

# The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

AS in a great conflagration, the fire seems at first to spread under a ground of darkness, glimmering forth here and there at point after point, and then suddenly bursting out with a broad light that exhibits the entire field; so in the intelligence of this week the war between Russia and the Western Powers, which had been gradually commenced at distant points of the globe, appears suddenly to flash upon us in its full breadth, embracing, politically if not already in arms, the whole field of Europe. While the French and English armies, 60,000 strong, with reinforcements to follow, are advancing towards Sebastopol, the first of the great series of granite fortifications in the Baltic has been taken, in the reduction of Bomarsund; and the publication of the notes exchanged between Austria and the two Western Powers stamps the war with its European character, enlarges the objects to be attained before peace can be even negotiated, paves the way for a change of the European system, and foreshadows the time when the Sultan will sit at the council of Europe, independent of his conquered enemy and oppressor the Czar.

These great events were in reality going forward simultaneously. The allied forces landed at Bomarsund on the 8th instant, jointly, some 20,000 strong or more, and at once began their operations against the detached fortifications on the uplands, which defended the main fort so long as they were in Russian hands, and commanded it so soon as they were in ours. The French attacked the western fort by the 13th; the English were not ready to begin with the eastern till the 14th, when the French had already given an account of theirs; the last of these outworks was taken on the 15th. General Bodisco surrendered the main fort on the 16th, with 2000 prisoners; and thus the first of the granite fortresses which Russia has boasted as impregnable, surrenders as soon as it is seriously handled.

On the exchanged notes we have the conditions upon which peace is to be negotiated in a more distinct form, both as to the statement and as to the reciprocal pledges of the Three Powers. The conditions involve, first, the surrender of the Russian protectorate over Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia; secondly, the removal of all obstruction from the navigation of the Danube mouths;

thirdly, the revision of the treaty of 1841 by the contracting parties, in the interest of the balance of power, curtailing the maritime privileges of Russia in the Black Sea; and fourthly, the abolition of the Russian protectorate over the Christians in Turkey—the immunities of the Christians being confirmed by the Sultan in the presence of the European powers generally. These are the conditions to which Russia must subscribe before either of the Three Powers, Austria, France, and England will consent to negotiate peace; each of the Powers reserving to itself the faculty of declaring the conditions on which they will consent to peace itself.

From this new alliance Prussia stands aloof. She has not broken away from the Quadruple Alliance; she can scarcely be regarded as released from it so long as a single Russian soldier remains within Turkish territory; but she holds back from entering into this new compact. By the advance of the Powers, Prussia, remaining behind, is left more manifestly in proximity to Russia.

The intelligence from the East is not so satisfactory as that from the North. The cholera, which has fearfully ravaged the French troops, is diminishing; but if it has not delayed the movements of the troops, it has enfeebled their strength and spirit. They have, we believe, enough of both remaining for the task before them. And we are inclined to suppose that the delay has taken place to afford the opportunity of completing the alliance with Austria, which secures so large a military force on our side rather than that of the enemy; for Austria cannot even so much as Prussia expect to remain neutral. The first division of the Austrian army crossed the frontier into Wallachia on the 20th, and General Coronini would probably follow with a force for the occupation of Moldavia in a few days; while, as we have already said, the allied forces have left the Turkish territory for the Crimea to begin the attack upon Sebastopol.

The war commences thus far under the best circumstances. The spirit of this country is fairly roused; and we have abundant means in our hands. The great forces that have been despatched to the East and to the North are, as a contemporary observes, all paid for. The *Times* tells us that we could borrow 130,000,000*l.* without increasing our annual taxation beyond its present amount. The index of financial vigour—Consols, which were expected to fall to a somewhat Pittite

level, still rise to 94; and trade is flourishing. The public, indeed, appears to take to the war the more it is understood and familiarised; and the money market is in excellent heart. The Turkish loan is in great favour, the applications being almost too numerous; and while the *Times* is declaring that the war has not injured, and will not injure, our financial or commercial prospects, a ministerial paper is explaining that, in putting restraint upon the great enemy of commerce as well as of public laws in Europe, the war is actually working for free-trade.

Spain continues "tranquil," although the Union Club in Madrid continues to bombard the Government with memorials, demanding liberty for the subject, liberty for the press, for labour, for conscience, &c.; in short, the clubs continue to take liberties with Government, and Government at present puts up with the treatment.

From America we have some strange items, including a mission which we do not perfectly understand, in the arrival of an official gentleman ostensibly on personal business. We presume, however, that this account of his arrival must be correct, since the United States are already so admirably represented in this country, by a gentleman who knows how to unite dignity with a conciliatory demeanour, that has done much to draw the two countries, England and America, into closer friendship.

At home, perhaps, the most striking event of this particular week is the election of Lord Haddo, for Aberdeen. We say it is remarkable, because, although Lord Haddo is not a Ballot man, he subscribes to the most Liberal opinions. Mr. Arthur Gordon, so recently elected for Canterbury, was not less sturdy in his declaration of opinions, and his friends in private life testify to his sincerity. Strange event, that two sons of the ultra-Conservative Aberdeen, as he is usually described, should show how truly popular opinions may lurk in the most constitutional Governments. Lord Duncan is coming out for Forfarshire, in the room of Colonel Maule; Lord Duncan also being known as one of the sturdiest Liberals. Our aristocracy appears really to be getting ahead of the Commons.

Cholera makes way. While the 60,000 British troops are flying from it to the less dangerous enemy—the Russians at Sebastopol—it is still gaining in the British metropolis. Last week there were 729 deaths against 644 in the week previous. The Board of Health has come publicly forward with its first act—issuing instructions

to all whom it may concern, especially to local authorities, and telling them how to proceed for the removal of nuisances either by cleansing or the construction of works, and how to enforce such removal where the proper authorities are negligent or obstructive.

Our civilisation is aptly illustrated this week in the "accidents and offences" department of journalism. We do not, of course, lay much stress upon the explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Barnsley, by which four men were killed; although it really is time that the object at which Davy aimed, and which has in our day been shown to be perfectly practicable—the neutralising of "fire-damp"—should be completed, or our civilisation lacks its boasted potency. The fall of a workhouse at King's Lynn also, without a rescue for all the inmates, is another slur upon our civilisation. Pauper palaces may fall, like contract houses; but they do not build Royal palaces so. The condensation of trains on railways, by jamming two together, goes on unchecked, Railway Board notwithstanding. Besides the accident on the North London, through the back-sliding of a train which had been detached from its engine, there is a more shocking accident at Croydon, where a ballast engine was placed upon the line, and an excursion train from Dover ran into it after a fashion of wholesale slaughter and ruin known only to railway managers. In the meanwhile, domestic morals are vindicated by an "injured husband," who, after separating from his wife, employs a retired Detective to spy upon her actions. The Detective, aided by a matron and a gimlet, professes to have discovered evidence of the lady's lapses; and the vindicator of domestic morals brings before the courts and the newspapers one of the most curious cases ever recorded in the annals of *Crim. Con.* Morality never lacks its defenders in this way!

#### THE FALL OF BOMARSUND.

THE first Baltic fortress of the Czar fell before the combined efforts of the allies on the 16th, and is thus the first considerable exploit of the war. Besides the official despatches, which will be found below, the journals have published letters which enable us to present our readers with an account of the siege.

The fortress of Bomarsund is built at the head of a bay on the eastern of the largest of the Åland islands. The main fort was a grim granite-built place stretching along the shore, and mounting eighty or a hundred guns in casemates. In the rear of the fort, and on high ground overlooking it, were three round towers, one standing east, one west, and one in the centre; the bay in front is semicircular, and the line-of-battle ships stretched across the entrance from east to west. On the western shore of the bay the Russians had thrown up a mud battery of six guns, which, as the allies had determined to land on that side, it was necessary to take; and early on the morning of the 8th inst. the *Phlegethon* and *Amphion* moored near the battery but out of range of its fire. In half an hour it was destroyed. Every preparation was now made for landing, and by way of precaution the *Edinburgh* steamed ahead and threw three shells into the woods to feel for the Russians. But none were there, and at half-past four the landing of the troops began. By eight o'clock the work of disembarkation had finished, and the celerity of this operation must be considered most marvellous, for in the space of three hours and a half upwards of 11,000 troops had been safely landed in the forests of an enemy's country, and where every opposition might have been expected, taking into consideration the nature of the roads they had to traverse, and the well-known guerilla practice of the Russian riflemen. It reflects the highest credit upon all concerned, and must ever remain as a record of singular energy and rapidity.

As each regiment landed, they formed into order on the rocky shore, and marched through the thick pine forest and over the heights, their bayonets and red caps glistening in the morning sun. The centre wing of the army encamped for the night in and around a large village at a distance of less than two miles from the tower which they were destined to attack. This tower, from its highly elevated position, commands a great portion of the surrounding country; and here General Baraguay d'Hilliers had

determined to make the first assault, as in the capture of this the key to the long fort was secured.

During the next four days the troops were engaged in bringing up ammunition, baggage, and provisions from the shore; in foraging the island; in filling sand bags, and getting their batteries in order. The main body of the army rested upon the village of Skarpane, built on an eminence, about four miles in land, and dotted with red windmills. Between the camp and the enemy's tower stretch a long valley, with water lying in the bottom, and some rocky ground beyond. Meanwhile about 1,200 marines of both nations, under General Harry Jones, had landed on the north of the island, and had cautiously proceeded inland, encamping on ground within range of the round forts. Their tents were pitched in a wood of juniper and fir, about 800 yards from the western tower, and behind their position ran the main road leading to Bomarsund. By the 11th, both camps were thoroughly established—the French camp being the larger was more scattered. They had set up a bakehouse and slaughter-house, and the vivandières had opened their shops for the sale of coffee and spirits. The men were in the finest spirits imaginable. The heavy siege guns were landed and hauled up over rough and difficult ground by the sailors of the fleet, who, headed by bands of music, hauled away with genuine heartiness. These guns were intended for the English battery. Heavy planks were also carried up to form the platforms for the guns to run upon, and sand bags were piled up to protect the gunners. On the 13th, in the early dawn the fort opened on the chasseurs as they crossed the valley.

Three French mortars and three long brass field-pieces were now planted on their batteries, the latter point-blank upon the fort, while the mortars were fixed at the base of a gentle slope. The French now began the bombardment in reality. After half an hour's practice they obtained a beautiful range, and kept up all day a tremendous cannonade, the shells bursting in the embrasures and over the roof, and the shot destroying the facings of the embrasures at every round. By four p.m. they had silenced three of the guns, and a flag of truce was put out from a port-hole. General Baraguay d'Hilliers proceeded up to within ten yards of the fort, together with a company of Chasseurs as his guard. The enemy demanded two hours' respite to bury their dead. The General gave them one hour only, and the use they made of this was to gain reinforcements from the fort below, and to obtain a further supply of ammunition. The fire now recommenced with redoubled fury, the shells being most effective in their descent, and the riflemen on the rocks pouring into the embrasures a deadly shower of bullets. The second tower, to the east of the first, was now compelled to come to its assistance, and sent shells completely over the besieged fort into the camp of the allies.

At 8 p.m. another flag of truce was offered, and the Commandant of Artillery of Chasseurs rushed in breathless haste to the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief to inquire if the battery was to cease firing. "Cease firing!" the general replied, "Certainly not; these men have not respected the object of their truce, and they shall not receive the slightest consideration. Continue the bombardment." A terrific shower of shot, shell, and musketry, therefore continued all night from both sides, but at half-past five the tower fell into the hands of its brave assailants. The French immediately planted the tricolour upon it. When they entered the fort, it is said, they found the whole garrison, officers as well as men, raving drunk. Considering the provocation they had received, our allies acted with moderation, for only one Russian was bayoneted, and this because he had struck an officer after surrendering. The loss of the Russians was found to be very considerable.

In the meantime the English encampment had not been left without some iron visitors. "The British Camp is a strange scene at this moment," says one who wrote on the 14th. "Round shot and shell are plunging and bursting over it; some of the officers are seated in their tents at breakfast, others are making their toilets on dressing tables of granite boulders, some are writing letters on the same rude sort of table; and although the whole affair is fraught with danger, yet it seems to be the source of much merriment. Some diving as a ball whizzes over their heads, and popping it up again to resume their occupations, whether toilet, letter-writing, or breakfast. The enemy seems to have guessed the range well, but fortunately no one has been yet hit in camp, although there are momentarily narrow escapes from the exploding shells. None of the round shot seem to ricochet. They bury themselves in the soft soil, unless they touch the granite mountain, beyond which the battery is firing. The firing is very fierce to-day up the hill where the sand battery is being constructed, and shells are falling thickly where the sand-bags are being filled. Only one accident has as yet occurred, a marine had his ankle crushed to atoms by a fragment of shell while working on the hill."

But the rapid capture of the west tower, beside dispelling the illusion respecting granite walls being

impregnable, enabled General Jones to turn his guns upon the east fort, which he did upon the 15th. From the sea the attack was also carried on, the ships shelling the great fort at long range. Captain Pelham gallantly landed a ten-inch gun from the *Blenheim*, and making the most of the deserted battery on the shore, and covering his men readily with sand bags, soon rendered himself a source of great annoyance to the main fort. At the same time, Captain Ramsay landed three 32-pounders on the coast, and blazed away at the tower on that side. In the middle of the day the *Hecla* and *Valorous* went in to support Captain Pelham's gun; the *Asmodée*, *Phlegethon*, and *Darien*, joined in the bombardment, and as it was the 15th of August, fired shotted guns in honour of St. Napoleon. During this day the Russians managed to fire the west round tower, and it blew up about eleven o'clock. At half-past four the fire of General Jones's battery and Captain Ramsay's guns had silenced the eastern round tower; a flag of truce was hung out; and our Marines and Blue Jackets coolly marched up and took possession.

The next morning, the 16th, the main fort showed little signs of holding out, but it did not give in. The batteries from the heights, and the guns from the ships began and continued a heavy fire; and about twelve, General Bodisco surrendered to Captain Hall of the *Hecla*. Soon after, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, Admirals Napier and Parseval entered the fort, and the French Commander gave the old Russian veteran back his sword.

Thus, in eight days after setting foot on shore, the small army, aided by the ships, reduced this fortress, and captured 2200 Russian prisoners. Four days of preparation and something like twenty hours fire from a six-gun battery sufficed to destroy the main outwork; eight hours firing from the English battery destroyed the second, and nothing remained for the main fort the next morning but to surrender.

The official despatches were published on Tuesday and Wednesday; and from them we gather the following:—

(From the *London Gazette*.)

Admiralty, Aug. 21.

Despatches, of which the following are copies, have been received from Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels in the Baltic:—

"No. 354.

"Bulldog, off Bomarsund, Aug. 16.

"Sir,—At 4 o'clock in the morning of the 13th inst. the French battery of four 16-pounders and four mortars opened a splendid fire on the western tower, which commands the fortress of Bomarsund and the anchorage. A white flag was displayed in the afternoon, which led to nothing, but on the morning of the 14th the tower was surprised by the Chasseurs. General Jones's battery of 32-pounders was finished in the night and ready to open, but, not being wanted, was turned against the eastern tower, and on the morning of the 15th he opened his fire. The battery was manned by seamen and marine artillery from the four ships named in the margin,\* under the direction of Captain Ramsay, of the *Hogue*, assisted by Commander Preedy, Lieutenant Somerset, of the *Duke of Wellington*, and the officers named in the margin.† Their fire was beautiful.

"2. At 6 p.m. one side was knocked in, and the tower surrendered.

"In the attack on the western tower the Chasseurs, with Minié rifles, were employed so successfully, that it was difficult for the enemy to load their guns; in the attack on the eastern tower we had no Chasseurs, and they were enabled to load their guns with more facility.

"3. Our loss has been trifling, one man killed and one wounded, but I have to lament the death of the Hon. Lieutenant Cameron Wrottesley, R.E., who was mortally wounded by a cannon ball, and died twenty minutes after he had been sent to the *Belleisle*.

"4. The enemy had 6 men killed, 7 wounded, and 125 were taken prisoners. I have sent the latter to the *Ter-magant*.

"5. The loss of the French at the western tower was also trifling.

"6. Both batteries were admirably constructed and admirably fought, which accounts for the small loss. General Jones speaks in high terms of the conduct of the seamen and marine artillery, and the precision of their fire.

"During the time the operations were going on, General Baraguay d'Hilliers was employed in establishing his breaching batteries against the great fortress, and the French and English steamers, as per margin,† supported by *Trident* (bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Penau), *Duperré*, *Edinburgh*, and *Ajax*, kept up a well-directed fire from their shell guns, and very much damaged the fortress, while Captain the Hon. F. T. Pelham, of the *Blenheim*, kept up a

\* *Edinburgh*, *Hogue*, *Ajax*, *Blenheim*.

† Her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*.—Lieutenant F. A. Close; J. J. Ball, master; L. Wildman, acting-mate; Lieutenant T. L. Ward; David Orr, acting-mate; P. B. Nolloth, brevet-major, R.M.; William Sanders, first-lieutenant, R.M.; S. Wade, assistant-surgeon.

Her Majesty's ship *Ajax*.—W. L. Sayer, captain, R.M.; Thomas Bent, first-lieutenant, R.M.; H. L. O. Robinson, mate.

Her Majesty's ship *Hogue*.—Charles Smith, mate; M. Singer, lieutenant, R.M.; Captain Fosbrooke, R.M.; A. R. Bradford, surgeon.

Her Majesty's ship *Edinburgh*.—Lieutenant G. F. Burgess; Captain Delacombe, R.M.; A. Tait, lieutenant, R.M.; E. J. Giles, passed clerk.

† *Asmodée*, *Phlegethon*, *Darien*, *Arrogant*, *Amphion*, *Valorous*, *Driver*, *Bulldog*, *Hecla*.



beautiful fire from a 10-inch gun, landed in the battery we had driven the enemy out of a few days before. His position was one of great danger, but the battery was put in such good order by Captain Pelham, that the men were well covered, and he had no loss.

"8. The General's breaching batteries will be ready by to-morrow, and they shall be well supported by the ships-of-the-line of both nations and the steamers. The narrowness of the ground on which the General has established his breaching battery very much circumscribes the space; the greatest caution will be necessary to prevent firing on his troops, and the little space in the anchorage before Bomarsund, and the intricacy of the navigation, will prevent ships approaching the main fortress so near as could be wished; but when the batteries are established, acting in the rear of the fort, and supported by the shell-guns in front, it cannot hold out more than a few hours.

"9. I have put off to the last moment the departure of the mail, but I shall send an extra courier the moment the fort surrenders.

"10. The western tower was fired either by accident or design, I do not know which, and blew up at 11 A.M. yesterday.

"11. I am sorry to add, that Lieutenant Cowell, Royal Engineers, Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Jones, was unfortunately wounded in the leg by the accidental discharge of his pistol. He is now on board the Belleisle, doing well, but the loss of his services is much to be regretted.

"I have, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER,

"Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty.

"P.S. A return of the whole of the force landed and of casualties will be forwarded by the next opportunity, together with an inventory of stores and list of prisoners."

"No. 355.

"Bulldog, off Bomarsund, Aug. 16.

"Sir,—In continuation of my despatch of this date, I beg you will inform their Lordships that, after sending away the mail, the fortress opened a heavy fire on Captain Pelham's battery, which had annoyed them much, and which he maintained all yesterday and to-day, and it is wonderful how he and his men escaped. He had with him Lieutenant Close and Mr. Wildman, mate, of whom he speaks highly. Seeing his position, I immediately ordered the ships and steamers named in the margin,\* who were within range with their 10-inch guns, as well as the French mortars on shore, which had been playing on them some time, to give them a shot and shell every five minutes; and their fire was so well directed that the enemy held out a flag of truce.

"2. I sent Captain Hall (of the Bulldog) on shore, who was shortly joined by Admiral Parseval's Aide-de-Camp and two of General Baraguay d'Hillier's staff, and the troops in the fortress agreed to lay down their arms and march out.

"3. After I had landed I was joined by the French Admiral and the Commander-in-Chief of the army; the prisoners (about 2000, I believe) were marched out and embarked in steamers, and proceeded to Ledsund, to Commodore the Hon. Frederick Grey, who will conduct them to the Downs to await for further orders.

"4. I beg to congratulate their Lordships on the fall of this important fortress, which will be followed by the submission of the Garden of Islands, with so small a loss; and I am happy to say the greatest cordiality has subsisted between the French General and Admiral and myself, as well as between the soldiers and sailors of the two nations.

"5. As soon as I can collect a list of the stores captured, it shall be forwarded to their Lordships, and a Commissary has been named for that purpose.

"6. This despatch will be delivered by my Flag-Lieutenant (Lieutenant John de Courcy Agnew), whom I beg to recommend to their Lordships for promotion.

"I have, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER,

"Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty."

"Bulldog, off Bomarsund, Aug. 11.

"Sir,—I am sorry to inform their Lordships that the Penelope, in going through between Prasto and Tofto to watch the passage, unfortunately ran ashore on an unknown rock off Bomarsund. The enemy soon discovered her position, and opened fire upon her. The Gladiator and Pigmy, who were at the other end of the passage, immediately came to her assistance, and the French Admiral sent boats from the Trident and Duperré. The boats of Rear-Admiral Chads's squadron were unfortunately on shore, and their crews engaged in the operation of dragging up guns to General Jones's batteries.

"2. The Hecla (Captain W. H. Hall) had just arrived, with Rear-Admiral Plumridge, and I sent her down also to render assistance. Captain Hall, with his usual skill and activity, assisted by the Gladiator, immediately took hold of the Penelope, and endeavoured to tow her off, but she was immovable.

"3. Seeing the enemy had got her range, and were frequently hitting her as well as the Hecla, I sent Admiral Plumridge down with orders if she could not be moved to throw her guns overboard, and otherwise lighten her, which he did, and she fortunately floated. I hope their Lordships will see that, under the circumstances, I was justified in ordering her guns to be thrown overboard. The enemy had got her range as well as that of the other ships, and were throwing shell and red-hot shot; the shell fell short, but the red-hot shot frequently killed her.

"4. I am very much obliged to Rear-Admiral Plumridge, and he speaks most highly of the great exertions and cool conduct of Captains Hall, Cuffin, and Broke, and of all the officers and ships' companies (not forgetting Lieutenant

"\* Edinburgh, Ajax, Arrogant, Amphion, Valorous, Sphynx, and Driver."

James Hunt, of the Pigmy), under very trying circumstances.

"5. I am happy to say the loss has not been great, neither was the damage sustained very serious.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,"

"Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief."

The following despatch, published on Wednesday, has a separate interest of its own. Napier directed the landing of the necessary guns; and Admiral Chads gives an account of how that was done:—

"No. 18.

Edinburgh, off Bomarsund,

August 12, 1854.

"Sir,—In obedience to your directions to give every aid from the four ships of my squadron named in the margin\* to Brigadier-General Jones, to form a breaching battery, I consulted with that officer, who proposed to compose his battery of six 32-pounders of 42 cwt., which guns you had forwarded in the Belleisle; when the following operations were undertaken:

"Each ship having previously prepared two sledges, after a pattern made by Captain Ramsay, for dragging the guns, four were landed on the morning of the 10th to convey three guns and the carriages and the gear, with 150 men to each sledge; under their respective senior lieutenants, the whole being under the command of Captain Hewlett, of my flag-ship, encouraged occasionally by their own captains.

"The situation selected for the battery from the landing-place was four and a half miles distant, over execrable ground; the greatest portion of steep rocky hills and ploughed fields.

"At five o'clock the boats left the ships, erected shears, landed the guns, and had them in the general's camp by one o'clock; the exertions and good-will of the officers and seamen created much astonishment in the encampment of the French troops, who cheered them in passing, and on some of the most difficult ascents, went in voluntarily and most cheerfully to the drag ropes, and gave their assistance.

"On arriving in camp the men were much exhausted, and laid down to rest, and prepare their dinners, when an order arrived that they were to embark immediately, as the Penelope was on shore under the fire of the enemy, and their ships might be required; the order was received with cheers, and, forgetting dinners and fatigue, rushed down to their boats in three-quarters of an hour by a short route, but close under the enemy's fire.

"On the next morning the same number of guns were landed; but on this occasion with 200 men from each ship, as the parties the previous evening were much fatigued. These guns were in the camp by 10.30.

"The bands of the ships attended the parties, and the whole march was one of triumph over difficulties that previously had been considered almost insurmountable. The spirits of the men were occasionally excited by a dropping shot from the enemy.

"It is unnecessary for me to expatiate on the merits of Captain Hewlett, the officers, and seamen, in performing this arduous service, but to express my admiration of their great zeal and perseverance, as from personal observation on the spot you will have formed your own judgment.

"I have, &c.,

"H. D. CHADS, Rear-Admiral, &c.

"Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., &c."

#### GLIMPSES OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

From the correspondence scattered rather plentifully over the daily papers we are able to make extracts, giving interesting pictures from the camp at Varna, the Turkish quarters at Bucharest and Giurgevo, and the shores of the Crimea.

#### THE CRIMEA.

During the late reconnaissance at Sebastopol an officer on board one of the ships kept a note of what he saw. Here is his entry for the 26th and 27th of July:—

"26th.—At half-past five sighted the advanced steamers off Sebastopol and joined them, thence steered to the north-west, along the coast, to reconnoitre. Certainly a more beautiful country for the landing of an army to conduct operations against Sebastopol cannot be well wished for; a long grassy plain, extending miles inland, to the mountains of the Crimea, and sloping gently and gradually towards the great fortress; cavalry and artillery will be in their glory upon it; it is haymaking time in the Crimea, and the whole plain is covered with the small cocks; no wonder the generals hoisted a signal 'Perfectly satisfied' on beholding such ground.

"Afterwards we steamed for Sebastopol, off which we remained for some time, counting the guns at its most formidable entrance, some of them ensconced gloomily in the embrasures of the many-tiered casemated batteries, and others blackly overtopping the white shining walls or bright grass-grown earthworks. Immediately commanding the entrance, I counted, on the north side, in a casemated battery of two tiers, and guns in barbette, 32 guns; on the south side, a casemated battery of three tiers, containing 102 guns; to the right of this a battery of two tiers and guns in barbette of 108; to the right of this 48 guns in a battery of two tiers, and guns in barbette; to the right of this range again, 80 or 40 guns upon an earthwork; in the rear of this, between it and the town, is a similar battery; there is also a casemated three-tiered battery of perhaps 18 guns, which would fire right down the entrance of the harbour. Two large encampments were visible upon the hill on the south. These guns are what we saw and counted merely at the entrance; after this inspection we stood out to sea again.

"27th.—At daylight in the morning, standing towards Cape Aju, and at ten o'clock were under the pretty little

"\* Edinburgh, Donald M'L. Mackenzie, senior lieut.

"Hoguo, Thomas Davies (B), senior lieut.

"Blenheim, Geo. H. Clarke, senior lieut.

"Ajax, Walter J. Pollard, senior lieut."

monastery of St. George, which nestles among trees on the summit of a lofty and broken cliff; on the plateau above is a telegraph station which, judging from a great display of bunting on the occasion, duly reported our proceedings to Sebastopol. We then stood in Balaklava-bay—the Fury, High-flyer, Cacique, Montebello, and Britannia in tow of the Retribution. The coast here is most bold and rocky; at the entrance of Balaklava-bay, upon a lofty rock stand the ruins of a castle of the Byzantine period; on the low rocks were many soldiers and rifles, and upon a position commanding the entrance to the little harbour we could distinctly perceive a couple of rocket-tubes being planted."

#### VARNA: THE CHOLERA.

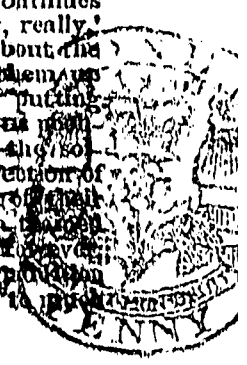
Up to the 9th of August there had died about 260 men of the cholera in the British army; and they were then dying at about thirty a day. The Times correspondent describes the scene at the hospital:—

"The French losses from cholera are frightful. The disease is not much on the wane among them, and there are divisions in which they die at the rate of seventy and eighty a day. In the French general hospital, since the 14th of July, 720 men have died of cholera, and only seventy-eight men have been sent out cured. Convinced that there is something radically wrong in the air of the place, the French are clearing out of the hospital altogether to-day, and will henceforth treat their cases in the field. The hospital was formerly used as a Turkish barracks. It is a huge quadrangular building, like the barracks at Scutari, with a courtyard in the centre. The sides of the square are about 150 feet long, and each of them contains three floors, consisting of spacious corridors, with numerous rooms off them of fair height and good proportions. About one-third of the building is reserved for our use; the remainder was occupied by the French. Although not very old, the building is far from being in thorough repair. The windows are broken, the walls in parts are cracked and shaky, and the floors are mouldering and rotten. Since the sickness broke out it has been perceived that there is something or other radically unwholesome about this building. Like all places which have been inhabited by Turkish soldiers for any time, the smell of the buildings is abominable. Men sent in there with fevers and other disorders were frequently attacked with the cholera in its worst form, and died with unusual rapidity, in spite of all that could be done to save them. The French have become so persuaded of this that they are, as I have said, taking to the field in preference to this pest-house. I rode up there at twelve o'clock the other night for medicine for an officer, a friend of mine, who was taken suddenly ill in the evening. Along two sides of the hospital was drawn up a long train of araba carts, and by the moonlight I could see that some of them were filled with sick soldiers. I counted thirty-five carts, with three or four men in each. These were sick French soldiers sent in from the camps, and waiting till room could be found for them in the hospital. A number of soldiers were sitting down by the road-side, and here and there the moonbeams flashed brightly off their piled arms. The men were silent; not a song, not a laugh! A gloom, which never had I seen before among French troops, reigned amid these groups of gray-coated men, and the quiet that prevailed was only broken now and then by the moans and cries of pain of the poor sufferers in the carts. Observing that about fifteen arabas were drawn up without any occupants, I asked a *sous-officier* for what purpose they were required. His answer, sullen and short, was,—*'Pour les morts—pour les Français décedés, Monsieur.'* The white walls of the fatal hospital looked clean and neat as they towered above the lengthened *cortège* of the dead which lay in deep shadow at its base, but the murmurings of sickness and the groans of the dying, stole out on the night air through the long lines of latticed windows. As I turned away and spurred under the gateway which leads to the English quarter, I encountered a burial party escorting the bodies of six of our own poor fellows to their last resting-place outside the walls by the sea-beach of Varna. The ration has now been increased to 1½ lb. of meat instead of 1 lb. A ration of spirit (rum) is also issued daily."

#### THE LIGHT DIVISION.

An officer of the Light Division, writing on the 31st of July from Monastir, says:—

"Our doctor tells me that the division is very ill-supplied with medical requisites, among other things that, although according to the English papers no less than 40,000 cholera belts have been sent out for the use of the troops, not one can be obtained by the regimental surgeons. The present urgent want of them is not the fault of the medical authorities certainly, for, as you may have read in the papers, the necessary transport has been wanting, or we should have had a store of these as well as other requisites. Had the same degree of attention which has been paid to clean shaving and pipeclay been in the first instance paid to securing proper nourishment, healthy sites for encampment, good sanitary arrangements, and some comforts for the men, the troops would have been more worthy of the name of the light division, for they would have been stronger, more active, and better able to resist an enemy, whether in the shape of a Russian or of the cholera. The following anecdote may be relied on. A senior officer of one of the regiments, suffering from the prevailing disease, mentioned to a well-known brigadier, that the officer commanding the Turkish troops at Devna had, through an interpreter, said to him, 'You had better let the English general know that if he continues feeding his men on that beef they will die.' 'Why, really,' replied the brigadier, 'if one is to think so much about the men, the best thing I can see to be done is to wrap them up in cotton wool, and put them in glass cases.' Now putting aside all feelings of humanity, any one who would thus withhold an effort directed to preserving the health of his soldiers, is hardly fitted to be entrusted with the direction of them, for he cannot have an adequate estimate of their value even in a pecuniary sense, for the cost of a single undisciplined soldier to the country is no trifle. The rations have been considerably improved by the addition of coffee, sugar, and rice, and the beef can be turned to better purpose than before in making good soup."





## GIURGEVO.

The *Daily News* correspondent, although no sort of authority upon matters military, writes charming letters about the people and the country. Here is some gossip about Giurgevo:—

"A great deal of the order which reigns is certainly due to the untiring vigilance of Major Chichinski, a Polish officer, a protégé of Lord Dudley Stuart, with whom he came out here last winter, and by whose recommendation he was received into the service. He has ten Wallachian policemen under his orders, and he himself, either on foot or on horseback, is constantly moving about in every direction from early morning till nightfall; no easy life in a climate like this, where the heat, even in the interior of the houses, is at this season all but insupportable. Thanks to his exertions, confidence seems now thoroughly restored; the shops are being opened; two hotels are already flourishing in full vigour, and the prices of articles are beginning to diminish, and the streets to put on an air of animation and life. Women may now be seen at almost every door, knitting or sewing in the shade, attired in the simplest manner in the world—viz., chemise descending to the ankles, and partially covering the shoulders, and two large aprons, one worn in front and the other behind, *et voilà tout*. This costume is certainly not very graceful, but it has the grand merit of coolness, which is a complete and triumphant answer to all objections that may be made to it on the score of want of propriety. The chemise comes up about as high as an English lady's ball-dress, and the portion of the neck which is exposed is consequently very effectually bronzed, as is also the face, owing to the want of any better head-dress than a handkerchief. I now speak, of course, of the lower classes, the wives and daughters of the small shopkeepers, and of the peasantry. The Jewesses and those of a little higher rank are more pretentious, and indulge in gowns à l'Européenne, and, for aught I know, in petticoats; but a bonnet is rarely, if ever, seen, except amongst the ladies of the boyards. When a white or gaudily-coloured handkerchief is not worn the hair is generally very tastefully arranged, and not unfrequently ornamented with a flower or two. They all seem to pass the entire day at the doors of their houses, engaged in some light labour, and are by no means so shy of strangers as the Bulgarian women, who fly the glance of a man as if it were that of a basilisk. It is, however, chiefly in the evening that they love to congregate in the open air, to enjoy the coolness after the blazing heat of the day. The evenings here are beautiful beyond measure. The sun, which has coursed all day along a cloudless sky, parching everything with rays of fiery splendour, generally sets in glory, painting the western horizon in the most varied and most brilliant hues. But we miss the long, balmy, dreamy lapse of an English summer's twilight, the soft, peaceful, and slow gathering of the shades of night, which in northern climes goes so far to compensate for cloudy skies and uncertain weather. The sun has here no sooner set than darkness covers the landscape like a curtain, and instead of leaving you a long hour to saunter, to muse, to whistle, to smoke, or sentimentalise, drives you off to your books, if you have got any, which is not often the case in this part of the world, and if not, to bed."

## BUCHAREST.

The Turks, it appears, gradually and cautiously felt their way to Bucharest, and were by no means inclined to rush after the retreating foe with that headlong speed counselled by their would-be friends at home. The first squadron of Turkish cavalry entered Bucharest on the 6th:—

"About five miles from Bucharest the ground rises slightly, and we obtained a view of the loftier buildings of the town for the first time. There is nothing striking either in its position or public edifices, the country, like the rest of Wallachia which we have seen, being perfectly flat and poorly wooded. The domes and steeples, which are covered with tin plates, glitter in the sun and mark the site from a distance, but it is not until the town itself is entered that any idea can be formed of its size and importance. The cavalry were halted close to the suburbs, one troop being sent forward to patrol the streets. The arrival of the Turks was quite unexpected, so no demonstration was made, but as they passed through the suburbs, which are poor and straggling, and inhabited entirely by the lower orders, the people came to their doors, evidently much surprised and pleased, and such of them as understood Turkish shouted out words of welcome. It was not till after crossing the river Dombowitza that we got into the main streets. By this time the news had spread, and crowds of people came out in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, to welcome the Turks. The ladies bowed graciously from the windows, and in every direction that the soldiers passed the reception was most gratifying. I saw some of the fair sex, who were peacefully shopping or visiting in their carriages in ignorance of what was going on, get rather alarmed on suddenly turning the corner of a street to find themselves surrounded by a band of swartly cavaliers with lances and carbines, and they screamed something in Wallachian to their coachman which might be interpreted into an order to get out of the way of those dreadful Turks. But they were always speedily reassured, and either joined in the procession, or, by making a *détour* through less-thronged streets, lay in wait to have another look, and wave a handkerchief to the soldiers. After patrolling Bucharest for a couple of hours, the detachment joined the regiments outside and returned to Dargoshti, the soldiers wearing the garlands they had received like turbans round their heads." Next morning a number of carriages came out to Dargoshti. They expected that the town would be formally entered and occupied, and the authorities sent to say that 10,000 loaves of bread and abundance of forage were prepared. But Halim Pasha, an undecided and timid officer, sent orders for the whole force to return to Kalugeroni immediately. At 10 o'clock on the 8th, three regiments of Turkish cavalry and the Cossacks started, under the command of Halim and Sadik Pashas, arriving at Bucharest at about 1 p.m. The ministers, civil authorities, and troops, and a great portion of the population came out to meet them, and

escorted them to the barracks which had been prepared for their reception.

"The appearance of Bucharest is not what might be fairly expected, considering that it is the capital of a large province, that all the principal boyards, or nobles, reside there, and that they are fond of comparing it to Paris in point of civilisation and luxury. There are no really fine public buildings, and the houses of the nobles, though comfortable, have small pretensions in point of size or elegance. There are two theatres, French and Wallachian: the latter is used as an Italian opera in winter, and is one of the best fitted up buildings of the kind that can be met with anywhere. The inhabitants of Bucharest are about 100,000, of whom 13,000 are Germans, about 100 French, and a number of Armenians and Greeks. The latter are reckoned the sharpest of the sharp in money matters, and a Wallachian proverb says that one Greek is a match for three Jews. There are only two English missionaries, and few of the inhabitants have seen an Englishman. Bucharest is quite beyond the usual beat of travellers for amusement; and all the commerce is done by Greek houses. When the Russians entered the Principality the Emperor of Russia sent an order to the governing Prince of Wallachia to remain at his post; the Sultan sent him a firman to come to Constantinople and pay his tribute; the result of these two forces was a trip to Vienna. The Government is now carried on by a Council of State formed of those ministers who have portfolios. The boyards, or nobles, all live in Bucharest; the whole soil of the country belongs to them; they farm them to Armenians or Jews, and it is only in very rare instances that they have country houses to which they can pay a short visit in the summer. The lower classes are entirely on the Turkish side, and most of the nobles also, but some of the latter are Russian in their sympathies."

## LIEUTENANT BURKE.

One of the heroes who died in the fight at Giurgevo was Lieutenant Burke. Here is an account of how he fell. The name of the gallant sapper mentioned was Andrews:—

"Mr. Burke's body was found after the action in which he lost his life with no less than thirty-three wounds upon it. The Russians had taken his sword belt, but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands was cut off. He was seen by the sapper who went with him fighting desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leapt on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword—the rest turned and fled. While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream, to row quietly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jawbone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain with his sword. He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy, a sabre cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, nearly severed his head from his body; and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes. The sapper who was with him stood by Mr. Burke till the last, but could not save him. He is now only recovering from his wound and the effect of his exertions."

## ITALY.

Garibaldi's letter disclaiming any part in the insurrectionary movement, now supposed to be contemplated in Italy, has produced the following reply from a body of emigrants who profess faith in Mazzini:—

"General,—Your protest, which we have lately read in the Piedmontese journals, has given rise to sinister interpretations. For the sake of your honour, which we, having fought under you, have the right to defend, we ask you for a frank and loyal explanation. We have shared with you the fortune of war as well as the sorrows of exile, we have shed our blood with you for the triumph of an idea—Italy. Our adversaries fancy that they see in your letter a compromise, a denial of your programme, and of our thought. It is for you to disabuse the misled, and to confound the misleaders."

## TRADE WITH RUSSIA.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* gives some interesting particulars relative to the Russian transit trade *via* Prussia.

"The export of flax, hemp, linseed, and wood from Russia by way of Memel, both by land and river conveyance, continues on the same increased scale as hitherto. The extent of increase since the re-opening of trade this spring under the liberal auspices of the English and French concessions to neutral Powers, may be estimated by stating that the turnpikes in the neighbourhood of Memel take ten times as much toll now as is usual at this time of the year. One of the Prussian Custom-houses on the Russian frontier sometimes takes as much as 1,000 thalers a-day for import duties."

"The difficulty and slowness of land carriage from the interior of Russia to any neutral port have of late caused many Prussian products to find a ready sale, where the patience of purchasers was too sorely tried from the above causes; thus almost all the hemp in the province of Proussen has been bought up, for want of Russian produce. Hitherto it was Riga that sent the most goods to Memel for the purpose of the European markets; but just of late, as the Riga trade slackened, the goods from St. Petersburg have taken their place. Water-carriage to Memel is now almost entirely superseded by land transport, on account of the saving of time. Freight rates are going down very rapidly, while prices for land carriage continue

to rise. The demand for harvest labour has of late, however, made the conveyance into Russia of the quantities of goods lying in Memel impossible at any price. The fear of being surprised by the English cruisers has driven the land traffic further southward from the coast, so that now goods are generally sent through Lithuania, by way of Garsden, instead of through Courland, by way of Polangen. The articles that Russia exports just now by the assistance of Memel come for the most part from the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, by way of Kowno, and consist of flax, hemp, oil, tallow, wool, yarn, &c. What she takes in exchange are cotton, sugar, wines, coffee, spices, and other colonial produce. The demand for articles of luxury and fashion is very much less now than in former years.

From April 1 to July 1 of this year there were forwarded to Memel, *via* Tauroggen, no less than 125,070 poods (40lb.) of hemp, 169,493 poods of flax, and 33,791 poods of bards: so that it is reckoned that on this road alone 300,000 silver roubles had been expended for the carriage of the above. Many streets and open spaces in Memel have at times been quite covered with flax and hemp laid out to dry, or to be dressed, for the state in which these articles arrive, damaged from rain, and from faulty preparation previous to packing, renders them very dangerously combustible neighbours. Every species of warehouse, coachhouse, stable, or outhouse in the town and its neighbourhood is pressed into the service at fabulous prices. In the latter half of May there frequently arrived per day as many as 500 cartloads of hemp and flax from Russia. On the 4th of that month there were 186 vessels lying in the harbour and the Danga river, unable to discharge their cargoes on account of all the landing-places being occupied.

## THE POLICY OF SWEDEN.

It cannot be doubted that the fall of Bomarsund will tell upon the policy of Sweden. For a long time certain journals in that country have boldly urged their Government to join the Allies, and prosecute the war with Swedish troops in Finland. Great have been the clamours, also, in this country on the same subject. The Swedes, however, are quite able to take care of their own interests and to bide their own time. Among the recent leading papers on the subject there is one very striking, and especially apt at this moment. It occurs in the *Nya Vermlands-tidning*:—

"The declaration of neutrality, which in March and April, a short time before the breaking up of the ice, made it possible for Sweden to avoid a rupture with Russia, will not suffice, on the commencement of the approaching winter, if the fleets of the Western Powers have sailed, or are frozen in, and the enemy bivouacs on the frontiers of Sweden, ready to cross the bridge which is laid every year between the coasts of that country and Russia."

"The latter will have six months to negotiate with Sweden, and will probably make the same demands as she did in March and April—demands which, as it seems, have never been abandoned, and will be repeated with greater importunity than last spring."

"The northern provinces of Sweden, like the Danubian Principalities, which were likewise invested before the commencement of winter, are exposed to an occupation. Sweden has no Silistria or Rustchuk there, to arrest the march of a Russian army. Nor is there a Balkan, or even a wall of Trajan to be crossed, ere the capital is reached, so that Sweden will have to defend herself in open fight and in her own country."

"It is true the fight will not last beyond the six months of winter. Then the fleets will re-appear, and stop the retreat of the enemy, if it has not been sufficiently hasty. But meanwhile a considerable portion of our country will have been exposed to all the sufferings of war, to all its dangers, and all its sacrifices; the ravaging of Norrland, the seizure of the shipping of Gefle (exchanged for Brahestad), the plunder of the noble Treasury at Upsala, and the wealth of the capital—all this risk would then be incurred."

"If, under these circumstances, Sweden is to lend an ear to the admonitions of the Western Powers, it must be in time to avert the disasters of war from our frontiers during the ensuing winter."

"Either Sweden must open her harbours to their fleets and receive auxiliary forces this very autumn, or we must next winter be prepared for a war against Russia in our own bosom."

"In the first case, the defence of Sweden must be combined with the recapture of Aland, which is much nearer to Sweden, with which it has a telegraphic communication, than to Russia, the inhabitants of which are genuine, true-hearted Swedes, and which would form the outworks for the defence of Stockholm. Under these circumstances, Russia would scarcely venture an invasion of Sweden during the winter."

"The whole plan during the year of going through Finland to St. Petersburg, however grand the idea, had one irremediable defect—the attack wanted a basis, the most necessary thing in all systems of attack or defence. By Sweden's becoming this basis, the plan would be renewed with more hope of success. The Western Powers are alive to the importance of this, and will probably do all in their power to effect a combination with Sweden, offering her subsidies and guarantees for the future."

"Let us lay aside these speculations as to the exact amount to be gained by Sweden's taking part in the gigantic struggle of the day, and as to the eventual arrangements on the return of peace. Let us rest in the assurance that all Europe now sees the necessity of forming a great and powerful State in the North, and that Scandinavia will show herself worthy to occupy her former place among the states of Europe, the position she achieved by so many heroic exploits, maintained for so many centuries with so much honour, and only lost by perfidy and treachery."

A land is captured; what will King Oscar say now to General Baraguay d'Hilliers fresh from the battlefield?



## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

*The Earl of Clarendon to the Earl of Westmoreland.*

Foreign Office, July 22, 1854.

MY LORD,—I have to acknowledge the receipt, this day, of your lordship's telegraphic despatch, by which her Majesty's Government learn that Prussia has declined to attend the Conference which Count Buol proposed to summon for the purpose of communicating the answer to the demands addressed by Austria to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and that it will in consequence be transmitted by Count Buol to Count Colloredo for the information of her Majesty's Government.

Her Majesty's Government, however, being already in possession of this answer, and having taken it into mature consideration, I shall no longer delay communicating to your lordship the views which they entertain with respect to it.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the arguments by which Count Nesselrode endeavours to throw upon the Western Powers the responsibility of the war which Russia alone has provoked. Count Nesselrode objects to the form of the summons addressed to Russia by England and France, and maintains that this summons, rendered imperative by the acts of Russia, was the true cause of war; but he takes no account of the long series of negotiations during the past year, nor of the repeated warnings which were given to Russia by France and England; and he chooses to forget that it was the invasion of the Principalities by Russian troops which first disturbed the peace of Europe, and which has rendered abortive every effort for its restoration. The despatch of Count Buol to Count Esterhazy, to which Count Nesselrode's despatch is an answer, points out clearly upon whom the responsibility falls of the present state of things; and in the Protocol of the 9th of April the Four Powers have solemnly recorded their opinion that the summons addressed to Russia by England and France was founded in justice.

The opinion of Europe has been pronounced in favour of the course pursued by England and France, and it is needless, therefore, that they should defend themselves against the accusations of Russia. I proceed to examine the other points contained in the Russian answer. In the first place, if the demands of Austria, supported by Prussia, are considered in a purely German sense, it is impossible that the answer of the Russian Cabinet can be considered satisfactory by the two German Powers. The main points put forward in Count Buol's despatch to Count Esterhazy were:—

1. The necessity of a speedy evacuation of the Danubian Principalities.

2. The impossibilities of making this evacuation, required by the essential interests of Germany, dependent upon conditions which it was out of the power of Austria to insure.

But Russia fixes no limit whatever to the occupation of the Principalities; and she looks upon an armistice as a previous condition, *sine qua non*, of the withdrawal of her armies beyond the Pruth.

The injury, then, which, in the opinion of Austria and Prussia, the Russian occupation inflicts upon the Germanic Confederation continues unabated: nay, more, it is aggravated by the refusal of Russia to attend to the just demands of the two German Powers.

Count Nesselrode professes, it is true, to adhere to the principles laid down in the Protocol of the 9th of April; but this declaration is worth little as long as the Russian troops remain on Turkish soil.

In fact, the evacuation of the Principalities is essential to the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and their occupation is in itself a flagrant breach of the public law of Europe.

The crisis which disturbs the peace of the world had its origin in the passage of the Pruth; and it is impossible to admit the pretensions of Russia to make the reparation which she owes for an act universally condemned, dependent upon the exigencies of a position which she has voluntarily created for herself.

Nor can England and France consent to an armistice upon the vague assurances given by Count Nesselrode, of the pacific disposition of the Russian Government. After making such great efforts and sacrifices, and engaged as they are in a cause so just, the allied Powers will not stop in their course without the certainty that they will not again be called upon, after a short interval, to re-commence the war. The particular conditions of peace must depend upon too many contingencies for it to be possible to lay them down definitively at the present moment. Her Majesty's Government have, however, no hesitation in stating the guarantees which, in their opinion, and in that of the French Government, are essential to secure the tranquillity of Europe from future disturbances. These guarantees are naturally suggested by the dangers to guard against which they are required.

Thus Russia has taken advantage of the exclusive right which she had acquired by treaty, to watch over the relations of Wallachia and Moldavia with the suzerain Power, to enter those provinces as if they were part of her own territory.

Again, the privileged frontier of Russia in the Black Sea has enabled her to establish in those waters a naval power which, in the absence of any counter-balancing force, is a standing menace to the Ottoman empire.

The uncontrolled possession by Russia of the principal mouth of the Danube has created obstacles to the navigation of that great river which seriously affect the general commerce of Europe.

Finally, the stipulations of the treaty of Kutschuk-Kainardji, relative to the protection of the Christians, have become, by a wrongful interpretation, the principal cause of the present struggle.

Upon all these points the *status quo ante bellum* must undergo important modifications.

Her Majesty's Government cannot doubt that the Austrian Government will admit that these views are in accordance with the principles laid down in the Protocol of April 9; and that it would be difficult to restrict within more moderate bounds the inquiry which, by that protocol, the Four Powers engage themselves to make in common, as to the means best calculated to maintain the Ottoman empire, by attaching it

to the general balance of Europe. But it is remarkable that to this passage in the Protocol of the 9th of April—the only passage of capital importance, implying, as it does, the necessity of a European revision of the ancient relations of Russia with Turkey—Count Nesselrode carefully avoids making the slightest allusion.

In fact, the profession of the Russian Cabinet, that it adheres to the principles laid down by the Conference at Vienna, contains nothing which is of a satisfactory nature.

Her Majesty's Government are at a loss to understand the meaning of Count Nesselrode's declaration, that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire will not be menaced by Russia, so long as that integrity is respected by the Powers who now occupy the territory and waters of the Sultan. What comparison can be drawn between the invaders and the defender of the Turkish territory? What analogy can exist between the presence of the allied troops at the invitation of the Porte, under the authority of a diplomatic convention, and the forcible invasion of the Ottoman territory by the Russian armies?

It is unnecessary to say anything further as to the conditions which are attached by Russia to the evacuation of the Principalities; and I now come to that paragraph in Count Nesselrode's despatch which relates to the situation of the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

It amounts to nothing less than this, that the Russian Cabinet includes among the ancient privileges which are to be preserved to the Greek Church, the entire rights which flow from the Protectorate, civil as well as religious, claimed by Russia; but it cannot for a moment be supposed that the system established by such a Protectorate, even if it were based upon a European guarantee, could be compatible with the independence and sovereign rights of the Porte.

Her Majesty's Government is very far from saying that Europe can be indifferent to the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in Turkey: on the contrary, they think that Europe ought to take an active interest in the welfare of the Rayah population, and ought to come to an understanding as to the best mode of taking advantage of the generous intentions of the Sultan towards his Christian subjects; but at the same time they are firmly convinced that the reforms which are needed in the government of the various Christian communities in the Ottoman empire can only be effectually and beneficially carried out by the Porte, taking the initiative with regard to them, and that if such reforms are to be promoted by any foreign influence, it can only be by means of friendly council and advice, and not by an interference grounded upon treaty-engagements into which no State could enter without abdicating its independence.

In fine, it appears to her Majesty's Government that the respective situations of the different Powers are in no way whatever changed; they are only more clearly marked out by the answer of the Russian Cabinet. England and France must therefore continue in the attitude of belligerents on the other hand, as the Principalities have not been evacuated.

Austria and Prussia will, no doubt, consider that the obligations of the treaty of the 20th April, strengthened, so far as Austria is concerned, by her separate engagement with the Porte, subsist in all their force, and that now the time has arrived for their fulfilment.

I have thus fully explained to you the views of her Majesty's Government, which are entirely shared by the Government of the Emperor of the French, with whom her Majesty's Government have been in communication upon the subject; and I have to instruct your lordship to deliver a copy of this despatch to Count Buol.

I am, &amp;c., CLARENDON.

Vienna, Aug. 8.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Affairs of his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, hastens to acknowledge the receipt of the note which his Excellency the Earl of Westmoreland, &c., did him the honour to address to him on the 8th of this month, and to declare in his turn that it appears from the confidential conversations held between the courts of Vienna, of Paris, and of London, in conformity with the passage of the protocol of the 9th of April last, by which Austria, France, and Great Britain have engaged themselves, together with Prussia, to seek the means of again connecting the existence of the Ottoman empire with the general equilibrium of Europe, that the three Powers are equally of opinion that the relations of the Sublime Porte with the Imperial Court of Russia cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases—

1. If the protectorate hitherto exercised by the Imperial Court of Russia over the Principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future, and if the privileges accorded by the Sultans to these provinces, dependencies of their empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the Powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should at the same time regulate all questions of detail.

2. If the navigation of the Danube at its mouth be not freed from all obstacle, and submitted to the application of the principles established by the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

3. If the treaty of July 13, 1841, be not revised in concert by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4. If Russia do not give up her claim to exercise an official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong; and if Austria, Great Britain, France, Prussia, and Russia, do not lend their mutual assistance to obtain as an initiative from the Ottoman Government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, and to turn to account, in the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by his Majesty the Sultan, at the same time avoiding any aggression on his dignity and the independence of his Crown.

The undersigned is, moreover, authorised to declare that his Government takes cognisance of the determination of England and of France not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia which may not imply on

the part of the said Court a full and entire adhesion to the four principles here above enumerated, and that it accepts for itself the engagement not to treat except on these bases, always reserving to itself a free deliberation on the conditions which it may bring forward for the re-establishment of peace, if it should happen itself to be forced to take part in the war.

The undersigned, &amp;c.

BUOL.

## GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

THE Board finding that there is a very general want of information as to the proper way of proceeding for the removal of nuisances under the acts relating to that subject, and being unable from the pressure of correspondence on the office at the present time to give this information in every case, in reply to the many applications daily made to them, have issued the following plain directions on the subject for general circulation, as well as the short recommendations to boards of guardians which follow, and which are a summary of the more detailed directions contained in the Minute of Information as to preventive measures issued by the late Board in June last.

## "GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

## "REMOVAL OF NUISANCES.

"The intimate connexion between filth, foul smells, and disease being assumed to be generally admitted, and many applications being daily made to this board either to remove nuisances, or to give information how the removal of nuisances can be effected, the following plain directions for that purpose, will, the board believe, be found useful at this moment.

"The nuisances which may be dealt with under The Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, 1848, 11th and 12th Victoria, chap. 123, and the regulations and directions of the General Board of Health, issued in pursuance of that act, broadly classed, are of two kinds.

"1. Nuisances removable by cleansing, such as filthy house walls, overcharged cesspools, unscavenged streets, foul dustbins, manure heaps, ashpits, dirty pigstyes, &c.

"2. Nuisances requiring the construction of works for their removal, such as houses unwholesome for want of drains, accumulation of liquid refuse requiring drains to carry them off, &c.

"Consider to which of these classes the nuisance you complain of belongs.

## "HOW TO GET RID OF NUISANCES REMOVABLE BY CLEANSING.

"If to the first class, address a short intelligible complaint of the nuisance, in writing, to the Board of Guardians.

"The board's regulations prescribe no particular form for this complaint, but it should be precise in describing the place, or giving the address of the premises where the nuisance is.

"It is the duty of the guardians, under the regulations and directions which have been issued to them, to make inquiry into the complaint, and if they find that it is well founded, to call upon the persons having power by law to remove it, to do so.

"These persons may be surveyors, paving, lighting and cleansing commissioners, owners or occupiers, according as the nuisance is caused by the neglect of the public authorities or private individuals.

"If these persons neglect or omit to remove the nuisance

"The guardians have power, and it is their duty to remove it, instead of these persons; and they are empowered to proceed against the defaulters (if culpable) for a penalty under the act, up to 5*l*.

## "HOW TO GET RID OF NUISANCES REMOVABLE BY CONSTRUCTING WORKS.

"To do this requires a less summary and simple process.

"The proper mode of proceeding in this case is not, as in the former, under the regulations and directions of the General Board of Health, but under the 1st section of the Nuisances Removal Act, addressed to the guardians, in the form given by this act.

"A complaint must be signed by two householders, or the nuisance must be certified to the guardians by the medical or relieving officer of the union, or, if it exists in or about a common lodging-house, by a police constable, or inspector of common lodging-houses.

"On this the guardians are bound, after examination into the case, or without examination, on the written certificate of two legally qualified medical practitioners, to complain before a magistrate, who can summon the owner or occupier of the premises where the nuisance exists, before two justices (or in London before any police magistrate), and on hearing of the summons an order may be made for the removal or abatement of the cause of complaint.

"If this order be not obeyed, it is the duty of the guardians to carry the order into effect, and the costs fall on the person on whom the order was made.

"The complaint, in this class of cases however, may be addressed, not only to the guardians, but to a town council, paving, lighting, cleansing, or police commissioners, or commissioners of sewers.

"As nothing in the Nuisances Removal Act is to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Sewers (sec. 5), when the order is one that involves an authority from them, it should require the execution of the work conformably to the regulations of those commissioners, who have declared themselves ready to co-operate with the guardians to the utmost in carrying out the provisions of the act.

"They will furnish information, at their district offices, as to the state of the sewerage of particular localities.

"Branch office for the Tower Hamlets and Poplar districts and Finsbury division, 15, Great Alie-street, Goodman's fields. Office hours, 9 o'clock a.m. to 4 p.m.

"Principal office of the commission, and branch office for the Holborn division, and eastern and western divisions of

Westminster and Regent-street, and Regent's Park district, 1, Greek-street, Soho. Office hours, 9 o'clock a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.

"Branch office for portions of the Ranelagh Counters Creek and Fulham and Hammersmith districts, 22, Inverness-road, Bayswater. Office hours, 10 o'clock a.m. to 12 o'clock at noon.

"Branch office for portions of the Ranelagh Counters Creek and Fulham and Hammersmith districts, 45, Grove-place, Brompton. Office hours, 10 o'clock a.m. to 12 o'clock at noon.

"Branch office for the whole of the district south of the river Thames, 64, Borough Road. Office hours, from 9 o'clock a.m. to 4 p.m."

"SHORT RECOMMENDATIONS TO GUARDIANS IN TIMES OF CHOLERAIC DISEASE. (IN EXECUTION OF THE POWERS DERIVED FROM THE REGULATIONS AND DIRECTIONS OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, ISSUED UNDER ORDER IN COUNCIL.)

"1. Divide your union among committees of the guardians.

"2. Give your medical officers assistance, if you find they require it.

"3. Direct your chief attention to places where epidemic diseases most prevail.—Your medical and relieving officers know these places.

"4. Look to the cleansing of roads, streets, and courts, and see that surveyors, paving and improvement commissioners, and others, having by law power to cleanse, carry out their powers.

"5. In their default, or when they have no power, yourselves see to the cleansing of such streets, roads, and courts.

"6. Appoint a committee for the receipt of complaints of nuisances, and see that the proper officer attends to such complaints, and reports what he does therein.

"7. In all cleansing operations, where foul smells may arise, let disinfectants, such as fresh earth, quick lime, peat, charcoal, chloride of lime, or zinc, be used.

"8. Filthy houses should be limewashed.

"9. Direct your medical officers to report to you any unusual prevalence of bowel complaint or diarrhoea, and any case of cholera, in their respective districts.

"10. On the earliest appearance of choleraic disease, assemble your medical officers, and carry out, as far as may seem necessary, the minutes of instruction of the General Board of Health as to preventive measures, dispensaries, and medical aid, which minutes have already been supplied to you by that board.

"11. Make known your arrangements for relief by plain hand-bills, freely circulated.

"12. Give warning, by hand-bills, of the importance of applying, on the first symptoms of diarrhoea, to your medical officers, for advice and medicine, and that the same will be given gratuitously.

"August, 1854."

#### DOMESTIC POLICE SPIES.

At the Liverpool Assizes, this week, an action for criminal conversation revealed a new and detestable system of espionage. The plaintiff and defendant were severally named Evans and Robinson, and the action was one for damages sued for by the husband, Evans. The plaintiff is a magistrate of the county of Gloucester, living at Cheltenham; the defendant is a gentleman of wealth, residing also at Cheltenham, aged about 50. The plaintiff married a Miss Carrington, whose father also resides at Cheltenham. The plaintiff and his wife were married at the close of the year 1850, when shortly after their marriage unhappy differences arose between them, and they agreed to separate. A deed of separation was drawn up, the plaintiff allowing his wife an annuity of 250*l.* a year. She went to reside with her father. The defendant was an old friend of her father's family, and used to visit there constantly. The plaintiff's wife, in 1858, came to London, and lodged at 18, Edgeware-road, the defendant taking the lodgings for her, and visiting her very frequently. This came to the plaintiff's ears, and excited his suspicions. In June last the plaintiff's wife again came to London, the defendant accompanying her, and the defendant took lodgings for her at No. 2, Bryanston-street. The plaintiff hearing of this engaged Field, the detective officer, to watch his wife's proceedings. She was constantly visited by the defendant. By the advice of Field, a hole was bored with a gimlet in the drawing-room door, through which the cook in the house, when the defendant called, watched the defendant and the plaintiff's wife. On one occasion she saw the plaintiff's wife sitting across the defendant's knees, he sitting on the sofa, in a position which left no doubt as to what was taking place. She called two other women servants, who were in the house, and they also looked through the gimlet hole and saw the transaction. This cook, Grocott by name, had been engaged by Field to do the dirty business. The jury did not believe the evidence of the cook and her comrades in peeping through gimlet holes, and returned a verdict for the defendant.

#### HEALTH OF LONDON.

The weekly report on the health of London, published by the authority of the Registrar-General, states that the number of deaths from all causes returned for the week that ended last Saturday, was 1888, that of the previous week was 1882. In the ten weeks corresponding to last week of the years 1844-58 the average number was 1118, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1224. The present return exhibits an excess of 669 above the estimated amount.

Cholera was fatal last week to 729 persons, of whom 214 were children under 15 years of age, 420 were 15 years and under 60, and 88 were 60 years old and upwards. During the cholera epidemic of 1849 the total deaths registered in the week that ended August 18, were 2230, and those from cholera were 1280. In the six weeks of its present appearance, the deaths from cholera have been successively 5, 26,

133, 399, 644, and 729: The deaths from diarrhoea last week were 192.

In comparing the mortality from cholera in London with the deaths from the disease in other places, the population and vast extent of the metropolis must be taken into account.

The subjoined figures show that cholera has prevailed with great irregularity over London, and that in several sub-districts the ravages of the epidemic are inconsiderable. Imperfect drainage, proximity to the dirtiest parts of the Thames, bad water, and poverty, are still, as they were in 1849, the chief circumstances that make cholera fatal. It is on the banks of the polluted Thames, in the lower parts of the London basin, that the people die in large numbers; for on ground not on an average 10 feet above the Trinity high-water mark, 1212 of the deaths from cholera have happened out of 595,119 people, while in the next terrace of 10 feet, and under 40 feet of elevation, 493 in 648,619 have died; and on the higher grounds above St. James's-square and the Strand, only 213 have died of cholera out of 1,070,372 inhabitants. The mortality at the three elevations, commencing at the lowest, has been at the rate of 204 and 76 and 20 to every 100,000 inhabitants. The people on the low grounds have suffered ten times as much as the people living on the grounds of a moderate elevation.

The 729 deaths from cholera in the week now reported were distributed according to districts thus:—West districts, elevation above Trinity high-water mark, 28 feet; population in 1851, 376,427; deaths, 184. North districts, elevation, 135 feet; population, 490,396; deaths, 38. Central districts, elevation, 49 feet; population, 393,296; deaths, 32. East districts, elevation, 26 feet; population, 485,522; deaths, 105. South districts, elevation, 6 feet; population, 616,635; deaths, 370.

#### EMIGRATION REPORT.

In a second report recently issued by the Committee on Emigrant Ships the conclusions arrived at from the evidence are fully detailed, and the committee make several recommendations which will be of considerable importance to owners and charterers. Their inquiry was a laborious one, its difficulty being increased by the absence of anything like complete returns of the condition in which emigrant vessels arrive in the ports of the United States, and hence one of the recommendations most urgently insisted upon is that negotiations should be opened with the Government at Washington for an effective co-operation in some system for the mutual enforcement of sound regulations. Among the causes of disaster to emigrant ships iron cargoes are the most serious, and more strict general provisions are consequently recommended against bad or dangerous stowage. With respect to sanitary arrangements, the committee propose that the number of passengers allowed to be carried without a medical officer should be reduced from 500 to 300, even this extent being regarded as improper, since, as a general rule, all ships with passengers should carry surgeons, and a different practice is only justifiable by the difficulty of finding them. Improved arrangements are at the same time suggested that might induce competent men to offer. Power is also proposed to be given to the Government to prevent emigrant ships from leaving ports where cholera or other dangerous epidemics prevail, and, in case of any exception being permitted, the vessel is at all events to be required to carry a surgeon, even though the number of passengers may be below 300. It is likewise considered that every vessel bringing emigrants across the Irish Channel for embarkation should be compelled to protect them from the weather. At present, on board these boats the cattle and live stock are screened, while the deck passengers are left without shelter of any kind, and often arrive in a state that lays the foundation of permanent disease. In reference to space it is recommended that no ship should give less than fourteen feet in the between decks to each emigrant, and the committee likewise refer to the opinion of Mrs. Chisholm and others, that the practice of allowing two children under 14 years of age to be counted only as one person should be greatly modified. They next touch on various points connected with ventilation, cleanliness, &c., and also recommend that an addition should be made to the dietary scale in the Passenger Act of 1852. On the subject of the size and seaworthiness of ships, the evidence against large ones is general, and it was stated that the Emigration Commissioners have resolved for the future not to charter vessels with two passenger decks, the ground of objection being the difficulty of thorough ventilation. The committee recommend that, except in special cases, the number of passengers allowed in one vessel should not exceed 500, and that all vessels should be brought within the scope of the Passenger Act where the number carried is in the ratio of two persons to the 100 tons; likewise that the exemption of steam-vessels carrying mails from the operation of the act should be done away with. In relation to manning, it was stated that the Emigration Commissioners insist upon four men to the 100 tons in their vessels; but great objections would be made to this by private charterers, and the committee limit themselves to the suggestion that increased vigilance should be used to ascertain the efficiency of the crew, apart from the mere question of

number. It is further considered that it might be an advantage if masters were bound, under penalty, to put back in those cases where vessels are found to be unsafe for a long voyage before losing sight of land, and that it should be rendered compulsory on owners and charterers to resort in the fullest manner to all the means in use for testing the compasses. Finally, the committee make some general observations respecting the regulations necessary with regard to lodging-houses, &c., the capacity and readiness of boats and the other appliances for saving life, and also as to the desirableness of carrying the requisite supply of water in metal casks. As respects the detention-money allowed for the support of emigrants when the sailing of a ship is delayed, an opinion is expressed that it should be increased from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per day.

#### THE QUEEN AT SEA.

The Lighthouse on the Isle of Wight was involuntarily subjected to a siege on Tuesday, in presence of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the obedient garrison, as became loyal subjects, surrendered unconditionally. We are not joking; the fact happened as we say, and the unexpected result was brought about by the use of the long gun of the Arrow, one of the new Baltic gunboats. It was as pretty a siege as can be imagined, and the upshot is not the less picturesque and entertaining because it was not intended.

In the afternoon of Tuesday a charming flotilla started from Spithead and Osborne to witness the first exploit of the Arrow. This steamer is one of six built for service in the Baltic, and carries a 68-pounder, ten feet long, with an estimated range of 5000 yards—a gun that looks prospectively into some of the casemates of the Czar. It was intended that the Arrow should first try her destructive qualities upon the cliffs at the western end of the Isle of Wight, near the Needles, and a great company were there to see. Out of Spithead steamed the Black Eagle, with Sir James Graham on board; then the Arrow, and following her the Dasher and Fire Queen. Away they speeded to Osborne, where Royalty, embarking on board the Victoria and Albert, escorted by the Fairy and Elin, joined the squadron, and they all glided over the rather rough water to the western end of the Island. Now began the siege. It was intended only to knock down some pieces of the cliff, the Admiralty proposed, but the long Lancasterian gun "disposed" of the 100*lb.* shells committed to its horrid tube. The ships took up their positions, and all was expectancy. The rough water tossed the little Arrow about like "any common weed;" it was impossible to aim fairly; but like Hubert, whose father "drew a good bow at Hastings," Sir Thomas Maitland "did his best" with an obstreperous long gun. The spectators, however, were doomed equally to surprise and disappointment. The two shells first fired were badly manufactured, and burst near the mouth of the gun. The third, fourth, and fifth fled on the wings of expanded gunpowder none knew whither, suggesting ideas of infinite space, into which they might have travelled to "keep company" with some abandoned comet or light-minded meteor. But lo, the shells had not paid a visit to the moon; the lighthouse was seen to lower flag; a picnic party, who deemed themselves safe, broke up in confusion; there came a boat round the Needles, bearing a flag of truce. The firing ceased, and up ran the Fairy to learn what news it brought. The boat was manned by the attendants of the Lighthouse, and the astonishing message they delivered was nothing more nor less than this—"The two last shells have nearly blown down the Lighthouse!" Think of that, Master Nicholas. Here is the best of all *ultimatums*—a long gun on the Lancaster principle, that, willy nilly, carries 5000 yards. A very pretty result, indeed—the Queen compelled to capture a Lighthouse on her own island home, all because Mr. Lancaster's gun will send a shell such a tremendous way.

But the day was one of pretty incidents. On her way home the royal yacht fell in with the Mauritius, screw-steamer, bearing the 84th Regiment to Corfu. Her Majesty stood on the paddle-box of her yacht, and as the cheers of the soldiers rang out heartily over the bounding waters, she waved her handkerchief in token of farewell.

Of course, as a trial, the firing experiment failed; but it is, nevertheless, satisfactory. It is something to have proved that the gunboats have guns which will project a shell nearly three miles; and the headstrong piece in question may be pardoned for the wilfulness of fighting a lighthouse, like a marine Don Quixote, for the sake of the demonstration thereby furnished of its lengthy capabilities.—*Globe.*

#### KOSSUTH AT HANLEY.

M. Kossuth addressed a considerable meeting at Hanley, in the Potteries, on Monday; speaking unto them after the fashion of his previous speeches, rating England for joining Austria, accusing England for arresting the Turks in their victorious march last year and this; commenting sharply on passing politics, and urging the reconstruction of Poland. We cut some extracts from the oration. Here is M. Kossuth speaking as a military strategist, for which his Hungarian campaigns no doubt fitted him:—

"On very rare occasions have I felt my heart more revolted than at seeing the disgraceful attempt to strip the Turkish army of the best part of its glory, by claiming a share in the defeat of the Russians to the dispositions of the Western Powers, and even to the treacherous attitude of that Austria which *Pemah*, with a noble indignation, branded, in full justice, with the name of the vulture preying but on carcasses. It was already a sad view to see English diplomacy arresting Omer Pacha from pur-



suings his brilliant victory at Oltenitza, and forcing him to retrace his steps across the Danube, when, if allowed to go on, he would have easily chased the Russians home a year ago, being twice as strong on the Danube as they were, before Austrian-England and Austrian-France afforded time to the Czar for sending down two armies to reinforce them. But if I were an Englishman or a Frenchman, nothing in the world could give me greater mortification than the recollection of what has passed at Silistria. To stand almost within the hearing of the battering cannons, and not only not fly to the aid of those glorious brave, but to arrest even Omer Pacha's main army for weeks from rescuing them, though a few hours' march would have sufficed—why, gentlemen, that is so terrible that I am sure every true English patriot would give much to blot out that dark page from history. Yet, if I understand the fact, to hand over to perfidious Austria the Principalities—liberated exclusively by Turkish blood, by Turkish gallantry—would have been so shocking to political morality, that the affectation of yonder claim was wanted, in order to cover the turpitude of this most terrible monstrosity of our day. I mean the pre-arranged occupation of Moldo Wallachia by Austria."

Here are some statements popular with a certain party.

"Those who read the blue books know that a fortnight before the Russian legation departed from Constantinople, and a whole month before one Russian crossed the Pruth, the English ambassador gave the authoritative advice to the Turkish Government, that not only no resistance should be offered to the Russians on their occupying the Principalities, but that they should not be resisted even on their crossing the Danube, and that forbearance should cease only on that line which could not be passed by an enemy without danger to the capital. Now that means evidently the Balkan line. The English Government so much approved of this that Lord Clarendon insisted very strongly that positive orders should be given to Omer Pacha to keep himself in the limits of this over-timid and ruinous policy. This gives you the key to the disgraceful fact that neither your armies nor Omer Pacha did anything to relieve Silistria. Thus you see that the allied armies went to the East with the positive orders not to act, and not to allow the Turks to act, on the Danube and beyond. You see that the Czar was apprised of this fact, therefore he could with perfect security cross the Danube and besiege Silistria, and you see that the Turkish Government, on the contrary, had neither freedom of action nor hope of assistance for driving the Russians out of the Principalities; and that England and France could, with such a pressure, not fail to induce the systematically-intimidated Divan to sign the fatal convention with Austria, which the poor fellows, despairing of Turkish bravery, and fettered and forsaken by their allies, took to be their last hope for getting the Principalities evacuated. The Russians, on the contrary, knew that their power had been broken by the glorious heroism of one single fortress garrison. They actually began their retreat on the 22nd of June, and have been aware of the fatal necessity of this retreat since the 29th of May, so disastrous to them. They wanted to have their rear secured, and the Turks kept out from the Principalities; they therefore informed Austria that they were about to retreat, and required her to conclude the convention with Turkey, thus to get the required security by it. That is the history of this dirty trick; not upon the risk of having to meet the Russians, but with the knowledge that they will effect their retreat as soon as that convention is signed, and their retreat protected by it."

The great Magyar has a small opinion of England apparently:

"Lord Clarendon informed the peers of the realm that 'Austria really did announce her intention to occupy Wallachia, but not as belligerent, she being not at war with Russia.' Well, is not that an official confirmation of what Lord Clarendon said, and of which I warned England months ago? And England's people do still permit matters to be carried on as they are. Why, what is this people of England? Is it anything or is it nothing? Is it fish, or is it flesh? What is it?"

The strategist gives his opinion against the expedition to the Crimea:

"My opinion is that it is at Warsaw, by driving the wedge of a Polish insurrection into the very backbone of Russia, that you can be sure to take Sebastopol. For the present I desire to warn you against a dangerous imposition. The expounders of your Government's policy say, 'The object of the war is to obtain security for the future against the ambition of Russia, and to reduce her power permanently so as to make her incapable to encroach upon the liberties of Europe. For this true object of the war a movement across the Danube would have done very little (oh, what a disgrace). The broad policy of the war consists in striking at the very heart of Russia's power, and that heart is Sebastopol.' Now, gentlemen, I proclaim this assertion to be the most contemptible nonsense, or the grossest mystification, which diplomatic malice could invent. Sebastopol is an advanced guard, but not the heart of Russia's power. The heart of Russia's power is Poland. With Poland in the dominion of Russia, the Czar is dangerous at the Baltic as at Sebastopol, at the Caucasus as at the Danube; everywhere, with Poland wrested from his grasp, with Poland free, the Czar is neither dangerous on the Black Sea nor anywhere else. Suppose you take Sebastopol, destroy it, and burn it, and sink the fleet now sheltered there; what then? Will that deprive the Czar of the power 'to bide his time, until by the dissensions of the other powers, until by weakness of some of those powers, he should find a better opportunity of accomplishing his design?' This description of the danger against which Europe is to be secured by this war is not mine, it is Lord John Russell's. He it is who declared that 'the English would be the most silly of mortals, if they were to sign an insecure peace, which would leave it to Russia thus to bide the first better opportunity of accomplishing her ambitious design.' Well, can a man in his senses assert that the destroying of his fleet and of Sebastopol will deprive the Czar of the power of proving

you to have been the most silly of mortals in this war, if you are content with such an issue? Poland is the heart of the Czar's power. There you must strike, if you desire to strike him at heart. If you don't strike there, then I proclaim aloud, to God and to man, those assurances about reducing the power of Russia to innoxious proportions all a humbug!"

After a bitter criticism of the conditions of peace put forward by France and England as essential, but not all required, M. Kossuth proceeded to wind-up:—

"That your Government never did mean to reduce the power of Russia, that was clear from the very moment that they began to court the alliance of Austria. Russia is the corner-stone of despotism, and Austria is despotism. Imbecility itself must know that despotism never will lend its hand to overthrow its own corner-stone. Your Government had never been a serious enemy to Russia. He who pretends to be at war with Russia, and neglects to take Poland by the hand, cannot be serious in his professions of hostility against Russia. Oh, how different would be the results if Mehmet Ali Pacha, the creator of the brave Turkish army, and the impersonation of its patriotic heroism, had not been ousted from power by England; and if the Turkish Government, rising to a level with the spirit of its heroic soldiers, had thrown the pretentious friendship of England and France overboard, and taken her natural allies, Hungary and Poland, by the hand; or if England would have remained English, and France French, instead of turning both Austrians. Well, it is as it is."

The upshot was that M. Kossuth recommended a sort of League for bringing to bear on Parliament the opinions on foreign affairs, professed by his peculiar followers.

#### CRIMINAL RECORD.

JUVENILE offenders figure in the police reports this week. There is a sad, but not uncommon case. Daniel Shea and John Beames were charged at the Mansion-house with picking pockets, and both committed for trial. Beames, a mere boy, told this story. Last Wednesday Shea came out of prison, where he had been for three months, and he called upon me at my master's house. I was going upon an errand, and I accompanied him and never went home since. He took me to Blackhorse-court, in the City, and on our way he took a handkerchief out of a gentleman's pocket and sold it for 1s. 6d., half of which he gave to me. This morning he came to me in my room at the house in which he lodges, and asked me to go with him to steal handkerchiefs on London-bridge. After trying a good many pockets, he touched the pocket of the prosecutor, and told me there was a handkerchief in it, and I must go and take it. I did take it. I assure your lordship that he made a thief of me, for I had no idea of thieving until he came and took me out. Shea said: I don't know anything at all about the gentleman. The prisoners were committed for trial.

On the same morning, Thomas Mountjoy, between eight and nine years of age, was committed to prison for 21 days upon the charge of having crept behind the counter of a shop and robbed the till. The wretched little creature said he had a mother who lived with a man who was not her husband, and that nobody cared for him. As for the robbery, he said he had been put up to it by a big boy, who showed him how to get at the money, but it was not his intention to take much. Mr. Alderman Carter gave some particular directions about the unfortunate child, who is to be visited by the humane chaplain to Holloway prison.

The sitting magistrate at Lambeth Police-court, Mr. Elliott, was engaged for upwards of three hours on Monday in hearing charges of felony against a shoal of practised pickpockets, brought together from all parts of the metropolis by that annual nuisance, Camberwell Fair. Among them were several children under twelve years of age!

Wife beating flourishes in full vigour. Charles Thoms "had a difference" with his wife in the street, "about some money he was spending;" to settle the affair Thoms struck his wife on the face, and gave her black eyes. She ran away crying murder, when a policeman came up and arrested Mr. Thoms. Sentence three months' imprisonment. This took place at Worship-street. At the Clerkenwell office, on the same morning, Monday, William Gordon, 28, was charged with half-killing his wife. He was a jealous man. On Sunday he came to his dinner, which she had comfortably provided for him, when she perceived something strange in his look and manner. They sat down together, and shortly afterwards he took up the poker, and, saying he would have her life, he felled her to the floor with a tremendous blow, which inflicted a dangerous wound on her head. As he was about to repeat the blow, the woman's screams brought in people and policemen. Gordon was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A singular murder took place at Troy-town Rochester, some time since. Mr. Smith, postmaster at Jersey, was sent to Hanwell Asylum, and was recently let out, quite cured. He took his wife to Rochester, arriving there on Saturday; on Tuesday he shot her as she slept and then walked down stairs and told the landlady of what he had done. He is in custody.

Mr. Elliott has again remanded the Newtons—the young men who beat M'Ker at Beulah Spa—as their victim is not yet out of danger.

#### THE BEER ACT.

Two attempts have been made to prevent the tipplers of England and Scotland from procuring drink on a Sunday. In England there is the new Beer Act, which provokes such a storm of opposition from all kinds of people, except that comfortable set which owns a well-stored cellar. It is found to press most unduly, not upon the drunkard so much, for he will drink upon the week-day, as upon the sober man,

who needs a little refreshment on his one holiday. "What is a traveller?" is likely to become an important question. On Sunday week five guests arrived at "Jack Straw's Castle," Hampstead, between one and two, and ordered dinner. Two arrived in a brougham, two in a gig, and one on foot. They paid for their dinners and drinks before half-past two; but the police, who had watched them in, not seeing them come out, entered the house, and found these five gentlemen finishing their dinner and sitting over their wine. Mr. Robert Ware, the tavern-keeper, was summoned before Mr. Long, at the Marlborough office, and that magistrate had to decide whether the five persons were "travellers" within the meaning of the act. He decided that they were, apparently on account of the distance they had travelled; for he said that any one going from Cheap-side to Piccadilly to dine would not be a traveller, while proceeding to Hampstead was sufficient. The summonses were dismissed. But virtually the magistrates are left to make the act of Parliament. On Tuesday, Mr. Simpson, of Cremorne, and some other keepers of well-known suburban places of refreshment, waited on Sir Richard Mayne, to discover, if possible, what he intended to do, and what he understood by a "traveller." But Sir Richard properly thinks that he is an executive officer, bound not to interpret but to enforce the law, and he discreetly refrained from attempting a definition of the word traveller. He promised, however, in testing the law, not to carry it out with harshness and oppression.

In Scotland there is an act regulating the spirit-houses, and the opening on Sunday, called Forbes Mackenzie's Act. How does it work? A Scotch paper says:—"We fear the return of commitments for drunkenness in July and August will be very unfavourable." The *Caledonian Mercury* says:—"The commitments for drunkenness at the various police-offices in Glasgow on Saturday night and Sunday morning exhibit an alarming increase. At the Central-office, from two p.m. on Saturday till five a.m. on Sunday morning, the numbers were—Men, drunk and incapable, 40; women, in the same state, 20. Besides these there were charged with disorderly conduct, assaults, and other offences, but all more or less the worse for liquor, 19 men and 15 women. It has become noticeable that a very large proportion of persons committed carry a 'pocket-pistol.'" The *Ayr Advertiser* says:—"From the number of tipsy persons seen staggering about the streets on Sabbath, it is evident that a supply of whisky can be procured somewhere, for it is not likely that the tipplers are all so provident as to have a stock laid in the previous night. The fact is, spirits may be had in any quantity on Sabbath, both from licensed and unlicensed houses. The buyers, of course, are as much interested as the sellers in keeping up the traffic, and are therefore unlikely to become informers." In Edinburgh it is just the same. The drunkards seem to increase; illicit stores are opened; stocks are laid in on Saturday; there are whisky-clubs for private-swilling on Sunday; and parties into the country well armed with bottles of the enchanting liquor. How are these mad people who stupidly drink in excess to be dealt with? Surely not by coercion.

#### CANADA.

The Canadian Mail screw steam-ship the *Cleopatra*, Captain Salt, arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday from Quebec, with dates to the 9th instant. A proclamation had been issued in an extra edition of the *Canada Gazette*, of the 9th, convoking Parliament for the despatch of business on the 5th proximo.

The *Quebec Chronicle*, of the 9th, says "the returns for 123 constituencies have been received, leaving only the counties of Chicoutane and Gaspe to be heard from. We have adopted the most intelligible classification, and have marked each member as a ministerialist or anti-ministerialist, according to his declared opinion." The following may be considered an accurate statement of the result of the general election, as it is possible under the circumstances to procure:—Ministerialists, 47; anti-Ministerialists, 81; majority against Ministers, 34. Another statement makes the majority the other way.

#### AMERICAN NOTES.

The American Congress closed on the 7th, after a session of eight months. The President, General Pierce, had been pelted by a drunken man. He came up and shook hands with Mr. Pierce, and as the latter turned away he felt something strike his hat, which he supposed had fallen from a window above. Thinking nothing more about it, he was surprised to find that the young man who had shaken hands with him had been arrested for pelting the President with a hard-boiled egg. The youth, it appears, was tipsy at the time.

Both Houses of Congress had witnessed the violent scenes which unfortunately seem to have become customary with the closing days of the session. Mr.

Pettit, a senator from Indiana, having been charged some time since by Colonel Benton with being "a liar and a dirty dog," regaled the Senate with a written reply, in which he called Old Bullion a "falsifier of the truth," "imbecile dotard," "thief," "beast," and many similar epithets. In the House they do things better. Mike Walsh and Seward of Georgia had a fair round. Seward called Mike a "vagabond," and Mike retorted that Seward was a "liar." Seward gouged Mike's nose and punched his cheek in reply, and Mike hit back again in his turn. At this stage members thought the fight had gone far enough, and order was restored.

Advices from San Francisco to the 15th of July state that steamers had left with nearly 2,000,000 dollars on freight. Fires had occurred at San Francisco causing damage to the amount of 200,000 dollars; Sacramento, 400,000 dollars; Columbia, 500,000 dollars; Minnesota, 52,000 dollars. A large quantity of wheat had been also destroyed by fire. At New Orleans, on the 4th, a fire broke out, and destroyed 1,000,000 dollars worth of property. Much of the property was insured in the London and Liverpool and Royal Insurance offices.

Captain Hollins left Greytown; Lieutenant Jolly proclaimed martial law, and had demanded a cannon taken from Greytown and alleged to be her Majesty's property. The Espiegle had reinforced the Bermuda.

### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

An inquest was held, on Monday, at Islington, to inquire how John Allen, an engine-driver on the North London Railway, came by his death. On the 14th instant, it will be remembered, a fearful collision took place on the line near to Highbury. A goods train of forty-three trucks had started from Haydon-square, drawn by two engines. The night was damp and the rails slippery, and there was a leak in the tank of one engine that by dripping on the driving wheels heightened the retarding effect of the dew. The train stopped near Highbury, and it was found that both engines were dreadfully in want of water. They unhooked, accordingly, and set off one after the other to pump in water. The heavy trucks, left to themselves on an incline, ran backward; and a passenger train coming up dashed into them, in which collision John Allen was killed. But how did the accident arise? Several witnesses were examined—Hewitt and Braithwaite, the drivers; Mr. Chubb, the manager; Mr. Martin, a civil engineer; W. Buggie, a breaksmen, and others. From the evidence it would seem that the engines were not equal to the weight they were required to propel, and that their water had nearly run out. Mr. Martin said the steam-power was adequate; he had driven an engine drawing a greater weight. The breaks ought to have been put tightly on. The Coroner, Mr. Wakley, seemed to think that the cause of the accident was inscrutable; and the jury agreed in finding a verdict of accidental death; but it seems plain from the evidence that the causes of the accident were, want of sufficient steam-power, a leaky engine, the want of a sufficient interval between the trains, and the neglect to put on the breaks.

On the Dover and Brighton railways there was a sad catastrophe on Monday. An excursion train left Dover in the morning for the Crystal Palace. All went well until it came to Croydon, when it was seen that there was an engine taking water on the same line of rails. A collision was unavoidable, although the ballast engine bolted off as hard as it could. The consequence of the collision was that five carriages were smashed; the engine was turned over; and one carriage rolled into a great pit, doing deadly work upon its inmates. There were seven: two men died almost immediately; a third was severely injured; two women had each a leg broken, one woman both legs; and a fourth was greatly injured. One of the men killed was a clergyman of the church of England—the Rev. W. Willes. He had only been married six weeks. The engine belonging to the ballast trucks, and which it is alleged has caused the mischief, belongs, as well as the ballast trucks themselves, to the London and Brighton and South Coast line; and the engine and excursion train are the property of the London and South-eastern Company. The engineer belonging to the latter attributes the sad accident to the conduct of the engineer of the other line in taking out his engine at such a time to take in water, while the latter attributes the blame to the extraordinary speed and non-observance of signals of the former.

An inquiry into the Croydon accident was begun in the Southwark Town-hall, before Mr. Coroner Payne, on Thursday. The chief question upon which the evidence touched had regard to the use of the signals; but the inquiry was not completed, and stands adjourned till Monday.

### CERTIFICATES FOR ART.

THE first examinations by the Department of Science and Art of Candidates for Masterships in Local Schools of Art, have just been concluded at Marlborough House. The candidates were examined in geometry, perspective, mechanical drawing, and elementary colouring, having to perform exercises in a limited time; they were also required to produce various works in these subjects, executed during the past year. The following obtained certificates:—H. J. Anderson, T. Arthur, W. J. Baker, S. Berkinshaw, A. N. Brook, J. W. Chevallier, A. Cole, J. D. Croome, S. Elton, J. F. Finnie, J. R. Fussell, G. Gill, W. T. Griffiths, H. B. Hagreen, J. Healy, J. Holmes, J. Kemp, W. A. Kinnebrook, J. O. Lancelwick, R. E. Lyne, W. Muckley, C. O. Pyne, H. Rafter, J. V. Richardson, G. Ryles, J. F. Smeeth, J. F. Sturtevant, J. C. Swallow, C. Swinstead, J. O. Thompson, R. Tucker, M. Walker, J. White, M. Wigzell, and G. P. Yeats.

### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE telegraphic despatches of yesterday report some facts and some rumours. There seems no doubt now but that the Austrians entered Wallachia on the 20th. The whole corps of occupation will have passed the frontier by the 23rd.

Two brigades debouched from Hermannstadt and another brigade from Kronstadt.

Bucharest, Krajova, and Lesser Wallachia will be occupied.

The advanced guard will reach Bucharest on the 5th of September.

Three brigades of the army of Count Coronini are preparing for a similar movement into Moldavia.

From Constantinople the latest dates are to the 14th; and the following reports have been telegraphed:—Sixty thousand men have embarked for Sebastopol. On the 10th inst., at seven o'clock in the evening, a great fire broke out at Varna. One hundred and eighty houses were totally destroyed, with a great quantity of provisions belonging to the French army. The fire which broke out on the 10th inst. is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries, and several Greeks have been arrested on suspicion. Many houses were destroyed, as well as some military stores and magazines. The cholera was on the decline; but the first battalion of Rifles, the 20th regiment, and the 63rd regiment, all of which are in the Bosphorus, have lost men from the pest.

The Bay of Varna was filled with vessels of all sorts, to the number of 500; and a large fleet of transports had been assembled at Baltchik.

Numerous flat-bottomed boats, for the landing of troops and heavy guns, had arrived at both places. All the English and French transports had left for the Black Sea, with pontoons and other materials of war. Ten thousand Turkish troops have embarked for the same destination, which is at present unknown.

A band of Caucasian mountaineers, commanded by a son of Schamyl, have made a razzia into the province of Tiflis. They have sacked several places, put some people to death, and carried off a general's wife and a Princess Orbelian, her sister. The news caused a panic at Tiflis.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Lloyd* says, in reference to the army of Kars, that Kourschid Pacha (General Guyon), in a communication of the 25th ult. to the Seraskier of Kars, complains bitterly of the Polish and Hungarian officers of this army, and gives the following extract in reference thereto:—

"Had I been free in my operations (says General Guyon) had not these ignorant and stupid emigrant officers continually intrigued—I should have advanced weeks back into the Russian territory, and the Russians would not have had time to collect their forces. I am a man of few words; but this eternal inactivity of our commander-in-chief, who seems to adopt the counsels of all those who would dissuade him from undertaking any energetic measures, forces me to speak openly to your Excellency. So long as Zarif Pacha is at the head of this fine army, and so long as these Polish and Hungarian officers remain here, there is not the shadow of a hope of attacking and conquering an enemy whose forces are daily increasing in strength."

This communication of General Guyon, it appears, has had the desired effect. The correspondent says that Zarif Pacha was to be recalled, and those officers dismissed who interfered with the operations of the Turkish army. At the date of his letter (the 7th), Count Maffre was en route for Kars, where his mission is the settlement of these dismissals, and the reformation of the Turkish general staff.

The Russians report a victory over the army of Kars, with great loss to the latter in life, prisoners, arms, and baggage. It needs confirmation.

The cholera is raging at Adrianople. The French forces intended for that city have been ordered to return to Gallipoli.

Forty thousand Russian troops are said to be encamped round Sebastopol.

We have telegraphic advices from Stockholm, with news from Bomarsund of the 21st.

Several British steam line-of-battle ships and steam frigates, and several French war ships of the same class, have sailed in a south-easterly direction, as if going to Hango or Swenborg.

The cholera is bad at Aland. We are told that the whole fortress is blown up and abandoned, but this needs confirmation.

The British Minister, Mr. Magenit, had an interview with the King of Sweden on the 21st.

From Spain the news this week is not important. There are French reports of dissensions among the chiefs, but they do not appear on the surface. At a recent dinner given by the press of Madrid to the Ministers, General San Miguel made the following speech:—

"Gentlemen,—As an old journalist myself, and as the patriarch of journalism, unfortunately, by my advanced age, I drink to a free press. I drink, gentlemen, to an institution which neither iron, nor laws, nor transportation, nor exile can destroy—(bravo, bravo!)—[A voice: 'Long live General San Miguel!']—because thought is an emanation from the divinity, and there is no power in the world, there are no laws which can extinguish its powerful voice. The press has no other corrective than the press itself. (Bravo! True!) The press has no other corrective than itself, the good sense of the public, and public education. It is only by this that the press is elevated and great. This is what we see in England, the classic country of liberty. A free press is a press that thinks, a press that administers, a press that does the work of diplomacy; it is, in a word, a great social lever which acts upon the interests of the state. Gentlemen, I flatter myself that the epoch we have all wished to see for the press, had now arrived. ('Yes, yes,') I hope the press will be found worthy of its high mission, that journalists will so exercise their calling, that they may be supplemented to continue in the performance of their exalted task. I have been a journalist in times of danger and revolt, and to have been a journalist is for me the brightest

recollection of my life; it is the title on which I most pride myself. I drink then to a free press, to a noble press, which does not descend to vulgar things, which condescends not to insults and personalities, to the press which respects the secrets of families. (Thunders of applause.) I drink, finally, to the men of this noble priesthood who have invited us to this banquet, which will be famous, because it will inaugurate a new era, in which the free and independent press of Europe will show to the entire world that there are in Spain journalists who know how to write, to think, and to interest themselves in the public cause. (Immense applause.)

Several journalists approached to embrace the venerable general.

The German Governments seem to be politely quarrelling. Austria addressed a circular to the German Governments, calling upon them to prepare for mobilising a portion of their contingents; Prussia, irritated at not having been consulted, sent off a circular eight days later, in an opposite sense. The *Kreuz Zeitung* corroborates fully these assertions by publishing the following as the four principal points of the Prussian circular:—

"1. Prussia cannot conceal her surprise at the proceeding of Austria, and has no intention whatever of laying before the Diet any such proposition for mobilising federal troops.

"2. She does not consider that there exists anything in the treaty of April that comprises such obligation.

"3. She has not augmented her own cavalry and artillery in consequence of obligations; but because it suited her own views.

"4. Prussia's envoy at the Diet will lay before the Diet such documents as relate to the matter, and demand a resolution in conformity with the views of his Government."

The Eastern question is now before the Diet. It appears that Austria and Prussia laid all documents, including their last notes, sent on the 10th and 14th to St. Petersburg, before the Diet at its meeting of the 17th. Prussia accompanied her communication by observing, that the note which she had addressed to the Russian Cabinet on the 14th, in support of that of Austria, was in her own name exclusively, and dictated by a desire for peace alone, and not the result of any obligations. These acts were referred to the committee of the Diet charged with such matters, under an announcement that the German Powers regarded the evacuation of the Principalities as a momentous step gained towards the re-establishment of peace.

### THE COURT.

THE doings of Her Majesty during the week have been sufficiently regal. On Monday a drive to Carisbrook with the Maharajah Duleep Singh, and the Duke of Newcastle; on Tuesday the laughable experiments with the Arrow screw sloop; on Wednesday Prince Albert's birthday.

Dinner was provided at 3 o'clock on the lawn near the house under marquees for upwards of 450 persons, and shortly after that hour the whole of the labourers employed on the Osborne estate, the seamen and marines of the Royal yachts, the detachment of infantry, and the Trinity-house and Coast Guard men doing duty at East Cowes, sat down. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Royal children and Maharajah Duleep Singh, walked through the different marquees and gave orders for dinner to commence. At half-past 4 dancing and rustic games were begun, and were carried on with great spirit till near dark in the presence of the Queen and Royal Party, including the Duchess of Kent.

To-day Mr. Albert Smith will, at the invitation of her Majesty, exhibit the "ascent of Mont Blanc" to the same humble guests of royalty as partook of Wednesday's fête.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Lord Haddo, the son of the Earl of Aberdeen, has been elected member for Aberdeenshire, in the room of his uncle, Admiral Gordon.

Lord Duncan has offered himself for the seat in Forfarshire, vacant by the death of Colonel Maule.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Seymour have been elected for Hull. A statue to the Duke of Wellington is to be set up at Brecon.

It is stated that within a few hours of the return for the boroughs of Barnstaple, Maldon, and Hull, Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., was retained in support of petitions against the returns, upon the ground of corrupt practices having procured such returns, and to defend the seats of the sitting members for the borough of Cambridge, against a petition threatened by the conservative party in that town.

Lord John Russell is lying in retirement at the Lakes. The *Globe*, of Saturday, announced that Mr. Lawley had only been continued temporarily in his post as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and that he is no longer.

Queen Victoria cannot, it seems, go to Liverpool, to open St. George's Hall, politics being too unsettled, and Prince Albert having decided to go to St. Omer, to witness the great manoeuvres that will take place there next month.

It is stated that the site chosen upon which to carry out this magnificent undertaking is the lawn in front of the Royal Dublin Society-house, Merion-square. The building is to consist of two extensive wings, running in parallel lines at the extreme verge of the lawn on either side, and terminating at the Dublin Society-house, one of which will be set apart for a National Gallery, and the other as a National Museum. With this object, Mr. Sidney Herbert, M.P., has granted a new lease to the Dublin Society for 999 years, and the Dublin Society will grant a similar lease to the trustees and directors of the National Gallery.



The King of Portugal arrived at Vienna on the 17th, and alighted at the Imperial Palace. He was received at the railway terminus by the Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor.

The Princess Zenaide Charlotte Julie Bonaparte died at Naples on the 8th. She was the eldest daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, and was born in Paris on July 8, 1802. She married her cousin, Prince Charles, the eldest son of Lucien Bonaparte, and leaves by him eight children. Her usual residence was Rome, where three of her married daughters and her eldest son, Prince Mussignano, are living.

Bou Maza, who has obtained permission from the French Government to serve in the Turkish army, arrived at Constantinople in the Ganges steamer.

The *Moniteur* collects puffs of incense from all quarters for its imperial master. This week it tells us how the Belgian Minister at Stamboul, in an interview with him at Broussa, asked Abd-el-Kader if his heart did not beat to take part in the cause of the Sultan. "My heart," said the Arab, with the skill of a courtier, "sleeps in peace since I became acquainted with the Emperor Napoleon, and it now desires nothing except it be the continuation of the glory of its benefactor."

The Belgian Government have refused a passport to the exile, General Lefebvre, at present residing in Jersey; the excuse is that the moment is not opportune. Colonel Charras has been ordered to quit Belgium, where he has resided since December.

M. Victor Considerant, M. Foudrin, M. Vander East, and some others, have been arrested in Belgium on a charge of fabricating "infernal machines" of an explosive order, intended to be used against the French Emperor. Considerant has been liberated.

The Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, in their peregrinations from home, have alighted at a village, near Vienna, where they now are.

General Prim and the Spanish officers in his suite have arrived in Paris on their way to Madrid.

The journals of Moscow announce the death of the Tsarevitch Elias Georgievitch, son of the last King of Georgia, George XIII. He died at Moscow on the 14th of July.

With the customary pomp of kingly burial, his late amiable, botanic Majesty of Saxony, was buried at Dresden on the 17th instant.

A new civic decoration has been instituted at Madrid as a reward for the "splendid feats of valour and patriotism which have immortalised the days of July." The decoration consists of a civic crown, with a gold band, bearing the motto, "To the defenders of the liberty of July, the gift of a grateful country." This crown is suspended by a red and green riband, indicating that the people shed its blood to reconquer liberty.

When the news of the capture of the Bomarsund reached Paris one hundred and one guns were fired from the Invalides.

The *Belgian Moniteur* says:—"A convention was signed on the 12th of this month at London for guaranteeing literary and artistic property between Great Britain and Belgium, and for regulating the tariffs of books, engravings, music, &c., imported from one country into the other. This convention will be presented to the Chambers at the opening of the session."

A host of new churches are to be set up in the modern Babylon: to wit, three in Paddington, three in Clerkenwell, and others in Whitechapel, Kensington, Hammersmith, Islington, St. Pancras, &c. The Queen subscribes 500*l.*, the Bishop of London 1000*l.*, towards the setting up of a church in Coventry-street, Piccadilly; Mr. Gellibrand Hubbard builds one at his own expense in Holborn; and Mr. William Cotton one at Limehouse. Verily the land will be edified—at all events with churches.

The lunatics of the Hull Borough Asylum were taken by train to the sea-shore the other day to picnic. There they danced to music played by one of themselves, and spent a happy day.

The Falmouth people declared against a proposition for a church-rate by so large a majority that the rector declined to recommend a poll.

There was a kind of revolution at Northampton, last week, that lasted for three days, arising out of a quarrel between a militia man and a shoemaker. The military were called out on Monday and Tuesday, and cleared the streets at the point of the bayonet. On Wednesday special constables proved sufficient.

Juries are certainly inclined to show little mercy to railway companies. At the Liverpool Assizes two actions for compensation were brought against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, for injuries inflicted in two separate accidents. In both cases a large sum of money was paid into court in satisfaction of the damage done, the companies pleading guilty of negligence. But the juries awarded to one plaintiff, in addition to 750*l.* paid into court, another 750*l.*; and to the other plaintiff, in addition to 500*l.* paid into court, 850*l.*

The effects of the Rev. William Presgrave, head-master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Sevenoaks, had been taken in execution by the sheriff, and the sale was fixed for Wednesday week. Meantime, however, Mr. Presgrave, unable to bear the shock, died. He was in the prime of life, and leaves a widow and several children.

The sentence of death passed upon Sarah Featherstone at the last Chester Assizes, for the murder of her child, has been commuted to penal servitude for life. The prisoner was recommended to mercy by the jury.

Mr. Holman, the governor of the Devonport Prison, has been appointed governor of the Monmouth County Gaol. There were 88 candidates. Mr. Holman was formerly connected with the London newspaper press.

Mr. Newcombe, of the firm of Newcombe, Griffiths, and Co., has been sent to prison for violating the Passengers Act. The firm undertook to send out many emigrants in the *Jane Green* to Melbourne. They failed to fulfil the contract, and became bankrupts. One of the emigrants, through the Emigration Commissioners, sued Newcombe for the passage-money and 10*l.* a head compensation; and, as he could not pay, he was sent to prison for three months.

The Lord-Lieutenant met with a slight accident on Saturday last at Baron's-court, county of Tyrone, the residence of the Marquis of Abercorn. While riding with Lord Claude Hamilton, his horse put his foot into a hole hidden by the grass and fell, throwing his rider to the ground, by which his thumb was dislocated and his face considerably bruised. Happily, however, no serious injury was sustained.

Four men lost their lives by an explosion of fire-damp in Linsd-hill colliery, near Barnsley. The works had gone wrong: some foul air had accumulated in the shaft; the men went down with a lighted candle, and it exploded.

The workhouse at King's Lynn fell down on Saturday. Fortunately the inmates had been removed. One man was, however, killed and two hurt. The house was part of an ancient tower, and has long been falling to decay.

The cholera has appeared here and there in the provinces. In Liverpool, last week, the deaths were 21. In Edinburgh, and Leith there had been 24 cases and three deaths, up to Wednesday. In Belfast, Antrim, Larne, and Lisburne, the appearance of the disease is also noted.

On Saturday a return was issued, from which it appears that Mr. Swabey's defalcations, as late Registrar of the Admiralty in Exchequer Bills in the Crown Funds, with respect to slave vessels captured, was 26,700*l.*

According to a return just printed, there were forty-two select committees appointed in the late session; 270 members served, and upwards of 300 did not serve at all.

It appears from a return which was moved for in the last session by Mr. Bright, and which has just been printed, that of the pauper children, between the ages of three and fifteen, who were chargeable to the poor-rates in the parishes and unions of England and Wales on the 1st of July, 1853, there were—attending day-schools at the cost of their parents or relatives, 66,653; attending day-schools at the cost of other persons, 29,154; not attending any day-school, 61,102; in work, 36,271. Fifty-nine unions had omitted to make any return.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two letters, on the "Duties of the Clergy," are under consideration. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

## The Leader.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

### Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

#### SURVEY OF THE WAR.

WE resume our survey of the war at a period when the prospects of the campaign of 1854 are brighter than ever. A slight retrospect will show that up to this day those gentlemen who so loudly complain of inactivity and procrastination, those who, knowing they may become the victims of cholera themselves, here in London, yet trace the virulence of that disease at Varna to the idleness of the Allies, have no foundation whereon to base their Babel tower of ignorant denunciation.

War was declared in March; in August the Turks are forcing their way over the plains of Wallachia, and an Austrian army marches down to intercept the return of the Russians, leaving the Turks free to press on if they please: in August, Russia is on the Sereth instead of the Danube; in August, the Allies are in the Crimea; and masters of Bomarsund. Those military critics who tell us that the position of the Allies in front of the Balkan, and the position of the Austrians in Transylvania and the Bukowina, did not help to defeat the Russians at Silistria; those who assert that the admirals in the Baltic have been instructed to spare the Russians, are totally unworthy of credit. No matter how brilliant may be the reputation of man or public writer, if he go contrary to facts, he is not to be trusted. We repeat, war was declared in March, and in August where are the Russians? They have fallen back to their own frontiers; they have kept close under their own batteries, and one of their strongholds has been wrested from them.

Looking out, then, upon the war-map, we have a pleasanter prospect to describe than we had six weeks ago. Then, Silistria had been relieved, and the Russians had crossed the Danube, but they still occupied the line of the Argisch, and their outposts stood strongly at Giurgevo. Now they have been driven from Giurgevo; forced back across the Argisch; across the Jalomniza, across the Sereth. By a well-combined movement the Turks marched upon Bucharest, entering it on the 8th August, establishing their headquarters in and around it, and pushing on, broken by sickness and the sword, wearied, in good order, into Moldavia. As but still in good position is this: the Russian position has contracted its front. It now stretches from the forts on the Lower Danube to Galatz, occupying the fortress or Braila as an advanced post; thence it extends upwards behind the Sereth to Jassy, perhaps farther, with an advance at Fokschani, to cover the withdrawal of the army from Wallachia. The advantage of continuing to occupy the Lower Danube and Braila is obvious. Retreat from the Lower Danube is easy, by a *tête de pont* to Ismail at Satunovo. In like manner the forces at Galatz may soon regain Russian territory by crossing the Pruth to Reni. Braila is a fortified place, capable of standing a regular siege. Thus, then, the Russians are not badly posted, and their new position has this advantage, that it is only exposed to a flank attack from Austria, which could be met by falling back and occupying both banks of the Pruth. Of course we know nothing of the plans of Omer Pasha or the Austrians. But the honour of both is pledged at least to recover Wallachia and Moldavia entirely from the Russians. If Omer Pasha press on, as he may, and the Austrians take post in his rear, it is clear that they must act as a reserve, and that, therefore, he can go forward, if it seem good to him, with perfect security.

If it be necessary, a combined movement of Turks and Austrians on the front and flanks of the Russian position, aided by a flotilla on the Danube, could only end by driving the Russians into Bessarabia. Such are the positions of the Austrians, Russians, and Turks on the left bank of the Danube.

But, exclaims the detractor of his countrymen in arms, where are the English—where are the French? Why are not they pressing on the Russians? Why didn't they relieve Silistria; why didn't they rush headlong in pursuit of the Russians in Wallachia and the Dobrudscha; and hurl the invader across the Pruth? Softly. Silistria was relieved by the presence of the allies, or the Russians would have taken it in time; there was no military necessity for following the Russians in Wallachia; for the position of Austria made them retreat, and the Turks are more than strong enough to pursue them. The Allies have a finer game to play. They aim at Sevastopol, and no doubt Sevastopol they will have. If we may believe the telegraph, the expedition sailed somewhere between the 14th and 20th August, and by this time must be in the enemy's country. It is impossible to say what plan of taking the place will be followed; whether it will be found necessary to land at Kassa, and march along the northern slopes of the chain of hills that look over the Black Sea, securing the harbours as the army proceeds, or whether a landing can be effected near to Sevastopol, we cannot say. High military authorities declare that a landing cannot be effected safely in any of the bays east of Cape Tchereson; and that a landing at Eupatoria, followed by a march through the desert stoppages, would be highly dangerous. While to land

anything at Balaklava would be impossible unless we had first secured it by operations on the land. There remains only Kaffa; perhaps, on the whole, the best point of debarkation. But the officers who have recently surveyed the coast may have discovered suitable places of landing nearer Sevastopol. Once at the place itself, it is conceived that there would be little difficulty in carrying it, after beating the Russian army, and mastering the weak defences on the land side; as Sevastopol, like Bomarsund, is commanded by heights and poorly defended in the rear. Let us wait patiently, then, while the combined expedition does its work. It is no child's play, and those who show an unbecoming ignorance of the enormous preparation required, and the unerring foresight which should forget nothing. Before the army moved, the Austrian occupation of Wallachia must have become a certainty; and every conceivable hazard must have been well weighed by the commanders.

Not so fortunate has been the career of the Turks in Asia. There the army, stationed all the winter at Kars, having been brought into fine order by the exertions of General Guyon, has been rendered useless by the timidity, ignorance, and weakness of the commander, Zarif Pasha. At the opening of the campaign the Turks occupied an extended position. One corps was stationed at Bayazeed, on the extreme right, covering the roads and passes leading to Syria. The centre stood at Kars; the left at Ardahan. Selim Pasha, who commands at Batoum, may be considered as heading an independent army. A glance at a good map will show that the fortune of the campaign depended on the conduct of the army at Kars. The whole plain in front of that town was indeed commanded by the works at Gumri on the left bank of the Arpachaj, which, even as Sevastopol dominates over the Black Sea, commands the plain of Kars. Early in July, the Turkish general drew in his left from Ardahan, and marched the army to Hadji-veli-Khoi, where there is a good position. The Russians, under Bebutoff, marched from Gumri to meet them. Here for at least twelve days the two armies stood face to face; and now the telegraph tells us that the expected battle has been fought, and that the Turks have been defeated. At Bayazeed there seems no reason to doubt their defeat; and thus the Russians have gained incontestable advantages in Asia, compensating somewhat for their losses on the Danube. For they have gained the pass at Bayazeed; and they have overthrown the sole living obstruction, the army of Kars, that lay between them and Erzeroum. Should the telegraph prove correct, the Turks have lost the campaign in Asia at one blow.

But we also have our advantages. We have taken Bomarsund; and have learnt a good lesson in the art of dealing with the casemates of the Czar. Bomarsund was a granite fortress, looking out grimly, with upwards of a hundred guns, upon a deep indentation of the shore of the largest of the Aland islands. Above it the ground gradually rose to a considerable height, and on these hills the Czar had raised three forts, constructed of granite, solid-looking enough to the eye. What was the course of the Allies? On the 8th of August they landed 10,000 men in three hours and a half. By the 13th the French had constructed a battery of eight guns, four mortars, and four 32-pounders, bearing against the western fort, the key of the whole position.

On that day, they brought their pieces to bear upon the round tower, and fired with little intermission all that day and the following night; the French riflemen, meanwhile, sheltered under the rocks, keeping up such a

patter of bullets on the embrasures as made it difficult for the Russians to load. In the morning the fort ceased to fire; its face was dreadfully battered; the riflemen walked in, and the fort was won. On the 15th the English, who had landed upon the north of the island, opened fire upon the eastern fort from a six-gun battery, and in about eight hours they had knocked away one side, the fort surrendered to the marines and blue jackets. All that day, at intervals, the ships had thrown shells upon the main fort; and Captain Pelham, who had landed a 10-inch gun, worked it gallantly in an exposed position against the west face of the great fort. On the 16th, after a few hours' firing, the fort surrendered, and 2000 men became prisoners of war. The whole operations had occupied only eight days!

Now, when we look at the small number of guns used to batter the towers, when we find that they knocked out the granite blocks in masses, and the rubble at their back in heaps; when we see how the embrasures were almost rendered untenable by the fire of the sharpshooters, we are disposed to agree with the remark of an eye-witness, that this siege has dispelled the illusion of impregnable granite forts. In this brilliant exploit, after all only the preliminary skirmish, the preface to greater enterprises, we see what can be done by ships and soldiers. We see courage, and strength, and gaiety, and invention, side by side, and we believe that the union of such forces can nowhere be resisted. The merest tyro must make this reflection—are all the forts of the Czar as weakly built, and as badly placed, as Bomarsund has proved to be? Is Sveaborg impregnable to a land and naval attack, conducted by the same men? Is Cronstadt? Then take the Russian target practice. When the Penelope was aground the great fort fired 123 shots at her. How many hit the mark? *twenty-three*. The conclusion is irresistible that if Bomarsund is a specimen of Russian building; if the fire on the Penelope, and on Captain Pelham's one-gun battery, be a specimen of Russian target-firing, neither Sveaborg nor Cronstadt can fail to share the fate of Aland.

#### THE CARDINAL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"ALL things to all men" is no doubt a perfectly apostolical maxim, and one singularly befitting a Prince of the Church, *in partibus infidelium*. The Church of the Sword whose hilt is at Rome, and whose point is over all the world, fights under the shield of an inflexible dogma, but with weapons polished and supple as the steel of Damascus. Universal in her claims and operations, the Church is Protean in her disguises and cosmopolitan in manners. To the severity of extreme old age she unites all the pliancy of eternal youth. Run your eye through the lives of the Popes, and in those mysterious impersonations you will find epitomised all the vices and almost all the virtues that can dignify or degrade that human nature which they half abjure. Examine the traditions of that Power whose sovereignty demands all intellect, all art, all science for its accomplices, all human laws, institutions, and authorities for its instruments or vassals, you will find every form and phase of human strength and weakness forged into an armoury of sacerdotal despotism. Democratic, absolutist, reactionary, progressive, flatterer and betrayer of all tyrannies, and all liberties in turns, foster-mother of the arts, and preserver of letters, refuge of the sciences,

Pagan, Atheist, ascetic, debauched, sanguinary, obscurantist, according to the age, the climate, and the nation—the Church that boasts of her majestic unity has flourished by the vigour of her infinite variety.

It is nothing new (in principle at least) to

find a real live Cardinal, an ultramontane Cardinal in purple and red, hot from the College of the Propaganda and the Congregation of the Index, lecturing in the guise of a sober English clergyman of liberal-conservative tendencies on the advantages of education. Even Mephistopheles is a perfect gentleman now-a-days.

We protest against any ultra-Protestant howl at the disguised Jesuitry of the Council of the Society of Arts, for having invited the most distinguished representative of "Anti-Christ" in this kingdom to "distil the slow poison of his ideas, drop by drop," into the minds of an unsuspecting audience. We leave to the *Record* the congenial office of vituperation. For our own part, we offer his Eminence a cordial and respectful welcome in the rôle he has assumed, not without a certain success. Let it not be forgotten that the Cardinal is the highest expression in this country of a party, which, throughout the Continent of Europe, is identified with reaction, oppression, and misgovernment, in their most cruel and forbidding aspects: of a party which anathematises the very name of liberty, the very idea of progress; treats science as an enemy, the printing press as an invention of the Evil One, and persecution of heretical opinions as a sacred obligation. It is the party that, to quote Mr. Gladstone, has "systematised the philosophy of perjury for monarchs," and elaborated the oppression and degradation of peoples: the party that in France applauds the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and prays for the return of the good old times of Huguenot massacres and *dragonnades*. It is the party that glorifies the Inquisition, and thinks the sport of burning heretics alive far more edifying than bullfights, and equally amusing. It is the party that with pens ever steeped in venom, and lips ever tremulous with insult, libels and defames all the glories and conquests of civilisation for the last three hundred years. It is the party that falsifies history to-day and invents a miracle to-morrow. It is the party of bleeding pictures, and nodding images, and winking wax-works, adept in all the chemistry and in all the pathology of "ecstasies." It is the party of organised ignorance, reaction, servitude, corruption.

May we not be pardoned for congratulating one who so worthily represents his party—by contrast! What will not change of air do—even for a Cardinal! Whatever he may be at Rome, in England he is a champion and advocate of popular education. Cardinal Wiseman has on more than one occasion, and in many ways less public, shown himself a man of the nineteenth century, and not personally hostile to civilisation. The authorities of the Crystal Palace have reason to acknowledge his frank and zealous co-operation. That he is a man of deep and discursive learning, of refined taste, and an eloquence at once copious and graceful, a subtle thinker and a powerful writer, is known to all the world of intelligence. The Council of the Society of Arts acted at once in a truly Catholic spirit, and with a judicious appreciation, when they solicited so important a personage to deliver a lecture in connexion with their Educational Institute. And his Eminence with equal sense and courtesy accepted the invitation. If

there is one popular error more than another he is doubtless anxious to explode, it is the Protestant idiom of a Cardinal. In no other country but England, we may suppose, could such a phenomenon as a Cardinal lecturing to a Protestant audience on the advantages of popular education be witnessed. Let us make the most of our opportunities. It is not often we get a Prince of the Church in our grip. It is worth while to examine with



some particularity the theory of education from such a source.

Cardinal Wiseman laments that our agricultural population have not the same benefit of "all the great discoveries and improvements of modern times as the mechanics living in great cities, who have access to reading-rooms, libraries, and lectures." He has a natural sympathy for that wholly unlettered class of the population "dispersed over the valleys and uplands," and "in sequestered nooks," in whom we find the Roman Catholic church so warmly interested throughout the continent. Ah! it is precisely this class of the population who make the best Catholics under proper auspices, and whose pious ignorance is a bulwark of the church in an unbelieving age. We can easily believe that the Cardinal would be glad to take the peasantry in hand, and to educate them 'up to the mark.' When his Eminence turns to compare our education of the poor with that in France, his allusion to the system of hawking or *colportage* is peculiarly infelicitous just now. The whole system of *colportage* is at this moment under reconsideration in France, and all moderate and rational lovers of liberty in that country are opposed to the organisation which the Cardinal suggests. If, therefore, the Cardinal desires to speak in England as an advocate of education and not as a Cardinal, he would do well to change his mind or his words, and to abstain from recommending a plan condemned after experience by all but those who desire to arrest the current of opinion, and to monopolise the mind of the people. The Cardinal laments that the 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 volumes annually hawked about in the rural districts of France contained a vast proportion of books "*filled with superstitions, and the exploded fallacies of astrology were still preserved in them as scientific truths.*" How touching and sincere is this disgust at "superstitions and exploded fallacies," this championship of scientific truths in so eminent a director of the College of the Propaganda and of the Congregation of the Index! What will his Grace the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen, who was wont to teach that the Ptolemaic system was, if not true, at least not disproved, say to this new defender of the Copernican system?

*Credo quia impossibile* is, it seems, not inconsistent with a horror of superstition and of "exploded fallacies." In November, '52, when the system of government now flourishing in France and so worthy of all imitation began to be tolerably established, it was resolved by the French Government to weed this mass of "noxious and foolish" literature, which had "infected every cottage in France" for 300 years. A commission was appointed, consisting of a notorious official editor, who had sold his pen to all parties and opinions, and of three or four insignificant litterateurs. Out of 7500 works submitted to their scrutiny, three-fourths were refused permission to be put in circulation. But the withdrawal of these works occasioned a void which must be filled. How? By the Government starting as author, publisher, and hawker on its own account. Now this scheme, not yet carried into effect, is universally repudiated by all independent opinions in France. In the first place, it is subversive of the liberty of commerce; it annihilates the book trade; it creates an enormous contraband market; it is economically absurd and politically false. Already the stamp has been found practically powerless, and this proposition of *credit moral et intellectuel* is likely to remain an unintelligible formula, invented by a political charlatan under the inspiration of the priests. Nevertheless, the Cardinal has the sagacity

to suggest a parliamentary committee to "inquire into the literature of the poor, examining, analysing, and classifying the works produced." A parliamentary committee is the only practicable substitute His Eminence reminds us, with an air of sincere regret, our imperfect institutions can find for the more "summary process adopted in France." We really must take the liberty to assure His Eminence that we don't want any "summary process," or any Parliamentary inquiry at all on the subject. He mistakes his latitude altogether when he proposes a censorship by way of promoting education. If he would deign to be a little more attentive to contemporary politics in England he would be led to observe that the days of all restrictions upon the activity of the Printing Press are numbered: the last taxes are doomed to early extinction, and men of all parties are persuaded that with the healthy competition of absolute freedom the noxious and foolish literature, of whose 'slow poison' he complains, will find in the public conscience the severest censorship. What the "noxious and foolish" may include, according to the Cardinal, we are at no loss to conceive: at Rome we know three-fourths of the books we are accustomed to revere and to cherish in this benighted country, from the Bible downwards, are officially condemned.

There is an odour of ecclesiasticism and a theory of governmental organisation about these suggestions especially repugnant to the genius of English liberty, and we must not permit the Cardinal to suppose that we have failed to detect, under the cloak of liberality and moderation, an insidious and pernicious attack upon that absolute liberty of "unlicensed printing," which a true Christian and patriot, by name JOHN MILTON, taught his countrymen to conquer and to defend.

#### WARMING-PAN-THEISM.

UNDER the significant heading SEIZURES FOR EASTER DUES, the *Preston Guardian* furnishes the following item of ecclesiastical intelligence:—

"On Monday last, Police-constable Breakell, Sergeant Walmsley, and Police-constable Dunderdale visited several houses and shops in Preston, belonging to members of the Society of Friends, and made seizures at each for the payment of 'Easter offerings, oblations, and obventions,' due by the owners to the Rev. J. O. Parr, vicar of Preston. The sums originally charged in payment of the due varied from 6½d. to 8½d., but with costs in addition, amounted to 15s., to cover which sum, goods were seized as follows:—From W. Clemesha, Avenham-road, two hams; from Isaac Fearon, Bank Parade, a sugar loaf and a ham; from Michael Satterthwaite, Bank Parade, two hams; from Joseph Jesper, Bank Parade, a copper kettle and a warming-pan; from David Wilcockson, Friargate, a canister of tea; from R. Benson, jun., Bushell-place, three brass pans, and from M. Graham, Friargate, two sugar loaves. In some cases the value of the property thus seized amounted to nearly 12. 10s., to cover a claim originally made—upon what grounds it is difficult to say—for 8½d. We understand that the property seized is to be sold by auction in the Orchard on Monday next."

Surely now, the bitterest and most determined contemner of the Establishment could devise no severer stricture upon its system than is contained in these simple matters-of-fact. Here are men oppressed into the support of a Church which they not only ignore but actively dissent from. Here is a respectable clergyman, backed up by so much of the law as may be represented by three police-officers, entering into private houses, making a *razzia* among the larders, and walking off with property worth from fifty to sixty times the amount of the original claim. Here is the law itself adding its screw to the force of oppression, by augmenting a claim of 6½d. into fifteen shillings, under pretence of costs.

If the supporters of such practices were not stricken with that folly which is said

to forbode destruction, we might reasonably expect that they would take these evils in hand of their own accord, before the roused strength of the people settled the matter for them: even those who acquiesce blindly, and take things indolently as they are, would be startled if they were told that their altars are supported upon a system of black mail—differing from the maintenance provided for the medicine-men of the Indians only in the violence with which the contributions are levied. But the truth is, that three-fourths of Churchmen are ignorant of these facts, and the remainder quietly salve over their consciences by saying that it is the law that vicars must be supported, and by the use of other arguments equally conclusive. Some, indeed, go so far as to assert, that because vicars of parishes do a great amount of general good, benefiting all sects alike, *therefore* these levies are legal; but nothing can be more illogical than this assertion—first, because the claim is made upon no such pretence; and secondly, because if it were, the services, being unsought, should in their nature be gratuitous.

We cannot say that we admire the manner in which these martyred Quakers resist the claim; we think that a systematic agitation against the evil would be more respectable and more efficacious; moreover, it seems likely that the dragging of hams and warming-pans into the dispute, may have the effect of covering both sides with ridicule. The vicar, having got possession of the hams and pans, will, of course, be callous to this; but the cause for which these gentlemen are fighting cannot afford to be treated otherwise than seriously.

We have heard that in many instances (possibly in this) vicars are in the habit of farming out these dues, thus delegating to others the odium of levying them. This only adds a deeper dye to the transaction; for it proves that the delinquents are fully sensible of the shame, and seek to rid themselves of it by shifting it upon other shoulders. This will not do; *qui facit per alium facit per se*, is a principle both of law and of reason, and we can by no means acquit the vicar because he robs the larders by proxy.

Upon the indifferent and the halting these doings are not without effect. Comparisons will be instituted, and these will sometimes be odious. For our part, we shall never look at Landseer's picture of *Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time*, without contrasting the fine old portly gentleman, whose eye displays a scholarly epicureanism, receiving the willing tributes of fish, fruit, and flesh, with the Vicar of Preston, backed by three policemen, priggish hams and warming-pans out of the kitchens of his unwilling parishioners.

#### EMIGRATION—THE MEANS OF GOING.

LIKE many other things emigration is good when it is voluntary, bad when it is involuntary. The involuntary emigrant is mischievous alike to himself and to the country which he joins. The working man who is exiled because he is poor, is punished for the crime of poverty; the convict who is exiled because he is criminal, punishes the colony for the crimes of the mother-country. Both kinds of emigration, it is to be hoped, are discontinued for ever. We wholly discountenance organised attempts to force emigration upon the working classes because their trade has decayed, or because their wages are falling and they are an incumbrance upon the business to which they have belonged. If manufacturers introduce improvements that throw hands out of work, they ought, as the State does, to compensate existing interests. There is no legal compulsion upon them to do so; but the moral claim is evident.

It is, nevertheless, most desirable that classes placed in the position of the Bradford wool-combers should thoroughly understand their relation to the labour market, and should be able to make a truly independent choice on the subject of emigration. Documents exist upon the subject, and few towns are so far from some emigration depôt as to be unable to obtain the requisite information. Mistakes may be made both ways. Many may be tempted to emigrate who are unfit, while those who may be really fit may not know the fact. It does not follow that indoor occupations totally unsuit men for colonisation; on the contrary, weavers have been found to make very good shepherds; we have heard of working tailors who have laid the foundation of a fortune by an intelligent enterprise in the building of iron cottages; and the plains of Michigan could parade before us a very miscellaneous regiment of agricultural settlers—men who furnish a part of the supplies for the corn-market of this country—who began life in all sorts of employment. If a man has tolerable health, and good understanding, is not too old, and is adaptable, he can usually find some employment in a colony; and besides earning enough to support himself, can earn enough to commence laying the foundation of a much better fortune.

In Australia, the most promising prospects lie with the regular labourers. Not the gold finders; but those who attach themselves to the constantly-advancing commerce, say of South Australia; in which there is an incessant social movement upwards. Labouring men are, year by year, advancing towards the position of landowners and gentlemen; and numbers who entered the colony as working men, or with a position yet more precarious, already see that they are laying the foundation of an hereditary house.

Now, the reason for the difference between the colony and the mother country is perfectly well known to economists; and the reason is not a vicious suggestion, although it has been sometimes advanced for unjust purposes. The reason is this. In a colony where land is abundant, but where labour is in a small proportion to land, and yet not too scattered to be productive, the price of labour is higher than the price of other things in proportion; in other words, a man having the command of plenty of land, and of many natural products, can make more by his labour than he consumes to sustain himself or his immediate dependants; and whether he does so as a separate settler or sells his labour to another man the result is the same: more comes in than he consumes. In this country, where land is limited in proportion to the numbers of the population, the things produced by land are limited in proportion to the population. Although improvements in commerce have augmented the surplus, that surplus is gained by trading more than by labour; it being, in fact, the product of the labouring industry of other countries. Here, therefore, there is a tendency, especially in the commonest employments, for the labourer to consume more than he produces. The way for redressing that false balance is to diminish the number of labourers in proportion to the work to be done. Some trades cannot be revived, and amongst them are those of wool-combers and hand-loom weavers. Nothing can induce people to buy hand-loom stuff at hand-loom prices, when they can buy power-loom stuff at power-loom prices; and nothing can make a manufacturer employ a wool-comber at wool-comber's prices, where he can do the same work at a less price. Amongst the wool-combers and hand-loom weavers, as well as in other trades, there is probably a larger proportion who could produce more than

they consume,—that is, have all they want and begin to be rich,—if they were in some colony instead of being in London, Bradford, or Bolton.

Now, besides the fitness of the man for emigration, and the fitness of the colony, there is also the fitness of the mode. Emigration is not difficult. The sum of money requisite can easily be ascertained by each person, according to the circumstances and the choice of a colony. It is probable that any man with well-understood character could borrow that money upon finding security for its return within a given period. This plan has been attempted collectively, and has always failed in that form. Emigrants have been sent over by our own Government, on condition of returning the money, sometimes in the form of instalments for the purchase of their own land. The returns have always been a mere fraction of the amount required. The colony of New South Wales has lately made advances for the same purposes—taking out emigrants under indentures, which bind them to serve for a certain period, until they shall have worked out the amount of the cost of their transit. There is every prospect that this also will be only one added to the list of failures. But it is quite certain that in nineteen cases out of twenty the individual emigrant would be amply able to return the money advanced for his transport; and it appears to us very probable that a well considered system of insurance for loans of this kind might give the working classes the means of overcoming the only difficulty before them. However, associations to assist emigration by some form of subscription can really do next to nothing; or, rather, can seldom be more than hindrance. The cases which came before the police court the other day, of an emigrant society which undertook to send out emigrants, and stumbled at its work, and of an emigration-agency firm which became bankrupt before it could fulfil its compact—thus coming within the scope of a penal law for the protection of emigrants—can both be excused on grounds quite consistent with honest intention. It is supposed that the association of persons in the interest of the working-class might assist the intending emigrant, by looking after his interests, or by securing him a passage on cheaper terms with greater comforts. Now, the fact is, that all these points have been well considered, and have already been secured either by the competition of traders speculating in the business of emigration, or by the care of Government. Emigrants themselves have done almost nothing for their own interests. Some years since the emigrant ships to North America were positive pest-houses, in which the emigrants starved and died of disease, in ships that were liable to sink at every puff of wind—and they did sink not unfrequently. They were, in fact, regarded merely as rotten lumber; for they were ships which brought back timber, and which did not require to be very sea-worthy in order to float such a cargo. The nuisance was suppressed, not by emigrants, but by the direct interference of Government; and at this day no emigrants possess sufficient knowledge of shipping, of provisioning, or of other requisites for voyaging; but it is supplied to them by the appointed officers of the Government. Thus, while shipowners, who make a trade of conveying emigrants, do much to render their vessels attractive, the Government inspector looks to see that the vessel is sea-worthy, that the arrangements are conducive to health, that the provision is sufficient and wholesome; and the assistance of the Government inspector can always be invoked by emigrants to secure all these requisites under penalty. Already, by competition, and by the endeavour of Government to facilitate

emigration, the cost has been reduced to the lowest point. There is nothing, therefore, in the shape of cheapness, comfort, safety, or health, which an emigrant can secure by the means of any association or intermediate trading agency; the most he can do would be to save a little trouble, which he had better take for himself. If the intermediate agency costs him nothing, it adds so much to the outlay, and is dearer than the ordinary mode.

#### COTMAN.

DR. COTMAN is much obliged to the *Times*, for the leading journal has elevated that person into a "distinguished" individual; whereas he was before only a strange individual. The most surprising part of his history, perhaps, is that he is *really* a physician. It is not surprising that he has been a Russian officer, since the Emperor Nicholas has a most indiscriminate swallow for American citizens just at present; and there are missions that can be bestowed, like the Island of Barataria, without any responsibility to the giver.

It is a great *coup* in Europe, or it seems so, for the Emperor to have American citizens in his public employment. He has had them before privately. More than one American has disgraced himself—no man can disgrace his country, unless his country adopt his actions—by acting as a spy for Russia, and serving to propagate Russian opinions through American journals. Western sagacity, however, has detected these poor knaves; they have been denounced, and whenever they have been known, they have been repulsed with indignation and contempt. For in truth there can only be one thing more repugnant to American feeling than the mean despotism of Russia, and that one thing is subserviency to the despotism. By the fault of Englishmen, by one of the most surprising mistakes of philanthropy, before the Republic became independent, slavery was forced upon the American colonies through English agency. We have never sympathised with the subsequent attempt of an almost equally mistaken philanthropy, which has endeavoured to force abolition upon the Union, notwithstanding all the horrors by which a sudden measure must inevitably be attended; but we have sympathised most heartily with the indignation of Americans at the cant of an Irish exile, who thought to curry favour with the republicans by *praising* the institution of slavery. If the Americans spurn subserviency to themselves, how must they abominate subserviency to the Russian despot! They have spurned these detected spies, and they laugh at Dr. Cotman, who is only superior to those spies because, with a goose-like ostentation of dignity, he comes as the public agent of the Czar.

The history of the man is curious. We have already mentioned the surprising fact, that he is a physician; but we suspect that there are moments which encourage the competent authorities to give diplomas upon an unconsidered impulse. Thus there are doctors wandering about the world miraculously *indocti*. Dr. Cotman went over to St. Petersburg, apparently on some speculation of making himself conspicuous, which is an easy thing to do if a man will consent to the conditions. The obscurest Member of Parliament might be the talk of the world for nine days, if he would grin through a horse-collar at the Speaker. If a republican will lick the feet of the tyrant, the tyrant will pat him on the back, and ticket him for the worship of the foolish. Dr. Cotman went to St. Petersburg on the licking expedition; some how or other forced himself, with Yankee energy, into the imperial presence; became a kind of ridiculous nuisance in St.



Petersburg society; and with his doctorship, his republicanism, and his servility, he actually procured a commission from the Czar, for garrison service, we believe. We presume, however, that his object was not to perform onerous duties at that post, for he remained only a short time, and returned to St. Petersburg, and so to his own country, with a commission to sell Sitka, the north-western corner of America, to the Republic. He did not, perhaps, leave Russia too soon; for his sudden departure, coupled with his English language, suggested to some acute Russians, who have as much facility as other folks for looking through mill-stones, that this precious Dr. Cotman was an English spy.

So at last the Doctor figures in a round half-dozen of capacities: he is a physician,—amazing fact! he is a great traveller; he is a Russian officer; he is an agent to negotiate between the great potentate and the Republic; he is an English spy; and above all, by favour of the *Times*, he has become, if we may be allowed the expression, of all the world the most distinguished—no, Balaam forbid our being so rude as to write the word!

Sitting on the summit of his own greatness, he begins inditing epistles to all and sundry, and amongst others he favours Mr. George N. Sanders, whom the authorities at Washington have chosen to lose for their representative here; he addresses Mr. Sanders as "Colonel" Sanders, and instructs that gentleman in the virtues of Russia and the vices of England. Mr. Sanders is at least as well able to judge of the European affairs as Dr. Cotman; he is no Colonel, and we have reason to believe that he gave the Doctor no authority to write to him,—that, in fact, the Doctor's epistle has first reached him in print through an American journal. But Cotman understands his trade. He will, it seems, undergo any disgrace to be distinguished; so that he associates himself with prominent names, he will bow down before the Czar. He may smile at being regarded as an English spy; and he can easily constitute himself the unauthorised correspondent of any eminent man. He is like the Snob who boasted that he had spoken to George the Fourth. "And did he answer you?" asked the friend to whom he boasted. "Oh, yes; in the most familiar manner." "What did he say then?" "He told me to go to the devil!"

#### DOMESTIC MOLOCH—HIS WIFE.

ARE we to understand the verdict of the jury in the case of Evans *versus* Robinson as a healthy reaction in favour of genuine morality, against cant and spurious morality? The case, indeed, was one sufficiently glaring in the character of its worst incidents, and the most prejudiced of juries might well pause, even at a former day, when everything was taken for granted in favour of an "injured husband." But we truly believe that the discussion of some deeds which were considered incapable of discussion, although they were not incapable of perpetration, has had a healthy influence on the public mind, and has beneficially reached even juries.

We know nothing of the present case beyond that which was stated in court. We have no desire nor any claim upon us to show favour for one side more than another. We will state the facts simply, as we find them.

The counsel for the plaintiff stated that his client, Mr. Lloyd Evans, "is a gentleman of good family and fortune in the county of Gloucester." We see it intimated by one of the witnesses that Mr. Evans was the son of a chemist and druggist in Tewkesbury—a statement not incompatible with his being a man of good family. A question also was raised whether his mother had been barmaid

at an inn before her marriage? Now men of family have married barmaids, and while the escoccheon descended untainted to the progeny, "new blood" would sometimes beneficially influence the stock. We affect, indeed, no contempt for "aristocracies." There has been no country in a state of greatness and advancement that had not, either germinating in it or developing itself, an effective aristocracy; that is, a body of men who were acquiring for themselves and their sons, by acts of gallantry and public usefulness, a name which secured them credit even by inheritance, and which constituted a standard obliging the children to maintain the honour of their parents. Every great and growing country has, under some name or other, its aristocracy; and it is a reproach and warning to our own country, that men who possess the opportunities of wealth and inherited honour, are so unambitious, so feeble, so self-seeking, so forgotten, that they do not make themselves felt as an aristocracy, but only as pensionaries and encumbrances. "God preserve our old nobility!" for in their dotage they evidently do not know how to take care of themselves. Men of family do wander into trade, and a younger son often becomes the tradesman "meek and much a liar." But whether attaining to the rank by inheritance or by achievement, the gentleman is known in the nobility of his actions; and he who marks a stain upon the inherited escoccheon, is lower than a churl, for he is a recreant. We must, however, judge Mr. Lloyd Evans by a high standard, since he claims to be of "good family."

In November, 1850, Lloyd Evans marries Sophia Carrington, the daughter of a gentleman who distinguished himself in the public service of Ceylon. Lloyd Evans was at that time thirty-two years of age, his wife five or six years younger; and they went to live at Leicester. It was a residence which Mrs. Evans did not like, but which Mr. Evans did, for they were in the house of his mother, and he enjoyed the sport of hunting, which ate up his leisure for many days in the week, from morn to dewy eve. There are intimations that about this time the lady showed some petulance; but the grounds of her chagrin are not stated. Let us note that in all these cases, the circumstances which constitute the grievance of the "injured husband" are brought forward with a complete and disgusting minuteness—witness the case of Norton, and this case almost as infamous; but the circumstances which beget motives on the other side—the injuries of the wife, sometimes the deep tragedy whose outward traces are a petulance looking pitiful enough,—seldom can be stated, almost never get thoroughly explained, and the judgment is as often *ex parte*. Whatsoever the cause, Mr. and Mrs. Evans did not agree; and in April, 1851, before the birth of their first child—which subsequently died still-born—they separated by mutual consent, under an agreement binding both parties never to seek a compulsory reunion. They were divided in the world, but the husband, it seems, required his wife thenceforward to maintain a life of abnegation; that he did so is evident from the nature of this case. We have no knowledge of Mr. Evans's conduct, and desire none; but we ask any man of the world whether, under such circumstances, husbands decree a life of abnegation for themselves? Mr. Evans suspected that his wife did not obey his idea of proper life; she was much with a Mr. Robinson, a gentleman fifty years of age, an old friend of her father's; and Evans, who had not secured her to himself in the only way by which man can secure a woman—that is, by thoroughly engaging her affection and her willing devotion,—suspected that Robinson might have done so. The evi-

dence does not show that the suspicion was groundless, but it evidently had very slight ground to rest upon, since on no other supposition could even an advocate in court justify the measures taken by the "injured husband" to procure testimony.

Let us always remember that Lloyd Evans is a man of "good family," having, of course, the right to bear arms, and bound by that right to behave honourably to all, but most especially towards women; and he regards a wife as a thing sacred.

He had no proofs against his own wife, but he suspected her, and he invoked an intervention to assist him in preserving the sacred relation. What was the intervention? It was that of a detective officer of police. The officer of police went to the wife's lodging,—induced the landlady to tolerate his intrigues,—introduced into the house a woman who was ostensibly cook, but was really a spy,—instructed her how to keep watch upon the wife,—and supplied her with an instrument for rendering the espionage effectual.

That instrument was a gimlet.

In former days the injured husband, doubting the uprightness of another gentleman, would have invited an explanation or an appeal to the sword. In this superior age, it seems we have substituted the gimlet for the sword. The gimlet is the trusty weapon by which the injured husband is to redeem his honour.

Mrs. Grocott, the matron who condescended to co-operate in this mission for the redemption of Mr. Evans's honour, employed the implement, under the advice of the detective, to bore holes in a sitting-room door; the door thus perforated, a private room was rendered by Mrs. Grocott, and two other women who were with her, a peep-show for spying upon the conduct of the lady. The injured husband,—who must have regarded the marriage relation as something sacred—who had of course professed the tenderest regard for Sophia Carrington when she surrendered herself to his care—thus gathers a story with revolting details, and drags it into court for the amusement of the whole British empire next day in the columns of the *Times*. And this is done in order to obtain some legal triumph—some technical release, against a woman from whom he was already separated in fact; who had not crossed his path, who suspected no such pursuit.

Supposing that the story told by Mr. Evans's witnesses were true,—which we have no reason to suppose, for persons who could hire themselves out to the meanness of espionage are guilty of a worse offence than concocting a lie—the real question involved in the case is whether justice would be furthered by giving a triumph to the husband over the wife? Who had done the greatest wrong to the other? who had most outraged natural feeling? who had inflicted the deepest wounds upon morality? Such cases, indeed, have hitherto been judged entirely upon fanciful grounds—a presumed state of society which does not exist. But who was the offender here, who the wronged? Was the woman who might have done that which was stated in the story disbelieved by the jury, or the husband who thus pursued the wife that he had parted from for ever,—who used these means to spy upon her actions,—and, violating every dictate of delicacy or mercy, dragged the story, true or false, before the eyes of the world? Can daules we despise for making a show of his wife's beauties: but what are we to think of the Anti-Can daules who tears down the curtains of the nuptial couch, from which he has parted for ever, in order to pillory his wife in public contempt, while he asks a detective and a hireling to aid him in exposing to shame the faults and weaknesses of a helpless woman?

## REAL ESTATES CHARGES BILL.

THIS bill, though its title proclaims clearly that our laws are not yet purified of the old muddy Mediæval jargon, is a just and effective measure; and as it has passed a second reading in both Lords and Commons, and has not emanated from Government, there is considerable chance of its becoming law. Mr. Locke King, at the commencement of the session, introduced another bill, which proposed, on the death of an owner of landed property, without having made any disposition of his estate by will or settlement, to allow his children or next of kin to succeed equally; in other words, in case of intestacy, to make the devolution of real estate similar to that of personal. This seemed a moderate and innocuous proposition enough. All present and future owners of land were still to be allowed the ineffable luxury of carving out estates in tail male general, and special, with limitations over *ad infinitum*, of cumbering their muniment rooms with sheep-skin contrivances to hold the land in bondage from generation to generation—the manufacture of which parchment lumber might still be productive of much emolument to Mr. Quirk, the attorney, Mr. Mouldy Mortmain, the conveyancer, and Mr. Calf, the law stationer, and whose intricate provisions might occasion an interminable quantity of occupation to the chancery courts and the gentlemen of the horse-hair confederacy. The sacred principle of primogeniture and the right of uncontrolled disposition were left untouched, except in cases of intestacy. Thenceforth, as before, any largely-acred gentleman might place his eldest son in sole possession of his landed property to the exclusion of the claims of his other children, and the first born might reign over the paternal acres swollen with an isolated and undue importance, reminding us of the show gooseberry, which arrives at a monstrous and succulent rotundity by the extinction of the rest of the crop. We might still have had our Dukes de Grandgousier (*interopes inopes*) in a state of imbecile poverty on three hundred thousand a year. Who does not remember the late scene in court, when a noble leviathan confessed to the possession of princely mansions which he could not afford to inhabit, of estates so unwieldy and various that he could neither know their extent nor look to their management, of establishments so gigantic that they were and are the very *barathramacelli*, the very maelstroms of industry and comestibles, and complained that he himself was the easy and helpless spoil of armies of serving-men in and out of plush. There was nothing in this first bill to prevent a section of society from being fitly represented by the indefinite multiplication of such pyramids of acrobats as are, or used to be, seen at Astley's. The base or foundation are the labouring multitudes, jammed, heaped, pent together pell-mell, prostrate, stunned, and crushed beneath the intolerable weight of the superincumbent strata of society. Half-way up come the middle-classes, both giving and receiving pressure, but still in an endurable position. On the top of this lofty, disorderly, and writhing mass—whose fault is its height and its disorder—some Marquis of Steyne, who may be a child, a fool, or a blackleg, has piled his town and country possessions, his broad acres, and his ponderous architecture, seats himself gaily on the apex, and endeavours to keep his balance. All this excellent social structure and order was still to have continued; The younger sons of the marquis might still have been provided for by the public. The English people have a sneaking kindness for noble young bloods, and for having their public offices filled with them; it tickles them to see the Hon. Mr. Verolles fill an embassy on the Continent, or the Hon. Mr. Deuce Ace with a good berth in the treasury, who will gallantly get rid of their appointments in ruffled shirts, kid gloves, patent leather boots, and opera boxes, and other less mentionable ways. How could John Bull, that generous fellow, endure to see sober Mr. Beauchere, who sagged hard for his degree, or young Lively, who is a writer and a linguist, in such places, neither of whom ever threw a main or kept a French mistress in their lives, and have even had a hard matter to live, and whose advancement would be shared in by their respective mothers, brothers, and sisters, who all saw the black side of the world which Messrs. Beauchere and Lively, seniors, went out of it unexpectedly some years ago? The public money might still have been

safe from being dissipated in any such stupid and ignoble manner. Mr. Locke King was too wise, a man to think of openly assaulting such respectable and inveterate institutions; he merely proposed, that in case an owner of land in the course of his life should not have settled or devised his estate, then the eldest born son should not have the whole by law. And as landed gentlemen are tolerably vivacious, and usually take out the whole of the Psalmist's allowance of years, the absence of any disposition in favour of the first son would show they had no anxiety to exalt him at the expense of the rest of their children. Mr. Locke King's equitable proposition was rejected with much indignation by the representatives who are the spontaneous choice, barring bribery, of a justice-loving people; for as Lord Campbell astutely observed in the Lords, after saying he received the measure with alarm, if the law were to declare for justice in any case, the people might practice it in all cases; and the aristocracy, who, to give them their due, generally accept the morality of the crowd, would follow their example; and what would then become of a nobility, without whom arts and commerce, laws and learning, are of such infinitesimally small value?

After such a repulse, Mr. Locke King, like a true liberal, returned again to the assault with the present bill, whose object is to abolish some of the evils of the present laws of descent and administration, if these laws themselves must remain unchanged. The most flagrant injustice of the present system is in respect of mortgaged estates. Such is the affection with which the heir of landed property is regarded by the law, that all the mortgage debts contracted by a deceased owner on the credit of his lands are paid out of the personal estate, to the impoverishment and destitution of all the family but the heir. For example: if John Styles mortgaged Blackacre, as grim old Coke would say, for 30,000*l.*, in order to improve the estate by subsoiling, opening of mines, or building, although the estate might be raised tenfold in value, yet the 30,000*l.* was, in slippery legal phrase, said to be borrowed in aid of his personal estate, which on his death would be bound to repay the whole sum to the heir. Nor did the evil stay there, but it might so happen that the whole of the personal estate of a purchaser of mortgaged property might be applied to the payment of a debt not his own; his heir might come into exclusive possession of a large estate, while his mother, brothers, and sisters, might have no resource but his charity or that of the parish. Other instances equally hard might be mentioned; and when to these evils are added those of the subtle legal definings and distinctions growing thereout (such as the complication of judicial decisions as to what amounted to the adoption of the debt on a purchase of mortgaged property, or as to what was a sufficient expression by the testator that an estate should go *cum onere*—that is, bear its own burden), we think we can congratulate the country on having one black patch the less on its reputation for justice, and one nest of legal snares the less in its legal Reports. All land will, after the passing of the bill, descend to the heir or devisee, subject to the incumbrances existing upon it.

We cannot, however, regard the improvement as a step towards the abolition of the absurd rule of primogeniture. The tighter the pinch the more chance there was of a thorough restoration of the old Saxon principles of equality of inheritance as manifested in Gavelkind—the real common law of old England; but now, since this evil has been remedied without touching the main body of the system, there is one blot the less to call attention to. Nevertheless, notwithstanding that Mr. Crowdy, and sleek and respectable opulency hoist the nose as though they sniffed Communism in the wind when the matter is mentioned, we cannot but feel that the day is coming when this posthumous relic of feudalism will be abolished. In those strong and iron ages the custom had meaning and value, but it is time now it had gone to join primer seizures, escheat, wardship, and the other feudal incidents; and although one does not hear an argument for or against it of which "God's men and column" are not weary, yet the subject must necessarily be agitated until set at rest for ever. It is to be hoped that human nature has not descended so terribly from the Spartan and Ro-

man heights but that some patriotism and well-doing—an occasional *bene meruit de patriâ*—may be produced, though every Englishman should not be stimulated by the hope of becoming the founder of a family—the *mega thauma* of a perpetuity of flunkys. As matters stand now, perhaps here and there a cold-blooded lawyer, or a mammon-loving speculator, may have a little public spirit infused into them by such an incitement, and Englishmen in general admire the motives of action and the action. The fault lies in the morality of the nation. Let the people love justice a little more, they will admire such vulgar aims less, and will desire equitable rules of inheritance. The House of Commons—the articulating head of the people—will obey the national will, and move; and the Lords will naturally follow, unless such an unfortunate dissolution of continuity should on this occasion happen to the country as an old scholiast tells us occurred to Theseus, who by reason of a too long sitting in the same position, and a consequent adherence of the region of the *os sacrum*, lost a considerable part of his person on a too speedy removal by the rough-fisted Hercules. S.

## L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE EN RUSSIE.

[We have received the following interesting communication from Ivan Golovin. It has reached us too late for translation.]

L'EMPEREUR NICOLAS en montant au trône, a dit dans son manifeste: "Parents, tournez votre attention sur l'éducation morale de vos enfans . . ." Mais par morale, il n'entendait pas ce qu'on entend généralement; il venait de triompher d'une insurrection militaire, et pour en prévenir de nouvelles il recommandait aux parents d'inculquer à leurs enfans le fétichisme du Tzar!

Lorsque Ouvarof succéda au Prince Lieven au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, il prit pour devise ces mots: "Orthodoxie, Autocratie et Nationalisme." Il suivit ces mots d'ordre à la lettre, et cependant son successeur, le Prince Schikhmatof a su renchérir sur lui. Dans son rapport à l'Empereur pour l'année, 1851, nous lisons:—

"En même temps que les vérités salutaires par l'enseignement de la loi divine ont été répandues il a été mis une fin aux raisonneuses séductrices de la philosophie, et l'enseignement du droit public des puissances Européennes a été supprimé comme ne présentant dans les bases ébranlées de leurs institutions politiques rien de solide et de positif."

"La nomination par le Gouvernement des recteurs des Universités (ils étaient électifs auparavant), et la garantie d'une surveillance vigilante de l'enseignement, suivant les instructions confirmées par votre Majesté, ont mis un terme à l'accès des opinions et commentaires qui, venant des pays étrangers, se mêlaient par fois au développement des sciences."

La barbarie russe jette souvent la pierre à la civilisation Européenne, l'accusant de pervertir la morale. Mais en quoi consiste donc cette morale Russe? L'assassinat, le poison, la débauche regnent à la cour, le vol et brigandage marquent la politique et l'administration Russe. Pour ne pas laisser aux officiers le temps de penser, ou les accablant d'exercices, on propage l'ivrognerie et la paillardise, et les vices qui regnent au Corps de Pages et aux instituts des demoiselles nobles sont de telle nature que notre public "immoral" nous défend d'en faire mention. L'amour de la patrie n'est que l'amour du Tzar, et nous déclarons que l'obéissance aveugle est ce qu'il y a de plus immoral, car elle fait de l'homme une brute. Prêchez par vos actions, gouvernez par la justice et avec la liberté, et les partisans que vous acquerez alors le seront de cœur et non pas des amis achetés.

Le Ministère de l'Instruction Publique en Russie publie une revue mensuelle. Nous trouvons dans un de ses numéros l'analyse d'un panégyrique de la Russie: *Russische Zustände von A. Zando, Hamburg*. Il est curieux de laisser parler le censeur officiel:

"Depuis qu'à l'Occident de l'Europe, sous l'influence des passions politiques la parole humaine est devenue un instrument de mensonge dans les livres, des démagogues, qui se parent des titres d'historiens, de professeurs, de romanciers et de poètes ou de touristes, nous avons toujours rencontrés dans les produits des littératures étrangères des sorties absurdes contre la Russie." Voilà un début qui promet, et les louanges ne sont pas épargnées à M. Zando qui n'en a pas épargné à la Russie. "En Russie dit le voyageur allemand, tout le monde vit tranquille, sous l'égide de la légalité; aucune tendance insurrectionnaire ne menace en Russie la propriété du sujet paisible."

Il y a des gens qui voudront prouver qu'il n'y a en Russie ni servage ni espionnage ni prévarications. M. Zando a été un mauvais prophète en disant



"qu'avec le temps la flotte russe jouera un grand rôle et étonnera le monde. La force de la Russie croît de jour en jour sur terre et sur mer, et son influence s'augmente dans la même proportion." La flotte russe a ordre de n'accepter de combat qu'étant trois contre un, et jamais l'influence russe n'a été plus discréditée.

Mais revenons à l'instruction publique. Il y a 2183 écoles en Russie et le nombre des élèves n'est que de 118,470. Dans toute la Sibirie il n'y a que 3770 écoliers!

Il y a 6 universités; celle de Pétersbourg avec 369 étudiants, de Moscou avec 821, de Dorpat avec 587, de Kharkov avec 407, de Kiev avec 595, de Kazan avec 329. Il n'est donc pas vrai que le Tzar a, en 1849, limité le nombre des étudiants à 300, à chaque université comme on l'a prétendu à diverses reprises.

Si la philosophie et le droit public ont été bannis de la Russie, la langue Grecque a été, dans la plupart des gymnases, remplacé par l'enseignement des sciences naturelles, mesures que nous ne pouvons qu'approuver, car nous préférons toujours les sciences vivantes aux langues mortes.

L'Académie des sciences est composée de 45 membres. On sait que c'est l'impératrice Catharine II. qui l'a formée en nommant pour présidente Madame la Princesse Dashkof qui a fait un bon discours à ce sujet. Depuis ce corps s'est recruté par des nominations gouvernementales. On ne s'est pas douté que M. Polenof, chef des archives et d'un département aux affaires étrangères, décédé en 1851, a été président de la section littéraire de l'Académie, et a été remplacé par le conseiller d'état actuel Davidoff. La bibliothèque de cette académie a 93,000 tomes.

Avec un budget de moins de trois millions de roubles (400,000L.) on ne peut guère faire beaucoup pour l'instruction publique. Le chiffre des livres Russes paraissant dans l'empire, originaux, n'atteint pas mille par an et celui des éditions périodiques y compris les journaux, est de 102. Il a été emporté 767,000 volumes de l'étranger dont 11,000 ont été retournés comme défendus. Le royaume de Pologne introduit à pas 30,000 volumes, en nombres ronds; par an.

IVAN GOLOVIN.

P.S. Joukovsky, le poète Russe et l'instructeur du Grand Duc Héritier est mort à Baden-Baden en Avril, 1851, et avec lui meurt l'amienne littérature Russe. Le journal de l'instruction publique a inséré une pompeuse relation de sa mort faite par le prêtre Russe à Stuttgart. Après avoir communiqué, il a vu apparaître Jésus Christ, que ne fait pas l'imagination surexcitée d'un poète pieux! Sa figure, après sa mort portait "l'empreinte d'un homme juste." Il avait dit à son domestique: "Basile, des que je serai mort place sur mes yeux deux pièces de florin et bande moi la bouche pour que ma vue ne soit pas effrayante."

Derrière son cercueil on porta 30 décorations et ordres différents, et le gouvernement paye ses œuvres 38,000 roubles argent. On en conclut qu'il protège les talents, mais le Satan lui-même aime ses amis; et Joukovsky était l'auteur du Russian "Save the Czar."

## Open Council.

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

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

## INDIA.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—I said in my last letter that the natives were tolerably apt at learning the names of historical personages, and the dates of events. But I did not render them full justice: they are at least as quick in confusing and forgetting as in acquiring information. About two years ago the first class at the Calcutta Madressa—or university—competed for a prize, and the following answers were returned by some of the most promising youths:

Q. Who was the father of King Henry I.?

A. Harold—Rufus—Richard the Lion-hearted.

Q. Who was the son of King John?

A. Richard II.—Henry V.—Edward I.—and Edward II.

Q. Was Richard I. a good and dutiful son?

A. Richard the Lion-hearted of course was a good and dutiful son to his father.

The four leaders were unanimous on this point. But these answers are scarcely so comical as one given to Sir Henry Elliott, by a pupil at the Delhi College. The lad was singled out for his proficiency in mathematical and scientific knowledge, and many of his replies evinced considerable familiarity with the ordinary phenomena of creation. However, when Sir Henry inquired why the earth revolved, he made a polite gesture and said: "By your good pleasure, Sahib"—a favourite expression of the natives when

addressing a superior, whose omnipotence and omniscience it would be bad manners to appear to question. Many young men at the Delhi College—an institution singularly fortunate in having for its Principal a Cambridge gentleman of vast and varied attainments—have seemingly become thoroughly acquainted with the lower branches of the mathematics; and yet when they were sent to the Engineering College at Roorkee they failed to turn their previous training to any account. They were totally at a loss how to apply their theoretical learning, and it was found that they were not one-half so useful as the non-commissioned officers and privates of her Majesty's regiments, who knew almost nothing before they went up. You cannot get a native to think. He is like a man humming an air, and skipping the half notes. He has a glimmering of the truth, but only through a hazy medium.

This "fogginess" of intellect is a great drawback to their holding judicial appointments. But there is a still greater objection: they have an itching palm. From time immemorial it has been the custom of the East never to address a superior, or even to open a negotiation of any kind, without making some sort of offering to conciliate favour. It is a pleasant and kindly custom, but, unfortunately, very liable to abuse. And it is dreadfully abused. The consequence is, that the native courts are one mass of corruption. Mr. Wilson, of Moradabad, brought to light the nefarious practices of the Agra Umlah, and many of the most guilty were dismissed. Further investigation, however, proved that the judicial administration of the entire country was tainted in an almost equal degree, and it was found necessary for the time to connive at such universal infamy. The vakeels, or attorneys, are enormously rich, owing to the presents they receive from both parties; and in a suit of any importance there is not a single person—from the door-keeper to the native judge—who is not presented with a gift of greater or less value. They will tell you that their gifts are not bribes in our acceptance of the term—they are nothing more than tokens of respect. But an Asiatic prince discovered some centuries ago that gifts pervert the wisdom of the wise, and I am inclined to think that human nature is not much changed since the days of Solomon.

It is very certain, however, that we do not give sufficient salaries to the native officials. There is a mistaken notion that a native can live upon less than an European. And so he can, if "living" be only the quantity of "comestibles" consumed in the course of twelve months. But a native is valued by his own countrymen according to the display he makes. If he would be respected he is compelled to be ostentatious—to clothe himself in brave attire—to have a large retinue of servants—to make largesses to the poor—and at times to construct public works, *nam-he wasty*, "for the sake of the name." He feels that he must make a parade, and he will do it. If his salary is suited to his rank and social position, he may do his duty like a man of honour. Otherwise, he will certainly make up the deficiency as best he can.

As there are still some other points to be noticed, I must ask leave to trouble you once more. J. H.

## MR. G. N. SANDERS'S LETTER.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—With your permission I will make a few remarks on Mr. G. N. Sanders's letter to Kossuth and others, which appeared in your paper some weeks ago.

The object of the letter was to induce the leading republicans of Europe to refrain from speaking or writing against American slavery. Mr. Sanders would fain persuade the democrats of Europe that by interfering in any way with the question of American slavery they will injure the cause of freedom on both sides of the Atlantic. I think otherwise. In my opinion the democrats of Europe would *aid* the cause of freedom in both worlds by writing and speaking against American slavery. Every censure uttered by them against the revolting institution tends to weaken the slaveholding despotism, and to strengthen and encourage the friends of the slave. Nor will the faithfulness of European democrats, in denouncing American despotism, lessen their power to grapple with despotism in Europe. It will increase it. It will vex the slaveholders we grant; but what of that? It will please the friends of freedom, and *they* are the only people in America that have the will or the power to aid European republicans. The slaveholders have enough to do at home; and they always will have, so long as they have such an unnatural and inhuman institution as slavery to uphold. Besides, it would be madness to expect slaveholders, the worst of all despots, to side with thorough-going democrats. They will side with their like. The cause of despotism is one, and the despots of every land will rally round it. The cause of freedom is one the wide world through, and the slaveholders know it. They know that to establish freedom in Europe is to endanger their pet institution; hence they had rather limit than extend the liberties of the nations of Europe. They are doing their utmost at

this moment to destroy the freedom of the press and freedom of speech throughout America. They have succeeded in their nefarious efforts in the South; and if they have not succeeded in gagging the North we must thank the Garrisonian Abolitionists. The American slaveholders would gag all Europe if they could. They feel that their accursed institution cannot stand if men are allowed to speak and write against it. If the democrats of Europe were in the hands of the American slaveholders they would be gagged before to-morrow. Would the men that imprisoned Mrs. Douglass, that shot Lovejoy, that offered five thousand dollars for the head of Garrison, that gnash their teeth at Theodore Parker, and are as impatient as famishing tigers for his blood, be tender of the democrats of Europe? Would the men who murder democrats in America, in defence of the most infamous institution on earth, risk their own lives, or sacrifice their own gains, in behalf of freedom in Europe? Vex the slaveholders of America as you may by a faithful and consistent denunciation of their injustice and cruelty, democracy will be no loser in consequence. It will be a gainer. The anti-slavery men of America have both the will and the power to aid democracy in Europe. And their power is daily increasing. And when they see the *Leaders* of democracy in Europe espousing the cause, not of a nation, but of MAN, they will aid them to the utmost.

The anti-slavery men in America are aiding the democrats of Europe continually. Every blow they strike at the monster slavery is a blow at old-world despotism. American slavery is the disgrace and the weakness of democracy. The abolitionists are labouring to wipe away that disgrace, and to remove that weakness. If American republicanism had been consistent with itself—if it had not been hampered and cursed by an unnatural alliance with slavery, it would have shamed or driven the despotisms of Europe out of existence long ago. The existence of American slavery is the life of European despotism; the abolition of American slavery will be its death. The slaveholders do not sympathise with the democrats of Europe; the abolitionists do. I have mixed with them both, and I know what I say. The slaveholders do not sympathise with the oppressed peoples of Europe. They would like to be their rulers; but they have no desire to see them free. They laugh at the Declaration of Independence, and call it a rhetorical flourish. They lay down principles which would justify the enslavement of whites as well as blacks. They do enslave whites. Many of their slaves are not only more than half white, but quite white. No tinge of African blood can be detected in them. And they would as readily enslave the whites of Europe as the whites of America, if they could. Mr. Sanders himself lays down principles in justification of American slavery, which are just as applicable to the enslavement of whites as blacks. The American slaves "are not a refined and civilised people," he says, "but a benighted race." Here the principle is laid down, that any people who are not "*refined and civilised*"—any people who are "*benighted*," may rightfully be enslaved. Are the peoples of Europe all refined and civilised? Who are to judge? The slaveholders, of course. And we may guess what their judgment would be, if they were short of hands. Besides, says Mr. Sanders, slavery has a good influence,—it tends to elevate the benighted races. "The American slaves are advancing, under the care of their American masters, from barbarism to a highly respectable grade of civilisation and Christianity." Why, then, should not its refining, elevating, civilising, and sanctifying influences be extended to the peasantry of England and Ireland, and to the serfs of Poland and Russia? I repeat, the slaveholders of America are the foes of popular rights, of popular freedom, the world over. There is a depth of depravity, an intensity of villany, in the hearts of those traders in men and women, and in the hearts of many of their apologists, of which those who are not acquainted with them can form no just conception.

But I must draw to a close. I wish I could have the privilege of reviewing this letter of G. N. Sanders at full length. It is one of the most discreditable and revolting productions I ever read. The man that can read it without disgust and indignation, as Kossuth seems to have done, can be no consistent, world-wide republican. If the representatives of republicanism in Europe do not spurn the suggestions or Mr. Sanders with contempt and scorn—if, like Mitchell, of Ireland, they throw themselves on their faces in the dust, before the most heartless and cruel of all tyrants, and pledge themselves never to remonstrate with the persecutors and murderers of some of the best and bravest reformers that earth ever saw—if they form an alliance with kidnappers and menhunters—with the framers of Fugitive Slave Laws and Nebraska Bills—in vain will be their professions of disinterestedness and philanthropy, their love of freedom and humanity. Their power to elevate and bless mankind will be at an end, and the masses of the oppressed and suffering will lose all faith in them for ever.—Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH BARKER.

## Literature.

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

EVERY autumn, the *Times*, let loose from its Parliamentary duties, amuses its leisure by a raid into the field of literature. It glances into the literary arrears of the past six months or so, and fulminates a spare column or two, every third or fourth number during the political recess, at some famous book, or some new literary notability. Then authors pray and tremble. What the weekly or monthly or quarterly journals of literature have said or may say, has its interest for them; but the chance of a review in the *Times*! To have one's name blown—it may be, blasted—over the whole area of Great Britain, and round a considerable bit of the planet besides! It is in vain that people call up the reflection that the *Times* reviewer, could he be seen bodily in his own person, is probably a mere man, like the rest of us, with thoughts of a strictly appreciable value, and often, perhaps, at a loss how to finish his sentences. It is not the mouth, it is the tremendous trumpet; and the worst of it is you can't blow back through the broad end of the trumpet—i. e. you can't redargue. THACKERAY had some success, indeed, in the attempt to do so, when the *Times* attacked his *Kickleburys on the Rhine*. Even he, however, was successful only in metropolitan circles. A TENNYSON, on the other hand, must possess his soul in silence, suffer the blast to die away, and trust to that great soul of the world which is just.

On Thursday the *Times* had an article on Poetry, in the shape of a review of BAILEY, the author of *Festus*; Mr. BRADBURY, whose "name of war" is *Quallon*; and GERALD MASSEY. To all the Thunderer was unusually kind. From certain passages in the article, however, we infer that the *Times*, like the author of *Firmilian*, has taken up the cause of what may be called the literary reaction—reaction, at all events, against the tendencies of such recent poets as BAILEY, ALEXANDER SMITH, and SYDNEY YENDYS. Speaking of the tendency of this school of poets to excessive richness of imagery, and to indirect and occult expression of their thoughts, the Reviewer says:—

"What is the hopefulest remedy for this prevailing, this epidemical disease of our modern verses? We answer confidently, the diligent, the loving study of the masters of poetical expression, such as Dryden, Pope, and Gray. While these authors are being read, Shelley and Keats must be put aside. Even Spenser may be left on the shelf for a season. The constitution of our younger poets wants bracing; and during a course of 'Pope' or 'Dryden' the diet of the mind should be strictly regulated. These poetical springs contain iron, and are to be drunk alone. Twelve months of such medicine and exercise may work wonders."

This is likely to do good; it amounts, however, to a direct denial of the doctrine which, since COLERIDGE's time, has been in the ascendant, that the interval between MILTON and WORDSWORTH was to be regarded as a kind of interregnum in English literature, during which there was no poetry—or little poetry, properly so called, but only, by way of substitute for it, a great deal of very excellent *intellection* (wit, sarcasm, criticism, declamation, and such like) in verse. Does the *Times* wish to refer back our young writers to this period as the age whose spirit they ought to breathe? Probably not. The reviewer seems only to recommend a course of "DRYDEN" and "POPE" by way of a corrective against present influences; and, above all, as a training to manly directness and concision of style. The figure of the "iron" is a good one; our young poets do want a little "iron." But why, while referring back to DRYDEN and POPE, not point also to TENNYSON, a true poet of the present day, in whom poetical genius of the purest order is found, in conjunction with the most exquisite taste for correct and beautiful form.

It seems as if we were on the point of a reaction against the Free-trade doctrine, which for so many years has been our British gospel. Here we have been interfering with one of our great privileges as Britons—the liberty of getting drunk; and now an insinuating Cardinal proposes an infringement of our other great liberty—that of reading trash. Trash! ay, there is the rub; who is to say what is trash? "Chemistry, and history, and agriculture," are all very well; but are our ballads, and our other items of old chapman literature, to be accounted trash? Heaven forbid! The liberty of trash involves the liberty of much more; for, if there be any truth in universal experience, the very best as well as the very worst things going in a community are precisely those that Government would not stamp. And if there is to be a censorship, why not apply it in high places also? Why not compel Messrs. MURRAY and LONGMAN to have their books certified as wholesome? Why not submit our fashionable novels to the stamp? Nay, and if what is intellectual poison is to be determined by keen and searching tests, would Cardinal WISEMAN's own lucubrations be more worthy of being let abroad into the public veins than other more vulgar productions? No, no! Let us have the inquiry, by all means, for its results would be rich and beneficial; but none of your Government censorship by way of cure! Teach every child to read and write, and as much else as you can; let Government do as much, positively,

as a purveyor of educational implements as it likes; but, above all, let it remove the Taxes on Knowledge, and let Messrs. CHAMBERS, Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT, and others, labour and compete without let and hindrance. We don't want a Government definition of trash. Let Government enforce, if it likes, the existing laws against all publications that are literally obnoxious to the police-laws, as worse than trashy; but mere trash must be sacred—partly because nobody can say what is mere trash, and partly because, as a writer in *Chambers's Journal* ingeniously argued the other day, trash is a step upwards, a kind of preparatory region whence wholesome literature obtains recruits.

The *Athenæum* enumerates the following works as announced by our leading publishers in this dull season. From Mr. MURRAY's press we are to have *Historical Memorials of Canterbury: the Black Prince*, by the Rev. A. P. STANLEY; *Inventions of James Watt*, by Mr. MUIRHEAD; and *A Thousand Leagues among the Snowy Andes*, by Mr. LLOYD. From the press of Messrs. LONGMAN are forthcoming *The Baltic: its Gates, Shores, and Cities*, by the Rev. T. MILNER; *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera*, by Commander OLDMIXON; the *British Commonwealth*, by Mr. H. COX; Lord CARLISLE's *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*; and Mr. DENNISTOUN's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange*. Mr. CONSTABLE of Edinburgh is to publish a *Philosophy of the Infinite*, by Mr. CALDERWOOD; Mr. BENTLEY is preparing the *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*; and Messrs. BLACKWOOD a new volume of Miss STRICKLAND's *Life of Mary Stuart*; and Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL have in the press a new serial by Mr. LEVER, to be called *Martin of Cro-Martin*. The *Life and Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada*, announced by Mr. BENTLEY, from the pen of Mr. KAYE, already well known for his works on India, is likely to attract immediate attention; while, in less severe circles, the story of *North and South*, by the authoress of *Mary Barton*, which is to succeed *Hard Times* in *Household Words*, will be very welcome.

We said lately that there were symptoms in a neighbouring country of a severer tone of thought, and even of a religious *spirit*, reviving, as if to make amends for the total prostration of public spirit and patriotic impulse, and for that materializing and corrupting tendency of all despotisms to encourage social licence and levity, to treat austerity as treason, and thoughtfulness as the garb of discontent. Among these better signs may be named the success of such works as *Le Devoir*, by JULES SIMON; *Profession de Foi du XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle*, by EUGENE PELLETAN; and *Le Droit*, by EMILE DE GIRARDIN; all of which have rapidly reached second and third editions.

Madame GEORGE SAND's *Story of my Life* is at length announced for publication in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse*, to be commenced on the 4th of October. These Memoirs are already completely written; and, in their collected form, will make five large octavo volumes. They were purchased by the *Presse* so long ago as '46, but "circumstances" have prevented their seeing the light until now. If, as we doubt not, these Memoirs are leaves torn from the heart of the writer, and not merely "paper pellets of the brain," their appearance will indeed be an event.

The fourth volume of Doctor VÉRON's *Memoirs*, just published, contains some curious correspondence on the ill-omened Spanish marriages between LOUIS PHILIPPE and his *âme damnée*, M. GUIZOT. The letters of the Minister remind us of the *not* current in the salons of Paris in 1847. M. GUIZOT charged M. DE RÉMUSAT with having called him an austere intriguer. "*Intriguant, oui*," replied M. DE RÉMUSAT; *austère, non pas!*"

Doctor VÉRON has some pungent and characteristic anecdotes of Madlle. RACHEL. Among others, take the following:—

"M. le Comte Molé, meeting Mademoiselle Rachel at my house, said to her, with all that refined, aristocratic grace for which he is distinguished, 'Madam, you have saved the French language!' Mademoiselle Rachel replied by a most respectful curtsy, and turning to me, added, 'This is, indeed, lucky, as I never learnt it!' It was thus she modestly rejected a compliment, a little exaggerated, perhaps, by a somewhat fanciful confession."

"Serious people will I dare say be astonished at a comparison to which my reminiscences lead me. I found in Mademoiselle Rachel more than one of those qualities of a penetrating and practical intelligence which had captivated me in M. Thiers. There is the same clearness of views, the same ardour in pursuit of a purpose, the same ingenious *ruses*, the same winning wiles, the same fertility of expedients, the same philosophical toleration to which vindictiveness and hatred are equally foreign, which is content to negotiate with enmities, to appease grudges, and to gain over every influence, every friendship that can be useful. I consider that, allowing perhaps for a certain elevation of mind, and the advantages of education, Mademoiselle Rachel displays in familiar conversation as much wit, judgment, and good sense, and perceptions as original and acute as the great orator and statesman of the monarchy of July. The oratorical art (I do not mean eloquence) and the dramatic art demand almost the same study and the same tricks—except the *rouge*. When she is out of humour, or in a fit of vexation, Mademoiselle Rachel is sometimes as intemperate in her language as M. Thiers. One day she had a quarrel with me. I remained firm: I heard her mutter the word *canaille*! We made it up, however. 'This is all very well,' I said to her, 'but you have insulted me in a way I never before experienced, you called me *canaille*!' 'I pity you,' she answered, with a laugh, 'you may consider yourself one of the family now.'"



## A BATCH OF BOOKS.\*

If the present famine in the publishing world is to continue, we shall soon be reduced to a review of the Iliad or the Pentateuch. There is nothing more to be said about the war, and all other literature seems to have disappeared, save the perpetual flux of those novels which young ladies pay to print, and the public does not pay to read, and which are wont to solicit provincial admiration without appealing to the jaded appetite of metropolitan critics. Our present list contains a collection of serials and reprints, with two or three original essays. Scarcely one of the list can be said to demand an extended notice, while of some the bare announcement is sufficient—or too much. We shall proceed to dispose of this miscellaneous heap without any very rigorous attempt at classification of contents. For the sake of clearness, however, we exercise some sort of discrimination and selection in our comments, resolving the series as much as possible into its 'subjects.' We begin with history:

*Turkey Ancient and Modern*, by the Rev. Robert Fraser (Adam and Charles Black), is a seasonable and useful pendant to the *History of Russia* recently published by Mr. Bohn. From a hint in the preface it appears to be a hasty, but not careless condensation of materials which the author had occupied himself for years past in collecting towards a more extended history of the Ottoman empire. We do not recognise, however, the "present acknowledged want of accurate information on the subject," in obedience to which, the author tells us, he committed his manuscript to the press. The want of accessible information on Russian history was undoubtedly felt, but in bestowing his labours upon Turkish annals and institutions the author of the present compact and readable history cannot be said to have broken new ground. Mr. Fraser has put his materials together with considerable intelligence, and at the risk of sacrificing his dignity of historian has consulted the latest sources of information for the exploits of Omar Pasha's army. The history is brought down to the raising of the siege of Silistria, and the occupation of Greece. The value of the work to more impatient readers is increased by its being in a single volume with a good index, for purposes of reference. In an appendix the author has given the text of the principal treaties in which Turkey has been a partaker (and a victim) since 1774.

The monthly volume of Mr. Bohn's Antiquarian Library takes us out of the world of actualities into what are facetiously called the 'good old times.' A translation of old Matthew Paris's *English History from the Year 1235 to 1273*, by the Rev. Dr. Giles, in which the quaint and homely flavour of the original Latin is preserved with singular fidelity, is completed this month; and we recommend this reproduction of the racy old chronicler more especially to students of early Church history. There were scandals enough in those days to employ the energies of the contemporary Whistons and Holloways, and Papal aggression in the shape of "Romans" foisted on English benefices was even then a national complaint. A complete index is always a commendable feature in Mr. Bohn's publications.

History for the young should be inviting as well as instructive; not a dry collection of dates and facts, but a lively and interesting narrative. This requirement is in some degree attempted by *Ince's Outlines of English History*, which has the merit of combining with the usual record of political and military events, brief notices of the domestic life and progress of the nation. We cannot, however, approve the "characters" bestowed on some of the kings; George IV., for instance, is thus described: "manly and graceful in his youth, open and noble in his countenance; the proportion of his limbs was exquisite; but towards the close of his reign he became corpulent and unwieldy. His manners were elegant and his conversation agreeable; he was of a frank and open temper, but far too fond of pleasure and splendour." Poor William IV. is called in capital letters FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, which is a title we were not aware that harmless and good-tempered monarch ever deserved. The author of these *Outlines* would have done well to omit this fulsome and foolish nonsense. Such a treatment of contemporary history is a sorry guarantee for the accuracy of the earlier portion, and is positively objectionable in a manual specially designed for the young. English children deserve healthier doctrine.

Mr. Julian Allen's *Autocracy in Poland and Russia* (Trübner and Co.) is the work of a young Pole, who was implicated in a conspiracy of students at the Government College of Grodna, in Poland, and who contrived to escape to the United States, where he is now a naturalised citizen. His own experience of Russian tyranny in Poland constitutes the chief interest of his book. A chapter on the Russian recruiting system, one on the condition of the Russian army, and one on the Polish nobility, will be found to contain some original facts and illustrative anecdotes. The historical chapters convey little with which the general reader is not familiar. The Edinburgh edition of the British poets, edited by the Rev. George Gilfillan, gives us this month the works of Samuel Butler, commencing, of course, with *Hudibras*. The poem is preceded by a notice on *The Life and Works of Butler*, by Mr. Gilfillan. Among the reprints of the month, Mr. Routledge continues his cheap Railway Series of Sir Bulwer Lytton's Works with that laborious historical fiction, *The Last of the Barons*. *Hochelaga*; or, *England in the New World* (Routledge and Co.), as a lively picture of

Canadian life, by a brother of the lamented Eliot Warburton, is a pleasant contribution to our cheap and rapid literature. We cannot, however, profess much consideration for the more ambitious and serious portions of this gossiping and galloping writer's journal. His hasty generalisations of American life and institutions are perhaps more amusing than accurate. A third edition of Mr. S. W. Fullom's story, *The Great Highway* (Routledge and Co.), needs no recommendation, as we are informed by the author that the favour with which it was received at the high price of a guinea and a half induces him "to sanction its publication in another form, which will render it accessible to a much wider circle of readers." Two little stories, *The Perils and Adventures of Priscilla Eaton* (Shaw), and *Gold, a Story for the Times* (Chapman and Hall), deserve a word of notice. The former is rather ambitiously called "an historical tale," and in the preface we are told that, "though a vein of imagination pervades it, it is only like a silken thread on which are strung golden beads of truth." We are unable, in spite of this flowery definition, to say in what sense *The Adventures of Miss Priscilla Eaton* can be pronounced "historical." The period of the story is that of the flight of the early Puritans from religious persecution; the incidents are thrown together with some neatness, and 'composed' with as much local colour as a few snatches of stern Puritan theology; and a reminiscence or two of Fenimore Cooper, can be said to represent.

*Gold* is a very slight affair of four scenes: a path in a wood, a country bank, a vestry, and a "gentleman's seat." The moral of this pretty tale is—what do you think, reader? *local self-government*. The duty incumbent upon every Englishman of attending to parochial business. Think of Marylebone sublimated into an idyl!

*Man and Money* (Howell, Liverpool,) is a translation from Emile Souvestre, whose death we lately mentioned. Readers who are alarmed at the bare mention of French novels (of which they only read the worst) may be glad to know that this story, which we suppose was selected by the translator for its morality rather than for its interest, is (like all Souvestre's) sufficiently harmless, although including an 'admirer' and a *femme incomprise*. The version is tolerably satisfactory, but we may caution the translator against supposing that a lady's *salon* is a saloon.

*The Mental Exercises of a Working Man* (Newby and Co.), dedicated to Charles Dickens by Mr. David M'Burnie, of Bradford, are a surprising example of self-culture, and may well encourage the efforts of educationists who do not apprehend danger to the State from a spread of knowledge among the masses of the people. These fourteen essays deal with profound and even abstruse subjects of thought: such as the "Origin of Evil," "The Law of Conscience," "Bacon's Philosophy," the "Theory of Human Perfectibility." "If it should be said that the author should have confined himself to subjects more within the scope of his powers, he has only to answer that every mind possesses some distinct tendency or bent, and that in attempting to discuss such questions he followed his own inclinations, and for his own pleasure." For our own part we would not desire a manlier vindication of the liberty of the thinker. And Mr. M'Burnie has vindicated that liberty even more nobly by the real independence and originality of his thought as we trace it through these always superior and often masterly essays, some of which bear the mark of youth, but none of youthful immaturity.

The remainder of our batch we may without injustice dismiss in a few paragraphs. A very complete and compendious *American Handbook and Tourist's Guide* (Routledge and Co.), fulfils a want now that the travelling world has used up Europe. The same indefatigable publisher, always in season, is bringing out a light and pretty series of *Books for the Country* which almost bring fresh air into your room as you read them. Mr. Robert Blakey, a disciple of Isaak Walton, discourses with curious vivacity on *Angling*; or, *how to Angle and where to Go*. We are not surprised to find that Mr. Blakey has been the author of a *History of the Philosophy of Mind*, knowing as we do how thoughtful a pursuit is angling. We who have an unsatisfied passion for the art and an utter ignorance of the rod, cannot certify to the correctness of Mr. Blakey's information and advice; but we can speak to the agreeable nature of his little book. From the Old Testament to Daniel Webster Mr. Blakey finds authorities for the fisherman's art; we have always conceived the charm and the enthusiasm of a pursuit which brings you into intimate communion with nature in her loveliest aspects, not to mention the coarser attractions of the 'sport.'

We are loth to speak lightly of the professors of a science "founded upon conjecture and improved by murder," but here is a treatise which shows the discrepancies and disagreements of the Faculty on a point of vital importance in a bewildering variety. It is an attempt, "from history, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry," to prove that the "original, natural, and best diet of man is derived from the vegetable kingdom." And a very imposing weight of evidence we find in favour of ruining the butchers. A season of cholera may seem most improper for the advocacy of a purely vegetable and farinaceous diet; what is called a "generous diet" is especially recommended at such a season; even paupers are told to eat beefsteaks and to drink port wine. But our farinaceous friend brings a mass of witnesses in favour of 'milk and honey' as a protective against epidemics. For our own part, we confess to Pythagorean inclinations, regarding, as we do, English 'joints' as only one remove from cannibalism. *Practical Observations on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco* are an attempt to attribute every disease under the sun to—smoking. To the enormous fallacy which he shares with the respected teetotallers, of confounding the use of God's gifts with their abuse, Mr. Lizars adds another equally common fallacy, that of confounding effect with coincidence. After giving us the highly-coloured evidence of "an intelligent man, aged sixty-five, stout, ruddy, early married, temperate, managing a large business," who began smoking at seventeen, and "years after" suffered from a "gnawing capricious appetite," and other dreadful symptoms, and gave the "vile habit" up after thirty-three years, Mr. Lizars goes on to say, "after such well-marked examples of manly firmness no one need pretend to affirm that the luxury of smoking, snuffing, plugging, or chewing, or quidding cannot be given up." We should think not! Every disease is to be cured, it seems, by throwing away tobacco for ever; but how are those who have never "smoked, snuffed, plugged, or quidded" to be made whole? Mr. Lizars

\* *Turkey Ancient and Modern*. By Robert W. Fraser. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.—*Matthew Paris's Chronicle*. Vol. iii. Bohn.—*Ince's Outlines of English History*. Gilbert.—*Autocracy in Poland and Russia*. By Julian Allen. Trübner and Co.—*The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler, with Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes*. By the Reverend George Gilfillan. Vol. i. James Nichol, Edinburgh.—*The Last of the Barons*. By Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart., M.P. (Railway Library.) Routledge and Co.—*Hochelaga*. Edited by Eliot Warburton. Routledge and Co.—*The Great Highway*. By S. W. Fullom. Third Edition. Routledge and Co.—*Man and Money; or, the Two Rivals*. From the French of Emile Souvestre. E. Howell, Liverpool.—*Gold: a Story for the Times*. Chapman and Hall.—*The Perils and Adventures of Priscilla Eaton*. An Historical Tale. Shaw.—*Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man*. By John Smith. With Notes and Illustrations by R. T. Trail, M.D. Fowler and Wells, New York.—*Practical Observations on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco*. By John Lizars. S. Highley, jun.—*A Biographical Sketch of the Swedish Poet and Gymnasiarch, Peter Henry Ling*. By Augustus Georgie. Baillière.—*Orr's Household Handbook*. No. viii.—*Domestic Cookery*. W. S. Orr and Co.—*Books for the Country: Angling, and Where to Go*. By Robert Blakey. Routledge and Co.—*Routledge's American Handbook and Tourist's Guide*. By W. H. Robertson, M.D. Bradbury and Evans.—*Chambers's Repository of Instruction and amusing Tracts*.—*My Haunts*. By Edmund H. Yates. David Bogue.

altogether forgets the vast proportion of smokers who are at the same time active and healthy in mind and body, and even distinguished for those very qualities which he tells us the use of tobacco destroys.

A far more healthy and sensible method of preserving health than that of "throwing away tobacco for ever" (though we must not be understood to recommend the weed) is that system of harmonious gymnastics taught and practised by the Swedish poet and Athlete, Peter Henry Ling, whose life and doctrine his friend and follower, Augustus Georgie, lovingly commemorates.

*Domestic Cookery* is one of the most useful of Messrs. Orr's Household Handbooks. There is a chapter on sauces which we recommend to the attention of the British housewife. Voltaire used to say, "The English have a thousand and one religions, and only one sauce—melted butter." We are getting out of that melancholy condition, but we are still somewhat liable to the imputation of knowing only one method of cooking our vegetables—hot water. This Household Handbook is likely to render the domestic cookery of the nation more palatable, and at the same time more economical. Is it not the wife's interest to bring her husband home to dinner? Joints will not do this when the honeymoon has subsided into butcher's bills.

Home-tourists are multiplying now that the continent has been 'done' for so many years. A *Handbook to the Peak of Derbyshire and to the Use of the Buxton Mineral Waters* will no doubt be acceptable to a large class of travellers in pursuit of health and rest, or of the picturesque, who may be disposed to seek them in one of the loveliest provinces of our island.

Messrs. Chambers's *Repository of Instructive and Amusing Tracts*, flourishes with unflagging vigour and variety. The last monthly part contains, *à propos* of the war, a Memoir of Suvorof, a Story of Wallachia, and a paper on the condition of the Russian peasantry.

Mr. Edmund H. Yates recounts in a smart and wilfully comic style his *Haunts, Habits, and Acquaintances*. Animal spirits and good temper are always pleasing, but we are confident Mr. Yates can do better things than a revival which has all the inevitable weakness of an imitation.

#### A RUSSIAN PAMPHLET.\*

##### II.

[The reader will understand that throughout these articles it is the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe" who speaks. We do but report.]

SUCH was the Eastern Question in 1840. From the events of that year at Constantinople, in Syria, and in Egypt, dates the progressively invasive policy of England. In Syria, her traditional protectorate of the Maronite Churches, in Egypt her ten years' sympathy for Mehemet Ali, was abandoned by France, and supplanted by England. At Constantinople nothing was easier than to revive the fear and hatred of Russia, not so much as the infidel Muscovite, the conqueror of the Crimea, as the Power whose cruisers arrested the traffic in human flesh on the Circassian coasts—a traffic which is not only of prime necessity to the Turkish aristocracy, but even a vital condition of existence to the Ottoman Empire. This is the *teterrima causa* of the war. Now that the Harem can no longer be furnished with contingents from Poland, Hungary, Sicily, Italy, and Greece, his Highness is condemned by the fundamental law of his Empire to extinction of his race if Russian cruisers and cordons succeed in suppressing the white slave-trade. He has but to choose between perpetual celibacy and the pickings of the bronzed beauties of Africa. As to the Turkish nation, it may console itself for the loss of a luxury in conscious impotence. The officious diplomacy of Pera took pains to convince the Turks that Russia, in preventing the exportation of Circassian and Georgian 'produce,' was pursuing the extinction of the dynasty of Othman by the simple process of 'stopping the supplies.' And the officious diplomacy never forgot to add, the Power that sought to dry up the very life-blood of the race and dynasty of Othman was itself a seller of men. The legalised sale of land *with the serfs in Russia* is the idle pretext for this trumped-up accusation. Western Europe may smile at these causes and conclusions, but all the diplomatic faubourg of Pera will confirm their importance. Without dwelling too particularly on the host of critical questions raised at Constantinople between the Porte and the Russian Embassy from 1840 to 1853—such as the sullen persecution of the Greek Church—the censorship imposed upon the religious books of the Slave populations—the base avidity of the authorities at Jerusalem who pocketed the subscriptions of pious Christians in the North for the lighting of the lamps in the Holy Sepulchre—the brigandage on the Asian border, and the uncertain delimitation of that border—the long-standing settlement of the Turco-Persian frontier—the intrigues of the Pashas in Servia—the quarrels of the Boyars and Hospodars in the Danubian Principalities—we (the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe") will simply note an undeniable fact, the persistent hostility of the British Embassy at Constantinople to Russia, and its ceaseless resistance to the diplomatic action of Russia.

At every step this intervention was felt, measured and cautious enough, confiding in the moderation of Russia, so long as Turkey was not in a situation to have recourse to arms. France, in spite of the *entente cordiale*, was not disposed to lend her active aid. After the Spanish marriages, that unfortunate dream of another epoch so fatal to Louis Philippe, the Eastern diplomacy of England was, for a while, more temperate and conciliatory, represented by Lord Cowley. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's personal hostility to the Emperor of Russia is notorious; it dates from the refusal of the Government at St. Petersburg to receive him as ambassador; a refusal frankly based on the personal character and parliamentary speeches of that diplomatist. Lord Stratford has avenged himself by laying down the principle that Russia must never be permitted to stand too well, nor too ill, with Turkey: this principle, elaborated for ten years, dominates the present war.

The "Inhabitant" now glances at the anarchical activity of English diplomacy in '47, everywhere busy in lighting the torch of revolution. In that year it seems a grand continental alliance was on the point of formation for the purpose of restraining these continual conspiracies of England against the repose of Europe. The religious and political complications of the Sonderbund, and the revolutionary mission of Lord Minto, suggested to Austria negotiations for this alliance. But in '48 came the Revolution like a flood sweeping away thrones and shaking Europe to its base. Even Old England felt the rebound of the shock this time. She had thought to make experiments at the expense of others, and was struck herself. On the *tenth of April* the Conservative instinct of the nation saved the British Government at little cost. But the Chartist movement revealed a deep moral agitation, menacing the future repose of Old England. You cannot always set fire to your neighbour's house without danger to yourself, and the sea that surrounds you is not always wide or deep enough to serve as an impassable rampart to the ideas whose intermittent inundation overwhelms from time to time the moral and material prosperity of nations.

Although the English Government, in the first months of '48, moderated its activity against Russia in the East, and against social order in Europe, it, nevertheless, applauded the revolution, in the hope of disturbances abroad which would favour its material interests. It fraternised with every successive faction in France, in order to justify to the French nation its alternate cozening and bullying of the dynasty of July. As soon as the Chartist storm blew over, it began intriguing again in Europe and in the East:—in the affair of the refugees, it dictated a refusal to the demands of Russia and Austria; defied its cosigners of the treaty of '41 by sending its fleet into the Dardanelles, and the cosigners of the treaty of '27 by the Pacifico outrage, that indelible blot in the annals of Great Britain. It was then that Lord Palmerston launched his celebrated *Civis Romanus sum* in behalf of a Portuguese Jew who demanded his little bill, with 800 guns to back the extortion. "You insult the Romans," (apostrophises the "Inhabitant") "if you seek in their annals the justification of an act rather worthy of Punic faith. Rome had well-nigh conquered the world when she dared to affirm a principle which you affect to pronounce in the face of independent states who suffer your intrigues, but assuredly do not fear your arms." Yet Russia, all this time, insulted at the Piræus and defied in the Dardanelles, held her hand, wasting her influence, and allowing England systematically to take advantage of her moderation—at a time, too, when there was no Continental Power at liberty to step between her just anger and the infatuation of the Porte.

The *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December opened a new era to France. After a series of democratic experiments, that country, destined to be the theatre of all theories, inaugurated the most complete expression of personal government the world has ever seen. Dynasties are attached to their traditions, and to the principles which are the essence or the *prestige* of hereditary authority. Representative Governments are nothing but emanations, more or less sincere, of a mass of interests and instincts which absorb the personality of the throne. Men like Napoleon I., who seize despotic power, never can shake off their antecedents, and remain always the personification of their epoch. Thus was Napoleon I., from first to last, a crowned soldier; Napoleon III., whose merits and capacity we (the Inhabitant) are very far from disputing, owes his marvellous destiny to an historical souvenir and not to his merits or his capacity. Yet he felt himself so completely master of the situation that he was able to declare the Empire to mean peace, and to avow in public and in private his sympathies for England. He knew that France, excepting a few hot-brained Bonapartists, desired repose rather than glory.

Lord Palmerston was accused of committing an *clourderie* in precipitately expressing his satisfaction at the events of December. It was only another proof of the extreme perspicacity of that statesman who has all his life deserved the honour of being considered the most faithful expression of the contemporary tendencies of his country. He has been called a firebrand; we shall not contest the justice of the epithet, but we maintain that his incendiaryism has always served his country. If his country's interests are opposed to those of the continent of Europe, is he to be made personally responsible for his fidelity to those interests? *Cet homme d'Etat, avant d'être homme est Anglais.*

The British Government, determined, as usual, to make the most out of events in France, took advantage of the instinctive national dread of a Bonapartist restoration to organise the national defences and increase its armaments. The Government had really no apprehensions at all; it knew well enough that all Europe would coalesce against any infraction of the treaties of 1815; still it foresaw the possible eventualities of the hazardous policy upon which it was entering with France, and the immense difference between the susceptibilities of a personal and of a parliamentary government, between '40 and '51. It was in the East, on the classic soil of all anomalies the grand design of England was to be carried out—the alliance with France against Russia.

We have observed England rigorously consistent throughout with the policy commanded by her selfish mercantile interests. Consult her tables of imports and exports since '48. Let us examine the state of the continent with respect to England and the Eastern question. Louis Philippe expiated his triumph in 1830, by his isolation among the European thrones; he expiated his docility to England by the catastrophe of '48.

In Louis Napoleon the European sovereigns saw rather an instrument of Providence than a fortunate adventurer. If their attitude towards him was at first reserved, it was never unfriendly, not even mistrustful.

France might have taken her place in the European concert, cemented her natural alliances, and remained faithful to her pacific programme. She had but to follow the Napoleonic traditions, by which we are far from meaning the traditions of war and conquest and hatred of England; but the grand tradition of the Empire to which we could have wished to see the successor of that empire attach himself is a judicious system of continental alliances, for the purpose of preserving Europe from the aggrandising influence of Great Britain. The whole conduct of England since 1815 has shown the far-reaching sagacity of the first Emperor in that direction. His successor has

\* La Guerre d'Orient. Ses Causes et ses Conséquences. Par Un Habitant de l'Europe Continentale. Bruxelles, 1854.



neglected the experience of France during eighteen years, and the traditions of that imperial system which he personifies.

It was easy for the most superficial political observer to foresee that France would find an active and zealous ally in England against Russia. The question of the HOLY PLACES furnished the occasion. In all the labyrinth of recriminations on this question between France and Russia, one phase of the religious vicissitudes of the East has been completely lost sight of. England has always affected an incredulous sneer at the faith alike of the Latin and the Greek Church, treating both as Pagan superstitions, and seeking to make capital out of both impartially. She had studied the ground well enough to know that in the East, the classic soil of faith, of revelation, of dogma, of heresy, of religious conquest, of persecution, the whole political life of the populations is saturated with religion. Hence, intrigues to establish a centre of Protestant influence in the East: the purely religious zeal of the Bible Societies (even of those of the United States of America) supplied a ready focus of political operations. For fifteen years the Protestant element had been seeking to undermine the Greek, Armenian, and Latin Churches in Asia Minor and in Syria by schools and missionaries. In 1840 an Anglican bishopric was established at Jerusalem, where there was not a single Protestant inhabitant to be found. The Jews were to be converted on the very spot where Jews meet to weep over the destruction of the Temple, and to attest the fulfilment of the Prophecies. The King of Prussia contributed to this holy zeal: and the first Anglican bishop was a converted Israelite. "Pagans" were mentioned in the programme of the bishop; Christians were not talked of. But he was recommended to be on terms of apostolical fraternity with the pastors of the Greek Church. But the Greek Church stood aloof from the Protestant bishop. In 1843 the religious meetings in London talked of the necessity of Christianising the Eastern Christians, as if they were absolute "pagans." The successor to Bishop Alexander, Bishop Gobat, contracted express engagements to that effect in '44-'45.

All this was nothing more than a consecration of the intrigues of many years in Asia Minor, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine, where every church had been attacked in turn with bribes rather than with doctrines, sowing discord in the communes and in families, among primitive populations inaccessible to new dogmas. One result, however, of all this religious activity of England subsists in the creation of a Protestant Patriarchate at Constantinople, invested by the Porte with the same prerogatives as the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs, for the evident purpose of discrediting those prelates of the national churches. This patriarchate has served England as a pretext for continual interference in the internal administration of Turkey. After fourteen years apostolical labour and the absorption of some 40,000*l.* sterling, the Jews converted to Christianity and supported by the Mission at Jerusalem, number thirty-two individuals. In Egypt, where the work of conversion had to encounter the dogmatic obstinacy of the Copts, the Yankee Missionaries, with the commercial sagacity of their race, bought at the bazaar a few little Abyssinian or negro slaves, *Moussa, Abdalla, Merdjan*, baptised them, and sprinkled them with Christian names, to figure in their reports to the "Society" at home that furnishes the funds.

Throughout the Ottoman Empire this propaganda was armed with the prestige of European inviolability, while the Raia was denied all rights, and the churches groaned under persecutions. As for the Mussulmans, we defy the whole legion of Missionaries to cite one conversion among the disciples of Mahomet, who have only learned to despise the religion in whose name such turpitudes are committed.

It was at the expense of the Eastern churches that the war between the Protestant sects and the Roman missions was waged. The Roman Church began by defending herself against the Protestant assailants, and then, warm with fighting, turned her blows against her ancient rival, sharpened by trials and strengthened by persecutions. It is to the Protestant intrigues that this recrudescence of the Catholic propaganda since 1840 is to be attributed. The creation of the new Latin Patriarchate at Jerusalem, in '47 (the year of illusions at Rome), was a distinct avowal before Europe of the Papal project to realise the ambitious dream of the Council of Florence, and to compel the submission of the national and independent Greek Church to the Chair of St. Peter. Contrary to the ancient Catholic dogma, which recognised the hierarchy of the orthodox Greek Church, Pius IX. made no allusion to the Greek clergy in his address to the populations of the East. Hence, exasperation of the traditional rivalry of the Greek and Latin Churches; and hence the question of the HOLY PLACES which has served as the pivot of England's policy between France and Russia, although to her the HOLY PLACES are a sneer.

And yet it is in the East that the necessity of restraining the systematic invasions of England, the identity of political interests, and even the emulation of religious feelings superior to the quarrels of a few monks, should have cemented more closely the alliance of FRANCE WITH RUSSIA.

We believe in that alliance; soon or late the policy of expediency always makes way for the policy of the permanent interests of states and the traditions and feelings of nations. It is universally confessed in France that the Russian campaign of 1812 was a mistake, expiated by terrible calamities. And thus we find Russia, still bleeding from the war, after the burning of her cities and the profanation of her sanctuaries, become, in 1814 and in 1815, even at the risk of offending her allies, (especially her ally of the moment [*son allié de circonstance alors*] who is her perpetual rival) the most zealous champion of the interests of France.

(To be continued in our next, and concluded in four articles.)

[We shall in due course briefly resume and comment upon the leading positions of this pamphlet. Meantime the reader will be at no loss to appreciate its significance as a guide to Russian policy and as a point of comparison with the lucubrations of certain publicists at home. Whether the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe" be a Russian, or merely a Philo-Russian, Fusionized Doctrinaire, writing under the inspirations of the Russian *Égérie*, the Princess L—n, his words are worth making note of.]

ERRATUM.—In the first article, page 787, 1st column, 17th line from the top, for "after the famous note in six lines, of July 27, 1840," read "after the famous note in six lines, of July 27, 1839."

## ROYAL HOTEL GUIDE AND ADVERTISING HAND-BOOK.\*

In the Recess the Hotel Question is a question of the day: and here it is answered. In this (the second) edition there is a natural development of the original plan: a list of foreign hotels, with their tariffs, is given; and, throughout, there is a greater fullness of statistics and completeness of specification. The book should be an item in the contents of everyone's carpet-bag. There are, however, reasons beyond those of immediate usefulness for which we would desire to encourage this ingenious publication. It will contribute greatly in supplying data to that Hotel Reform which is as much a social necessity as any one of the long list of Reforms in the Liberal programme. Cheapness is only one point in the public's demands in relation to Hotels: what the other wants are have been stated admirably by a contemporary, whom, in regard to this matter, we most respectfully beg to follow and quote:—

"Now that railway traffic has become so common and so extensive—now that the intercourse between different towns is as free as it used to be between different parts of the same district—now that there are daily communications on all subjects of business between all parts of the united kingdom, a machinery is wanted which will enable travellers to move about, knowing beforehand the fate of themselves, their stomach, and their luggage, without wasting a thought respecting those subordinate but essential claimants. The *beau-ideal* of a reformed hotel system would be—not cheapness, let us repeat that that is not the main object—but such a system of working together as would render the traveller, whether he happened to be in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, or Cork, able to deal with the inn accommodation of all those places as one; knowing beforehand that he could find a bed or a dinner, deposit a message, secure perhaps the transmission of luggage or parcel to meet him or a companion at some distant town—and that he should find all these, and some other kinds of accommodation, in any one building of the whole system of towns. A railway exemplifies what we mean, since at every station of the line the traveller can command all that the line can furnish; and in many cases, where lines are working together, he can dispose of himself, his luggage, and all that he requires for railway travelling, by one transaction.

"The fear that makes innkeepers withhold their materials is quite intelligible; they are afraid that prices will be brought down. It may happen so, but not to the degree which innkeepers fear; and there will be compensation. Adjusting, as Mr. Disraeli might say, our inn system to our railway system, an amount of demand for hotel accommodation would be created which would far more than repay the speculator. The hotel system will be perfect when no traveller will be found eating sandwiches in a railway carriage, to avoid the uncertainty, the delay, and discomfort of inn treatment, far more than any excess of charge."

## SOUND AND ITS PHENOMENA.

Sound and its Phenomena. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer.

Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

THIS thick little volume belongs to the class of books rendered popular by Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*. It is an exceedingly plain monograph on the subject of acoustics, with an account of sound, its causes, media, and varieties, and of the human ear. It contains, of course, many interesting illustrations in the way of special instances, with anecdotes interspersed. A large portion relates to musical sounds and musical instruments, including the human voice. There is nothing which carries this part of the science beyond the standard inquiries into the very obscure subject of vocalisation, and the structure of the human organs. Perhaps Professor Willis's paper "On the Larynx," still marks the most advanced post to which inquiry has advanced. But while Dr. Brewer's book will be amusing and instructive to many young persons, there is no doubt but that most musicians, professional or amateur, would derive considerable advantage from perusing the volume. It would expedite the studies of some, and might possibly clear away much rubbish from the tuition of others.

## BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*Sybil Lennard*. By Mrs. Greg. (Parlour Library.)

Thomas Hodgson.

*The Diverting, Pathetic, and Humorous Adventures of Mr. Sydenham Greensinch, Gentleman, and of his Friends in London*. Compiled from the MS. at present in the possession of Tom Hawkins, Esq.

George Routledge and Co.

*Fashion and Famine*. By Mrs. Ann Stephens.

R. Bentley.

*The New Existence of Man upon the Earth*. Parts I., II., and III.

By Robert Owen.

Holyoake and Co.

*Robert Owen's Address to the Human Race*.

Holyoake and Co.

*Phrenology, Psychology, and Pneumatology*. By Introviser.

J. Chapman.

*Putnam's Monthly: a Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art*. No. 20.

Sampson Lowe, Son, and Co.

*Tales and Lays for Sunshine and Shade*. By John Alfred Langford.

John Hughes.

## Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GUTHRIE.

## SYDENHAM PAPERS.

No. II.

A COMPARATIVE view of the Old Exhibition, with its offspring at Sydenham, suggests some obvious differences.

The Hyde Park Exhibition had its antecedents, which should not be totally eclipsed by its own brilliant success. The very first thing of the kind was done a century before by the London Society of Arts, and similar collections were from time to time shown on a small scale in some of our great manufacturing towns, at Birmingham especially; when the British Association met there in 1839, the application of machinery and chemical science to the making of useful articles of trade was made a very interesting feature, by the exhibition of a vast number of machines and processes in actual operation. Again, too, in 1849, the same intention was carried out on a

far more extended plan, and though it involved a somewhat hazardous outlay, the result was successful commercially; but more than that, it drew attention to the importance and utility of such exhibitions. It was in France, however, that the idea of these industrial exhibitions was seized with most vigour and comprehensiveness. The bazaar of elegant and costly articles of *vertu*, shown under the auspices of the Marquis d'Aveze, at the Maison D'Orsay, at Paris, was such a success that the Government established at once an exposition of national works of art and manufactures. Napoleon too showed the power of his grasp by following up the military *fêtes* in the Champ de Mars, amidst the spoils of Italy, with a Temple of Industry, where all kinds of manufactured goods and works of art were exhibited, and prizes awarded by juries of persons distinguished for their knowledge of the various subjects. With some interruptions, these exhibitions have been kept up at intervals of four or five years since 1819, and with increased numbers of exhibitors; the last, in 1849, was favourably reported by Mr. M. D. Wyatt, and the Society of Arts, with Prince Albert at their head, were encouraged in their endeavours to obtain the sanction of Government to a Royal Commission; and the Exhibition of 1851 was the result. The object was to give a grand view of all the achievements of art and joint triumphs of science and labour in the world, without thinking of the cost or returns, so it were well and nobly done. It is true the Government declined to own the popular will till 5000 men of property had spoken for it, and though consenting to stand by with its purse, it was not till a few "individuals" had put down the trifling guarantee of 230,000*l.*, one name alone standing for 50,000*l.* As everybody knows, however, the old Crystal Palace possessed a vitality of its own, it supported itself; it actually saved money, and died possessed of a very pretty property, of which, by the way, the family will be very glad to hear something from the Government administration touching the surplus.

Now in the origin of the Sydenham speculation the commercial element plays a strong part. Notwithstanding all the enthusiasm about the old Palace, and the almost angry outcry that the unique structure should not be dispersed in relics over the land, its future was a gloomy one. Belgravia had been disgusted for a long while with the "horrid crowds." The sentimentalists wished for a permanence in "idea only"—it would be so pretty and poetical!—and the Government magnanimously repudiating such a strong and prosperous child of the soil, there was every prospect of the place being sold for old iron, had it not entered the head of the active solicitor to the Brighton Railway Company that it would be a capital thing to buy the Crystal Palace, and place it somewhere near to town upon their line;—you don't suppose there was much high art in this? Of course, directors and chairman, all capitalists and "thorough men of business," not vague philanthropists or educational dreamers—all approved a scheme so conducive to "the interest of the line," which indeed to this day the said chairman and solicitors have contrived to maintain undivided. On the 24th of May, 1852, nine English capitalists became the owners of the building in Hyde-park, and their pecuniary anxieties were soon relieved by a company who asked the public for a million of money to begin with. This and twice as much was offered with a generous hand by the public then, and since then the other half million estimated to complete, has been actually paid and expended, another 300,000*l.* being at this moment a matter of necessity, which, in company with the 80,000*l.* or so paid at the doors and tables, is merely worth alluding to *en passant* as a reminder that the public really have a claim to some more lasting return than the privilege of dining amongst exotics and unlimited *jets d'eau*.

The old Exhibition did not pretend to be a fine art exhibition; it had an eminently practical and useful tendency. It showed in the most intelligible way the illimitable application of knowledge to the wants of mankind, whether for the small necessities of life, or for those tremendous demands of enterprise which swell the conquests of capital, and minister to the pursuits of the new aristocracy. In it Art, strictly speaking, played a very secondary part; and it may be questioned if the statues, beautiful as so many of them were, are now the best remembered objects, or ever were the sources of attraction there; indeed it was remarked at the time that the multitude never entered the sculpture court at all. Now the aim of the new Crystal Palace is more direct towards high art. The official guide-book, enlarging upon the intentions of the scheme, tells us how "art was to be worthily represented, and a grand architectural sequence from the earliest dawn of art down to the latest times" teach the progress of art. There is certainly an extensive collection of statues and bas-reliefs, ancient and modern, which afford many perfect examples of art in its various phases, and there are the courts built after the different styles of architecture; but the people look upon all the statues as so many "images," and as to the architectural sequence, they can never tell where it begins or ends, or how one style may be connected with another. If the new Crystal Palace takes up art as an attraction for the people, it must find some simpler means of teaching them how to admire and what to admire than the half-guinea set of handbooks upon which the directors seem content to rest their claims to being, as they assume, "a national fine art school," otherwise we shall not be disposed to admit the acknowledgment so glibly suggested by them, that "the public is indebted for the conception of a grand idea now happily realised." As art is the creation of a refined and advanced state, we cannot expect it to enter

the heads of the million at first sight. In the old Exhibition the things spoke for themselves in a great measure. You walked through aisle after aisle full of useful contrivances, with many of which the people were perfectly well acquainted, though they had never before perhaps seen how they were made. You saw heaps of raw material placed side by side with the various conditions the same substance was made to pass through before it became useful, and there was generally some intelligent workman provided to explain and answer questions. How instructive it was to see a handful of weed beaten and shredded and spun into endless threads, and woven at last into a web strong enough to resist the storm, all at the beck and handling of a child. So again it had a wonderful interest for most people to see how easily a drop of water could be made to raise the ponderous tubular bridge high above the masts of a ship. But although the contents of the old Crystal Palace did not require that high comprehension of art, and did not possess those historical relations which are concerned in the new Exhibition, yet there were provided not only efficient persons to explain, but guides and lecturers; among the latter some of the ablest men in their departments.

As matters exist now at the Crystal Palace, it is infinitely behind Marlborough House and the Academy, although possessing the materiel of a far superior capability. This was what the French commissioners must have meant when they told Mr. Laing at the opening, "that we had now a school of artistic education such as the world never saw;" they spoke from their expectations, and according to their notions of what should be done with such a place. But here we are about to spend 100,000*l.* more upon water-works—not the most instructive department of hydraulics.

The old Exhibition, although it did not embrace in its scheme sculpture and painting in the most complete and comprehensive manner, contained an inexhaustible fund of instruction in its collection of all that was great and powerful in applied art and science and manipulative dexterity. The new Exhibition has promised "to quicken and purify the taste of the people by the habit of recognising the beautiful, and to attach them to the study of the natural sciences by showing the elevating treasures of art and the instructive marvels of science;" but there is a terrible falling off here; scarce an object of applied science is to be seen, neither is there any appearance that a system of instruction of the kind will be adopted, unless the 100,000*l.* "for contingencies" has anything to do with it.

As to the popularising of natural science by systematic and picturesque arrangements of geological and zoological objects, there is the same awkward deficiency. We know that some 17,000*l.* has been spent, and all the best men of the day employed for a year and a half to form what is so dashingly described by the official pen as "a material basis upon which the intellectual service was to be grounded;" but when we come to study this "basis," we find it extremely slender—three or four groups of natives in costumes, a few quadrupeds nameless, an elephant and a camel in very confined quarters, all inhabiting garden-borders neatly arranged after the usual cockney style, and surrounded with a variety of unpretending shrubs in the most palpable flower-pots. Now all this is not exactly according to programme, which describes these departments rather in the "walk up, walk up" style as "trees, plants, and flowers of all countries and of all climates;" objects, "whether of science, art, or nature, arranged in picturesque groupings, and harmony reigning throughout." The "intellectual service" referred to is exhausted in hand-bills, which tell the quarter of the globe where the natives are found, but neither their name nor their race—so the people are to learn their ethnology! and as to their natural history, why they learnt it all, and much more, long ago, from the intelligent keeper at Wombwell's.

It will be a most unworthy thing if, after a million and a half, or thereabouts, so generously advanced, to say nothing of the large sum paid since the opening, and which should be taken as an earnest of the support the public was prepared to give—if after all the cant about education, and blending instruction with amusement, all the pretensions and promises, the Crystal Palace should subside, like a nine days' wonder, and develop into a mere idler's lounge.

There can be no objection to every kind of rational and innocent amusement combined with instruction, and aided by all the ornaments of nature and art; but this does not seem to be a first consideration with the Directors of the Crystal Palace. Instead of following a well-matured plan of instruction and amusement, for which their materials are so admirably adapted, and of which such boasting has been made, we see them driven from pillar to post to find the means of making it pay—launching out 20,000*l.* upon a road, and 8000*l.* upon stables, both of which have been unoccupied and empty since the opening day. Scratching after every means of pay that turns up, they have been compelled to submit to all kinds of indignities. You see the beautiful nude statues successfully competed with by articles of elaborate apparel—the most steadfast eye for beauty is severely tried by those tempting bunches, ticketed "these beautiful cambrics, real lace, 10s. 6d. the half dozen," which peep out in profusion behind the Venuses. So with the refreshment department, a thing in no way to be despised, either for its revenue or its comfort; but it has been allowed to grow into an ugly feature in a temple raised to art and education. It is not pleasant to have the stern realities of living so obtruded upon us when we are bent upon studying the antique: the hungry crowd should be inveigled into some retreat. The Crystal Palace must, like every other institution, be governed by the exigencies of existence; but when the hot months have passed over, and there is no longer such a demand for fountains of beer and other diluents, it is to be hoped the same commercial view will perceive sources of success in the works of art assembled at such a considerable outlay of money. We believe the public is alive to improvement, and sensitive of all efforts to instruct, and we should be glad to see the popular appetite tested in another direction—something done, to use the official language, "to give weight to their proceedings, and secure lasting advantage to the public," upon the faith of their charter, which they profess "binds the directors and their successors to preserve the high moral and social tone, which, from the outset, they have assumed for their National Institution."



## The Arts.

## GOSSIP.

JOURNALISTS must write even in the dog-days, when the theatres are shut and there is nothing new even from the 'theatre of war.' Dramatic critics are more fortunate in their vocation. They have an easy time enough of it just now. We hope VIVIAN may hear this growl in his far solitude of the Hartz mountains. As for our confrères in Paris, they seem to pass their holidays delightfully. Théophile Gautier, it is true, and Paul Meurice have been conscientiously assisting at the classical German drama at Munich; and their reports are so lively, so brilliant, so refined, we almost forget how they must have been bored. They appear, however, to have enjoyed some compensation in the exquisite performances of Madlle. Seebach as *Margaret* in *Faust* and as *Clara* in *Egmont*.

Speaking of this young lady's acting in the latter tragedy, Théophile Gautier writes: "If the character of *Claire* was moulded by Goethe with all the suppleness of life, it must be confessed that Mademoiselle Seebach plays it in so natural a manner that the word *acting* is improper to express such a perfect identification. Mademoiselle Seebach is *Claire* herself, and makes us forget that yesterday she was *Marguerite*. She literally lives the part, if we may be pardoned a Latinism which alone expresses our sensations at a performance so true, so frank, so unembarrassed by the slightest consciousness of the audience. You may fancy yourself present at a scene of real life." Paul Meurice writes: "Mademoiselle Seebach was the *Marguerite*, the *Claire*, the *Louise* (in the play of *Kabale und Liebe*). What greater praise can we bestow? With what agonised terror she writhes at the foot of the altar of the Virgin, poor dove upon whom all the tempests and lightnings of heaven have fallen! With what curiosity and childish coaxing tenderness she claps her hands as she skips round *Egmont*, dressed in his splendid ducal mantle, poor little bird, scared and dazzled by all these jewels and precious gewgaws! How she suffers and bleeds at heart under the grip of that pitiless *Wurm*, when the wretch forces her to write the letter which dishonours her in her lover's eyes. How she draws herself up, calm, dignified, and proud, in the scene where the great lady tries to intimidate and to insult the humble child of the people! No actress, not one, could be found at Paris to rival Mademoiselle Seebach in these simple and touching characters." Again he writes: "Mademoiselle Helen Faucit, who appeared at Paris with Macready some years since, is the only actress who can furnish a point of comparison with Mademoiselle Seebach. Only, Mademoiselle Seebach is as German as Mademoiselle Faucit is English: but in both there is the same grace and the same charm."

By the way, Paul Meurice speaks very disparagingly of the Crystal Palace at Munich, and of the German Exposition. "In the first place the palace itself is far from beautiful; yet it is an imitation of that fairy architecture in glass, at once light and majestic, of which England furnished the prototype for all future exhibitions. But this dirty yellow *baraque* at Munich has contrived to be equally heavy and mean." Talking of our Parisian brethren, M. de Fiennes, of the *Siècle*, who has been passing his critic's holiday in the Pyrenees, sets an example to all critics on their travels, which we trust VIVIAN will follow if he have the opportunity. The scene is a picnic in the mountains. "We had scarcely begun to eat when a cavalcade composed of fifteen persons appeared on the crest of the mountain. The men raised an exclamation of distress when they found a party in possession of the 'best box.' They had nothing better to do than to pitch their camp at about a couple of gunshots from our position. And then a scene of the most perfect courtesy was performed, of which I must give you a few details. A guide came to tell us that our neighbours, who were English, had no salt, and begged us to give them what we could spare. 'They want salt,' we cried, 'and English too! Ah! we will realise the Anglo-French alliance; here is ours. Pray tell them that we are dreadfully hungry, and short of bread.' Back came the guide with a loaf from the English. We sent a ham: the English replied with a notable portion of *terrino de Nérac*, truffled to the crust. We rejoined by the despatch of a basket of beautiful Toulouse peaches: the English again by a bottle of Malvoisie. We gave up, perhaps with a little regret, a half bottle of liqueur de *chartreuse*: they returned a magnificent *nougat*. At last we decided upon despatching the best dressed and most elegant of our party to exchange compliments with our neighbours. Monsieur le Baron M—— D——, a man of charming manners and tact was appointed our envoy. He advanced: but at the same moment an Englishman came forward half-way. The two ambassadors saluted one another, shook hands cordially, and exchanged mutual compliments in either language.

"At length we got on our horses and prepared to say adieu; they had already reached the top of the mountain and were waving hats and handkerchiefs and crying hurrah! I need scarcely say how warmly we returned the cheers. Who were they, these hearty neighbours of ours? I don't know to this moment; they were descending to Venasque, we were ascending to *la Picade*; we have never met since, but I am desired to assure them in this place, and it is a duty I discharge with pleasure, that they are *de la meilleure compagnie possible*.

Is not this a noble employment for tourists, to cement the alliance of the two nations by mutual offices of kindness and civility? for it must not be forgotten that the present alliance (*esto perpetua!*) is essentially an alliance of the nations.

Will Madlle. Rachel return to the Théâtre Français? that is a question the lady herself seems unable or unwilling in the fulness of her sovereign caprice to decide. Three weeks ago it was understood in Paris that she had resolved to return 'for good and all' to the national stage. Now we hear of fabulous offers from America, of an inclination to pass the winter at Brussels, and to appear at the Grand Theatre in that miniature Paris, all whose notabilities are imploring the *tragédienne* to make it the city of her predilection; there is even a whisper of taking a London theatre for the performance of French tragedy?

For the sake of Art we should regret to find Madlle. Rachel deserting the Théâtre Français—her proper realm; while it is difficult to be so unselfish as to dissuade her from the thought of London. But, in justice to Madlle. Rachel herself, we may respectfully submit two conditions indispensable to success in London, *commercially*. 1. French classical tragedy will not do alone; we are not Racinian enough to be able to subsist even on *Phèdre*. We are a public of realists, and we want life, and therefore the modern drama. 2. M. Raphael Felix will not do for leading tragedian. With these reserves the great artist may depend on all the old enthusiasm whenever she descends upon her English worshippers.

Madame Plessy returns to the THEATRE FRANCAIS, and Mademoiselle Luther is engaged by the new management of the VAUDEVILLE.

Bouffé, the admirable comedian, has, we are glad to hear, completely recovered his health and strength, and is quite ready for an engagement.

Seventeen thousand pounds is the sum to be paid to Madame Grisi and Signor Mario for a six months' engagement in the United States. For this very trifling consideration, which is exclusive of the payment of all expenses of every description, they will sing three nights a week, in whatever operas they choose. Mr. Hackett, the American actor, represents the speculation, and half the sum has been paid in advance.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE is announced to be opened about the end of September for dramatic performances, under the management of Mrs. Seymour. The enterprise is reported to be well sustained; and the announcement of a new drama by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade looks like an earnest of success. We hear that Miss Glyn is among the leading engagements, and that the performances are to be limited to *drame*: with no afterpiece. The common mistake of all managers is to give too much: to begin too early and end too late. The consequence of this surfeiting system is, that a late-dining and indifferent generation of playgoers leave the theatre sulkily resolving not to go again. Mr. Wigan very wisely infringed upon this system, and the result has been equally satisfactory, we believe, to management and public. E.P.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.\*

Music, which in its original sense embraced the whole circle of the civilising arts, and was in its more restricted sense a principal element in the education of the Gymnasia of Athens, seems to be regaining its authority as a teacher and a humaniser of the multitude, and not merely as a refined recreation of select society. Among those who have laboured most devotedly and successfully to democratise the study of the best music the first names that naturally occur to us are those of Novello and John Hullah. For ten years past, before the era of cheap publications, Mr. Novello had begun to publish the masterpieces of the great composers at a very moderate price, edited and produced with perfect care, and with typographical excellence. Mr. John Hullah has for the last fourteen years laboured to place the cultivation of part-singing within the reach of the humblest classes, and with what success let ST. MARTIN'S HALL testify. It must have been a noble recompense to Mr. Hullah to find himself solicited to deliver a lecture at the recent EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION in favour of "Music as an Element of Education." And very good use did Mr. Hullah make of this opportunity; in a few words he temperately and fairly demonstrated how pure a discipline, and how salutary, was a study discountenanced by some for its purely ornamental character, and by others for its excessive demands on the time and attention of the student. He was not wanting in illustrious examples of men "who have loved or cultivated music, and these, too, persons of the most opposite and various fortune, temper, or manner of life," and all characterised by the *energy* of their minds. Let us not be ungrateful to M. Jullien, who has never failed to introduce into his programmes selections from the highest masters, and every year has found the audiences more disposed and more able to enjoy and appreciate the severer delicacies of a banquet garnished, it is true, with sparkling reminiscences of the ballroom, and often with the most fantastic extravaganzas. In no country—not even in Germany—is the highest class of music more systematically cultivated than in England: Handel, Haydn, Weber, Mendelssohn composed for English orchestras and English audiences.

We have not, it is true, the advantages of a Conservatoire, and our Royal Academy is an obscure affair; but nowhere will you meet with a more critical and discriminating musical public than in London, though the artistic feeling is often wanting, and perhaps the musical ear less tender and less sensitive than that of the Continental nations. We have here on our table half-a-dozen musical works, indicating at once the activity and the high direction of the art in this country.

We have an elaborate treatise on musical composition by the learned German theorist Röhner, "in association with an English gentleman." This is a complete exposition of the theory of music as a science. All the learning in the world cannot make a composer; but all the genius in the world, without learning, is equally fruitless. This work of Röhner's is a key to all the mysteries of those harmonic combinations which to the uninitiated sound like the negligence of inspiration, while to the student they reveal the most perfect symmetry of form and structure.

MR. NOVELLO'S "Library for the diffusion of Musical Knowledge" has recently been enriched by Cherubini's admirable "Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue," translated by Mrs. Cowden Clarke expressly for this edition. "The young composer," writes Cherubini in his Introduction, "who shall carefully follow the instructions contained in this treatise, once having

\* *Music as an Element of Education*. By John Hullah. London, J. W. Parker and Son.—*A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition, in Three Parts*. By George Wilhelm Röhner. London: Longmans.—*Cherubini's Counterpoint and Fugue*. London: J. A. Novello.—*A Treatise on Choir and Chorus Singing*. By F. J. Fétis. Translated (with the permission of the author) by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, M.A. London: J. A. Novello.—*Novello's Analysis of Vocal Rudiments by Question and Answer—Handel's Septuaginta—Handel's Deborah—Mozart's Requiem*. Edited by Vincent Novello. London: J. A. Novello.

mastered those upon Fugue, will have no more need of lessons; but will be able to write with purity in all styles, and will with ease, while studying the form of different kinds of composition, acquire the power of expressing clearly his own ideas so as to produce the effect he desires."

"*A Treatise on Chorus Singing*" (J. A. Novello), by F. J. Fétis, the celebrated Director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, translated by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Precentor of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, is an almost indispensable manual of elementary vocal instruction for choirs. This subject has never been treated with the same completeness and with the same special application to singing in vocal masses. The translation is appropriately dedicated to Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley. Mr. Novello's *Analysis of Vocal Rudiments* is a clear and facile guide to the beginner, leading him on step by step with almost insensible effort through what we may call the accidence of the art. Mr. J. A. Novello continues his noble edition of the Oratorios in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte. Among the latest of the series has been Handel's *Jephtha* and *Deborah*, and Mozart's *Requiem*; the last at two shillings only! All these works are produced in really first-rate style as to engraving, paper, and typography; and the score is arranged by the masterly hand of Vincent Novello. No musical library should fail to possess the series.

#### MAP OF THE CRIMEA, WITH PLAN OF THE HARBOUR AND TOWN OF SEVASTOPOL.

MR. WYLD has added another of his useful maps illustrating the war. The present is a map of the Crimea on a scale sufficient to show places even of very small importance. In a corner is added a map of the Black Sea, with the surrounding countries, showing their general relations; and in another corner a neatly executed plan of the town and harbour of Sevastopol, with the batteries and approaches. No newspaper reader, who desires to follow the movements of our forces, should be without this key to the war intelligence in the public journals.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.—There is a story told in connexion with this same Frederic which is a good tale in its way. Joachim von Zieten was one of the bravest of the generals who stood by Frederic the Great in victory or defeat. He was the son of a poor gentleman, and had little education but what he could pick up in barracks, camps, and battle fields, in all of which he figured in early youth. If his head was not over-burdened with learning, his heart was well freighted with that love for God, of which some portion, as the dismissed lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in King's College tells us, is in almost every individual without exception, and forms the sheet-anchor which shall enable him to ride through the storms which keep him from his desired haven of rest. He became the

terror of the foes of Prussia; but among his comrades, he was known only as 'good father Zieten.' He was remarkable for his swiftness at once of resolve and execution, and in remembrance as well as illustration thereof, a sudden surprise is spoken of by an astonished Prussian as 'failing on one like Zieten from an ambush.'

"Now, old Zieten, after the triumph achieved in the Seven Years' War, was always a welcome guest at the table of Frederic the Second. His place was ever by the side of the royal master whose cause he had more than once saved from ruin; and he only sat lower at table when there happened to be present some foreign royal mediocrity, illustriously obscure. On one occasion, he received a command to dine with the king on Good Friday. Zieten sent a messenger to his sovereign, stating that it was impossible for him to wait on his majesty, inasmuch as that he had made a point of never omitting to take the sacrament on that day, and of always spending the subsequent portion of the day in private meditation.

"A week elapsed before the scrupulous old soldier was again invited to the royal dinner-table. At length he appeared in his old place, and merry were the guests, the king himself setting an example of uproarious hilarity. The fun was running fast and furious, it was at its very loudest, when Frederic, turning to Zieten, smacked him familiarly on the back, and exclaimed, 'Well, grave old Zieten! how did the supper of Good Friday agree with your sanctimonious stomach? Have you properly digested the veritable body and blood?' At this blasphemy, and amid the thunders of pealing laughter, the saluting artillery of the delighted guests, Zieten leaped to his feet, and after shaking his grey hairs with indignation, and silencing the revellers with a cry, as though they had been dogs, he turned to the godless master of the realm, and said—words, if not precisely these; certainly and exactly to this effect:—

"I shun no danger;—your majesty knows it. My life has been always ready for sacrifice; when my country and the throne required it. What I was, that I am; and my head I would place on the block at this moment, if the striking of it off could purchase happiness for my king. But there is one who is greater than I, or any one here; and He is a greater sovereign than you who mock Him here from the throne in Berlin. He it is whose precious blood was shed for the salvation of all mankind. On Him, that Holy One, my faith reposes; He is my consoler in life, my hope in presence of death; and I will not suffer His name to be derided and attacked where I am by, and have voice to protest against it. Sir, if your soldiers had not been firm in this faith, they would not have gained victories for you. If you mock this faith, and jeer at those who cling to it, you only lend a hand to bury yourself and the state in ruin.' After a pause he added, looking the while on the mute king:—'What I have spoken is God's truth; receive it graciously.'

"Frederic was the patron of Voltaire, who had dared to say at his own table that what it had taken God and the twelve Apostles to build up, one man (Voltaire) would destroy. But Frederic was now, for a moment, more deeply moved by what had been uttered by the unphilosophical Zieten than by anything that had ever fallen from the brilliant but irreligious Voltaire. He rose, flung his left arm over Zieten's shoulder, offered his right hand to the brave old Christian general, and exclaimed:—'Zieten, you are a happy man! Would that I could be like you! Hold fast by your faith; and I will respect even where I cannot believe. What has occurred shall never happen again.'

"A deep and solemn silence followed, and the dinner was spoiled, according to the guests, to whom the king gave the signal to disperse long before their appetites had been satisfied. Zieten was preparing to withdraw with the rest, but Frederic, taking him by the hand, whispered:—'You, my friend, come with me to my cabinet.'—*Table Traits.*

#### FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, Aug. 22.

**BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.**—JAMES HART, Borough-road, Southwark, engineer—FREDERICK MILLER, Newport, Essex, corn merchant—WILLIAM PILLING, Manchester, publican.

**BANKRUPTS.**—JOHN MCCALLA and ALEXANDER FOTHERINGHAM, Friday-street, Cheapside, warehousemen—GEORGE and JAMES PRINCE, Regent-street, and Carlton-street, Westminster, wine merchants—EDENBERG KEMPSTER, MACKENZIE GRIFFITHS, CORNELIUS PROUT NEWCOMBE, and FRANCIS THOMAS GRIFFITHS, Gracechurch-street and Liverpool; shipowners—GEORGE HAMMOND, King's-row, Walworth, carpenter—CHARLES HENRY TUGMAN and JAMES EVENS TUGMAN, Great Tower-street, provision merchants—SAMUEL HILBERT ELLIS, jun., Stock Exchange, dealer in stocks—THOMAS MAIN, Albert-street, Penton-place, Walworth, engineer—RICHARD BENCH, Birmingham, flour dealer—HENRY WILSON, Old Swindon, Wiltshire, grocer—BENJAMIN SMITH, Kildwick, Yorkshire, worsted spinner—ALEXANDER SMITH, Liverpool, merchant—HUGH BROWN, Liverpool, merchant.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—J. NOBLE, Edinburgh, tavernkeeper—J. McNAIR, Glasgow, temperance hotel-keeper.

Friday, Aug. 25.

**BANKRUPTS.**—NICHOLAS MASON DAY and JOHN TURNER, Bushill-row, engineers—ADAM HUNTER, Oxford, draper—WILLIAM ALDER VINCENT, Wolverhampton, printer—JOHN CHAPLIN and ROBERT WIGLEY, Leicester, carriers—JOHN JOSEPH WHITTING, Cambridge, apothecary—JAMES NESBITT, Blackfriars-bridge, manufacturer of mantles—JOHN MILNER, Saint Peter's, Islington, stock and sharebroker—WILLIAM FLECKMAN, the younger, High-street, Kensington, corn and seed merchant—JOHN CLARKE, Belvidere-road, Lambeth, butcher—CHARLES GROVE, Birmingham, licensed victualler—SAMUEL HORTON, Edgeware-road, builder—GEORGE WEBB, Shoreditch, cheesemonger—JOHN PATTERSON WATKINSON, Alexander-terrace, Paddington, builder—JAMES WRIGHT, Rood-lane, shipowner—JOSEPH WINDLE COLE, Birch-lane, merchant—CHARLES HEYNE, St. Benet's-place, Gracechurch-street, broker—WILLIAM WALLER, the younger, Chesterfield, ironfounder—HOWARD BUSBY FOX, Liverpool, metal broker—JOSEPH ROBERTSON, Nantwich, brazier.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATION.**—DIONYSIUS ONUERI MARIANSKI, Hamilton, quarrier.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

FULFORD.—August 20, at Queenstown, the wife of Captain Fulford, of H.M.S. Conway: a son.

GOODFORD.—August 20, at Eton College, the wife of the Reverend Dr. Goodford, Head Master of Eton: a daughter.

HALL.—August 21, at Weymouth, the wife of Capt. Wm. King Hall, Commander of H.M.S. Bulldog: a son.

LOCKER.—August 21, at Chester-street, the Lady Charlotte Locker: a daughter.

PROSSER.—August 22, at 45, Grosvenor-place, the Lady Harriet Wegg Prosser: a son and heir.

TURNER.—August 20, at Kingston, Surrey, the Honourable Mrs. Turner, wife of Captain Turner, Royal Artillery, Vienna: a son.

##### MARRIAGES.

BROOD-NAPIER.—August 17, at Clapham Church, Henry A. Bruce, Esq., M.P., of Duffryn Aberdare, Glamorgan, to North, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Napier, R.C.B.

BUDD-RUSSELL.—August 15, at Beachampton, George Budd, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine in King's College, London, and Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, to Louisa Matilda, youngest daughter of Thomas Russell, M.D., Toulouse.

ELWORTHY-KERSHAW.—August 17, at the Cathedral Church, Manchester, Frederic T. Elworthy, Esq., of Wellington, Somerset, to Maria, third daughter of James Kershaw, Esq., M.P. of Manchester.

RAMSAY-YOUNG.—August 16, at St. Margaret's, Ipswich, Lieut. John Douglas Ramsay, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral Ramsay, C.B., to Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Benjamin Young, M.A., vicar of Tuddenham, St. Martin's Suffolk.

WARDE-WOODGATE.—August 18, at Pénshurst, the Rev. Augustus William Warde, youngest son of the late General Sir Henry Warde, G.C.B., to Catherine, eldest daughter of William Woodgate, Esq., of Swaylands, Pénshurst.

WELLESLEY-ASHMORE.—August 12, at St. Anne's Church, Belfast, Augustus Colley De Vere Wellesley, Esq., youngest son of the late Richard Wellesley, Esq., M.P., to Clara, youngest daughter of the late Richard Ashmore, Esq., of Belfast.

##### DEATHS.

JAMESON.—August 1, at Toronto, the Hon. Robert Symson Jameson, late Attorney-General and Chancellor of Canada.

LANGTON.—August 12, at Richmond, Mrs. Jane Langton, last surviving daughter of Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, Lincolnshire, and of the Countess Dowager of Roches.

BOWLEY.—August 18, at the house of his father-in-law, John Angerstein, Esq., Woodlands, Blackheath, Kent, Captain Richard Freeman Bowley, R.N., son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Bowley, Bart., G.C.B., &c., and brother to the present baronet, in his forty-ninth year.

WHARTON.—August 19, at Skelton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, in her eighty-eighth year, Susan Mary Ann Wharton, relict of John Wharton, of Skelton Castle, Esq., and formerly M.P. for Beverley.

## Commercial Affairs.

#### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, August 25, 1854.

THE business done in the English stocks has been limited. Consols have remained 94 to 94½ for money, and 94½ to 94½ for account. Bank Stock is steady at 210, and India Stock at 225. Exchequer Bills are at par. The New Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents. have been 94½ to 94½, and the Threeper Cents. 94 to 94½.

Foreign stocks have also exhibited but little activity, about half a dozen transactions only being noted. Spanish Three per Cents. are 36½ to 37, and the New Deferred are heavy at 18. New Turkish Scrip is 6½ to 6½, which is a slight decline.

Transactions in railway, mining, banking, and miscellaneous shares have been unimportant. The railway market, which opened with a firmer appearance, is now rather weaker, and the French lines are neglected, and quotations nominal.

#### CORN MARKET.

Milk Lane, Friday Evening, August 25.

LOCAL TRADE.—The weather during the week has been most favourable for the harvest in England. In Ireland there has been much rain, but by the accounts received this morning, a change for the better has now taken place there. The potato blight appears to be extending, but hopes are entertained, that owing to the increased breadth of land under cultivation, the deficiency will not exceed that of last

year. At the same time, under the influence of these circumstances, several purchases of Wheat and Maize, as reported below, have been made for Ireland. The Wheat trade here has remained in the same quiet state as last reported, but with a tendency to decline. The value of Barley has not further receded. Oats are held with great firmness in consequence of information that the port of Archangel is blockaded. Up to this time 108,778 quarters have been shipped from that port. The vessels actually loading will be allowed to depart.

FLOATING TRADE.—There are now very few cargoes of either Wheat or Maize off the coast for orders. Several cargoes of Wheat have been ordered away without having been sold. Maize has met with a ready sale. Egyptian has been sold at 26s., 26s. 9d., 27s., and 27s. 6d., and a cargo of Ordon at 35s. Galatz Wheat—two cargoes at 54s. and one at 56s., and a cargo of Odessa Glirka at 56s. For cargoes of Maize on passage holders ask higher prices. Two cargoes of Barley have been ordered to Antwerp, and one to Dunkirk; one of Egyptian has been sold at 21s. cost, freight and insurance. There is a rumour that in consequence of the abundance of the new crop, the Emperor will permit the export of Wheat from the Russian ports. In France the weather continues favourable for the harvest, and prices have undergone a further decline.

FREE ON BOARD.—Under the influence of fine weather the value of Wheat has further declined in some of the Baltic ports. At Amsterdam prices continue firm. The stock of Barley is short there, but consumers will not give any advance. We learn from Breslau that rain has fallen in that district almost without interruption for eight days, that much damage has been done to the crops, and that some of the railway bridges have been carried away by the floods.

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

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock.....	210	.....	209½	210	210	208½
3 per Cent. Red. ....	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
3 per Cent. Con. An. ....	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
Consols for Account .....	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
3½ per Cent. An. ....	95	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
New 2½ per Cents. ....	82½	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Long Ans. 1850.....	4½	.....	4½	.....	4½	4½
India Stock.....	220	.....	220	220	220	220
Ditto Bonds, £1000 .....	.....	.....	2 p	2 p	2 p	.....
Ditto, under £1000 .....	1 p	5 p	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ex. Bills, £1000.....	1 p	1 p	1 p	1 p	2 p	1 p
Ditto, £500.....	2 p	2 p	1 p	1 d	3 p	par
Ditto, Small .....	par	par	3 p	3 p	par	1 p

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

Brazilian Bonds .....	100½	Russian Bonds, 5 per	.....
Buenos Ayres 6 per Onts. ....	.....	Cents 1822 .....	90
Chilian 6 per Cents. ....	10½	Russian 4½ per Cents. ....	.....
Danish 5 per Cents. ....	.....	Spanish 3½ per Cents. ....	18½
Ecuador Bonds .....	.....	Spanish Committee Cert.	.....
Mexican 3 per Cents. ....	2½	of Coup. not fun. ....	.....
Mexican 3 per Ct. for	.....	Venezuela 3½ per Cents. ....	.....
Acc. ....	.....	Belgian 4½ per Cents. ....	92
Portuguese 4 per Cents. ....	.....	Dutch 2½ per Cents. ....	6½
Portuguese 5 p. Cents. ....	.....	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif. ....	94

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Do do .....	2	3 "

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