

Charles Mitchell Mullins Publisher
18, Abchurch Lane

THE LEADER

SATURDAY ANALYST;

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF POLITICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

No. 536.
New Series, No. 26.

June 30th, 1860.

Price 5d.
Stamped, 6d.

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Crystal Palace.—Arrangements for week ending Saturday, July 7th.
MONDAY, open at 9. TUESDAY to THURSDAY, open at 10.
Admission, each day, One Shilling; Children under 12, Sixpence.
FRIDAY, open at 10. Fifth Grand Opera Concert by the Artistes of Her Majesty's Theatre. Particulars will be duly announced.
SATURDAY, open at 10. Mr. RAREY will give a Grand Demonstration of his system of Taming Wild and Vicious Horses in the Centre Transept.
Admission, Half-a-Crown; Children One Shilling. Season Tickets, free.
The Rhododendrons are now in full bloom throughout the Grounds. Orchestral Band and Great Organ-daily. Great Exhibition of Pictures in the Picture Gallery.
SUNDAY. Open at 1.30 to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.

Crystal Palace.—Great FRENCH FESTIVAL.—Farewell Performances by the Orpheonists of France
In compliance with an universal desire, it has been arranged to give a GRAND FAREWELL PERFORMANCE, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, to commence at Three o'clock; and to enable all classes to attend this extraordinary gathering of our French neighbours, the price of admission will remain as usual on Saturdays, namely, Half-a-Crown; Children One Shilling; Season Tickets free.
The Band of the French Guides will also take part in the Festival.
To prevent confusion and crowding at the doors, immediate application should be made for Tickets at the Crystal Palace, at 2, Exeter Hall, and at the usual Agents of the Company.

Crystal Palace.—French FESTIVAL.—FAREWELL. The Directors have the pleasure to announce, that from the enthusiasm manifested towards the Orpheonists of France, a farewell performance will be given by them, immediately prior to their departure from this country.
To make this as generally available as possible, it has been arranged to take place on Saturday afternoon next, the 30th June, at three o'clock.
The band of the Guides will perform some of their most favourite pieces, and the programme of the Orpheonists will comprise those portions of their repertoire, which have been most warmly received during their visit.
The doors of the Palace will be opened at ten, the performance commence at three. Admission Half-a-Crown; Reserved Seats, Five Shillings extra.

Orpheonist Farewell Fete.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day, SATURDAY.—The Programme will comprise those pieces of the Orpheonists and the Guides which have been received with the greatest enthusiasm, including "Les Enfants de Paris," "La Reine," "La Nouvelle Alliance," "Chant du Bivouac," "Marche aux Flambeaux," &c. Officier Chef de Musique, M. Mohr. Conductor, M. Eugene Delaporte.
Doors open at 10. Admission, 2s. 6d. Reserved Seats, 5s. extra.

Crystal Palace.—This Day. ORPHEONISTS' FAREWELL FETE.—Doors open at 10. Festival commences at 3. Great Fountains at 6. Military and Rifle Corps Bands will perform afterwards in the Grounds. Admission, Half a Crown.

Farewell of the Orpheonists OF FRANCE.—CRYSTAL PALACE THIS DAY, SATURDAY.—A Grand Display of the Great Fountains and Entire System of Waterworks will take place at Six o'clock—about half-an-hour after the conclusion of the Orpheonist Festival.

Orpheonist Farewell Festival.—RESERVED SEATS.—Immediate Applications for the best Reserved Seats in Blocks C and G should be made at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

Farewell of the Orpheonists—For Admission and Reserved Seat Tickets for the Farewell Festival This Day, apply at once at Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside.

French Festival.—Farewell FETE.—HALF-A-CROWN ADMISSION.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY.—Apply for Tickets immediately, to prevent disappointment or crowding at the doors. May be had at the Palace, at 2, Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

Crystal Palace.—Great NATIONAL BRASS BAND CONTEST.—Tuesday 10th, and Wednesday 11th July.
Arrangements have been made for a Grand Monster Brass Band Contest on the above days, in which upwards of One Hundred Bands from all parts of England are engaged to take part. Valuable prizes in money and cups will be given by the Company, and in addition, the principal musical instrument makers in London have signified their intention to present several first class instruments, as special prizes.
The contest will commence each day at 10 o'clock, and on both days the whole of the Bands will meet at 3 o'clock precisely in the Handel Orchestra, and perform Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," Haydn's Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," Handel's "Hallelujah," "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." A Monster Gong Drum, seven feet in diameter, manufactured expressly for the occasion, will accompany the combined Bands.
Admission—Tuesday, Half-a-Crown; Wednesday, One Shilling.
NOTICE.—Excursion Trains will run from all the Principal Towns on the Midland, London and North Western, Great Northern, South Western, and other Railways.
Further Particulars will be duly announced.

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JOHN ATKINS, Resident Secretary, London.
24th June, 1860.

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Monday, July 2, and during the week, to commence at 7, with THE OVERLAND ROUTE. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, etc. After which, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, A HANDSOME HUSBAND. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after "The Overland Route," FITZ-SMYTHE, OR FITZSMYTHE HALL. Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Wilkins. Concluding with A BALLET by the Leclercs.

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Doors open at 7. Commence at half-past 7.

LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Monday evening July 2nd, Directors' Benefit, on which occasion the programme will be selected from the works of all the great masters. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Chas. Halle; Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatto; Vocalists, Mr. Santley and Mr. Sims Reeves. Sofa Stalls 5s.; Balcony 3s.; Area 1s. At Chappell and Co. 50, New Bond Street; Cramer and Co., and Hammonds, Regent Street, Keith, Prowse and Co. Cheapside; and at the Hall, Piccadilly.

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Teeth.—By Her Majesty's

Royal Letters Patent. Newly Invented and Patented Application of Chemically prepared INDIA RUBBER in the construction of Artificial Teeth, Gums, and Palates. Mr. EPHRAIM MOSELY, SURGEON DENTIST, 9, GROSVENOR STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, sole Inventor and Patentee. A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of chemically prepared India Rubber in lieu of the ordinary gold or bone frame. All sharp edges are avoided; no springs, wires, or fastenings are required; a greatly-increased freedom of action is supplied; a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit perfected with the most unerring accuracy, are secured; the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums. The acids of the mouth exert no agency on the prepared India Rubber, and, as a non-conductor, fluids of any temperature may with thorough comfort be imbibed and retained in the mouth, all unpleasantness of smell or taste being at the same time wholly provided against by the peculiar nature of its preparation. Teeth filled with gold and Mr. Ephraim Mosely's White Enamel, the only stopping that will not become discoloured, and particularly recommended for the front teeth.—9, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, London; 14, Gay-street, Bath; and 10, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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On July 7, will be commenced,

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ING PLANTS and FERNS growing wild in the County of DEVON. With their Habits and Principal Stations. By THOMAS F. RAVENSHAW, M.A. (formerly Curate of Ilfracombe), Rector of Pewsey, Wilts.

London: Bosworth & Harrison, 215, Regent-street.

The News, No. 118, pub-

LISHED THIS DAY, contains:—Junius's Letter (No. 14), addressed to the Attorney-General, on Compensation to Lawyers on abolishing certain Offices—The Great Volunteer Review—The Orpheonists at the Crystal Palace—All the Banking, Mining, Insurance, and Commercial News of the Week; and a mass of valuable Commercial Information to be found in no other journal.

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THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SATURDAY last will be a memorable day in English history. It gives a date to the substitution of a calm confidence in its own strength for the violent extremes of carelessness and panic, between which the nation has of late years so fitfully oscillated. It has taught us to think more justly of ourselves; it will teach other nations to think better of us. The twenty thousand volunteers reviewed by the QUEEN represented nearly a hundred and fifty thousand men, the pick of British vigour and intelligence, who of their own free will, and at the cost of much time and labour, have in six short months made themselves soldiers any general would be proud to command. The old men, whose recollections carried them back to the beginning of the century, when almost every Englishman was a volunteer, felt, as they looked upon the riflemen who marched by the royal carriage on Saturday, that the new work was much greater than the old. That was a fitful effort; the rush to arms of an undisciplined people to defend themselves against an invasion which was directly menaced. This is the establishment of an army for home defence; almost as effective for that purpose as the same number of regular troops, leaving room, if the need should ever arise, for a levy, *en masse*, of the population. It was well that the metropolis should mark the event by a holiday. We take holidays whereon to fast when we begin a war, and to feast when we finish it; with much more reason may we take one to celebrate the success of a movement which may render fast and thanksgiving alike unnecessary.

The Volunteers may now boldly stand on their own merits, and abandon any claims to indulgent criticism on the score of the short time they have been training, and the great difficulties they have had to contend with. No one who saw them on Saturday had anticipated such general soldierly bearing, and the best judges regarded them not as civilians practising military exercises, but as soldiers. The fact, however, that all this has been accomplished against great disadvantages is most important, and shows how much intelligence and education profit a man even in what seems a dull ordinary routine, best fitted for ignorant rustics. Few of the corps have been drilling more than six months, and their work has been done during one of the most unfavourable seasons that could be imagined. The men themselves have been occupied during the day in their counting-houses, shops, or warehouses, and have then given up the whole of their, in many cases, scanty leisure, to the instructions of the drill sergeant. The Saturday half-holiday has been devoted to parades and marches in storms of rain, which have sent every one of them home wet to the skin, a fate which it was clear was in store for them before they set out. The weather has, at least, had this good effect—it has tried the mettle of the men. They have stood water, so there is no doubt that they can stand fire. It requires, indeed, a much smaller amount of courage to go boldly on with a number of comrades against an enemy's fire, than to stand for an hour or two in a puddle, and feel a mass of wet clothes clinging to one's skin. The excitement of the battle, the lottery of it, the encouragement of comrades, and the shame of betraying cowardice in their presence, would make almost any craven valorous. But it is a hard thing to keep up one's spirits in a state of solely external moisture, especially if already the victim of a cold, and conscious that one's position and appearance are sublimely ridiculous in the eyes of well-protected passers-by on their way home. Nor is the actual labour undergone to be underrated. The Enfield rifle is by no means light as air, and a march of several miles, involving a frequent flourish of that instrument, is no joke for a man, much less for some of the lads who marched so gravely and formally from the Guildhall to Hyde Park on Saturday. That day itself, although a holiday to the public, was no such thing to some of the regiments who were reviewed. That Durham regiment, which started late on Friday night, marched at once from King's Cross to the Park, stayed there from eleven to seven, and left London again at ten, on its ten hours' journey home must have been tired enough in all conscience: and so with the other provincial corps present. It was English pluck and energy which did it, and those who preach the decadence of ALBION may reconcile as they can these manifestations of the old strength and spirit with their jeremiads over the decay of manly feeling and the prevalence of all those ills which *obscena pecunia* has the credit of introducing.

The strength of the Volunteer movement and the guarantee for its progress are to be found in its signal triumph over all the obstacles which have impeded its progress. It survived and grew, in spite of the absurdities of imprudent partisans, the ill-concealed contempt of the authorities of the regular army, and the indifference of the Government. It triumphed easily, as a matter of course, over the lumbering jokes of the Peace-at-any-price journals, and the lighter raillery of the small wits.

It was not overthrown by the wonderful discovery of some sagacious old ladies who inspire certain nominally liberal journals, that the whole business was a dire conspiracy to defeat the Reform Bill, keep down the building operatives on strike, and generally rivet—that, we believe, is the word—the chains of slavery upon an oppressed people; and lastly—a real triumph, a signal evidence of vitality—it has sustained no appreciable damage from the follies and meannesses which have mixed themselves up with it. Only a vigorous plant could have survived the “snobbism,” “gentism,” exclusiveness, and petty jealousy, which have in some places entwined themselves about it.

We have realized the fancy of a “cheap defence of nations.” The Volunteers cost the country little, and are its best protection. True, the time sacrificed by each individual represents at first sight a certain waste of productive powers; but the loss is more than made up to him by the admirable sanitary effects of the hours so occupied, and ultimately to the nation, in the improved health, increased strength, and augmented powers of endurance of the whole body. Far greater, however, is the value of the security thus guaranteed. We say nothing of the probable reduction of the actual military expenditure. The policy of England is peace, and her shores once protected against invasion, she may reduce her army to the limits which the protection of India, her colonies and garrisons, and the maintenance of a small but highly equipped force at home ready for all emergencies prescribe.

We have already obtained a great deal from the Volunteer movement; we earnestly hope all will not be ruined by the blunders of those who want to do everything at once. Some of our contemporaries wish very much to see working men handling the rifle. So do we; but we would leave it to themselves, and the co-operation of their friends and neighbours. In this way, a beginning has been already made. They want the Government to undertake the task—in other words, to rob the movement of all its life, and make the rifle corps as useless as the yeomanry cavalry.

LORD STANLEY ON THE INDIAN ARMY.

THE great question of the Indian army was, last week, after we had written on the subject, debated in the House of Commons, but not settled. Sir CHARLES WOOD obtained leave to bring in his Bill—a step very generally permitted without debate; but his measure, though unopposed, was severely criticized. Lord STANLEY took the lead, and stated forcibly, in a speech remarkable for a condensed knowledge of the subject, many serious objections to the proposition for abolishing the local European force and amalgamating it with the regular army. The other proposition, to abolish the native local force, is as yet only a suggestion of some new men in India and some newspaper men in England, and will, perhaps, be hereafter debated. At present, the question is confined to substituting a portion of the Royal army for a body of European troops, organized especially for service in India.

It is, however, impossible, as Lord STANLEY stated, to consider the two subjects apart, for the number of European soldiers to be kept in India must depend on the fact whether a native army be maintained or not. If not, the European force must be much larger than if it be. In his opinion, it is impossible to dispense with a native army. A force composed wholly of Europeans cannot take the field. It must have native troops to perform indispensable services. To pretend to do without them, as Sir CHARLES WOOD proposes, is to begin the world anew with an untried theory.

Curiously enough, the great mutiny, on which alone the argument is founded for getting rid of the native troops, was kept in check by the new native levies of Sikhs raised by Sir J. LAWRENCE, and ultimately put down by the aid of the faithful Bombay and Madras Sepoys. Supposing, then, contrary to the doctrine of ignorant pretenders to knowledge, that the aid of a native army is indispensable to preserve our dominion over India—as by its aid this dominion was obtained—Lord STANLEY is justly of opinion that a European force, organized especially to co-operate with such an army, or perform this peculiar service, is equally necessary. Sir CHARLES WOOD was of the same opinion last year. Influence, it is rumoured, of a peculiar and, for a statesman, not creditable description, has induced him to adopt a different opinion. The chief justification of his change is founded on the opinion of officers of the Royal army, who, notwithstanding the splendid abilities and great success of a few individuals amongst them, are incompetent advisers on a question of civil administration. They are to be listened to with much respect when they tell how battles may be won, but not how an empire may be preserved. The men who laid the foundations of our power in India—HASTINGS, CLIVE, and their predecessors—were not soldiers. The officers of the Royal army, from field

marshals who have yet to see service, to the youngest ensigns who have an *esprit du corps* and no particular liking for the Company's troops, are, on such an important matter, very dangerous advisers.

Marines especially organized for service in men-of-war are indispensable; portions of the regular army embarked in our ships would be out of place, and between them and the sailors there would be perpetual discord. The Marines and the blue jackets, though not always in harmony, act tolerably well together, and accommodate themselves to each other. In fact, it was habit and use—the accidental circumstance of some regiments having been more frequently than others embarked—which led to their being so specially employed, and led to the establishment of the Marines. But while they have obtained golden opinions from all classes, the military aristocracy has been accustomed to look on them with some contempt, and though it would shirk their duties, it deems itself competent to dominate over them. Something of the same kind takes place with regard to the artillery and engineers. The peculiar functions of these bodies requiring hard study, they attract few or none of the scions of the upper aristocracy into their ranks. But aristocratic officers of the Guards and the Line obtain the highest places and command their more efficient brethren.

They are undoubtedly of opinion that these other corps ought to be subservient to them; though they cannot be incorporated with them, the Indian army, they fancy, might be, and their importance proportionably increased. But since it is found necessary to organize and train men especially for the marines and the artillery, it is reasonable to conclude that a similar training and organization of men, to be specially adapted for service in India with an Indian army, is equally necessary. Such a provision is, in truth, only a species of that division of employment which pervades society. The formation of the Anglo-Indian army grew up naturally from the circumstances of the India Company and the country; and now to abolish it, merely in deference to some notions of military authority, or the desires of military men, is to run counter to all experience.

To enter into the Company's army is to devote a life to a particular occupation. Officers and men go to India only to return with a fortune or a pension. The service is their life business—they have no other ambition, and they have performed it well. The Royal army, even when acting with the Company's troops, has been disposed to look down on them, and they have not obtained equal rank and consideration in the nation. Treated as inferior they have not obtained the best men, and have, in consequence, not been quite as admirable as they might have been. Nevertheless, they have furnished a succession of very able officers. While General ELPHINSTON, a royal officer, as Lord STANLEY observed, led the army into the Cabul scrape, NOTT, POLLOCK, and SALE, Company's officers, led it out, and retrieved the national reputation endangered by the royal soldier. So the tide of the mutiny was turned, and Delhi fell by the instrumentality of Sir J. LAWRENCE and Generals NICHOLSON, WILSON, and NEIL, Company's servants.

The great merits of Lord CLYDE, Sir HUGH ROSS, and above all of HAVELOCK, cannot be doubted; but the Indian army, though small in number compared to the Royal forces, boasts many distinguished heroes. Where there is one CLYDE, or one HAVELOCK in the Royal army, there are scores of CHATHAMS, WHITELOCKS, BURRARDS, NEALES, CARDIGANS, and LUCANS. From the majority, who enter the service rather as a pastime than a serious life business, the same devotion cannot be expected as from the Indian officers. Many of the army officers now in India are always wanting to come home. It is quite erroneous, then, to claim for the Royal army, taken as a whole, a more refined sense of duty, a more careful discipline, greater enterprise, greater energy, and greater devotion to its employer than has been displayed by the Anglo-Indian army. Though we all recognise some splendid exceptions to general ineptitude, we feel astonished that on the strength of these exceptions those who administer our military affairs should claim a great extension of power, when their grievous and proved deficiencies are the subject of just, loud, and universal complaint. It seems as if they thought that they can only be preserved by taking all power into their own hands, and so extinguishing at once comparison and competition. They must be despotic, and considered infallible, or they may cease to be. Sir CHARLES WOOD's own Council and all competent authorities are against his plan; and it would be better, as Lord STANLEY proposes, to place the Anglo-Indian army on a higher footing under an improved administration, keeping it entirely distinct from the Horse Guards, than surrender it to be monopolised and modelled by our military aristocracy.

POLITICAL DISHONESTY.

IT will be a great relief to journalists when some public men are discovered in high places whose integrity is unimpeachable; but while hoping and longing for a purer political atmosphere, we must, perhaps, rejoice at any indications of disturbance which bode the coming of a corrective storm. The origin of the revolutionary attempt of the House of Lords to overthrow the Constitution, and make itself a taxing power, may be clearly traced to the dishonesty of the Cabinet and the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON, who can no more live without tricks than a fish without water, was obviously the ringleader of the cabal against the liberal men of his own party; and when he found that the legality of the Lords' behaviour could not fail to be brought into prominent discussion, he packed a Committee of Tories and malignant Whigs, together with a slippery Peelite, and a very small minority of men likely to maintain the dominion of law and liberty against the aristocratic branch of the Legislature and its minions in the Lower House. Having secured a jury of accomplices, the next step was to limit their inquiry, so that it could not lead to a full exhibition of the legal grounds upon which the privileges of the House of Commons and the rights of the people rest. The inquiry ought to have started from the period at which it terminates, and to have gone back at least as far as the reign of EDWARD I. Had this been done the House of Commons and the people would have been in possession of a most important series of precedents, clearly leading down to the famous declaration of 1678, "that all aids and supplies, and aids to his MAJESTY in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons."

This was precisely what the reactionary cabal did not want; and from the first meeting of the Committee the issue was easily discerned. After a considerable expenditure of time, a mass of cases were collected, for which the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. WALPOLE, appears chiefly responsible; and which lays all parties concerned in its concoction open to very grave and serious charges, as it is not a full, fair, and complete statement of the facts which it pretends to describe. Founded upon an imperfect—we fear wilfully imperfect collection of precedents, Mr. WALPOLE framed an "oily gammon" sort of report, the effect of which would be to slur over the matter, and leave the virtual victory on the side of the conspirators in the Lords. In opposition to this, Mr. BRIGHT, who had been well primed by an able constitutional lawyer, prepared a clear and explicit statement of the law and facts of the case, in which he was supported by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Lord PALMERSTON, of course, supported Mr. WALPOLE, and then agreed to a compromise which binds him to nothing, although it is evident he wishes to go wrong. If he finds his tricks exposed, and liable to punishment by loss of office, he can, with his admirable facility of vermicular wriggling, easily turn the other way. Sir JAMES GRAHAM, as of old, repudiates the politics of manly honesty for that JEREMY DINDLER expediency of which Sir ROBERT PEEL was the chief apostle; but although he opposed the constitutional side when his vote might have turned the scale, he too can twist and wriggle if adequate pressure be applied.

In a day or two the Government intentions will be known, and the debates will commence; but all parties concerned may make up their minds that no compromise will answer, and that all attempts to make matters smooth and pleasant will only lead to further exposure and strife. We observe the Constitutional Defence Committee have advertised their intention of originating an investigation into the whole matter, if the people are betrayed by the partisan jury to whom Lord PALMERSTON has confided the question; their words are that they intend to appoint a "sub-Committee for the purpose of searching all the requisite documents, and making known to the people those laws of public liberty which the accomplices in the usurpation committed by the House of Lords are anxious to conceal." This is the right course; and if, upon inquiry, it turns out that the precedents laid before the House of Commons Committee were garbled or incomplete, such an incident cannot be treated with mildness or moderation. The matter must be thoroughly searched out, the guilty parties traced, and in some way suitably punished. A large proportion of the Committee are Privy Councillors, and if it should unfortunately prove true that they have, by negligence, or culpable action, allowed or caused a serious misrepresentation to take place, the people ought to combine to lay their conduct before the QUEEN, and pray that she will dismiss them from the office which they hold.

There are two sorts of falsehood, one the *suppressio veri*, and the other the *suggestio falsi*. In point of morality one is as bad as the other, unless, indeed, the former be considered the more base, because the more hypocritical, crime. The conduct of all parties concerned in this dispute should be tried by the

strictest standard. It is no ordinary party quarrel, but as critical a question as has ever occurred in our constitutional history. With the power of the purse exclusively in the hands of their representatives, the people of this country have grown great and free. Without it, they could never have realized either the wealth or the liberty that now belongs to them; and Mr. ISAAC BUTT, in his admirable "History of Italy," is quite right in his assertion, that the chief cause why parliamentary government decayed in Sicily and flourished in England, was that in the former the Lords were a taxing power, while in our country they were never permitted to become anything of the kind.

Parliamentary Reform sinks into insignificance beside this great question of the fundamental right of the House of Commons. If the conspiracy of the Lords is permitted to end in a successful aristocratic revolution, England can only be prevented from going down by a counter movement of greater violence than any good man would wish to see. The lordly conspirators do not seem to know what they are doing when they overthrow the historical basis of our Constitution.

Their own existence as an order can only be defended upon historical grounds, and if they compel the people to begin afresh, making a new constitution, they may be sure it will not contain any provisions for an hereditary Upper House.

The defenders of popular right cannot be too careful and zealous in expounding to the people the time-honoured legal ground upon which they stand. Men of great wealth among the manufacturing and trading classes will feel that their safety depends upon upholding the law, and if it should become necessary to rouse the people to take any strong measures for defending their rights, such measures will have the hearty concurrence of the real friends of order, who might shrink from applying equal energy to obtain the more rapid acknowledgment of new ideas.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. GLADSTONE at present stand out well from the general mass of public men, and if they are thoroughly true to the principles of free government they will come out of the trial to which they have been exposed with a large increase of power. If they falter, they may bid good bye to the honourable ambition which they are believed to cherish.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

HUMANITY is a very delightful virtue whenever it can be indulged in at other people's expense, and if that indulgence involves, as is often found to be the case, direct pecuniary advantage to one's self or one's friends, the temptation to come out strongly in the humane line is irresistible. No wonder, therefore, that sundry members of the House of Commons expressed such a tender regard for human life, drew such sad pictures of the dangers of those who go down to the sea in ships, and even had a full measure of sympathy to spare for the luckless owners of the vessels wrecked on these inhospitable shores, when Mr. LINDSAY moved his resolution to the effect that it was the duty of the Government to construct, at the earliest possible moment, the harbours of refuge recommended by the Commission of which he was a member. Some of the speakers only gratified their humane feelings and their dislike to Mr. GLADSTONE; others had the additional gratification of pushing on a measure which would largely increase the value of their own property or promote the pecuniary interests of their constituents, and all had the pleasing feeling that the much-enduring public would pay the piper. The end, of course, when such a good one, justifies the means; we must, therefore, feel no surprise that Mr. LINDSAY's supporters misrepresented facts and misstated figures in a way which, if "tried on" to obtain anything from a private individual, would have exposed them to a prosecution for false pretences.

Before we deal with these misrepresentations, let us say at once that we cannot admit the slightest obligation upon the part of the Government to construct harbours of refuge. It has no more business with them than it has with making docks or improving the entrance of any port. If such harbours are needed, they should be paid for by those who use them. A Government has no right to expend funds derived from all classes of the population for the exclusive benefit of a particular interest. The Committee of the House of Commons which reported the necessity of such works itself felt this truth, inasmuch as it recommended that three-fourths of the cost should be defrayed by a toll on shipping; and the Commission which was then appointed to examine into the fittest spots asks the Government to contribute only £2,365,000 to works the estimated cost of which is more than four millions, leaving the balance to be supplied by the localities themselves. The whole cost should be raised in one of these two ways. If Hartlepool thinks that a harbour of refuge will benefit its trade, let it build one, and either trust to increasing prosperity to

repay its outlay, or charge the vessels which resort thereto for the accommodation. The Government has no business with any such works, even if it were fitted to undertake them, except where required for purely naval purposes,—and how it bungles over those everybody knows. The truth is, these harbours would be so many jobs, and it was the unclean spirit of jobbery which prompted the virtuous indignation of honourable gentlemen at the supineness of Government. Shipowners would like the harbours very well if not called upon to pay for them. They could then make the rotten tubs in which they have no scruple to put brave men last a little longer. Some members of Parliament have estates the value of which would be enormously increased by the formation of a harbour; and the constituents of others would like very much to have such a harbour near them, and have the handling of the money which must be expended during its construction. Then there is a whole shoal of other interests as eager for pickings—engineers, contractors, and what not—all cloaking their private interests under pretended zeal for the public welfare.

Now for the false pretences. The average annual loss of lives by shipwreck is about 800. In 1854 it reached 1,500, and that exceptional year is put prominently forward. The loss of property is estimated at a million and a half. Such being the facts, Mr. LINDSAY and his friends did not scruple to argue as if all these lives and all this property were lost from the want of harbours of refuge, when they knew very well that all the harbours recommended by the Commissioners would not diminish the annual sacrifice ten, or even five per cent. The Commissioners do not propose a single harbour from Filey Bay, in Yorkshire, to the Land's End. Upon that extent of coast, which is thus assumed to be amply protected, three-fourths of the lives so much deplored are lost. Of what avail would it be to the ships driven on the fatal sands which line the coast of Norfolk—and not a gale of wind blows there which does not drown the shrieks of some doomed men—or to the American, Australian, or Indian vessels tempest-tossed in the channel, that £800,000 are spent to build a harbour at Filey, and nearly as much more thrown away close by, at Hartlepool? Let us test the value of these harbours by two of the most terrible wrecks which have ever occurred. Both are of very recent date. Our readers will recollect the emigrant vessel bound from Bremen for New York—we forget her name—which was wrecked on the Essex coast, some 400 souls—half the average annual loss upon our whole seaboard—perishing. Which harbour of refuge would have saved them? And nobody has forgotten the Royal Charter,—with strange ignorance mentioned by some advocate of these harbours as an illustration of their great necessity—wrecked within a short distance of Holyhead—a harbour of refuge, which it had actually passed the same afternoon. But could there be crasser ignorance, or more deliberate dishonesty than was displayed by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. BEECROFT, who instanced as evidences of the necessity of these harbours, the late fearful shipwrecks off Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and the loss of the fishermen of those ports? The nearest harbour of refuge to Yarmouth which it is proposed to construct is at Filey Bay, on the coast of Yorkshire. Do these legislators wish us to suppose that the vessels driven on shore at this end of Norfolk could have got into Filey? The 200 fishermen were engulfed off the Dutch coast. Were they to have reached Filey? Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. BEECROFT are either utterly ignorant of the geography of their own country, although the one has been Colonial Secretary and First Lord of the Admiralty, and the other is a successful trader, or they have been guilty of one of the most impudent misrepresentations ever practised in the House of Commons.

It is evident that the harbours of refuge now proposed will save but very few if any lives, even if they should not prove destructive by drawing ships from the open sea, where they are safe, to a dangerous coast, in the hope of making them. We have not, indeed, the slightest proof of their utility. Mr. LINDSAY tells us that we have fooled our money away on Alderney and Dover. They are useless. Very likely; but what guarantee have we that when a million has been spent on Filey, and half a million on Wick, the same discovery will not be made? We cannot take the *ipse dixit* of Mr. LINDSAY or his colleagues. Alderney and Dover were selected as the best spots for harbours of refuge by men as experienced in their day. We cannot afford to spend £5,000,000 in such a lottery, and would have no right to so apply it if the Treasury were troubled by a constant surplus. The Commissioners, it is true, only estimate the cost to the country at £2,500,000, but estimates, especially for Government work, must always be doubled to ascertain the probable sum required. Sir MORTON PERO, indeed, says that they would not be exceeded, and pleads earnestly, in the name of Finabury, for a commencement of the good work, asserting that his constituents are quite willing to contribute for such a purpose—a

declaration which, we fancy, will take the electors of that borough by surprise—but Sir MORTON was thinking of estimates made for shrewd, business-like contractors, and not for a Government everybody thinks he is allowed to swindle. Add to the £5,000,000 the cost of fortifying these harbours—for their adaptability to this purpose is one of their main recommendations—and we can form some idea of the amount which the House of Commons has determined to fool away in the name of humanity for the benefit of a few impudent jobbers.

A FOREIGN REVIEW.

THERE is a temporary lull in Continental politics, and yet there is ample matter of interest. In France, the last surviving brother of NAPOLEON sinks into the tomb, while the King of NAPLES consents to a constitution, as his predecessor did when the "nephew's uncle" left him no better course to pursue. We cannot imagine the Neapolitans so stupid as to be deceived for one moment by a promise of future good behaviour from a young man whose latest acts in Sicily were those of wholesale bloodthirsty murder, and who, if capable of sincerity, would have restored the legal rights of his subjects before GARIBALDI undertook his heroic expedition. We are still ignorant of much that is going on in Calabria and the Abruzzi, and still more ignorant of what our Cabinet is about in its diplomatic interference with Italian affairs. Does it still perplex Sardinia by cowardly counsels, or is it becoming resigned to more extensive changes than its purblindness has hitherto deemed necessary? No one knows, for the House of Commons seldom troubles itself about any large question; and even the PRINCE CONSORT left his absolutist memoranda at home when he attended the annual jollification of the Elder Brethren at Trinity House. Sir ROBERT PEEL has rendered some service by another hearty effort to sustain the cause of Switzerland; but the worthy baronet is too exclusive in his sympathies, and fails to see that England can only help Continental freedom by applying sound principles to the whole group of questions submitted to her consideration. The conduct of France towards Switzerland is certainly not to be admired, but if we wish to serve the Swiss, we should do all we can to ensure the French against a coalition to obstruct their useful action in European affairs.

The last Italian war, which, with all the dirt sticking to the end of it, was a great thing for human progress, very nearly brought about a general coalition against LOUIS NAPOLEON, and while England refuses to agree to the principle of national rights, any future war in which France may be engaged would be very likely to have that result; and hence we cannot wonder that her astute ruler should strengthen himself on every frontier as much as possible, and, as we know by experience, it is not in accordance with his character to be over nice, his opinion coinciding with that of the *Times* in regarding success as the best proof of virtue and every kind of merit. It is evident that the action of Germany is a constant source of anxiety, and perhaps, also, of hope to the French Government. War or revolution, or both, has become almost a necessity for the German States, and for either NAPOLEON III. is holding himself prepared. The *Siecle*, in an able article, points out to the Germans the cause of their own weakness and of their fears of France. Their Governments are absurdities—anachronisms in the present age, and their internal divisions give rise to dissensions which may enable another rectification of frontiers to take place. "Modern France," says this journal, "can only desire to rectify her frontiers on the north and north-east, as she has rectified those on the south-east, that is to say, by the free assent of the populations, and by that of the parties interested. No other conquest is possible now-a-days." There is much truth in this, and after deducting the large amount of fraud and coercion that undoubtedly prevailed in the universal suffrage voting of Nice and Savoy, we are met by the fact that a powerful French party did exist in both those places.

The *Siecle* urges Prussia to take the lead and form a United Germany, which France would welcome; but every French politician knows that the Prussian Court is composed of beggarly elements of antediluvian sort of royalty, and has not the moral power to carry out such a plan in a manner to rally all hearts around it; and hence circumstances may probably arise in which France can fight for another "idea," and obtain the concurrence of at least a portion of Germany in another act of "rectification."

The "sick man" of the East is again very poorly, and the accounts from Constantinople represent a general disorganization, that should be considered in connexion with the fresh attempt of Russia to obtain money in this country. No one in his senses can doubt that the loan is intended to provide the means for fresh aggression in the East, if circumstances should prove

favourable, and it is satisfactory to see that considerations of prudence, if not of morality, have caused it to be unfavourably entertained. As an investment, it would be open to serious objection, as Russia cannot afford another war just yet, and her existing securities will be all the safer for preventing her Government getting deeper into debt for the purpose of adding to her aggressive power. If the Russian Government is kept poor it will progress, and yield to the demand made by the great nobles for constitutional power, as a compensation for the emancipation of their serfs—a course of action which is thought likely to favour the restoration of Poland.

The success of our Volunteer review is likely to have a good effect on our foreign relations. Sir J. BURGOYNE estimates the number actually reviewed at 20,000 men, and 130,000 are spoken of as the total force at present brought together. This must diminish most materially any chance of invasion, and it also lessens any excuse our Government may have had for truckling to other Powers. We are quite able to hold our own, and do something, if necessary, for deserving friends. It is no longer want of physical force that need make us servile worshippers of 1815, and it is time that we applied ourselves to the task of facilitating the reorganization of Europe according to the principles of international justice and the wants of the age.

RIFLES AND RED TAPE.

IT would be a curious problem to ascertain how many captives will be crucified before the BOURBONS are expelled from Naples, and how many armies must be sacrificed before the spirit of red-tape expires at the Horse Guards. Our soldiers are the best in Europe—our enemies themselves being the judges. We spend more money upon them than any other nation in the world; we do all that in us lies to prevent their hearing the word of command from any but the most aristocratic lips; we would think foul scorn of allowing a SMITH to lead a JONES, when the act might be performed by a FITZ-BOOTS or a MOUNT-NOODLE; and it is difficult to say what we could do more for our army. It is true that now and then little mistakes will occur, such as sending cannon to one place and balls to another; forgetting that men exposed to an inclement climate require warm clothing; furnishing raw, that is, unroasted, coffee, and no means of roasting it,—salt pork, and no means of boiling it; but then such trifling omissions as these are really very pardonable, and certainly ought not to ruffle the temper of the best troops in the world; and if our system be tried by the true British test of expense, we may lay claim to the approbation of our countrymen, for our soldiers cost us not much less than *five hundred a year per man*! It will scarcely be believed that this is really the case, but if we take the whole sum expended for military purposes, we shall find it not less, when divided among the whole rank and file, than the enormous sum which we have just mentioned. One thing is tolerably clear, that LOUIS NAPOLEON expends very little more on his army than we do on ours, and that had our administration been as economical as his we might have laughed at the notion of an invasion, and defied "the four quarters of the world in arms."

A spirit has, however, been raised amongst us which will probably save our country from being ravaged, and by-and-by our purses from being plundered. It appears before us in a grey or green tunic, with a black belt and a well-made rifle. It carries its head proudly, its air is confident and its tramp martial, and we say instinctively as it passes, "The day of England's glory is not over yet." We have now a volunteer army, already so well trained as to be capable of comparison with the best of our veteran troops. All these men are animated by a spirit of the most genuine patriotism; all eager to distinguish themselves; all aware that they have not taken arms in their hands merely to play at soldiering, but to defend to the last drop of their blood the country of their birth. This army, now one hundred and twenty thousand strong, is only in its infancy; it is but the fifth part of what it will be before another year is over our heads. A threat of war would raise it to half a million in a month, and it is raised from the very best material in the country. Well born, well nurtured, and well educated, our riflemen are the pick of the middle classes. They are strong and stalwart in frame, quick to learn the use of their deadly weapon, able to bear hardship and exposure, and wise enough to submit willingly to rigid military discipline. It is hardly too much to say that the world never saw such a host as that which is now forming all over England. Whatever we may say of it ourselves, continental nations look at it with mingled admiration and terror. Despots wish vainly that they could have but a few regiments of men such as those who offer by hundreds of thousands their swords and their lives to the constitutional Queen of a free country; but they feel that the wish is vain, and that here and here only could such a spectacle be seen.

The ultimate result of this movement will be eminently peaceable. No nation will dare to attack us when the number of our riflemen is complete, and our volunteer artillery corresponding in force. Our young men will gain in health and in grace at the same time; the slouching gait, the inelegant action, once so common among country-bred youths, will be seen no more; the contracted chest, the stooping posture, the round shoulders will give way to the firm step, the upright carriage, and the well-developed form; and the spirit of patriotism, which produced the change, will extend to the soul

as well as to the body, and the amusements of the rising generation will consist in preparing themselves to defend the rights and liberties of their native land. But this glorious muster is not intended for foreign conquest; it threatens the liberties of no neighbouring nation; it supports no alien domination; it props up no effete superstition; it is purely defensive; and as such it stands alone in the history of the world. This is the second time the display has been made, and there seems reason to believe that this time the spirit will not be allowed to die out.

And now comes the question, how are our rulers welcoming the exhibition of a national spirit so magnificent? We are bound to say that we cannot give to this question an answer altogether satisfactory. In the beginning of the movement military men generally discouraged it;—they did not like putting arms into the hands of civilians. They knew how long it took to make a soldier out of a bumpkin, and they foresaw a great deal of careless and useless drill, and an amazing waste of cloth, leather, trouble, and time; but they forgot that the Volunteer force would be composed of men who never were bumpkins, and who could in a few weeks be made soldiers of the very highest character. Gradually the truth dawned on the Horse Guards. An army of well-disciplined gentlemen rose before the official eye, and the apparition was not a welcome one. The nation will see that it can do without us!—such was the conviction produced. England will want no home army, and the colonies will soon raise their own; we must not allow it to be imagined that tradesmen, and clerks, lawyers, doctors, farmers, and private gentlemen can handle arms like those to the manner educated. Our craft is in danger. They must not be permitted to make shrines for our goddess! Great is DIANA of the Ephesians! So spoke the town-clerk of our day, opposite Whitehall. The brave and patriotic Duke of CAMBRIDGE took fright, and again and again declared that Volunteers were all very well as long as they did not usurp the place of the regular army; but if once they did this, they would be "prodigious, ominous, and viewed with fear." The PRINCE CONSORT reminded his regiment of Guards—his regiment—which had once been WELLINGTON'S! that a soldier's duty *might be* to take arms against his countrymen, and to defend a dynasty against a nation! Nor was this all, Volunteer officers were not permitted to kiss hands at the levee, they were merely to pass before Her MAJESTY and bow—their rank was ignored, and they were formally told that it would be so. Hints were given them from high places, that it would be well for them to wear their uniforms in public as little as possible. The Honourable Artillery Company declined to co-operate with the London Rifle Brigade, or to permit the Volunteers the use of their ground for drill and parade; and even Her MAJESTY was recommended, in reviewing them, not to do so in her military costume, with the ribbon of the Garter across her breast, but in plain attire, making a difference to the disadvantage of those who served her without pay, and found their own uniforms into the bargain.

We ask, is this right? Is it creditable? Is it patriotic? All the Princes of the House of Hanover have been fond of military pomp and parade. All have taken a great interest in their troops. Her present MAJESTY is no exception to the rule. Soldiers always enjoy a large amount of court favour; and all the nation expects is, that some respect be shown to our voluntary defenders. We can easily understand that the QUEEN'S military councillors look on the whole movement as a thing to be tolerated simply because it is irresistible, rather than to be encouraged because it is beneficial. If they could put down the whole rifle corps, they would gladly exchange it for two or three extra regiments of regular troops; but as this cannot be done, the next best thing is to throw it as much as possible out of the sunshine of royal favour, and to disparage it whenever an opportunity occurs.

These things will only induce the country to think more seriously of the whole plan. Our present enormous military expenditure is unnecessary, and the public will soon find this out. A few years at our present rate of payment would, if the funds willingly supplied were properly employed, fortify London and all our outposts, furnish us with all that would be required in the way of rifled cannon, ammunition, arms of all kinds, and everything necessary for our national defences, and after that we should require a very small army indeed. We should make no aggressive wars, we should be secure against any invasion, we should be internally the most powerful and externally the most pacific of nations, and all the corrupt system of patronage and preferment now exhibited in our military service would die a natural death. Of course the authorities at the Horse Guards can see this as well as we can; they know that it would mightily relieve the burdens of the country; that our position would be stronger than ever; that public works at home would make at once an astonishing progress; that the whole spirit of the nation would be raised and ennobled; but then—what would become of Down!

Practical men, who don't belong to "the family," would settle the matter in a most unsatisfactory way: they would reply, let Down become a cheesemonger, or let him make shoes, or be a "professor" of tailoring, or hair-cutting; or, if he be too proud for this, there is the law and there is medicine. He will do no harm there; no one will give him a brief because his great uncle was Lord FITZ-BOODLE, or employ him medically because the back stairs of the palace were familiar with his father's steps. But this solution would not suit the Horse Guards; we must have a perpetual provision for a perpetual progeny of Downs, and therefore red tape must tie up our rifles, and those who shoulder them be recommended to sneak under a hedge to do it. But we will gladly leave a disagreeable topic; let us again turn to our noble Volunteers, and point out what they can

do. By our system of railways they can be thrown in any numbers on any part of our coast; and as this mode of conveyance renders artillery of any calibre as portable as rifles or revolvers, we ought, in one month's time, to be prepared for any invasion that could be attempted. The very fact of such preparation would prevent the attempt, for it is a good and a true saying, the best Peace Society is a well-appointed army and navy. One point we would especially notice at present: the movement is pre-eminently a middle-class movement. We have seen the way in which it is regarded from the summit of the social pyramid; it is, unfortunately, not popular with the working-class—or, rather, to speak more correctly, the class of artisans. We regret this, not because we would have many of that class incorporated, but we would have the spirit spread throughout all classes, and we should like to have a few brigades of artisans, were it only to represent the rest. A small subscription would supply them with uniforms—the simpler the better, and they would feel that they were not left out. We would conclude these remarks by pointing out that the Militia and the Yeomanry Cavalry are not to be forgotten; they must, the latter especially, be encouraged by every means in our power; and the truth must be present to the minds of the whole nation, that our present position is too serious to allow of any hinderance to our effective and permanent defence.

ENGLAND'S NAUGHTY BOY.

QUITE young, scarcely in what BURKE called "the bone and gristle of manhood," only about seventy years old or so, a real boy in METHUSELAH'S reckoning, an odd hundred or two younger than his big brother JONATHAN, who fought, and kicked, and struggled with his old mother till he broke her apron-string, with a most un-Chinese defect of reverence for the ancestors, and went away with few affectionate remembrances, and set up shop a long way off, and now has got a good deal of conceit and a black footman, and sends to the old lady, but only for a consideration, materials for her calico night-gowns and cotton stockings. The youngest lad was the wickedest of the two, and was kicked out of the house, whether he liked it or no, and sent to a distant school of very hard discipline, not very much better than a work-house. But the prodigal, graceless, hopeless reprobate, has long been showing signs of amendment, and his old mother's bowels yearn over him more than over JONATHAN, and she fondly wishes him well, and sends friends to see him, and writes him letters and gives him her blessing.

This is something like a sketch of the two main branches of England's offspring.

There is about Australia so much good, hearty, loyal English feeling that we naturally like her, and perhaps all the better for her wicked early days, and the obloquy and disadvantages against which she has had to struggle—worst and chiefest, a bad name. It is not very long since she celebrated a grand anniversary, and her chief spokesman made pointed allusions to her evil and early days, which we should have expected to have been suppressed; but there was no disposition to blink the story of her origin, and an Australian candidly avowed all, whereto an Englishman would have deemed it ungracious to venture upon allusion, at least upon such an occasion. There is no denying that a large portion of her people have been criminals, or the children of criminals; add to these, many who have left England for her shores with broken fortunes and tainted characters, unable to get on in the mother country, and a far smaller portion who have carried thither hope, energy, capital, and a good name. Either a little leaven has leavened the whole mass, or Australia is a standing contradiction to the necessary fatality of bad blood, a notion against which we have always ourselves been inclined to rebel, in spite of many proverbs, many prejudices, and some argument. We have not many opportunities of philosophising on regions mainly stocked, and societies mainly formed by those who have "left their country for their country's good;" but it was only the other day we were reading that Siberia, the population of which is fed not merely by political criminals, but by others who are far from being the choicest products of Russia, is by no means below the average Russian population in its conduct and morals; but we cannot afford space now for the discussion of this subject; instead of debateable theories, we have pleasant facts before us.

The thirty-first of March last was a day of just pride to Sydney, and of reasonable interest to England. We give our Australian kindred our hearty congratulations on the commemoration which took place on that day. We left Lord BROUGHAM'S and Mr. GLADSTONE'S University addresses to be noticed by others, though they afforded abundant matters for reflection, and were fully worthy of the scenes, the associations, and the orators; orators who nevertheless could do little to strengthen, to glorify, and still less to modify, the ancient institutions of which they are the temporary patrons. We view the address of Sir CHARLES NICHOLSON at the Sydney University Commemoration with far more interest. This latter Institution is still in its trials, and on its trial, and from it the future of the colony will, in a great measure, take its tone. Had it been established in a mere spirit of imitation of the mother country, we ought, as Englishmen, still to have considered it a good friendly loyal sign; but its founders and encouragers have evidently not taken up their task in any dilettante fashion. They have thought over the matter in a businesslike and earnest spirit, and mean to make it a good working institution.

How strangely things turn out! Had any one been asked forty years ago what was likely to be the largest and most expensive building in Sydney, he would have answered without hesitation

the gaol: had he been asked the same question twenty years ago, he might perhaps have replied, the Exchange. Now, the University is the noblest and costliest building in Sydney: this is a great deal to say of a country which we have always been accustomed to consider as inspired by material and money-getting rather than by mental interests, the very scene and focus, indeed, of a rough and earnest scramble for the pocket; and of such anxious fluctuations in the market, as to leave little time for better and higher things.

But let us turn a little to President NICHOLSON's speech, who, after a humbler and simpler fashion, interests us far more than either BROUGHAM or GLADSTONE. We are glad to find that he speaks of an increase of members matriculated, and of many more struggling against early disadvantages, and most anxious to qualify themselves for matriculation, whilst the general acquirements of those who enter enable the authorities to raise the standard; and means are taken for duly feeding the University. By public and private grants fifteen free scholarships have been established at the Sydney Grammar School, and three exhibitions at the University for scholars coming from that school. There is further the intention of systematising a scale of lower schools, from or through which guaranteed scholars will gradually be transmitted to the college itself, thus ensuring a soundness of acquirement which we are endeavouring to attain by means of our middle-class examinations. The President speaks well and firmly to those who have failed, after "having fulfilled all the statutory obligations respecting attendance on lectures," he says:—

"They, and all others, must admit that, if an academic title is to be regarded of the slightest conventional value, it must honestly be what it professes, that those by whom it has been achieved should be regarded as having truly and rightfully, *tam moribus quam doctrinâ*, earned the distinction."

This is in a true English spirit, and saves us from the fear of a mere shallow conceited aping of our own "degrees." He urges them not "to pursue the utilities which are likely to bring an immediate return to the pocket, as the faculties of law and medicine, to the neglect of that general accomplishment implied in the faculty of arts."

The Governor-General speaks in the same strain with regard to the necessity of insisting upon soundness:—

"They had no right to confer honours unless they were properly earned, especially when they recollected the fact that the English universities were connected with those of the colonies."

We are not sorry to see that the scholarship, founded by DAVID COOPER, for proficiency in classical literature was not awarded. There is a firmness about this refusal that verifies the words above quoted from the President and Governor—rather not at all than not well; but in the lower department there are classical prize-men. Our poor old friend ALBERT SMITH would persist to the last in his platitudes against Greek and Latin, listened to as oracles by people of weak minds and discontinuous education; it was indeed the only deep truth which he ever attempted to convey, and was no doubt the honest conviction of a mind which had been broken away rather too soon from the HOMER and VIRGIL. Ten or twenty years ago a good many people talked in this fashion, generally because their schools had been bad ones, for we never yet met with a man who had been made what could in the humblest sense be called a Greek or Latin scholar, who ever regretted it. This general talk is now over. The scholar is still respected; and if a father, for special reasons, prefers German to Greek for his son, the matter is arranged quietly, without immodest abuse of studies which are still deemed of importance by all those best qualified to judge on matters of general education.

However, if any men in the civilized world were likely to have thrown the classics behind them, we should have said that the Australians would be the men. It seems to have turned out otherwise.

Amongst much that is good in the addresses, there appears to us to be one important defect or omission. Religious interests of all kinds are strong in the colony, and conflicting ones; and we should be sorry to see an institution designed for universal good become a stronghold of ecclesiastical despotism, or an arena for contending religious parties, but there might have been at least more of the form of usual deferential acknowledgment of divine superintendence, in which all Christian sects agree, something more than the metaphors of "Heavenly dew" and the recognition of "Time" as the main

"Corrector where our judgments err."

We scarcely remember a solitary instance where so little reference was made to "PROVIDENCE," or to moral purposes. At the next anniversary we hope the superintendents of the ceremony will not deem silence on such subjects the wisest or most palatable course. This defect we feel bound to notice. May the University, however, obtain the blessing for which, on this occasion, it did not deign to ask, and grow in years and in honour, till it reminds us by its accomplishments and pursuits of that eminent scholar and soldier of ELIZABETH, the desecration of whose name we once regretted, and till amongst its other studies it can speak of its "botany course" without either a smile or a pang.

FAITH AND FILTHY LUCRE.

THE case of the Roman Jew boy, MORTARA, is totally eclipsed by that of the English Protestant boy, VANSITTART. We have congratulated ourselves that so gross an interference with personal liberty and paternal rights could never take place under

the eye of our just and equal laws, and have given ourselves up to the belief that nowhere, except under the shadow of the Inquisition, could such an outrage have even been attempted on the plea of glorifying God, and advancing the true faith. But our English Jesuits have shown that they can dare quite as much as any Roman priest, and with as reckless a disregard of the means they employ. Indeed, in this respect, the conduct of the persons who attempted to kidnap young VANSITTART is infinitely more discreditable than that of the priests of Bologna. MORTARA was the son of a poor Jew; VANSITTART is the son of a wealthy member of Parliament, and it was no secret that he would inherit a very considerable property. Some excuse may be urged for the tyranny of those who make proselytes purely out of a love for souls, and in the conscientious belief that they are saving fellow-creatures from perdition. Religious zeal may lead such missionaries to employ means not altogether warrantable, but still their motives are entitled to some degree of respect. It is a very different thing, however, when the primary motive is a sordid one, and when the agencies made use of are those of deceit, concealment, imposition, and evil counsel. Young VANSITTART's history during the last three months, as originally given by himself, is both curious and startling—quite a story of religious adventure by flood and field. His father, Mr. VANSITTART, M.P. for Windsor, intended him for the navy; but the boy failed to pass his examination, being unable to grapple with mathematics and double decimals. Indeed, it appears that the lad was rather deficient in intellect. After this failure he was placed with a Mr. JANSSEN, who kept a military school at Brighton. In the holidays young VANSITTART went on the Continent, his father being anxious that he should acquire a pure French accent, with perhaps a smattering of German. The youth, however, seemed to bring back with him stronger impressions of the Catholic churches he had visited than of anything else. Shortly after the boy's return from the Continent Mr. VANSITTART was telegraphed for to Brighton, and on going down he found that his son had been abducted from the school by a priest of the name of CLERY; and it was only on the threat of a *mandamus* that CLERY was induced to restore the boy to his father. Mr. VANSITTART now looked about for a sound Protestant clergyman with whom he could place his son, and he found such a person as he desired in the Rev. Mr. HODGSON, of Rackheath. So to Rackheath the boy was sent, and Mr. HODGSON deposes that while at his house the boy had not shown any disinclination to join in Protestant worship; but, on the contrary, exhibited an unusual inclination in that direction.

Young VANSITTART, however, had not been many days at Mr. HODGSON's before his Jesuit friends in Brighton found out his retreat. One day, when Mr. HODGSON had left home, the boy observed a man in a long blue cloak and a little Italian hat crouching down under a hedge near the rectory. On approaching this mysterious personage he discovered him to be a Catholic priest, named GRUGINI, to whom he had been introduced at Brighton. "How do you do, my dear young friend?" said the crouching personage; "I hope you will not desert our faith;"—but here the clerical gentleman checked himself, and proceeded to make the boy take an oath upon a holy relic that he would never mention having seen him there. The boy having complied, the pious father gave this curt and comprehensive, if not elegantly expressed, piece of advice:—"Cut and run to the Jesuit chapel, Willow Lane, Norwich, and remember that whatever you are doing is for the glory of God. Addio carissimo," said the priest, kissing the boy on the cheek; "we shall meet again." Master VANSITTART is now fairly launched on his adventures. He cuts and runs, according to the priestly advice, and arrives in Norwich; and as he is wandering about, scarcely knowing what business he has there at all, Canon DALTON spies him from a window, and beckons him in. The boy tells his story. His father is a Protestant, but he himself wishes to be a Catholic, and he has run away from school to embrace the faith; at which recital the canon was so delighted that he went off in a fit of chuckling, and, rubbing his hands, said it was "a capital joke." As a reward for this meritorious act, Canon DALTON treated Master VANSITTART to a glass of wine—after which the lad felt rather stupefied—and then pressed him to take another. And now, as he wished to become a good Catholic, as it was desirable that his Protestant father should not be able to find him, Canon DALTON decided that he should be sent to "Father THOMAS," a close and discreet acquaintance of his in London. But here a little difficulty arose about funds. The canon was very zealous in the cause of the true faith, but not to the extent of being willing to pay eighteen shillings, the amount of the boy's fare to London. Ah! he had a watch, a very nice silver watch, worth two pounds. It was not his own. Well, that did not matter; and Canon DALTON knew a Mr. BEHA, a good Catholic watchmaker, who would buy it of him. So Canon DALTON and his young friend are off to the watchmaker's, the young friend walking in the canon's shadow for fear of detection. Mr. BEHA was a very good Catholic, and, like the canon, very zealous in the cause of Mother Church; but he declined to give fifteen shillings for Master VANSITTART's "beautiful silver watch." There was quite a touch of the Levite about Mr. BEHA's proceeding. He was aware that the watch did not belong to the boy, and he could not give fifteen shillings. But he knew a friend, an auctioneer—"a friend in the city"—and perhaps he would buy it. Mr. BEHA went to see his friend the auctioneer, and came back in an uncommonly short time with the required amount, whereupon the canon chuckled again, and said, "Capital, capital!"

The canon's generosity and self-sacrifice in the cause of true

religion now shone forth with great brilliancy. He actually presented Master VANSITTART with six shillings more. But he might want a shilling or two extra—something to get dinner on the way, and pay his omnibus in London. Had he nothing else about him that—? Oh yes, Master VANSITTART had a silver pencil-case. "Capital, capital!" It was his own too. Ah! Mr. BEHA would buy that. What did Master VANSITTART want for the silver pencil-case? would half-a-crown—? Yes—half-a-crown would do. And the young proselyte is now in possession of the sum of one pound four. He had still, however, to receive a parting gift from the munificent canon. This consisted of a letter to Father THOMAS, and a little relic of the immaculate conception. What this latter could have been it entirely passes our ability to conceive. But here the progress of this drama—this miracle play of thrilling interest—is rudely interrupted by the arrival of a policeman, who rescues Master VANSITTART from the clutches of his Jesuit friends, just as he is preparing to set out for the abode of Father THOMAS in London.

Such was the original story, on the strength of which a charge was preferred against the Rev. Canon DALTON and the Messrs. BEHA of conspiring to assist in keeping Master VANSITTART from the care of his father after he had run away from school. As might have been expected, a good deal of fiction is found to be mixed up with fact in the boy's relation. On cross-examination before the magistrates of Norwich the lad was obliged to acknowledge that the story about the priest in the blue cloak was a fabrication from beginning to end. The fact is, the boy ran away from Mr. HODGSON's of his own accord, and trumped up this tale to excuse his conduct. In no other particular, however, does his statement appear to be impugned. The existence of such a person as the priest CLERY has been denied by Mr. BOWYER; but here is Mr. CLERY writing letters to the papers, showing all the world—while attempting to exculpate himself—that he did, by secret and underhand means, attempt to corrupt the religious belief of this weak-minded boy; and more than that, that he actually aided and abetted the lad in running away from school. The charge against Canon DALTON and the BEHAS has been dismissed by the magistrates of Norwich, owing to difficulties connected with the case, both in regard to law and evidence; but no attempt has been made to deny that Canon DALTON encouraged the boy to absent himself from the control of his legal guardians, and also that he used means to conceal him from his father. Whatever may be the law of the case, we have no hesitation in saying that the means employed by the priests DALTON and CLERY to entrap this poor boy are highly discreditable; and we are sure that the respectable Catholic community will view their conduct with repugnance and disgust.

SPURGEON AT BADEN.

THE Conference of Baden will be memorable for one fact at any rate, and that is, the presence of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. Baden-Baden and SPURGEON—the two ideas are hard to reconcile. One could as soon have thought of JONAH going for a day's excursion to Nineveh, or JEREMIAH pausing in his lamentations to have a little cheerful conversation, as of SPURGEON strolling about the naughty-pleasant-little-home-of-Roulette and Rouge et Noir. Our only conception of Mr. SPURGEON is formed from the dreadful print which used to stare at us from every shop window, with the extended arm and the rolling eyes. It is quite a comfort to reflect that this posture is not perpetual; that Mr. SPURGEON out of the pulpit is much as other men are: listens to the band on the promenade, runs after the crowd to get a sight of an Emperor, drives over to Strasburg to see the fun, peeps—we dare say looks—into the ball-room and the *salle de jeu*, and takes his cake and ale cheerfully, like an honest man. In fact, if we learnt that the great popular preacher had been seen smoking a cigar behind the *kersaal*, or even, when Mrs. S. was not looking, had slyly slipped a *gulden* on that enticing green-covered table, where the ball keeps spinning round from morning to night—well, we should think decidedly the better of him. APOLLO does not always stretch his bow, and even Mr. SPURGEON need not always have a text in his mouth and a homily on his tongue.

Between the intervals of sight-seeing and *roulette*, Mr. SPURGEON found time to send an account of his journeys to a paper called the *British Banner*, which is, we believe, the organ of the Wesleyan connection. It is on this letter that we wish to comment. Mr. SPURGEON is a clever man, and therefore in his new character as "our own correspondent" he has picked out from his observation several facts which are worth relating. He does not profess to be acquainted with foreign politics, and is therefore excusable in looking at everything from the received anti-NAPOLÉONIC view, which, whether right or wrong, is the fashion of the day at home. The only fault we find with the reverend correspondent of the *British Banner* is in the remarks of a serious or semi-religious character with which he has thought it necessary to interlard his intelligence. After telling what he has to tell sensibly enough, he evidently feels that a little religious *bunkum* is expected of him, and this expectation is not to be disappointed. So hereupon follow a number of disjointed sentences, such as, "Who can tell what were in the heart of the mighty? Who shall fathom the depths of the thoughts of kings? May the Lord rule and over-rule, and out of every evil may his glory spring!" &c., &c.; and so on *ad nauseam*. Now, in plain English, this all means that neither Mr. SPURGEON nor any one else knows what is to happen, and therefore the best thing we can do is to trust in PROVIDENCE,

though, by the way, this implicit faith in PROVIDENCE is somewhat reflected on by the consolation Mr. SPURGEON derives from the idea that the EMPEROR cannot live long enough to do much mischief. Then follows a short paragraph of that mild, mock-solemn facetiousness for which we understand the prophet of the Surrey Hall is famous:—

"I like not to see either thieves in company, nor kings in conclave. Eagles come not together unless they scent the prey. When the wolf inspects the sheepfolds and dines with the shepherds, the silliest of the sheep are troubled at nightfall."

Now the first sentence is a very poor appropriation of COBBETT's famous example of nouns plural, viz., "House of Commons, den of thieves, etc.;" and as to the metaphor at the end, we can only say that other people besides the silliest of the sheep would be startled at the occurrence of such a "*lusus naturæ*." Mr. SPURGEON, however, as a sentimentalist, a humorist, or a maker and marrer of metaphors, is in every way preferable to the same individual meting out God's judgments. The conference was held on a Sunday. This may have been undesirable or not, but the idea that there was any sin in so doing probably never entered the head of any one of the persons who took part in it. Little did they know, those "silly sheep," that by this act the thunders of Spurgeonic wrath would be let loose upon them. If LOUIS NAPOLEON, or the PRINCE REGENT of Prussia, or even the GRAND DUKE of Baden are ever bilious and begin to think of their sins, we are afraid they never will think of their Sunday meeting. Strasburg, and Heidelberg, and Rastadt would suggest to them far other and blacker memories of broken oaths and dark bloodshed. But no, their especial sin from the SPURGEON point of view is that "they usurp God's peculiar day, as if they were lords of the Sabbath, or irresponsible to the laws of Heaven." "What," we are asked, "but confusion can be the result of such councils? Will not the LORD be avenged on such a people as this? Surely there are chains of darkness of unusual weight reserved for these ringleaders in rebellion?" To all these questions we can only answer in the Italian phrase, "*Chi sa?*" Certainly neither Mr. SPURGEON nor ourselves; and, in our opinion, if LOUIS NAPOLEON were to turn the tables, and indulge in speculations as to the future state of Mr. SPURGEON, the inquiry would not be more unprofitable or more profane.

After the recital of the requisite amount of cant, for we can call it by no other word, Mr. SPURGEON resumes the ordinary style of literature, and tells his readers simply what he knows about the departure of the EMPEROR. It is a melancholy sign of the state of public feeling in the religious world, that a sensible man should feel himself unable to write a straightforward letter without inserting an adequate amount of pious common-place, and that his readers would think his letter worldly minded if not spiced with religious censures. There are other tyrants besides imperial ones.

THE LAST OF THE BUONAPARTES.

SOME men outlive themselves, and Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, sometime King of Westphalia, whose death we record this week, was one of them. As far as years go, he had not reached extreme old age; the fatal three-score years and ten had not long been passed in his life's diary; but if we count the lapse of time by facts and not by figures, then the late Prince Imperial, Marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides though he was, has been dead and buried, and forgotten scores of years ago. It seems hard, almost impossible, to realize, that the Prince who died but yesterday was the baby brother whom the great NAPOLEON may have played with, while he himself was yet a boy, in the island of Corsica.

What memories, one fancies, must have floated through the old man's brain, as he lay for days, speechless, in his dying stupor! What a life panorama to look back upon! His earliest recollections may well have been of the time when LOUIS XVI. was still King of France, and MARIE ANTOINETTE was in her pride and beauty. Surely the outburst of the first revolution, the execution of the king, the reign of terror must have left some record on the mind even of a boy of twelve, living far away from the wicked city. Or perhaps all memory of the period was to him embodied in the sight of the first epaulets of the elder brother, serving then as the "silent sallow lieutenant of engineers" in the armies of the republic. Henceforth around that one figure must have grouped his memory for years. MURAT and JOSEPHINE, FOUCHÉ and TALLEYRAND, BERNADOTTE and MOREAU, and a thousand others, who became famous because the very fact of their contact with NAPOLEON gave them fame, would pass before him; not as we see them, mere "shadows of a name," but as living men of flesh and blood, invested with many a quaint memory of the bright time of his youth, when NAPOLEON reigned in France. Then the battles of Eylau and of Friedland could scarce have failed to flash across even a dying memory; or how Prussia was dismembered, and the King-maker formed from its broken fragments the kingdom of Westphalia, and summoned his brother, little more than a boy still, to reign as king over the lands where FREDERICK THE GREAT had reigned within memory of living men. Even six years' time of royalty, inglorious as that royalty may have been, is a thing not to be forgotten, and the marriage to a royal princess, the sister of the present King of Wurtemberg, oldest of European sovereigns, may have left behind, we trust, a yet more pleasing memory. And then, the final crash, the retreat from Moscow, the consequent overthrow of the Westphalian kingdom, the abdication of the Emperor, the last dying struggle of the hundred days, the defeat at Waterloo, and the exile to

St. Helena. To one, who of events like these, might say with truth, "Quorum pars magna fui," their memory must we think have struck a chord that could answer even in the hour of death. Then, too, the recollection of the long half of his later life, of his villa home at Florence, in that pleasant Tuscan land, would cross his mind peacefully after the troubled dream of his early years. The last period of his life had, we suspect, left a less vivid impression on his mind. We have heard that latterly the old man's powers were impaired, though not destroyed; and so, though a daughter of the House of Savoy stood by his bedside as wife of his only son, though messages of inquiry came daily from Baden, where a new NAPOLEON was holding a new Congress of Tilsit; yet we suspect that the second empire and the glories of the second Emperor must have mingled hazily in his mind with the recollections of the past, and the prevailing thought, if thought there was, must have been that the grave had given back the mighty dead, and that NAPOLEON was returned to claim his own again.

There are families like those of the NAPIERS and the WELLESLEYS, all of whose members have a greatness of their own. This was not the case with the BUONAPARTES. None of NAPOLEON's brothers showed anything of original ability, and, with the death of NAPOLEON, they all died, morally. The reason, according to the "Idées Napoléoniennes," which induced the EMPEROR to make kings of his brothers was "because they alone as kings could submit to his will, and could consent, in obedience to the decrees of his policy, to relinquish a throne in order to become again mere French princes, for they alone united the apparent independence of royalty with the dependence of the family." In other words, they were not men of sufficient vigour to stand alone. NAPOLEON might with truth have parodied the saying of LOUIS XIV., and said, "La famille c'est moi." JEROME formed no exception to this rule, and whatever merits he possessed were of a negative description. Still his death will leave a void behind. It is sixteen years since JOSEPH, the ex-King of Naples and of Spain, died as Count of Survilliers, having spent the last year or two of his life in an out-of-the-way village in our midland counties; and now the last of the king-brothers, the last link between the old empire and the new, has passed away. There is a strange fitness in the epoch of his death. He had lived to see another Marengo and a new Arcola. He had survived to witness the treaties of 1815, which put a ban upon his family, torn into shreds by a younger NAPOLEON; and the last news almost which struck his dying ears was that of the "Te Deum" chanted for the restoration of the old frontiers of France. Never could the "Nunc dimittis" have been sung more fittingly for the "last of the BUONAPARTES." They are going, it is said, to bury him at St. Denis,—the shrine of the old Kings of France. It would be better, so it seems to us, if the dead Prince were laid at rest beneath the dome of the "Invalides," where, according to his own wish, the great NAPOLEON sleeps "on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people that he loved so well."

THE HEARTH AND ITS HEROISMS.

It has been wittily said, "No man is a hero to his own valet." There is, indeed, something in the original meaning of the word hero, which takes it out of the home circle. It implies at least something grand or noble, something lord-like, masterful;—among the Greeks it signified a man who was something more than a man, a man who was half a god. It is still used in poems and romances for the principal personage, and to the present day retains a certain mythologic dignity. The character of the hero in ancient literature was nothing less than a demigod. The old Greek tragic poet had no notion of selecting a purely human subject—his hero must be a colossal being, mysterious in its origin, mighty in act, immortal in destiny. He must, in a word, be *Prometheus* the Titan, not the Man. It has, indeed, been said of his poet—who, in his own way, was a Titan too—that "his men are gods, his gods mysterious abstractions, dim and vast." All in his sublime drama is superhuman. But this height could not be invariably maintained. *Æschylus* himself in other plays consented to tread the earth; and *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, particularly the latter, condescended to paint the indoor-life of his fellow Greeks. To him we are indebted for the touching story of *Admetus* and *Alcestis*, the wife who died in her husband's stead. However, this could not be told by a Greek poet without the introduction of a miracle, and her rescue from the tomb by the might of *Hercules*.

Modern literature has reversed almost all these conditions; it prefers simple humanity in its humblest forms. *Shakespeare* is intensely human, but he was wont to veil the mortal in the monarch. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their way, were human; but their characters affect a certain "gentility," as it was known in their age—we should call it "nobility" in this. They recognised class, and were afraid of vulgarity, though not of immorality. The influence of *Plutarch's* "Lives" is present in our elder literature; our modern romance has little of this ferocious character;—it deals with actual life, and respects, with Christian charity, the sufferings of the poor, disdaining not their virtues, and regarding their vices with that mercy which would rather reform than punish. The victim of society is at once lifted into the hero, and, however his martyrdom may be borne, still retains the name. Thus, we are told by a popular poet,

"The forms
Of the heroic change from age to age,
The spirit in the forms remains the same.
Your heroine of old, in love's behalf

Would dare imprisonment, and venture flight,
Though near her piles of lances were arrayed:
Your modern heroine in love's behalf
Will often dare hostility as dread.
Not seldom, you will meet a maid whose heart
Was pledged to one of lowly heritage,
But of high qualities, that well atoned
The churlish lot of Fortune. Enmity
From haughty parents, exile from the sphere
Had been her own from birth; chill penury,
And other ills as weighty, have conspired
Against her love, and yet she has avowed it,
And cherished it as life."

Other instances, less romantic, are classed also "in the same cage of rushes," namely, the heroic of modern time. For example:—

"Some patient wife, who meekly bears,
By her hearth's solitude, the cold neglect
Of him, who swore to foster her; fulfils
Duty's behests, with uncomplaining toil;
Restrain the sigh, her bitter fate would prompt;
Loving, though unbeloved, so bearing slight,
Should teach her slighter kindness."

The term "hero" has especial reference to war;—an ordinary life is a battle-field; requiring too oft the spirit and attitude of soldier-ship; including severe sacrifices of comfort and ease, and that contempt of prudence and caution out of which the attractiveness of heroic actions is frequently derivable.

Modern life has its trials and temptations, its struggles and dangers, which, not content with pursuing a man to his doorstep, sit down with him at his hearth-stone. There is nothing so marvellous to the reflective mind, one of our most elegant poets affirms, "as the wondrous patience of the poor." They have to learn the heroism of endurance, of that virtue the calmness of which irritated so much the wife of Job;—that is, if her speech to her husband on the occasion be correctly translated, which we more than doubt. Womanhood, in these times, has shown as much heroism in such cases in the wife as in the husband. Suffering, in our days, indeed appears in a multitude of instances to sit easier on woman than on man. The latter is frequently restless, and avenges the wrongs of society on his uncomplaining partner. Such a pious spouse we can readily imagine as apostrophising her impatient lord in some such language as the following, which may be accepted as an improved version, or rather paraphrase, of the speech of the Consort of the Man of Uz, as, perhaps, it ought to be understood:—

"Appeal to God, and let thy Sun of life
Set in the light of his responding glory.
To the Afflicted's prayer He will reply
Compassionate, and make the day's decline
The triumph of the Patient and the Poor."

And "in the huts where poor men lie," many such an angel of mercy, whispering such consolation, may doubtless be found; and in many a suburban dwelling, where the sorrows of respectability are only too familiar—the vain strife of merit with fortune hourly bringing some new disappointment, the tender kindness of a sympathizing wife has supported the almost hopeless husband in the very crisis of fate, and made the painful path of transition less uneasy. Man's heroism under such trials is of a more rugged texture. A defiant will, an eager hope, an instinctive rather than a reasoning faith, an unflinching courage, with an untired energy, and a straightforward purpose that ignores all speculative and many practical difficulties;—these are the characteristics that sustain the hero of private life, and leave him at length a winner at the goal of his ambition. Not the least annoyance that he has to endure is the criticism of friends and well-wishers, who think themselves entitled to advise, yet know less of the means and objects of his pursuit than himself, and are totally inexperienced in the impulses by which he is inwardly assured. Out of this annoyance, sternly put aside, grow self-confidence, and that resolution which is "the column of nobility in man;" which laughs at all forms of false prudence, and feels itself master of the event. It disdains all meanness, and recognises a greatness in itself which will command a correspondent greatness in its destiny and companions. It refuses to be the dupe of the world's littleness, and disregards many things deemed important by ordinary minds, regarding them as trifles to be despised by an active intelligence that has a task under considerable difficulties to achieve. In Art, in Science, in business, every reader must know that of such heroes we have many biographies;—but our drama, our romance, our poetry, has not yet taken enough account of them; nevertheless the spirit of modern life will require justice to be done in this respect in the fulness of time.

It needs not, however, that success should crown a man's efforts to constitute him a hero. The loss of the battle will try a man more than the winning of it; and if he rises superior to defeat, then may we be sure that he possesses the true qualifications of the heroic character. Such examples of it are confessedly rare;—but souls capable of such high service are always triumphant. They are, says a modern sage, "remarkable for good humour and habitual hilarity;" they are full of a noble scorn and contempt of consequences, such as we recognise in the ancient Greek and Roman character, and in the more critical periods of British history. Private life has many a *Scipio*, *Socrates*, *Sir Thomas More*, *Epaminondas*, *Columbus*, *Sidney*, *Hampton*, who only want their poet to realize an epical celebrity.

If considerations like these should tend to direct the attention of the serious to the circle of home as the sphere of the heroic, their statement will not have been without a special utility. Why should we look abroad for what may be found in the midst of us? It is the common mistake that is made in the search after

happiness. Poor misguided individuals can find it nowhere, though they go far afield for it, into foreign places, venturing "even unto the uttermost parts of the earth," as the Orientals phrase it; because happiness inhabits no place, but is a state of mind which, if a man find, he must find it in himself.

A certain wilfulness is, after all, an essential element of heroism. A man must have a way of his own, and a determination to have it at all risks. An example of this, we have been accustomed to recognise in our acquaintance, DEMETRIUS. The education of modern times greatly increases the class to which he belongs—the race of individuals who live by their wits. We remember the time when a man who was reported to be living by his wits was the horror of decent shopkeepers; nay, they would identify him without previous report. They would know him by his exterior deportment, his personal advantages—which he was at pains to display, his style of dress—which was as carefully selected as a woman's, and his clever conversation, suspected in the same proportion in which it was attractive. Here was a man made up evidently for sale—an adventurer, with no particular pursuit, but ready for any that did not involve hard work, and might be accomplished, with a moderate amount of "brain in the hand," as a modern sage has defined "cleverness" to be. Fifty years ago the trader would look on such a person with dread, and general society with contempt. Intellect, however, even in this low form of it, is now-a-days respectable; and its possessor may make a fair start in life. But still it is surrounded with dangers; the chief of which is the necessity of taking the initiative at every step. DEMETRIUS had no recognised occupation, and had to make his work before his work could make him. His task was to do just what he liked, and compel others to pay for it, whether they liked it or not. Imagine a penniless man rising in the morning with his task before him; and then think of the heroism required to support the position. Imagine such a man with a wife and family dependent on his exertions under such conditions, and the case of DEMETRIUS may be then faintly conceived. But he had the necessary will, and resolved to succeed—and did. To his credit, be it said, that he likewise resolved to be honest, and also succeeded in being that, notwithstanding serious obstacles and pressing temptations. His prosperity, therefore, was placed on a solid basis. Honest and diligent by the strength of will and the force of conscience, DEMETRIUS commenced every morning with the faith that the proper labour of the day and its remuneration would be provided. It was in perfect sincerity that he demanded work, and, as if by a spell, it came—not always, however, before hope was well-nigh exhausted, and the despair of the evening foreshadowed only tomorrow's trouble. On these occasions DEMETRIUS rose with the urgency, and sometimes became positively magnanimous. An inherent greatness shone out of the man; and an energy that was indomitable revealed itself. To detail the circumstances and plans by which his life was marked, would be to write a romance that might make three interesting volumes—a task not to be attempted here. Suffice it if the sketch of the character be intelligible, and the heroism implied in it readily appreciable; the reader's fancy may easily supply enough of probable incident to serve the purpose of illustration.

To have a way of one's own, and to make it respected, is the main secret of the heroic character; it is the manifested personality of the will. If genius be properly defined, as we have seen it defined, "a strong will determined in a certain direction," something like genius may be predicated of such character. An amount of native aptitude is indispensable; a degree of capacity is required, without which the impulse to the character would be wanting. It must be set going; and we should seek for the motive-spring rather in nature than in education. It would be hard to teach a man heroism; nature truly generates heroes, offspring, like the ancient Titans, both of heaven and earth. Heroes are like poets in this respect. But, as BEN JONSON says even of SHAKESPEARE himself, "a good poet's made as well as born." Precept and example are good both for the bard and the brave, and both may be considerably improved by cultivation. What they are in the rough is one thing; what they are when made good, or better, is another. Not in vain, therefore, will the matter have been discussed, if it lead to reflection and assiduous endeavour after a complete development. The whole difference between the lowest aptitude and the highest genius is the result of conscious efforts, by which mere instinct is converted into intelligent art.

Before concluding this paper, it is expedient to guard against an abuse of the principle that would find the hero in the familiar which has grown into modern literature. That species of romance and drama which seeks its heroes among the criminal population is to be avoided. It degrades the heroic without elevating the individuals or classes to whom it is applied. It is an offence to decency, to morality, and an outrage on the manners of the age. The authors of these works have sometimes been influenced by feelings of benevolence. They have regarded the "scamps" of society as the creatures of the society which they infested; and their desire has been to implicate society in their crimes, that it might be shamed into a more merciful consideration of the outcasts that it had produced. The effect, however, cannot have fulfilled the expectation of the writers. It has confounded distinctions, browbeating respectability without reforming rascaldom. It goes far to destroy the faith in virtue, and reduce it and vice to the same level. We breathe an atmosphere of hypocrisy and cunning; and all that is noble in our being is discouraged. The moral of such works is an apology for theft and violence, and no doubt induces criminality. The heroism of the prison and the gallows

is not the true heroism. This, for the most part, resides with those who would preserve a good name with adequate means;—the patient and industrious middle-class, who are frequently poor, and dare not appear to be so. Among them may the fictionist profitably seek for genuine examples of the Heroism of the Hearth.

PAROCHIAL DISSENSIONS.

THERE is nothing so hot as religious zeal; and it is both natural and logical that it should be so. A man's faith, the sheet anchor of his eternal hopes, should be of all things dearest to his heart. When he is a truly earnest man it will be so. He will suffer anything for his creed. In proportion to his nerve, or his physical vigour, he will patiently undergo martyrdom, or die fighting for the cause. Nothing will so keenly hurt his feelings, or so quickly sting him into passion, as a desecration of what he regards as sacred and holy. In such a cause he feels himself thrice armed in the possession of an approving conscience. It is necessary to have a clear apprehension of these mainsprings of action, in order properly to appreciate the character of the religious war which has raged so long and so fiercely in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East. When Sunday after Sunday we hear of the riots which take place in St. George's Church, of the interruptions to the service, of the hisses which greet the clergyman, and of the struggles to dispossess the choristers of their seats, we are apt to regard the proceedings simply as an ebullition of low ruffianism, instigated only by a love of mischief. If, however, we look at the matter calmly, by the light which recent judicial investigations have thrown upon it, it will be found that this war is really a religious one—a war of feeling—a contest in which the ruffianism exhibited is the result of a strong sense of duty however mistaken, on the one hand, and exasperated zeal on the other. A great many charges for assaults committed in the church have been investigated before the magistrates, but in very few cases has it been shown that the disturbances have been created by persons who have had no feeling in the matter. It is true that a madman and a few thoughtless boys have at times assisted in the disturbances, as it is the disposition of madmen and boys to do on all occasions; but in the main, the riots have been practically the audible protest of the congregation against the ceremonies introduced into the service. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that, on several of the most riotous Sundays, the congregation behaved with the greatest decency and propriety, so long as the clergyman abstained from the practices of ultra-Puseyism. It was not until he intoned some part of the service, or bowed towards the East, or exhibited the cross upon his back, that they vented expressions of disapprobation. The dispute being narrowed to this simple issue, it just comes to this: that if the Rev. BRYAN KING would cease to intone the service, discontinue his genuflections, preach in a black gown, and leave the altar undecorated, the disturbances in his church would immediately cease.

It is, however, in vain to hope for concession on either side. Mr. KING has had ample opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of his congregation. He has seen that their riotous conduct has been in proportion to the provocation offered; and he must ere this have satisfied himself that he has only to discontinue his objectionable practices to restore peace. But instead of offering conciliation, he has proceeded to increase the irritation by pushing his peculiar ceremonies to the very extreme. We should be utterly wanting in charity, and equally wanting in the capability to appreciate moral courage and conscientious resolution, if we were to ascribe these exhibitions to pure obstinacy and dogged opposition. We see no reason to deny either to Mr. KING or his congregation the merit of sincerity and conviction in this matter. Nor are we prepared to say that the Rubric does not sanction all which Mr. KING has done. We may, on the one hand, wonder at the creed which regards show and ceremony as essential to Divine service,—or pity, on the other, the unpoetical natures which see harm in a cross or a bouquet of flowers. But such being the position of affairs, there is but one solution of the difficulty, and neither Mr. KING nor his parishioners will have made the least sacrifice for the cause which they respectively uphold until they adopt this final and decisive course. It is either for Mr. KING to retire from the position of pastor to a flock which rejects his ministrations, or for his flock to gather themselves into the fold of some other shepherd.

Englishmen who feel uncomfortable in the bosom of their Church have the example of Scotland before them. The Free Church, established in that country in the year 1843, was the immediate result of an isolated dispute exactly similar to that which is now raging in Cannon Street. In Scotland it was not a question of doctrine or of ritual, but of patronage, which interfered with the free choice of the people. In the celebrated Auchterarder case, the Heritor endeavoured to force an objectionable pastor upon the parishioners. They began by flocking to the church to protest, as the parishioners of St. George's have protested, by hooting, hissing, and interruptions. Such was their fury against the minister who had been forced upon them, that it required a detachment of soldiers to overawe them and keep the peace on the day of his induction. On that very day the banner of revolution was unfurled in the Scottish Church. The battle against patronage was fought hard in the Court of Session and in the Imperial Parliament, just as the battle against what is called Puseyism has been fought in the Ecclesiastical Courts here; but in the end, when the Scottish non-intrusionists, as they were called, could obtain no relief, they took the only manly and straightforward course open to them—they

dissented from the Established Church and founded a Free Church of their own. The self-sacrifice of the non-intrusionist clergy on that occasion was very remarkable. Some hundreds of them, merely because they disapproved the system of landlord patronage, gave up their salaries and comfortable manses to live in squalid lodgings upon the scanty offerings of their flocks, and to preach in barns. Now the confliction in the Church of England arises, in reality, out of this question of patronage. If the parishioners of St. George's-in-the-East were not compelled to accept any pastor whom the patron chooses to appoint, they would not be outraged by doctrines which they do not approve. If they were free to choose their own pastor they would also choose their own doctrine. At this period of time, when the Established Church is rent by so many dissensions, and when church-rates have been condemned by the voice of the nation, the moment would seem to have arrived for something like combined action on the part of those who are pining for religious freedom. We are told that there are many clergymen in the Church who have strong conscientious objections not only to the ritual, but to the doctrines to which they have subscribed. Why should not these orthodox men and such militant Protestants as the parishioners of St. George's come together. If they dislike the name of dissenters let them form a free church. Let a convocation of free clergy meet at Westminster, or Exeter Hall if they prefer it, and draw up a new prayer-book, and a new set of articles. Let the people on their part settle how they are to build and maintain their churches, and pay their pastors. If the clergy are conscientious they will gladly make this sacrifice, and if the people love peace and true religion they will prefer this peaceful solution of the great difficulty to a prolonged and hopelessly embittered quarrel, tending only to destroy respect for holy things, and bring the most sacred doctrine of religion into contempt.

HOLIDAY LITERATURE.*

HOW to enjoy a holiday, and what the conditions are of enjoyment, are questions of more importance than they are generally considered. The author of "Evenings on the Thames" proposes to answer them. He sets about his work in right earnest vein, and with an ostentation of learning which at first sight is in these days sufficiently alarming. His *penchant* is, indeed, to treat all things in the manner of the ancients, but, for the things to be so treated, to select the most modern and popular. The title of the volume is pleasantly suggestive, and is, indeed, made to stand for many things—for anything or for everything. The whole book, in the author's estimation, resembles "the Diapason of Homer, embracing with its sweep things small and things great, things sublime and things homely—all objects that experience has suggested, and all thoughts that the soul of man has imagined or received."

The reader will now perceive that we have under review an ambitious work, one in which learning contends with humour for the mastery. The writer has read extensively, and quotes ostentatiously; he takes the round of the classics, and omits not the romancers. The Greek and Roman authors are his delight, and the early poets of England and France are his familiars. Sages, ancient and modern, are referred to—saints and philosophers, essayists and preachers. Horace and Montaigne are his favourites, but not less so Augustin and Balzac. Withal, like Malvolio, he "thinks nobly of the soul," and would "preserve the intelligence of those great ideas of which the traces begin to be effaced amongst the literary classes." In a word, this is a work for advanced readers whether they peruse it on an excursion or in the study. It will exercise and strengthen the mental faculties, and stimulate the development of the moral powers.

Our anonymous author is both an ingenious and loquacious (not to say eloquent) advocate in favour of holidays and "serene hours." He fills his first two chapters with reasons and citations, and traditions, and illustrations, poetic, musical, pictorial, and prosaic, for festival relaxations and anniversary visits to favourite spots, for the frequenting of tea-gardens and watering-places, for the temporary sojourn in retired nooks, alone or in company, where you may show yourself to be happy, and see that other people are so, for occasional boat-rowing on the Thames, and whatsoever other pleasure may be proper to an interval of leisure. But for the due enjoyment of these opportunities, appropriate states of mind are desirable. "The mind," after all, "is its own place," and the place must be in harmony with the mind, and the mind in harmony with the place, before perfect pleasure is possible.

The places visited by this suburban tourist are:—Bushy Park and Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, Kingston, Battersea Reach, the Lock at Teddington; Kew Green, Eel-pie Island, Eton Meadows, Ouzeley, Windsor, Strawberry Hill, Fulham, Putney, Petersham Meadows, Twickenham, and Ditton. We have besides some Reminiscences of a Foreign Expedition, and a Voyage from London Bridge to Westminster. But it is not so much with a description of these places as with the disposition and mood of mind with which they ought to be visited, that our intellectual tourist deals. Thus he requires, before we visit Bushy Park and Hampton Court, that we should possess a sense of beauty, without which all would be barren from Dan to Beersheba. And it comes to this at last, that only the beautiful mind can appreciate the beauty of nature. Similar disquisitions illustrate other chapters. Thus, to enjoy Kew Gardens we must be youthfully disposed; to enjoy Kingston, our cha-

racter must be natural, and we must love nature; at Battersea Reach we must have a taste for pleasure in the open air, and in all places we must have a good conscience and a loving heart in order to be supremely happy. They who can enjoy a book written in this spirit will find this one of the most enjoyable of books; and with this commendation we dismiss it to the sympathetic reader.

RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the confessed errors and shortcomings of Mr. Ruskin's books, such is the brilliancy of his style and the extent of his observation, that they must always command attention and admiration. The present volume has been suspended in the writer's mind ever since 1855, owing to interruptions from other studies, and other labours, public and private, which he details in his preface. The chief interruption arose from his task of arranging the Turner drawings for the National Gallery, consisting of some nineteen thousand pieces of paper. The task both excited and exhausted him. Never, indeed, he tells us, had he felt so exhausted as when he "locked the last box, and gave the keys to Mr. Wornum, in May, 1858." A worthy task, and worthily performed. Afterwards he found solace and instruction in travelling in Italy, and during a residence in Turin. He then visited Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, but at last got home to his book. The result lies before us, in the shape of this handsome book, with its exquisite engravings.

Leaves and clouds furnish the subjects of the two first parts. What things—nay creatures, these are to Ruskin! How they live and love, and will! How wonderful are their most familiar traits! How they grow, and he grows with them—grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. The race of plants demands, and has his boundless admiration!

For their sakes, he loves all that belongs to the country. With him a rustic shall not signify a rude and untaught person. He will not yield to the vulgar usage of words. He will not quietly concede that country people are necessarily rude, and town people gentle. His belief is, "that the result of each mode of life may, in some stages of the world's progress, be the exact reverse, and that another use of words may be forced upon us by a new aspect of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying *such and such a person is very gentle and kind—he is quite rustic; and such and such another person is very rude and ill-taught—he is quite urbane.*" So be it, with all our hearts.

Mr. Ruskin disposes plants in categories of his own naming, though of nature's making. Two great classes—the tented and the building—broadly include all: the former, such as lilies, lichens, and mosses; the latter, trees in general.

The latter class are again divisible into two:—"Builders with the Shield," and "Builders with the Sword." This nomenclature is fanciful, but it is expressive; and what is even better, memorable. We have then chapters upon "The bud," "The leaf," "The aspects of the leaf," "The branch," "The stem," "The leaf monuments," "The leaf shadows," and "Leaves motionless." On each and all of these topics Mr. Ruskin writes with a loving reverence for nature, and with a minuteness of observation that seems intuitive. The true artist has, of course, made similar remarks for himself, and does, as it were instinctively what here he is instructed to do by rule. Nevertheless, it is well to have these things systematised—arranged and labelled for use. Genius does not reject such aids. The poet and orator complain not of the existence of grammars, and scorn not all reference to syntax and prosody. Nor will the rightly earnest student of art neglect to profit by Mr. Ruskin's diagrams and directions. As we read, we feel more and more grateful for the wise and loving, though occasionally erring, spirit who has undertaken the responsibility of writing such a book as this before us—a book valuable for its technical qualities, but still more for the soul in it, animating and making interesting the driest details. The laws here wrung from the secrecy of nature are the condition of true art-working; and to have them set in order, and made plainly intelligible, is a service which must lay the young artist under obligation all his life long.

Take the following living picture:—"The leaves are the feeders of the plants. Their only orderly habits of succession must not interfere with their main business of finding food. Where the sun and air are the leaf must go, whether it be out of order or not. So therefore in any group, the first consideration with the young leaves is much like that of young bees—how to keep out of each other's way, that every one may at once leave its neighbours as much free-air pasture as possible, and obtain a relative freedom for itself. This would be quite a simple matter, and produce other simply-balanced forms, if each branch, with open air all round it, had nothing to think of but reconciliation of interests among its own leaves. But every branch has others to meet or to cross, sharing with them, in various advantage, what shade, or sun, or rain is to be had. Hence every single leaf-cluster presents the general aspect of a little family, entirely at unity among themselves, but obliged to get their living by various shifts, concessions, and infringement of the family rules, in order not to invade the privileges of other people in their neighbourhood.

"And in the arrangement of these concessions there is an exquisite sensibility among the leaves. They do not grow each to

* *Evenings on the Thames*; or, *Serene Hours, and What they Require*. Two vols. Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts.

* *Modern Painters*. Vol. V., completing the work, and containing Parts VI. Of Leaf Beauty. VII. Of Cloud Beauty. VIII. Of Ideas of Relation; 1—of Invention Formal. IX. Of Ideas of Relation; 2—of Invention Spiritual. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

his own liking, till they run against one another, and then turn back sulkily; but by a watchful instinct, far apart, they anticipate their companions' courses as ships at sea, and in every new unfolding of their edged tissue, guide themselves by the sense of each other's remote presence, and by a watchful penetration of leafy purpose in the far future. So that every shadow which one casts on the next, and every glint of sun which each reflects to the next, and every touch which in toss of storm each receives from the next, aid or arrest the development of their advancing form, and direct, as will be safest and best, the curve of every fold and the current of every vein."

In such writing as this life breathes in every line, every sentence is vital. For what the author recognises is *life*; nor life only, but a life of progress and will. Nor are these statements meant as metaphors, but as truths. He would have us recognise the living intelligence of nature. Old faiths revive in him; the faith of the Greek, and the faith of the Hebrew.

To have all this illustrated in beautiful and musical language, with epithets that throb like a human heart! Mr. Ruskin's favourite illustrations are, of course, drawn from Mr. Turner's paintings. Hear him on what he calls "the infinitude of foliage." That quality, he tells us, in Turner's execution attaches not only to his distant work, but in due degree to the nearest pieces of his trees. He perfected the system of art as applicable to landscape, by the introduction of this infiniteness. "In other qualities he is often only equal, in some inferior, to great preceding painters; but in this mystery he stands alone. He could not paint a cluster of leaves better than Titian; but he could a bough, much more a distant mass of foliage. No man ever before painted a distant tree rightly, or a full-leaved branch rightly. All Titian's distant branches are ponderous flakes, as if covered with seaweed, while Veronese's and Raphael's are conventional, being exquisitely ornamental arrangements of small perfect leaves. See the background of the Parnassus in Volpato's plate. It is very lovely, however."

In this kind of art-gossip the book abounds. To the veritable art-scholar nothing can be more delightful. But to pass from the leaves to the clouds, their beauty finds a loyal worshipper in Mr. Ruskin. He, like Wordsworth, reads in their silent faces unutterable joy. Alas! we can only indicate the sections relative to them. These are four:—"The Cloud-balancings," "The Cloud-flocks," "The Cloud-chariots," and "The Angel of the Sea." Such are the titles of the chapters; fantastic, surely, but intelligible. Turner is incomparable for his "cloud-drawing." The word is used advisedly. "Other great men coloured clouds beautifully; none but he ever drew them truly; this power coming from his constant habit of drawing skies, like everything else, with the pencil point."

The "Angel of the Sea" is the Rain-Cloud. And Mr. Ruskin, indeed, writes grandly on it. Sometimes the Sea-angel becomes a Sea-fury, or rather a Sea-gorgon; the latter is the true storm-cloud. The highest storm-cloud our author identifies with Medusa; "therefore," he adds, "the hail-cloud or cloud of cold, her countenance turning all who behold it to stone. ('He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who can stand before his cold?') The serpents about her head are the fringe of the hail, the idea of coldness being connected by the Greeks with the bite of the serpent, as with the hemlock." Other classical fooling of this kind may be found in adjoining sections; wherever we meet it, and in whatever shape, it is alike exquisite.

The two chapters that concern "Ideas of Relation" are, of course, more metaphysical in character than the preceding. Here we have much profound reasoning on composition. The principle contended for is, that every part must be helpful to all the others. The following division of men, according to their employments, suggests a world of associations:—"1. Persons who see. These, in modern language, are sometimes called sight-seers, that being an occupation coming more and more into vogue every day. Anciently they used to be called simply seers. 2. Persons who talk. These, in modern language, are usually called talkers, or speakers, as in the House of Commons and elsewhere. They used to be called prophets. 3. Persons who make. These, in modern language, are usually called manufacturers. Anciently they were called poets. 4. Persons who think. There seems to be no very distinct modern title for this kind of person, anciently called philosophers; nevertheless, we have a few of them among us. 5. Persons who do: in modern language, called practical persons; anciently, believers."

A reaction, Mr. Ruskin thinks, is taking place in modern times, out of which a new spiritual art may be developed. He calls it the contemplative. There can be no doubt he is philosophically right. Merely religious painting and religious literature is always defective, for which he gives some excellent reasons. As a fact it is indisputable. A sea life is the best for the removal of a merely ceremonial belief, though it generates superstitions of a different kind. Much in Venetian art was owing to an oceanic state of existence. The Venetian school of art was "the last believing school of Italy. Although always quarrelling with the Pope, there is all the more evidence of an earnest faith in their religion. People who trusted the Madonna less flattered the Pope more. But down to Tintoretto's time, the Roman Catholic religion was still real and sincere at Venice; and though faith in it was compatible with much which to us appears criminal or absurd, the religion itself was entirely sincere." This is the remark of a thinking man, and goes deep into questions of real importance. The illustrations of the topic are numerous and beautiful—particularly Veronese's picture of his own family. In all its roots of power and modes of work,—in its belief, its breadth, and its judgment—

Mr. Ruskin finds the Venetian mind perfect. But its aims were reckless—the purpose was mean where the motive was high. The holiest subjects were selected simply for ends of decoration. Perhaps it was because their selection was limited to religious subjects. If so, it was owing again to their culture being exclusively religious. Art thus conduced to desecration, and hence its decay and fall in the Venetian schools.

Similar speculations as to Durer, Salvator, Claude, Poussin, Rubens, Cuyp, and others, are ventured by Mr. Ruskin, into which in any detail it is impossible to follow him. Salvator is lamented as a fallen soul; Durer is hopefully erect. Claude and Poussin were men of classical taste, a state of mind not in high favour with our art critic, who prefers natural genius. He prefers "spasmodic" composition to that of the school of reserve. To the former he thinks belong Solomon's song, Job, and Isaiah. Subsequent painters are animated by a worldly spirit, even when their subjects were sacred. Faith and Hope in the seventeenth century were at a low temperature; and the pictures of Reubens and Rembrandt show it. The Dutch paintings ignore religion altogether. Teniers and Wouvermans present insuperable difficulties to Ruskin's appreciation. He recognises mere mechanism in their works.

We regret that we cannot pursue further the analysis of this work, nor discuss the theory which Mr. Ruskin proposes of Turner's theory of colour. The reader must refer to the work itself for all this; nor does the excellence of Mr. Ruskin's book depend upon any system or creed that it contains. It presents no conclusions, but the process of thinking. We are called upon to think with the author, not to adopt his opinions, which he reserves to himself the privilege of changing, whenever he sees occasion. Such a work teaches mental discipline, and the present is eminently serviceable, if perused in a proper spirit, in inducing habits of sincere thought both in art and morals.

THE STORY OF ITALY.*

AT any time a well-written history of modern Italy would be an acceptable boon, but the subject derives an extraordinary interest from the movements of the time. Italy, after long centuries of suffering and oppression, is coming forth from the furnace of political affliction with a new and regenerated life. Civilization bids fair to gain 26,000,000 of devoted adherents, who are organizing themselves into a nation, composed of individuals remarkable for many of the subtlest and noblest qualities of our race. They may have their internal dissensions, and they may take a part in those collisions of armed hosts which are not likely to cease until the predominance of freedom has put an end to aggressive war; but Europe has nothing to fear from the reconstruction of a powerful State in the locality from which the Cæsars dominated over the world. That free and united Italy to which so many movements seem to tend, will be an unmixed gain for the human race. Art, Science, and Literature will be found, as of old, native to the soil; and when the blighting influences of foreign despotism are removed, no country will contribute more to the intellectual advancement of humanity; and it may be predicted that the continent will experience no great religious reformation until the yoke of authority has been broken on the Seven Hills of Rome. When emancipated from the contemptible tyranny of its petty princes, Germany will take rank as a foremost progressive power; and France must one day recover from the Napoleonic fever which degrades her moral character, although it stimulates her energies in particular directions. But European civilization must want completeness and variety unless the Italian element is fully represented and developed. It is impossible to contemplate the Italy of the middle ages without being impressed with the force and richness of individual life. The German Emperors and the Popes laboured with tremendous power to hammer all into the flat level of uniformity, but nowhere did individuality more successfully assert its pretensions, and nowhere did so many men stand out from the mass in bold contrast, pre-eminently distinguished for the loftiest genius and patriotism, or sometimes for the most outrageous crime.

The brutal tyranny of the lowest, the meanest, and the most ignominious of all despotisms—that of the House of Hapsburg—has kept down this spirit to a very great extent, and would have succeeded with a less impulsive and indomitable race; but in Italy, whenever the evil work has seemed to be accomplished, some Mazzini, some brothers Bandina, or some Garibaldi, has proved by zeal, by martyrdom, or by success, that a real national life existed which the most perfidious and sanguinary despot has been unable to trample out. There is a Divine Justice in history, which marks its judgments in hard and massive strokes, and after centuries of success in crime, we now have the satisfaction of seeing the House of Austria in its dotage, decrepitude and decay, while Italy exhibits the hopeful freshness of youth, and Hungary waits calmly and proudly for the restitution of her rights.

Mr. Batt has wisely introduced in his work an excellent summary of the mediæval history of Italy, a subject which bewilders the student from its confusion and complexity, as much as it delights him by the startling variety of its incidents and the romantic grandeur of its characters. Italy forces upon us strongly the connexion between the present and the past, the value of historical associations, and the importance of making men feel that they are inheritors of past glory, and must one day stand before the judgment seat of posterity, to receive the reward of their deeds. If Milan had not fought so nobly in the middle ages, if liberty had

* *The History of Italy from the Abdication of Napoleon I.* By ISAAC BUTT. Chapman & Hall.

not sprung from her "quenchless ashes" when she suffered destruction as the immediate reward of her zeal, a powerful impulse would have been wanting to that resistance to the Austrian which has at last proved successful, and the barrenness of the past would have opposed a serious obstacle to a present or future fertile life.

Englishmen should study the conduct of their country during the wars against the First Empire in France, because there are not wanting influences either in the cabinet or the court that would impel us towards a repetition of the crimes and mistakes of that heroic but unfortunate period. It is only those curious foreigners, the Peace at any price party, that indiscriminately condemn all the opposition made by England to the rapacious conquests of Napoleon I. It was right to restrain the spirit of ravenous aggression, but wrong to attempt to combat it by uniting physical force to principles that were false. That jealousy of France as a disturbing power, at a time when Europe did certainly need disturbance, which led our Government to be the tool and partisan of Austria, was a fatal mistake in policy, and a great crime in morals. Constitutional England could not be justified in endeavouring to keep the peace by causing a large part of Europe to be oppressed by despotic Austria; nor could Protestant England be justified in assisting to place enormous power in the hands of the most ferocious persecutors of freedom of opinion.

When the Allies wanted the assistance of the Italians against Buonaparte, they made promises which they afterwards deliberately betrayed. English officers and Austrian generals, like Count Nugent, speaking of the Hapsburg armies, declared that they came to bring freedom to Italy. "Our armies have come to Italy to free you. You must all become an independent nation." When the victory was gained, and kings began to recover from the terrors of Napoleon's name, they sacrificed and betrayed Italy by destroying, as far as they were able, the good which the Corsican adventurer had accomplished, and by aggrandizing Austria, in spite of all the protests the people could make. The Hapsburgs were, as usual, legitimate children of the "Father of Lies." The Emperor Francis promised all sorts of blessings, and his Marshal Bellegarde issued a proclamation to Lombardy, Mantua, Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, "that the first care of the Emperor would be to give their provinces a satisfactory and durable form of government, and an administration adapted to secure their future happiness, so that 'their minds might be full of joy in contemplating an epoch as happy as it was remarkable, and in their gratitude transmit to remote generations the indelible proof of their devotion and their loyalty.'" This was appropriately followed by the suppression of all local government and every vestige of freedom. The Emperor told his ministers that the "Lombards must forget they are Italians," and Metternich declared that his master "desired to extinguish the spirit of Italian unity, and to destroy all idea of an Italian constitution." Popular discontent was the natural result of this abominable conduct, and Mr. Butt tells us how it was met in 1814. In that year a "French nobleman" came to Milan with excellent introductions, affirming that he visited Italy by desire of the Prince Regent and Louis XVIII, who desired to promote the cause of Italian nationality. These pretensions carried the "French nobleman" into the society of the patriotic party, and when he had learned enough he disappeared, and the police arrested eleven of the principal persons who had been honoured with his acquaintance.

Austria was permitted to "establish her sway over almost all Northern Italy before the meeting of the Congress of Vienna," and the story just cited shows her method of rule. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, and gave the despots another fright, Francis promised national institutions to the Italians, but of course the promise was never kept.

Lord Castlereagh—whom it is now the fashion to whitewash—was so madly and wickedly Austrian that the Italians could expect no justice at his hands. When their deputies reminded him that Generals Wilson, McFarlane, and Lord William Bentinck had called "upon them to join the British arms in asserting the independence of Italy," he told them that "if they were about to be placed under a government like that of Napoleon's, he would support them in their demands for guarantees against oppression, but that under the Imperial House of Austria power had never yet been abused." From this it would appear that his lordship did not call the extinction of liberty in every country in which the House of Austria ever ruled an "abuse of power"—at any rate, he had determined to sacrifice Italy to the fear of France, which was his predominant idea. In the year 1859 Farini published a letter which he states to exist in the archives of Vienna, and which was written by Metternich to Castlereagh a few days before the Treaty of Paris. In this extraordinary document a secret treaty of Prague is alleged to have been made between England and Austria on the 27th of June, 1813, by which the former Power was bound to use all her influence to obtain for Austria a complete dominion over Italy, except in the Sardinian territories. The existence of this letter is positively affirmed by Farini, whose integrity no one can doubt; but he has not stated how he obtained the copy. Mr. Butt judiciously balances the arguments for and against its genuineness, very properly conceding much to the solemn and deliberate assertion of the eminent statesman and historian by whom it is made known. We fully coincide in the reflections made by Mr. Butt upon this remarkable question; and whether or not the alleged treaty was ever made we are sorry that we can feel no doubt that bargains as objectionable are made by our Governments, and concealed from the people under that mask of secrecy that cannot be too soon removed. Mr. Butt observes, "If the alleged treaty of 27th July, 1813, did really exist, it may perhaps suggest to the reflective, that with all the

boasted freedom of the English Constitution there was [is] one department of her administration to which popular influence had not found its way, and that the foreign policy of the country was [is] conducted with a secrecy and an independence of national opinion which has no parallel in the proceedings of the Courts in which the forms of the most absolute despotism prevailed."

Our diplomacy is, no doubt, an un-English abomination, and it is secret, because neither the Court nor the very small number of chief actors in it dare bring it before the light of day. We owe the Russian war to secret diplomacy, which had previously got up the Afghan war, and we may at this moment be drifting towards another war, through engagements made on behalf of the German powers. There is no question more important, and ministerial responsibility is a farce while so much is done in the dark.

A very interesting portion of Mr. Butt's work relates to Sicily and our unhappy complicity in the betrayal of the people of that island and of Naples to all the horrors of Bourbon cruelty. Mr. Butt discusses the conduct of Nelson in reference to the judicial murder of Carraccioli and the restoration of Ferdinand in a very impartial spirit, and his remarks are the more important as a recent article in *Blackwood* has adopted a partisan tone in favour of our naval hero, and cast upon Carraccioli odium he did not deserve. Whatever blame may rest upon Nelson, who was certainly not quite sane when he wished his midshipmen to "hate every Frenchman as the devil," it is an awful blot upon the history of our country that our power did restore Ferdinand to his throne. The consequence was, that the royalists excited the mob to the most horrible cruelties, in which the Government showed itself as bad as the worst of the *lazzaroni*. Men, women, and children were barbarously cut to pieces; executions were frequent; and Sir Thomas Trowbridge stated that upwards of 40,000 families had relations confined. Nearly one in fifty of the adult male population was punished, and one in two hundred and fifty perished upon the gallows. Tory writers are never weary of enlarging on the horrors of the French Revolution; but in these atrocities, and those committed by Austria in Italy and Hungary, and by Russia in Poland, we have crimes committed with all the deliberation of which a monarchical Government is capable, and which equal, if they do not exceed, anything ever perpetrated by an infuriated mob. The crimes of despotism are so awful, that England must never repeat the error of having been its accomplice in the bad times of Pitt and Castlereagh. We shall look with pleasure for the completion of Mr. Butt's most valuable work.

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS CRITICS.*

THERE is a tendency in the critical mind of America, and, for that matter, of other countries too, to create wonders where, in the natural process of things, no wonder, or a very small wonder, exists. Among American authors there is one named Walt Whitman, who, in 1855, first issued a small quarto volume of ninety-five pages, under the title of "Leaves of Grass." In appearance and mode of publication, it was an oddity, this same small volume; which, it appears, the author had printed himself, and then "left to the winds of heaven to publish." By the booksellers of the United States generally the work was ignored, but it could be obtained by the persevering applicant. Walt Whitman was then about thirty-six years of age, a native of Long Island, born on the hills, about thirty miles from the greatest American city, and brought up in Brooklyn and New York. Mr. R. W. Emerson, it seems, recognised the first issue of "The Leaves," and hastened to welcome the author, then totally unknown. Among other things, said Emerson to the new avatar, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start." This last clause was, however, overlooked entirely by the critics, who treated the new author as one self-educated, yet in the rough, unpolished, and who owed nothing to instruction. Fudge! The authority for so treating the author was derived from himself, who thus described, in one of his poems, his person, character, and name, having omitted the last from his title-page:—

"WALT WHITMAN, an American, one of the roughs, a Kosmos, Disorderly, fleshly, and sensual;"

and in various other passages confessed to all the vices as well as virtues of man. All this, with intentional wrong-headedness, was attributed by the sapient reviewers to the individual writer, and not to the subjective hero supposed to be writing. Notwithstanding the word "Kosmos," the writer was taken to be an ignorant man. Emerson perceived at once there had been "a long foreground somewhere," or somehow:—not so they. Every page teems with knowledge, with information,—but they saw it not, because it did not answer their purpose to see it.

The poem in which the word *Kosmos* appears explains in fact the whole mystery;—nay, the word itself explains it. The poem is nominally upon himself, but really includes everybody. It begins—

"I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you."

In a word, Walt Whitman represents the Kosmical Man—he is the Adamus of the 19th century, not only an individual, but mankind. As such, in celebrating himself, he proceeds to celebrate universal humanity in its attributes; and accordingly commences his dithyramb with the five senses, beginning with that of smell.

* *Leaves of Grass*. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.
Near 85 of the States (1860-61). London: Trübner & Co.

Afterwards, he deals with the intellectual, rational, and moral powers; showing throughout in his treatment an intimate acquaintance with Kant's transcendental method, and perhaps including in his development the whole of the German school down to Hegel; at any rate as interpreted by Cousin and others in France, and Emerson in the United States. He certainly includes Fichte, for he mentions the Egotist as the only true philosopher; and consistently identifies himself not only with every man, but with the Universe and its maker; and it is in doing so that the strength of his descriptions consists. It is from such an ideal elevation that he looks down on good and evil, regards them as equal, and extends to them the like measure of equity.

Instead, therefore, of receiving these "Leaves of Grass" as a marvel, they seem to us the most natural products of the American soil. They are certainly filled with an American spirit, breathe the American air, and assert the fullest American freedom. Nay, it may be said also that they assert the fullest Yankee licence. Respecting the latter feature, his American pufflers, in the disguise of critics, charge the author with irreligion and indecency; and these charges are unblushingly reprinted by his publishers, among the critical recommendations of his performances, as if thereby they would attract a numerous class of prurient readers.

All this is undoubtedly an unworthy trade trick, to be thoroughly denounced, condemned, and punished. That class of readers, however, will be disappointed, as the passages intended are only so many instances adduced in support of a philosophical principle; not meant for obscenity, but as scientific examples, introduced as they might be in any legal, medical, or physiological book, for the purpose of instruction. They chiefly relate to the sense of touch, and might be found in substance in any cyclopedic article on the specific topic.

So much for the matter of the book. As to the manner, it is the same as that with which Mr. Martin Tupper has made us familiar in his "Proverbial Philosophy," and Mr. Warren in his "Lily and the Bee." There is nothing that we can see miraculous in such an imitation. The result is a rhapsody, somewhat Oriental in appearance, prose in form, but rhythmical in its effect on the ear, producing a disjointed impression, such as might be produced by a bald prose translation of Klopstock's famous odes, which would then present so many unconnected assertions, expressed in extravagant diction. The style of the work is therefore anything but attractive—calculated rather to puzzle than to please. It is, however, as a printed book, got up in a splendid manner, and is electrotyped for the sake of cheapness, the publishers evidently designing to sell it by millions, if possible.

Notwithstanding all its drawbacks, we have little hesitation in stating that they will probably succeed, on the principle, perhaps, of the quack, who calculated there were many more fools than wise men in the world. No matter, if the fools are made wise by the perusal of these "Leaves." They may be; it is not utterly impossible, but we doubt it.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*

IT is the fashion with our living novelists to prefer modern subjects as the basis of their compositions. There appears to be a tacit acknowledgment amongst our later writers of fiction that a description of men and things belonging to the present time is more likely to prove acceptable to the general public than an historical survey of the different peculiarities, customs, feelings, and prejudices of generations, so far removed in the retrospect of ages as all connected with them to have become but so many traditional recollections. For ourselves, we can scarcely subscribe to this opinion; since, apart from the peculiar interest attaching to everything which partakes in the slightest degree of the nature of antiquity, in productions belonging to the latter class above mentioned, the elements of instruction and amusement are so happily amalgamated and fused together as necessarily to invest them with a double value in the eyes of the reader. We do not think, therefore, that the author of "The Luck of Ladysmede" has miscalculated his chances of popularity in laying the scene of his present story in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, during the period of that monarch's absence in the Holy Land; he has, on the contrary, pitched upon the very subject, of all others, the most likely to secure for his production a favourable reading from all classes of the novel-loving public. It is not, however, to be denied that the difficulties attendant on the compilation of a successful historical novel are infinitely greater than those which beset the modern romancist. The former implies on the part of the writer the possession of a large fund of erudite information, which is only to be acquired by much laborious research and discriminate study. He does not paint directly from Nature's landscape, but from a landscape of that landscape which, in virtue of its great antiquity, has become somewhat dim and difficult of minute examination. Thus the obstacles with which the writers of modern fictions have to contend are multiplied in the case of their brethren of the opposite school. Without doubt the greatest of all historical novelists is Sir Walter Scott; and though we do not intend, neither would it be fair, to judge of the present or any other production by so high a standard; yet, in turning over the pages of a work in which the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, though he himself is not introduced personally on the scene, is continually occurring, our thoughts naturally revert to that beautiful and inimitable

creation of the above-mentioned author, "The Talisman," in which we are familiarised with the sayings and doings of most of the historical personages who flourished in the reign of England's lion-hearted king, and in which the enthusiastic spirit of the times, and the generous ardour which fired the breasts of the gallant Crusaders, is depicted in a manner unrivalled by any succeeding efforts of his admiring and emulative followers. The story of "The Luck of Ladysmede," though laid in the twelfth century, has but little connection with the great religious movement which then agitated all the courts of Europe. The author has contented himself with exhibiting the state of our island at home during the expedition of its chivalrous monarch, giving us a slight insight into the manners and feelings of that remote period of our national history, and initiating us in the motives of some of the conspirators associated with the league at that time forming for the subversion of the royal authority. In all this we can candidly state that the author has perfectly succeeded. His descriptions are graphic, and the various specimens he presents to us of the rude, unlettered aristocracy of the times, and the wild romantic notions of honour by which even the most reckless of men were at that time actuated, possess the unmistakeable stamp of originality, vigour, and life-like consistency and reality. Of these, perhaps, the best and most elaborately-drawn character is that of Sir Godfrey de Burgh, the riotous knight of Ladysmede, also guardian and nearest of kin to the rich heiress, Lady Gladice. The book opens with a mystery. A child, a boy, some six or seven years of age, a sometime sojourner in De Burgh's household, being placed in a clandestine manner under the protection of the Abbot of Rivelby by one Giacomo, an Italian priest, and chaplain to Sir Godfrey, the knight grows wrathful, and determines at all hazards to regain possession of the child. He is, however, under some sort of fear of his chaplain, and he and his friend, Sir Nicholas le Hardi, determine to effect their object by stratagem. In this they ultimately fail, the abbot and the priest taking such precautions as effectually to disconcert all their preconceived arrangements. The knight then attempts, from interested motives, to do violence to the inclinations of his ward, and either by force or argument to entrap her into a marriage with Le Hardi. In taking the necessary steps for the attainment of this end, the rough aristocrat is somewhat restrained by a rude feeling of chivalrous respect for the sex and condition of his victim; and Le Hardi, upon his own responsibility, makes several attempts to carry off the maiden by force, in none of which he succeeds. It would be utterly impossible, however, to give any satisfactory analysis of a story so complicated as the one before us. We do not use the word "complicated" in any sense injurious to the book. There is in it no building up of incidents, no difficulty in distinguishing and discriminating between the variety of characters which gradually dispose themselves upon the scene; we simply mean to infer that the author's materials are of a kind too broad and comprehensive, or rather not sufficiently limited and confined within a given circle to admit of any mere review of the leading details sufficient to convey to the reader an adequate notion of the plot. It is one of those stories that must be read in order to be duly understood and appreciated. The mystery is besides so well devised, and so successfully kept up till the conclusion of the narrative, that we should be sorry to spoil any reader's enjoyment by a premature elucidation of it. The slight underplot connected with the fortunes of Isola, the perjured nun and discarded wife, is perhaps one of the most interesting portions of the book. To the lover of historical fiction, whose object it is to combine instruction with amusement, we can heartily recommend "The Luck of Ladysmede" as an excellent story, full of concentrated interest, and containing much valuable information relative to the social and political state of our country in the time of the celebrated Crusades.

LANCASHIRE ROMANCE.*

A NEW novel, entitled "Searsdale," but lately issued from the press, is likely to claim, both on the part of the critic and the public, a considerable share of attention. It is, in fact, one of the best works of fiction we remember to have read for some time. The language is vigorous and stirring, and well calculated to give zest to a story which is in itself equally instructive, amusing, and original. One of the chief features in the book is the introduction of the East Lancashire dialect, which the author has here rendered in all its peculiarity. And though the reader may find some difficulty in interpreting the numerous idiomatical expressions presented to him, notwithstanding the evident pains the author has been at to obviate such difficulty, yet the character of the eccentric Lancashire man is so well portrayed, and the dialect itself is evidently so genuine and free from exaggeration, that it would be impossible for any true lover of nature to wish it entirely away. In fact, this novel has evidently been written with the intention of familiarizing the reader with Lancashire and Yorkshire agitations, life, and manners, thirty years ago; and the author has taken care to supply himself with such materials as have enabled him to accomplish his task with clearness and perspicuity. The distrust and suspicion which everywhere met the introduction of machinery as a substitute for hand labour, and which, in this part of the country, gave birth to a formidable resistance—the violence of the people, labouring

* *Searsdale*: or, *Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border Thirty Years Ago*. Three vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Pauline: or, *Buried Alive*. A Novel, by the Author of "Monte Christo." Translated by J. Hay Hodgson, Jun. Thomas Hodgson.

* *The Luck of Ladysmede*. A Novel. Two vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

under an erroneous notion that the bread was being thus, as it were, "taken out of their mouths" by the cessation of all means of earning the wherewith to purchase it, the prompt interference of the magistrates, and ultimate establishment of the inventions of modern science, is all vividly and graphically depicted. The author is evidently well read-up in his subject, and, without doubt, much valuable information as well as considerable amusement is to be obtained from the perusal of these three volumes. The story is, perhaps, somewhat lengthy, but this is the case with all works of fiction which deal in much historical survey of past periods of transition and popular agitation.

The most interesting part of the story is that relating to Marie, Duchess of Chatelherault. This young lady is first introduced in the narrative as wedded to an old worn-out voluptuary, whose sixty years' experience of life, would rather have entitled him to assume a parental than matrimonial authority over his handsome bride. This marriage had been originally a matter of convenience on both sides, the young lady's friends looking to a title, and the gentleman, whose pecuniary affairs were almost in a state of insolvency, viewing the lady's broad *rupees* with an eye of peculiar satisfaction. Soon, however, the fashionable *roué* becomes touched and fascinated by the external graces and mental superiority of his lovely partner: and he begins to repent of his folly in consigning her to her present unnatural and miserable existence; his originally selfish nature becomes chastened and purified by contact with one so far above him in the fair and noble attributes of heart and mind. Her simple, childlike devotedness and faith develop hidden traits in his character which years of sensual indulgence have failed to elicit, so that he is enabled to work out the redemption of his former evil desires and passions, before he is called to answer for his unrepented errors at the Throne of Grace. And though on his death-bed he cannot escape some "compunctious visitings of conscience," yet he ultimately expires at peace with himself, and in Christian charity with all men. It may be seen by this slight analysis of a particular portion of the story, that the author has not confined himself to the dry details of an insurrectionary movement for his chief objects of interest in the present composition. We can conscientiously promise to any reader who shall feel inclined to devote a few hours to this "Scarsdale" romance, that he shall find therein sufficient stirring incidents to render it not only agreeable, but in the highest degree interesting.

The eighth volume of "Hodgson's New Series of Novels" comprises two tales of Alexander Dumas, namely, "Pauline; or, Buried Alive," and "The Still Hunt." The former of these stories has been rendered familiar to an English public by the popular drama of the same name, first produced by Mr. Charles Kean during his management at the Royal Princess's Theatre, and which was founded upon this celebrated production. This is, perhaps, one of M. Dumas' most stirring novels, possessing, in a startling degree, all those elements of the terrible, combined with the horrible, of which the French literature presents so many specimens. Few will be able to con these pages without experiencing that intense thrill of inward excitement and eager expectation which ever accompanies the consummate arrangement and artistic development of melo-dramatic incidents. Pauline's hasty marriage, her accidental discovery of her husband's companions and pursuits, her escape from the miserable death to which Horace had devoted her, and her ultimate destiny, are all too well known to need any particular characterization.

"The Still Hunt" is, of course, a less elaborate production, being a simple tale of Scottish life, and in which we are made acquainted with the different peculiarities of our Highland and Lowland brethren. Both these tales are ably translated by J. Hodgson, jun.

THE NEW REVOLUTION.*

IT is a common fallacy to regard powerful men as creating or dictating the circumstances of their career. They do so to a small extent only, and the chief difference between them and commonplace persons, who make elevated station merely the means of rendering their mediocrity conspicuous, is, that the former embody the moving spirit of the age, while the latter seem always sitting upon donkeys and looking towards the tail. Our neighbour NAPOLEON III. owes all his importance to the fact noticed by Mr. PATTERSON, and which has again and again been pointed out in these pages—he represents those enduring aims and interests which lie at the bottom of the national character of the French people. Military glory, and the belief that they are leading Europe from an old system to a new, are necessary to France; and Louis Philippism exploded itself into annihilation because it preferred the cant of moderation to the reality of vigorous action in the direction of national desire. LOUIS NAPOLEON has no moderation, but he has prudence, which keeps him back from purely impracticable schemes. It was not moderation that induced him to make the treacherous peace of Villafranca, but a calculation that he was not quite strong enough to deal with the gigantic European problem which would have been forced upon him by a further prosecution of the war. He has neither moderate hopes nor moderate desires; but cherishes schemes of great proportions and great risks, but which nevertheless are not so dangerous as the stagnation policy of the old Governments, our own included.

Mr. PATTERSON is right in looking upon Europe as upon the verge of a new revolution—a great change in boundaries, governments, and ideas; and we are glad to see an able writer who con-

templates the subject from a point of view somewhat differing from our own, enforcing views with which our readers are familiar. He tells us, "those of our statesmen who discern what is impending are condemned to silence by the very magnitude of the far-reaching series of events now opening to their view." We do not precisely agree with the cause of their silence. The true reason is that our so-called statesmen are either very painful mediocrities, or men of other days, who have long survived the capacity for taking in new and large ideas of human progress; and we are ruled by notions that belong, historically, to the epoch of powder and pig-tails, if not of bobwigs and swords. "Wisely or unwisely," adds Mr. PATTERSON, "they conceal their own convictions, and decline to place the British public face to face with the momentous changes in the European system which are contemplated and, we believe, impending." They have fears rather than convictions, and these they do not hide, but continually obtrude, sometimes in the silly whimpering of a MALMESBURY, and sometimes in the ginger-bread rhetoric of a BULWER. They do not want change, and refuse the slightest particle of reform at home, in order to keep England as far as possible aloof from the stirring interests of humanity, and at the dead level of the contrivances of 1815. PALMERSTON has made up his mind to be the tin kettle dragged at the tail of Imperial France, and the Tories would furbish up old muskets to fight for the restoration of a state of things that has for ever gone by. Mr. PATTERSON well remarks:—"The rights of man, as understood by the Convention, was the idea developed by the first Revolution: the rights of nations, as interpreted by LOUIS NAPOLEON, is the corollary idea which the new Revolution proposes to realize." Such a policy, if unchecked by sudden accident or wise counteraction, must, as Mr. PATTERSON supposes, end in a *great war*, in which it is difficult to imagine that we can escape. Under these circumstances, the practical question for us is, shall we wait for misfortunes, or prevent them by taking up a position that Europe must respect? Mr. PATTERSON is for action, but not very definite as to what sort it should be. The old Whigs and the DERBY Tories would ally us again with Austria and Russia for the purpose of obstructing change, and even Lord JOHN RUSSELL has some thoughts of this kind. Such conduct would be the most favourable to any portion of Napoleonic ideas that require the humiliation of England; for we might as well endeavour to restore the Empire of CHARLEMAGNE, as to bring Europe back to that point where CASTLEBAGH left it when he executed an act of justice on himself.

Our statesmen, without exception, shrink from making England the firm friend of European progress, and it is from this severance of our influence from the liberal cause on the Continent that we are ignominiously compelled to stand by and see LOUIS NAPOLEON threaten, cajole, bully, and annex according to his will. We might leave open to France ample powers of beneficial disturbance, without permitting her to keep all parties in constant alarm. Our apathy leaves her Emperor the choice of playing fast and loose with both despots and nationalities. One day he can fight against Austria, and the next he can place obstacles in the way of Italian independence. He can treat with KOSSUTH to be ready for one emergency, and hold out opposite inducements to Russia to be ready for another. But if we resolutely took the right side—that of European liberty—he must either share with us the influence over the nationalities, or abandon it altogether for alliances with despots that would ensure his ruin. There is nothing so contemptible as moderation when it means halting between right and wrong, and the moderation of England has no better character than this. The Manchester School may expect to inoculate LOUIS NAPOLEON with the principles of a cotton spinner, but his career cannot possibly be limited by the laws of trade. Were he to settle down as a tradesman king, he would scarcely have time to call a cab, before a flight to Leicester-square would be too late. His safety depends entirely upon his gratifying feelings and passions that prove compatible with the ultimate advancement of Europe, but which are absolutely inconsistent with his repose. The end may be, probably will be, as tragic as Mr. PATTERSON supposes, for there is no element of permanent stability in the unscrupulous and dexterous cunning that cannot win confidence, because it never keeps faith.

Our physical fortunes will depend upon our moral position. At the head of European freedom we should be mighty, whether for attack or defence; with a Tory policy of reaction, or a Whig policy of sticking in the mud, we cannot conciliate respect, but may require commiseration or merit contempt.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.*

THE popular narrative of the Volunteer Review, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on Monday last, has, on account of its merits, been reprinted and published by Mr. Tinsley. The author of this narrative is Mr. G. A. Sala, who is universally known as a writer of the highest ability in his special department of literature. We recommend the little work as a complete, accurate, and highly interesting description and record of an event of great national importance, and as one of the best and most permanent memorials of it that can be preserved.

* A Narrative of the Grand Volunteer Review in Hyde Park on Saturday, June the 23rd, 1860. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. With Additional Particulars, compiled from Authentic Sources. London: William Tinsley.

* The New Revolution; or the Napoleonic Policy in Europe. By R. H. PATTERSON. Blackwood.

ABOUT LONDON.*

WE heartily welcome a new work from the pen of the popular author of the "Night Side of London." Mr. Ritchie understands well the elements requisite to compose a good book. In the first place, he has chosen a good subject, and one which will not be soon or easily exhausted even by the most skilful of writers. Like all men of genius and of talent, some one theme or particular event has possessed unusual and, it may be, overpowering attractions for him. There has been something in or about it to more than commonly interest him. Mr. Ritchie has seen London in all its aspects. It has for him all that he requires for the production of intellectual and moral essays; frequently beholding and deeply pondering upon the subjects of the present volume, he has produced a work that shall really be interesting and profitable to the reader. The metropolis abounds with points enough to furnish any author with matter for any number of thoroughly readable volumes. The poet and the painter, the humorist and the moralist find ample scope in the deep and diversified scenes of London for the utmost exercise of their peculiar powers. In each of the four or five volumes which the author of "Night Side of London" has produced, full justice is done to the particular subjects discussed and described therein; and yet an equal number may be produced by the same pen with the very same result. Mr. Ritchie is versatile as well as original. He does not repeat himself, though all his works are apparently about the same subject. This, however, may be because the subject itself is so comprehensive; but we think it is also owing to the ability of the writer, who places before us so agreeably and instructively these different scenes and phases of London. The present volume contains twenty extremely well-written chapters on a series of highly popular topics. There is a chapter about "Newspaper People," about "Coal," about "Highgate," about "London Bridge," "Westminster Abbey," &c.; and much curious information that history has supplied, and much more that "observation" has copied, will be found in these chapters. We have no doubt that this work will meet with that degree of favour from the public which, besides its other merits, as a work of an unquestionably improving and elevating tendency, it deserves.

CRIMEAN SKETCHES.†

PLAYING at soldiers is very fine, but real war-work is not always pleasant. The author of "Camp Life," a work now before us, left an agreeable occupation and comfortable income for the pleasure of a smart artillery uniform, and departed from England for service in the Crimea. He provided himself with an expensive outfit, which in actual work turned out to be useless. Landing in Kertch harbour, he was soon stationed at Fort Paul, where he had only brackish water to drink, made by a condensing apparatus down by the seaside. His lodgings were most uncomfortable, and rheumatism inevitable. He had nothing to eat but salt pork. His Christmas dinner, however, was a festival on board ship, with one M. Alpine. At its conclusion, a staff-sergeant arrived with a message from the general. The messenger announced that "The Russians were advancing in force, the guns must be mounted that night on the heights, and, if you please, Sir, the General's compliments, and the last officer on shore will be broke." We leave the scamper and the bustle that ensued to the reader's imagination.

We are now fairly launched in the narrative, which goes on at a dashing rate. Many a proof had the writer that the privilege of wearing gold lace is bought at a price. The dinner-hour is not respected. With a mouth full of bread and rum, he had to conduct at command an escort to take over military stores; and, on arriving at the place of destination, had to travel to and fro to procure the password, and found the whole process a troublesome job, to be done in a night pitch dark, and under every sort of inconvenience. The Turks enjoyed his troubles. Of one Turk, his Bimbashi, Ibrahim Ali, he gives us a complete portrait. An Albanian, with black, flashing eyes, Grecian features, and a lustrous moustache, effeminate in appearance, but a ruffian in disposition, with no religion but his faith in a mission to exterminate all Europeans. He was, however, a jolly comrade, and gave our author much information about Turkey. He made free, meanwhile, with the "unconsidered trifles" that lay about the room. "In nine cases out of ten," says Mr. Wraxall, "I did not protest; but if, for instance, I might go in search of a missing revolver, he would say, 'True, it is thine!' and hand it back without a murmur." He had early joined a band of robbers, worked his way through a prison to Government employment, and had shot a pasha. His own end was probably the bowstring. Our author found it very repulsive to live in daily intercourse with men whom he knew to be steeped up to the eyes in crime, though sometimes not without good qualities, being like wild animals that learn to love their keepers through fear of the lash.

Other character-photographs are given; but our readers must be content with a type, as a specimen of the gallery. They are literal likenesses, not remarkable for moral beauty. But the gallery contains also some excellent groups. The scenes in the market-place of Kertch are capital. His drunken Russian landlord, also,

* *About London.* By J. EWING RITCHIE, Author of "Night Side of London," "The London Pulpit," "Here and There in London," &c. London: William Tinsley, 314, Strand.

† *Camp Life: or, Passages from the Story of a Contingent.* By LASCELLES WRAXALL. London: Charles J. Skeet.

comes in as a variety, in company with a Russian doctor with an enormous beard, a large book, and a huge pair of spectacles.

As to the terms on which English and French stood to each other before Sebastopol, our author states that nothing more than a system of politeness was maintained—there was no cordiality. He says, indeed, "The French were insufferably haughty." His account, in fact, is not favourable to our allies; but there is doubtless a considerable amount of prejudice in his report. He confesses, however, to their cleanliness. They were the most shirt-washing troops he knew, and every Chasseur was carefully shaved every morning. In disposition they are rather melancholy. He speaks with great respect of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He pictures them in one sentence—"Coquettishly dressed in light blue and silver tunics, carrying a long pea rifle on their backs, and mounted on fiery Arab barbs, they offer the beau-ideal of a trooper." A French John Bull, also, named Jean Taureau, is introduced as a curious eccentric, and his adventures are exceedingly amusing.

The great charm of a military life is, it seems, not glory, but idleness. For this men sacrifice their future at one-and-a-penny *per diem*. While preparing for evacuating Kertch, Mr. Wraxall had opportunity for leisure, and employed it in watching from the quay the embarkation of the troops. At length, with his wife, our author took refuge on board the Goshawk, and was enabled (to use his own words) "to draw up a mental balance-sheet." He had played out his play; he had some eighty pounds to receive, and his connection with the Government would be settled. In his politics our author is somewhat heretical, and his love for civilisation makes him rather intolerant of strange customs. His patriotism is not very strongly pronounced; but he may be excused, as he was ultimately some hundreds of pounds out of pocket by his soldiering. Some of this loss he has been able to repair by writing a narrative of his travels, which, after appearing in the columns of a newspaper, has now, in an improved state, taken the shape of a small volume, characterised by considerable vivacity. He complains that, after all his service, he was defrauded of the Crimean medal; but he bears his disappointment with good humour, and it is impossible not to respect a man who laughs at his own mischances.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE LEADER AND SATURDAY ANALYST.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S BILL.

IN a petition to the House of Commons, relative to the above measure, now before Parliament, signed by the minister, chapel-warden, and vestry-clerk of the United Church of England and Ireland chapel, St. Vincent-street, Edinburgh, is the following clause:—"That the experience of your petitioners in Scotland, has led them to observe, that the insisting upon the Mosaic law of the seventh-day Sabbath being still in force, and applicable to the first day of the week, does not tend to 'establish amongst us' either 'truth and justice,' or 'religion and piety.'" This sounds somewhat unlike the following resolution, which, says Cox, in his "Sabbath Laws," was passed in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, on the 27th of May, 1848:—

"The Assembly, feeling it to be the duty of this Church to cherish a holy and enlightened zeal for the honour of the Lord of the Sabbath, and an affectionate regard to the best interests of the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made her overseer, as well as to those of this nation in which God has largely blessed her, resolves through grace to spare no efforts for promoting a devout and increased respect for this loved and blessed institution; reminding the people of her communion, that they who are guilty of its violation are liable to the discipline of the Church, in the same manner, and to the same extent, as those who are guilty of transgressing any other commandment of the moral law."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

HANOVER, June 26th, 1860.

PUBLIC attention during the past week has been directed almost exclusively to the late meeting of princes at Baden Baden, and, as may be conceived, all are on the look out for any positive information that may be permitted to ooze out as to the results. It would be useless to repeat the numberless reports and surmises that have been in circulation. The German journals are, for the most part, violently inimical to the French Emperor—liberals and feudalists are unanimous in their mistrust of France. Judging by the ridicule heaped upon the English press by all parties in this country, I must conclude that the French and their Emperor find favour with you. The ruinous dullness of trade here, and the constantly increasing taxation are attributed entirely to French policy; and one ambitious sovereign would have little difficulty in gaining all Germany over to his side by a declaration of war against France, with or without grounds;—the fact of a NAPOLEON being on the French throne is ground enough for any German. The meeting of the Princes at Baden is regarded as a failure, in so far as it was intended to be a display of the unanimity of the Potentates of Germany. This is evident from the speech of the RECENT, in which he says that his ideas as to the policy to be pursued by Prussia and Ger-

many do not meet with the concurrence of certain German princes. It will be seen, in fact, that the Sovereigns at Baden were divided into two camps. The four Kings, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Hanover, with Nassau, held separate conferences. The Thuringian Dukes, with the Grand Duke of Baden, ranged themselves on the side of Prussia; the anti-Prussian tendencies of the latter having vanished since the change of ministry in Karlsruhe, Prussia may count upon the vote of Baden in the Federal Diet.

The *Karlsruhe Gazette* of the 19th gives the following report of the conference of the princes held in the ducal residence:—At the express wish of his Highness the PRINCE REGENT of Prussia, the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of SAXE WEIMAR, the Dukes of COBURG-GOTHA and of NASSAU, met together in the residence of the Grand Duke, to confer, in a friendly manner, before parting, upon the great questions of the day. When the sovereigns were all assembled the PRINCE REGENT appeared, and at once proceeded to explain, in a speech of considerable length, the object of his having invited them to meet him. The PRINCE first expressed his thanks for their ready acquiescence with regard to the interview with the EMPEROR of the French. By their participation in that interview they had given a proof of their unanimity in all cases affecting the interests of Germany at large. The PRINCE repeated the grounds upon which the EMPEROR desired the interview, viz., to exhibit his desire of preserving peace with Germany, and thereby to remove all alarm as to the policy pursued by the French Government. We have now personally received the reiterated and consistent assurances of the EMPEROR's pacific intentions; and from the frank answers which the EMPEROR received on our part, he will feel convinced that we place the fullest confidence in his words. The PRINCE then stated the condition upon which he himself acceded to the interview, viz., that the integrity of German territory should in no way whatever be called in question. The EMPEROR, by accepting the interview upon this condition, had acknowledged the principle, and this fact alone could not fail to produce a most beneficial impression in all quarters. The PRINCE hoped that, by his conduct in this important transaction, he had given another proof that the foreign policy of Prussia had the interests of entire Germany in view. Referring to his last speech from the throne, the PRINCE said, he would again declare before that august assembly that he regarded it as the aim of Prussia's European policy to maintain not only the integrity of the territory of Germany, but that of each individual sovereign. This was an object from which he would never allow himself to be misled, not even by the circumstance that, in the development of that internal policy which he considered was needful for Prussia, as well as in his views with respect to Federal questions, several of his Federal allies differed from him. The accomplishment of the national task which he had undertaken, the defence of Germany, and maintenance of its integrity, would ever remain the chief aim of his Government. As to the sincerity of his endeavours to render the military strength of Germany effective no doubt could be entertained, and he could assure them that those endeavours would never tend to loosen the bond which united all the princes of Germany. He had frequently declared that in seeking a reform of the Federal system he was animated by a conscientious regard for the rights of all; and the latest act of his Government must remove all doubt that he considered the present moment as unsuited for a reform of such nature. On the other hand, he had clearly stated the principle which he intended to maintain. Although he felt bound strictly to adhere to his own line of Prussian and German policy, he had no reason to think that thereby disunion would arise, but, on the contrary, he entertained the hope that, by degrees, all his Federal allies would be brought over to his views. He trusted that ultimately Austria and Prussia would come to an understanding with each other. He considered such good understanding to be of the very highest importance, and should it be effected he would not fail to bring it to the knowledge of the other German Cabinets. The PRINCE concluded with the hope that their meeting at Baden would not only afford a proof of their Federal unity, but also animate the sentiment of love for their common country.

The Prussian official Gazette publishes the following communication respecting the interview with the EMPEROR. With the intention of calming the anxiety of Germany, the Emperor NAPOLEON made known his wish to salute the PRINCE REGENT upon German territory. This desire of the ruler of a powerful neighbouring state was the more readily acceded to by the PRINCE REGENT, because at the same time an opportunity was afforded of admitting some of the chief potentates of Germany to participate in the interview, and thereby allaying all doubts as to the maintenance of the integrity of Germany's frontier. The EMPEROR, in the course of his visit, gave the PRINCE REGENT, and the other princes severally, the most positive assurances of his pacific and friendly sentiments towards Germany; and he had an opportunity of convincing himself that his sentiments were fully reciprocated on the part of Germany. We may therefore draw the most favourable conclusions from the meeting at Baden, and expect that it will allay all fears for the future, and tend to promote the commercial prosperity of both France and Germany.

Two circular notes, transmitted by the cabinet of Berlin to all the Federal Governments, have been brought to the knowledge of the public. The first, dated June 2nd, is directed against the views of Austria as regards the Federal Army question; the other, dated 6th June, explains the position taken by Prussia in the question of Federal Reform. In this note Prussia declares its intention to adhere firmly to the Confederation, and thereby disavows, as M.

VON SCHLEINITZ had already done in Parliament, the assertions made in the Diet. It declares a reform of the Federal Compact necessary, but acknowledges that only a partial and gradual improvement is feasible. It directs special attention to the war department, and finally recommends the Diet to refrain from all interference with the internal constitutional legislation of the different Federal States, and declares that it will constantly uphold this principle as it did in the Hessian question.

Prussia has likewise proposed to the States of the Zollverein to postpone for this year the general conference, as the only subject of importance, the bounty to be granted for exported sugar, can be easily settled by correspondence, or in a special conference. All the Zollverein States have acquiesced in this proposal.

The French Government, in a note of the 12th instant, has expressed a desire to conclude a commercial treaty with the Zollverein; and Prussia is requested to moot the subject to the other states, for the purpose of further deliberations.

The efforts of the Guild Abolitionists are being gradually attended with success. The official Gazette of Weisbaden, of the 17th inst., publishes a law or edict by which the Guilds in that quarter are abolished; but as if to make up for this enlightened act the game laws, which were repealed in 1848, are again to be in force. Thus progress and retrogression are in one breath.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

THE Grand Duchess Mary of Russia arrived at Dover on Thursday. Her Royal Highness having heard that one of the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution was stationed at Dover, expressed a wish to see the boat capsized; but her royal highness was too ill on Friday to leave her hotel until the train had left. The lifeboat, however, was taken out for the inspection of the two young princes and their suite. The boat was capsized in the bay. She righted herself at once, and self-ejected the seas thus shipped in twenty-five seconds. Some of the lifeboat's crew afterwards jumped into the sea with their cork jackets on provided by the Institution. The princes and their party were delighted with the novel and interesting exhibition. The Rev. W. Yate, who is the hon. secretary of the Dover branch of the National Lifeboat Institution, was subsequently introduced to the Grand Duchess, and had the honour to present to her royal highness a copy of Walter's beautiful photograph of one of the lifeboats of the Institution supposed to be proceeding off to a wreck.

The National Lifeboat Institution is about to place barometers, wherever found practicable, at each of its lifeboat stations round the coast, in order that the seafaring population of the neighbourhood may be warned in time of a coming storm.

A poor woman, named Witham, the wife of a labouring man, living in the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars-road, was delivered on Thursday evening of three children. In consideration of her destitute state, at a time when she stands so much in need of additional comfort, Mr. Atkinson, surgeon, and the Rev. G. Brown, the rector, Blackfriars-road, have kindly consented to receive any donations that may be forwarded on her behalf.

Sunday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, a fire, attended with a serious loss of property, happened on the premises belonging to Messrs. H. and G. Scovels, known as Symond Wharf, situate at the water-side of Tooley-street, Southwark. The wharf in question was composed of warehouses four floors high, and covered over two acres of ground, each room or warehouse being filled with valuable property, such as hemp, oil, tallow, spices, &c. The fire, when first discovered, was raging in what is termed the E warehouse, a building forty-five feet long and four floors high, having a timber staircase from the outside, which led to the different warehouses. By the time the engines arrived, the flames had gained such an ascendancy that there seemed every probability of the conflagration taking a complete sweep round the entire wharf, and also the Brewers' Arms. The land engines were set to work from a good supply of the Southwark Company's water, but the fire had obtained too great a hold to be extinguished by that force, and it was found absolutely necessary to set the floating engines to work from the river Thames. This being done, some thousand tons weight of water were scattered into the different floors by the floating and land engines, but in spite of the exertions of the firemen the flames continued to travel, and they could not be extinguished until nearly five o'clock in the evening.

The prize of fifty guineas, offered by the Rev. Dr. Emerton for the best essay on the immense importance of a close union of England and France, has been awarded by the adjudicators—Lord Brougham, the Earl of Clarendon, and the Earl of Shaftesbury—to the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, M.A., perpetual curate of St. Clement's, Rochdale. Mr. Molesworth is the son of the Rev. Dr. Molesworth, vicar of Rochdale; was formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge; prize-man Sen. Opt., and B.A. 1839, and is the author of several publications.

A comet, visible to the naked eye, has appeared for the last few days in a north-westerly direction. It is to be found in the constellation of Charles's Wain, where it may be observed in the evening when the twilight becomes sufficiently feeble and obscure. It presents the appearance of a brilliant star of the second magnitude, the outlines of which, however, are ill-defined. It is followed by a tail of different degrees of length, of great clearness however, and, as far as may be judged, opposite the sun. According to the observation taken at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, the position of the

comet was ascertained to be at 9h. 40m. 38s.; right ascension 98 deg. 56 min. 43 sec.; and distant from the North Pole 47 deg. 49 min. 42 sec.

Upwards of £500 have been subscribed in Edinburgh on behalf of the Garibaldi fund. At a meeting of the committee on Thursday, the treasurer was authorized to remit immediately £100 in addition to the £300 sent last week.

Another of the fine squadron of noble vessels of war now building at Chatham Dockyard, was added to the British navy on Saturday afternoon by the launch from the second slip of the fine screw corvette Orpheus, 21 guns, making the third vessel which has been launched from this establishment during the past twelve months.

DEATH OF ROBERT B. BROUGH.—On Tuesday the 26th, at midnight, this gentleman, who had only just completed his thirty-second year, expired at Manchester, after a long and painful illness, which has for some time entirely prevented the use of his once prolific pen; the last occasion on which he performed any public duty being at the Savage Club performance, when he rose from a bed of sickness to assist at the benefit for the widows and children of his deceased friends. Now his own name is added to the long list of literary men, whose deaths have occurred within a few short months. Much as all who have read the works of this versatile writer must have admired his powers as poet, as novelist, and as dramatist, among his large circle of friends a personal feeling of bereavement almost swallows up for the moment all memory of his genius. It is not too much to say of Mr. Robert Brough, that all who knew him loved him, and each of his numerous friends deplores his loss almost as deeply as that of a brother, their only consolation being that he leaves behind him a name that must increase in popularity, and that, although his life has been so short it was yet long enough to cause all who have read his works to honour his memory, and all who have known him to cherish the recollection of his friendship as one of their most valuable possessions. It will be time enough hereafter to criticise his claims to the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity. At present we only record our feeling of regret that he is gone while in the prime of his manhood and the spring time of his genius.

Upwards of 500 of the French Orphéonistes visited Greenwich on Wednesday, and inspected the Royal Hospital, &c. A large number also visited Woolwich.

A fatal accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon at the Royal Carriage Department of Woolwich Arsenal. It appears that a boy, nine years of age, the son of a workman, named Allen Mortar, accompanied his father to the Arsenal, and climbed upon a large piece of teak which was placed on a barrow for removal. The timber fell over, crushing the skull of the child, who was instantly conveyed to the surgery, but life was then extinct.

On Wednesday morning about 60 or 70 of the Orphéonistes, now in this country, rambled into the Guildhall to inspect the building and its contents, and to admire the celebrated guardian spirits, Gog and Magog. The common law courts are sitting at Guildhall, and the Orphéonistes evinced much interest in the proceedings. After going the round of the courts, they were shown into the Court of Aldermen, where Mr. Edwin James was sitting in his robes reading his briefs, and waiting to be called on to conduct a case in the day's list. The learned gentleman's name was no sooner mentioned than there was a simultaneous outburst from all of "L'avocat défenseur de Bernard," and in their enthusiasm they loudly cheered him. One of the party expressed the pleasure it gave him to make even the temporary acquaintance of a gentleman whom he knew, M. Jules Favre, the great French advocate and member of the Legislative Assembly, felt proud in being able to call his friend. They were received most courteously by Mr. James, who kindly promised, on their solicitation, to obtain for them a view of the Houses of Parliament, and appointed half-past three o'clock on Friday as the time for them to meet in Westminster Hall for that purpose.

A suicide of a most desperate nature took place on Wednesday morning in Hyde Park. It appears that a gentlemanly-looking man, apparently a Frenchman, was seen to discharge a pistol at his head, but the bullet not taking the desired effect, he succeeded in crossing the road, and again shot himself a second time, and then drew some sharp instrument across his throat, it is believed a razor, and fell dead. On the deceased's person were found a gold watch and chain, and a letter respecting some female, who, from the allegation in the letter, died at the hands of her husband. The body was conveyed by the police to the workhouse in Mount Street, where it now lies waiting identification and a coroner's inquest.

FOREIGN.

The allied forces occupied Chusan on the 21st of April without opposition from the Chinese.

No answer has been received from the Chinese Government to the second communication from the British Minister.

The Chinese are making extensive preparations for resistance.

The rebel disturbances are over.

Advices from Ravenna to the 22nd instant state that at Pola the Austrian Government compelled a Sardinian merchant vessel to hoist the Pontifical flag. At Fiume the harbour-master had refused to the steamer Ravenna the papers necessary for departure, because it had hoisted the tricolour flag. This vessel had Sardinian papers.

Genoa, June 23. According to advices from Naples to the 19th instant, the Government had despatched three columns from

Naples, viz., one to Basilicata, another towards Salerno, and a third to the Abruzzi. The Chateau of St. Elmo had been fortified. It was asserted that it was the intention of Government to restore the two captured vessels. The American Minister, however, desired reparation for the insult offered to his national flag.

Paris, June 24th. The *Patrie* contains the following despatch from Naples:—"The King has accepted the Constitution, which has been prepared on a liberal basis, and of which one condition is an offensive and defensive alliance with Piedmont. The promulgation of the new Constitution will take place towards the beginning of July."

Monday, June 25th, the *Moniteur* announced that Prince Jerome expired Sunday evening.

Vienna, Monday, June 25. "The Budget contains the following items:—Ministry of Police, 2,600,000 florins; Ministry of Foreign Affairs, 2,400,000 florins; Ministry of Public Worship, 4,000,000 florins. The *Austrian Gazette* is informed that Signor Petrulla's programme of reforms for Naples includes a general amnesty, a popular Cabinet, a constitutional form of Government, and a free press."

News from Messina to the 16th inst. reports a disembarkation of Garibaldians at Melito.

The *Patrie* of June 23rd states that Garibaldi held a council of war on the evening of the 21st inst., at which it was unanimously decided that the insurrectional army, after having collected all the necessary military forces, should march on Messina.

St. Petersburg, June 23. It is said that by order of his Majesty, Count Stackelberg, the Russian Minister at Turin, has been instructed to declare to the Sardinian Cabinet that should the Sardinian Government not henceforth prevent the departure for Sicily of the expeditions in course of organisation in the different ports of Sardinia, Count Stackelberg, with the whole *personnel* of the legation, would quit Piedmont.

Geneva, June 27. The *Journal of Geneva* announces according to reliable information, that the Count de Persigny and Lord John Russell had agreed upon the convocation of an European Conference for the adjustment of the question of Savoy.

The municipality of Palermo had sent an address to the Dictator requesting the immediate annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The Dictator replied that such annexation was his wish, that he was a great admirer of King Victor Emmanuel, and that the annexation would be accomplished by him, and with him, but that at present the annexation of Sicily alone would not be advisable; besides, in the event of immediate annexation, he would be under the necessity of retiring.

The Washington has arrived at Genoa with sixteen wounded.

At Naples, June 26. The following concessions are announced:—

"A constitution, an amnesty, an alliance with Sardinia, the adoption of the tricolour flag, and a ministry under Commander Spinelli.

"Analogous institutions for Sicily, under a viceroy."

News from Constantinople (*via* Marseilles), June 20. Yesterday 2,000 soldiers were sent to Beyrout.

The garrison of Damascus have committed acts of pillage. The Governors of Damascus, Aleppo, and Smyrna have been deprived of office.

The Christians received with joy the intelligence that the Porte was instituting an inquiry into the recent disturbances. The troops which have been sent to restore order are, however, insufficient, and massacres are always feared.

The Christian inhabitants of Cyprus are emigrating *en masse* to Greece.

The Dane, Captain Hoffman, with the Cape Mail, arrived at Plymouth on Wednesday. She brings fifty-two passengers and a full cargo. Her dates are: Cape, May 22; St. Helena, June 1; and Ascension, June 5.

Much gratification was expressed at the Cape at the coming return of Sir George Grey and the expected visit of Prince Alfred. Preparations were being made to give the Prince a right loyal welcome.

Government affairs were much neglected, and were left to stand over until the return of the Governor.

A Parliamentary Finance Committee had been appointed to consider whether the government of the Colony can be carried on with the present revenue. Some method of direct taxation was expected.

A motion had been made in the House of Assembly for instituting a responsible Government. The dissolution of the House was expected to take place at the close of the session.

A census was ordered to be taken in March, 1861. The schedules contain seventy-four distinct queries, one of which is "How many pigs have you?"

GRAND VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

IN the great national event which took place in Hyde Park on Saturday, the 23rd of June, the whole country has been more than usually interested. We, therefore, desire to record it, not merely as a magnificent show or pageant abounding in high titles and integral numbers, but as the broad and earnest manifestation of the spirit and strength of the nation, and consequently of its great moral and political significance.

Great have been the preparations and high the hopes of all classes of the people respecting the Volunteer Review. The universal interest in the coming event was, of course, natural. It was very different from the day on which a grand review of the regular army takes place. On such an occasion twenty thousand

of our brave soldiers may possibly leave their several barracks and locations, and meet in Hyde Park or elsewhere, to go through their wonderfully precise and imposing evolutions without being publicly missed. But when the Volunteers assemble, as they did on Saturday, in one great and massive body, they leave their accustomed places of occupation and their homes, and the ordinary business of the day and the regular duties of the households of England are suspended. Hence the very wide and spontaneous interest felt on the present occasion by the public. Every volunteer had his personal friends, acquaintances, and well-wishers on the ground to admire, and to cheer him through his performances, and thus on Saturday last in Hyde Park the occasion was, for animation and unity of purpose and feeling, one of the most thoroughly national that can be conceived. We are happy to state too, that on Saturday, notwithstanding the unusually protracted and continuous rain and gloom of the year 1860, the weather was to a degree unexpectedly, if not highly, favourable. It was sufficiently fine to allow the proceedings to pass off with satisfaction and pleasure to all concerned, for which, we doubt not, everybody felt thankful.

The City during the forenoon was made as gay and animated as possible, by the throng of visitors and sightseers, who on foot and in cabs and omnibuses were proceeding to the scene of the grand review. The companies of Volunteers, who had assembled at their respective rendezvous, marched through the Strand to the lively strains of their bands.

As early as a quarter past one, P.M., the scene in the Park was highly interesting, and before three o'clock every seat in the galleries was occupied; the trees also were made use of as the best points of espial, and every foot of ground from whence a view could be obtained had also its eager occupants.

From half-past one until three, the Volunteer Corps had been successively arriving and taking up the positions allotted to them.

The first body of Volunteers which appeared was the 1st Dorsetshire, Lieut.-Colonel LOYD LINDSAY, headed by a very superior band, and their fine and military bearing excited general admiration. These were followed soon afterwards by the 10th Kent Artillery, or Royal Arsenal Brigade, a numerous body of men, under the command of Col. TULLOH, and bearing all the appearance of regular troops.

After these came the 14th Kent, or Woolwich Dockyard battalion, a body of men little, if any, inferior to those of the Royal Arsenal, and it was the common remark amongst the spectators that the county of Kent had reason to be proud of her contribution to this national demonstration. The patriotic feeling, indeed, has taken deep root in that county, as it has contributed no less than twenty regiments—five of artillery and fifteen of infantry—viz., 1st, 5th, 9th, 10th, and 14th (Artillery), and the 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 13th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 30th, 31st, and 32nd, embracing the towns of Gravesend, Woolwich, Kidbrook, Blackheath, Lee, Margate, Chatham, Greenwich, Bromley, Lewisham, Deptford, Charlton, &c.

Soon after two o'clock the Queen's Westminsters arrived in front of the palace, and their neat grey uniforms, with scarlet facings, were greatly admired. Not the least interesting feature in the day's proceedings was the display of the 15th Middlesex, or Scottish brigade, preceded by their band, Lord Elcho, the colonel, accompanying the corps on a beautiful charger. The kilted company led the way, the rest of the regiment wearing close-fitting trousers and gaiters, as being more suitable during the prevalence of very doubtful weather. To this brigade were added the 19th Middlesex (Bloomsbury). The second, third, and fourth battalions of this brigade followed shortly afterwards, consisting of the 1st Surrey (Camberwell), 2nd (Croydon), 4th (Brixton), 6th (Esher), 7th (Southwark), 8th (Epsom), 9th (Richmond), 10th (Bermondsey), 11th (Wimbledon), 12th (Kingston), 19th (Lambeth), and 21st (Battersea).

Immediately after these came the 26th Kent, from Woolwich; the second battalion of the 10th Kent, from the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich; 1st Cinque Ports, from Hastings; the 2nd, from Rye; the 4th, from Hythe; and 7th Kent, from Margate.

The next brigade, which passed at half-past two o'clock, was that commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Hicks, consisting of the two battalions of the City of London; the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 26th, 33rd, 39th, and 40th Middlesex; the 2nd Tower Hamlets; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 7th Essex. The members of the City of London battalions mustered strongly, amounting to 1,200 men, and nothing could exceed the very satisfactory manner in which they acquitted themselves, their steady, regular, and even step being worthy of well-disciplined troops, and evincing that during the very brief period which they have been enrolled that they must diligently and constantly attended their drill. The Tower Hamlets corps of Hackney and Spitalfields appeared also to have attained considerable proficiency in their duties, and the neatness of their uniform was generally remarked.

As each corps, preceded by its band, entered the park and took up its position, it was generally greeted by enthusiastic acclamations from the spectators. At four the Royal procession, which was gorgeous in the extreme, entered the Park. With her MAJESTY was LEOPOLD, the husband of her who was once England's hope—the Princess CHARLOTTE. On the royal carriage reaching the standard, the entire force of Volunteers presented arms. The royal procession then wheeled and proceeded towards the point of its arrival. The effect of this brilliant cavalcade winding in the distance was exceedingly picturesque. The marching past commenced at about twenty minutes to five, and it was, on the whole, admirable—indeed, some of it was splendid; and as corps after corps went by they

excited the utmost attention and admiration. We must, for want of space, omit to mention separately the name and performance of every Volunteer corps that passed in review before the QUEEN.

When the brigades had marched past, they wheeled to the left and took up their first position. Then an advance of the whole mass took place, the military bands beginning the National Anthem. At this time, so soon as the first notes of "God Save the Queen" were heard, the twenty thousand men drawn up in review order, burst into one tremendous shout, succeeded by round after round of hearty British cheering; and the whole mass of spectators taking up the cheers swelled the loud tones, and created such a scene of enthusiasm as is never witnessed anywhere but in England. The official signification of approval and thanks were conveyed from the Royal lips to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and from him it passed at length to the Volunteers. The Royal procession reformed and took its departure in the same order and direction by which it had arrived. Thus was brought to a close one of the finest and most important events of the year, and one that will, we are sure, be not only memorable, but have a present power and influence for good, both at home and abroad.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Monday, the 25th of June, the renowned French Orpheonists made their appearance in the Handel orchestra of the Crystal Palace. They were 3,000 strong, and every preparation had been made by the directors to render the Palace as familiar to them as possible. The great orchestra was divided into twenty-eight compartments, each inscribed with the name of a French province; gilded eagles were here and there to be seen, and busts of celebrated fellow countrymen were also before their eyes, while just in front of the organ there was the representation of an eagle of uncommon size, with outstretched wings, looking as if about to soar through the splendid glass dome into the blue sky above. These, with the "tricolour" everywhere about them, must have made the Crystal Palace for the time wear a Parisian aspect and locale. There was an emblematical device on the centre of the organ, representing two hands grasped in friendship, with scrolls around the wrists of each, upon one of which was written "France," and upon the other "England."

The audience on this occasion numbered about 12,000, an audience not so numerous as have assembled in the Palace at a Handel or Mendelssohn Festival, but certainly equally critical and enthusiastic.

The first piece in the programme was our national melody "God Save the Queen," which the Orpheonists sang in English, with great vigour and harmony. The next choral piece was Belozzi's hymn, "Veni Creator," the singing of which strikingly evinced the rich musical tone and perfect balance of the different vocal parts. Küchler's "Chant du Bivouac," known in English as "The Young Recruit," was most admirably sung, and redemanded. The "Depart du Chasseur" of Mendelssohn was given with exquisite sweetness and perfect intonation. The second part of the programme, the whole of which we need not particularise, was, on the whole, magnificently done. "Les Enfants de Paris," and "La Re traite," elicited rapturous and enthusiastic echoes. Perhaps it is not beyond the truth to say, that such choral execution as was displayed in these pieces, was seldom or never heard in the Crystal Palace before. "France! France!" the last piece in the programme, was also admirably executed. "God Save the Queen," and "Partant pour la Syrie," were sung again, and then followed the most hearty cheers and waving of hats, and other manifestations of genuine sympathy and good-will, which terminated the first day's performance. The second day's performance was as brilliant, effective, and successful as the first—the programme being but slightly varied. The performances of the Guides throughout excited the utmost admiration and applause. Indeed, rarely has it been the pleasure of an English audience to listen to instrumentation so thoroughly finished and effective as the performance of the Guides.

M. Delaporte, conductor-in-chief, the sub-conductor, and M. Edouard Battiste, who presided at the organ with remarkable ability, deserve the highest praise.

On Wednesday the celebrated Orpheonists had a day's rest from their charming and brilliant labours, and they took the opportunity of paying a visit to the principal public buildings, &c., in the metropolis. Thursday, at 3 o'clock, they again assembled in the Crystal Palace to charm their English admirers and friends, which they did perhaps more completely than at first. On Saturday, the thirtieth of June, they will give a farewell festival—the programme to comprise the best and richest of their musical gems. The price of admission to the farewell performance will be reduced one half, so that the British public may be treated cheaply to one of the grandest exhibitions of choral art in modern times.

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, the eminent pianist, gave his annual morning concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. He was most efficiently assisted. The English Glee and Madrigal Union sang at the opening, "Come see what pleasures," which was a piece of perfect musical execution. Madame Sainton-Dolby sang with her usual spirit and expression. Mr. Sims Reeves gave Mendelssohn's "Hunter's Song" with his well-known taste and ability. The instrumental selection comprised two idylls, "The Woodland" and the "Streamlet," very pretty solo pieces for the piano, composed and admirably played by Mr. Sloper himself; variations in D major for pianoforte (Beeth-

oven); and Chopin's *Mazurkas*, No. 1, G minor, No. 2, D major, and No. 3, B minor. He also took part in a duet with M. Sauton for violin and piano, and in a trio for the same instruments and violoncello with MM. Sauton and Paque; the latter artiste also giving a violoncello solo from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The Hall was well filled by a fashionable audience, who testified their pleasure and satisfaction with the performance in the warmest manner. Mr. Benedict and Mr. Harold Thomas were the conductors.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Lords on Thursday night the Pleas on the Indictment Bill, on the motion of Lord BROUGHAM, was read a second time. The Adulteration of Food and Drink Bill passed through Committee.—In the House of Commons, the adjourned debate on Sir C. Wood's motion for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the law enabling the Secretary of State for India to raise men for her Majesty's local European forces in India was resumed. Lord STANLEY having noticed briefly the objection to the maintenance of two European armies in India, that it was a theoretical anomaly, he remarked that the difficulty of dealing with the question was greatly increased by the absence of any distinct plan to be substituted for the existing scheme. General PEELE stated the grounds upon which he had come to a perfectly different conclusion from Lord STANLEY. He was convinced that there would be no penury of qualified line officers for continuous service in India; and as to the expense of maintaining a single army, he agreed with Sir C. WOOD, that the most efficient force was the cheapest, and did not see why the expense should be greater than at present. He gave his cordial support to the motion for leave to bring in the Bill. Colonel SYKES insisted upon the question of expense, the constitutional question and the question of patronage, as furnishing reasons why Sir C. WOOD should not persevere in his measure. Mr. PEACOCKE said he was a partisan of a thorough and entire amalgamation of the two armies. Sir DE LACY EVANS objected to the form in which the House was called upon to give a vote upon the question, whether there should be a local European force in India. The alleged cause of the Bill was the mutiny of that force; but he contended that the soldiers had been led into the belief that they were entitled to the bounty on their discharge by the language of the First Minister of the Crown. Assuming that the amalgamation of the armies would augment the military patronage at home, he expressed in very plain language his distrust of the Horse Guards and the War Department. Captain JEEVIS observed that this was not a question of amalgamating the two armies, but of creating a new local force. Leave was then given to bring in the Bill. The Poor Relief, &c. (Ireland), Bill was read a second time. The Local Boards of Health, &c., Bill, and the Local Supplemental Bill, were read a third time and passed. On the order for the third reading of the Caledonian and Crinan Canals Bill, Mr. W. WILLIAMS hoped the House would not give any further aid to an undertaking which he characterised as a gross job, and moved to defer the third reading for three months. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the Bill authorised no grant of public money; it merely empowered the Exchequer Loan Commissioners to advance money on ample security. After some discussion, the House divided, when the amendment was negatived by 98 to 47, and the Bill was read a third time and passed. The Law of Property Bill was also read a third time and passed. The Burials Ground (Ireland) Act, 1856, Amendment Bill was read a second time. The House went into Committee upon the Roman Catholic Charities Bill. In the House of Lords on Friday night the Law and Equity Bill was referred to a select committee. The Duke of SOMERSET stated, in reply to Lord DUNGANNON, that no British subjects were employed at Cherbourg. Some British shipwrights had gone thither in hopes of obtaining employment, but had been woefully disappointed. The wages given at Cherbourg were 2s. 6d. for twelve hours' labour, and the men were not allowed to leave the dockyard to take their meals. In addition to this, he learnt from our Consul there that no additional hands were required at Cherbourg. In the House of Commons Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to Mr. GRIFFITH's inquiry, said the Government had received information of the capture of the two vessels by a Neapolitan frigate, but no account confirming the statement in the journals of the hoisting of English colours. Colonel DICKSON called attention to the present state of the army in the United Kingdom, contending that, in the present state of Europe, we required a larger force, and suggesting means by which the additional force could be raised. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT replied to Colonel DICKSON, explaining in detail the state of the army, and the measures taken for its improvement in number and condition. The House went into Committee upon Savings-banks and Friendly Societies Investments Bill. The Universities and College Estates Bill passed the Committee. The Railway Cheap Trains, &c., Bill was read a second time. The Criminal Lunatic Asylum Bill was read a third time, and passed. Other Bills were advanced a stage.—In the House of Lords on Monday night Lord STRATHEDEN moved that a humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying her Majesty to be graciously pleased to appoint a Consul at Mozambique, with a view to promote the interests of commerce and the execution of the treaties between Great Britain and Portugal upon the slave trade. The address was agreed to.—In the House of Commons, on the report of the resolution of the Committee upon the Bankruptcy and Insolvency (Salaries, &c.), Sir H. WILLOUGHBY

objected to the charge of £21,000 proposed to be thrown upon the Consolidated Fund for compensations to persons who had no claim upon that fund, and moved to omit from the resolution the word "compensations." After a brief discussion the House divided, when the amendment was carried by 111 to 98. Upon the announcement of the result of the division, the Attorney-General said it would be impossible for him to go on with the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Bill, the Committee on which was the next order of the day. The debate was adjourned till Thursday. The House then went into Committee upon the Excise and Assessed Taxes Acts, when resolutions were agreed to for imposing duties on game certificates. The report on the Anstruther Union Harbour Bill was agreed to. The Tithe Commutation Bill was read a third time and passed. The Spirits Bill passed through Committee. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in moving the second reading of the Oxford University Bill, stated that its object was to confer upon the University certain powers granted to the University of Cambridge. After a few remarks by Mr. LYON and Mr. MOWBRAY, the Bill was read a second time. The Refreshment-houses and Wine Licenses (Ireland) Bill was read a second time. The Ecclesiastical Commission, &c., Bill was read a second time. The House then went into Committee upon the Mines Regulation and Inspection Bill, and some of the clauses were agreed to, after much discussion, the chairman being ordered to report progress. The Inland Bonding Bill was read a third time and passed. The Union of Benefices Bill was read a second time. The House went into Committee upon the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill. In the House of Lords, on Tuesday night, the Archbishop of YORK having moved the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill, a discussion took place on the point whether the money paid by the see of Durham to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ought not rather to be expended for the benefit of the miners and poorer classes of the diocese of Durham than applied to the general ecclesiastical purposes of the kingdom. The Bill was read a second time. In the House of Commons, Mr. S. HERBERT obtained leave to bring in a Bill for extinguishing certain rights of way through Colewort Barracks, Portsmouth. Mr. HERBERT also obtained leave to introduce a Bill to amend the laws relating to the Militia. Mr. CLIVE obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Local Government Act. Sir G. LEWIS, in moving for leave to introduce a Bill to make better provision for preventing corrupt practices at elections of members of Parliament, stated that it had been prepared at the suggestion of the Select Committee, whose recommendations it embodied with the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act. Leave was given. The House then went into Committee upon the Locomotive Bill; but before the clauses were gone through, the Chairman was ordered to report progress. The Sale of Gas Act Amendment (No. 2) Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee. In the House of Commons on Wednesday the Labourers' Cottages (Scotland) Bill passed through Committee. The Bleaching and Dyeing Works Bill having been committed, Sir H. CAIRNS moved an amendment on the first clause, with the object of exempting from the operation of the measure works in the bleaching or dying of linen, linen yarns, or cambric only is carried on. After some discussion the amendment was adopted on a division, by 190 to 48. The several clauses of the Bill were then agreed to, a proposed new clause being under discussion, when the Chairman was ordered to report progress. The House rose a little before six o'clock.

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HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—An Ordinary Meeting of this Society, for the election of Fellows and Ballot for Plants, was held on Tuesday, June 26th, at the Museum of Science and Art, South Kensington, by permission of the Lord President of the Privy Council, Right Hon. Earl of Ducie, V.P., in the chair, when the following Ladies and Gentlemen were elected Fellows :—Miss Bridge; Miss Maria Bridge; Robert Cathcart, Esq.; J. Jull Chalk, Esq.; Rev. V. Knox Child; Samuel Churchill, Esq.; Miss M. Courtoy; Miss E. Courtoy; Thomas Dalton, Esq.; Madame Eliza Faure; William Garnier, Esq.; William Gillow, Esq.; the Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton; Ralph Allen Husey, Esq.; Matthew Marsh, Esq., M.P.; Miss Ann Prater; Miss Mary Jane Renny; Miss Elizabeth Renny; The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot; Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., M.P.; Owen Wallis, Esq. The Ballot for Plants was then proceeded with. The list of those selected for distribution on this occasion comprised 19 sorts—chiefly greenhouse and hardy ornamental shrubs—which will be forwarded to the successful applicants soon after the Ballot on the 24th of July, along with any other plants they may have gained.

An Amateur Concert will be given, early in July, at Bridgwater House by the kind permission of the Earl of Ellesmere, in behalf of the Fifth Ward to the Royal Hospital for Incurable Cases, temporarily established at Putney. The announcement has already excited considerable interest.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce their List of Publications for July:—Mr. Atkinson's new work entitled "*Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China, with Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis and the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes North of Japan*," in 1 vol. with a map and 80 illustrations, uniform with the Author's "*Travels in Oriental and Western Siberia*;—" *The Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moorat, with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus*" by Captain Langley, 2 vols. with Illustrations; "*Bond and Free*," a new Novel by the Author of "*Cast*," 3 vols.; and another novel entitled "*High Church*," in 2 vols. The new volume for July of Hurst and Blackett's "*Standard Library of Cheap Editions*," comprises "*Margaret and her Bridesmaids*."

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1 Soup Ladle	11	at	7	6	4	2
4 Sauce Ladles	11	at	8	0	4	8
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1 Mustard Spoon, ditto					0	10
1 Fish Slice					3	0
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