she took up the skirt of my coat, examined it on both sides, and expressed her astonishment at the fineness of the cloth. Did everybody in England wear such? The alpaca lining puzzled her. What was it? She had never seen the like before. Was it silk? Such a coat must cost very much money. And she was still more astonished when I told her that most people in England wore better coats; mine being only a cheap one, for rough work among the mountains. "What then must the finest be!" she exclaimed.

Facing the damsel at the window sat a lover, after the manner of Dumbiedikes, with hands in pockets, mouth a little open, and half-closed eyes, watching his betrothed as she plied her needle. Not a word did he speak; but every five minutes during my two hours' stay he went through the effort of taking a pinch of snuff. I was determined to make him talk if possible, and put a question. The answer came with a struggle; but the second was easier, and after that, as he could speak a queer kind of Italianized German, we got on pretty well. He had been working on the railway being made from Verona to Trent and Botzen; and finding the heat intolerable, and having a dread of cholera, had thought it desirable to treat himself to a holiday in the cooler temperature of Vermigliano.

"Of course, not to see your sweetheart," I said: whereupon he looked silly, and translated my remark into Italian, for the damsel's benefit. She retorted with a few words that made him look yet sillier.

"But it's frightfully hot down at Trent," he rejoined, turning to me, and in his excitement actually taking one hand from his pocket.

I asked him if he had ever heard of the man who could eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but whose strength failed him when he came to work? which he also rendered into the vernacular; and when the dark-cheeked maiden heard it, she almost rolled off the chair with laughing. The merriment spread: a woman who had come in to buy bread took it up; the cocks and hens that were walking in and out set up a lively cackle; and I quite won the landlady's heart by holding her baby, a plump, black-eyed boy, while she served the customer. He had a good lesson in English romps before he went back to the maternal arms; so that when, soon afterwards, I slung on my knapsack and prepared to depart, I was entreated to eat the remaining six eggs, the other half-loaf, and the rest of the butter, without further payment. I quoted our adage—"Enough is enough;" and with comprehensive hand-shakings took my farewell.

Is it not primitive?

To have made a book out of this rapid journey, Mr. White needed far higher qualifications than he possesses. He cannot describe. There are no pictures in his book, only the intimation that he has seen pictures. Nor has he any of that rich store which the incidents of the day could call out naturally and pleasantly, so as to make the most trivial walk a lasting enjoyment to the reader. Think of what Rousseau has done with his account of a walk through Switzerland! Think of what Ruskin does with the merest ramble along a mountain pass! Without being either Rousseau or Ruskin, a writer might have produced a fascinating book, where Mr. White has simply produced one which is read without fatigue and forgotten as soon as read. Any one about to walk through Tyrol may put it in his knapsack; but to no one else will it be useful. We conclude with this account of the Tyrolean rifle-shooters:—

On leaving Bieherwier, I had heard at intervals reports of rifle-shooting, and the sharp, quick, rattling echoes among the hills, and here, at Leermoos, saw the "Shooting Stand" occupied by a party in full practice; exercise with the national weapon being one of the Sunday recreations in Tyrol. The Stand is a small stone building by the road-side, at the outskirts of the village, with an upper floor partitioned into compartments, open on the side looking towards the hills. The target, a hundred yards distant, is affixed to a screen of thick pine logs, behind which the attendant, who wears a red jacket, conceals himself when the bullets are coming. In each compartment stands a shooter with his rifle, and the umpire sits in the central one, with a sheet of ruled paper before him, scoring the results; and on a long table in the room behind them lay hammers, screw-drivers, ramrods, powder-flasks, bullet-moulds, and other implements, all of which I saw on mounting the stair. As my presence appeared to give no offence, I waited to see the practice. The man on the right being ready to fire, the umpire blew his whistle; Red-jacket whistled in reply, and disappeared behind the screen. Cr-r-rack! went the rifle, and immediately Red-jacket darting forth, looked at the target, held up his hand with one or more fingers erect, making a signal, which the umpire recorded forthwith by a stroke of his pencil, and, blowing his whistle, the next man fired, then the next, and so all along the row. There seemed something sprite-like about Red-jacket, for out he sprang, looking at the target and holding up his hand, almost at the instant of pulling the trigger. Then, after two or three rounds in this way, came the "Probierschuss,"—proof-shot, a trial of skill between the two best marksmen. Not one missed the target, and scarcely a shot but struck within the small circle, while some pierced the bull's-eye. Old targets hang around the room as trophies, with all the centre of the bull's-eye shot clean away. As each man fired he drew back to the table to load, and a good-humoured conversation was kept up, except at the moment of firing, when every one remained silent, with eyes fixed on the target, watching for Red-jacket's signal. The rifles are of an old-fashioned make, the stocks thin and flat, deeply curved for the shoulder, and highly ornamented; some of them heirlooms, prized beyond treasure.

As I left the Stand, another party of shooters came up, among whom a lad of sixteen, carrying his piece with all the confidence of one familiar in its use, contrasted well with a grey-haired old man, who, although stiff and slow in gait, had a quick bright eye: youth and age meeting in the same emulous trial. The veteran looked as if he could tell something about "Anno Nine; and his rifle, every part bright with affectionate polishing, was of a singularly antiquated form.

SUMMER STORIES.

The Quadroon; or, A Lover's Adventures in Louisiana. By Captain Mayne Reid. 3 vols. (G. W. Hyde.)—We have lately indicated the standard which appears to us the fairest by which to try three-volume novelists: the standard of the circulating library. According to this test, Captain Mayne Reid is a successful author. Whatever he writes is sure to be read; he is incessantly animated, varied, picturesque. He invents situations, dashes off characters (not very characteristic), and weaves double or triple plots with inexhaustible facility; and his stories, withal, are not very pretentious. When a Mr. S. W. Fulloom pretends to portray the Man of the World, and to bring a blush upon the face of society, you are simply amused by the farcical effort; but when Captain Mayne Reid announces nine hundred pages of a lover's adventures in Louisiana, you predict a vigorous, healthy, romantic tale, vividly though roughly written, abounding in stirring incidents, in some way true to nature, and, at all events, cleverly worked up and coloured. *The Quadroon* is an exemplification of this peculiar style. It is intensely American—fresh as a prairie breeze, bright as prairie flowers. Palace-like hotels and steamboats, planters' villas, negro cabins and other New World interiors, lustrous landscapes painted over with tropical vegetation, wild river scenes, and harrowing anecdotes of slavery are wrought into the gaudy tissue with a good deal of skill and no little effect. In purport, the novel has a resemblance to Mrs. Stowe's; but, Captain Reid informs us, the plot and the action had been sketched before "a recent work" appeared. However, the admirers of *Uncle Tom* may find something to their taste in *The Quadroon*, which, evincing little knowledge of pure literary art, has been cleverly adapted to its object—that of amusing the general novel reader.

Adelaide, Queen of Italy; or, The Iron Crown: an Historical Tale. By W. B. MacCabe. (Dolman.)—We beg leave to introduce to our readers Mr. William Bernard MacCabe. He has written four books—*Bertha*, *Florence*, *A Catholic History of England*, and *Adelaide, Queen of Italy*. We have read the English part of the last-named book, but we are not bound to read what monastic chroniclers have written in bad Latin, or monastic poets in worse; still less can we compare MacCabe with Luitrand, or the casuistry of his heroes with the dogmatics of Escobar. But the impression produced by his new volume is that of a rambling, overworked story, intensely melodramatic, false to history, and supremely unreadable. The incidents belong to the tenth century, though intended as illustrations in aid of the student of our own times. Mr. MacCabe, so far as we can understand him, venerates the reigning Emperor of Austria as an imperial apostle, a primitive Christian sanctified by ointment and purple.

Ailey Moore: a Tale of the Times. By Father Baptist. (Dolman.)—We shall not affect to criticize a book like *Ailey Moore*. The title page sets forth the promise of a tale, showing how "murder, and suchlike pastimes are managed in Ireland." Father Baptist undertakes, besides describing romantically, many striking incidents, "to inculcate principles of great importance, and to correct errors of mischievous tendency." The story begins badly; but we have not ascertained how it ends.

Zoe; or, The Quadroon's Triumph: a Tale for the Times. By Mrs. E. D. Livermore. 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)—This is another novel in which slavery figures—though in its less repulsive form. It is not the romance of scourges, quivering limbs, Rosas blushing, bleeding, and trembling. The story is conducted principally in Europe, and the scenes of coloured life refer, for the most part, to simple homes and pleasant affections. Mrs. Livermore's manner is conventional, yet her book is not without originality and character.

Wolfsden: an Authentic Account of Things There, and Thereunto Pertaining. By J. B. (Sampson Low.)—J. B. commences a chapter with this apostrophe: "Muse, who, from the floating filaments of transient memory, spinnest the thread of faithful history, let thy descriptions be brief, lest thy lagging tale tire the courteous reader." The courteous reader is then told of "a wild rush of warring winds," of a "pitiful dribbler of drams," and "lots of sublimated sentiment." If, passing on, he ventures deeper into the shadows of *Wolfsden*, a vision of wax and crystal will open before him, with "the splendid Erycina, tapping the time with her taper foot," filling you "with the splendour of soft inviting beauty," "a form moulded in graceful loveliness, the perfection of nature and art;" with fire thrilling from her fingers, "bounding in maddening ecstasy through the voluptuous dance." Then, Erycina, ten times called "the splendid," retires dangerously with Alek behind an Indian screen, sings "the song of Messalina," and, with the author, becomes positively "supernatural," or, as we think, improper.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By H. D. Thoreau. (Trübner.)—Here we have a very agreeable series of natural and social studies, fresh in matter and style, with many entertaining anecdotes, and sketches of forest life in America. It is excellent, as a picture of young-settlement manners.

Mary Thomas; or, Dissent at Evenly: a Tale.—*Hobson's Choice: a Tale.* (J. W. Parker.)—We have more than once noticed the series to which these little volumes belong. We have described it as didactic but clever. Really, however, if "stories for the people" can be nothing more than vehicles of the most narrow-minded and uncharitable virulence, we do not see what good the writers propose to effect. *Hobson's Choice* is harmless enough, being without beginning, end, or meaning. But *Dissent at Evenly* reminds us of *The Politician* in the same series. In *The Politician* a working man is represented sinking to ruin because he is infected by the desire to possess a vote, and this astonishing syllogism is presented to prove that an artisan should have nothing to do with politics:—"Suppose a statesman were to intrude into a factory and pretend to direct the workmen, would not that be impertinent? Then why should a workman pretend to interfere in affairs of state?" We imagine that when it is necessary to delude a full-grown man, or a well-grown child, the delusion must be a little less trashy. So in the religious chronicle of *Evenly*. A quiet village comes to distraction; one person is ruined, another goes mad; crime and sorrow evict peace and virtue, and all because "those dissenters" have invaded our parish. A better word may be said for *Amy Grant; or, The One Motive* (J. W. Parker), a tale designed principally for the teachers of the children of the poor. It is exclusive in spirit, but religiously and sweetly written.

Harry Ogilvie; or, the Black Dragoons. By James Grant. (Routledge.)—Mr. Grant's new novel, contributed to Routledge's successful original series, is noisy and violent,—as noisy as a tocsin, and as violent as a battle. Readers who enjoy the peculiar style of language and of plot employed by this writer will find *Harry Ogilvie* as much to their taste as any of his former productions. It is as varied, as full of adventure, as exciting, and is, perhaps, more original and more picturesquely written than *The Yellow Frigate*.

Helen Lincoln: a Tale. By Carrie Capron. (Sampson Low.)—*Helen Lincoln* purports to be a story of private life—"the still sad music of humanity"—melancholy in tone, with glimpses of love and delight. It is unquestionably the work of a tender and simple nature, not bent on fine sayings or mysterious convolutions of plot. A more mature judgment would have suppressed some passages of exaggerated description, and of sentiment convulsively expressed.

Compensation: a Tale of Real Life Thirty Years Ago. (J. W. Parker.)—All tales, we assume, are tales of life, whether real or not. *Compensation*, however, professes to treat of strict realities, whether or not successfully depends upon the reader's appreciation of the writer's idea. That writer, we infer, is a lady, who has an intense and perpetual consciousness that she is writing. She is, to a praiseworthy extent, free from affectations of feeling, and from those theatrical antipathies about small incomes and humble homes, which render Mrs. Gore, and others of her school, the delight of day-dreaming youths and maids. But we protest against her theory, which is that Linda, the self-controlled, powerful-minded heroine, is compensated for her first married life of serene torpidity—the sacrifice of soul to duty—by the convenient death of the unloved husband, and the resurrection of the unmarried lover. We didn't like the Agnes and Dora idea in *David Copperfield*, and it is not more attractive as reversed in *Compensation*. However, though containing not many incidents, and exhibiting little play of emotion, the story presents some situations of strong interest, dramatically suggested, albeit illustrative of the antique elements of romance—death-bed scenes, forgery, villainy vaulted over by deceit, malignant passions, ambitious plans, and mortmain wills. The aristocracy are largely engaged, but among the coroneted "characters" we recognize, by certain unmistakable features, the breakfasts, rather than the human traits, of Samuel Rogers. His name is Roland; he has a picture-gallery; he is a poet of the sweet South; his breakfasts are charming, and we detect, at last, the great original. *Compensation* is cleverer than the average of novels; but the author has much to learn and to unlearn.

The Enigma: a Leaf from the Archives of Wolcherley House. By An Old Chonieler. (J. W. Parker.)—*The Enigma* remains an enigma; but it is curiously and elaborately written. The author reminds us of an ivory-carver, tracing quaint and complex figures with strange art and patience, yet producing a very false effect. The first page betrays a sensuous fancy (not impure), and this characteristic is sustained throughout.

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

The Red River Settlement: its Rise, Progress, and Present State; with some Account of the Native Races and its General History to the Present Day. By Alexander Ross. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. Ross is already known to the English reader by his interesting work on *The Fur Hunters of the Far West*, a work full of the stirring incidents and adventures peculiar to a life amid the solitudes of North America. The success which this book met with has induced him to produce a second, no less interesting—a history of the settlement with which he was so long associated. In it he has given us pictorial sketches of the dangers and disasters, the toils and the sufferings which the first immigrants underwent, and traced the development of this little colony step by step until he arrives at its actual condition.

Those who are familiar with the history of colonization—especially at the commencement of the seventeenth century—know the varied disappointments and sufferings that tracked the steps of the colonists from the time of Smith downwards. One of the most painful attempts that have since been made is perhaps that of the Red River Settlement; and we cannot follow the narrative of so much suffering without admiration for the perseverance of the sufferers, though we must admit that much of their privations was the consequence of their own misconduct and mismanagement. Red River is one of the feeders of Lake Winnipeg, and situated at the southern extremity of the lake. So early as 1811 Lord Selkirk purchased of the Hudson's Bay Company a large tract of land on the western shores of the lake for the purpose of colonizing it. In 1812 he persuaded several Scotch families, called the first brigade, to emigrate to this desolate wild region which bordered on the American frontiers. A few hours, however, had scarcely elapsed after their arrival in the land of their adoption, before an array of armed men of grotesque mould, painted, disfigured, and dressed in the savage costume of the country, warned them that they were unwelcome visitors. They were ordered to depart, and, being too weak to resist, retired to Pembina, another settlement seventy miles distant, which they reached after suffering intense privations from cold, weariness, and hunger. At Pembina they remained the winter, living on a scanty supply of fish, roots, and berries; but when the spring returned, took heart and resumed their settlement on the Red River. They cultivated the ground, and sowed the corn, but with difficulty preserved their harvest from the birds. They were, however, compelled, as the winter came on, to retire to Pembina again, their provisions being insufficient to last through that inclement season. But at Pembina the settlers were reduced to the utmost destitution, being obliged to barter away their clothing for food, many of them frosted, half-naked, and so discouraged, that they resolved when they left it never to return to this settlement again.

The year 1814, however, was a still more disastrous year. The jealousy and enmity of the Indians—the Chippeway or Saulteaux, and the Killistino or Cree—instigated by the agents of the North-West Company, the rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company, led to acts of open hostility against

the settlers. Encounters were provoked, the settlement burnt to the ground, and the whole body of colonists driven from the colony. The Hudson's Bay Company now interfered; the remnant was brought back from exile, whilst Lord Selkirk used his influence to induce a second body of emigrants to set out from Scotland to join their brethren in the wilderness. The arrival of more emigrants only added fresh fuel to the hostile feuds and lawless proceedings of the rival companies. One fine morning, the North-Westerns, upwards of three hundred strong, appeared before the settlement, mounted on horseback, and armed with various weapons, such as guns, spears, and tomahawks, or bows and arrows. The Governor of the settlement advanced with a party of twenty-eight to meet them, and inquire the object of their visit. A merciless volley was the answer discharged upon the advancing party. Twenty-five of the settlers fell, and the triumph of the North-Westerns was complete. They then ransacked the houses, and would have massacred the inhabitants but for the heroic interposition of one of their own chiefs. The goods of the settlers, however, were pillaged, and the whole colony driven into exile. Lord Selkirk, who was advancing with an armed force of a hundred disbanded soldiers of the De Meuron Regiment, whom he had mustered, seized Fort William, the grand depot and head-quarters of the North-West Company. This act of retaliation proved a death-blow to the Company. The exiles were restored, order was re-established, and before Lord Selkirk left, the colonists took heart again, and began to busy themselves in repairing the damage that had been done. The results of the harvest were most cheering; forty-fold was a common return, and, in one case, for a bushel of barley sown fifty-six were reaped. Still, they had sown but little, and were compelled to winter at Pembina. The journey thither, across the snow, and where they were exposed day and night to the fierce storms of a Hudson's Bay winter, the cold at the time ranging between 35° to 40° below zero, made their sufferings almost beyond human endurance, to which also must be added their scanty supply of provisions, for often, when the last mouthful was consumed, and their children crying for more, they knew not how or where the next morsel was to come from. Their stay at Pembina, in spite of their hopes, was much on a par with their former experience. The spring of 1818 saw them return to their own settlement; the seed they had for the purpose was sown, and in the fulness of time the promise of a speedy and abundant harvest appeared, when, alas! in one night, a cloud of grasshoppers came up, and almost every particular grain was devoured. "This sudden and unexpected disaster was more than they could bear. The emigrants, looking up to heaven, wept." Necessity compelled them to retreat once more to Pembina, notwithstanding the remembrance of their former sufferings. The year 1819, however, saw them again at work on their own fields, sowing the little quantity of grain they were able to save from the destruction of the grasshoppers. The larvæ, however, deposited by the insects of the previous year, produced swarms of a new generation that overran the fields in some places two, three, and four inches deep. They could be shovelled away with a spade; every vegetable substance, as well as the leaves and barks of trees, were either eaten up or stripped to the bare stalk; the water was poisoned; even fires, if kindled out of doors, were immediately extinguished, and the decomposition of their bodies when dead proved more offensive than their presence when alive.

The reader must not suppose that all these privations are entirely to be attributed to the Indians or to Providence. Drunkenness, wastefulness, and dishonesty in their governor, a painful picture of which Mr. Ross gives us, were among the principal causes. After ten years of painful struggling on, the tide turned. A new governor was sent out, the North-West Company was merged into the Hudson's Bay Company, hostilities ceased, and prosperity, as far as the follies and squabbles of the colonists themselves would let it, appeared—religious differences and difficulties being not the least. Of course, as Mr. Ross is a factious Presbyterian, the other denominations receive all the abuse and blame.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.

The Works of Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theognis. Literally translated into English Prose, with copious Notes, by the Rev. J. Banks, M.A., Head Master of Ludlow School. To which are appended the Metrical Translations of Elton, Tytler, and Frere. Bohn.

Specimens of Greek Anthology. Translated by Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor. Author of "Indian Leisure."

Flowers and Flower-Gardens. By David Lester Richardson, Principal of the Hindu Metropolitan College. With an Appendix of Practical Instructions and Useful Information respecting the Anglo-Indian Flower-Garden. Calcutta: D'Rozario and Co.

History of the Anglo-Saxons: from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. Compiled from the best Authorities, including Sharon Turner. By Thomas Miller. Bohn.

Our National Sincere; or, a Word on, to, and for, the Working Classes. By Stephen Shirley. Horsell and Shirreffs.

Lessons in General Knowledge: an Elementary Reading Book. By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.A.S., &c. Longman.

Tennyson's "Maud" Vindicated: An Explanatory Essay. Jarrold and Sons.

The Two Lights. By the Author of "Struggles for Life." W. and F. G. Cash.

THE first of these books (a volume of Mr. Bohn's Classical Library) will be found of great service to those who wish to know more of the mythology of ancient Greece than can be gathered from "Pantheons," or "Classical Dictionaries." Hesiod's "Theogony" comes to us like a voice from the first ages—a revelation of the infancy of the world, when awful gods and goddesses glimmered about in the dusk forests, or sat on the long slopes of the mountains, uttering music, or made gigantic war with the half-divine sons of earth, or drove in swift chariots over the wastes of sea. It is poetry in itself, and has been the father of much poetry in later writers: among other things, it is easy to see that Milton's description of the contest between the rebel angels and the hosts of heaven, in *Paradise Lost*, is derived in some measure from Hesiod's account of the Titan war, a portion of which, in Mr. Banks's translation, we here append:—

Thus spake he: and the gods, givers of good, applauded, when they had heard his speech: and their spirit was eager for battle still more than before, and they stirred up unhappy strife all of them, females as well as male, on that day, both Titan gods, and as many as had sprung from Cronus, and they whom Jove sent up to light from Erebus, beneath the earth, terrible and strong, having overweening force. From the shoulders of these, a hundred hands outsprung to all alike, and to each fifty heads grew from their shoulders over their sturdy limbs. They then were pitted against the Titans in deadly combat, holding huge rocks in their sturdy hands. But the Titans on the other side made strong their squadrons with alacrity, and both parties were showing work of hand and force at the same time, and the boundless sea re-echoed terribly, and earth resounded loudly, and broad heaven groaned, being shaken, and vast Olympus was convulsed from its base under the violence of the immortals, and a severe quaking came to murky Tartarus, namely, a hollow sound of countless chase of feet, and of strong battle-strokes: to such an extent, I ween, did they hurl groan-causing weapons. And the voice of both parties reached to starry heaven, as they cheered: for they came together with a great war-cry.

Nor longer, in truth, did Jove restrain his fury, but then forthwith his heart was filled with fierceness, and he began also to exhibit all his force: then, I wot, from heaven and from Olympus together he went forth, lightening continually: and the bolts close together with thunder and lightning flew duly from his sturdy hand, whirling a sacred flash, in frequent succession, while all around life-giving Earth was crashing in conflagration, and the immense forests on all sides crackled loudly with fire. All land was boiling, and Ocean's streams, and the barren sea: warm vapour was circling the earth-born Titans, and the incessant blaze reached the divine dense-atmosphere, whilst flashing radiance of thunderbolt and lightning was bereaving their eyes of sight, strong heroes though they were. Fearful heat likewise possessed Chaos: and it seemed to look at, face to face, with the eye, and to hear the sound with the ear, just as if earth and broad heaven from above were threatening to meet (for such an exceeding crash would have arisen from earth falling in ruins, and heaven dashing it down from above). Such a din there rose when the gods clashed in strife. The winds too at the same time were stirring up quaking and dust together, thunder and lightning and smoking bolt, shafts of the mighty Jove; and they were bearing shout and battle-cry into the midst, one of another, then a terrible noise of dreadful strife was roused, strength of prowess was put forth, and the battle was inclined: but before that time assailing one another, they were fighting incessantly in stern conflict. Now the others, I wot, among the first ranks roused the keen fight, Cottus, Briareus, and Gyes insatiable in war, who truly were hurling from sturdy hands three hundred rocks close upon each other, and they had overshadowed the Titans with missiles, sent them 'neath the broad-wayed earth, and bound them in irksome bonds (having conquered them with their hands, over-haughty though they were), as far beneath under earth as heaven is from the earth, for equal is the space from earth to murky Tartarus.

A great many foot-notes, containing the verbal criticisms of the most eminent scholars, are added to the text. Mr. Banks's English is nervous and picturesque; but "the metrical translations of Elton, Tytler, and Frere," are not so satisfactory.

A thin pamphlet, entitled *Specimens of Greek Anthology*, but without any publisher's name, lies before us. The author states that his object is "to offer some specimens of translations from the minor Greek poets," including some trifles which have never before been rendered into English. These amount to nearly two-thirds of the collection, and "form but a small portion of the materials for a larger work." Major Macgregor says he does not claim to be a Greek scholar, but that he has always been fond of Greek Anthology. His little book, therefore, must be regarded as the work of a lover of the minor Greek classics; and, as such, it will be found pleasant and companionable.

Leaves brown as the skin of a Hindu beauty, and the peculiar odour of India paper, are two noticeable characteristics of *Flowers and Flower-Gardens*, a volume from Calcutta, which invites our attention by its subject. It is a pleasant, gossiping collection of facts and fancies about flowers, the original prose parts of which are largely interspersed with quotations (good and bad) from the writings of the poets touching the matter in hand. Mr. Richardson himself also does a little in the verse-writing line, and has favoured us with some specimens, in which there is a certain domestic sweetness and amiability. The author's prose style has too much of colonial diffuseness and conventionality, and his thoughts are sometimes the worse for previous wear; but the book is an agreeable miscellany, nevertheless, written in the friendly spirit proper to such a subject. There is something, also, very touching in the exile's frequent regrets for his native country.

The third edition of Mr. Miller's historical work, *History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest*, now forms one of Mr. Bohn's illustrated series of standard books, or books which he desires to make standard. The illustrations are by Mr. William Harvey, and are interesting as conveying a notion of Anglo-Saxon costume and architecture, but are deformed by the affectation and mannerism peculiar to the artist. Of Mr. Miller's history, we can say no more than that it is an industrious compilation of facts, and condensation of unwieldy and scattered materials, touching our ancestors at a period of our history which is little studied, but which, on many accounts, is very interesting. His method of writing history, however, is, as we conceive, a mistake. He thinks that he is bound to make it pretty and ornamental, because other writers have made it dull. No doubt, the dry-as-dust school is a great mistake; but it is also a mistake to pen elaborate and sentimental descriptions after the fashion of fifth-rate historical romance-writers. For instance, this account of the gradual disappearance of Paganism from among the ancient Britons, and of the rise of Christianity:—

Few and far between, in the dim groves, whose silent shadows remained undisturbed, the tall grass climbed and drooped about the neglected altar of the druids, and on the huge stone where the holy fire once burned, the grey lichen and the green moss now grew. Even the Roman sentinel, as he paced to and fro behind the lofty battlement, sometimes halted in the midst of his measured march, and leaned on his spear to listen to the low "Hallelujah" which came floating with faint sound upon the air, as if fearful of awakening the spirit of some angry idolater. In the stars which pave the blue floor of heaven, men began to trace the form of the cross, and to see the spirit of the dove in the white moonlight that threw its silver upon the face of the waters, for Britain already numbered amongst her slaughtered sons those who had suffered martyrdom for the love they bore to their crucified Redeemer. Under the shadow of the Roman eagles had marched soldiers, proud that they bore on their hearts the image of the cross of Christ. In spite of the decree of Diocletian, the

Gospel sound still spread, and around the bleeding head of the British martyr St. Alban there shone a glory which eclipsed all the ancient splendour of Rome.

History may be made vivid, life-like, and attractive, without this flagrant work.

In *Our National Sins*, Mr. Shirley has looked abroad over the painful field of working-class life—its struggles, its sufferings, its frequent poverty, its ignorance, and its mistakes—and now seeks to give the labourer and the artisan the benefit of his meditations and experience. He writes from an Exeter Hall point of view; his style is weak and sloppy; and we do not see that any additional light is thrown on the most important of social questions—the condition of the workman. In that surprising and ghastly spirit of jocularity which now and then breaks forth from those who, for the most part, are "seriously" inclined, Mr. Shirley writes this singular jest with respect to the children of drunken artisans:—"Their little hearts, and often heads too, [are] nearly broken." We cannot say that Mr. Shirley's volume contains anything of striking value; but it is written in a spirit of benevolence, and may set working men thinking for themselves of their misfortunes and their faults, and of the best means of removing the one and amending the other.

A wide extent of knowledge is embraced in Mr. Mann's little volume of *Lessons in General Knowledge*, and the mode of description is clear, concise, and intelligible—the very thing that an elementary book should be. The work is a small cyclopædia made easy.

Dr. Mann also appears as a literary critic. He has put forward a small pamphlet under the title of *Tennyson's "Maud" Vindicated: An Explanatory Essay*. Disgusted by what he conceives to be shallow and incompetent criticism, Dr. Mann—after administering a preliminary rap to the knuckles of reviewers in general, for the "uncertainty" and "instability" of their views, and for their having failed to make a science of criticism—enters into a minute analysis of the story, moral purpose, imagery, style, and versification of *Maud*, leaving scarcely a line without close examination, and scarcely a thought or expression without elucidatory comment. The result is, that he thinks *Maud* perfect, and the critics blockheads. Dr. Mann has considerable acumen and perception of literary power, and his "Vindication" certainly exhibits the absurdity of the more violent attacks on the poem which were spluttered forth immediately upon its appearance; but his enthusiasm sometimes carries him away. It was no doubt preposterous to allege, as some of our contemporaries alleged, that Tennyson's poem was the mere raving of a disordered mind. A poet such as the Laureate would hardly toss together a heap of showy words without any central meaning or principle of connexion; and it argues little apprehension of poetry in any critic to deny that *Maud* contains passages of such consummate beauty, both of thought, sentiment, expression, and music, that gratitude, not admiration, is the fittest word to express their effect upon a mind capable of apprehending them. But Dr. Mann has failed in convincing us that there are not certain extravagances both of idea and manner in the poem; and that the concluding division, denunciatory of "the long, long canker of peace," is not a purblind mistake. This little book of "Vindication," however, has shown the fine consistent web of the poem, and brought out its many beauties; and it is but fair to say that we have derived pleasure from its perusal.

The Two Lights.—From poetical criticism to spiritual criticism. This neat volume in green is a religious story, intended for the consolation of all "good young men" and the reform of all those who have gone astray—and specially, as we take it, for our own exhortation and conversion. On first opening the book, and running over the pages, there tumbled out a little piece of bluish paper, of the size and general appearance of those small scraps which butchers are wont to skewer on purchased joints, and which, scribbled over with obscure characters, are supposed, by a domestic fiction, to describe the weight &c., of the meat, for the information of the housewife or cook. This ticket bore the words—"See p. 84." We referred to p. 84, and found that it contained the conclusion of an account, given by one of the characters, of a free-thinking lecture, "levelled against 'superstition,'" by which, of course, he (the lecturer) meant Christianity; and, a little further down, a rhapsody on Smithfield Market, delivered, right off-hand, by an enthusiastic gentleman in the pens, who, being asked by a stranger what place that is, replies that it is "a place memorable on earth, and not unheard of in heaven." It will be observed, in the first of these passages, that the pious writer at once assumes that a denunciation of "superstition" must necessarily be a denunciation of "Christianity," as if, for him, there were no distinction. But what has all this to do with us? The character alluded to proceeds to say that his conscience rebuked him, after hearing the lecture, because he was "coward enough to keep quiet, when he could easily have silenced the raving infidel." Does the author think that there is anything in this specially adapted to our wicked selves? If so, it is lost upon us; we cannot perceive it. But we can perceive that the book is foolish and shallow, and, while assuming to combat anti-Bibleolatry, displays an astounding ignorance of the arguments upon which anti-Bibleolatry is based. The reader shall have a specimen of the kind of Christianity which the author professes. A "good young man" and a free-thinker are arguing; when the good young man tells the free-thinker to beware of "the dangers that are before him." The latter retorts that "Christians" are always attempting to frighten their adversaries with "future terrors"; to which the former rejoins:—

If there be such Christians as you speak of, and I fear there are, I think them very unwise. But I did not allude to "future terrors" when I spoke of dangers. We are young men, James, having to make our way in the world, especially in my case is this true, for I have not, as you have, a father to be my friend and counsellor; and I do not think it wise on our part, even on the low ground of selfish temporary interests, to give up any doctrine or principle, whether it be merely human, or whether it pretend to be of Divine origin, which helps us in the path of morality, honour, integrity, and prosperity.

The book before us is one of those which we fear can have no effect but to create selfish bigots on the one hand, or, on the other, to drive the reader into that dreary materialism and deadness to the Divine which is the legitimate antithesis of a worldly-wise fanaticism.

LATTER-DAY POETRY.

THE latest development of poetry indicates, as we conceive, an approach or assimilation to the characteristics of music. In this fact consists its strength and its weakness, its peculiar excellences and its characteristic defects. Our poets seem bent on astounding us with strange new harmonies of words; with wild experiments of rhythm, having for their object a more obviously lyrical expression, and a more direct analogy with the varied modulations of the musical art. More and more do they appeal to emotion; less and less to intellect. Some fierce and all-transmuting passion—some isolated mood of love or grief, rage or madness, joy or despair—some abstraction of feelings morbidly acute, and addressing the reader's sympathies by a kind of quivering, palpitating intensity—are what our modern verse-writers chiefly aim at producing; and this, not by direct description, or the regular sequence of a narrative, but in the way that music effects the same result—by a subtle hinting of the details of passion, conveyed in the flux and reflux of emotion. A tale is not *told*; it is *implied*. Narrative poetry is almost extinct; but ballads—such as those which were sung of old, when poetry hardly existed apart from music, and when the minstrel or troubadour was as much a vocal and instrumental performer as an author—are again poured forth with exhaustless fertility. Epics are hardly attempted. The tragic drama has dwindled down to a nonentity; philosophical and didactic poetry vanished with Wordsworth (for Tennyson, though full of thought, conveys his cogitations in the midst of a prevailing lyrical tendency); satirical verse is a mere dream of the last generation; and the poetry of manners and society is equally asleep. All these are in abeyance; but the poetry of emotion, of sensation, and of sumptuous musical utterance, is awake and active—indeed, unduly so. It must, be granted that poetry has never been so exquisitely sensitive as now; never possessed so subtle a perception of those tender threads of analogy which connect the material and the spiritual universes; never before laid bare with such a cruel mastery, not the dramatic forms of emotion—for in this, as we have said, it is deficient—but the throbbing heart itself. Yet here lies a fatal weakness. The desire to pry into the very soul of passion has been pampered into a disease; and the cheek of our Latter-day Poetry not unfrequently burns with a hectic flush. We want less of hysteria; more of “sage and serious” thought. Perhaps our young poets might advantageously quiet their overwrought nerves by reverting at times to the extinct school of former days—to the assured strength of Dryden and the intellectual evolutions of Cowley.

We have been more especially led into these reflections by the volume of poems recently issued by Mr. Sydney Dobell, author of *The Roman, Balder, &c.*, and entitled *England in Time of War*. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) It might be taken as an exemplar of what we are tending to in the direction of poetry—as an epitome of the vices and the virtues of the present poetical system. Mr. Dobell is already favourably known to the public, and the book now before us will no doubt find many admirers. It is indeed a book of great power—of noble elements, yet of most unsatisfactory results. More intense perception of passion it would be difficult to find; more varied and expressive versification of the lyrical order, more warm and richly coloured fancy, cannot be shown within the compass of living verse-writers. Mr. Dobell has in him the very soul of sadness and the very soul of joy (though we hear more of the former than of the latter); he has a true poet's sympathy with the many forms of beauty and solemnity that fill the world, and can incarnate the volatile suggestions of the mind in shapes of subtle analogy; but he cannot rule over this gorgeous chaos world with royal strength, nor sort the elements that lie before him with an eye to consistency and repose. It is the old story that we have had to repeat till we are tired of the iteration: fine materials and bad architecture. Extravagance runs riot from the first page to the last of this singular volume, with a few rare exceptions; and the author, having got hold of a hobby, rides it most pitilessly. This hobby consists of a tendency to incessant repetition of words, phrases, lines, and passages—a practice full of beauty if occasionally employed, as Coleridge employed it, but most wearisome, and even irritating, when made, as Mr. Dobell makes it, part of the positive substance of his style, a rule and not an exception. What does the reader think of this—not by any means an isolated instance?—

How long, oh Lord of thunder? Victory!
Lord God of vengeance, give us victory!
Victory, victory! oh, Lord, victory!
Oh, Lord, victory! Lord, Lord, victory!

The last two lines are employed seven times (exclusive of what we have quoted) in the course of the poem, which is little more than five pages in length. We seem never to bid farewell to this “damnable iteration,” for it is woven into the very texture of the book. It would not be fair, however, to call attention to the eccentricity without giving the reader a few specimens of Mr. Dobell's genius, which, as we have already intimated, is of a fine order when he will only give it fair play. The following is surely the perfection of hopeless misery and loneliness:—

DESOLATE.
From the sad eaves the drip-drop of the rain!
The water washing at the latchet door!
A slow step plashing by upon the moor;
A single bleat far from the furnished fold;
The clicking of an embered hearth and cold;
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.

“So as it is with thee
Is it with me,
So as it is and it used not to be,
With thee used not to be,
Nor me.”
So singeth Robin on the willow-tree,
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.
Here in this breast all day
The fire is dim and low;
Within I care not to stay,
Without I care not to go.
A sadness ever slings
Of unforgotten things,

And the bird of love is patting at the pane;
But the wintry water deepens at the door,
And a step is plashing by upon the moor
Into the dark upon the darkening moor,
And alas, alas, the drip-drop of the rain!

Mr. Dobell has a great admiration of Scotch ballads (from which, we suspect, he derives his tendency to repetition); and, although we cannot go along with him in his strong sympathy with the northern dialect, it is impossible not to recognize the extraordinary dramatic force, vividness, and pathos of “The Market Wife's Song.” Equally affecting, in its sorrowful wonderment, is “The Little Girl's Song” (not written in Scotch)—a poem expressive of a child's weary longings for the return of her father from the wars, in which the reader is subtly made to know, what the child does not know, that the warrior is dead. A ballad on a cognate subject, a little way further on, is worthy to rank with Sir Patrick Spens, or Chevy Chase. It is entitled

HOW'S MY BOY?

“Ho, Sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?”
“What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?”
“My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.”
“You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.”
“How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the ‘Jolly Briton’”—
“Speak low, woman, speak low!”
“And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?”
“That good ship went down.”
“How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?”
“Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.”
“How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?”

“Tommy's Dead” is a wonderful representation of the witless wandering of an old man under accumulated griefs. The verses are supposed to be spoken by an English agricultural labourer, who thinks everything in the world is withered and dried up; and it is singular to note how the rough Doric images and language are preserved, to the heightening, rather than the depreciation, of the poetry. “The Recruits' Ball (*Fiddler loquitur*)” might be quoted, if space would permit, as a piece of audacious animal spirits—a perfect passion of tumultuous revelry; and we might add many other specimens, but for the reason just assigned. Yet we must append this beautiful and original comparison spoken by one who is dying:—

I feel two worlds: one ends and one begins.
Methinks I dwell in both; being much here,
But more hereafter: even as when the nurse
Doth give the babe into the mother's arms,
And she who hath not quite resigned, and she
Who hath not all received, support in twain
The single burden; ne'ertheless the babe
Already tastes its mother. Lord, I come.

The Arts.

THE ZOUAVES AT THE SURREY GARDENS.

Last Tuesday, a Zouave Band performed at the Surrey Gardens. M. Jullien had composed for them a *Trumpeters' Quadrille*, which they “poured from their mellow horns” with admirable effect. The new Music Hall—a monument of the Limited Liability Act—was densely crowded, and when the picturesque group—green, brass, and scarlet—was marshalled on the platform, an enthusiasm was excited which might have frightened any “intelligent foreigner,” but which did not seem in the least to discompose the swarthy Zouaves. The clarion was imperially shrill. The Roll-call, Reveil, March, Bivouac, Alarm, and Victory were sounded in all their variations, and when the martial melodists ceased, it was their turn to listen, for the uproar of applause was continued for some minutes. The irrational persons who thought it necessary to hiss the Zouaves, as the proxies of Louis Napoleon, might have reserved their protest against Prætorianism for a more fitting time and place.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.—**Tuesday, August 5.**
CHRISTOPHER OCTAVUS VONDER HEYDE, Lower Thames-street, tobacco manufacturers—**HENRY EDWARD BUENS**, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, licensed victualler—**WILLIAM UNDERWOOD**, Fifth-street, Soho, tailor—**ROBERT JOHNSTON** and **JAMES JERRAM PRATT**, late of Billiter-square, merchants—**RICHARD THOMPSON JOPLING**, Southampton-buildings, Holborn, bookseller—**JOHN GREATAMPTON**, buildings, Holborn, bookseller—**WILLIAM REAY**, Birwood, Handsworth, confectioner—**FRANCIS JELLEY, jun.**, Stamford, mining, corn dealer—**FRANCIS JELLEY, jun.**, Stamford, mining, corn dealer—**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—**P. SINCLAIR**, Edinburgh, hotel-keeper—**J. CAMPBELL**, Falkirk, writer.

Friday, August 8.
BANKRUPTS.—**WILLIAM ROSE**, late of High-street, Wapping, but now of Sydenham, Kent, ship-smith—**JOSEPH WALTER DAY LOCKWOOD**, 3, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, stockbroker and dealer in shares—**DAVID THOMAS**, Plymouth, grocer.
SCOTCH SEQUESTRATION.—**JOHN KELSO HUNTER**, un., Glasgow, boot and shoe maker.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
LEMON.—On the 26th ult., Mrs. Mark Lemon: a daughter.
PETRE.—On the 4th inst., at Thorndon, the Lady Petre: a daughter.
PETRE.—On the 3rd inst., at 2, Cavendish-square, the Lady Catherine Petre: a son.
TROUBRIDGE.—On the 1st inst., at 20, Eaton-square, Lady Troubridge: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
ARNOLD-ORLEBAR.—On the 2nd inst., at Poddington, Bedfordshire, the Rev. Edward Penrose Arnold, third son of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, to Caroline Augusta, eldest daughter of R. L. Orlebar, Esq., of Hinwick House, Bedfordshire.
BYNG-COOK.—On the 5th inst., at East Peckham Church, the Hon. James Byng, third son of George, sixth Viscount Torrington, to Caroline Louisa, second daughter of William Cook, Esq., of Roydon Hall, in the county of Kent.

DEATHS.
CRANLEY.—On the 2nd inst., at 11, Princess-gate, Arthur George Viscount Cranley, son of the Earl of Onslow, aged 36.
INNOCENT.—On the 2nd inst., at Whetton-in-the-Vale, Notts, Mr. George Innocent, farmer. He was carried to the grave by his faithful servants, some of them having served him more than 40 years.

ROBERTSON.—On the 12th June, at Dolobagey, island of Ceylon, John Spottiswoode Robertson, Esq., of Hillside, aged 32 years, eldest surviving son of William Robertson, Esq., lately one of the Deputy Keepers of the Records of Scotland. He was killed by an elephant while hunting in the Penyan jungle.

STREET.—On the 4th inst., at Cheltenham, in the 83rd year of his age, the Reverend George Street, who, for upwards of 56 years was rector of Langton-juxta-Partney, in the county of Lincoln, he having been presented to the living by the late Bennet Langton, Esq., in the year 1800.

Commercial Affairs.

London, Friday Evening, August 8, 1856.
 The closing of the August Consol account on Thursday last was marked by a further and more decided depreciation than the general depression of the early part of the week. Contangoes ranged from 7-16 to 1 per cent., and at last 9-16 per cent. on the close of that day was obtained for the continuation of stock, when Consols left off 95½ to 95¾ for money and 95½ sellers, for the 10th of September account. The feature of the week seems to have been general weakness in all markets. Ottoman Bank shares, Riga, and Dünaburg Railway shares, and some others, showed a more than ordinary instability. Luxembourg shares, which last week exhibited depression, have shown a reaction and ruled higher. Notwithstanding the pressure for money, and the prospect of the demand being considerably increased hereafter to meet the exigencies of the more than usual number of new railway and other schemes lately projected, a premium is still observable in connexion with them, and, but for the usual absence from town of speculators and the buying public at this time of the year, there is little doubt that securities would reach higher quotations than can now be sustained by the small amount of legitimate business transacted.

Consols this day opened 95 ¼, ½, for account, and closed 95 ¼ to ½ for money, 95 ¼ to ½, for account. Exchequer bills 13-16 premium. After business hours, Consols closed much worse. Sellers were at ½, and the markets all round sympathized. Foreign stocks continue dull, and the market for American securities has not been active, the business being limited. The following are the leading closing prices:—

Aberdeen, 28, 30; Caledonian, 59½, 60½; Chester and Holyhead, 104, 104½; Eastern Counties, 9½, 10½; Great Northern, 97½, 98½; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 110, 121; Great Western, 63½, 63½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 98, 98½; London and Blackwall, 7½, 7½; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 107, 108 x. d.; London and North-Western, 107½, 107½; London and South Western, 109, 110; Midland, 83½, 84½; North-Eastern (Berwick), 80, 87; South Eastern (Dover), 73½, 74½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 8½, 8½; Dutch Rhenish, 7½, 7½; Eastern of France (Paris and Strasburg), 36½, 37½; Great Central of France, 8½, 8½; Great Luxembourg, 5½, 5½; Great Western of Canada, 25½, 25½; Namur and Liège, 8½, 9½; Northern of France, 41½, 41½; Paris and Lyons, 67, 67½; Royal Danish, 19½, 20½; Royal Swedish, 1, 1½; Sambre and Meuse, 13, 13½.

CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday, August 8, 1856.
 Since our last report, the weather has been everything that could be desired for the progress of the harvest. The arrivals of Wheat into London have been chiefly from St. Petersburg, of which 15 cargoes are reported, consisting of about 17,000 qrs. No part of the decline in the value of Wheat which took place on Monday has been recovered, though to-day there is a better tone prevalent. The total fall from the highest point has been 13s. to 14s. per qr. Good English red Wheat is now worth 62s. to 60s. according to quality, white 70s. to 68s., and Norfolk Flour 47s. Off the Coast the arrivals have been trifling, and very few sales have been made of cargoes on passage. Danube Wheat has been sold at 64s., Galata Maltese 50s. 6d. to 51s., and Odessa 29s. 6d., cost, freight, and insurance. Malze on the spot is held more firmly in consequence of some demand for export and the

continued scarcity of Barley, which also maintains fully former rates. The supplies of Oats are moderate; only one cargo has arrived from Archangel during the week; there is rather more firmness in this trade also, and former prices are in some instances exceeded. Beans remain without alteration.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	219	218	218	218	218	218
3 per Cent. Red.	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½
Consols for Account	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½	95½
New 3 per Cent. An.	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	96
New 2½ per Cent.	79½	79½	79½	79½	79½	79
Long Ans. 1860	3½	3½	3½	3½	3½	3½
India Stock	236½	236½	236½	236½	236½	235
Ditto Bonds, £1000	20 p	20 p	20 p	20 p	20 p	20 p
Ditto, under £1000	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p
Ex. Bills, £1000	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p
Ditto, £500	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p
Ditto, Small	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p	18 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING.)	
Brazilian Bonds, 102	Portuguese 4 per Cents, 51
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cents, 102	Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents, 112½
Chilian 6 per Cents, 106	Russian 4½ per Cents, 98½
Chilian 3 per Cents, 106	Spanish, 45
Dutch 2½ per Cents, 65½	Spanish Committee Cer. of Coup. not fun., 103½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif., 97½	Turkish 6 per Cents, 104½
Equador Bonds, 23	Turkish New, 4 ditto, 104½
Mexican Account, 82	Venezuela, 4½ per Cents, 33½
Peruvian 4½ per Cents, 50	

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.
 Monday and during the week, will be performed THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Murray, G. Vining, Danvers; Misses Ternan, Castleton, and Marston.
 After which MEDEA. Creon, Mr. Emery; Jason, Miss J. St. George; Orpheus, Miss Ternan; Medea, Mr. F. Robson.
 To conclude with THE WELSH GIRL. Characters by Messrs. Emery, Leslie, Danvers; Misses Stephens and Ternan.
 Commence at Half-past Seven.

SURREY THEATRE.—Extraordinary success of PROFESSOR ANDERSON in his Final Series of Performances in London. MAGIC and MYSTERY every Evening on a scale of Magnificence surpassing that of the same Entertainments, when produced at Covent Garden and the Lyceum. Houses crowded nightly. Positively the last Eighteen Nights in London of the GREAT WIZARD of the NORTH, previous to his visiting Dublin, Edinburgh, and Liverpool—and departing for Australia. Every evening at Half-past seven. Doors open at seven.
 Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Half-price, to Boxes only, at nine o'clock.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.
 4, Coventry-street, Leicester-square. Open (for gentlemen only) from Ten till Twelve, containing upwards of one thousand models and preparations, illustrating every part of the human frame in health and disease, the race of men &c. Lectures delivered at Twelve, Two, and at Half-past Seven, by Dr. G. Sexton, F.R.G.S.; and a new and highly-interesting Series of Lectures is now in course of delivery by Dr. Kahn, at Four P.M. precisely.—Admission 1s.

IF YOU ARE BALD, or Your Hair is Thin,
 pray use ALEX. ROSS'S Cantharides Oil, which causes the hair to grow on bald places, produces luxuriant whiskers, a superior gloss, and removes scurf. All who value appearances must use it. Sold at 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 10s. 6d., forwarded for stamps; carriage free 12 extra. A Treatise upon the "Sure Restoration of the Hair," sent gratis, upon application to Alex. Ross, 1, Little Queen-street, High Holborn.—A. R.'s Hair Dye and Depilatory.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
 This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind, for, during the first twenty years of the present century, to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance—but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.
 Sold by PROUT and HARSANT, 229, Strand, London, and all Medicine Vendors.
 Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—The manifold advantages to the heads of families from the possession of a medicine of known efficacy, that may be resorted to with confidence, and used with success in cases of temporary sickness, occurring in families more or less every day, are so obvious to all, that no question can be raised of its importance to every housekeeper in the kingdom.
 For females, these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and produce a healthy complexion.
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 Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stappa, Constantinople; A. Guidicy, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

SISAL CIGARS, SISAL CIGARS, at GOOD-RICH'S Cigar, Tobacco, and Snuff Stores (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square.—Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post free, six stamps extra: 1b. boxes, containing 100, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich." A large stock of the most approved Brands.

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