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35 "	1000	28 2 6 6	"	72	32 15
40 "	1000	32 15 0 6	"	72	35 7
50 "	1000	45 12 6 6	"	72	42 9

(Policies of One to Five complete Years participate in proportion.)

The above Profits are equivalent—if added to the Policy—to a Reversionary Sum at Death equal to One Pound Four Shillings per Cent. per Annum on the Sum Insured for each of the completed years of the Policy;—Or, if taken as an Immediate Cash Payment, is, at most ages, considerably more than One Year's Premium.

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WM. B. LEWIS, Secretary.

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OUR NATIONAL OUT-LOOK FOR 1860.

THE opening days of the decade on which we are entering, are more than usually cheerful and calm. Our granaries are full, our workshops busy, and our poor-rates lighter by a good deal, than they have often been at Christmas-time. Manifold manufacture may not be driving what it loves to call "a roaring trade;" but capital and labour have, for the most part, as much to do as perhaps is good for them: and save the shipping interest, we hear no branch of mercantile enterprise complain. Money is abundant in the City; the bullion caves, where timid opulence alone ventures to indulge in sleep, are filled with golden hordes; and credit with its paper wings flutters complacently round the mighty store, showing but little disposition to take any distant flight in quest of tempting prey. A certain heaviness in the air, and a dark rim of clouds in the horizon whichever way we look, lowers the pulse of pecuniary adventure, as well as of political hardihood. It is, indeed, one of the most curious facts in our experience, as it will be to the future chronicler one of the most puzzling riddles, that during the autumn and winter of 1859, without a quarrel with any neighbour, or tangible cause of one with any nation nearer than the Chinese, the uppermost thought in the heads of our ruling classes has been how to get tens, or, if possible, hundreds of thousands of men rapidly organized, armed, and drilled.

On the surface of society, there have been all the symptoms of perplexity and panic. Imminent danger has been asseverated loudly by great naval and military authorities, and more than assented to by the heads of civil administration. No sufficient reason or explanation has indeed been assigned for the precipitancy of preparation, or the show of misgiving ostentatiously betrayed; but the civil servants of the Government in every department have been encouraged to enrol themselves in Volunteer Corps; and the aristocracy and established clergy have everywhere been engaged in stimulating instant preparations for a life and death struggle. It is pretty clear, however, that the nation at large has not been moved from its propriety by the undue and undignified excitement manifested by its self-styled betters, without catching the ague of their real or pretended fear. The people good-humouredly have said—"Well, we don't mind if we do arm; we have always had a liking for the thing, and it certainly is not our fault if there be any danger now arising from the want of it; only let us understand clearly that this is no delusive effervescence got up for some political occasion, but a permanent return to the wise ways of better times, when every man paying scot and lot was trained to the honest use of arms, and treated as a trusted citizen of the Commonwealth, in times of peace as in those of anticipated war." Nothing can be more creditable to the sense and spirit of the community in general, than the sober and un-spasmodic manner in which men of all degrees and avocations have agreed to "fall into line" for the defence of the realm, whenever it should be necessary. We are concerned to be obliged to say that nothing can be more disingenuous or disreputable than the design, as yet imperfectly disclosed, of turning the opportunity of the Volunteer movement to class account. There is not a man who really understands the spirit of his country, or is truly loyal to its safety and its honour, who does not loathe the insolent and selfish schemes esoterically cherished, for using the new organization as a means of what is called, in the slang of the Upper Ten Thousand, "getting arms into the right hands." Let these shabby plotters be assured that the people are not and will not be duped by empty professions of no respect of persons, while, practically, the covert aim is kept in view of social preference and class exclusion. Men will not be deterred from doing their duty, or taking part in what may and ought to become a permanent institution, by a suspicion of such designs: on the contrary, they would stick to it, and thwart the treason. That veteran friend of the soldier, Sir DE LACEY EVANS, thoroughly understands our meaning, as we cordially and thankfully appreciate his, in his recent letter to the captain of the Dover Corps—"If the stalwart and loyal, though of humble means, be excluded from this voluntary armament, the high value and importance of the movement, as contributing to the national safety, will be seriously diminished." Yet, Lords ELCHO and GROSVENOR, with the unanimous approval of their Belgravian comrades, do not hesitate to insist upon a uniform which is to cost £7 9s. 6d.—by way of genteel notice, we presume, that "no common fellow need apply." Besides superfluous expense of uniform, there are many ways, of course, of practically imposing a money test: messes, brass bands, suppers after parade, etc., being the most frequently had recourse to. We own we feel impelled to deprecate this sort of thing earnestly, and with all plainness of speech, because we cannot help connecting it with that other indisposition to act justly and fairly by the people in regard to their civil rights.

We are once more said to be on the eve of a Reform Bill.

All parties profess loudly their desire to see the question settled. Both Whigs and Tories begin to have an uneasy consciousness that they have played the game of fast and loose too long, and that, from mere considerations of prudence, it were better now to have done with it. They feel somewhat in the condition of spendthrift traders, who, having easy creditors when first they failed, have been tempted to repeat the operation every two or three years, greatly to their own ease and advantage. As the usual period for breaking down is about to recur, there are not wanting ill-advisers to counsel resort once more to the dishonest expedient. It is not actually necessary, they urge, to put up the shutters, or abscond; only let certain bills be thrown back unaccepted, and another *pause*, as it is considerably termed, must take place—not an absolute stoppage, or smash, involving a final withdrawal from business, but just enough to wipe out existing liabilities, and to ask with a bold face for fresh credit. On the part of those who have hitherto dealt with them so forbearingly, there is no bluster or threatening, but a certain something in their fixed and silent look intimates unmistakably that they have had enough of it, and will stand no more. It is indeed only marvellous to think how, for eight years, the gravest of all domestic questions should have been trifled with so unblushingly by all sections of the resistant class. Five-sixths of the governing body, whether in or out of Parliament, are confessedly opposed in heart to all further concession of the franchise—to all real protection of the voter, and to all effectual reduction in the cost of election;—more than all these, they are notoriously averse to all disfranchisement of rotten or nomination boroughs, and to every creation of large and independent constituencies. Far from wishing to disguise the fact, we conceive that the true interest of the people lies in clearly recognising it. Is it the want of such recognition heretofore, that has, in our opinion, led mainly to delusion and disappointment—for many have dozed on, and dreamt a deceptive dream of parliamentary willingness to do them justice, instead of setting themselves about the business of insisting on its being done. Parliament, and the Court and oligarchy, with which it sympathizes, was just as hostile to any substantial increase of electoral power, or of a representative accountability in 1832; and the Court and oligarchy of that period would never have allowed Schedule A, or the Ten Pound franchise to become law, if there had been no weightier consideration in the case than the reasoning, or the will of the small minority of sincere reformers, who then had seats in the House of Commons. These were but the staff and the standardbearers of the popular host, but it was the existence of the host rather than any skill of its leaders, that exacted submission. And if the industry and intelligence of the nation now expects further concessions worth having, they must say so firmly and calmly, and without loss of time; for if not, we shall probably witness, in the course of the coming session, either another wilful failure to legislate at all, or the offer of such a dividend as will only evoke popular repudiation and reproach.

Our foreign relations wear, upon the whole, a settled and satisfactory aspect. Europe has never been so much of our mind with regard to the policy of non-intervention, as at the present hour. Austria, indeed, is still impenitent and unpersuadable; but Austria's power of mischief to Italy is, at least for the present, paralyzed. The want of money compels her to continue the disbanding of her troops, and that at a moment when Venetia and Hungary are alike ready to revolt, and religious disaffection is rife in many parts of her German territories. Protestant Prussia anticipates without regret the dismemberment of the Papacy, and the consolidation of a free and reforming Italian State, carved to a certain extent out of the spoils of her old rival. The Government of Russia has enough to do in repairing its recent losses, combating the domestic opposition of the nobility to the abrogation of serfhood, struggling with financial embarrassment, and urging onward the tardy completion of great lines of railway. The old antagonism between the Greek and Latin churches renders all sympathy for the pope in Muscovy impossible; and should Hungary again rise to assert its legislative independence, Austria may think herself only too lucky if Russian countenance and aid be not given to the Magyars. Napoleon III. has broken irrevocably with the ultracatholic party;—his pamphlet proclamation of human *versus* divine right will never be forgiven: it is the solemn and deliberate republication, by the head of the first army in the world, that the people are the only source of legitimate power. The courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin gnash their teeth as they read it, and declare that if they are expected to send envoys to Congress, they must protest through them formally against assenting to such a doctrine, but only in a discreet and diplomatic way. Austria, Bavaria, Naples, and Rome, tremble with rage as they con the omenist's pages endorsed by M. Guérrier, and sigh for the days when France had a Bourbon for a king. No stronger

pledge of his intention and desire to maintain the English alliance could by possibility have been given by Napoleon III. than his conduct in this respect. It would be folly to deny that, until yesterday he exercised an influence over millions in these islands by virtue of his assumed protectorate of the Papacy, which no friend to national unity amongst ourselves could regard without concern;—that influence he has destroyed with his own hand spontaneously and irreparably; no diplomatic explanations or shiftings can replace him in the hearts of Irish and English catholics where he was before. He has deliberately and with his eyes open put an end for ever to a source of annoyance and distrust which our Government, however they may affect to disguise the truth, would have given a great deal to be relieved from. We have never been among the flatterers of the French Emperor, but we must own that his recent conduct seems to us calculated to disprove and defy sinister suspicions.

"ANNUS LETHALIS."

THE old year is dead. The sycophant eagerly waited for the signal, to proclaim the accession of his heir. The doctors rushed, scalpel in hand, to dissect his corpse. In fact, the year of grace 1859, our "Annus mirabilis," has passed his death agony. There were but few friends about his bed, and fewer mourners. He lived a prodigal, and he dies a pauper. He leaves a scant inheritance, and many debts. He has but short space left for repentance, and a heavy burden of sins to confess. Let us shrive him, while we may.

If the dead year has failed in all else, in the science of chronological symmetry it has been a year without an equal. Twelve months, day for day, have contained the rise, the decline, and (must we add) the fall, of the Italian war of independence. The very birth-day of the year was a day of gloom and trouble. On New Year's day, the Emperor of the French gave the first notice of the coming war, on behalf of Italy and freedom. On the last day of the self-same year, we see the envoys of Austria and Rome and Naples journeying towards Paris, to attend the European congress, on behalf of what—we hardly know—but "not" on behalf of Italy, still less on behalf of freedom. What a world of change, of hopes, and troubles, and fears, lies between those two epochs! When we seek to realize the past, our minds grow confused, just as the sight grows dim and weary, looking on phantasmagoric changes, without pattern and without purpose. The message of the Emperor; the arming of Sardinia; the proclamation of war by Austria; the crossing of the Ticino; the march of the French armies to the rescue of Turin: so runs the first act of the world-drama, full of hope and promise. Then follow the annals of the war, which read like some Ariosto legend, where the armies of the Infidel fall prostrate without a blow, before the champion of the Cross. The expulsion of the Austrians from Piedmont; the evacuation of Milan; the flight of the German grand dukes; the wild exploits of GARIBALDI; Novara, Magenta, and Solferino—follow each other in rapid succession, till the proud saying of the Emperor is almost accomplished, and, from the Alps to the Adriatic, Italy is all but free. Then the scene changes. In the very hour of conquest the conqueror abdicates his victories. The peace of Villafranca divides the year, not only in time, but in character. In the first half, there are hope, and life, and war; in the second; there are despair, and death, and peace. After the bright dream of the beginning, the dreary sequel of the end weighs on us as a troubled nightmare. The return of the French armies to a hollow triumph; the petty details and pettier disputes of the Zurich congress; the feeble efforts of the Italian states to continue a hopeless struggle; the little triumphs of diplomacy, and the retirement of the list of Italian heroes, are things all so painful to dwell upon, that we would fain fall asleep again, and dream that we were dreaming still.

The year, too, has witnessed the fall of a great kingdom. It needs no gift of prophecy to foresee that ere long the empire of Austria will be numbered among the things that were. Henceforth the title of King of Lombardy belongs no longer to the House of Hapsburg. The writing is upon the wall, written in no mystic characters. The last great bulwark between Russia and the South of Europe will soon have ceased to exist. Whether for evil or for good, this year, fatal to many things, has been, above all others, fatal to the great German Empire. In the annals of Spain, 1859 will be recorded as the time of the dying struggle of a decaying people. A despotism without power to dignify its usurpation, has produced its worthy fruit in a crusade without faith to sanctify its iniquity. In the New World, the grandest of the old Spanish conquests, Mexico, has sunk into a state of barbarous anarchy; while in the great Anglo-Saxon republic the year will be ever memorable for the first, we fear not the last, outbreak of a civil and a servile insurrection.

Our own domestic annals, if less eventful, are not much more fruitful of good. There has been much change, and little progress. The Indian mutiny is over, suppressed, we care little to think how; the old system is being re-established with the old rulers. The promises of a new policy, which was to call forth the resources of India, have not been fulfilled. The re-instatement of the Talookdars in their rights and properties shows that in our Indian Government the advocates of the old system have triumphed, and that what has been, is henceforth to be again. In China, we have the fact of an unsatisfactory repulse, and the prospect of a war even more unsatisfactory yet. One parliament at home has followed another, and one ministry has succeeded another, without any definite result. The cards have been shuffled, but the hands are not changed. The old names and the old men have got a new lease of the old places. The Conservatives had no policy in office, and have lost office without finding what they wanted; the Liberals had no policy in opposition, and have not supplied the want by the acquisition of office.

The Manchester party, under Mr. BRIGHT, have been trying hard, desperately hard, to get up a political agitation. The corpse of the old Reform movement has been galvanized with most powerful batteries, but not a spark of life has been evoked. Somehow or other the old quack medicines seem to have lost their charm. The patient has grown incredulous, and refuses to be dosed; in fact, we still go on governing and being governed, on the general principle that something will turn up. Possibly some day or other something will turn up—not in the least expected. The past year, indeed, has turned up much that we looked upon as settled. It has been a year of mutiny. We have had mutiny in our army—mutiny in our fleet—mutiny, of a social kind, among our labouring classes. In each case the outbreak has been subdued, order has been restored—and the fact remains.

The year, however, has been above all conspicuous for the exposures of our social system. In every sphere of life, in every rank of society, there have been a number of "causes célèbres," which are not likely soon to be forgotten. The Divorce Courts have thrown doubts upon the supposed sanctity of the marriage bond. The electoral commissions show how whole populations in ordinary English country towns are gangrened with corruption, how true it is that every man has his price, and that that price too is not a very high one. The army commission trials have left an ugly suspicion upon the vaunted integrity of our governing classes. The trial, conviction, reprieve, pardon, and second trial of Dr. SMETHURST have not increased our respect for national justice, and have impaired our faith in the infallibility of science. The disclosures of the Oude royal family during their visit to England suggest most painful suspicions as to the reliance to be placed on English honour and British good faith, even amongst men of position and character; while the failure and mismanagement of the "Great Ship" throws discredit on the integrity, as well as the ability, of the commercial world. The Church itself has not escaped unstained; and even the private morality of the clergy, of which we used to hear so much, is now not unquestioned. The social system seems breaking up, and these instances of corruption in every class look like the premonitory symptoms of general decay.

The necrology of the year is symptomatic of its general character. The men of eminence who have died have been, more than is usually the case, the last representatives of old systems—last survivors of a time that, with them, passes out of sight for ever. METTERNICH is dead, dying on the very eve of the downfall of that dynasty he had served so well, if not so wisely. With him dies the age, and the spirit of the age, that restored the Bourbons to France and framed the treaties of Vienna. Boniba, too, has completed the measure of his miserable existence. The last of the dynastic race of petty tyrants, he has left behind him no successor. New despots may have new vices, but with the late king of Naples, an old and a bad era has passed away. In the world of letters, the deaths of Lord MACAULAY, LEIGH HUNT, of DE QUINCEY, and of WASHINGTON IRVING have removed well nigh the last remnants of that great and goodly company of authors, who were in their prime some half-century ago. With the exception of SAVAGE LANDOR, we know not that we have now one writer of eminence left who wrote in the old days, when BYRON, and SCOTT, and SHELLEY were not alone in their glory.

We called the past year an "annus mirabilis." We think we should have baptized it more truly as an "annus lethalis." Whatever it has touched, has withered and died. Whether the year shall prove not only the end of an old system, but the beginning of a new, time alone can show. Meanwhile, we part from 1859 without regret, and look forward, if with doubt, not altogether without hope.

GERMANY.

THE principle upon which most of our contemporaries proceed in the rare references they make to German politics, appears to be the very convenient but dangerous one, that whatever is not at once intelligible, must necessarily be absurd and unimportant. Because the tangled web cannot be unravelled without the employment of more time and attention than helter-skelter writers are disposed to bestow upon it, the easy course is adopted of turning the struggles of a great people after a national life into the occasion of bad jokes at Teutonic beer-drinking, pedantry, and metaphysics, or second-hand banter about the Court of Pumpnickel, its half-a-dozen soldiers, and three or four thousand subjects. It would be much better for them to candidly confess ignorance. It is almost as difficult to understand the dynastic and local interests of each one of the nearly forty states amongst which the forty millions of Germans are distributed, as it would be to master the genealogy of the different families which at various times have swayed them, or the innumerable changes in their territorial limits. It is not discreditable to an Englishman to share an ignorance which is avowed by many educated Germans; but it is a sad misuse of an important position when the leading journals of a country which has such intimate relations with Germany, and exercises so marked an influence upon the political tendencies of its people, instead of giving it the benefit of that calm unbiassed opinion upon the questions agitating it which they might well offer, treat its earnest strivings with unfair and inopportune pleasantry.

The signal failure which has attended all attempts at the unity of Germany, even when made under the most favourable circumstances that could be hoped for, may, indeed, at first sight, seem to warrant the contemptuous conclusion that the proceedings of its politicians are always tainted by a dreamy, muddled impracticability. The more closely, however, the subject is regarded, the more unjust appears that opinion. The difficulties with which the leaders of such movements have to contend, are immense; difficulties too, be it observed, of which some of the most serious are occasioned by the intervention of other countries. The advocates of German unity, or of that approach to it which is implied by the establishment of a strong central power, have to contend with a diversity of interests and prejudices, which appear almost insuperable. There are, first, the irreconcilable pretensions of Austria and Prussia, both of which, enjoying the rank of European powers, and possessing territories beyond the limits of the confederation, seek to use Germany to advance their own special purposes, and can never be cordially united except at the expense of all the smaller states. A reorganization of the confederation which should give the Hegemony of Germany to Austria or Prussia, must either provide for the exclusion of the defeated aspirant, or grant it some compensation, at the cost of the petty sovereigns. Of this, these royal, princely, and ducal personages are well aware, and shape their course with the view of averting such a catastrophe. The second rate sovereigns are unwilling to bate one jot of their regal rights. Although the name of king is new to them, they are greater sticklers for its power and dignity than the wearers of the oldest European Crowns, as Germany knows to her cost. It was by the obstinate refusal of the newly made kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria to give up any part of their privileges that the remarkably liberal constitution which Austria and Prussia proposed as the basis of the confederation, was rejected in 1815, and the present narrow and illiberal Act adopted. The real friends of German freedom would be glad to get now that which, but for Bavaria and Wurtemberg, they might have had forty-five years ago. Then, however, Prussia, Austria, and Hanover were on the side of liberty; now, the two latter, at least, will be found its determined opponents. It is often assumed that the smaller states take the side of Austria in the federal squabbles, solely from sympathy with her governmental system; that, however, is an error. They side with Austria, because they have much less to apprehend from her supremacy than from that of Prussia, and because, without their support, she must yield to her younger rival. They know that if the scheme of a central power is ever adopted, Prussia is most likely to acquire it, and they feel that such a step would facilitate a cherished idea of that aggrandising nation, their absorption within its territory. It is a contest of self-preservation on the part of these governments, and with all their faults, the sympathy of their subjects is, to a great extent, with them. The people of Germany, although they may speak the same language, and sing the same songs about Fatherland, are divided by animosities even warmer than those they feel towards the foreigner on their borders. There is little sympathy between north and south; the subjects of one state would not deem themselves guilty of fratricide if they were called upon to kill in war those of another. And the feeling is strongest against the very country which puts forward the greatest pretensions to supremacy.

Austria may be despised in the north, but Prussia is most cordially hated in the south. It is, indeed, impossible that Bavarians or Austrian Germans could submit to its domination, whilst the feeling is almost as intense in some of the smaller states. In addition to these prejudices, the bulk of the people of the minor states would not like to give up their individuality, and be merged in a great Prussian or Austrian state, as Germany must become if its direction is confided to the one or other power.

How are these contending interests to be settled, and this tenacious opposition, which has stood the strongest shocks, to be overcome? That is the point about which the Germans are at their wits' end. How great the difficulty has always appeared, is evidenced by the numberless projects of a new constitution, which, during 1848, 1849, 1850, and 1851, were put forward as its solution. We do not refer to the schemes of journalists and pamphleteers, the number of which is legion, but to the proposals of the German governments themselves. If, however, all these new constitutions attest the difficulty of change, they prove still more strongly the general feeling that some change in the federal relations is absolutely necessary.

The feeling, indeed, is as old as the institution of the Federal Compact. In 1848, it found an irresistible expression, and the old Diet was got rid of. The task of organization, however, was above the men who undertook it; and the Diet resumed its functions to undo, amidst the cowardly apathy of the people, all the liberal work of the revolution. The war in Italy has again made Federal Reform the question of the day in Germany; and strange to say, that feeling of patriotism and energy which Austria evoked in her own defence, now threatens to consummate her ruin. The old Gotha party, which desires the ascendancy of Prussia, has commenced an agitation for the replacement of the Bund by a "fixed, strong, and permanent" central power, and the convocation of a German national assembly, the central power to be conferred upon Prussia. Of course Prussians cordially support a programme which secures their own aggrandisement, and it has equally found unreserved support in many parts of Northern Germany, despite the severe measures taken by the governments, particularly that of Hanover, to discountenance it. One sovereign, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, has likewise given his adhesion. Elsewhere, the programme has been accepted, with the omission of Prussian ascendancy; and sufficient noise has been made by the movement to alarm the rulers of the smaller states, who, upon the old plan of throwing out a tub to catch a whale, have lately laid before the Diet some proposals of a quasi-liberal character, determined upon at conferences held at Wurzburg. In these proposals, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, the Hesses, and the Mecklenburgs, with two or three smaller states, ask for the publication of the proceedings of the Diet, a common law of domicile and settlement, a common civil and criminal code, some alterations in the military arrangements of the Confederation, and the fortification of the coasts of the Baltic and the German ocean. It is impossible to suppose that such questionable reforms as these will satisfy the agitators for national unity. The struggle must continue until the governments become involved in it, and then will commence an exchange of protests and recriminations, more fruitful of solid advantage, let us trust, than those which were penned in 1849 and 1850.

If, however, this one aim of national unity and a central power is still obstinately adhered to by the German Reformers, we can see but little prospect of results corresponding to their hopes and exertions. It is strange that a nation which reads the future in the past, as Germany does, should thus pant after a unity which has never existed in its history. The unity of Germany means a complete revolution, and the only parties which can pursue it with anything like a chance of success, are either that small but determined one which desires one indivisible republic, and will not scruple about the bloody work to be done in forming it, or that larger but much less resolute one, which asks the incorporation of all the states of Germany in the Prussian monarchy. The time has not yet come, if indeed it ever comes, for either of these solutions. All that can be achieved by the special agitation now going on, will be an increase of the attributions of the Diet, with, perhaps, a greater influence in its decisions on the part of Prussia. That result would be a loss rather than a gain to Germany. With such powers as the Diet now has, its action upon Germany has been a clog and a curse, and with extended power it would be more mischievous. Its chief business, for the last nine years, has been to suppress the liberal constitutions granted by the different sovereigns in 1848, and to force thoroughly obnoxious laws upon a struggling people. A uniform legislation emanating from the Diet would be a sad infliction. Nor would matters be mended by giving a greater power in it to Prussia. She has shared in the guilt of all the wrongs which the Diet has committed, and the mere fact that the men now at the head of her affairs are a shade more liberal than their predecessors, is no

guarantee for her liberal action in the future. The one desirable reform of the Federal Act would be its dissolution, or, at all events, the restriction of the central power within much narrower limits. If each state were left to arrange its own constitution, settle its own budget, and make its own laws, the people would soon obtain an amount of real freedom, of which a strong central power will always deprive them. Prussia herself has quite enough to do in putting her own house in order, in getting rid of her most execrable police and municipal systems, before setting up for a lawgiver to Germany. And no one need fear that the result of this removal of Federal control would be a confusion of laws, moneys, and tariffs, or an inability to defend itself against any enemy. All these matters could be arranged by special agreement, as the occasion might arise. The Bund had nothing to do with the Zollverein; and the states, which could form a customs union when their own interests seemed to require it, could stipulate a mutuality of rights for their subjects, or form a defensive league whenever danger threatened any one of them. Let the earnest patriots of Germany take care that they are not again made the catspaw of princes, and remember that individual liberty would be a much more precious acquisition than a tawdry and temporary revival of the Holy Roman Empire.

ITALY.

THE opening year, though offering a prospect not undimmed by clouds, certainly dawns hopefully for the Italian Peninsula. Every misfortune has its corresponding advantage by way of compensation, and it may well be a source of consolation to the unhappy Venetian, Roman, or Neapolitan, to know that he has reached the limits of his degradation and misery; consequently that time, which naturally involves change, must bring him improvement, and cannot reduce him to a worse position. Previously to the late Franco-Sardinian campaign, the state of Italy—always excepting Piedmont and one or two minor states, so insignificant that they rarely obtain even passing notice—was such that, while the true friends of liberty looked with a jealous eye upon the aid proffered by France, not a voice was raised to deter the Italians from its acceptance. That they could not be worse off was the general feeling; and certainly the events which have resulted from the alliance, though largely combined with anxiety and uncertainty, have been of a nature to advance the Italian cause, even more than could have been anticipated. The comparative repose and liberty enjoyed in those portions of the Peninsula which shook off their rulers, have strikingly contrasted with the bloodshed and lamentation of the other parts. Self-government and order have gone hand in hand during the past few months, and may well put to the blush the policy of those who declare freedom and licence to be synonymous. The good understanding maintained between rulers and people in the Central States is truly hopeful when contrasted with the punitive displays which constantly take place in Naples. There the Government have so decided a taste for the administration of corporal punishment that even the grave must be rifled of its victims to afford subjects for gratifying the propensity of the rulers for the punishment of the stick. It is positively affirmed that the body of Vincenza Altanura was disinterred, beaten round the city of Andria preceded by a drum, with the crucifix carried upside down, professedly because she died impenitent. Notwithstanding Neapolitan ostentation of pious devotion to the Holy See, surely the Romanist doctrine of purgatory must be held in light estimation, where it can be felt necessary thus to interfere with Satan's province. The above is but one of numberless instances of the unreasoning and unreasonably severe conduct of the Bourbon Government, perpetrated too at a moment when it might have been thought that the arts and blandishments of hypocritical concession to popular feeling would have been the sin to which it would have been far more liable from the instinct of self-preservation. Francis II. fully keeps up the reputation of his race, of whom it has been said, they never learn and never forget anything. The unhappy subjects of this king have drawn up a memorandum addressed to the European Congress of 1860, in which they say, with equal force and justice, "We, upright citizens of this unfortunate kingdom, are ready to prove that the Neapolitan Government during the past eleven years has maintained constant warfare against the people, oppressing them in the most cruel manner, and treating them not as a community of men, but purely as a congeries of things." Untaught by the past, and unmindful of the ruin by which its dynasty is threatened, this Government must still be characterized, according to one of our statesmen, as *the negation of God*.

We give another proof of the enlightenment of Italian rule. It may startle some of our readers to hear that the three personages most identified with ideas of liberty in Italy, King Victor Emmanuel, Count Cavour, and General Garibaldi, have

been suddenly seized and incarcerated at Terni, in Umbria. The governor of that city, after giving orders for the arrest, was so overcome by fears of a revolution, that he immediately retired to a neighbouring town. Shortly afterwards a mounted carabineer arrived, in hot haste, to inform him that the famous deed had been accomplished by the police and the political gendarmerie. Learning, to his intense relief, that no uproar had occurred in the city, the governor immediately wrote to his superior in office, informing him that Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi were in his power, and intreating him to dispose of them without delay, as he himself neither wished nor dared to have the responsibility of taking charge of them. The fact might have been of more serious consequences, had it been those important individuals themselves, instead of their portraits, which were arrested and placed in durance. Friends and enemies alike seem bent upon the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. The vituperation and complaints of the powers and systems opposed to Rome, are not likely to prove half so deadly as the investigation and attention attracted by the undue zeal of its defenders. It is in vain that we are told by British subjects of high standing, that the rule of the Pope is gentle and paternal, that his states are a pattern of good government, and his people contented and happy. Such protestations only induce the eye to dwell the longer upon the actual daily proofs to the contrary, which every where meet the gaze of the traveller, and obtrude themselves upon the reader of foreign journals. With regard to Pius IX. himself, their statements may be more in consonance with facts. Separate the man from the system he represents, and we are willing to go a long way with them. That he is "a man whose character will bear comparison with that of the most exemplary sovereigns in ancient or modern times;" that he "has proved himself the friend of liberal institutions, of art, education, and science," and that "there is nothing in the conduct of Pius the Ninth at variance with goodwill for England, her dynasty, and her people," are facts to which we cordially give our assent. The more readily do we accept and quote them, in that they support our proposition that the papal rule must inevitably be bad, whatever the private character of the individual by whom it is administered. Under a Pontiff so kind, amiable, and liberal as Giovanni Mastai Feretti, the papacy is evidently seen in its best and most favourable aspect, and bad, indeed, is the best. A hard struggle will be made to keep things in their actual condition when Congress meets, with the addition of restoring recalcitrant Bologna to his Holiness's happy flock, as a matter of course; but should this be done, the arrangement cannot possibly last long. Enlightenment and freedom of thought—those mortal enemies of Romanism—are as little susceptible of control as the winds and waves; though they may be guided by wisdom and policy, they cannot be suppressed, and will infallibly eventually crush despotism, whether moral or material, unless despotism will consent to act in concert with them, and thus modify its character. For Austria, Rome, and Naples to pretend to govern Italy according to the rigid notions of the feudal ages, is about as reasonable as to try to make the world revolve on its axis round the sun in the direction contrary to its wont, and thus bring back the chronological period for which, judging from their acts, they have so tender an affection. It is sheer infatuation on the part of these Powers to persist in travelling over the rough roads made by themselves in their crazy, old, retrograde diligence, which goes lumbering along, drawn by doltish "cattle" of multifarious kinds—horse, mule, and ox—harnessed with shabby old ropes, occasionally spliced with rags, horribly jolting and shaking its uneasy occupants the while, who are exposed to the effects of wind, rain, and cold in consequence of its gaping crevices, splitting pannels, ill-fitting doors and windows, and altogether shaky condition. Why not avail themselves of the smooth railway of political liberty, with its luxurious and elegant carriages, in which they and their subjects might bowl easily along together in perfect freedom and comfort, with ample space and shelter, and opportunity for harmonious conference and good fellowship? Surely the journey of life must be more happily performed in the latter case than in the former, both by traveller and conductor.

"CHURCH ASSOCIATIONS."

AT present there are many dissertations on time past and to come; but though it may be difficult, or rather impossible, to predict what is looming in the distance, it requires little foresight to prognosticate that, unless the experience of the past be employed to better purpose than heretofore, for the guidance of the future, the termination of Eighteen hundred and sixty will afford a retrospect neither satisfactory nor pleasurable.

But leaving these speculations for the present to those who may be more competent to deal with them, let us devote for a

short time our attention to a subject in which most people are interested, and to which if they neglect to turn their eyes, they will have to regret their own apathy, and execrate, when malediction will be useless, the subtle pertinacity of a crafty crew confederated for the perpetuation of public abuses, and indefatigable in blocking up every avenue to improvement by which their own sinister influence may be impaired or the complacency of their prejudices disturbed.

We allude to the stir about to be made for the upholding of Church rates, and in connection therewith, though somewhat incongruous, the abrogation or neutralisation of those improvements in the law of divorce and of the degrees of consanguinity in marriage, which have received the sanction of public opinion and the Government, and by which the well-being and happiness of the general community will be advanced and secured.

It will save time and prevent misapprehension of the nature and objects of these people, to take their description of themselves and of the nature of the objects they have in view, out of their own mouths; and for this purpose we will quote the words of one of the principal props by which it is sought to shore up the declining cause in which they consider their interests to be implicated.

At a meeting of the association called the "Bury St. Edmunds district Church Institution," held on the 23rd of last month, in the Guildhall of Bury St. Edmunds, which was attended by a host of clerical members and lay consultees, the Rev. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY, who filled the chair, after a preliminary prayer and many professions of good feeling and Christian charity to all people from whom he differed in religious opinions, said:—"They were bound firmly and uncompromisingly to resist the attacks and attempts to deprive the Established Church of what she had so many centuries enjoyed. He would say one word with regard to the particular machinery by which they were endeavouring to carry out their object. When a few of the clergy hastily met together the other day (for there was no time to be lost) to consult with one another what was best to be done, they were informed that there was in London a central institution, called 'The Church Institution,' which was composed, they were told, of men who were totally free from all parties in the Church, whose object was to gather together the scattered strength of the Church throughout the country, and bring it to bear on one common object. In proof of which, they were authoritatively informed, that the institution, which was established in London as a centre, was cordially approved of by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Winchester, and that they had given their encouragement to it; and a letter was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. HOARE, the founder of this Church Institution, wherein he gave his cordial approval to Mr. HOARE's labours. Under these circumstances, they thought they could not do better, with a view to act efficiently on this occasion, than adopt the machinery of this Church Institution, and it seemed exactly suited to their purpose."

The speaker then proceeded to dilate on the blessed state of Church polity during the Heptarchy, and to deduce arguments from the precedents of those days in support of what ought now, according to his views, to be the practice throughout England. He described the very natural dislike of those who derived no benefit from the administration of the Church, as arising from a wish to transfer £350,000 a year, the amount of the rates throughout the country, into the pockets of those to whom it did not belong, who did not wish to possess it, and had no right to have it. He then diverged to quote the late speech of Sir JOHN COLERIDGE, whose antiquated lore and limping logic appears to be the text book of the supporters of the tottering system. In so doing, his lordship, either from ignorance or from that obliquity of vision which prevents a man from seeing anything antagonistic to his own prejudices, ignored the fact that one-third part of all the tithes of the country, in the good old times to which he alluded, were specially appointed to be set aside for the upholding and repairing the edifice of the Church, and coupled, or rather endeavoured to couple, the efforts of the "Society for Liberating the Church from State Control," with the general movement throughout the land for getting rid of a vexatious, unnecessary, and unequal impost. From this allusion to the Liberating Society, he suddenly turned round on the Government. "Our statesmen, on whom devolved the carrying on the government of the country, had observed that a good many seats in Parliament turned upon whether the candidates would support the abolition of Church rates or not: they perceived, consequently, that a good deal of support in Parliament depended upon the degree of encouragement they might give to a society so earnest in its desire for the destruction of the Union in Church and State" (the Society for Liberating the Church from State Control).

After some further imputation of motives to those whose opinions were at variance with his own—which, considering that the noble speaker had just said his prayers, and professed his Christian charity to those from whom he differed, was, to say the least of it, in very bad taste—his lordship, without wishing to disparage the zeal and liberality of the dissenters in providing houses of worship for their communities, would simply ask, where did the dissenters build and maintain a place of worship? Where it would pay, where there was a sufficient number of the community to enable it to do so." These specimens of liberality in Lord HERVEY will convey a tolerably accurate notion of the general feeling of his coadjutors on this occasion, and is of a piece with the sayings of the orators at other similar meetings. Lord REDESDALE, who held forth a few days since at Shipston-upon-Stour, in the diocese of Worcester, at an assembly of anti-abolitionists, held out a threat to his tenants: "If church-rates were abolished, he should add to each of his tenants' rent such a sum as would cover the average of his church-rates, and pay the rates himself." In other words, set public opinion at defiance, neutralize the effect of an Act of Parliament, and compel, *nolentes* or *volentes*, those dependant upon him to pay a tax which the legislature had abolished.

The public should, however, be aware that for the concoction of this organisation for the perpetuation of a nuisance, they are indebted to the fertile brain and disinterested advocacy of Mr. HOARE, by whose molewarp industry, in silence and darkness, the scheme has been planned and methodized. This gentleman, at the meeting held in the metropolis, described his cautious and hidden movements in the furtherance of his holy object. He told his auditors how he had written to an archbishop and to bishops, and received approving answers to his communications. The archbishop, however, had somewhat qualified his approval; whether or not his grace felt some misgivings for the prudence of his correspondent, and thought that his zeal for the stones, bricks, and mortar of which the "fabric" of the church is composed, might induce his intrusion upon the functions for which he, as archbishop, is specially appointed, did not appear. His grace took the opportunity of reminding him to examine and adhere to the directions of his "catechism, to respect his spiritual pastors and masters," and to recommend such respect to those with whom he had influence; to leave spiritual things to spiritual authority, or, in more homely phrase, to restrain the propensity of the cobbler from quitting his last; all which Mr. HOARE very devoutly promised to do, and will no doubt keep his promise. Mr. HOARE, in the peroration of his speech, informed his friends that he was the sole proprietor of a secret which would prove a solution of all difficulties connected with the question, and please everybody concerned. This secret he did not divulge, so that we must be content for some time to remain in unblissful ignorance of the efficacy of the gentleman's nostrum. Let those who are of our way of thinking exert a little of the energy he has displayed, and persevere to obtain the object they have in view with as little delay as possible, lest this promised panacea should prove a failure.

LORD MACAULAY.—THE POLITICIAN.

THE public know Lord MACAULAY, whose unexpected death we announced last week, as an author and a politician. To be fully appreciated, he must be considered in both capacities. We are about to speak of him as a politician. He began his working life as a politician. He had made a reputation for himself at the University. He had gained prizes for poetry, and was a first-class scholar. He "belonged by nature to that order of men who always form the front ranks in the great intellectual progress." His own inclination might have led him to literature and philosophy; his position and connections made him a politician. He was scarcely removed from the University, where he had acquired reputation also as a speaker, before he was introduced to the public, at anti-slavery meetings, as an orator destined to serve the great cause of freedom.

At that time, the noble rewards which literary men—himself, Sir WALTER SCOTT, Mr. DICKENS, and others—have since obtained, were scarcely known. Literature, as a profession, was then little honoured, and ill paid. Apparently, it could only be successfully exercised as an adjunct to some Church preferment, the legal profession, or some tolerably well-paid public office. The dependent position of MOORE, WORDSWORTH provided for under the Stamp Office, HALLAM and SCOTT both occupying official positions, probably made Mr. MACAULAY's friends deem it essential that he should receive some public appointment. Leading statesmen, like the Jesuits, were on the look out for rising talent, that they might seduce it into their service. Mr. MACAULAY's connections were liberals, and when Mr. CANNING introduced some of them into office, Mr. MACAULAY was at once provided for. Without having done more professionally than enter his commons, and

procured his call to the bar, he was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. His literary achievements raised great expectations, and he was placed in Parliament as a member for one of Lord LANSDOWN'S boroughs. So he became wedded to a party. Its creed became his creed. His researches, as well as his opinions, were influenced by it; and aspiring to be a leader, he became one of the led.

For him this was a great misfortune. Descended from Presbyterians, and allied to Nonconformists, he was naturally opposed to Government. His earlier productions, his *Life of Milton*, his review of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, and of Southey's *Colloquies*, all written before the Whigs obtained office in 1830, were extremely liberal, and adapted to an opposition struggling for power by courting the people. The young of that period will not soon forget the noble words with which the essay on Milton concluded: "Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not, indeed, the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he sternly kept with his country and his fame." Such language excited the hopes of the young, that liberty had found in him an undaunted leader.

His defence and character of CROMWELL, whom he vindicated from his friend Mr. HALLAM'S strictures, and his sketch of the history of the "Great Rebellion," are conceived in the same spirit as the admiration of MILTON. They fanned the impatience of Tory rule, helped the Whigs into office, and taught the public to expect from them the most liberal measures. He was a recognised party writer, and the party obtained credit for the extreme liberalism he professed. In his article on SOUTHEY, published in January 1830, before the Whigs had any hopes of immediately acceding to office, he wrote:

"It is not by the intermeddling of Mr. Southey's idol, the omniscient and omnipotent State, but by the prudence and energy of the people that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization, and it is to the same prudence and energy that we now look with comfort and hope. Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this, the people will assuredly do the rest."

The most ultra *laissez-faire* partisan could desire nothing more than this. The furthest-advanced people of the present day do not go further than to demand perfect freedom for capital and commodities, and that industry and intelligence should freely obtain their natural reward, and idleness and folly suffer their natural punishment. They do not, and cannot, go further than to say that civilization is the result of the prudence and energy of the people, and not of the intermeddling of the State. If the passage be not a mere rhetorical flourish, without any thought of the meaning it would convey to others, Mr. MACAULAY was then convinced that the people, not the State, were the authors of civilization. He believed, as BURKE in his younger days believed, and made Lord BOLINGBROKE say for him, that the natural punishment of folly and the natural reward of intelligence was far superior to legislation in promoting the progress and ensuring the well-being of society. He taught others so to believe. Like Mr. HUME, too, he was a strict economist. In his first speech on the Reform Bill, delivered on the 2nd of March, 1831, he said, referring to the general discontent of the people, which, continually encouraged by the Whigs, "had become more malignant through the whole lifetime of two generations:—"

"We have tried anodynes; we have tried cruel operations. What are we to try now? Who flatters himself that he can turn the feeling back? Does there remain any argument which escaped the comprehensive intellect of Mr. Burke, or the subtlety of Mr. Windham? Does there remain any species of coercion which was not tried by Mr. Pitt and Lord Londonderry? We have had bad laws, we have had blood. New treasons have been created. The Press has been shackled. The Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended; public meetings have been prohibited. The result has proved that these expedients were mere palliatives. You are at the end of your palliatives. The evil remains. It is more formidable than ever. What is to be done?"

Mr. MACAULAY said of the bill, "it takes away a vast power from a few. It distributes that power through the great mass of the middle order." His speech on the second reading of the second bill, delivered on December 16, 1831, denounced emphatically the rotten borough system by which he sat for Calne. It corrupted the virtue of men of genius, whom it admitted to political power, perverted their principles, and broke their spirit. "The beautiful and kindly Ariel doing the bidding of the loathsome and malignant Sycorax being but a faint type of genius enslaved by the spells and employed in the drudgery of corruption," He did not expect such a horrible event as a collision

"between the narrow oligarchy above, and the infuriated multitude below;" but he warned the parliament that the men of the present day were not like "those who changed their religion once a year at the bidding of Henry VIII." A great improvement had taken place in them as surely as they have steam engines and gas lights; and no minister could "now fit the yoke of Mr. PITT to the necks of Englishmen. You may make the change tedious," he emphatically said; "you may make it violent; you may—God in his mercy forbid!—you may make it bloody, but avert it you cannot. Therefore be content to guide that movement you cannot stop. Fling wide the gates to that force which will else enter through the breach." Thus, taking the foremost lead in expounding liberal principles, and advocating the people's cause, Mr. MACAULAY gained a high reputation, and the great and newly enfranchised borough of Leeds marked its sense of his services by freely choosing him for its first representative.

The readers of his Essays are well aware that he avowed as his guide the great principle of utility. He preferred the philosophy of BACON and LOCKE to that of PLATO and ARISTOTLE. He looked for his rule of conduct in the outward world, not in the feelings. He was expected, therefore, to peruse, undiverted by any fine utopian projects, the ordinary paths of great ambition. The representation of Yorkshire had carried BROUGHAM, a like man, professing like opinions, a short time before to the Chancellorship; and Leeds, with the new interests which Mr. MACAULAY had advocated, might well be his stepping-stone to the first place in the Treasury. Only his own conduct could prevent him from reaching a post at least as high as Mr. DISRAELI, a far inferior man, has reached. Whether he had no such honourable ambition, whether his dear friends the Whigs wanted him out of the way, whether he were too grateful for their favours to think of becoming their master, or whether, as we are afraid was the case, he had in his disposition a larger spice of sordidness than of that faith in his own exertions and his own fame he ascribed to MILTON, we know not, but his admirers at Leeds and in the public, were soon surprised to learn that he had left the tempting prize of high office at home, to seize an immediate large pecuniary reward in India. The plan of forming a code of laws for that country was believed at the time to be little better than a whig job. It bore no worthy fruit; it ended, as if it had been devised for the purpose, in giving a competent fortune to Mr. MACAULAY. It enabled him to choose at his leisure either politics or literature for his subsequent occupation.

A three years' absence in India, which has corrupted many a liberal, broke the chain which connected him with Leeds and the first office in the State, and after leaving it he devoted himself chiefly to literature. From that time, he occupied in politics only a subordinate place. He went backwards rather than forwards, and his first class liberalism sank into mere common-place whiggery in office. His first connection with place and party lowered all the noble aspirations of youth, and fixed his inquiring, comprehensive, and sagacious mind at one point, though all knowledge, as he well knew, especially of society, is progressive. It tied him to errors from which every advancing day carried away much meaner men. The great personal benefit he derived from his India mission confirmed his conversion, and the advocate of *laissez-faire*,—of the superiority of the people to the State and of mankind to politicians, sank into a mere defender of old errors.

The people, to whom in 1831 he could fling open wide the gates, "whose forward march could not be averted," had become in 1842 "ignorant crowds," destitute of education, unfit for the franchise, and to give them the suffrage would be followed by one "vast spoliation," "something even worse than that, more horrible than could be imagined, something like the siege of Jerusalem on a far larger scale." The great champion of *laissez-faire* in 1829 was in 1842 the advocate of a ten hours' bill, and of a restriction on the employment of capital. The gentleman who in 1829 propounded the superiority of the people to the State, who ascribed all civilization to the former and spoke of the latter as standing in the way, in 1847 stoutly argued in favour of granting money to the Government, then £100,000, now swollen to upwards of £1,000,000, and the pabulum of many rank jobs, for educating the people. The constitution, argued Mr. MACAULAY, gave the Government the power to hang, and therefore it should have the power to drill. Before he went to India he was known as the most vigorous advocate of freedom and of popular rights; after his return from India he was more conspicuous for consistent opposition to universal suffrage than for any other political opinion.

For this great change the party to which Mr. MACAULAY was wedded, which after getting into office had changed too, was in a great measure to blame. A man of a really great mind, a man preserving his faith in the principles he had acquired from unbiassed observation and study, a man undiverted by personal and

party considerations from an earnest pursuit of truth, would have risen above his party. Mr. MACAULAY's fervour sank him in error even below the common level. He was freely elected for Edinburgh in 1839, on the first opportunity after his return from India, and he was freely rejected after the change in his opinions was known. A difference between him and his constituents about church matters helped to heap on him what he regarded as a slight and contumely, but it was chiefly the consequence of his political tergiversation. His subsequent re-election for Edinburgh, amidst a general decline of confidence in public men, was entirely due to his great literary reputation. It was not the condonation of his infidelity to political principles. For that he was fully punished; he was honoured for his great literary achievements.

Mr. MACAULAY and his party fell together, and should be memorable warnings equally to aspiring young politicians and ancient leaders. They cannot escape the natural punishment of infidelity to principles, and the loss of confidence it causes. Either politicians are so ignorant of the laws which really govern the opinions of mankind, or they are so utterly regardless of them, that there is scarcely one who has not pledged himself to principles he has been obliged to disavow. They appeal for popular support by one profession, and retain office by another. The general infidelity of members of the senate and members of the press to their political professions, destroys all reason for surprise at the want of confidence in public men, and at the decay of their influence. The Whigs were nominally on the side of free trade, but, occupied in resisting the just claims of the people, preferring shabby intrigues to actual services as a means of success, they allowed the Tories to carry off the credit of fiscal and commercial reform. Mr. MACAULAY, instead of being the first leader of the onward marching people, as in 1830, was the humble admirer of Sir ROBERT PEEL, a more adroit compromiser than himself. He has not even left any memorial of his abilities as a politician, other than his speeches. His Code for India—the very notion of such a thing being absurd—was a complete failure. He was not instrumental in repealing the Corn Laws, and, except making a speech at Edinburgh, in which he avowed himself a partisan of the whig compromise of a fixed duty, he took no part in promoting that indispensable policy. On no great measure is his name engrossed, while even that of so humble a dependant on aristocratic patronage as SPRING RICE stands on the first bill for releasing the press from fiscal restrictions.

Lord MACAULAY, the author, will form the subject of an article next week.

THE LAST DECADE.

TO thoughtful minds the discovery of a new world would not be a more startling incident than the entrance into a new period of time. Metaphysicians may tell us that time has only a relative existence, and, guided by Hebrew bards, we may speculate on the conditions of immortal existence, when time shall be no more; but while the changes of our own constitution, the movements of the earth, and the revolutions of planetary bodies affect our senses and influence our lives, we cannot be other than profoundly impressed when any important chronological division is finally closed as a fact, and can only be viewed by the eye of memory, or re-opened by the historian's pen. With the last stroke of midnight, on the 31st December, not only an eventful year glided into the regions of the past, but a Decade, the tenth part of a wonderful century, took its place among the long cycles of ages whose dimly deciphered records mark the progress of the human race.

In whatever way the Decade of the Eighteen Fifties is contemplated, it stands out in bold and brilliant, if not colossal characters; it has been great in its manifestations of life and activity, and magnificent in its contributions to the regions of the dead. In Europe, it has witnessed the portentous re-appearance of the Napoleonic Empire, and one war, which rolled back for a season the barbaric pride of Russian conquest; and another, which half-crushing the venomous Empire of Austria, has rescued a large portion of Italy from the serpent fangs of Hapsburg rule. The East has had its full share of crisis and collision. An immense, slow-moving, civil war has shattered the Tartar dynasty in China, while the insolent fanaticism of the Mongolian race has provoked first one collision and then another, with the civilizing forces of England and France. Japan has nobly cast aside her ancient prejudices, opened her ports to our traders, and shown her tendency to European progress by employing the telegraph wire, which never before conveyed messages in so primitive a speech. India has suffered a military revolt which will long be memorable for atrocity on one side, and heroism, not inferior to Thermopylæ, on the other. She has also passed away from the great company of merchant princes, whose conquests and administrations, with all their faults, will long be chronicled in story as among the proudest exhibitions of British energy and skill.

The political progress of Europe has not equalled the expectations excited towards the close of the previous decade, and it is melancholy to think that only a small portion of her two hundred and sixty millions are in possession of liberty—while more than half are subject to the three great military despotisms in Russia, Austria, and France. Most of the political history of the period

is that of reaction, if only external events are viewed; but we now know that ideas ultimately triumph; and no country is without indications of the development of thought. In France, freedom was crushed for a time, in a manner which needs no repetition here; but with all its crimes and faults the despotism of the Empire has been very preferable to the low-minded trickery of the Louis Philippe sort of constitutionalism, or the irreclaimable stupidity of the elder Bourbon race. In Russia, signs of advancement are equally conspicuous; the Crimean war broke the proud cold heart of the mischievous and inhuman despot who misdirected the energies of his people; Poland and Hungary were partially avenged in the blazing ruins of Sebastopol, and a new Czar, of more beneficent views, undertook the noble task of emancipating the serfs. The Court of Austria, true to the traditions of Hapsburg perfidy, revelled in the violation of the oath of the young Emperor to maintain a free constitution in his dominions; and, when liberty raised her head in Hesse Cassel, in Hamburg, or in Italy, Austrian troops were ready to trample upon popular right, and encourage any sovereign, who had sworn to a compact with his people, to join the Court of Vienna in perjury and crime. Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Saxony, were the earliest in the decade to form a league with Austria for the suppression of constitutional right; Francis Joseph decreed, in 1851, that the Cabinet should be exclusively responsible to himself; and the following year the Austrian Pro-consul, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, overthrew the constitution he was pledged to maintain, and thus prepared the way for the abolition of his dynasty and reign. Abetted by Austria, the Papacy has rejected all friendly counsel, and rendered service to the ultimate progress of humanity by demonstrating the sanguinary and barbarous character of priestly rule. In 1852, the Emperor of Austria abolished trial by jury, and, in the following year, the Porte having rejected the ultimatum of Russia, the House of Hapsburg was unfaithful to its saviour the Czar; and more distinguished by its atrocities in the Principalities than by services rendered to the European cause. In 1854, in accordance with the Austrian party in the Federal Diet, the King of Hanover suppressed the constitution of '48; and during these reactionary events Prussia behaved with that half-hearted cowardice which curiously distinguished the recently reigning descendant of Frederick the Great.

Other important European events occurred during the Decade which the limits of this article prevent us from noticing, but on the whole it must be characterized as exhibiting a decline of political excitement, naturally following the overwrought condition of '48 and '49. Impelled by its own necessities of gratifying military ambition, and perhaps also urged by the fear of Carbonari conspiracies, the French Empire has commenced its assaults upon the treaties of 1815, at present with decided advantage to the progress of liberty; and when the old year closed it was in a collision with the Vatican that may prove fruitful in events for human good. In England, during the early years of the Decade, the National Reform Association, under the presidency of Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY, held an immense number of meetings in favour of the Reform scheme of Mr. HUME; and although there is little excitement, all parties are now agreed that an extension of the suffrage must take place. In 1850 a remarkable meeting was held at the London Tavern, attended by Mr. CORBEN, to protest against a proposed Russian Loan. This opposition upon moral grounds to a scheme that promised to benefit the money mongers, excited the wrath of their supporters, but it was a valuable fact, as the first effort of the kind to connect moral obligations with pecuniary transactions with foreign states. In 1851 Kossuth was liberated from his confinement at Kutayeh, and soon after commenced the most remarkable series of addresses in this country and in America ever delivered by a foreigner.

In France, Protectionism has received some severe blows; in England, it attempted to raise its head when the Tories first came into power, and lately the shipowners have uttered plaintive cries; but free trade has become a part of the national life of this country, and efforts to return to ignorant ways belong to the category of curiosities and not of important facts.

In industrial life we have made great progress. The Decade began with the formation of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, an event of world-wide significance, which crowded into a few months a century of teaching in all the higher branches of manufacture, and gave an impulse to practical art education which is already bearing abundant fruit. The Great Exhibition led to the Crystal Palace, which will yet realize the magnificent expectations it originally excited, whenever the shareholders are wise enough to elect a body of Directors sufficiently intelligent to wield the resources placed at their command.

In pure science, if the Decade cannot boast of startling revelations of general laws, it has accumulated a great store of facts. Astronomers have brought home new planets from their wanderings in the regions of celestial space, and Sir DAVID BREWSTER tells us that by the discovery of Neptune, the solar system has been extended one thousand millions of miles beyond its former limits! In geology the mysteries of ages have been rolled back; important evidence accumulated of the antiquity of the human race, and fresh gold fields—found according to scientific predictions—have already exercised a powerful influence upon prices and trade. In physiology great advance has been made in microscopic investigations, and in the theory of the functions of nerves and the spinal cord; and in chemistry, in addition to a host of compounds that have been discovered, new dyes and new processes introduced, we have the comparatively cheap method of producing the useful metal aluminium, that will probably affect important manufactures and add to the conveniences of domestic life. In geography we have the

brilliant discoveries of LIVINGSTONE. When the Decade commenced the Enterprise and Investigator proceeded in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and its close has been marked by the melancholy information obtained through the excellently managed expedition of McCLINTOCK. The friendly zeal shown by the French, American, and Russian Governments to assist in the Franklin search was an agreeable characteristic of the times; and the column erected at Greenwich to Lieut. BELLOT will remain a monument of international friendship more valuable than any trophies of war. In the applications of science to useful purposes, much has been done in every department, and the Decade will for ever be famous for the development of the electric telegraph. On November 13th, 1851, the wire from Dover to Calais was opened; and since that date, the extension of the system has been amazing, and it has almost been crowned by the establishment of this philosophical connection between the Old World and the New. In great engineering works the period has also been fruitful; wide rivers have been and are in process of being bridged over; viaducts have been stretched over startling spaces, and railways are rapidly penetrating the old empire of the Moguls. Foremost among our monsters of construction comes the Leviathan, or Great Eastern, as it was uncharacteristically christened by the Board, whose broddinag blunders rivalled the bulk of their ship. In literature, a sufficient number of meritorious works will occur to every reader to vindicate the claims of the period to an important, if not a first-rate place; while in art, the reactionary disease known as Pre-Raphaelism has had a most beneficial effect in breaking through unmeaning conventionalities, and causing students to look at nature for themselves. Social subjects have commanded unusual attention, and although efforts have been in the main fragmentary and unscientific, they have already achieved much practical good, and bid us hope for better things. In legislation we can boast of no important advancement; we make no progress in condensing and simplifying our prodigious mass of clumsily-made laws, and modern statutes rival their predecessors in unintelligibility and confusion. Among beneficial changes, must however be mentioned the great improvement of Ireland, consequent upon the Incumbered Estates Act, the first sale under which took place in 1850; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Succession Duty, although small in immediate result, was large in principle, and may be regarded as an important step to the abolition of the fiscal favouritism shown to land.

A history of taxation during the Decade would occupy a long article; but it has, on the whole, been characterized by further efforts to relieve industry; and among the articles entirely freed or reduced in burden, we may mention tea, sugar, coffee, currants, butter, cheese, glass, bricks, and stamps, and also the repeal of the objectionable window tax, and of its companion tax upon mental illumination and ventilation, the newspaper duty. The general prosperity of the people, as compared with former times, has been evinced by the patience with which they have borne the enormous taxation consequent upon the Russian war, and the necessity for augmented armaments. We have, nevertheless, had experience of severe distress, and a commercial panic of prolonged severity. Collisions between labour and capital, although milder in character than in former times, have been large and disastrous; the engineers' strike, the Preston strike, the shoemakers' strike, and the builders' strike or lock-out will occur to every mind, and as the expense of these exceeds a million, it is to be regretted that employers take so little pains to spread a knowledge of economical subjects and remove the moral and social barriers that separate them from their men. Pauperism is happily lessening, though not with rapid strides, and crime, notwithstanding startling examples, diminishes in quantity. Thus, in 1854, the number of convictions in England and Wales was 23,047, and in 1858 this was reduced to 13,246. Emigration has likewise fallen off, through better employment at home. In 1852, our emigrants amounted to 368,764; and in 1858, were reduced to 113,972. It is also cheering to observe that the condition of the agricultural labourer—that opprobrium of English society—is less hopeless than it was; and scientific agriculturists declare their conviction that the success of farming demands a speedy elevation of his position in the social scale. Commercial morality does not keep pace with other improvements; and such cases as the DAVIDSON, COLE, GORDON, and SADLER frauds, the forgeries of ROBSON and REDPATH, the rogueries of PAUL, STRAHAN, and BATES, the constant parochial defalcations, the failure of the British and other swindling banks, leave much to regret; while the records of the Bankruptcy Court show that unscrupulous "kiteflying" has been resorted to by houses that ought to have stood far above such dishonest tricks, and has received the countenance of bankers and bill-brokers, who distinctly knew what they were about.

In England, ecclesiastical affairs have been in commotion during the whole Decade. In 1850, Lord JOHN RUSSELL wrote his famous Durham letter; then followed the agitation about Ecclesiastical Titles, and the bill of that name which no Government has ventured to put in force. About the same time, the GORHAM controversy was raging; after which came the quarrels with the Puseyites of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas; and lastly, the affair of St. George's in the East, and the Rev. BRYAN KING. The resignation of Professor MAURION belongs also to this period, and the publication of various works by BADEN POWELL, MANSELL, and others, entering profoundly into the intellectual difficulties of received opinions. The Sabbatarian controversy has been active for several years. In 1854, the Sunday Trading Bill of Lord ROBERT GROSVEHOR was summarily disposed of through the alarming demonstrations in Hyde-park. The question of opening the British Museum, National Gallery, and similar institutions, has been agitated between the National Sunday League and the Lord's Day Observance Society; the former having

obtained the signatures of many hundreds of the leading men in science, art, and literature to a petition in favour of their plans, and the latter controverting them with customary zeal. The admission of the Jews into Parliament is one of the religious triumphs of the Decade; and the Church-rate abolition question, although unsettled, is virtually won. The ten years will also be memorable from the rise of Spurgeonism, and the extent to which the Church of England has arranged special services in unconsecrated buildings.

In civil government, a great change has been effected through the introduction of the system of competitive examinations. In military affairs, improvement has been much retarded by the obstinacy with which the purchase system and the favouritism of the Horse Guards have been defended; but a great impetus has been given to army efficiency by the introduction of systematic instruction in rifle-shooting, and the commencement of a national movement to keep up a large volunteer force. To this period belong the Whitworth rifle, the Armstrong gun, and the construction of a large force of iron-protected vessels, to which may be added the yet unfinished steam ram, and Captain Norton's fire-shells.

The climate of the Decade has also been remarkable for some of the hottest Summers ever known in these islands; and whether or not connected with the elevation of temperature, none who beheld the comet of '58 will forget the splendour with which it blazed from the heavens, without, as in the days of superstition, presaging wrath to man.

We must close this brief and imperfect epitome by noticing a few of the most prominent losses which the world has sustained by death, omitting those whose position was the result of birth or fortune rather than of distinguished merit. Foremost among the illustrious dead come the great thinkers and philosophers who had enlarged the boundaries of knowledge and dignified their race. Of these, the list is sadly long, and comprises HUMBOLDT, the man of encyclopedic mind; CARL RITTER, the founder of scientific geography; OKEN, the eccentric and whimsical but far-seeing man, whose accidental tumbling against the deer's skull in a German forest is said to have led to some of the profoundest theories in transcendental anatomy, and caused a vertebra to be considered the typical bone of the human organization. There also are OERSTED, whose magnetic observations led to the electric telegraph; ROBERT BROWN, the great botanist; EDWARD FORBES, the scientific naturalist; ORFILA, ARAGO, DAGUERRE, MAJENDIE, DE LA BECHE, GRENHOUGH, MANTELL, HUGH MILLER, NICHOL, AUDUBON, Admiral BEAUFORT, to whom hydrography is so deeply indebted; Sir W. HAMILTON, AUGUSTE COMTE, GEORGE COMBE, and ROBERT OWEN; of historians and other writers: HALLAM, PRESCOTT, THIERRY, and MACAULAY, together with CREUZER, DE TOCQUEVILLE, and F. BASTIAT. Of poets, men of letters, and writers of fiction: WORDSWORTH, CHARLOTTE BRONTE, TOM MOORE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, BERANGER, EUGENE SUE, WASHINGTON IRVING, LEIGH HUNT, and DE QUINCEY. Of musicians: SPOHR, the learned composer; BOSIO, the most beautiful expositor of elegant music, and Sir HENRY BISHOP, whose songs and glees will long be cherished in English homes. Statesmen and lawyers: PEELE, MOLESWORTH, DENMAN, TALFOURD, HUME, SICCARDI, and the patriot MANIN. Soldiers: WELLINGTON, SOULT, NAPIER, CAVAIGNAC, RADETSKY, HAVELOCK, LAWRENCE, NEILL, and NICHOLSON. Of engineers: BRUNEL and STEPHENSON. Of artists: TURNER, RIPPINGILLE, STONE, LESLIE; and of useful men, WAGHORN, to whom is due the development of the overland communication with India, and whose widow was rewarded by a grateful Government with a pension amounting to the wages of a cook. This incomplete list shows how many gaps we have to fill up, and what genius and energy are wanted, to make the fame of the living compare with that of the dead.

SARTOR TRIUMPHANS.

THE Government at last arriving at a decision in regard to Volunteer Uniforms, and the young men of England having happily long made up their minds that drilling and rifle-shooting are the accomplishments just now wanted, and that every young fellow of spirit should be a volunteer, it follows that we shall have all the "smartest" adolescents amongst us dressed alike. Young John Bull will henceforward be *le petit homme gris*; knee-caps, spatterdashes, and knickerbockers simply breaking the terrible sameness of his costume. Now, although this state of matters may make the fortune of ten thousand tailors, it is somewhat to be regretted,—the almost absurd uniformity and utter equality in the dress of all classes being rather to be regretted than otherwise. When a prince is disguised as a beggar, he will not be very anxious to act like a prince, for, perhaps unconsciously, our actions correspond with those which the literary gentleman attached to MOSES AND SONS calls the "external texture of our corporeal habiliments." When a clergyman dispenses with his white tie, and a young cornet roams St. James's or the Haymarket in mufti, neither is disposed to be very careful in his actions; and no doubt when AL RASCHID went through his capital dressed as a melon-seller, with his vizier in the disguise of a water-carrier, the pair entered dwellings from which the Sultan, in all his glory, would have refrained. It may be asserted, and, although the assertion may meet with denial, it would be difficult to give proof to the contrary, that the English is the best-dressed nation in the world. We do not speak of national costume,—of the quilted white petticoat of the Albanian, of the garb of old Gael worn by the Scot, or the bernous of the Arab, but of the vestments of the moderns. A national dress is almost always in good taste, and the simple toga, purple bordered and of flowing white, rendered the Roman knight a considerably more imposing-looking gentleman than the fur-collared, skeleton-

sleeved surtout of the Regency did GEORGE THE FOURTH. But with much effort we have at last, as we say, succeeded. In Elizabeth's time, the old caricaturists represented an Englishman as standing naked, a bale of cloth in one hand, and a pair of scissors in the other, doubting as to what fashion his doublet should be cut. We have now outgrown all doubts; and how much soever we once stole fashion from the French, no one who has travelled but will know that at present they steal quite as much from us. If our ladies imitated the bombast of crinoline, they have the merit of having introduced the piquant hat, which, with pheasant's breast and duck-wing feathers, renders the Amazone so bewitching. From us, also, our neighbours have taken the fashion of the morning coat, and that close-buttoned and comfortable walking-dress which Mr. LEECH has immortalised, and Mr. PUNCH has given the name of "Noah's Ark." Vainly do they seek also to imitate our riding-coats, and to array their lower extremities in top-boots and white cords—garments which, in spite of the Gallic dictum that a Frenchman has the best legs in the world, never sit well on them. Vainly, also, does the young French "swell" aspire, with padding, to equal the broad-chested and stalwart young English gentleman. Manly, in perfect ease and freedom, the latter moves about, a well-dressed man. Neither the American, the Frenchman, the Italian, nor the Russian, can compare with him, and Pall Mall or Bond Street can boast ten times as many young fellows better dressed than the Corso, the Prado, the Rue Richelieu, Wall Street, or the Nevskoi Prospect at St. Petersburg.

This excellence we have attained with an effort, and Europe envies us. When M. EDMOND ABOUT dresses out his Roman beggar with the end in view of making him surpass the prince, he does not go to a French artist, but to Poole and Buckmaster. Nor would a young Englishman order a coat to be built by a German Schneider, or a French or Italian operator. He knows the value of his compatriot's needle, and it is but just to say that he rewards him. Gold is the tailor's portion; the young patrician flings it to him as he does to his opera dancer, his comic singer, or his jockey. A JENNER, a FLAXMAN, a TENNYSON, or a FORBES, never has one tithe of the chance of making a fortune that a fashionable coatmaker, or he who invents the "idoneous fitting" trousers, has. We have even forgotten to assail him with the opprobrious names which were common enough when Foote wrote his farce. He grows rich and thrives. He despatches emissaries by railway who enable the Sir Francis Wrongheads and the clergy of the provinces to vie with the latest "swell" on the town; he employs a thorough artist to delineate his patterns, and like the *Times* and other powers in Europe sends a plenipotentiary to the seat of war, to take care that Hotspurs, Rinaldos, and Captains Bobadil shall not be sent to their last account without a complete outfit from a "first rate hand." We say little of the "poets," only inferior "hands" employ them; but to do justice to the literary gentlemen we must own that their invocations to the various seasons are written in numbers as smooth as those of Denham, and, were it not for the recommendatory bathos which lies *perdu* about the middle of each piece, would be considerably less ridiculous than the heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore.

But the worst remains behind. Our tailors are triumphant, and our young fellows well dressed, but they are all alike. They have no originality, and they are far beyond eccentricity. When of old they appalled gargantua it needed the genius of Rabelais to describe his costume, but now we have not half the variety in coats that our Shakesperian ancestors had in beards. We dress not as "single spies, but in battalions." We are regularly packed, sorted, and labelled in our dress. The artist assumes a picturesque carelessness, and is as much a martyr for his loose coat as was Beau Leslie when lifted into his buckskin tights. The high church priest in his M.B. waistcoat and straitcoat, is as much parcelled out in the street from the Methody in shabby black and dubiously white tie, as the Rector in the pulpit in the "richest armazine price seven-and-a-half guineas" is from the curate in the reading-desk, in his stuff cassock price twenty shillings. The "suit especially adapted for the counting-house" distinguishes the city gent from the west end swell in his Granville walking coat. The man who "boats" dresses differently from him who "drives." The person who affects a stable habit, has his trousers cut to look "bossy;" he who is literary and studious varies much from him who belongs to a Government office and does a bit of Park at twenty minutes past four. Over all these is the tailor triumphant, nay the costume invades the tongue and infects the speech. The Cambridge or Oxford man talks differently from his fellows; barristers and clergymen modulate their speech variously, and the latter assume an affectionately sympathising and christian shake of the hand, and half pitying, half patronising manner of speech, which is excessively irritating to their poorer parishioners. The governing classes speak in the old loud Norman way, which irresistibly reminds one that they have footmen, and that the marble halls wherein they dwell are spacious. Whether these habits which we have so lightly touched are exactly calculated to bind class to class we doubt. Whether they are in sober truth proper and Christian is another question. Society seems certainly to have clothed itself very much better, but they who dwell in Kings' houses are as easily distinguished now-a-days, although they wear surtouts and round hats, as if they were clothed in the soft raiment of the gospel. One thing is certain. The tailor's supremacy may do good for trade, but it must be hurtful to independent thought and feeling. He who is always thinking how he is dressed, will never be at ease and feel like a gentleman. Poor GOLDSMITH in his immortal plum-coloured suit, made by one FLEBY, was no doubt a martyr, and not half so comfortable as in his rugged dressing gown in Green Arbour Court. The true gentleman will

do well to follow the precept of not caring wherewithal he shall be clothed, not running into debt in college or in town to procure fine garments, and above all in defying as strongly as possible the tailor's supremacy.

PAPALISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

IT is natural to connect the end with the beginning; and contemplate time as a large comprehensive circle, and particular periods as smaller ones, or cycles, as they are called. There are few years, however, that make such cycles of themselves; even these require a larger periphery than the sweep of twelve months. Two or three of such periods at least, are usually demanded for the constitution of even a comparatively insignificant cycle, regarding a series of events as having a beginning, a middle, and an end. The year now closing, however, is singular in this respect; beginning, as it did, with the intimation of NAPOLEON III. to the Austrian ambassador, and ending with the pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, which may be taken as the Imperial warning to the Papacy. In these two facts, we have at least the beginning, and if not quite the end, yet the beginning of the end clearly indicated.

To some the latter fact will look like the commencement of a new series, in which case, the pamphlet itself will be accepted as the close of the old. And such may even be its operation; for, as we write, it is rumoured that Cardinal ANTONELLI objects to meet Congress, unless the fatal publication be disowned. It is probable, or possible, that on the same account the Congress may never meet: and thus the mysterious pamphlet of December will close the series commenced in the mysterious intimation of January.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

And such has been the character of the interval to Europe, between that January and this December. The action of the world has been phantasmal, and we are but just now waking from the dream of war and ambition. The chief source of perplexity has been the general ignorance of the motive in which the difference commenced, and the ultimate purpose which its originator intended it to subserve. Some men are so "loose of soul," that all their policy is transparent at once; others are so reticent, that the end in view is not guessed until it occurs. We believe that the Emperor of the French is naturally of the latter turn of mind. Secretiveness is, doubtless, among his prominent organs. Reason enough, however, exists for the exercise of the faculty in the nature of his position, and the necessities of the age. It were not only unsafe, but impossible, to predict what he, or France, might accomplish. It is easy to propose much, and do little; and hard to anticipate how much or how little can, under the circumstances, be effected.

The moral of the year, derived from its experiences, is in favour of this reticence. Once the Imperial mind was moved to speak plainly, to pronounce explicitly a noble and far-reaching purpose. "Italy," it proclaimed, "shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic." The declaration proved, in its result, to be but a *wise indiscretion*. It was wise, because the announcement was one that went far towards its own fulfilment, and will, doubtless, notwithstanding temporary impediments, yet work out its own issue. But it was indiscreet, because difficulties lay in the way, which, for a time, might be, and proved to be, insurmountable. The Peace of Villafranca defined a different barrier, which needs new operations in order to its removal. New forces must arise, before it can be broken through. The wheel of fortune, mayhap, must take sundry turns first. The fate of Italy could not be decided by war. It awaited the circumlocutions of diplomacy, and the chapter of chances. What remained to be effected of Italian liberty, became again a subject of doubt, a theme of suspicion, and the object of fresh complications, but few of which it is possible to foresee.

That this same reticence belonged to the time as much as to the man, may be gathered from the conduct of the Derby administration. How far it concurred with Austria or with France it was afraid to state; and, alternately, it censured both, while professing to serve either. Eventually, it became too apparent that the sympathies of the English Government were with Austria. But those of the people of England were with Italy, and decidedly against the barbarian power by which the peninsula was enslaved. That administration had therefore to make way for one more popular, and in some measure pledged to assert the rights of the Italian people against their oppressors. On England itself, however, a certain silence was imposed, on account of her Protestant position, and her inability to share in the initiation of the "idea," which her spirited Ally had assumed as the special privilege belonging to himself and the lively nation whose destinies he was permitted to wield. England might look approvingly on, but she continued to preserve a singular taciturnity, awaiting events before she expressed a decided opinion as to the actual measures pursued; simply intimating that, under any circumstances, the Italians must be left to choose their own form of government. Meanwhile, the Italians themselves have been laudably active; but they have suffered much from the prevailing reticence on all sides. They have put questions to Sardinia, to which the answers have been equivocal enough. Nevertheless, they have not been daunted. They rightly gathered from the general silence, that the real answer rested with themselves. On their own determination to win their independence and secure their liberty, the whole depended. That fully pronounced, it involved by necessity the reply of VICTOR EMANUEL. The attitude assumed by both parties at the present time is worthy of all admiration.

After all, when we come to consider it seriously, the position of England has not been so anomalous as it once appeared. If Protestantism was the difficulty with England, it turns out that the Papacy has been the difficulty with the continental Powers. What shall be done with the Romagna? Authority, suggests the celebrated pamphlet, gives it to his Holiness, but conscience withholds it. The two difficulties are but opposite poles of one and the same grand danger. The great question asked, indeed, is, whether the liberty of Italy—nay (not to shirk any portion of the matter,) the liberty of Europe, be consistent with the temporal power of the Papacy? The solution proposed by the Imperial pamphlet suggests to us a line in one of Dryden's tragedies, with the corresponding one supplied by the pet critic. They may be thus parodied as *à propos* of the Papacy:—

"Its power is great, because its realm is small;
That would be greater were this none at all."

And the couplet, so modified, expresses the indisputable truth. The spiritual supremacy of the Pontiff would be better preserved by separation from all temporal admixture. The Head of a religion is only powerful within religious limits. Step from the church into the world, and the spiritual man is out of place. These are hard sayings for the Pope of Rome. The Emperor of France has at last uttered them. Why were they not uttered long ago? It would have been imprudent, perilous. Even now the danger is not passed, and the prudence will appear doubtful to many.

It must, nevertheless, be conceded that, in making this declaration, NAPOLEON III. has been more prudent than in that concerning Italian freedom. He has stopped short—far short of the possible ultimate issue. He has not said that the question is, after all, a struggle between Protestantism and Papalism, and that Protestantism, like truth, is great and strong, and must finally prevail. He has not said it—though he might have said it with sincerity, and it might have proved itself, at no distant period, and may prove itself soon, to be an accomplished fact. Neither has England said it, though she might have said it more appropriately, with even yet more sincerity, and a stronger desire that it might receive embodiment in early experience. England does not consider it prudent yet to make such an announcement. She will not rashly forejudge the conflict, neither its manner nor its season. The Italians will have to deal with the question in their own way. Already they have patronised an order of Evangelists, whom they prefer to their priests, and Evangelism may have with them a better sound than Protestantism; and, perhaps, they may not exactly mean the same thing. But time will show.

The last phase of the matter is, that the Pope, under these circumstances, objects to being represented in congress, with so fearful an Imperial manifesto against him. Truly, he might appeal to Austria—but Austria has exhausted her resources. It is perhaps more than she can do to take care of herself. She cannot at any rate help the Pontiff; France may, to a certain extent, and for a certain period—but only by restraining him within limits. He depends, at this present, on her support. She would get rid of the responsibility: and that she may do so, she would render the Pope insignificant. No longer dreaded, he may be no longer opposed; and the soldiers of France may safely leave him to his own guards.

This, perhaps, is the utmost that Roman Catholic States may attempt. At any rate, for a while they must be content with this. We in England should recollect that Catholicism and the Papacy are not identified. The distinction is made and preserved among the Italians. There are many good Catholics in Rome who are not Papalists, and to whom the chair of St. Peter is but as the see of Canterbury is to Protestants. These, of course, look for "a good time coming," when such papal assumptions as infallibility and the immaculate conception of the Virgin shall be discarded. They would rationalize the Church, and see *Pro Nono* merely the Bishop of Rome. But the history of their success is yet to be written.

Sooner or later all such influences will have worked out their results. They will operate to the full extent of their tether. That is the law with all principles. But when they shall have done their all, there will still be work to do. All this stops short of that spiritual freedom which Protestantism demands, and will at last realize. To England then is reserved the final victory. This comes to her by logical necessity, and by political position. It is, therefore, not without reason in the nature of things—that rational principle which works at the heart of the universe, and guides and shapes the conduct of man and the structure of society—that England has maintained the calm, patient, thinking rather than active attitude, during the conflict of which the passing year has been a witness. We think we can interpret it well enough. The time for activity will come. Meanwhile, England reposes, meditative, until the hour shall strike when deeds shall be demanded. Until then our energies are nursed and strengthened; that, when called forth by necessity, they may be irresistible in action.

SATIRE.

ENGLISH literature may be presumed to have reached that state indicated by the Roman poet, when he said "that it was difficult not to write satire," for literature is, after all, but a reflex of society, and surely society demands a purge, and requires an occasional satire, as sharp and pungent as it can be made. We have, however, passed, long ago, that early stage of satiric genius which produced such rude and raw exponents of the art as DONNE and OLDHAM, who may, in literature, stand as parallel examples to the *Age* and *Argus*, the *Censor* and the *Satirist*, in the newspaper press; or, more

lately still, those incisive and intense articles, which, from the pen of Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD, threw such a lurid light upon the first and middle pages of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. Doubtless there is a public which still appreciates the mental food, as there is another public which demands something hot and stinging in what it eats, and something ardent and acrid in its drink. But the better class have grown into better tastes, and we wonder at the state of society which could have produced fools enough to patronize Mr. BARNARD GREGORY, the *facile princeps* of the *Satirist*, and have found amusement in the scandalous paragraph which acquainted the world with the fact of the "Duke of A— being seen riding with a chambermaid in his chariot," or the "Earl of C— enticing the wife of one of his subalterns into the barrack mess-room." Still more do we wonder at the greasy satisfaction with which the "Editor" penned the words, "Our eye is on the delinquents," and at the cowardice of those delinquents in subsidising the "Editor" in order to keep their names out of the paper. The success of these enterprises produced imitations in the inferior walks of life. Even in lowest depths there were found deeper still. The *Town* and *Paul Pry* and *Penny Satirist* did for greengrocers and butchers, what the *Age* and *Satirist* performed for baronets and earls. "Joe S—, or little black-whiskered Jack," were advised not to talk so much to the barmaid; or "to give over paying visits to the tommy-shop," "or Paul" would again be at them; so that what with the "eye" of the *Satirist*, and the muddy umbrella of *Paul Pry*, society, high and low, must have been kept in a state of chronic ferment. We may be sure that some of this mud stuck. Indeed, the satirists themselves were but bad imitations of the *Bon Ton* and *Town* and *Country* magazines; and searchers in contemporary history will find it difficult to distinguish between the false and true, in reading some of the *tête-à-têtes* of the latter, such as those between the Rev. W. WHITFIELD—and the subtle sinner, and Jemmy Twitcher (Earl of SANDWICH) and Miss R (eay).

Satire now-a-days does not walk so much in the mud, nor did it ever do so with the masters of the art. If DRYDEN be abusive and foul in his Mackflecknoe, one cannot but acknowledge that he is wise and beneficent in his Absalom and Achitophel. The characters there are drawn with a pen which never faltered in its delineations, and they stand out as real and as true in their way as the Raphael chalk portraits in theirs. VILLIERS and SHAFTESBURY will never escape from the pen of DRYDEN, any more than JOHN DENNIS will from that of POPE. But the satirist, as all satirists do, harmed himself as much as he did the objects of his anger, and himself was gibbeted when caught. The Recording Angel which reaches the Heaven of posterity, drops a tear upon men's failings which effectually erases them, although their vices are proof against such a detergent; and follies, not vices, are the true objects of satire. In saying this we are not excusing either; indeed, we doubt whether, for actual amount of evil done, the fool does not surpass the rogue; certain it is that folly has done more harm to society than vice. We suspect a rogue, but we cannot guard against a fool; we may shield ourselves from the pistol of an enemy, but we are lost if our own weapon breaks in our hand. A race of gentler satirists than DRYDEN and POPE soon perceived this, just as the former had seen that the ridicule of ARISTOPHANES was ever so much keener, and more useful as a weapon than the tremendous invective of JUVENAL or PERSIUS. Indeed, the latter can scarcely be called satirists in the true sense. It is not satirical to photograph a pest-house, or to give a line-for-line drawing of a horrible deformity. HOGARTH was not satirical when he drew "Gin Lane," but he was so in his "Election," and his "March to Finchley," and in many other works. The last picture of his "Harlot's Progress" or of his "Rake" may boast one or two satiric touches; but the Painter rises far above satire, and wails, like another Jeremiah, over the sins and sorrows of the city. So again with SWIFT. That writer had far too high a genius to be commonly understood. Hence many people abuse him instead of loving him; hence the words, beast, man-hater, foul-tongued fellow, applied to him. But SWIFT understood himself. In his "Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver" he penned as fine satires as the world ever saw; but in his verses "On a Lady's Bedchamber," and others of the sort, he spoke dirt, and meant to speak dirt, and was too earnest to be satirical. He claims credit for it in more places than one, and of his satire he says, in his letter to Sir Charles Hogan, "I had a design to laugh the follies out of existence, and to whip the vices out of practice;" but he adds that that design and that satiric genius had been his great bar through life. So it was, and is: try to improve the world, and it will hate you, if it suspects the design.

The poets knowing this, as we have said, a milder kind of satire grew prevalent. Dr. YOUNG has shown, in his "Universal Passion," that he knew too well what he was about to hit very hard. His remarks were general, and he left particulars to themselves. Great sinners, he thought, should be dealt with by the law. He would attack the vice, and not the vicious. A judge might just as well have sentenced Murder, and let go GREENACRE or DANIEL GOOD. But the astute Doctor thrived, and nobody said of him, as they did of POPE, that he was a "nasty, spiteful little devil." Dr. YOUNG never had the courage of POPE; the latter writes:—

"There are—I scarce can think it, but am told,
There are to whom my satire seems too bold,
Scarce to wise—complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough."

But, in spite of this, he still spoke of CHARTRES, and still hit at Lord FANNY (HERVEY)—

—"That bug with gilded wings,
That painted child of dirt, who stinks and stings,"

and finally slew his hecatomb at the altar of Satire in the Dunciad.

Good and mild COWPER followed too much in the wake of YOUNG to give piquancy to his verses. Sound and admirable as they are, smartly as they hit the freethinker and the debauchee, they are never personal. The satirist lashed only the vices, and his example is now generally followed. PETER PINDAR, CHURCHILL, and GIFFORD created some amusement in their day. Peter was personal enough, but he said rude things, and practised invective rather than satire. It is not satirical to assert that of Sir JOSEPH BANKS, "that strange to utter, he, when a very little boy at school, ate spiders spread upon his bread and butter;" it is not satirical to expose the poor old mad king in his conversations with WHITBREAD, or his questions about the apple dumpling. All these are within the boundaries of clever sarcasm, and that often very unscrupulous. PETER PINDAR WOLCOT could do better than this, and has done better, and has humour and satiric power, too, in abundance.

The days of strong versified abuse are, however, gone. Almost every writer is now a satirist; some are of the very mildest possible description, but literary scalp-hunters are few. Articles savage and slaughterly appear occasionally, but their appearance is hailed with disapprobation, and the satirist contents himself with exposing the club-foot of the limping exquisite, or showing the rouge pot and wrinkles of the old beau. The "dear wicked satiric creatures," as the ladies call them, are very strong upon ladies' hats and crinoline; upon poor old women who are weak enough to wish to keep their precious youth; upon the ugly women who try to look pretty; upon the vulgar who wish to be fashionable; or the poor little city gent, who, rising from a lower form of life, tries to ape the dress and behaviour of his betters. All these are legitimate objects of satire, but the wrath expended upon them is not very God-like. It is easy to crush a butterfly upon a wheel, but the frivolous occupation will not add to one's strength. The mildness, meekness, and perfect propriety under which the writers of *Punch* manage to rein their *esprit moqueur* may be, and are, conducive to calm language, but certainly do not give rise to any vigour of thought. We doubt whether the whole nation is not weakened by the proceeding; and it is but lately, when certain incompetent generals lost us whole brigades, and starved men and horses by the troop, that the dead level of English feeling showed itself. *Indignatio facit versus* possibly, but the scorn and hatred at such proceedings were not divine enough for poetry, and no indignant *vates* branded the fools and imbeciles to all eternity; the latter, therefore, escaping the satire, quietly have kept their places, and have even received honours (?).

Strong, sound satire, such as CHURCHILL could have penned would have done us service; but our nearest approach to CHURCHILL was JERROLD, a man of a very capable but limited spirit, whose best sarcasms were so polished and successful that he himself and others thought him a satirist. When he told a friend, who urged that both being litterateurs they rowed "in the same boat;" yes, but "not with the same skulls," he merely vented what rhetoricians call an antanaclassis, and unscholastic people a pun with a sarcastic turn. He was often offensively bitter, and he earned for himself that which he did not deserve—the reputation of an unkindly man. This he was not, but he was so continually employed in making up sharp sayings that he could not stay to pick and choose the persons upon whom to vent them. His best sayings are in his comedies. His books of satire, read even at this short distance of time, are excessively ponderous and heavy. It is one thing to attack a man with a tomahawk, another to prick him with a lancet. JERROLD and his school thought that a man could not be touched unless his brains were knocked out. His intention was always evident, whereas satire should be like summer lightning, visible to all, but fatal only to the vermin and noxious insects.

The *Magnus Apollo* in satire at present, every one will say, is Mr. THACKERAY; indeed, his most recent writing, *Lovel, the Widower*, seems to promise but a collocation of sly things whispered into the ear of society by its satiric monitor. But it seems to us that his power in this way is much inferior to that of his master, FIELDING,—or even to that of DICKENS. When the latter tells us of a certain German baron, who being visited with conscientious qualms of a murder, seized upon certain wood and stone belonging to a weaker Baron, and built a chapel with them, thereby hoping to propitiate Heaven, the satire is so true and pungent that we all feel touched by it. Our offerings also are too often polluted, and by the picture we gain a deeper knowledge of ourselves. When Mr. *Punch* in his earlier days used, as a pendant to the descriptions of fashionable parties, to describe the supper of Mr. Brown the sweep and Hoggins the costermonger, upon whose table bread and cheese, and onions and other delicacies of the season were observed, the satire was so true and keen, although gentle, that the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal* were considerably amended thereby, and grew less eloquent upon the suppers of some modern LUCULLUS in his Apollo chamber.

But the author of *Vanity Fair* owns no such gentle touches. Satyr-like, he takes his crook for the purpose of lifting up the skirts of society, and exhibiting her clay feet; he writes, and has written, chapter after chapter on the pillering landladies, swaggering captains, clownish baronets, and dubious aristocracy; we feel that our neighbours are hit rather than ourselves, and we go on our way rejoicing. This kind of satire does no good. It makes us regard all around us with a cynic sneer, and perpetually cry out, "Ah! it is all very well, saintly Miss Dash and good Mr. Blank, but you have a skeleton in your cupboard as well as the rest; and you,

Madame BONHEUR, with your smiling face, do you not punch your children and bully your servants at home?" So on, *ad nauseam*, the phrases of social scepticism soon grow stale; and the satirist, who perpetually grinds over the same dull tune, enervates and debases rather than reforms. But there is a nobler use for the weapon than this: the true satirist, if he shows vice her own image, will also contrast it with virtue, that the form of the latter will be seen also. Like Jacques in the play, he will remember that the point of satire is its truth, and his aim will ever be, by his sharp physic to

"Purge the foul body of th' infected world."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1861.

THE question whether or not we are to have a repetition of the great experiment of 1851 in the coming year, which concludes the decade that will have elapsed since the May morning when our Sovereign welcomed all the nations of the earth beneath the crystal span of Paxton's Palace, was practically answered in the affirmative when the Society of Arts pledged itself to the success of the undertaking. It is to that Society the credit belongs of having originated and conducted to such a prosperous termination the magnificent idea of a Great International Exhibition of the Industrial Arts. So far back as the time of the First Consul, France had recognised the advantage of national exhibitions, as affording an opportunity for ascertaining the progress and status of arts and manufactures, and at the same time supplying the incentive to advance which emulation and competition are sure to supply. These exhibitions, however (which were repeated at quinquennial and decennial periods in an almost unbroken line down to the present time) were exclusively confined to native talent, and, great as must have been the benefits of such opportunities for extending experience and gauging results, they are not for a moment to be compared with that greater idea which included a competition between nations instead of men.

Whether it will be desirable to repeat that vast experiment after an interval so comparatively brief as ten years, is a question which has occupied many minds. We have considered the subject in most, if not all its bearings, and freely admit that there is much to be said on both sides; though, in our opinion, the balance of advantage is decidedly in favour of the scheme. Some of our own manufacturers (whose concurrence is so vitally important to the working out of the matter) have objected that they do not see how they are benefited by such exhibitions to an extent at all proportionate with the expense and trouble they incur. This is an objection worthy of consideration, not only because it comes from a body whose aid is of so much importance, but also because it is one of those practical criticisms which go to the root of the business. Of course these manufacturers are entitled to the credit of understanding their own affairs, and when they tell us that they have received no pecuniary benefit to compensate them for the expense and trouble they incurred in 1851, it is impossible for us to contradict them; but we may perhaps be permitted to ask whether it is not possible that they may have been indirectly benefited in a manner not exactly tangible to Cocker, and yet none the less surely beneficial and profitable? Has Spitalfields or Macclesfield gained nothing by being brought into juxtaposition with Lyons? Did Glasgow learn nothing from Switzerland, nor Belfast from Courtrai? Were the hardwares of Liege and Solingen exhibited to Birmingham in vain? Did Burslem examine the delicate porcelains of Limoges and gain no knowledge? Will the manufacturers of North Lancashire lay their hands upon their hearts, and seriously tell us that the lessons brought to them from Rouen, Tourcoign, and the Haut Rhin, have not profited them? If so, then the Great Exhibition of 1851 was entirely thrown away; but that it was not so—that, on the contrary, a vast improvement has taken place in the *taste* exhibited in our manufactures, is a fact too obvious to be ignored. That the foreigners have, in their turn, also gained something is not less clear. In return for their inventive ingenuity, their artistic fancy, we have perchance returned complete and cheaper methods of manufacture, and machinery more perfect and durable. This, however, is nothing but that fair principle of give-and-take which the projectors of the scheme contemplated, and we fully believe that in most cases the English manufacturers got, in this way at least, their pennyworth for their penny.

And this brings us to another class of objectors—those who believe that these exhibitions tend to unveil the secrets of their trade. To these we reply that there are really no such things as trade secrets. If a secret be worth finding out it is sure to be discovered. The patent laws prevent the use of certain processes for a definite period, within the jurisdiction of the English law; but no power on earth can prevent a foreign manufacturer from discovering any *modus operandi* worth time and money. Everywhere in the manufacturing districts there are French and German youths who have been sent to complete their education as men of business in the factories and workshops of England. Is it to be supposed that any process, however occultly kept, can escape the notice of these persons? At the same time, we know perfectly well that many manufacturers do vainly imagine that they can successfully guard these processes upon which they pride themselves; and we ourselves, on applying for admission at one of the most celebrated factories of textile fabrics in Yorkshire, were curtly told that none but ladies and clergymen ("women and parsons" was the exact phrase employed) were ever admitted—those being supposed to be the persons most unable, or at any rate most unlikely, to avail themselves of any hints they might happen to pick up.

In addition to these objectors there are sure to be many other

kinds of dissentients. Some there are of the good old "let-well-alone" school,—a sect of philosophers to be respected rather from the antiquity than the soundness of their doctrines, and which numbers among its disciples those agricultural Solons who persist in decrying guano and the steam-plough, not to mention those Conservative old ladies who never have and never will travel by railroad. The chimerical objections which reasoners of this sort raise against an International Exhibition are most astounding. The late Colonel Sibthorpe, for example, prophesied that one of the results of the Great Exhibition of 1851 would be that the next generation would be "pie-bald," and afterwards publicly thanked God that he had never visited the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. As for the former dictum, we can only say that it was certainly not very complimentary to the virtue of Englishwomen; and for the latter all that can be said is that the worthy member for Lincoln voluntarily excluded himself from an agreeable and instructive spectacle. Some of the larger manufacturers may possibly hold aloof on the ground that these exhibitions may dissipate many popular delusions as to the superiority of articles of a certain make, thereby tending to diminish their own enormous gains; this, however, is a reason so thoroughly selfish that it is impossible to treat it with respect.

Some small amount of opposition may, perhaps, be anticipated from the shareholders in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, arising out of a belief that another Exhibition would injure their property. This also we believe to be entirely visionary. Profiting by experience, it is not likely that the projectors of the scheme will be content with a temporary structure, to be sold and removed, and converted into a rival Crystal Palace. Their probable, and we believe most prudent course will be to have such a building as may be permanently maintained for this and other great public uses. As for the direct influence upon Crystal Palace shares, the holders may console themselves in the belief that their admirable establishment, as the most attractive place of resort near the metropolis, cannot but be largely benefited by any event which brings hundreds of thousands of visitors to London; and this we know to be the opinion of their more enlightened directors.

To sum up the argument then, we are of opinion that the objections to a Great Exhibition of 1861 are either entirely visionary, or of so slight a character as not to be worthy of serious consideration. On the other hand, the advantages are great and sure;—the improvement of the peaceful arts, the competition of peoples in an arena less bloody and more civilised than the battle field, the promotion of a better understanding among the leading nations of the world. It may be easy enough to point a cynical sneer at these Utopian fancies, by showing that the Great Exhibition of 1851 was immediately followed by a sanguinary war, in which no less than five nations were immediately involved, who had but a few short months previously engaged in friendly competition in Hyde Park. We are not so sanguine in our theories of civilization as to expect that the world is to be changed like a garment, and that human nature is to be metamorphosed by a resolution of the Society of Arts. These things come gradually, and until the world has made many revolutions and undergone many changes we are afraid that soldiers, lawyers, and doctors must be endured as necessary evils. Yet who shall say that the Great Exhibition of 1851 had not something to do with the speedy close of the war that followed it? Who will deny that these improvements in the mechanical arts, which tend to render war more destructive, do not, in effect, diminish the chances of its prolongation? Cicero declared that arms should give way to togas—in other words, that Arms *must*, sooner or later, give way to the Arts of Peace.

PARLIAMENT.

THE Session of Parliament about to open, will be a memorable one in history. The two great parties are already marshalling their strength; counting the members they can safely rely upon, and watching with careful interest the minor cliques, whose opposition or adhesion may, at a critical moment, have an important action on the great questions of the day yet to be decided, and possibly on the ultimate position of the Palmerstonian Cabinet. There can be no doubt that a formal trial of political strength will take place, and that the new Reform Bill will, by consent, afford the first battle field, on which the leaders of the two great parties will array their followers and join issue. The Cabinet, it is reported, after many divisions, actual disruption, and temporary secessions, has at last compromised differences, and prepared a series of bills, five in number, which are to be brought forward at the earliest moment by the Foreign Secretary. These bills will have relation to disfranchisement, enfranchisement, and principle of rating. On the latter, it is expected, will be concentrated the whole antagonistic force of the respective parties. As far as club report may be relied upon, there has been a compromise between the £10 household rating, and the £5 franchise advocated by the Bright party, by the adoption of a mean of £7 household rating. Taking the numbers of the Palmerstonian supporters and the Derbyite adherents—or more properly, the Liberal party, including whig, radical, liberal, and advanced liberal, and the Conservative party, comprising ultra and moderate Tories—the balance of votes is understood to preponderate on the side of the present Cabinet. The Conservative party, as a party, is unquestionably the strongest in compact numbers; but the minor parties, such as the independent and the Irish parties, when joined to the liberal party, undoubtedly carry a majority of votes. It would be a purely speculative calculation to give numbers. Parties are not now divided, as heretofore, into two well-defined divisions. The Palmerston Cabinet, we have

reason to believe, calculate on a working majority of somewhere about twenty-five; but this number may be largely increased by an unexpectedly liberal measure, or by timely concession; while on the other hand, it may be suddenly diminished or converted into a minority by opposition from some of the leaders of the subordinate but important sections, whose votes cannot be relied upon with the same certainty as those of the occupants of the Treasury benches. Mr. Bright will, no doubt, have formidable influence, and the course the honourable member intends to take will, at the outset, be narrowly watched. It is well known that Mr. Bright intends to agree to no bill that does not contain provisions for admitting to the franchise a large portion of the working classes. Lord John Russell and his Cabinet have found this question their chief difficulty. While admitting the justice of the claims to the franchise of the skilled working classes, the nice point to decide has been, how far this new element can be introduced, without giving it undue preponderance over property and education. Until the bill is fairly before the country, it would be premature to give any opinion as to results. One circumstance may be relied upon, that both parties are desirous of seeing a termination to the Reform agitation. It is very likely that Lord Palmerston will be enabled to carry the Government Reform Bill after discussion and modifications in committee, mainly because the Derbyite party doubts the expediency of any bill just at this moment, and would gladly decline to take the responsibility of proposing a bill, if called again to office. Assuming the Reform Bill to be carried, the Session may be considered as virtually over, as the ministry would bring forward only the necessary financial measures before proceeding to a dissolution.

But the programme of proceedings, as far as it has probability for its basis, will most likely take this form: The Reform Bill will be introduced about a fortnight or three weeks after Parliament assembles. Having been laid before the House, Government will most probably adjourn the formal consideration of its provisions until after Easter. The various stages will be leisurely proceeded with, and before the Commons finally agree to the measure the session will be tolerably far advanced. Then will come the difficulty—perhaps the chief one—the reception the measure will meet with in the House of Lords. If the Commons' measure shall be found to have too large a portion of the *Bright* element—that honourable gentleman having no superfluous love for the aristocratic portion of the legislature—then it is very likely that the Lords will reject the measure, or so modify it as to render its rejection by the Commons indispensable. While the Reform Bill "drags its slow length" through Parliament, other bills will be introduced and pushed forward vigorously. Law Amendment, Bankruptcy Courts Amendment, Tithes Abolition Bills, will be certain of a hearing. Above all, the Budget and the promised revision of taxation—second only in importance to the Reform measure—must be brought on by the Right Hon. Gentleman who fills the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Lords will, at least, initiate a Bill for the Reform of the Liturgy. Here alone is a tolerably ample catalogue of measures likely to be brought forward in the last session of the Reform Parliament of 1832, many of which will have to be finally determined by the new Reformed Parliament of—probably—1861.

BEDLAMITE LITERATURE.

CLAPHAM, famous always, even in the days of Sydney Smith, for the religious element in its population, is but now giving to the world a new church. The British public, as a body, has probably never heard of the Cottle Church; but we, in common with emperors, ministers, members of parliament, and other celebrities, have been favoured with an exposition, if it can be so called, of the doctrines of that sect. The Cottle Church, it would appear, does not disdain the political element in its teachings; and one of its principal features (in which, perhaps, it does not stand alone) consists of altering texts of Scripture to suit its own purposes. We regret that space will not permit us to go into any detailed account of the tenets of this faith, but the few specimens we shall give from the manifestoes which have reached us, will probably suffice to give our readers a general notion of its scope and characteristics, and will enable them to ascertain the inspiration from which it proceeds; we may add that, notwithstanding the extensive and well-organized propaganda the Cottle Church possesses, its founder appears, in the later tracts that have been issued, to bewail the small impression as yet produced upon the public mind, even to a notion of abandoning personally further active attempts at proselytism.

A remarkable and valuable quality of the literature of this Church is, that the perusal of the smallest extract from one of the tracts will be as effectual in determining its origin and character as the perusal of whole volumes. The extracts we shall now set before our readers will, we think, be sufficient to convince them of this fact beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The first document or tract we come to is dated 9th March, 1859, and is addressed by Mrs. Elizabeth Cottle, of Kirkstall Lodge, Clapham, to Lord Derby. We have slightly modified the language, in order to suit it to the present channel of publication.

"*Ps. xix. 5.*—In them ("the heavens" or churches) hath he set a (Jewish-Christian) tabernacle for the (Pagan) Sun—(day of Christendom) which is as a bridegroom (Prince Napoleon) coming out of his (bridal) chamber (at Turin), and rejoiceth (with Elizabeth, in her note to the Privy Council, Feb. 1, 1859,) as a strong (Roman) man to run a (Derby) race."

Again:

"*ISA. xlii. 2, 3.*—He shall not cry (aloud), nor lift up (his voice in

parliament), nor cause his (Elizabeth's "still small") voice to be heard (even) in Fleet Street, where the papers are printed and sent to the editors."

We were ignorant of a portion, at least, of the following texts:

"Mrs. Cottle has hitherto had the 'Book of Life' and papers printed only for herself, and has sent them out into all the world, 'without money and without price,' (Isa. lv. 1, 3,) even for postage stamps. Matt. xx. 2; Luke xx. 24."

The following circumstance will reach most people for the first time:—

"Summer is nigh (May 25), and it (the Cottle Church) is even at the doors (of Kirkstall Lodge and All Saints' Church, and the doors of the Houses of Lords and Commons)."

Here is a valuable article of faith:

"New (Cottle) wine must be put into new (Cottle) bottles, and both (the new and old wine) are preserved ('in the new heaven and new earth' of 'the new name' of Cottle), Rev. xxi. 1, 3, 12; Isa. lxvi. 22, 24."

A most important point is, to "renounce the devil, and all his legal and theological works." The latter condition would, perhaps, be no great trial.

We learn from Mrs. Cottle that these sentiments were forwarded in manuscript to the "two emperors of France and Austria at Villafranca, to the Pope Beelzebub, to Victor Emmanuel, the Queen, Lord Palmerston and ministers, and the editor of the *Times*." To judge from the title given to one of the intended recipients, we should doubt if the document in that case ever reached its destination.

However, Mrs. Cottle, in October 1859, addresses Lord Palmerston, and, although expressing her satisfaction at the fact that seventy thousand papers of the above description have been received "without dissent or opposition," from which she augurs great things, nevertheless, she informs his Lordship that she "Mrs. Cottle cannot go on pouring out the spirit any longer, for if she did, she would fail (Isa. lvii. 16)." We may therefore conclude that there will be a cessation of the labours of the Cottle propaganda.

But to speak seriously, what can be the circumstances under which these impious ravings (and we have made no unfair selection) are printed and circulated? They cannot be the work of one poor insane fanatic. There must be several sane persons associated with her; in fact, the wicked trash must be altogether disseminated by sane people. There must be an amanuensis and a printer at least; and probably many other ministers to the grave recording of the passing extravagances of a deranged mind. Of what type of character or status in society these persons can be, our readers will probably be as much at a loss to determine as ourselves; and they will agree with us, that they have been guilty of no small offence to decency and good morals. It is not enough to say that this is but a harmless means of venting the delusions of a mind diseased. There can be no necessity that the desire of humouring the unhappy patient should be carried to the length of actual publication, to say nothing of the scandal promulgated, and the expense incurred. It is only becoming that the melancholy frenzies of the unfortunate victims of mental disorder should be kept as much from the public gaze as possible; and those who make an exhibition of them are guilty of an uncalled-for outrage on the decencies of social life.

STATE OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Roi! The year of grace 1859 has happily passed away, panics and prophecies notwithstanding, without the utter break up or violent convulsion in either the great world itself, or in its satellite worldlets, the religious, the fashionable, the artistical, or the literary. In the latter, it is true that several notable new formations and re-formations are inaugurated with the new year; not the least valuable of which is, we apprehend, observable by our own subscribers; but in the dramatic and musical worlds, time has wrought little enough during the year 1859, and we see no reason to anticipate his violent action during 1860.

The "Retrospects," "Reviews," and "Obituaries," that fill so much space in contemporary pages, remind us that we too ought to glance at the progress or regress of the musical and dramatic arts during the past twelvemonth: and in a few words we will do so.

The progress of the regular drama may be set down as "Nil." Its condition is one of unquestionable decay. The wide dispersion of our good actors since the opening of the trade in theatres, the lack of rich new blood in the shape of plays and players, have had something to do with this. The increasing thirst for combined music and beer, in such gorgeous, complete, and well-ordered palaces as those of Evans', the Canterbury Hall, the Holborn Music Hall, and the like, has given the stage another shrewd blow. So has the musical—elegant musical taste, so industriously planted and fostered in the middle class mind by John Hullah, the Chappells, and Benedict. And last, not least, we take it, the marvellous popularization of social tragedy and comedy, through the action of the cheap press for years, and latterly, through that of the Divorce Court, has almost given the *coup de grace* to the legitimate drama as those words were a few years ago understood. Whether the failure in the crop of good players follows that in the crop of good plays, or, *vice versa*, comes of the cold shade thrown by manager-actors upon the rest of the profession, or what not, we will not argue here. The question has been discussed *ad nauseam*, to our thinking, for years. It will never be solved, and its solution may after all never be required. For if the world roll but a few years longer in its present groove, the demand for legitimate actors of the order we are now acquainted with, and legitimate dramatists, will have died out altogether. There are, we believe, four fourpenny,

one threepenny, and a legion of penny daily London papers, which lay life tragedies and comedies, played in the day in Westminster Hall, or elsewhere, upon every breakfast table. The man who rejoices in no breakfast table, often in only half a breakfast, but yet who was one of the playgoing class of former days, now commands, whether in his modest garret or in his box at the coffee-shop, the luxury of such a meal of social revelations as might in one week fit a Lope de Vega with a very fair stock to commence work upon. What on earth can the horror and scandal-crammed British public of this day care for genteel tragedy, or comedy as we find it embalmed in Bell's or Cumberland's collections? Were not the Palmer, Smethurst, Archer, Rowley and Bell cases more tragic or comic, as the case may be, than any production of the school alluded to? Are we not panting for new and piquant details of a new Norfolk tragedy, and particulars of the great Kentish scandal, fit to make one's hair stand on end? Depend upon it, your regular Drama has not half the flavour of the modern Law or Police cases, and will never hold up its head again while these morning performances are so regularly and so efficiently popularised. Such a piece as "The Stranger," which in our young days was considered too vapourish by half for a *poco-curante* age, is not in its "pathos and bathos and *lachrymæ roarem*" very far below the pitch of our tragedies of modern society. It is possible, in a few years' time, that as the necessity for still stronger excitement supervenes with civilization and business pre-occupation, our public may seek new sensations in real heroic tragedy. They have not gone far in that direction at present, but the character of their demands in the contrary one seems certainly to favour the argument. The successful comedy of the present day must be a string of rattling farces. The farce must comprise physical and practical jokes, stirred with the flavouring substance of antique pantomimes. Pantomime itself has been sharpened to the same extent. Burlesque has been revived in our time, and carried to an extent that the author of *Bombastes Furioso* never dreamed of; and now the entertainments of the present Christmas tide number several hybrids, comprising not only the perfection of comic singing, ballet dancing, comic word spinning and twisting, but also those of caricature drawing, dressing, and acting, besides a quality of scene-painting seldom before aimed at, and a full harlequinade to boot. The pantomime at the City of London Theatre is, we apprehend, one of the old school, written by a master of the art, and acted, machined, and decorated in the old style. But in the above particulars, its ensemble is no more to be compared with the entertainments at either of the six first West End houses than Mr. Nelson Lee to Shakespeare. We have then to report that the decadence of the legitimate drama during the twelvemonth has been progressive; and we see no occasion to anticipate a change. A first-class and ferocious tragedy on the return of the African Roscins, Ira Aldridge, with a crop of St. Petersburg laurels, may just impede, for a fortnight, the gentle efflux of its life-blood; but for the reasons stated and others, if we were put to them, we conceive that decay is in the constitution of the patient. There is, to use the language of the mart, a better feeling for pure comedy, but no great demand. Farce is in request: the supplies from France are deficient in the element of laughing gas. From that country we have had an influx of comedietta and small drama, but these have always required the assistance and support of burlesque, being not well able to stand up alone. Our children, old and young, insist upon going to the play for diversion, and diversion only; and the new school of writers get more fun, money, and applause out of pun-embroidered fables than weak mal-adaptations from the French. The greatest theatrical event of 1859 was the departure of Mr. Kean for a long provincial tour: the smallest, the publication of his memoirs and autobiography. He has already begun to reap the fortune for which he speculated so judiciously and so extensively during his Loydon management. Mr. Greenwood, of Sadlers Wells, took, last spring, a company of pantomimists to Berlin, where the *indigènes* were nearly as bewildered with the entertainment as the late Prince of Oude, who pronounced one he saw to be a beautiful poem, and ordered his moonshee to translate it at his leisure. The production of an intense drama, by Mr. J. A. Herand; the opening of the Lyceum, by Madame Celeste; the occupation of nine playbills at once by Mr. Tom Taylor's translations; the great success of "One Touch of Nature;" and "The Dead Heart," at the Adelphi; the great merit of a charming comedy, "Homo Truths," at the Princess's; and the death of Mr. Wright, comedian—have, we believe, been the most prominent occurrences during the last theatrical year. We can have no objection to join our hopes with those of others more immediately concerned, that the chronicle for 1860 may be richer in important and interesting matter.

The prospects of Music, however, seem to brighten as those of the Drama fade. The seed sown by Mainzer, Hullah, and Jullien is bearing fruit, and the English show strong symptoms of becoming a musical nation in a wide sense of the word. That the Pyno and Harrison enterprise maintained the high position it took at starting, through the year 1859, in spite of interested auguries, backed by stout efforts to the contrary end, was one great fact of the year. The naturalization of "Dinorah," the Crystal Palace and Bradford Festivals, the prolonged run of "Satanella" by one native composer, the warm reception of "Victorino" by another, all help to show the way of the wind. Opera here! Opera there! Opera everywhere! Opera always at one of the two great houses. Opera intermittently at the other. Opera by fits and starts at the little St. James's. Sims Reeves rewarded enormously for Opera at Shoreditch. Mr. Haigh singing opera in Goodman's Fields. Weekly concerts of classical music nearly all the year round at the halls of St. James

and St. Martin. Popular selections at vast music-rooms in Holborn, Lambeth, Soho, and elsewhere. Oratorio, as usual, in the Strand. Truly, if we are not yet a musical people, we are tending fast that way.

This year will, it is clear, be remarkable, from a musical point of view, for a revived—or say strengthened—feeling for old ballad music. Messrs. Beale and Chappell have republished a fine collection of some hundred and fifty “Old English Ditties.” Mr. Chappell, the musical antiquarian, is lecturing upon them every where. Miss Poole and Mr. Ramsden, who have them in hand as singers, are delightful hearts and inspiring hands in city and suburb. We may fairly predict that this revival will be extensively felt. The “Popular Concert” directors at St. James’s Hall, who have been unflinchingly administering high-class chamber music, perfectly executed, to audiences not altogether prepared for such strong meat, will, we expect, see their way clearer in 1860 than in ’58 and ’59. Mr. E. T. Smith, with his renewed lease of Drury Lane, will again, this year, open its doors to Italian Opera subscribers (the old house still closed), and has already made several of his engagements. The skill of our native executants has risen, and will continue to rise, in compliance with requisitions of improved public taste; and, to conclude, while the dullest can see the steady development of music in England, the most penetrating can discern ahead no symptom of check or unhealthy progress.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

ROME, 31st December, 1859.

I WAS present on Christmas at the High Mass in St. Peter’s. The ceremony in itself was much as such ceremonies usually are—pompous and wearisome. There were fewer strangers and more cardinals present than usual (Wiseman and Antonelli, by the way, among the number of the latter). About the religious aspect of these pageants there may be, and are, two sides to the question. About the artistic aspect there can be but one, in my opinion. They are, after all, poor pageants, poorly produced. A Shakesperian revival at the old Princess’s was decidedly a more gorgeous and imposing sight, and Charles Kean looked as good a cardinal as the Pope looks a pontiff. It is rather difficult to say what one’s feelings might be at these great “spectacles” of the Roman Church, if one could manufacture the requisite amount of faith. The only fact from which an indifferent and unbelieving spectator can draw any inferences as to his possible sentiments under a hypothetical state of belief, is, that the native worshippers appear to pay as little attention to the service as an English pew-opener does to his incumbent’s sermons, or household servants to family prayers. In the midst of the gaping, staring, snuff-taking, whispering crowd, the English converts are always conspicuous by the fervour of their devotion; but then, after all, they are new brooms—and every one knows the proverb. I own, however, that the reflection which struck me most during the whole performance, was the curious one, that upon the hidden resolutions of the Emperor of the French depended the question, whether or not this Christmas pageant was to be repeated next year within the walls of St. Peter’s. The Emperor has only to issue his commands for the French armies to quit Rome, and forthwith the Pope must leave his throne with what haste he can. The position of poor Pío Nono is neither a dignified nor a pleasant one, and I believe he feels his troubles acutely. I have been told his Holiness says that all this worry will be the death of him. His health too is said to have been much affected of late, though I saw little change, if any, in his appearance, beyond perhaps an increased air of good-natured feebleness. I hear too that there is great agitation in the Papal conclaves, and general anxiety about the Congress. Antonelli, as of course you have heard long ere this, is to be the representative of Rome. It was first arranged that he should sail to France in the one Papal frigate, the “Immaculate Conception;” but with a wisdom which savours somewhat of this world, the Cardinal expressed a decided preference for a passage on board the Neapolitan war-steamship which is to convey the envoy from the Court of Naples. Antonelli is to be accompanied by his secretary, Signor Barili; and this fact gave rise to the following pasquinade, which was found inscribed the other day on the statue of Pasquin:—

“Andera con Barili,
“Ritornerà con fiasco.”

the point of which is obvious to any one who recollects that “fiasco” means a flask in Italian, and also bears our anglicised sense of a failure.

Everything here is so dull, and dead, and quiet, that there is little news of any kind to comment on; and it is only by stray indications that one learns that there exists anything of life or agitation beneath the surface. The theatres are closed during Advent, and Boxing Night is the commencement of the short Roman dramatic season, which ends with the Carnival. A printed notice was in consequence posted in all the streets, containing different regulations, to be observed by the audience and actors at the various theatres. Amongst others, there occurred the following extraordinary clauses:—No person is to distinguish himself by vociferous applause or clapping, under a penalty of one month’s imprisonment if the offence is committed at an ordinary theatre, and three months if at the opera. No piece or verse or phrase is to be

encored or repeated at any time, unless the previous permission of the Government inspector has been obtained; and no spectator is, on any pretence whatever, to take a stick or umbrella into the pit, under pain of being tried by a military tribunal. However, if a man has to sit upon a powder-barrel, you can hardly wonder at his entertaining a reasonable prejudice against smoking; and on the principle the Pontifical Government may be excused for a little uneasiness about popular demonstrations.

We have had a new opera produced here by a composer “Peri,” unknown to English fame, and who, if “Carlo Pisani” be a sample of his powers, is likely to remain so. The opera, indeed, is a poor imitation of Verdi, and has barely managed to live out the first week of its existence. On the other hand, our new ballet, the “Sylphide in Pekin,” has created a perfect *furor*; and Miss Plunkett, the chief *danseuse*, wins applause from all, even from the stony-hearted inspector, who, with doubtful kindness, permits her “pas seuls” to be encored. We have a new tenor, too—Bettini, who, I think, will, before long, make a sensation across the Alps; and we are promised a new opera, written expressly for the Apollo Opera House by Pacini, perhaps, next to Verdi, the most celebrated in his own country of living Italian composers.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

HANOVER, January 2, 1860

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* states, that the *elite* of the Austrian nobility have resolved to place their salaries and other emoluments at the disposal of the Emperor, with a view to ease the treasury and enable the Emperor to pension off and assist those who have suffered in their persons or property in consequence of the late war. Prince Windisch-Grätz is the originator of the idea, and the following high personages have already subscribed to the project: the three Princes Lichtenstein, Edmund Schwartzberg-Lobkowitz, Clam-Gallas, Wimpffen, Grunne, Reischach—all wealthy families; added to this, it is said, that all the Archdukes who possess private property have proposed to dispense with the incomes they derive from the State, for the space of five years. To such straits has despotism brought one of the best situated and most fruitful countries of Europe. While the Government of Austria has been offering in vain high bounties, and even political privileges, for colonists to people the vast uncultivated fertile tracts of Hungary, Bohemia, and Transylvania, thousands upon thousands are every year departing to fever-raging shores, or to lands the soil and climate of which are of uncertain nature. This preference has rendered an interference on the part of the authorities absolutely necessary.

The *Vienna Official Gazette* publishes the following Imperial letter, addressed to Count Goluchski, the Minister of the Interior:—“Dear Count Goluchski,—The patriotism of my people has been strikingly displayed during the late war, when thousands ranged themselves voluntarily under my banner, and since by remaining in the service! By these volunteers and the conscripts of the year 1859 on hand, the war establishment of the army is nearly complete, and I am therefore induced to countermand the Impressment ordered for 1860.”

FRANZ JOSEPH.

The Imperial letter contains the term “*rekruten*,” i.e. recruits; but to render this term by the English word recruit would tend to mislead the reader unacquainted with the continental system of raising soldiers. The despots of the Continent have adopted words which in English signify free actions and things, to express actions and things appertaining to a state of political and personal slavery. Your readers have a specimen in the word “recruit,” employed for conscript, or man impressed by lottery. Another is the term volunteers (*Freiwilligen*) for those who, by entering the army before their time has arrived, or without risking the lottery, enjoy a certain advantage, and serve a much shorter period. It would be difficult, and occupy too much space, to explain the intricacies of the system followed by the different states; and what may be quite correct of one state, is, in a greater or less degree, incorrect of another, or all the rest—a circumstance which affords German journals, now and then, opportunity of declaiming against the ignorance evinced by foreigners, with regard to the affairs of the confederated States of Germany. Sometimes, however, it causes German journalists to fall to loggerheads with one another. Here is an instance. The *Times* lately contained an article upon the present state of Germany. The article was, of course, translated and criticised by the German journals; among others, by the *Weser Zeitung*, which introduced it with the following remarks: “After a long interval, the *Times* once more finds leisure to vent some general reflections upon German affairs. The article in question contains much recapitulation, and a great deal of silly stuff (*wunderliches Zeug*).” In the next number of the *Weser Zeitung*, we find its London correspondent, a German, passing judgment thus upon the same article: “The leading article of the *Times* upon the state of Germany is written with considerably greater clearness than is usually the case with the emanations from Printing House Square, and is, in general, based upon a very thorough knowledge and appreciation of German affairs, although the writer admits that it is impossible for a foreigner (he should have said an Englishman) to master all the details of German politics.” When the doctors disagree, who shall save the patients? The question of the fortification of the coasts of the Baltic and North Sea is likely to lead to a wider separation between Prussia and Hanover; the latter, whose tendencies are very decidedly in favour of Austrian policy, showing no disposition to go hand-in-hand with the other states interested in the matter.

GEORGE ROSE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

TIME was when the publication of George Rose's "private and confidential" papers would have set the curiosity of all the West End clubs, and not a few of the best houses in town and country tingling. Never was there a more interesting period in our annals than that in which he lived; and in that period few men enjoyed greater opportunities of learning accurately from day to day how things went on at Court and Cabinet, and of observing closely the feelings and the motives by which many of the leading actors on the public stage were influenced. He must be a very dull, a very idle, or a very forgetful man, who, having filled for many years important posts in government under different administrations, could tell us nothing of the history of his time we did not know before. Mr. Rose was certainly very far from being either stupid or careless; on the contrary, he was esteemed by his private and official confidants; particularly keen, shrewd, and reliable; and there are abundant proofs in the volume before us, that, having once got into the way of being talked to and consulted (two very different things) by leading personages, he was fidgetty and fretful when anything of moment seemed to be going on without his knowledge. During the whole of Mr. Pitt's first administration, he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury; and, during the shorter and sadder period of the great minister's tenure of power, from 1804 to 1806, he filled the offices of Paymaster of the Forces and Vice President of the Board of Trade; and, having contrived early to ingratiate himself with his habitually shy, reserved, and incommunicative patron, he appears to have enjoyed, throughout the whole of Mr. Pitt's official life, as well as during the interim when he chose to decline power, the utmost confidence of that remarkable man. Overwork and physical languor contributed to confirm Mr. Pitt's disrelish for society and pleasure. He had few intimacies and fewer amusements; disliked receiving letters, and seldom answered them; yearned for the repose which the instincts of nature continually warned him was indispensable if he would keep hold of life, but was oftentimes unable to win the blessing that he wooed. We can easily imagine how dear to such a man must have been the spaniel-like devotion of an adherent like George Rose. Methodical attention to business, and a great aptitude for the acquisition and arrangement of details respecting revenue, expenditure, and trade, rendered him invaluable as a constant referee to the statesman whose mind was full of noble conceptions and large ideas, but who had neither the leisure, the strength, nor perhaps the disposition to work them out for himself through all their varied results. No one was, indeed, more patient in the investigation of probable consequences before finally deciding on his course; and no one ever showed in debate a more perfect mastery over minute and complicated details. But for the collection, the sifting, and the arrangement of materials, the attachment and confidence of one who knew as much or more about them than himself was indispensable. Nor was this all. It has been wisely said that to judge of an artist, it would be better worth knowing all he has rubbed out than all he has allowed to stand. What would we not give to have a list of the plausible projects and taking schemes of commerce and taxation which the minister and his indefatigable subordinate talked over, as they sat together in Downing Street far into the night?

"From Christmas 1783," writes Mr. Rose, "to the time of his dissolution, I was in constant habits of the warmest affection and friendship, as well as of business with him. Hardly three days passed without my seeing him throughout that period, except during the five or six weeks in the summer, and the three weeks at Christmas, which I used to spend at Cuffhells, in the year." He bears the amplest testimony to the gentleness and forbearance in consultation which uniformly marked Chatham's proud but unimpetuous son; and intimates with pardonable vanity how his advice sometimes prevailed, to the great benefit, of course, of the candid Premier, and the unconscious nation at large. We see moreover pretty clearly how the habit of consulting continually the same dexterous and pliant follower in financial matters, widened into a practice of thinking aloud when closeted with him, about all other political affairs. In the most delicate negotiations with rivals and opponents, unreasonable followers, and a sovereign oftentimes incapable of being reasoned with at all, Pitt was accustomed to unbosom himself without reserve to his supple and suggestive henchman, through whom, as may be easily imagined, he learned much of the opinions entertained by those around him, and before whom he frequently went through an undress rehearsal of his most important resolutions, utterances, and acts. How many things were said and done by the obsequious secretary, on slight hints dropped in confidence by the Premier, who now can tell? The diaries and correspondence, undiscerningly edited by the Rev. Leveson Harcourt, are confessedly not given in full; and there is evidence more than enough in the editorial part of the volumes lately published, to make the most superficial reader doubt the wisdom of the selections made. A foregone conclusion, and that a very foolish one, is betrayed throughout the work, namely, to make out a case of something like infallibility in favour of Mr. Pitt, of patriotic wisdom on behalf of his party in general, and of crafty little George Rose in particular; and finally, of dignity, benevolence, generosity, and goodness of all kinds, on the part of George III. In the attempt to accomplish this anti-historical purpose, much time and space is devoted to dreary and virulent invectives against those who differed from Mr. Pitt, or resisted the crazy bigotry and selfishness of the king during

their day and generation; or who have, as writers, dealt with the transactions in which they bore a part. Page after page is laden with dull abuse of Mr. Fox, Lord Holland, Lord Brougham, and Lord John Russell. Mr. Canning and Lord Grenville come in for their share of the Rev. reviler's vituperation; while Mr. Addington, the Duke of Cumberland, and Bishop Tomlin are, for the sake of contrast, we presume, etched in with the lightest chalk. With a curious fatuity of blundering, however, the weightiest accusations laid against the distinguished objects of Mr. Harcourt's aversion, are confuted by the testimony of the objects of his praise; while the latter are, in more instances than one, called to bear witness to the unreality of the virtue and magnanimity ascribed to them. Thus, after labouring with tiresome malignity to fix upon Mr. Fox the "ferocity of a Jacobin," and the profligate and paricidal wish to see his country ruined to avenge his personal wrongs, we have the earnest pleading of his great rival with the implacable monarch, that he might be allowed to form a coalition with him; and we have the faultless and faithful George Rose actively aiding and abetting the design: still more strange and scandalous to relate, we are furnished with explicit proof that the most conscientious of monarchs did not scruple, in 1804, to make known his determination to keep Fox out of the Cabinet, "even at the hazard of a civil war;" while he found it perfectly compatible with that matchless conscience of his to take him for his Minister, just two years afterwards, Pitt's strength and spirit having been in the interval fairly worn out by the unshared burthen of responsibility which despotism thus cast upon him.

Equally blind and blundering are the efforts of the Rev. Editor of Mr. Rose's Papers to vindicate the memory of Mr. Pitt on the two most important acts of his life that have formed the subject of controversy. From his own letters, as well as from correlative testimony difficult to disregard, it does appear to us most clear that the Minister was reluctantly drawn into the war against the French Republic in 1793; that he soon sickened of the havoc and loss which it entailed; and that he eagerly sought for opportunities to bring it to a close, before either the Court or aristocracy could be brought to entertain the notion. Writing confidentially to the Marquis of Stafford, then President of the Council, in November, 1792, he says: "Perhaps some opening may arise which may enable us to contribute to the termination of the war between different powers in Europe, leaving France (which I believe is the best way) to arrange its own internal affairs as it can." What better doctrine do we advocate at the present day in Continental concerns? Pitt was, indeed, unable to resist the royal thirst for vengeance on the regicides, and the more calculating resolution of our privileged and jobbing classes to draw a cordon of fire between this country and its republican neighbour. But when the war had lasted hardly three years, and long before its direst consequences had begun to be felt by the nation, he hastened to send Lord Malmesbury to treat for peace at Lille. And what is the language we find George III. using in conversation with the son of Mr. Rose, when out hunting near Windsor? Not that he wished a stop might be put to the effusion of blood, but that he was rejoiced to learn the negotiation was not in Mr. Pitt's hands, as he would have been sure to concede everything at first—a priceless tribute to the Minister's wisdom and virtue: yet Mr. Harcourt persists in praising him for having been the soul of the anti-Gallican crusade; and he quotes platitudes of Sir Archibald Alison on the subject against the confession of the illustrious Minister himself, and the equally significant testimony borne by the King. But all this perversion comes of having undertaken to blacken the character of Fox, and to write down his biographer, whom he vituperates with the spitefulness of an unlady-like scold.

And so with regard to the Catholic question, on account of which Mr. Pitt is said to have abdicated the premiership in 1801. Belrin, the literary executor (we had almost written executioner) of Mr. Rose, and the act was one of patriotic single-heartedness, proving his attachment to the principle of religious liberty, while his resumption of power in 1804, on the express condition that the Catholic claims should be discountenanced in every possible way, was an act of generous and commendable self-devotion in a loyal subject to a religious and gracious prince. The truth appears to be, that when Mr. Pitt offered to retire in 1801, unless the king promised not to intrigue against the measures of the Cabinet, he did not anticipate the possibility of any successor, *ad interim*, being able to supplant him. He recommended Mr. Addington to fill his place, confiding in his friendship, and convinced of his incapacity to be anything more than what that worthy ostentatiously called himself, "*alobum tenens*." Piqued by the neglect of his *protégé*, and stung by his perfidy and insolence, the self-entwitted statesman resolved to brush away the puppet he had set up; and, in his eagerness to make sure of his old post of power once more, he was ready to coalesce with Mr. Fox, and to quiet the irrational qualms of the royal conscience, by pledging himself never to bring forward Catholic Emancipation during his Majesty's life. All the casuistry of the Bishop of Lincoln and of Mr. Rose (abler apologists than the wrong-headed Mr. Harcourt) cannot efface the blot thus left on his memory. As a constitutional minister, no dereliction of duty could be more plain: as a man of consistency and spirit, no forgetfulness of self-respect could be more palpable. Sooner than imitate the evil example thus set, Lord Grenville surrendered the premiership in 1807; and twenty years later, Mr. Canning hazarded the loss of the same darling object of ambition, by refusing to give any such assurance to George IV. Had Mr. Pitt held out, George III. would have found it convenient to give way; and though he might not have grasped, perhaps, so soon the reins of administration for the second time, he might have been able

*Diaries and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. George Rose, containing Original Letters of the most distinguished Statesmen of his day. Edited by the Rev. Leveson Harcourt. 2 vols. Bentley.

to retain them longer, and to have saved his country from the protracted religious agitation of the disorganizing and demoralizing effects of which we are still painfully conscious.

"THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE."*

EVERYBODY is now familiar with the *Cornhill Magazine*. Its first number has been before the public for more than a fortnight, and no one will venture to deny that it is a triumph of trading enterprise and trading skill. Nothing so cheap has ever been produced in this country in the shape of a pure, high literary, monthly magazine. The monthly issue of "All the Year Round" gives exactly the same quantity of matter for ninepence that the "Cornhill Magazine" does for a shilling, but the latter may be considered to restore the balance, by presenting its readers with certain illustrations and maps. Both are respectively edited, or "conducted" by our leading literary men; both will be largely supported by the same readers, and largely written by the same periodical pens. Whatever cliques there may be in the literary world,—whatever literary animosities may rage in the breasts of authors, there is not so much high principle existing as to prevent the chance of remunerative employment dissolving and sinking them all.

So far we are willing to give a hearty welcome to the new Magazine, to find no fault with its fiction, its popular accounts of natural history, its records of travel, and even its verses—and to say that the little "roundabout paper" by the editor, at the end, is one of the most agreeable essays we have read for many a day. We say all this distinctly, that our sentiments with regard to the new literary venture may not be misinterpreted, especially as we are now going to have a word with Mr. Thackeray about one of his leading articles.

When that "letter" (or prospectus) "from the editor to a friend and contributor," was first launched in the newspapers about the middle of last November, as a preliminary advertisement, its whole tone and spirit were directed against those authors and editors who were supposed to set up as social and political regenerators of mankind. "If you were told that the editor," (said Mr. Thackeray) "known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wiseacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*risum teneatis?*"

In writing this, the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* appears to have forgotten that he once contested a parliamentary election for Oxford, and that he is declaring himself to be that pale, colourless, imperfectly educated being—a man with no political feelings or political principles. It is no credit to a writer of Mr. Thackeray's intellect and knowledge of the world, that he should be content to stand idly by, while honest, hard-working, and unrewarded men are sinking under the labour in which he ought, by his position, to take a share. If his political sentiments are really of that don't-care-a-rush character, what right had he to occupy the Oxford hustings, and what kind of training has he had for conducting that department of his Magazine, which is now largely occupied by an article on the "Chinese and the Outer Barbarians?"

Any one who carefully read the paragraph in the prospectus which we have just quoted, would have come to the conclusion that no political questions would have any pages devoted to their discussion in the *Cornhill Magazine*. A passage further down, in which the editor says, "It may be a member of the House of Commons who has the turn to speak," is more than nullified by the following sentences. "There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table, we shall suppose the ladies and children always present; we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn."

These are very fair sounding words, but how has their promise been kept? Surely not by the admission of such an article upon China as disgraces the first number of the Magazine; written (we differ from the editor in so thinking) by the last man of all the empire to speak truly of what he knows.

We believe we are only aiding the efforts of both proprietors and editor, when we state that this article is openly attributed to Sir John Bowring. The name sounds well in certain ears, and in certain minds, especially in those accustomed to judge of the quality of writing by measuring the importance of the writers. Sir John Bowring let it be—and who is Sir John Bowring?

He began life as an "apostle of progress;" he is reputed to be a great linguist; he was the favourite pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and his name stands as the editor of Jeremy Bentham's works. Those who know the old Westminster philosopher's opinion upon the folly of blood-thirsty crusades for the sake of "conquering prodigious right of trade," who see the daily increasing influence which his writings are exerting in political science; who feel that Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden are merely the active, practical children of his far-seeing mind, will be surprised to find in his head boy the plenipotentiary-hero of the infamous *Loro* business, and the writer of this cruel, dishonest diatribe against the Chinese.

The utter absence of all principle in this Cornhill article is one of its most repulsive features, especially as its author knows the

danger, falsity, and ultimate design of what he is preaching. Suppose all the ridiculous stories of Chinese pride and self-sufficiency, which Sir John Bowring marshals with such pomp in his introduction, were perfectly true? Suppose ten thousand such stories, all well authenticated, were got together,—what would they prove? Are we first of all to present a pistol at the head of an unoffending foreigner, while we cry, "your custom or your life;" and then, because he refuses to love us, and bow to us, are we to shoot him, his wife, and his children through their heads? Take all the treaties, whose reputed violation is constantly being paraded before us as an excuse for civilized atrocities, and is there one that was not wrung from an unwilling, invaded people by force and fraud? If the French had secured a Canton on the Kentish coast, and had battered us into concessions at various times, should we smile upon our oppressors, call them deliverers, be scrupulous about observing those treaties, and hesitate, when an opportunity offered, to cut our invaders' throats? What is patriotism?—and why is the world so full of songs and poems in its praise, if a poor pig-tailed Chinese brother is to be spit upon and called a treacherous dog, when he tries, in his own rude way, to fight for his home?

Sir John Bowring, in the course of his article, lets out, unconsciously, perhaps, the cause of his violent personal antipathy to the Chinese:—"The consuls" (he writes) "of the United States and of France had at first been received becomingly in Canton, by the Viceroy; but in 1849, on the arrival of Consul Bowring, very subordinate mandarins were appointed to visit him; the imperial commissioner altogether refused any interview at any place."

Sir John, so it seems, was a little snubbed; but because Sir John was snubbed, that is no reason why we should hasten to sacrifice a hundred thousand lives. The different treatment of the American and French consuls most probably arose from the fact that they presented themselves without any treaties obtained by a series of brilliant naval and military operations some seven years before. At the present time these powers are likely to counsel moderation in the great case of Ambassador Bruce *versus* the Chinese Government;—although Lord Palmerston may wish differently; and although Mr. Thackeray has lent the earliest pages of his new Magazine to Consul Bowring, for the purpose of advocating another blood-thirsty China war. The coolness with which Sir John speaks of the sacrifice of Chinese life is only equalled by the innocence with which, on more than one occasion, he shows how his dignity was wounded, and his animosity aroused. "Sir John Bowring" (he says) "visited Foochow in 1853, in a ship of war, and after much resistance from the viceroy, was finally and officially received by him with every mark of distinction." "It is true" (he continues) "that on more than one occasion the viceroy of Canton offered to receive the British plenipotentiary, not in his official yamun, but in a 'pack-house' belonging to Howqua; and there were those who held that Sir John Bowring should have been satisfied with such condescension on the part of the Chinese Commissioner."

O, the heartburnings and the spite of ambassadors, the labour, expense, and tribulation brought on us by the diplomatic world! In the face of India, and all the loss and sorrow it has brought us, the snubbed plenipotentiary advocates the partial occupation of China (we know what that will lead to); the administration of the Custom-house revenues in Shanghai and Canton; and calmly hints "that the destruction of hundreds of thousands of Chinese, and the ravaging of their great cities, may fail to accomplish the object we have in view."

These are the sentiments that Mr. Thackeray endorses with his editorial name, and puts forward as a sample of eminently "gentlemanlike" writing in a company where "the ladies and children are always supposed to be present." We acquit him of malice, simply because we believe him unacquainted with the subject he has passively edited. He has been led away by a high-sounding name, forgetting that its possessor is a placeman and a political pervert—all the worse for knowing the right thing, while he stands up to preach the wrong one.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN BOOKS.

THE PROVERB AND RELIGION.

THE proverb honours and loves every religion according to the innermost value of the same, whilst it is never sorry to sting and scourge churches and priesthoods; indeed it seldom allows an opportunity of lashing these to escape. To the proverb God is exalted above all things, but reputed saints and reputed sanctuaries it subjects to a rigid examination, and allows nothing to pass which cannot eternally stand before God and his righteousness, without change of light or of darkness. Therefore the proverb in its religious relations is unchangeably of the same worth now, as thousands of years ago. It has helped to destroy the temples and the altars of idols and of gods, and was from the beginning a strong true instrument in the hands of the wise. How many of our church hymns are merely the explanations and developments of proverbs. And for this reason, if for no other, how full they are of childlike piety, of truthfulness, of passionate warmth! On purity and cleanliness, no loss of the body than of the soul, the proverb strongly insists, though pedantic moralists may quarrel with many an expression which offends their delicate ears. They ought, however, to reflect that to the pure all things are pure, and that a coarse expression boldly uttered in the first freshness of a phantasy or emotion, readily gains a kind of traditional authority with the people, who never see either printed or written the coarse expressions which, proverbially or otherwise, they use. Besides, as in all human things, passion, selfishness, and other bad tendencies and habits of the children of

* *The Cornhill Magazine*: edited by W. M. THACKERAY. No. I. (January, 1860). London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

men, have put into circulation many a proverb of doubtful truth and still more doubtful utility. If we have to be on our guard against such infamous proverbs, we have to be infinitely more on our guard against the persons who take pleasure in using them.—*Körte's German Proverbs.*

LIFE IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

The Russians call their vast country "Holy Russia," and not without right is the name bestowed. The thought of God hallows the whole land; along all the roads and field-paths are seen crosses, which every traveller reverently greets. Every where rise up their little green and white churches; their bells are sending forth their voice at all times of the day. Companies of pilgrims continually traverse the land, and come from regions the remotest to the holy cities and monasteries, especially to Kief, the Slavonic Rome. Images of the saints are the only ornaments of the dwellings of the poor, and at least one such image, with its glaring colours and its gold ornaments, gleams in the most wretched hut, from a corner of the dim chamber. Night and day a lamp burns before this unimposing image, which every one entering salutes with a sign of the cross and a profound bend of the body. The churches in the towns and villages are always full, though the worshippers are obliged to stand during the service, which lasts for hours. The images and the crucifixes bear the traces of the burning kisses which the devout have lavished on them. The great festivals, all prepared by long fasts, are celebrated with piety and joyfulness, and many worldly amusements mingle with the ecclesiastical solemnities. At Easter, and on Christmas Eve, there is divine service at midnight; every class and every age take part in it, and in the principal cities it is of the most gorgeous character. Easter is the chief festival, and throws a gleam of joy on the whole population. With the shout, *Cristos Voskräs, Christ is Risen*, they salute each other in the streets and in the houses, expressing the warmest wishes for each other's happiness. This takes place not only between relations and friends, but between masters and servants, superiors and inferiors. When uttering the shout they make a gift to each other of eggs, many-coloured, often elaborately painted and adorned. In every house an abundant Easter repast is prepared, consisting of different national dishes, and tall cakes crowned with little Easter lambs; and every one entering and expressing the pious congratulations of the season, and likewise the servants and the poor, partake thereof. At Whitsuntide the churches and the houses are adorned with young birches, which are also planted in the open air round the churches. In the cities during Easter week and Whitsuntide the people of the cities amuse themselves in the thoroughfares, gathering round swings, carousals, and musicians. At Whitsuntide the much-loved swings also abound in the country. A favourite spot for them is the birch forests, where they are formed simply out of the stems of young trees, or from slender boughs. The young girls float up and down in them in the warm spring nights. Their white dresses, and the bright, elastic birch boughs round which they twine their arms, gleam in the moonlight through the dark green of the forest. The young lads set the swings in motion; children and grown-up persons stand all round, and wait till their turn comes. The voice of the distant nightingale mingles with the laughter, and the shouts which are resounding through the night of spring. In August the chief festival of the Virgin Mary is celebrated by great fasts, numerous processions, pilgrimages, and divine services.—*Foerster's Southern Russia.*

MORE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THERE is no end, and there seems never likely to be one, of commentaries on the great dramatist of the sixteenth and every other century, past or to come. Thirty-six plays, each equal in bulk to a modern novel, of the highest poetry, and deepest and subtlest thought, so vilely printed, that if it were not that the copies are various in their mistakes, there were no understanding hundreds of passages, must always give scope to boundless conjectural and speculative criticism. For the first eighty years after the death of the poet, the world seems to have been contented with the mangled, doubtful and obscure mode in which his collected works were ushered into the world. A goodly folio appeared seven years after his decease, and the editors seem to intimate in their preface that they had furnished a book which would last for all ages, and they probably supposed there would be nothing to do but to go on reprinting it to the end of time. It was so well received, and so little fault was found with it (there were not then a couple of thousand newspapers and critical periodicals to fall upon and detect its numerous errors, or to puff it into notice), that in nine years a second edition was required. A poet, who was also a critic, had been reading this book with more attention than most readers, and pointed out numerous blunders of the printers, who it is supposed engaged him (rare Ben Jonson) to correct it. If he did not do his spiriting gently, he did it very loosely; and only removed some of the most obvious literal blunders. From the date of the appearance of the second folio to that of the third, elapsed thirty-two years of the fiercest civil broil, in which the contenders of art and literature, and particularly of the theatre, had the upper hand. Whether the third folio would have gone off as well as the two former editions cannot be known, for the greater part of it was destroyed in the Fire of London; and it was not till nearly twenty years after, that a still more bulky edition, called the fourth folio, was issued. This

*A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare; with Remarks on his language and that of his contemporaries, together with Notes on his Plays and Poems. W. Sidney Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 3 vols. Fop. 8vo. London: John Russell Smith.

was the last of the original folios, and now the booksellers began to find out that the plays required editing, and, determining to do the thing handsomely, engaged the great popular court poet of the day, Nicholas Rowe, Esq., to edit them, to write a biography of the great dramatist, and to indite a critical commentary. He did this, and thus commenced a system of criticism and of conjectural emendation, which has been going on for these hundred and fifty years, and seems by no means exhausted, as the three bulky little volumes before us indicate. They are the last fruit of this everlasting tree of knowledge, and are not the most unworthy.

Mr. Sidney Walker was a student at Cambridge, and all lovers of elegant scholarship have to regret his early decease. A zealous and painstaking friend, Mr. W. Hanson Lettsom, has gathered his papers together, and edited them with great care and good discretion.

Mr. Walker's first essay in Shakesperian commentary, was an essay on the versification of Shakespeare, in which he showed great acuteness of perception and delicacy of taste; and the like qualities are remarkable in the present volumes, with the addition of an elaborate logical system of examination. Of all the investigators into the text of Shakespeare, perhaps none have been so deliberately scientific as Mr. Walker, who seems to have set himself down to the work as if he thought the entire devotion of a life were necessary to do it justice. He very quickly perceived that to authorize anything like dogmatic conjecture, it was requisite first of all to be acquainted with the language and phraseology of the poet's time; and for this purpose he diligently set to work to discover the primitive meanings of the language of the plays. This is indeed very different from the common interpretation accorded to it by a mere knowledge of the colloquial language of our day. In perfecting this scheme he made several divisions of his labours, in order that he might group under each heading the species of error which had crept upon and mutilated the great works. Although he left his work incomplete, he had arranged 120 different heads, under which he classified his corrections and suggestions, and which occupy the first two volumes of the work. Some idea of the nature of this scheme may be formed from the following specimens of the various divisions:—1. Passages in which verse has been mistaken for prose. 2. Passages in which a compound epithet or participle (or a double substantive) has been resolved into two simple epithets, or an adverb and an epithet, &c. 3. Instances of what may be described as an instructive striving after a natural arrangement of words, inconsistent, indeed, with modern English grammar, but perfectly authorised by that of the Elizabethan age.

It will be seen by these examples, that Walker was a most ardent and painstaking student and commentator, and that he had devised a scheme which really would work out the text, and give us many new means of coming nearer to its true meaning. We are not prepared to say that his system is infallible, nor that we feel bound to acknowledge all its results as displayed in these volumes; but we must say that it is very clearly conceived, and on the whole very ably carried out; and that whoever diligently studies his pages cannot fail to become a more enlightened disciple of the mighty dramatist. It requires care and attention to follow him, but the reader will be amply repaid by the clear and full comprehension the perusal will give him of the text. In truth, Mr. Walker's volumes are a valuable addition to Shakesperian commentary, and are entitled to much consideration, as initiative of a novel and sound method of sifting and examining the text.

SERIALS.

A NEW year should give a new start to literature, and particularly to periodical literature, the nature of which is to reflect the changes of the passing time. We have our friend *Blackwood*, however, still wearing the old face, and attired in the old costume; yet with one singularity. The number commences with the first part of a poem, intended to be completed in three. It is of the didactic order, and is entitled "St Stephens;" the purpose being to give sketches in verse of parliamentary orators, commencing with Eliot and closing with Peel. Suffice it to add, that the heroic couplets are terse, correct, and telling. A new tale, entitled "Norman Sinclair," also invites attention. We note that it is carefully written, and that the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh forms one of the prominent incidents. Louis Napoleon in a song, and Mr. Ruskin in an article, come in for a share of abuse. Next comes a French novel, "The last French Hero;" a satirical attempt at humour, losing its point in its exaggeration. The remainder of the number is in the usual strain.—*Fraser* is censurable for a vain effort at popular style. In this spirit Mr. Collier's emendated Shakspeare is unduly attacked, not only ungenerously, but somewhat disingenuously. Thus, we are told that "the spelling of the words in the modern pencil-writing was modern, while the spelling in the pretended old ink was also old." Only one instance of the kind, said to be under the ink, has been detected. Not in much better taste is Mr. Peacock's paper on Shelley, which contains a correction of certain facts that had hitherto floated in an æsthetic haze of doubt favourable to poetic portraiture. There is always talent in this the younger sister of *Magn*, but we have found her more fascinating. The *Dublin University* still rejoices in "The Season Ticket," which continues in unabated humour. In the political department, the Pope is treated as the political puppet of the French emperor. One of the papers has a taking title, to wit, "A Rainy Day with Tennyson and our Poets," and the contents are worthy of the heading.—But of all the magazines of the month, commend us to *Macmillan's*. Such is the excellence of every article in it, that we have been compelled to read every word.

To begin with—the editor gives us an able criticism on Louis Napoleon's writings, which have been much undervalued. Then there is an original Idyll, by Mr. Tennyson. It is entitled "Sea-Dreams," and is altogether worthy of his muse. Two capital papers, on "American Humorous Poetry," and "On the Subject of Clothes," by Mr. F. G. Stephens and Miss Muloch, are only excelled by another, with the well-known signature "A. de M.," "On Scientific Hoaxes." Each of these is a "dainty dish" to set before more than kings or queens, those best encouragers of literature—readers of refined tastes.—Spiritualism has this month started a periodical advocate, namely, *The Spiritual Magazine*. Among the contributors are William Howitt, who condemns modern Sadducism. Fichte and Morell, also, come in for censure. Future numbers will, perhaps, contain some facts, when investigation may be needful.—Dr. Bucknill's *Journal of Mental Science* contains, as usual, some useful papers on psychology and mental disease. The subject of the leading articles, by the Rev. W. G. Davies, "on Consciousness considered as a Truth-Organ," is elaborately investigated and formulated. The paper, however, does not exhaust the argument, a continuation of which is promised.—The *Universal Review* opens the year with a battery of eight articles; the first being on the Exchequer, including some remarks on Mr. Rose's letters, which, after a careful analysis, the critic declares to have "few faults, save that of being very indiscreetly over-edited." A paper on Sheridan also commands attention. The reviewer is hard on Moore, but utterly condemns the octogenarian, who has lately perpetrated a heavy book on the statesman's life and times. Lord Dundonald's biography is treated with proper respect.—The *London Review* commences with a theological article on St. James the Just, his Epistle, and the traditions relative to him. The critic decides that the Virgin had no other children than the one. Three learned and scientific articles follow, on the Ethnology and Literature of Cornwall, Barth's African Researches, and the Geology of the Drift; and then Dr. Cumming on the Great Tribulation provokes comment. The critic evidently likes his subject, and gravely debates whether or not the millennium will commence in 1867, or whether that year will be the beginning of the end. The rest of the number is of average respectability.—The *New Quarterly Review* contents itself with five articles, of which that on Meyerbeer and the Lyrical Drama is the best.—The *Eclectic* still harps on preaching and preachers, a subject which there is a general effort making to lift into temporary importance. The Papal Government and the Legations also form the subject of an article carefully written; another is devoted to the war between Spain and Morocco. Our current recognition of merit we may likewise award to the Christmas number of *Kingston's Magazine for Boys*—*Recreative Science*—*Le Follet*—Charles Lever's *One of Them*—*The Family Economist*, and *The Welcome Guest*.—To the *Art Journal* something more distinctive is due. The illustrations this month are exquisite:—1. Una, from Frost's picture; 2. Winterhalter's Lady Constance; and 3. Raffaele's Bearing the Cross. We find that this journal has now issued twenty-one volumes. The proprietors, therefore, justly claim that it is now of full age.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

OUR chronicle of events opens hopefully in recording the first personage of the realm engaged in a work of benevolence and wisdom. On Monday, the 2nd of January, HER MAJESTY, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the younger members of her family, presided at the annual distribution of food and clothing to 660 poor persons of the parishes of Windsor and Clewer; the place selected for the ceremony was the riding-house of Windsor Castle. A provident club has been fostered by the Queen, among her poor neighbours, having for its object the supply of comforts and necessaries for the winter; the members themselves contributed £350, to which Her Majesty added the munificent sum of £250; the £600 being expended to the best advantage in coals, food, blankets, and warm clothing.—On Tuesday, the 3rd, the Prince Consort presided at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington.—On Wednesday, the 4th, Her Majesty invested with the Victoria Cross a number of gallant officers and soldiers in the quadrangle of the Castle, all the troops in Windsor attending as a guard of honour. With Her Majesty were the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Duke of Cambridge, who remained on a visit to the Queen. The young princesses visited the ex-Queen of the French at Claremont.

Ministers have been summoned from their country seats, to assist at a CABINET COUNCIL, on Tuesday, Jan. 3, at the official residence of the Premier; after which Mr. Gladstone went to Windsor, upon a visit to the Queen.

In the CHURCH and the RELIGIOUS WORLD there appears to be increased activity with the commencement of the new year. On Sunday, the 1st of January, were recommenced the special Sunday evening services which achieved so great a success during the last season. In St. Paul's Cathedral the diocesan himself delivered the opening sermon, taking the opportunity to allude in eloquent language to the death of the great Macaulay between Christmas and New Year's Day. At Westminster Abbey Dean Trench edified a crowded audience; Exeter Hall had its clerical orator; and at St. James's Hall two laymen divided the exhortations between them. A most singular feature of this revival movement (if the term be applicable) is the pressing of theatres into the formal service of religion. On Sunday night a clergyman of the Church, the Rev. J. B.

Owen, preached at Sadlers Wells. At the "Garrick," in White-chapel, a minister of the Huntingdonian persuasion officiated, and a Wesleyan edified 3,500 hearers at the Britannia, in Hoxton. On a subject of vital importance, and consequent interest to the members of the Established Church—the Revision of the Liturgy—we find the Rev. John Ed. Cox, Vicar of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, writing on the 2nd inst. to Lord Ebury, assuring him that many clergymen go with his lordship in his efforts at reforming the Book of Common Prayer, and wishing him God speed in his work; the Dean of Westminster and his brother opponents to the revision will not, therefore, it appears, carry their point without a struggle. The journals of Monday also record the secession of two curates from the Church of England to that of Rome; they are the Rev. Messrs. Fothergill and Wormal, from the well-known S. Paul and S. Barnabas, Knightsbridge. The vacancy in the office of Chaplain to the Wandsworth House of Correction, occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. Henry Hatch, convicted of an indecent assault, was filled up on Tuesday, the 3rd, by the Surrey magistrates, who chose the Rev. Mr. Hallward, of Shepherd's Bush, out of thirty-five candidates.

The PUBLIC MEETINGS of the week include a grand dinner of the Society of Druids at Oxford, on Monday, the 2nd instant, at which, in accordance with the usual custom, the members for the city addressed their constituents. Mr. Langston, M.P., remarked that we had at length entered upon that 1860 in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had promised us that a remission of four millions of taxation would be granted. Of this boon he confessed himself incredulous, remembering the same minister's promise of a remission of the income tax. On the national defence question, he observed, that if two of our own regiments could quarrel about their Christmas pudding, was there not a possibility that two rival nations might quarrel upon a trivial subject? He knew that at the time of the Bernar daffair the French Emperor had much ado to keep his people from going to war. Mr. Cardwell, M.P., eloquently expressed the sympathy for the Italian nation at the present crisis, which he believed he shared with the whole English people. Of the volunteer movement, he said, that, though he felt no fear of invasion, yet he considered insurance against attack from a foreign foe to be as wise and needful as insurance against fire, or any other well-known risk. Referring to the present state of the sister kingdom, he spoke in high terms of the universal improvement in Ireland, of the increase of prosperity, the diminution of crime, the falling of poor rates, and the universal thirst for education. Reform, he thought, could not be any longer deferred, since there was a sincere desire felt by all parties to settle the question: and all were agreed that there must be an extension of the franchise. He deplored the existence of bribery, proved to be so wide spread a canker in the political system; we must do our best to bring about a reform in human nature as well as in Parliament.—A Reform Meeting was announced to take place at Birmingham, on Friday, Jan. 6, on which occasion harangues were expected from Mr. Bright, M.P., and Mr. Scholefield, M.P.—A great meeting of Gas Consumers was held in Pimlico, on Monday, the 2nd instant, to take measures for an application to Parliament for protection against the combination and monopoly of the companies; Sir John V. Shelley presided. It was stated that the objects of the consumers are to obtain improvements in the quality of the gas, and to protect them from being compelled to pay for what they do not get. At present the Government have not sufficient evidence to interfere; the parishes must combine to get the bill passed of which notice was given in November last; they must also find funds to fight the Gas Companies, who have subscribed £5000 to oppose the consumers in Parliament. Further steps in regard to this movement were taken on Wednesday, January 4, when a meeting of delegates from the metropolitan parishes was held at St. Martin's vestry-room. Mr. Beal, the honorary secretary, urged that if the Home Secretary's mediation did not prove successful, no time should be lost, when Parliament met, in proceeding with the bill for the better supply of the metropolis with gas.—An "indignation meeting," for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Pope, was holden on Tuesday the 3rd, at the Hanover Square Rooms; upwards of 2000 persons being present, among whom were many priests; these took no part in the proceedings, as a lay demonstration was what was intended; Mr. Richard Keeley presided. Letters were read from divers Catholic bishops and vicars apostolic expressing fervent enthusiasm in the cause; Lord Feilding also wrote to the effect that Lords John Russell and Palmerston alone of the present ministry were opposed to the temporalities of his Holiness. Resolutions were carried to the effect that the temporal power of the Pope had conferred many blessings on mankind, such as the extension of the Catholic faith, diffusion of knowledge, and promotion of the arts and science. Mr. Prendergast, barrister, declared that the Papacy would endure till in the fulness of time the last pontiff should render into the hands of Christ the commission granted to Saint Peter. Faith in the loyalty of Napoleon III., this speaker said, was now utterly destroyed; but he warned that potentate to beware of the fate of the first of his dynasty, who, after oppressing the Pope of his day, had been driven to die in banishment upon a barren rock, while the Holy Father returned to flourish at Rome in greater security than before. Another orator declared that the sympathising movement had electrified the British isles. One Giannini, a gentleman of Rome, drew a contrast between his native city and London to the disadvantage of the latter; the English Government, he declared, did much less for our great city than the Vicar of Christ did for Rome. Many other speakers kept the meeting in excitement till past twelve at night.—On Tuesday, Jan. 3, a conference of schoolmasters was held at the rooms of the Society of Arts, in

the Adelphi, for the purpose of considering the whole question of University local examinations. The feeling appeared to be in favour of the holding of but one examination yearly, to take place at all the centres simultaneously. On the following day the deliberations of the body had reference to the substitution of the titles of "Literate of Oxford" or "Literate of Cambridge," in place of "Associate of Arts;" ultimately it was resolved that the matter should be left to the universities themselves.—On *Wednesday, Jan. 4*, at a meeting of his Greenwich constituents, Mr. Angerstein, M.P., said he did not concur in the opinion that England should not send a representative to the Congress. He believed that the firm support given by Lords John Russell and Palmerston to the rights of the Italians had rendered them masters of the situation. Of reform, he said that he was prepared to advocate a liberal extension of the franchise—he did not believe that the mass of the people had any desire to pull down the Constitution. Sir John Trelawny addressed a similar meeting, at Tavistock, on *Tuesday, Jan. 3*, and after touching on the various topics of the day, argued at great length in favour of the abolition of church rates. If the Government (said Sir John) deal boldly with this measure they will secure a long tenure of power.—On *Tuesday, Jan. 3*, was held the weekly meeting of the Ballot Society. Mr. J. Bontems was in the chair. Mr. C. J. Bunting (Norwich), and Mr. Thomas Smith (Enderby), two of the successful prize essayists, were elected members of the council. The attention of the committee was called to Mr. Cardwell's speech at Oxford, declaring that the ministry would forward any measures likely to put down corruption at elections by whomsoever brought forward, and it was resolved that a letter should be sent by the secretary to Mr. Cardwell, inquiring if this declaration is to be understood as intimating the intention of the Government to forward the ballot during the coming session. Reports relative to various pending elections were received, and directions were given for forwarding the ballot cause at each of them. During the sitting a letter to Mr. Berkeley, M.P., from his Excellency Louis Kossuth was read, in which the Hungarian statesman, in reply to a request of Mr. Berkeley, promises a communication respecting the working of the ballot in Hungary when it possessed representative institutions.

In the NAVAL and MILITARY intelligence, we notice the announcement, on *Monday, the 2nd of January*, of the resignation of Admiral Bowles, Commander-in-Chief, at Portsmouth, of Capt. Farquhar of the "Victory," of Lieut. Robinson, and of the Admiral's secretary Mr. Fegen: this has arisen out of a correspondence between the Lords of the Admiralty and the Commander-in-Chief, relative to the publication of the papers in the case of the "Princess Royal." The admiral declares they have been published without his knowledge.—On *Tuesday, 3rd*, at Portsmouth, was held a Court-martial upon Lieut. Simeon, of the "Perseverance," accused of having dishonourably induced a brother officer to become his security in a money transaction, by false and fraudulent representations. The court decided that the charge was "not proved."—On *Monday, 2nd*, thirty-six soldiers, discharged from the Indian service, were accused before the Maidstone magistrates of riotous and disorderly conduct at Gravesend, during the previous two days. Twenty-one were fined; the remainder imprisoned—some for a fortnight, others for a month.—The first ten guns made at the new rifled cannon factory, at Woolwich, were on *Wednesday, Jan. 4*, fired at the proof-butt, under the superintendence of Col. Tulloh, inspector of artillery. Every gun having been carefully examined, was pronounced faultless. The establishment will complete twenty Armstrong guns each week, until the steam-hammer is brought into use, when the number will be greatly increased.—On *Tuesday, 3rd inst.*, the Town Council of Birmingham adopted a memorial to Government to fix the site of the proposed central arsenal of the kingdom in that locality.

A remarkable case in Bankruptcy stands conspicuous in the LAW REPORTS; Commissioner Goulburn, on *Monday, 2nd inst.*, pronounced judgment in the matter of one David Barker, a corn-chandler, of Millbank; the certificate was totally refused. The accounts commence two years back, with a deficit of £7,300, which has now reached £11,000; a disgraceful feature was the bankrupt's having obtained possession of £500, the sole property of his aged grandmother, which he squandered in speculation. Mixed up with this transaction, was a discounting attorney, named Sawbridge, of whom the judge spoke in severe terms; the bankrupt has paid in interest and discounts the sum of £1,600, in eighteen months; he had also received and appropriated about £28 since his bankruptcy.

Prominent in the CRIMINAL TRIALS of this week are those of two prisoners in the Middlesex House of Correction, on *Tuesday 3rd*, for murderous assaults upon the warders at different times. One of these men, named Jones, but nineteen years of age, pleaded "guilty," declaring that he had fully intended to murder the gaoler; he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. The other man, Hayes, whose brutality was less aggravated, was adjudged six years' penal servitude.—On *Wednesday the 4th*, Charlotte Stubble, a domestic servant, was indicted for the murder of her female infant; the jury took a merciful view of the case, and found her only guilty of concealment of birth; Judge Keating sentenced her to eighteen months' hard labour.—On the same day, the now celebrated case of David Hughes came on for trial. This person, a solicitor and money scrivener, was indicted for not surrendering to pass his examination after being adjudged a bankrupt; he is also charged with embezzling the money of his clients to a very large amount. Mr. Bovill, who prosecuted, stated that an investigation of the prisoner's affairs showed his affairs to be worth £50,000 less than nothing; the money had been got rid of in personal extravagance; these facts

were borne out by the evidence. On the following day, Mr. Hawkins for the defence, declared there was no evidence to support the charge of fraud on the part of the prisoner against his client. There was no evidence of trading as a money scrivener, and the bankruptcy proceedings were void; he hoped the jury would divest their minds of prejudice, and confine themselves to the charge in bankruptcy. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty" of absconding with intent to defraud. The prisoner was then tried on another charge of obtaining £570 from James Elems by false pretences, and was again found guilty. He was sentenced to one week's imprisonment on the last charge, and to ten years' penal servitude on the first.

An examination at the Thames POLICE Court disclosed an ingenious swindle, which, for the present, at least, has been successful. A Frenchman, Auguste Gilson, residing in London, writes to a well-known artist in Brussels, describing himself as an agent, and gives him an order for a valuable painting worth £240 in the name of a fictitious connoisseur, whom he calls "Lord de Hadford," and who resides at St. Mary-at-Hill. The painter foolishly sends the picture, which is brought away from the docks by the "Hon. M. Hadford," son of "milor." Neither the peer, the youthful scion, nor the picture have yet been found. The prisoner was arrested through his own stupidity in writing to the General Post Office to have his letters forwarded to his latest address.—Some days back a person named Cole complained at the same police court that a sailor, his brother-in-law, had been brutally ill-treated on board an American ship (now in the London Dock) while on her voyage to this country, and that eventually he was knocked into the sea by the mate and drowned. On *Tuesday, 3rd January*, the captain of the vessel denied that the man had been ill-used; adding, that the man went aloft against orders, and fell overboard. On *Wednesday the 4th*, Mr. Cole again attended, with two passengers and six of the crew as witnesses, but the magistrate declined to hear him, deciding that he had no jurisdiction in the case. The American consul, who has been appealed to, is satisfied with the captain's explanation.

Some remarkable CASUALTIES are to be noticed. On *Sunday, the 1st January*, very early in the morning, a fire broke out in Shore-ditch, at a large tobacco manufacturer's named Hill. The two houses, with their contents, were completely destroyed; but three people, who were the only inmates at the time, were saved by the dexterity and courage of the Royal Society's fire-escape men.—On *Sunday evening* a collision took place on the Eastern Counties line, near the Tilbury Junction. One train had got partly round the junction, when the other dashed into it, smashing the last carriage (fortunately empty) into shivers; some of the other carriages, filled with passengers, were overturned, and dragged along the line. Almost all the passengers are injured, but no fatal case is as yet reported. The blame, as usual, is said to rest with the signal-men; but an inquiry will, of course, take place.

The train conveying the mails from London to Neyland on the *1st Jan.*, had a most miraculous preservation from disaster while on its midnight journey over the South Wales Railway, at a point of the line known as Pencoed Bank. The mail was travelling at a speed of forty miles an hour, and had a number of passengers in the carriages. Nothing occurred to interrupt the transit of the train until it arrived at the point already indicated, where there is a steep incline. At the bottom of this declivity the rapid motion of the mail received a sudden check, occasioned by something standing on the line, and the result was greatly to alarm the passengers, many of them suffering from bruises, and the shock incident to the concussion. The train still continued its course, propelling in its front the object which had considerably impeded its progress. Half a mile further on than the locality of the occurrence, it was found that the obstruction was due to the presence of an "empty" engine, standing at the very dangerous part of the line already alluded to. The guard, the driver, and fireman of the mail were, however, most injured, the fireman severely so. Riding in the train whose progress was thus retarded, was the Government inspector.

Meetings of sympathisers with the Pope continue to be held in IRELAND. At Carlow, on *Sunday, the 1st instant*, Dr. Walsh the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory presided, when there was some vigorous speech-making, sustained principally by the priests. In the city of Cork, despite the unsatisfactory state of the law on the point, the inhabitants have determined on the organization of volunteer rifle and artillery corps; and on the 2nd instant, the mayor promised to head the list with a thousand pounds subscription. Nothing has yet been heard of the sheriff elect for the county of Limerick, Hugh Massey Grady, Esq., who disappeared mysteriously three weeks ago. On *Monday the 2nd* his family offered a reward of £50 for information about him. On *Wednesday, Jan. 4* appeared the long-promised requisition to Archbishop Cullen, to convene a great pro-papal meeting in Dublin; it contains 2,300 signatures. The Archbishop has fixed Monday next for the assemblage to take place.

The weekly return of the Registrar-General, published on *Tuesday, 3rd Jan.* shows the PUBLIC HEALTH to have deteriorated by the late cold weather, and the following sudden changes. The rate of mortality had risen from 1,548 to 1,677, being 221 over the average rate. The number of births during the week was 1,958. On the same day, at a meeting of the parish authorities of St. Pancras, it was stated that smallpox is on the increase there, and measures were ordered with a view to its prevention.

The great national movement in favour of VOLUNTEER CORPS,

continues to increase in popularity and utility. On *Monday, 2nd inst.*, the various metropolitan companies recommenced their drill, which had been interrupted by the week's holidays. Working men are entering freely, and on *Tuesday, 3rd Jan.*, two new companies of artisans were reported ready for enrolment in the ancient city of Exeter. On *Wednesday, 4th Jan.*, was promulgated a very well digested code of regulations for the officers and men of the London Rifle Brigade, which will doubtless serve as a model for other regiments.

The last mail from CANADA, which arrived on *Wednesday, Jan. 4*, brings the account of the opening of the Victoria Railway Bridge over the St. Lawrence, the greatest work of Robert Stephenson. This event took place on the 17th December last; and at a public dinner which followed, the memory of the great engineer was drunk in solemn silence. During five nights, after it had been opened for traffic from west to east, there passed 162 cars, containing 11,723 barrels of flour, 1552 barrels of pork, 140 bales of cotton, and 110 tons of general goods. From east to west there passed 130 cars, containing 534 tons of general goods, 170 tons of iron, and 39,000 feet of lumber. The great bulk of the money for this undertaking has been found by British capitalists, and this magnificent work will, there is no doubt, greatly increase the prosperity of Canada.

Telegraphic news arrived on *Thursday, Jan. 5*, in anticipation of the BOMBAY MAIL of 12th December. The Right Hon. James Wilson had arrived at Calcutta and taken his seat as a member of Council. It is not certain whether the Nana Sahib is dead or alive; nor whether Jung Bahadoor is about to assist or delude us. From Oude comes another telegram, to the effect that 2000 rebels under Mammoe Khan, the Khan Bahadoor, and Beni Madoe Khan, had been taken prisoners; the Begum escaped.

From the colony of VICTORIA we learn, by the mail received on *Thursday, Jan. 5*, that the ministers had been defeated in the debate on the address, at the assembling of the new Parliament; Mr. O'Shanassy and his colleagues had resigned, and Mr. Nicholson had formed a new administration. At Sydney, the NEW SOUTH WALES Government experienced a ministerial crisis; Mr. Cowper's educational bill was rejected by the assembly, which was followed by the resignation of him and his colleagues. Mr. Forster has succeeded in forming the new ministry.

During the past week TRADE and COMMERCE have borne a favourable aspect. On *Monday, 1st Jan.*, were published the returns of the Revenue for the quarter and for the year respectively, made up to the 31st December, which exhibit a satisfactory state of the national resources. On the Customs the increase amounts to 732,000*l.*, and on the Excise to 1,075,000*l.* Upon the whole, the annual receipts for 1859 come up as nearly as possible to the receipts of 1858; and, if allowance be made for a decrease of 683,000*l.* under the head "Miscellaneous"—always an uncertain and fluctuating item—exceeds it by half a million; and if we add to this the decrease of a million and a half from the reduction in the income tax, the revenue of 1859 exceeds that of 1858 by nearly two millions. At the commencement of the year Consols were at 95½, and continued with little variation at about the same figures at the time of our going to press. The French *Rentes* were at 69*fr.* 15*c.*, but declined throughout the week. In consequence of the remarkably warm and wet weather, the reports from the country are favourable of the young wheat; but the corn markets of Wednesday, January 4, were dull. All trade is flourishing. Even the shipping interest is recovering. Freights to India at the present time are so high that ships can easily return in ballast and make a good profit. The latest accounts of the Paris Bourse state that a good many "executions" of defaulters affected the market. One speculator, a man of title, was said to have failed for a million of francs. The uncertainty respecting the Congress contributed materially to render the market heavy. The Rente on *Thursday* fell 10*c.* for cash and 30*c.* for account, closing at 68*fr.* 50*c.* and 68*fr.* 45*c.* Mobilier fell 5*fr.* The Orleans Railway fell 7*fr.* 50*c.*; Northern, 3*fr.* 75*c.*; and Lyons, 3*fr.* 75*c.* Southern rose 6*fr.* 25*c.*; and Western and Eastern left off without any change. By the Australian mails we learn that the quantity of gold dust received by the escorts from the several goldfields during the month of October was 26,323 ounces. During the corresponding month of 1858 the receipts amounted to 22,037 ounces. There is, therefore, an increase of 4,286 ounces, or 19 per cent., in the quantity received during the month. There is, however, still a slight falling off in the yield from the Western goldfields; but the amount received from the Northern and Southern goldfields still continued steadily to increase. From the 1st of January to the 1st of October, 1858, the amount forwarded by escort was 204,113 ounces. During the corresponding ten months of 1859 the receipts have amounted to 240,719 ounces, which is an increase of 36,606 ounces, or nearly 18 per cent. in favour of the present year.

At this festive season the PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS rise to a condition of importance; we have therefore devoted a considerable portion of our Record to their history. To begin with the *Olympic Theatre*, it is a pleasing task to have to chronicle the success, with the general public, of a new burlesque, by Mr. R. B. Brough, entitled "Alfred the Great, or the Minstrel King." And it is a still more agreeable task to say, that in no particular does this performance of the talented author fall short of his famous travestie, "Medea." Nor is Mr. Robson less powerful in the hero. The scenery, especially a lovely marine landscape by Telbin, is in the best taste, and most admirably painted.

The *Princess's* management have intrusted their Christmas fortunes to the skilful hands of Mr. H. J. Byron, who has concocted for them, in his best manner, a racy pantomime, which, no less from its abundance of witticisms than from the excellent singing and acting of Miss Louisa Keeley, the admirable comic dancing of M. Espinosa, and the gorgeousness of the scenery, must enjoy a large popularity. The piece is called "Jack the Giant Killer, or Harlequin King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table." Jack is played by Miss Keeley, who, arrayed in silver armour, adds nightly to her reputation and the popularity of the theatre. The wonderful talent as a dancer and pantomimist of M. Espinosa, again, is of great service. This gentleman is obviously a great humorist, and his performances must be seen to be appreciated. The bright magnificences we last week described still nightly rouse enthusiastic applause. With an excellent pantomime, preceded as it is by the refined drama "Home Truths," Mr. A. Harris has at last hit the right nail on the head, and, if he perseveres in the same direction, may now hope to rally round his theatre as regular a *clientelle* as that which melted away from it on the retirement of its late lessee.

At the *St. James's* has been produced a slight but very pleasing little adaptation from the French, entitled "A Household Fairy." The hero, *Julian de Clifford* (Mr. H. T. Craven,) is a fashionably disposed and indolent gentleman of infinitesimal property, who, being in sad pecuniary straits and disgust, is about to make his own quietus. But *Katharine* (Miss Wyndham), a lady whom he has served, and who is gratefully fond of him, appears at the critical juncture, interrupts his purpose, and relieves him. She teaches him, in one short and easy lesson, the value of life, the impossibility of true happiness without exertion or purpose, and, furthermore, the value of woman as a helpmate. His better state of mind is soon the result. As sense returns, sentiment comes with it; and as *Katharine* is mistress of a fortune, the result need only be hinted at. The Pantomime of "Punch and Judy" is an average one in most of its features; but its transformation scene, the dancing of Miss Lydia Thompson, and the performance of a troop of dogs, are all so admirable in their way, that, despite the attraction of other houses, and its remote position, the little *St. James's* holds its own surprisingly.

Mr. RICHARDS, on Monday evening, gave his NEW YEAR'S CONCERT at *St. James's Hall*, which was opened with the *morceau caractéristique* by Silas, a charming feature of the entertainment, solid in its harmonious opening, and brilliant in its variations upon the old theme of "Charlie is my darling." The ensemble produced by four such performers as the *bénéficiaire* on the pianoforte, Engel on the harmonium, Sivori on the violin, and Bottesini on the contrabasso, was novel, and very captivating. The next curiosity was Sivori's exquisite performance of Paganini's celebrated "Clochette," a marvel of its order, but yet doomed to pale before Bottesini's superb aria, with variations for the double bass. Herr Reichardt gave in so impassioned a manner his own ballad of "Thou art so fair and yet so dear," as to secure an encore. We may add that Madame Corbari, a recent acquisition, was in no great force, having suffered from a sea passage the previous night. Madame Badin, an energetic and *piquante* little vocalist, was heard to great advantage in two compositions by her husband, "Farfalla" and "The Patriot." Herr Engel showed the capabilities (in such agile hands as his) of the harmonium for secular music, by his admirable performance of Mozart's serenade, "Deh Vieni alla Finestra," of which he gave the well-known and elegant guitar accompaniment, as well as the voice part, in a wonderful manner. Here ends our catalogue of sensations. Two artists, whose names figured in the programme, were not present in the flesh, namely, Miss Balfe and Signor Tagliafico. The former was replaced efficiently by Madame Corbari; Signor Ciabatta handsomely represented the latter. But the absence of Miss Balfe was very little noticed after all. That young lady, whose success as a vocalist seems to have been decreed and arranged by her parents, masters, and friends irrespective of the public, and without the entire concurrence of nature, who forgot to endow her with the requisite physique, has, Mr. Willeart Beale alleges, thrown up a regular and lucrative engagement.

The *Soirées of The London Glee and Madrigal Union*, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, are among the most refined we have been bidden to for some time. As the season is to be but a short one, we may as well advise our music-loving readers that they have no time to lose. The first part consists of choral and ballad compositions, from the 13th to the 17th centuries; the second, of more modern works. The vocalists are but six—all that are necessary—but are highly trained in their beautiful art. Their faultless execution of the celebrated madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," and "In going to my lonely bed," of Horsley's exquisitely polished "Celia's arbour," of Bishop's delicate and less-known "Lo, the day's champion," is a treat to even those most familiar with part songs and singing. Of the solos, "Barbara Allen" is so purely and pathetically given by Miss Eyles, as to draw tears and an *encore*; this lady charms no less in the sprightly north country ditty (reprinted in Mr. Chappell's collection), "Weel may the keel row," and Mr. Lawler successfully introduces a revived convivial song, from the same invaluable repertory, called, "May he who wears a sulky face." Mr. Land is capital, both at the piano and in the part songs; and Mr. Oliphant, the enthusiastic secretary to the Madrigal Society, officiates as "literary illustrator." His accomplishments and position were guarantee for what we find the case, namely, that his commentary is, though brief, very scholarly, genial, and interesting.

The "Patchwork" of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, renovated in

parts where the old seams showed signs of weakness, is again spread at St. James's Hall. A number of those impersonations on which our friends have built their fame, are of course retained—common gratitude demanded no less. Such are *Old Roger Whitelock*, *Major Jonathan Bang*; and the remarkable *Imitation of Sims Reeves*, Mrs. Paul's greatest hit. The charming *Molly Doolan*, our former praises of whom we cannot go beyond; and the sentimental old maid, *Selina Singleheart*, are still to the fore; and Mrs. Paul charms and diverts in them no less than ever. The leading novelty is a sketch of one *Mr. Rattleton Cheek*, a knowing and well-known man on town, who feels justified, after fathoming the mysteries of Tupperism, in attempting anything—even the concoction of a comic entertainment. Mr. Paul is fast improving as an actor, and his "Patter Song," in the last-named character, is a decided success.

At the CRYSTAL PALACE the festivities are kept up with unabated spirit, to the delight of the holiday makers. Some clever performances have been introduced by the comic Clown Huline, and the Columbine and Harlequin, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, who in their Rifle Corps Hornpipe do all that is possible to meet the great popular movement. The Campbell Minstrels, the Wizard Sinclair, the Chantrill Family, and the inimitable Mackney, are in their new parts no less successful than the old. For the comic shadows, entirely new scenes on the great screen have been arranged. But perhaps the most attractive thing of all is the lighting up of the building. The Alhambra Court and corridors are now illuminated with coloured lanterns, and with a cluster of Lights in the Fountain of Lions, and the effect is most fairy-like and enchanting—as remarkable in its way as the bustle and fun of the Illuminated Promenade and Fancy Fair round the great Christmas Tree, and down the length of the nave. The number of visitors has been increasing daily since Christmas; and, as balmy weather has set in with the general reaction after Christmas dyspepsia, Mr. Bowley expects a large attendance within the next few days.

The farewell performances of the *Campbell Minstrel's* takes place in St. James large hall this day at 3 and 8 o'clock.

We have the pleasure to say that Mr. Albert Smith resumes work at the Egyptian Hall on the 10th inst.

The seventh of the *London Popular Concerts* takes place on Monday evening, at the St. James's Upper Hall. The programme is a very attractive one, comprising, in addition to the usual strong quartet party, the names of Lazarus (clarinet), Sims Reeves, and Sherrington.

FOREIGN.

The New Year's reception at the Tuileries has not (as many expected would be the case) produced any remarkable declaration of policy from the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. On *Monday, 1st January*, Napoleon and his Empress received the homage of the princes and princesses of the imperial family and the courtiers, then proceeded to attend the celebration of high mass, and at one o'clock the French Sovereign received the diplomatic body. The Papal Nuncio, it had been insinuated, would be "indisposed" and unable to attend; he was however present, and acted as spokesman for the body of foreign ministers, conveying their compliments to the French Sovereign. In reply, the Emperor thanked them, and confined himself to the observations that since his accession to power he had ever professed the most profound respect for recognised rights, and that the constant aim of his future efforts will be to re-establish everywhere, as far as depends upon himself, confidence and peace. It was remarked that the attendance of priests at the levee was very small; on the other hand, there were present the large number of twenty-seven Protestant ministers. After the reception Monsignor Sacconi said to the Russian Ambassador, "I am afraid that henceforth the Catholic Church must rely upon schismatic Russia." The same night Lord Cowley left Paris for London. The turmoil about the "imperial pamphlet" has not yet subsided. On *Tuesday, Jan. 3*, appeared in the *Constitutionnel* an article signed by M. Grandguillot, addressed to the Bishop of Orleans, refuting the objections of that prelate to "Le Pape et le Congrès," and demanding what solution he would prefer; M. Grandguillot also acknowledges himself the author of the semi-official articles signed, "A Catholic Journalist." On *Thursday the 5th Jan.*, the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal which has lately changed hands, but whose varying fortunes can never obliterate the impression of its former power—addressed an appeal to the Emperor Napoleon which is worthy of notice. It calls upon him as the most successful potentate, warrior, and statesman of his generation to be as bold now in conciliating public opinion as once he was in assuming an "awful responsibility," and to give freedom to the assemblies and the press. The *Moniteur* of *Thursday, Jan. 5*, contains an imperial decree, appointing M. Thouvenel Minister for Foreign Affairs in place of the Count Walewski, who has been permitted to resign. Until M. Thouvenel can arrive, M. Baroche is intrusted with the duties of the ministry. The Emperor appears anxious to avoid giving umbrage to the Catholic party. The *Constitutionnel* of *Wednesday, Jan. 4*, was directed to insert the following:—"We are authorised to give a denial to the assertion in the Parisian correspondence of the *Independence Belge* that the Archbishop of Paris had addressed to the Metropolitan Chapter words full of profound uneasiness on the state of the Church. The Archbishop, alluding to the present pre-occupation of the catholic world, on the contrary, exhorted the members of the Chapter to prayers for obtaining tranquillity and peace, recommended them to have confidence, and reminded them of all the proofs of devotedness the Emperor has given to the Church."

The *Independence Belge* was accordingly stopped at the post-office on Wednesday, for containing an inaccurate account of what Cardinal Morlot said on New Year's day. The Paris Archbishop did, in fact, not venture one word of censure on the French Government, as stated in the Belgian journal, but dealt in generalities of a vague sort, trusting that peace and concord among men might be the result of the Imperial policy. The known sentiments of the prelate rendered the contradiction almost superfluous in the *Constitutionnel*. The weather in the French metropolis has been subjected to similar variations as in London, and on Tuesday night Paris was visited by a hurricane which for violence has not been equalled for many years. It commenced at twelve, and continued until seven in the morning, accompanied by torrents of rain. The weather moderated on Wednesday, but the rain continued.

The Grand Chamberlain of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, on the 1st of *January*, received the congratulations of the diplomatic corps in place of the Emperor, who did not honour the occasion with his presence. A letter from Vienna, dated *January 3*, states that the Governor of Venetia had arrived in Vienna to warn the Cabinet that the province would become ungovernable if concessions were not at once made: he implored the Emperor to take conciliatory steps before compelled to do so by the action of the congress. The Emperor received his faithful servant's warning with stolid indifference.

On *Sunday, Jan. 1*, a great battle was fought between the SPANIARDS and MOORS before Ceuta. The Spanish account claims a victory for their General Prim over 40,000 Moors, who lost 1,500 men, while the Spaniards only suffered to the amount of 600; a very different story is told by the Moors; but, though the Spanish account is doubtless exaggerated, the Moors really suffered a severe repulse. A telegram of *Tuesday, 3rd Jan.*, states that three vessels under the English flag had been brought by the Spaniards into Algeiras from Ceuta, accused of carrying contraband of war.

The news from ITALY is of interest. On the 1st of *January*, a reception was held by King Victor Emmanuel, but no official speech-making took place.—In the duchy of Modena, on *Monday, 2nd Jan.*, the relations of the boy Mortara made a demand upon the government for the arrest of the Father Inquisitor, Filletti, accused of kidnapping the boy. The priest is in custody, and awaits his trial. The next day, Farini appointed a commission to take charge of the property of the Company of Jesuits, who have been banished from the states of Parma, Modena, and the Romagna.—On *Thursday, Jan. 5*, the intelligence arrived that Garibaldi had resigned his post as president of an anti-Mazzini Society, called the "National," and has become the head of an association bearing the significant title, "The Nation Armed."—At Rome, on *Tuesday, Jan. 3*, the Duc de Grammont positively assured the Papal Government that the celebrated "pamphlet" does not express the programme of the French Government in the matter of the Congress.

Our Correspondents in GERMANY allude to the growing desire in the Northern States for the establishment of naval arsenals and the formation of a national fleet. A telegram from Berlin, dated on *Wednesday, Jan. 4*, informs us that the conference of the German States on the sea-coasts (which was convoked by Prussia on the 14th ult.), for the purpose of discussing the question of fortifying the shores, will be opened on the 9th inst., at Berlin.

Further changes are reported in the government of the TURKISH EMPIRE. A Marseilles telegram of *Thursday, 5th Jan.*, announces the sudden dismissal of Kibrisli Pacha, and affirms that it was caused by his demanding a settlement of the debts of the Seraglio and Harem. Ruchdi Pacha had been appointed Grand Vizier, and Aali Pacha President of the Tanzimat, which office was formerly held by Ruchdi Pacha. It was believed that Mehemet Kibrisli Pacha would soon be reappointed Grand Vizier. We are also told that the friends of reform were dispirited, although Ruchdi Pacha has the reputation of being a reformer. The new Grand Vizier had despatched a note to the European Powers, promising his approval of the Suez Canal scheme, should they come to an understanding on the question; and M. de Lesseps was preparing to leave Constantinople, possibly to make what use he can of this concession.

The American mail, which arrived on *Tuesday, Jan. 3*, informs us that the UNITED STATES' House of Representatives had not yet elected their Speaker, and that the President's Message therefore remained in abeyance.

The mails from BRAZIL and the RIVER PLATE arrived on *Wednesday, Jan. 4*. Hostilities between Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Confederation have been terminated, and a treaty of peace was concluded. Peace being declared, General Urquiza immediately commenced the embarkation of his troops at the Tigre, sending his horses and waggons overland, and with such rapidity did he conduct the operation that on the 18th November he embarked on board the French war steamer Bisson and returned to San José. His army is by this time completely disbanded, each corps proceeding direct to the province in which it was levied. The Porteno volunteers, under the command of Lagos, Laprida and others, remain in this province, having placed themselves under the orders of the Government, according to instructions issued to them by General Urquiza previous to his departure. Until after the meeting of the convention for the revision of the national constitution, Buenos Ayres cannot be regarded as one of the Confederate Provinces, but she is nevertheless already incorporated into the Argentine Republic, since she has a voice in the election of the President.

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