

London Each Week, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

# The Leader.

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

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

THE rise of Consols testifies to the soundness of the financial position—the one safe portion of the policy of the Coalition—and the splendid promise of an over-abundant harvest awakens expectations of the most gorgeous character with regard to the future cheapness of the staff of life, and the prosperity always attendant upon that desirable state of things. War, itself, the most costly of human enterprises, will be robbed of half its terrors, at least in the apprehension of the City mind, by cheap bread, extensive trade, and cheap money. And such are the results which the sunshine of these latter days seems inclined to bring about.

But the campaign, at present, does not look quite so promising as the financial policy of Mr. Gladstone, or as the harvest. Disease has stricken down a host of gallant fellows in the French and English camps at Varna, and has enfeebled the remainder; throwing a dash of despair into the gay courage of the Frenchman, and shaking the sturdy valour of the Briton. In the fleet, also, the epidemic has set its foot, and night after night for some time, were heard the loud splashes which denote the fall of the "shotted hammock" into its "wandering grave." So great has been the loss, that there has even been a talk in the camps of abandoning the expedition to the Crimea. But this we may presume to doubt; the more readily, as it must be admitted that the loss of the troops is by no means without parallel in previous wars, and has not been anything like so great as our armies have heretofore sustained. The great fire at Varna has been followed by a cessation of the severity of the epidemic; and unhealthy August having closed, and with Sebastopol "looming in the distance," we may fairly expect that the old robust health of the men will return.

The positions of the armies have not materially changed. Omar Pacha has entered Bucharest, and his advanced guard has swept northwards as far as Busco, while a strong support has reached the line of the Jalomniza. The Russians have not quitted Moldavia, but hold the Lower Sereth, in communication with Ismail and Odessa, and are sending reinforcements to the Crimea. In Asia they have defeated the Turks at Kurouk-Dar. Thus has the long-expected battle in defence of Kars at last been fought by Zarf Pacha. Although they were defeated, the Turks

are admitted by the Russians to have fought with undaunted bravery, and to have stood stoutly against the bayonet-charges of the Russian infantry. It seems that the Russians owed their success to the vast superiority of their cavalry—a hint to the allies. The Turks retreated in good order to Kars, whither the Russians did not pursue them. This battle establishes the fact that the Turkish regular can stand against the veterans of the Caucasus, so firmly as to win praise even from the enemy. But it also shows that Russia, by mastering the Turks at Bayazed and Kurouk-Dar, has, to all appearance, gained the campaign of 1854.

From the Baltic we have nothing new; but when the Czar hears that Prince Albert and the Emperor Napoleon have met in the camp at Boulogne, as they will next week, it may suggest to him, and likewise to the King of Prussia, the possibility of the despatch of another Ten Thousand to the North. What will be the thoughts of the Prince and the Emperor? Certainly they will not echo those of the Newcastle men, who met on Monday to denounce the Coalition, to recommend the impeachment of Ministers, and their dismissal. This meeting shows pretty plainly the strong sympathy on the part of the great bulk of the people for free institutions—for the nationalities of Poland and Hungary. It might be asked, however, and Newcastle would be puzzled to answer, why we are to stop short of a regular declaration of fraternity with all the wronged peoples in our hemisphere. Why hold out a hand to Poland, Hungary, and Italy only, and not to Prussia, Austria, Baden—nay, to France itself. The old French Convention was more logical, but not so wise as our Newcastle friends. But if Newcastle is illogical, is it not because our Government keeps us in studied ignorance of what is going on; and is not this conflict between the Government and a people, both supporters of the war, a disgraceful state of things?

In India, British subjects have a different way of manifesting public opinion. They hold a day of solemn prayer for the success of the British arms. The Mahomedans, with one exception, stand aloof, while Hindoos and Parsees pray with one accord. The one exception is the King of Oude, who does not offer prayers, it is true, but men, cannon, and horses to the British Government.

The Spanish Government seems to be rapidly settling down into the saddle, after a rather rough

ride to power over the barricades. Espartero has got rid of a great difficulty—he has aided, or winked at the flight of the wicked old Queen-Mother, who is off to Portugal. She saves her life and loses her pension; he saves the new Government from the fatal position of having to try, and perhaps destroy, the mother of the sovereign. We have not the least sympathy for Queen Christina, but we are glad that a promising revolution is saved from an enormous embarrassment. The easy way in which the Government has succeeded in abolishing the revolutionary clubs, shows the great confidence of the public in Espartero. As the work of order proceeds, the Ministers begin to find the depth of the villainies of their predecessors. It turns out that these gentlemen have anticipated the revenues of Cuba for two years and a half; have spent all the forced loan; and left a yawning deficit behind them of nearly 7,000,000*l.* Espartero has appealed to the bankers, and the extent of the difficulties of Spanish finance may be guessed from the fact that he could only raise 500,000*l.* But he has a way of replenishing the Treasury—the fee simple of Cuba, which a purchaser stands ready to buy.

Besides the Spanish question, the Pope and Miss Bremer together command public attention. The Pope proposes to proclaim a jubilee for peace among Christian princes only; the pacification of the revolutionary spirit; the cessation of pestilence and famine; and—we scarcely believe our eyes—to convoke the whole Roman Catholic hierarchy in "Council" for the discussion of the "immaculate conception!" Miss Bremer has not such extensive "notions" as the Pope; but although equally visionary, yet are they far more useful, if practised in however slight a degree. Instead of a jubilee and a Council, Miss Bremer proposes a vast network of female associations throughout the world, to care for children, for the sick and aged, and for prisoners. We would it might be done; but, other obstacles apart, women's movements are far too much constrained to permit of such gigantic efforts.

Our sole domestic movement, what is it—the Beer Bill commotion! The state of the case is not so uncommon as it looks. Here are the public, the publicans, and the magistrates all of opinion that a few fanatics have foisted a tyrannical act on the country—a stupid, as well as a tyrannical act; yet, notwithstanding its unpopularity, the British public is powerless. The Parliament that imposed the vexation on us is holiday-making; and to get its wretched work repaired, we are forced to wait for six months. Does not this aptly illustrate the uses and beauties of our Parliamentary being's end and aim—the recess? Why should we wait six months for the restoration of a proper state of things?

## THE WAR.

THE *coup* at Bomarsund is completed. Baraguay d'Hilliers is made a Marshal of France by his delighted Emperor; the French admiral is made Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Our commanders get nothing—it is recess—and there is no Parliament even to thank them. The allied Governments have entered into a commonsense convention with respect to the equal apportionment of prisoners between them. The *Moniteur* announces that "the Governments of England and France have resolved to destroy the fortifications of the Aland archipelago, and that Bomarsund will be evacuated." So finishes that portion of the drama.

The Aland islands are thus evacuated, probably because the Northern Governments hesitate to join the Western Governments. At Copenhagen the King and people are all but at war because the King insists on remaining "neutral"—not meaning neutrality. A letter from Copenhagen of August 30, says:—

"At a crowded meeting of the members of the Constitutional Association, held on Tuesday evening, resolutions were unanimously passed expressing distrust in Ministers, and in favour of refusing the payment of taxes until the causes of distrust had been removed.

"Several thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot in aid of dismissed officials.

"The meeting is said to have been composed of men of all ranks, and to have been marked by the utmost enthusiasm, and an ominous avoidance of any mention of the King.

"The Royal Constitution was declared illegal, null, and void."

What may be the next step of the fleets and troops in the Baltic is a matter of pure speculation; there is no news.

There is likewise no news of the long due "expedition to the Crimea." It was "positively" to start, at last, on August 30—on Wednesday. The expeditionary army was to consist of 70,000 men.

"The latest from Constantinople states that nearly 600 transport vessels are collected at Varna and Baltschik, laden, or lading for the projected expedition. The embarkation of the *matériel* was nearly terminated, and it would have been entirely so, had not a strong wind caused the operation to be suspended for three or four days. As to the troops, everything was prepared for their embarkation, and once that the order should be given, it would be an affair of only a few days. No one could say on what point the operations were to be directed, but it was generally thought that the Crimea and Sebastopol were to be the point. Still some of the letters which we receive mention that a feeling was beginning to gain ground that the expedition might be carried to Asia, to oppose the Russian forces there."

The reference, in this, is to the battle or battles lost by the Turks, and which the Turks describe as drawn battles. The intelligence as to these events is exceedingly meagre; the best presentation of the mere rumour is in a Constantinople letter of August 20th, in the *Daily News*:—

"The Trebizond steamer brought yesterday intelligence of fresh disasters in Anatolia. The extent and deplorable results of these events have not yet been fully ascertained. A sanguinary encounter before Kars, the despatches state to have taken place between the contending armies, with the loss of some three or four thousand men in killed and wounded on both sides. The Turkish commander, Ismail Pacha, was severely wounded in the action, and Hassan Pacha killed by a rifle ball. On the departure of the Tartar, an armistice had been agreed on for two days by mutual consent, in order to admit of the burial of the dead, and the carrying off of the wounded. The Russians had also taken possession of Bayazid—some say, after another serious and successful engagement. Another account is that the Turks had voluntarily evacuated that position and carried off all their stores and ammunition, effecting with Ismail Pacha at their head, a safe retreat towards Van. The further movements of the Russian army are not here as yet accurately known. Some accounts state that they have abandoned Bayazid, and are retreating northwards—others lead to the presumption that they are marching in all haste with the view of an attack on Erzeroum."

Omer Pacha entered Bucharest on the 22nd in a public and ceremonial manner. The Austrians were daily expected, to replace him and his troops. His next step is doubtful. Letters from Constantinople assert that he is to be sent to retrieve the honour of the Sultan's arms in Asia.

## GREAT MEETING AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

A great meeting was held in this town this week—the first, probably, of a series for the recess—to consider the conduct of the Government in the war. The meeting was convened by the mayor, in compliance with a town's requisition. Mr. G. Crawshaw was the orator of the day, and was greatly applauded through a forcible and vehement address.

Mr. Crawshaw asked why was this meeting called? Because the country was instinctively distrustful of the Government; and public meetings had become necessary because the House of Commons had failed to discharge its duty in reference to the war. He then proceeded to inquire why we were at war; because Russia had at last disclosed herself to the apprehension of the English people as a grasping and

encroaching despotism. There was, he considered, a principle in this war:—

"Either the war is a humbug, or it is the commencement of a general European revolt of the principles of justice and freedom against those evil principles which have attained such undue predominance in Europe by the influence of Russia, and our Government may depend upon it that they cannot prudently or safely in their conduct of this war depart from these principles owing to their faith in which the people have so nobly and heartily come forward and offered to be taxed to support them to the last shilling in their purse, and lose the last drop of blood in waging the war with Russia. (Applause.) Now, having laid down our principle, it will be an easy matter for me to deduce from it what we consider should be the objects of the war, and the means by which they should be obtained. We are simple enough to believe that the principal object of this war is to break down the power of Russia to the greatest extent we shall find it practicable in the course of the war. Gentlemen, we don't trust Russia. I would not trust her an inch. We want 'material guarantees.' Nothing else will do."

What he meant by material guarantees was this:—

"To explain what I mean, it is enough to pronounce the names of Finland, Poland, and Circassia." (Loud applause.)

He proceeded to contend that these objects had been "sold" by the alliance with Austria, and by the occupation by Austrian troops of the Principalities. But how could Newcastle present its "public opinion" so as to bear upon foreign policy? He proposed a memorial to the monarch, in which memorial the meeting was to declare its want of confidence in the Ministry. He had no confidence in the Ministry who adopted an Austrian alliance, and, at Austria's invitation, began to consider, as they were now doing, the conditions of a peace before a blow had been struck by us:—

"And I have no objection to sum all up in the words of Lord Clarendon himself, who said that what they desired was the tranquillity of Europe. (Cheers.) But surely experience of the past ought to teach even a Cabinet Minister that real tranquillity, that real peace, a peace founded upon justice, a peace that will lead to that most desirable of all consummations, a general disarmament of Europe,—such a peace as that is not to be attained by connivance and injustice. (Applause.) They will only give us an armed truce, which will cost us more than the war with Russia to carry it vigorously to a conclusion. No, we have invited you this evening, believing that a real and substantial peace can only be obtained by a policy founded upon high principles, guided by wisdom and by trust in God, whose truth is in that divine justice whose workings are not obscure as regards nations, and which will not assuredly lift up or cast down this nation exactly in proportion as it is faithful or otherwise to those great principles which are enshrined in the hearts of freemen, and except on behalf of which the sword of England never should be drawn. But the sword having once been drawn on behalf of those principles, we say that sword should not be sheathed again except with honour." (Applause.)

In conclusion Mr. Crawshaw used these observations:—

"I will not say there may not be men in that Government—I will name none—who may still render good service to their country; but I do feel it is time to break up this coalition—(loud cheers)—and as long as it is presided over by Lord Aberdeen we have no option but to go at it at once. (Renewed cheering.) It may be said—'Would you not look foolish if Sebastopol were taken to-morrow?' Not at all. If Sebastopol be not taken it will not be a question of want of confidence, but a question of impeachment, and all England will rally to the opinions of Mr. Urquhart; but even the taking of Sebastopol will not induce me to restore my confidence to the Government; and never will I consent to leave the making of peace with Russia to a Government at the head of which is Lord Aberdeen." (Loud cheering.)

Mr. Charles Attwood followed in a speech not less vigorous and unreserved:—

"The memorial was about to be put, when a man named Eglington came forward and made some observations conveying to the meeting the impression that the preceding speakers had gone much too far against the Government, and that his object was to place matters in a more favourable light. But the meeting at once by repeated bursts of disapprobation conveyed the intimation that their minds were made up on that point. The speaker then, premising that he would go much further than the previous speakers and end with something practical, managed to gain a hearing, and concluded with proposing as an amendment that in order to carry on the war in a more effective manner, her Majesty's Ministers send out orders to Sir Charles Napier to take Cronstadt, but that as it could not be done without a loss of six line-of-battle ships, requiring five thousand men to man those vessels, we, the undersigned, offer ourselves to her Majesty. The speaker immediately left the chair amidst general derision, and his amendment was seconded by Mr. Cathrall."

All the resolutions, including the Memorial, were carried unanimously, and amid real enthusiasm.

This is the Memorial:—

"We believe that the aggression upon Turkey, out of which this war has arisen, is to be regarded only in the light of a single manifestation of the systematic and continuous policy of Russia . . . and we consequently consider that it is vitally essential to the safety of this realm and state that this war should be carried on with the fixed purpose of breaking down her power and rendering her no longer dangerous. As means to this end we consider that if, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by the present war, as is to be expected, Poland, Circassia, or the people of any other country oppressed by Russia, should commence or continue a struggle to regain their independence, it would be equally contrary to the interests and duty

of England to withhold her countenance and support. Considering the manner in which the negotiations and the war itself have been carried on, we are of opinion that your Majesty's Ministers neither have been nor are, nor have any intention of acting in accordance with these principles, or with that earnestness and fixedness of purpose so imperatively requisite in the present crisis. . . . Under these circumstances, we feel it to be our duty, as loyal subjects of your Majesty, and as lovers of our country, respectfully to inform your Majesty that we are unable to place confidence in the present administration for the conduct of the war; and we humbly entreat your Majesty graciously to consider whether or not we have assigned just grounds for such want of confidence, and whether it has not become necessary to call to your Majesty's councils, without regard to party, men who will act honestly, vigorously, and unanimously in the present emergency, and carry on the war with Russia in accordance with the wishes of the nation."

## CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The *Daily News* says:—

"The reception given to the Emperor during his late visit to Pau was of the most enthusiastic description. Triumphal arches were erected in the streets through which his Majesty had to pass. The mayor, attended by the municipal council, received the Emperor on his arrival, and delivered an appropriate address, in which he alluded to the château in which the Emperor was about to reside having been the cradle of the only king whose memory had been retained by the people. The Emperor, in replying to the speech of the mayor, said, 'I am anxious to satisfy the wishes of all. I fully appreciate your having called to my mind the memory of Henry IV.; he was a Prince eminently French, and the friend of his people. The wish that every family should have a fowl in their pot once a week was a Royal one; I wish it may be reserved to me to realise it.' His Majesty afterwards received the different authorities and constituted bodies. Among them were the members of the Council General, headed by their President, the Baron de Crouseilles, who in a short speech expressed the delight felt by the inhabitants at having his Majesty among them, and their happiness at the good effect which the visit had had on the health of the Empress. In the evening a number of the civil and military authorities had the honour of dining with the Emperor, and at night the town was brilliantly illuminated, and a grand display of fireworks took place."

The *Morning Advertiser's* correspondent says:—

"Some thousands of the *badouls* of Paris were cleverly done yesterday. A dozen fellows went bawling about the faubourgs, 'Death of the Emperor of Russia, with a full account of his life and crimes.' The peripatetic vendors kept a sharp look out for the police, and sold off their wares as fast as editions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The people crowded around them—they could not get them out fast enough for distribution. The 'fortunate purchasers,' as George Robins used to call those whom he had done, discovered that they had bought a bit of dirty paper, headed 'Life and Death of Paul the First, Emperor of Russia.'"

All Paris has been much scandalised to-day by the trial of a man named Gauvain, who, you may remember, shot a priest lately in the streets of Paris, and killed him on the spot. Gauvain was tried for the affair yesterday. He deposed that he had been married for twenty-five years, that his home was happy; there were no dissensions to disturb his domestic comforts until his wife unfortunately became acquainted with the Abbé Gay, a canon of the neighbouring cathedral of St. Denis. The priest became her confessor, and under that pretext made long and frequent visits to Madame Gauvain, whilst Gauvain was engaged as a printer at the office of the *Sidole*. Moreover, Gauvain deposed that his wife deprived him of his hard-earned gains, which he had carefully amassed, to bestow them upon the priest, and that on one occasion she had given him a sum of 2000 francs. At length he discovered them in a situation which left no doubt of his dishonour, and on taxing them with their guilt, the priestly paramour grossly reviled him, and he shot him. The most curious part of this dramatic affair was the deposition of the Abbé Roi, a friend of the Abbé Gay. He said that he felt bound to come forward and state, that, although the deceased priest was his intimate friend, and that during his life he believed him to be innocent, yet, after his death, he discovered letters in his pocket from Madame Gauvain, couched in the most revolting terms of indelicacy, which left no loophole for him to doubt that the confessor held daily and criminal intercourse with Madame Gauvain. The trial lasted for ten hours, and the jury returned a verdict of acquittal, which has given great satisfaction.—*Morning Advertiser's* correspondent.

"Bayonne, Aug. 27.

"The Emperor left Biarritz this morning at nine o'clock, and Bayonne in half an hour after, on his return to Paris, whence he proceeds to the camp of Boulogne. He was accompanied by Bayonne by the Empress and her mother, the Countess of Montijo, who followed in a separate carriage. On arriving at the Mairie he alighted, for the purpose of receiving the authorities of the town in a farewell visit, and before ten o'clock he was on his way. The Empress, who had entered her mother's carriage, continued waving her handkerchief the whole of the time the Emperor was in sight, and he acknowledged her repeated adieus by standing up in the carriage as it moved towards the archway which leads to the bridge, and saluting with his hand; and it was only when the carriage was completely out of sight that the Empress left the town and returned to Biarritz. The arrangement, I believe, is that the Emperor returns on the 15th of next month as far as Bordeaux, for the purpose of meeting the Empress. He has also accepted the invitation to a grand ball to be given to their Majesties by the municipality of that opulent city, before definitively returning to Paris."—*Times' Correspondent*.

## THE PROJECT TO EMPTY EUROPE.

THE following is the communication (to which we elsewhere refer) of the Boston correspondent of the *Times* :—

"The persons who accompanied the first party of the Massachusetts Emigration Company to Kansas have returned, and made a favourable report of the expedition, and a new party is now about starting to join the colony. It seems that they passed in safety through the dangers of cholera and the yet greater dangers of railways and steamboats, and after ascending the Missouri river, to the mouth of the Kansas (which is about on the western boundary of the state of Missouri), ascended the Kansas river some forty miles, to a spot which struck them as favourable for the foundation of their new city, and proceeded to 'locate' their claims, pitch their tents, build their cabins, and settle. I gave in my last letter some account of the reasons which had led to this enterprise, and will now endeavour to state its plan, and the results which it purposes to accomplish. The eyes of the whole country are now fixed upon it with interest.

"When the passage of the Kansas Bill was made certain, the advocates of free labour over slave labour gave up the question as lost, until this scheme was devised. The Massachusetts Legislature was then in session, and application was made to it for a charter for an incorporated company, to be called the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, 'for the purpose of assisting emigrants to settle in the west.' The company were authorised to hold capital stock to an amount not to exceed five millions of dollars, to be divided into shares of 100 dollars each, of which not more than four dollars were to be assessed during the present year. The company met and were organised, and proceeded to operate with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars. They appointed an efficient committee, and marked out a plan of operations, of which the following is the substance:—

"The last census demonstrated what all persons familiar with America knew before, that there is a double migration going on in this country—the emigration of European peasantry, artisans, and tradespeople to America, and the migration of native born Americans from the east to the west. The foreign arrivals in the country during the year 1853 amounted to 400,777; the movement of both natives and foreigners during the same period to the west is estimated by the Emigrant Aid Company at over 200,000. I am inclined to think that, unless it has been checked from causes unknown to me, it has been still greater. They propose to take both classes, and to plant them in the territories of the United States, and for this purpose have begun with the native population. The pioneer colony consisted of thirty young men, in the prime of life, in good health, and skilled in labour. All population of this kind is necessarily hostile to slavery, and go out with the purpose of becoming voters, that they may prevent that institution from finding a legal foothold there. To aid them in this object many kindred societies have been formed elsewhere, of which the largest is in New York, with a capital of 5,000,000 dols., to be distributed in very small shares, to enable every artisan and every opponent of slave labour who chooses to aid in the work. Throughout Western New York and Ohio leagues have been formed having in view simply assisting emigrants in getting to Kansas; but the Massachusetts and New York Companies have larger and more purely business ends in view. They are, as to the emigrants, only a forwarding company. They furnish them with no money or aid; on the contrary, they receive from them pay for transporting them to their new homes, and they have made such arrangements with the railways and steamboat companies as enable them to do this work with greater expedition and cheaper than any other company can do it. They also propose to become a land company, and when any colony transported by them shall 'locate' a village, they will at the same time 'locate' a section, or a half or quarter section, as the case may be, which they will retain to grow in value as the place shall advance in population. From this cause they anticipate that there will be a return of their money to them—that the philanthropic bread cast upon the waters will return to them in the shape of comfortable dividends. Thus they have in the pioneer Worcester colony located

for themselves the best water-right lands in the projected city, amounting in all to 160 acres, which they think will in a few months become valuable from the numbers that they will bring there. In a month from this time they say they will have placed 1000 young men in the settlement, and they promise, before snow and ice block up travel, to carry 20,000 to Kansas. Even allowing for exaggeration, the scheme is on a magnificent scale, and would 'probably never have been called into existence had it not been for excited political feeling. It is rather extraordinary that some of the more prominent men in it were two years since the most violent advocates of the Fugitive Slave Law.

"Their plans in regard to foreign emigration are still more extensive. They propose nothing less than to control it. They are building for themselves a line of packets entirely for their use. They then propose to establish agencies throughout Europe in the manner of the present agencies, who shall sell tickets not only for America (as at present), but for any part of the western country to which the purchasers may desire to go. Thus with a ticket obtained at Mannheim, or Hamburg, or Cork, the German or Irish peasant will, as they anticipate, be able to go in comfort and at a reasonable expense from his home in Europe to the farthest west of America, where, planted on land near the possessions of the company, he will by his industry soon repay more than any possible loss the company may suffer in his transportation; and they think that when the completeness of their arrangements shall be known, and the emigrants shall be made to comprehend that they are saved from the hands of sharpers during their whole route, the whole movement will fall into their channel. One of the worst features of the present system is the runners who meet the emigrants on their arrival. Their comfort and safety at sea are reasonably provided for by salutary laws; but before leaving, and on arrival, although well watched and guarded by the Emigration Commissioners, and the various national societies, they are undoubtedly subjected to all manner of impositions. This the new company promise to avoid. They will then, they say, take them on arrival, and forming them into companies of 200 each, will carry them to their new homes. There they will have, at least while the country is in its rough state, boarding-houses ready to receive them, capable of accommodating them till they shall be distributed. They will send forward steam saw and grist mills, to meet the first wants of the settlement, which will be leased at moderate rates to the new comers, and will also, as soon as circumstances will permit, see to the establishment of a newspaper. The only condition they ask of those whom they propose to aid (and I am not sure that even this condition is to be made) is, that they will advocate and support free labour in preference to slave labour. Such is this scheme, so far as it is developed. It is certainly one of the most gigantic ever conceived. In its primary aspect of an opposition to slavery, and a combined movement to make Kansas free, it is regarded with favour in the north and with distaste at the south, but will probably secure its object. Indeed, it has probably already settled the question, since the owners of slaves will now hesitate before bringing their property into a land where there is great danger that they will be stripped of it by popular vote. The very spot on which the Worcester colony is located had been selected by a Missourian as the site for a plantation, but when he arrived there with his negroes and found these young men on the spot full of hostility to the institution, he wisely turned his back, and crossed over into the State where his property was safe. The designs of the anti-slavery leaders of the movement go beyond Kansas even. They profess that they will not only make Kansas free and colonise New Mexico with free labourers, but that they will plant colonies in Virginia, where large tracts can be bought for little money, and in Missouri, where they can enter lands directly from the Government, and that they will so fill up those States with the anti-slavery element that they shall become favourable to emancipation. It is difficult to say how much of this is gasconade and how much is real. If they have any such purpose in view, they will have difficulties before them that they do not encounter in Kansas. They will have

not only to overcome the decidedly proslavery sentiment prevailing in these States, but also to provide some means of remuneration to the owners in case of immediate emancipation, or some means of fitting the blacks for freedom, in case of a gradual disenfranchisement. Either of these is a serious obstacle to get over. Whether their plan of operations will or will not be extended so far, even when limited to Kansas, it has great interest for the people of the United States. It is the first time that the two classes of labour have been so directly brought in conflict with each other, and on the result is to depend whether a new slave-breeding state is to be brought into the Union. The demand for raw cotton has brought land under cultivation more rapidly than negroes could be furnished for it, the African slave-trade being abolished. Consequently, field hands, who were worth formerly 500 dols. or 600 dols. each, now command 1000 dols. or 1200 dols.; and, though it is said that the dispersion of the same number of negroes over a greater territory would not make them reproduce faster, I think that the laws of population show the contrary. The addition of Kansas to the number of slave states would not only increase the political power of that section of the Union, but would probably also ultimately reduce the value of slaves to the cotton states. The Louisiana delegation seem to have been of a contrary opinion, and therefore opposed the bill in Congress; but I am inclined to think that they were mistaken.

"As to the effect of the company on foreign emigration, I am inclined to think that they over-estimate their power. It is not easy to divert the channels of any business after they are well established; and the course of no business is better established than that of the European emigration to this country. It is in the hands of leading and responsible houses, enjoying the confidence of European authorities, who receive the emigrants through their agents at various stations throughout Ireland and in the Rhine country, and superintend their transport with care and humanity. It will not be easy to persuade the public to abandon them. Many of the emigrants also, especially Germans, are tradespeople, who wish to remain in the great Atlantic and Mississippi towns, and who consequently will not be willing to come out under charge of a company interested in carrying them into the new country. And perhaps a still greater difficulty lies in the settled hostility between native and foreign labour, which found vent eight years ago in native Americanism, and which is now expressed by 'know nothingism.' The whole 'know nothing' movement, which now threatens to upset all political organisations, is only the expression of aversion to foreign labour. It takes the higher form of a religious warfare against Roman Catholicism, but it is in reality only the outcry of native labour, on finding itself pressed by foreign competition. As these new territories are to be filled up mostly by young labourers (using the word in its most extended sense), there is little probability that they will escape from the influence of this feeling; and it is not difficult to imagine what would be the effect of pouring in upon them much of the foreign element.

"The career of Mr. Thayer, the originator of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, is a remarkable instance of perseverance. Until nineteen years of age he was a labourer upon a little farm in the interior of Massachusetts. He then conceived the idea of educating himself, and, tying his few clothes in a cotton handkerchief, he placed the bundle on a canal-boat, and walked to the terminus of the canal, where he reclaimed the bundle, and continued his walk some miles further, to a neighbouring village, where was situated a school of preparation for the University. Supporting himself there by manual labour, and sleeping at first in a garret, he so fitted himself as to be able to pass examination in all but mathematics, and was admitted to Brown University on condition of bringing himself up in that branch before the end of the first term. There being two spare days before the beginning of term, he stripped off his coat and hired himself to dig post holes, by which he earned enough to buy a bed and a table, and a chair for his room, and the few books he would immediately want. In this way, also, he went through the University, and, though entirely unaided, graduated at the close with high honours, and with some 50*l.* in his pocket. With this he began life as a school teacher some eight or ten years since, and is now the possessor of a handsome competency, and at the head of the most remarkable American movement of the age."

## THE PRAYER FOR THE WAR IN INDIA.

(From the Bombay Letter of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

Last Sunday was observed here, as all over India, as a day of humiliation and prayer for the success of the British arms, and by natives as well as by Europeans. So valuable was the conduct of the natives both as a testimony to the equity and kindness of the British, and as a proof that old superstitions will speedily break up, that we may be justified in giving a minute account of it, as known to us here in Bombay. The movements of the native community on this occasion have possessed remarkable interest. Their sympathy with their British rulers, whom, after all, they know to be their best friends, their indefinite fears of the advance of Russia even to India, and their apprehensions of loss by the limitations and restrictions of commerce, led them in great multitudes to resolve to unite in the religious solemnities of the day of humiliation. Their cessation from work was far more extensive than was ever known to be the case on their own religious high days, when the feeling of superstitious "unluck" has been to them a great restraint. In the management of their religious services the leading minds, as might be expected, in originating the services of the higher castes, have not been the ordinary Brahmans and other priests, but their educated members; and in accommodation to their views, the God of the Universe has in some of the prayers, in consequence, taken the precedence of the gods of the Pantheon. A remarkable instance of this is visible in the case of the Parbhus, whose supplicatory chant, as prepared by a Brahman, and printed and distributed, was the following:—

## PRAYER TO THE SUPREME Ishwar.

(In the Marathi verse called *Pad*.)

Innumerable evils are accruing from war;  
Except the Lord of the Universe there is no peace-maker;  
Let the *danka* (drum) proclaim him the true Saviour;  
Let it sound for Thee the great protector of thy worshippers;  
The name Protector-of-the-Universe is suitable to Thee;  
There is no one in our difficulties but Thou alone.  
Innumerable soldiers are dying in fight,  
Their spouses are making great lamentation;  
Their poor children are suffering distress;  
The learned Hindus cannot even describe their misery;  
The attention of princes is directed to war;  
A stop is put to invaluable works;  
Universal destruction is everywhere occurring;  
There is dishonour to Thee from this destruction;  
All commerce is stopped;  
There is fear about sending goods to other lands;  
Conspirators have arisen and devoted themselves to plunder;  
On these accounts immeasurable loss is occurring;  
In this manner war is the destroyer of wealth;  
People are making great lamentation;  
Wherefore, O Lord, be thou the Saviour from this ocean of calamity;  
Be to all the Pointer-of-the-good-Path.

This, however, as a compliment to the olden days, was followed by another poetical prayer, addressed to Vishnu under the name Hari, the scope of which is much the same as that which we have now quoted. Great difficulty was felt in giving sociality to the Hindu worship, which, it is well known, is generally of a personal or household character, each worshipper muttering a sentence or two, and presenting his own offerings for himself and relatives; but an attempt at several places was the next day made by the Brahmans at a *katha*, or discourse, suited to the occasion, which some of those concerned in getting it up have pronounced a failure. The feats of Rama and Krishna seemed very incongruous when viewed in the light of modern warfare. The meetings held at the principal pagodas finally went off very much in the form of conversation and newsmongering. At the small pagodas the priests had the entire management of affairs, the shrines of Vittoba and Hanuman, under the form of Marati, being the principal places of resort. The mace of Hanuman, it is expected, will not be unavailing for the fracture of the skull of the Russian bear, should he ever show his ugly face in India. At Mumbadavie, the Hom, or sacred fire, was kindled, but no sacrifice was offered to the goddess. Her votaries rang the pagoda bells with unusual loudness, to let her know of their arrival and departure. A distribution of sugar, which had been offered to Rama at the Thakurdwar temple, was made among his votaries before they separated. The Mohammedans seem to have been somewhat out in their arrangements for the occasion; but the cause of Turkey as well as Britain was not altogether forgotten by them. To the Parsis must be given the credit of having first, of the native sects, moved in this matter, traditional usage having authorised them in so doing. The assembly of them at their principal ateshgahs or fire temples was unprecedentedly great. Their services there were principally conducted in the ancient Zend language, the priests being the great officials. A prayer in the vernacular, however, was also used. It was addressed to the Supreme, and was the following:—

"I offer my prayer to Thee, O glorious and exalted God, that the sovereign of this realm may have the victory with honour and triumph in the war. May the sovereign of sovereigns inspire with wisdom, and endow with strength,

her army and navy. Long live the sovereign, and may the empire flourish. May God annihilate her enemies, and may His blessing rest upon her. May He watch over all these events, and destroy the enemy. I make my prayer and supplication unto Thee, Almighty God, that success may attend the cause of our Queen in the field of battle. May our Queen continue her rule in justice and mercy, and may her name and her power be handed down to many generations. May she ever maintain in all its integrity her exalted position, which is illumined with light and glory. Such is my prayer."

In most of the Roman Catholic churches, also, prayers were offered up for Britain. Lords Elphinstone and Frederick Fitzclarence are at Poona. The fall of rain hitherto has been ample; the quantity gauged at the presidency is upwards of forty-two inches. Trade in general is dull, but the money-market is easy.

## ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL VISITS TO THE OUTPORTS.

(From the *Hampshire Advertiser* and *Portsmouth Herald* of August 26.)

We have often been much struck with the thorough absurdity of such annual official Admiralty visits as that which our reporter has chronicled. Our naval justices arrive at their outport (after duly proclaiming their intention of coming), and they go in state in their barge (with flag flying) to the dockyard, where a large body of talented officers await their landing, and attend upon their pleasure. The "official inspection" then and there commences, but what a farce upon the term it proves. The First Lord goes chatting along with the Port Admiral, or Admiral Superintendent, upon the topics of the day, and his colleagues follow suit, until the party arrives at some object of prominence, such as the steam basin; this they look at, walk round its brink—perchance think that if they fell "overboard" they might be lost to nature, their friends, and their country; they "look at the Excellent;" they "look" at the ships building, and they go on board one ready for the pendant, where they do really form a cabinet of discussion relative to the object before them; they then go ashore, and visit the Admiral Superintendent at his office, and there, at a little after mid-day they terminate the first day's official labour (?). The First Lord having, during his perambulation, wet his corns, cuts (not those obnoxious excrescences, but) the society of his colleagues, and leaves for Cowes, and the other members of the board adjourn to the comforts of mine excellent host of the George, where they "tidy up" a little, and then go to dine with the officer whom they must have so much fatigued by their minute examination of the state of his establishment during the forenoon. Next to bed, and then to sleep. On the second day their "Lordships" go out again in their state barge, visit the Victualling Yard, the Naval Hospital, the Royal Marine Barracks, one or two matters afloat, have another "little go" over the Dockyard, and then drop in at the Gun Wharf or Marine Artillery quarters *en route* to their hotel; and this generally closes the second day's "official inspection," ending with a dinner at the Port Admirals'. On the third day the First Lord holds a levee, at which he allows courtiers or growlers five minutes' time, or less, to pass compliments or urge claims, all who have not had the honour of being admitted to his First Lordship's presence during the twelvemonths antecedently being admitted to this privilege; meanwhile, his colleagues "muster the ordinary" visit the training ships, and "make a day of it" by dropping in again on the happily-situated dockyard, finishing up by giving a dinner at their hotel to the whole staff of the port and garrison, benevolently including that hybrid functionary, Mr. Mayor, but who, on the present occasion, seems to have been forgotten! Perhaps a ball in aid of the funds of a sea-service charity may form a graceful *finale* to the whole (but this time it didn't). Now, we all pay very dearly for these annual "boundary beatings," for they are not unlike those parochial Bumble-dom celebrations. We should not grumble at the feasting of public servants at the national expense if they would show something as earned during their expensive visits. If their "lordships," at these periodical excursions, weeded out and remedied abuses (there are always plenty), that would be one good done. If "my Lords Commissioners" ferreted out wasteful expenditure or misappropriation of government stores, wasteful application of time, unnecessary expenditure, and waste in humouring the whims of commanding officers in fitting out ships. If their lordships ascertained at these visits the amount of service rendered for the high salaries paid from the public purse, and such like items, great good would necessarily result, and much wholesome economy; but, under the "time immemorial" system, the very reverse is the state of the case, realising the axiom, bad masters make bad servants.

## MISS BREMER'S APPEAL TO WOMEN IN FAVOUR OF PEACE.

## "INVITATION TO A PEACE ALLIANCE."

"At a time like this, when the Powers of the West arm themselves against those of the East, and enter into a struggle threatening to spread over several of the countries of Europe like a large bleeding wound, tearing men from their homes, leaving thousands of widows and fatherless children, destroying harvests, burning cities, filling hospitals, calling up bitter and hateful passions, laying shackles on commerce, embittering life in many thousand quiet, industrious families, a struggle,—the sorrowful effects of which possibly may be felt by most of the nations of the earth,—at such a time we have ventured a thought, a hope, that through woman a peaceful alliance might be concluded, embracing the whole earth—an alliance opposing the direful effects of war, and contributing by united and well-directed efforts, under the blessing of God, to the development of a state of peace, love, and well-being, to come forth when once the terrors of war shall be over, and the time of devastation has passed away.

"Since the beginning of this century charitable associations of women have been formed in the larger cities of most Christian countries, perhaps in all, though we do not know of their existence. They have worked, jointly or individually, for Christian purposes. Their aim has been to relieve, partially at least, the misery prevailing in the world, and to promote the coming of better times, especially by spreading the Word of God, by teaching and caring for children, by trying to call forth the energies of the poorer classes. Hitherto these associations have acted mostly without connexion with each other, scarcely knowing of each other's existence. We know, however, by daily experience, the power of association. United exertions to promote a common acknowledged aim strengthens the individual and increases the general amount of energy. It exercises a powerful attraction on those who stand indifferent, or otherwise isolated from the general movement, which thus grows in power and influence to an extent not to be calculated. Drops of water united have formed the ocean, atoms united the universe.

"We wish, therefore, to propose that the associations of Christian women formed in various places of the earth, humbly aiming to fulfil the law of love laid down by Christ himself, may hereafter enter into connexion with each other, and strengthen and extend their activity by united exertion and consciousness of a mutual aim. This aim we consider to be—

"Care of the destitute, under the following leading heads:—

"Caring for children by means of a Christian education, for families by exercising Christian influence, by the distribution of work and its just reward;

"For the sick and the aged, by affording them protection and help;

"For prisoners and other fallen fellow-creatures, by compassionate exertions to raise them from their sunk condition.

"And, finally, by encouraging all institutions and means aiming to promote such purposes.

"We believe that, by a connexion between the many different associations all having these and similar aims, much more could be done than what is done at present. We believe and feel that we want the encouragement which would thus be afforded by reaping the fruit of each other's experience and example.

"To be able to realise such an alliance we would propose,—

"1. That there should be a committee in the capital of each country, which should enter into communication with all the different female societies of that land, gather all particulars relating to them and their work, and thus be able to take a survey of the whole.

"2. That each central committee, being the organ of circulation for all other societies in that land, should through its secretary, or some other corresponding member, communicate to the central committees of other countries the principal details of the work of female societies in its own, together with accounts of such industrial efforts or good institutions standing in connexion with the aim of the society that have arisen in their country.

"3. That a printed circular containing these details may be sent, free of postage, at the end of every year, from every central committee to all those of other countries with whom they stand in communication.

"Without enumerating various countries, we venture to express our belief that there are not many on the earth incapable of taking part in such an alliance, partly because they profess to be wholly Christian countries, partly because in them Christian communities have risen here and there, and continue to arise more and more, beautiful green spots in the middle of the desert. We venture to hope that in the regions near the Pole, as well as in those under the burning sun of the tropics, in the old as well as in the new world, whosoever one living spark of Christian love is glowing there Christian women will unite with each other to alleviate the miseries of the earth, and plant seeds for the kingdom of God; and we hope and believe that these will not refuse us the hand of fellowship.

"We propose an alliance in the name of the Prince of Peace, extending its healing, regenerating influence over the whole earth—an alliance in which diversities of language, of national character, of climate, of custom, of Christian denominations, may be regarded as of little import in comparison with the aim, the language, the heavenly hope, the Lord and master we have in common. In these we propose to consider ourselves as having the same native country, as belonging to the same family, and, whatever diversity of opinion there may be among us, yet to join hands as sisters, and recognise as our children and relatives all those, of whatever nation or denomination they may be, who are bereft and unhappy, and whom our care possibly can reach.

"Sisters, then, whom we do not know as yet, but in whose existence we believe and hope, here and there among the ancient kingdoms of Asia, the steppes of Siberia, or in the imperial cities of Russia; sisters of the western countries of Europe, who have lighted and guided us a long time by your bright example; and you, sisters in that vast new land beyond the Atlantic Ocean, whose homes we have just learnt to know as nurseries of all Christian virtues; and you, Christian women among the nations of Africa; Christian women in the isles of the South Sea; mild, loving sisters, all over the earth, in whose existence we believe, though we have not seen you, whom we love without even knowing you—give us your hands! May the earth thus become encircled by a chain of healing, loving energies, which neither ocean nor event, neither discord nor time, can interrupt! Let us unite to form an alliance eternal as God's own being; for war shall come to an end, and 'tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away, but charity shall not fail; charity abideth for ever.'

"We ought now to tell you who they are who thus address you. We are Swedish women, united for the care of poor orphans and destitute families in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. We can rejoice in the co-operation of our Queen, and the humblest woman can join us, and, taking care of a family or a single child, rise to the dignity of its guardian angel on earth. We have recently entered into connexion with the societies of women, daily becoming more numerous,

in different parts of this country, in order thereby to strengthen and encourage each other.

"We are a little flock, and belong to a small nation, but we rejoice that from this nation have risen great men and benefactors to humanity. We are a little flock, but we rely on His word who has said: 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good will to give you the kingdom.'

"It will be ours, if we believe in Him, follow Him, and obey His injunction, 'If thou lovest me, feed my lambs.'

"There are times and circumstances which call upon us to follow the divine prescription, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify you.' Father who is in Heaven. We obey this to-day. The not less divine, 'Take heed that you do not your alms before men, to be seen of them,' we would take for our rule during our daily exertions for the good of the whole.

"Sisters, who acknowledge the same Lord, let us unite in His name; let us call forth every good gift and healing power He has given us; call them forth prayerfully, diligently to do His work more fervently than ever before. As far as the sun sends his rays and the free winds blow over earth may our peaceful messages fly like doves from land to land, from city to city, undisturbed by the bitterness of strife, so that the world may know that the God of Peace and Love is more powerful than the spirit of war, and that He calls us to be His servants.

"Each separately we are weak, and can do very little; but if, in the name of Christ, we unite our hands all around the earth and take it in our arms as a child, we may pray and hope that He will allow us at the end of time to come before our Heavenly Father, saying—'Here we are with the children Thou hast given us.'

"We close here with the desire and entreaty that the female societies of foreign lands who wish to reach us the hand of fellowship would, before the end of this year, let us know it, by sending letters (post-free) to the Ladies' Association at Stockholm for the Care of Children, addressed to the Lady Superintendent,

"FREDRIKA BREMER.

"Stockholm, Midsummer-day, 1854."

#### AUSTRIAN PERSECUTION

GREAT fears are entertained lest the influence of Austria should lead the Turks to persecute the Hungarian, Polish, and German exiles in Bulgaria and Wallachia with injustice. According to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, it has already done so. Writing from Giurgevo, he mentions two cases:—

"A few weeks ago two unfortunate Hungarians of Transylvania, who had quarrelled with the authorities, who had been long held suspect, and been groaning under the surveillance of the police, or had newly and gravely compromised themselves, I know not which, taking advantage of the retreat of the Russians from Little Wallachia, escaped across the frontier, and passed into Turkey. They presented themselves to the Pacha of Widdin, and asked for service in the Turkish army. He told them he had no power to do so, but would send them on to Omer Pacha, who perhaps would do something for them. He accordingly despatched them at his own expense, by Government horses, and under care of a Zaptie. The poor fellows were delighted by these attentions, and arrived at Shumla in high spirits, where they were immediately arrested and thrown into prison; and a few days afterwards were sent to head-quarters to Rustchuk, tied in a cart, and in custody of a guard of soldiers. On their arrival they were handed over to the Austrian consul as runaway traitors. For the truth of all this I do not vouch; I give you the story as it is current here.

"There has been a gentleman named Haug for some time past at head-quarters, as correspondent of a London morning journal. He is an Austrian by birth, and took a leading part in the political events at Vienna, in 1848, since which time he has been an exile. He has made himself in the interval an American citizen, and carries an American passport. He is a man of considerable scientific attainments, and was recently appointed the head of the exploring expedition which is about to be sent into the interior of Australia. He has been pursuing his occupations now for some months in this country, peaceably and without molestation, as he came to Omer Pacha backed up by letters of introduction from the best possible quarters. Yesterday Omer Pacha sent for him, and in the politest manner possible requested him to absent himself from head-quarters, or in other words to go away from the scene of operations altogether, inasmuch as the Austrian authorities had protested against his presence here, and requested his removal."

The gentleman here mentioned is evidently General Ernest Haug; and it will be for the "morning journal" mentioned in the extract to look after and support its correspondent. At the same time it must be observed that these are hearsay reports; but too likely, unfortunately, to be true.

#### A COMPREHENSIVE JUBILEE.

THE *Ami de la Religion* gives a letter from Rome, announcing that the Pope is about to proclaim "a universal jubilee" for these purposes:—1st. Peace among Christian princes (here the Sultan is of no account.) 2nd. The appeasement of the spirit of sedition and revolt. 3rd. The cessation of the cholera and "famine" (high prices are meant, no doubt.) 4th. "Les lumières du Saint-Esprit sur le pape dans la décision dogmatique de l'Immaculée Conception."

Further, the Holy Father is to convoke the whole Roman Catholic hierarchy to spread through Europe at a solemn conference to discuss, as a "Council," the last point.

#### THE SANATORY MOVEMENT AT VARNA.

THE "special" correspondent of the *Times*, to whose happy descriptive faculty we are so often indebted for glimpses at the realities of the war, writes thus from Varna:—

"At present the cholera has assumed a phase which baffles our best efforts, and throws all our past data to the winds. It sometimes is quite painless, there is often little or no purging, but the sufferer is seized with violent spasms in the stomach, which increase in intensity till collapse is established, and death then rapidly follows, attended with but little exhibition of agony. The conduct of many of the men, French and English, seems characterised by a recklessness which verges on insanity. You find them lying drunk in the kennels, or in the ditches by the road-sides, under the blazing rays of the sun, covered with swarms of flies. You see them in stupid sobriety gravely paring the rind off cucumbers of portentous dimensions, and eating the deadly cylinders one after another, to the number of six or eight, till there is no room for more—all the while sitting in groups in the fields or on the flags by the shops in the open street, and looking as if they thought they were adopting highly sanitary measures for their health's sake; or frequently three or four of them will make a happy bargain with a Greek for a large basketful of apricots, 'killjohns,' scarlet pumpkins, water melons, wooden pears, and green 'gages' and plums, and then they retire beneath the shade of a tree, where they divide and eat the luscious food till nought remains but a heap of peel, rind, and stones. They dilute the mass of fruit with raki, or peach brandy, and then straggle home or go to sleep as best they can. One day I saw a Zouave and a huge Grenadier staggering up the street arm in arm, each being literally laden with enormous pumpkins and cucumbers, and in the intervals of song—for one was shouting out, 'Cheer boys, cheer,' in irregular spasms, and the other was chanting some love ditty of a very lachrymose character—they were feeding each other with a cucumber. One took a bite and handed it to his friend, who did the same, and thus they were continuing their amphibian banquet till the Englishman slipped on a stone and went down into the mud, bringing his friend after him—pumpkins, cucumbers, and all. The Frenchman disengaged himself briskly, but the Grenadier at once composed himself to sleep, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companion. After dragging at him, head, legs, arms, and shoulders, the Zouave found he could make no impression on the inert mass of his friend, and regarding him in the most tragic manner possible, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, 'Tu es là, done, mon ami, mon cher Jeon! Eh bien, je me coucherai avec toi,' and calmly fixing a couple of cucumbers for a pillow, he lay down, and was soon snoring in the gutter in unison with his ally. The Turkish soldiers are equally careless of their diet and living. I am looking at about twenty of them, belonging to a battery, under the window of the room in which I am writing, busily engaged in the consumption of small bulletty-looking melons. They are at it all day, except when they are smoking, or (listen to this!) saying their prayers, for the poor fellows are for the most part very regular in their devotions, and when they have finished them they glare and scowl at Christians in a fashion fearful to behold for ten minutes afterwards. There can be no reason for the illness of our men so far as the commissariat supplies are concerned; at least, they have at present a very full and ample ration; in fact, there never yet was an army in the field which ever received anything like it."

#### A NIGHT OF MISTAKES.

THE *Siecle* tells the following truly Parisian, if not true, story, which we will not spoil by translation:—

"Une aventure fort burlesque, due à une simple méprise, est arrivée l'avant-dernière nuit dans un hôtel garni de la rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré. M. L., nouvellement marié, avait amené sa jeune femme à Paris pour voir les curiosités de la grande ville. Les deux époux rentrèrent vers minuit dans leur chambre, située au troisième étage. Le mari ferma la porte en dedans, et quelques instans après le plus grand silence régnait dans l'appartement. Le lendemain, de bonne heure, M. L., encore dans un état de somnolence, se disposait à réveiller sa femme; mais quel ne fut pas son effroi de trouver couchée à ses côtés, au lieu d'une personne fraîche et jolie, une vieille ridée et dérépente qui le regardait avec des yeux dont la fixité décelait la stupefaction. A cette vue, il sauta hors du lit, se croyant en proie à quelque hallucination.

"Pendant qu'il était là occupé à se demander ce que signifiait cette étrange métamorphose, il fut tiré de sa stupefaction par quelques coups frappés doucement à la porte. Il alla ouvrir; nouvelle surprise. La personne qui entra était un vieillard vêtu d'habits que M. L. reconnut pour être les siens propres. Quant au nouveau venu, locataire de l'appartement, en voyant ce jeune homme dans le plus simple appareil et frappé surtout de son air d'ébahissement, il ne put s'empêcher de sourire. Mais l'aventure touchait à son terme. Le vieillard raconta qu'étant sorti pendant la nuit en même temps que lui et pour les mêmes besoins, il avait, par distraction, monté en sortant des lieux un étage de trop.

"De son côté, le jeune homme se rappela qu'il avait en effet trouvé la porte fermée; mais que, croyant commettre une erreur et ne pouvant s'orienter dans l'obscurité, il avait pris le parti de descendre l'escalier afin de pouvoir, en le remontant, compter les étages; mais sur le palier où il était descendu, ayant trouvé entr'ouverte une porte correspondante à celle de sa chambre, il avait naturellement pensé rentrer chez lui. Le vieillard s'excusa le mieux qu'il put d'une méprise qu'il déplorait ardemment, surtout pour la jeune femme qu'il avait laissée dans la plus grande affliction. Il se dévouilla, séance tenante, des vêtements dont il s'était affublé et en fit la restitution au légitime propriétaire. Le jeune homme s'habilla à la hâte, et retourna auprès de sa femme, qui se lamentait comme une Madeleine."

#### CORNET BROWN AT A BALL.

A good deal has lately been said about behaving as "an officer and a gentleman," and home service, under the promotion by purchase system, does not seem conducive to that sort of behaviour which at least befits a gentleman. Now, here is another instance, not of barrack life, but of ball-room life, in which the officer and gentleman does not shine. The officer was Cornet Brown, of the 4th Dragoons, an infantine gentleman of two-and-twenty. There was a ball at Brighton lately, and Mr. Charles Brown bethought him that he should do well to be there. But he could not find in his heart to go like a gentleman, so he went like one of those persons who are denounced by Father Mathew and Mr. John Gough—he went drunk. His first act was to insist on entering through the ladies' cloak-room, where he bullied the waiting woman—a highly gentlemanly proceeding. What he next did we are not informed, but when Mr. George White, chief officer of police, opportunely entered on the scene, he found Mr. Charles Brown "kicking up a row," as Bombastes would say. Mr. White requested Mr. Brown not to use improper language; the unruly member of Mr. Brown resisted; Mr. White gently tried to lead him off. "Immediately," says Mr. White, sententiously, "he struck me a violent blow, which I returned by knocking him down." Brown, still violent, had to be knocked down again, and probably would have been knocked down no end of times had not two other "officers and gentlemen" sallied from the ball-room and protected their friend. White, however, called in assistance, and carried off the young man. The next morning he came before the magistrates; White would not be vindictive, which was very proper, especially as he had the best of the engagement, and the cornet was let off with a fine of 5l.—a lesson much more effective plus the knocking down, than it would have been without the knocking down. In future Mr. Brown, who seems a gallant youth, will no doubt behave "like an officer and a gentleman."

Another officer and gentleman has distinguished himself in an analogous military style, and has been fined 5l. by the Rochester magistrates. The offender, in this instance, is Ensign Stroner, of the Royal Engineers; and his offence is that he amused himself one evening in beating a woman who was walking on a road near Chatham. The woman was of a light character; she and the ensign had some conversation, and quarrelled; she threw stones, he beat her with his fist. Why only 5l.?

#### CONVEYANCE OF TROOPS BY RAILWAY.

The *Constitutionnel* contains the following on the conveyance of troops by railway:—

"The movements of troops which have taken place within the last few months for the despatch of an army to the East and to the Baltic, as well as for the formation of the camps in the north and south of France, have thrown a new light on a very important question, viz., the use of railroads for military purposes. More than 40,000 men arriving from different stations have been conveyed by the Northern Railway alone in less than five weeks, exceeding by more than 2000 daily their usual number of passengers, without interfering in any way with the hours of service, even on Sundays, when the number of trains is greatly increased. It is interesting to watch the movements of the troops entering a railway. Everything takes place according to orders from the War Department. The detachment is formed into column and divided by the Adjutant, without distinction of companies, into fractions corresponding with the size of the carriages. Each fraction thus formed is led by an officer, who subdivides it according to the number of carriages. The first two men, on entering, place their knapsacks under their seats; the second takes the knapsack of the man coming immediately after and stows it away; the rest follow in the same order, so that no man enters the carriage until his knapsack is in its proper place. All this is done with the greatest order and celerity. If the first battalion took 40 minutes to be seated, another executed the same manœuvre in 20, and 12 were sufficient for a third, which was more familiar with the regulations. We have, therefore, a proof that an entire battalion, by adopting the necessary precautions, can take its place in the train in less than a quarter of an hour. In order to understand the matériel employed, we can state that an infantry soldier, with his arms and knapsack, weighs from 80 to 90 kilogrammes; the carriages on the Northern line contain 38 places, and those on the Lyons Railway 50, but they only allow 35 men for the former and 45 for the latter, in order to leave room for the knapsacks, which could not be placed under the seats. Each train carries 750 to 800 men, besides two waggons for the conveyance of the field-officer's horse and the baggage. The removal of cavalry presents greater difficulties. The men are placed in the passenger and the horses in the goods trains, six or eight in each wagon. Squadrons of heavy cavalry have taken, some an hour and a quarter, others 50, 45, and even 40 minutes before starting. Half an hour is generally allowed for each squadron. The average number conveyed by each train is 125 men, with the same number of horses. Parks of artillery have also been carried by rail, the horses being placed in the cattle train, and the cannon and caissons on platforms. Two trains can convey a park of artillery of six guns, the caissons, and forge, with 220 men and their horses. It requires between two and three hours to load them, which is performed by the artillerymen themselves with their usual skill and promptitude."

## WHAT AUSTRIAN "OCCUPATION" MEANS.

The *Daily News* Correspondent at the seat of war writes:—

"It is easy for noble lords and honourable gentlemen to talk glibly of the Austrian occupation as a happy solution of this difficulty, but they know not what an 'occupation' is. God forbid that the English people should ever know more of it than is brought to their ears by vague and imperfect reports of what takes place in distant and barbarous countries. The entrance of foreign troops into a country, no matter in what character, friends or foes, liberators or protectors, is one of the worst evils that can befall it. There is no use in trying to hide its deformity by fine speeches about friendship, alliance, common cause, and other claptraps. When a soldier finds himself in a foreign land, he is invariably insolent and brutal. If he comes to protect the natives, or deliver them, he is insolent and brutal because of his own fancied superiority and the apparent weakness of his *protégé*. If he enters as a conqueror, he is driven into violence by the thirst for vengeance, and the consciousness that it is impossible to restrain his license. If the country is in that sort of neutral and contemptible position now occupied by Wallachia and Moldavia, the inhabitants are ill treated upon the principle acted upon by the London mobs: 'they are pitched into because they have no friends.' There is no exception to this rule. All troops are in this respect much alike. Rigid discipline and stern determination on the part of the chiefs may mitigate the calamity, but they can never wholly ward it off. I can imagine nothing more terrible, except perhaps the sack of a besieged town, than a lengthened occupation of a province by an army whose commanders are not restrained by public opinion, and who have been long used to deeds of barbarity. A year of the Russian army is enough for any country—when followed by the visit of an Austrian force for an indefinite period, it becomes trebly oppressive and unjust. Any race more warlike and courageous than the Wallachs and Moldavians, would never endure it for an hour. They would rise to a man, and resist it while they had a single musket, or a single grain of ammunition. They would say to the allied powers, 'We are guiltless of all offence in this matter; we have had no hand in bringing this quarrel about; we want to pursue our occupations in peace, to remain tranquilly in our homes, undisturbed by the presence of foreign soldiery. For a whole year we have borne the burden of a foreign army of 200,000 men. We have had them quartered in our houses, outraging our women, damaging our property, and replying to our remonstrances by additional violence and insult. We have been compelled to pay their expenses out of our treasury, because our peasants have been dragged from their homes in winter, and compelled to drag ammunition and baggage unheard of distances through snow and mud. You say you are our friends, come to save and deliver us. Show us your friendship by leaving us once more to ourselves, to our own laws and government. Your enemies have crossed our frontier; follow them, like men, into their own territory, and fight it out between you.'"

This, or something like it, is, I am certain, the language the Wallachs would use, if there existed any organ for the utterance of the national sentiments. This, I am certain, is what every individual feels in his heart. And they are right. This Austrian alliance is a great falsehood—a great wrong—a great humbug that has destroyed whatever of chivalry there was in this Russo-Turkish war.

## "MR. BERNAL, SIR."

(From the *Globe*.)

AMONG the many imperfections which incessant Reformers are for ever pointing out in our civilised arrangements, this defect in our social organisation might be admitted by the most conservative—that the public is provided with very incomplete machinery for the recognition of a large class of public services. Certain men live a lifetime in a public atmosphere, unostentatiously devoted—their tastes sustaining their patriotism—to the promotion of public good; and when such men die it is in a repose which has much of the characteristics of neglect—public mourning being represented in an apathetic paragraph of newspaper routine, "regret." Thus lived the Mr. Bernal, whose death, in such wise, we chronicled on Monday.

In this case some more formal yet more frank expression of sorrow is demanded. Mr. Bernal was not only an estimable and distinguished man, but his name is associated with great events in our history. This was the "Mr. Bernal, Sir," whose name occurred more frequently in the newspapers of 1830-2 than even the name of William the Fourth or Lord Grey. This was the gentleman to whom Lord Althorpe, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Sholl, Mr. John Wilson Croker, Mr. Orator Hunt, Mr. Geo. Henry Ward, Sir C. Wetherell, Mr. Warburton, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Hume, personally addressed themselves, in the course of those memorable schedules A and B debates, which resulted in the third readings of the great Reform Bills. This is the Mr. Bernal who, for fifteen years, was a chief officer of the House of Commons, and who obtained from that accurate and keen assembly of men of business the unanimous verdict, that he was the most perfect chairman of committees known to the memory of members—a verdict which the House's experience of Mr. Wilson Patten and Mr. Bouvarie, both able and accomplished men, has not in the slightest degree disturbed. This was a great

reputation; the requirements of the position evidence that the man who so thoroughly fulfilled them could not be otherwise than a first-rate man. But in this instance the great popularity was obtained as much by character as by capacity. The clear, alert intellect, comprehensive judgment, and unerring memory, were not more conspicuous than the suave manners and kindly counsel so needful in a senate, which, among its many pretensions, most strongly insists upon being a felicitous assembly of English gentlemen. The Reform Bill, for which Mr. Bernal gave his hearty vote, and over the construction of which he presided, effected many changes; but it did not in any way effect the *Clubby* peculiarity of the House of Commons in the sense of its being a body sensible to the personal influence of its elected favourites; and, hence, it would be injudicious to regard with indifference the death, or to overlook the career, of a personage who, for so extended and busy a period affected so largely, and often so beneficially, the course of our legislation; and, what is perhaps of not less importance, the tone of our public life.

Mr. Bernal was happy in his position at the corner of the table: he was born for it, and he enjoyed it in the manner familiar to those who have satisfied their ambition. But he had miserable moments to which we may sympathetically recur. He witnessed and could not arrest—he was even in the chair, on the Sugar Bills of 1847—that West Indian legislation which profitably affected the interests of the empire, but ruined the private property of Ralph Bernal, Esq. Could patriotism further go than to require of a chairman of committees to "put the question"—"Is all my income to disappear?" Yet he did: even though, we remember, once tears stood in his eyes at the sad moment. He was also disappointed that he failed, in his active career, to mitigate the Vandalic inattention of the House of Commons to those questions of art and social refinement which were so dear to his accomplished mind. But, as year after year he sat serene and stern, presiding over the grand deliberations as to what should "stand part" of eternal Bills, he had one compensation which he fully appreciated, and which may have consoled him for the loss of Rochester—he saw his son, who had started with all the advantages of the wise father's grand parliamentary experience, rising into the very first position—perhaps the least facile of human successes—of a crack House of Commons debater:—the reward and recognition being the post of a Minister.

## THE CHOLERA.

(From the Registrar-General's Return.)

In the week that ended last Saturday the number of deaths arising from all causes was 2039. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1841-53, the average number was 1114, which if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1225. The prevailing epidemic has produced an excess, amounting to 814, above the corrected average. In the thirty-fourth week of 1849, which ended August 25th, the total number of deaths registered was 2456. In that week the mean temperature was 62.9 deg.; last week it was 61.2 deg., which is 1.1 deg. above the average.

From cholera the deaths in last week were 847, while those from diarrhoea were 214. In the corresponding week of 1849 cholera carried off 1272 persons. In the present summer its weekly progress is traced in the following numbers: 5, 26, 184, 399, 644, 729, and 847. In the first seven weeks of the epidemic of 1849, the deaths were 9, 22, 42, 49, 124, 152, 339. In that year it commenced about the end of May, the healthiest part of the year; it began six weeks earlier than the present epidemic, and its progress was slower; but in the fourth week of August, as has been shown, it had reached a higher rate of mortality than the disease which now prevails has yet attained.

2783 persons have already died of cholera; and 1706 of the number have fallen on the low grounds of London, out of 595,119 people whose dwellings are not 10 feet above the Thames; 705 have died out of 648,619 on the higher ground, extending from 10 to 43 feet above the same level; and only 345 out of the 1,070,872 who live on the ground that has an elevation extending from 40 to 350 feet. The mortality from cholera, to 100,000 living at the three elevations is 287 at the lowest, 109 at the middle, and 62 at the highest region.

The cholera panic assumes almost incredible proportions in some parts of the south of France. Not a day passes without the news of some Government functionary, often a very important one, having deserted his post. The manager of the *Provence*, a newspaper printed at Aix, has written a circular to his subscribers, informing them that all the editors and printers being absent in consequence of the epidemic, the publication of the journal is suspended.

By the latest accounts the disease is greatly on the decrease in the allied camps in the East.

LIVERPOOL, August 30.—The number of deaths from cholera in Liverpool last week was 80, as compared with 20 in the previous week. In other respects the town is reported as being in a healthy state.

In New York the cholera is on the decrease. 1450 died out of a population of 700,000.

## SPAIN.

[The news is thus summarised:—

The Minister of Finance has made a cabinet report, and insists upon the restoration or maintenance of various taxes which were suppressed or suspended during the revolution.

A royal decree has been published, annulling the changes which the Juntas made in the territorial divisions of the country, and in civil, judicial, or administrative circumscriptions.

Marshal Espartero presided at the recent meeting of capitalists, and General O'Donnell was present. The marshal said he must have 56 millions for the most pressing necessities, guaranteed by the Havannah and the Bank. A committee was nominated.

Queen Christina has got away from Madrid—it is supposed for Lisbon. The people were furious; some barricades were erected; and there was danger of a new revolution; but popular indignation was calmed by the tidings that the infamous Dowager's property had been sequestered, and that her pension would be suspended until the Cortes met. Christina seems indebted to the English ambassador for her lucky escape. The correspondent of the *Times* says:—

"You may judge how keenly the Queen-Mother feels her danger from the fact that she has been obliged to have recourse to Lord Howden, towards whom she had always manifested a very hostile feeling. She begged of his Lordship to come and see her at the palace, where she is still concealed, and in the most anxious manner solicited his aid to persuade the Government to hasten her departure. The anxiety to prevent the occurrence of any tragical event, not less than the conviction that such a measure was the best for the country, as for the young Queen herself, induced Lord Howden to urge her departure from the capital as soon as possible. He went to General Espartero and General San Miguel and pressed the matter on them, and both agreed in the expediency of the Queen-Mother being sent out of the country with the least possible delay. The difficulty was how to effect it. Till that moment Maria Christina had refused to stir without her children or her household—the former pretty numerous—and they required two immense diligences; but things had reached a most alarming point, and it became necessary to get her out of the palace in the quickest and most private manner, as moving in such state was impossible. Lord Howden returned to the Queen-Mother, and obtained from her a promise that she would set out in any manner that General San Miguel might propose at a moment's warning, the General himself accompanying her the first stage, as far as Bañaga. Maria Christina agreed to this, and thanked Lord Howden as her deliverer."

It is known that Espartero consenting to suppress by leading the popular movement, has become President of the "anarchical" club, the "Circle of the Union."

"The points required of the candidates supported by this club are a fundamental law organising all public functions on the principle of the sovereignty of the people by universal suffrage; the complete decentralisation of the State, so as to give the utmost independence to each province and township; financial reform, and the establishment of one sole tax; the abolition of the military conscription, and the reform of the army; the universal arming of the people whose chiefs are never to be officers of the Government; and the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes."

## AMERICAN NOTES.

Mr. D. E. SICKLES, secretary of the American Legation at London, has arrived in England. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing on the 19th ult., says:—"We have good authority for the assertion that Mr. Sickles is the bearer of despatches containing instructions to our ministers at London, Paris, and Madrid. It is understood that our ministers are directed to favour the republican party in Spain, giving them aid and comfort, in consideration of some important reforms to be introduced into the Government of Cuba."

## GUNBOATS IN THE BALTIC.

THERE appears to be a general misunderstanding respecting gunboats for the Baltic. It is true that the natural defences of Denmark, Sweden, and the Gulf of Finland are gunboats, which I will describe. They are generally about 50 ft. long, with 8 ft. beam, open boats, carrying an 18-pounder long gun at their bow and carronade 32-pounder at their stern; are moved either by sail or sweeps, which are long oars of 30 ft. in length, and handled by two or three men; each boat carries about thirty sweeps, and perhaps 40 men. I have seen 20 boats in battery in the Belt in shoal water in a dead calm, where there was no possibility of getting at them, except by the boats of the fleet taking them by boarding, which was done. Denmark has about 100 of these gunboats, Sweden about the same number, and Russia many more. They cannot stand a heavy sea, and always keep along shore under the land, and come out only when required for attack.

Now, our gunboats will not have a single port to go to, must be with the fleet to be useful, and the Baltic has a short nasty "sea up" in bad weather; therefore the boats must be decked for safety, and a 68-pound gun requires substance under it—a strong vessel, in short, to carry it. The mistake people make is, they consider all the Baltic coast has shoal water; it is not so. The Belt has, it is true; but among the rocks in Finland the water is deep.

My friend who commands is quite aware of what he is about; all this was arranged before he left Portsmouth. It would be impossible to use the same sort of gunboats, as the Baltic water is, without one had harbours for them; but should we keep the Aland Islands, that is a different thing. —Letter in the *Times*.

OXFORD FESTIVITIES.

WE have once before taken note of the doings at Oxford during the mayoralty of Mr. Richard Spiers. Our readers will remember that some time since he entertained a large party composed of the county gentry, the University authorities, and the citizens. This week he has entertained the citizens and the children of the public schools.

On Tuesday night a goodly company gathered in the Town-hall. The walls were covered with paintings in oil and water colours—the works of Etty, Stanfield, Millais, Collins, W. Hunt, Turner, Prout, Frost, F. Stone, Cattermole, Pyne, Warren, and many others. The Oxford artists were represented by a list of twenty names, at the head of which stood Boxall. The company consisted of members of the University, members of the Town Council, local notables, and artists, with their female friends, wives, and daughters. During the evening a concert was performed by the Oxford Choral Society, assisted by the Misses M'Alpine; and refreshments were plentifully served out in the Council Chamber. The whole went off with great spirit; and was sustained until midnight.

A more striking sight occurred on Wednesday. The pictures in the hall were entirely re-arranged with the view of placing the subjects the most interesting to children in the most accessible positions. Tea, coffee, and cakes were plentifully provided, and it was arranged that a concert should take place in the evening. No fewer than 1000 school children arrived, in bands, with flags and music, and took up their stations in the hall. In divisions of 200 they marched slowly round the hall, and then retired to the refreshment room, where aldermen, the sheriff, and several councillors superintended the repast. This being well got over, the whole returned to listen to the concert, which they enjoyed to the utmost, cheering and stamping vehemently at the close of each piece of music. Among them was one ragged-school. They all behaved well. On Thursday and Friday the hall was opened for the public.

Other mayors have done great things for Oxford, no doubt, but not one has done more towards bringing about a harmony of feeling between the University and the City, and between the citizens among themselves, than Mr. Spiers.

THE ABORTIVE BEER ACT.

THE Licensed Victuallers have held various meetings this week, in London and the provinces, to protest against the New Anti-Public House legislation. The speeches made have had in view merely the interest of the trade—not at all that of the public: and are, therefore, not very well worth reporting. At these meetings the *Morning Advertiser* has been highly denounced, not only for its dereliction of duty in not protesting, in time, against the legislation which has so injured the trade of which it is the organ, but for its "sabbatarian" tendencies generally. At one of these meetings (Marylebone), Mr. Homer, who is a leader in the trade, and supervises the editing of the *Advertiser*, made a personal defence, and hinted that the mass of the trade were not joining in this agitation, and that, on the whole, it was a foolish agitation.

Meanwhile the magistrates are correcting that part of the bill which inconveniences Sunday excursionists to the suburbs:—generalising the meaning of "Traveller." In a week or two, therefore, we shall hear no more of a bill—thus put on one side.

THE COURT.

THE Queen and Prince continue at Osborne. On the 5th the Prince is to sail to Boulogne to meet the Emperor of the French; he will remain in France two or three days: the King of Belgium is to be of the party.

Mr. Gladstone has been staying with the Queen this week.

On the Prince's return from France the Court will go to Balmoral.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FATAL COLLISION AT CROYDON.—The coroner's inquest on the cases of the two persons who were killed in the collision on Monday week, have resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Robert Simpson, the driver of the South-Eastern Company's train. He admitted that he had seen the signals which warned him to go slowly: and hence all the blame rests on him.

THE NEXT LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—The election of a Lord Mayor for the city of London will take place on Saturday, the 29th of September, when, in the ordinary course of things, Mr. Francis Graham Moon and Mr. David Salomons will be presented by the Common Hall to the Court of Aldermen, who will select Mr. Moon, being the senior, as chief magistrate for the ensuing year.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ARCHDEACONS WILBERFORCE AND DENISON.—We are able to announce that both these Archdeacons are now on the point of being brought before the proper tribunals, for their Romish teaching. The honour of vindicating the faith and Protestant doctrine of the Church of England will devolve upon the two venerable Archbishops of either province. The Archbishop of York, at the instance of the Rev John Farratt, Vicar of North Cave, in the East Riding, has determined to send the charge against Archdeacon Wilberforce to his Provincial Court; and in consequence of Lord Auckland, the present Bishop of Bath and Wells, having refused to send the complaint against Archdeacon Denison to the Court of Appeal of the Province of Canterbury, the Primate, at the instance of the Rev. Joseph Ditcher, Vicar of South Brent, Somerset, has issued a Commission of Inquiry on the subject of the charge against the Archdeacon of Taunton.—*Morning Advertiser*.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL DECLINES AN INVITATION.—The *Westmoreland Gazette* says:—"We understand that Lord John Russell, during his late sojourn at Low Wood Hotel, was waited upon by gentlemen on behalf of the Kendal Mechanics' Institute, the Christian Institute, and the Working Men's News Room, to solicit his lordship to give a lecture in connection with the objects of these institutions. His lordship received the deputation most courteously, but expressed an apprehension that a compliance with the request would create a troublesome precedent, and pleaded that he required rest and retirement rather than additional labour and excitement at this time."

UNLAWFUL MARRIAGE BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.—The Rev. Mr. Tierney Ferguson, Catholic priest of St. Thomas's Chapel, Fulham-fields, has been before the Hammersmith magistrates on a charge of having performed a marriage in the absence of the registrar, contrary to statute. The woman married, was a Protestant—the husband being a Catholic; and hence the illegality. The enquiry is not yet concluded. The peculiarities of the case are that the husband has deserted the wife, and that her father turned her out of doors, as not having been legally married.

THE FIRST YACHT.—The great Newport (United States) regatta came off on Thursday last, and resulted in the victory of the Maria, owned and sailed by Commodore Stevens. The Maria was the yacht which beat the America before that vessel was brought to Europe.—*Times Correspondent*.

MR. ALBERT SMITH AT OSBORNE.—On the evening of Saturday, the anniversary of Prince Albert's birthday, Mr. Albert Smith had the honour to give selections from his Mont Blanc adventures before the Queen, her princely Consort, and the royal family. The selections related chiefly to "the travelling English" and their autumnal peculiarities. After the termination of the performance the Queen and Prince expressed their gratification to Mr. Smith with that frank and felicitous cordiality which is so well-known as characteristic of the royal pair.

ALBERT SMITHISM.—The English tourist, Mr. John Blackwell, aged 22, ascended Mont Blanc on the 12th ult. He had in the beginning of last month reached the top of the Wetterhorn, 11,450 feet above the level of the sea.

HAYDN.—It was a common practice with Haydn, like his Grace of Norfolk, to order a dinner for five or six, and then eat the whole himself. He once ordered such a dinner to be ready at a stated hour, at which time he alone appeared, and ordered the repast to be served. "But where is the company?" respectfully inquired the head waiter. "Oh!" exclaimed Haydn, "I am de company!" But if he ate all, he also paid for all. Moore and Bowles, in their visits together at Bath, used sometimes to dine at the White Hart, where, as Moore records, he paid his share of the dinner and pint of Madeira, and then Bowles magnificently "stood" a bottle of claret, at dessert. And a pleasant dinner the two opposite, yet able, poets made of it;—far more pleasant than Coleridge's dinner with a party at Reynolds's, when he bowed down the glasses like nine-pins, because they were too small to drink from copiously.—*Table Traits*.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, September 2.  
FOREIGN.

THE *Morning Chronicle* publishes diplomatic papers, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian, submitted by the two latter powers to the Bund on the 17th. They refer to the proposed (in June) evacuation of the Principalities by Russia, and are, therefore, only of retrospective importance. Prussia's instructions—of which one of these papers consists—to her ambassadors at the allied Courts, are comic in their ingenious Russian tone.

The *Morning Herald* publishes the following important news from Dantzic. This news suggests that the Russians have not forgotten the old Moscow trick:

"On Sunday, the 16th instant, General Baraguay d'Hilliers and Vice-Admiral Napier went up to Hango. In their sight the Russians blew up the fortifications, and retreated to Abo, where there are 15,000 troops.

"Abo will be attacked by the allies.  
"The Medin, Scott; Gorgun, Cracoft; Drivcr,

Hobart; and Lightning, Sullivan, engaged eighteen Russian gun-boats, carrying about fifty men each, and four steamers, at Abo, on the 18th of August, without loss.

"Admiral Martin, with a small squadron, is gone up the Gulf of Bothnia."

Aland is declared infected with cholera, and a quarantine is imposed on all arrivals thence.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE EAST.

Despatches from Constantinople, of the 24th, state that far advanced as were the preparations for an expedition, it was still uncertain whether the project would be carried out, be greatly modified, or be abandoned. The generals and admirals of the two services were to meet in a council of war, when the question would be considered and decided.—*Daily News*.

ATTEMPTED NEGOTIATION AT VIENNA.

Telegraphic despatches, transmitted yesterday from Vienna, show that diplomacy is at the present moment ominously active in the Austrian capital. The expected message had arrived from St. Petersburg. Prince Gortschakoff was holding out new expectations and promises to Austria.

The Emperor Napoleon has arrived in Boulogne; Prince Albert's retinue have arrived; and a great royal, diplomatic, and military congress seems setting in.

HOME NEWS.

The only home news is of religious war. The *Church and State Gazette* confirms the news we have already given as to the proceedings against Archdeacons Wilberforce and Denison, for heterodox "doctrine."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARIANNE DAVEY.—Where will a letter reach you?

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

Public Affairs.

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

A FRAGMENT OF ROYAL TALK.

Time, September 6, 8 p.m. Scene, Boulogne Hotel, Brighton. Personages, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, the King of Belgium, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert of England.

Dinner concluded, and the servants having retired,

The King. Let me propose a toast: it is a toast which should be drunk to at this meeting; and it is the toast which perhaps I can give with most propriety. The Alliance between England and France!

The Emperor and the Prince. The Alliance between France and England! The Alliance between England and France!

The Emperor. Most appropriate. And how appropriate that your Majesty should give it here—you who have no country, and

have married the daughter of an English king and the daughter of a French king. Your Majesty must see the august spectacle of this alliance with cordial satisfaction. But let me complete that toast with another.—And, united, may they destroy Russia!

*The Prince.* I cannot refuse to drink a toast proposed by your Majesty—I drain my glass. But what do we mean by the destruction of Russia?

*The King.* That, indeed, is the question we have met to discuss.

*The Emperor.* I trust we mean the same thing.

*The Prince.* I am sure we can always act together and do the same thing. But, perhaps, we may have, each of us, to compromise a portion of our policy.

*The King.* May I be permitted to say that I don't think the world deceives itself as to the alliance between the two countries. Your Imperial Majesty is popular in France, in carrying on this war; and, Prince, your Lord Aberdeen is not popular in England in carrying on the war; yet your fleets and armies are in combination; and the war is a popular war. I apprehend, therefore, that public opinion in Europe hesitates to believe in the identity of your meaning.

*The Emperor.* Why should I hesitate to say that I have only found our agreement clear up to a certain point; beyond the Crimea there is chaos.

*The Prince.* Necessarily so, I fear.

*The King.* Public opinion in Europe dissects your alliance and distrusts it; for France and England, public opinion recognises, can never mean the same thing.

*The Emperor.* You are emphatic; and you, Prince, are silent. Is not this mere traditional "politique?" it was Louis Philippe's "politique." But he had a large family. The age of traditional politics is past.

*The King.* Geography endures. Your Majesty meets my tradition with a phrase; is one safer than the other? Does not your Majesty feel that after all, and even up to the Crimea point, this is not an alliance between France and England? France and England are making war on Russia; but is it not France which is leading England into the war? May I not say dragging?

*The Prince.* Not so. It was not our interest to go to war; it can never be our interest again to go to war; while your Majesty, as France, had a distinct interest in the glory and occupation of a war with Russia—more especially when securing the solidity of an English alliance. But our own public opinion, combined with the sad imbecility of the Emperor Nicholas, forced us, so far, into the part we have taken.

*The Emperor.* Undoubtedly we have been in accord. Undoubtedly it is my interest to destroy Russia; my uncle held that view when the destinies of France were in his hand. But, surely, also, England, a chief of civilisation, and suzerain of India, can have no interest in preserving Russia?

*The King.* England has an interest in checking the encroachments of Russia, and in reducing her to her conservative and stationary potency; but there England's interest in this war ends.

*The Prince.* I am speaking, of course, without personal views; but the fixed idea of English statesmen is the balance of power. The English people are without clear principles of European politics, and are without the direct political power which would enable me, siding with their sympathies against Russia, to resist this religion of English statesmen—that the balance of power must be maintained.

*The Emperor.* I only propose to weaken Russia—which is too strong.

*The King.* The view of Lord Aberdeen is, and I confess it is mine, that Russia balances France.

*The Emperor.* It was so in 1815, but it is not so now. The other day I was isolated: and Russia meant Russia and Germany. Your majesty tells me that I must be again isolated: where then is the balance to which my Lord Aberdeen trusts?

*The Prince.* Your future isolation would be different from your isolation the other day. You wish Russia to be destroyed: and your isolation would then be omnipotence.

*The Emperor.* Is England declining then?

*The Prince.* England must grow stronger and stronger every year: they are a great and just people. I am speaking merely in reference to continental Europe.

*The King.* Your Majesty properly observes that Russia means Germany also. Because that is the case, you could not destroy Russia without destroying Austria. What then?

*The Prince.* France would be the only great military power in Europe; it is that result which Lord Aberdeen is disinclined to promote.

*The Emperor.* Are you taking for granted that I seek this result for France?

*The Prince.* Pardon me. I have faith in your genius: and you are too wise to wish aught but the happiness of mankind. But France must always be a great military power; the French are a superb race, who must always be first in Europe: and France may one day be in the hands of the Republican Propaganda.

*The King.* England cannot rely on a Napoleonic dynasty; she is compelled therefore, in the long run, to rely on Russia.

*The Emperor.* I am not a Conservative, I confess; though I detest and will strangle the republics dreamed of by poets and socialists. In other words, my politics are English: how is it, then, that in entering on a course which may lead to the destruction of exhausted dynasties and exploded systems, I encounter the opposition of England?

*The Prince.* The mass of the English people are very sensible: they assume that nations have precisely the Governments which they deserve, and which are suited to them. For my own part, I do not believe in the exhaustion of dynasties. The Emperor of Russia is worshipped by his people; he is consequently a great power. His system of government is as good as any other system of government. The course you seek to enter on would lead to the Republicanising of Europe, or to the Napoleonising of Europe. With neither future could you bring the classes who have political power in England to sympathise. The English are a practical people: and pitying while despising mankind, I agree with the English, that the chief blessing in human affairs is—stability. They call it progress; it is, at least, permanence.

*The Emperor.* I clearly understand you. You, I hope, as clearly comprehend me?

*The King.* Why—

*The Emperor.* You wish to press Nicholas no further: to accept negotiation at the instance of Austria. Well, we may leave the conduct of the affair to our diplomatists. By the bye, what an excellent person Lord Cowley is. Do you smoke, Prince?

\* \* \* \* \*

#### EMIGRATE, EMIGRATE.

If the great American scheme of emigration answers to the description given of it in the *Times*, and copied into our own columns, it is one to which the working classes of this country may trust. It offers a means of

securing to them all that they have desired—present subsistence, ample return for industrious exertion, provision for children, and universal suffrage itself. We speak with the greater confidence of the scheme since, if we do not mistake the hand by which it is described, it receives the voucher of a gentleman well acquainted with affairs in the union practically, conversant with public business, and not long since familiar as a resident with the people of this country.

It will be for the working man to consider whether he himself is a proper subject for emigration, and that is a question which cannot be determined rashly. There are many men who suppose themselves, from their energy and conscious ambition, fit for the enterprise; and yet we have known the most promising men return bitterly disappointed, blaming those who induced them to go out. On the other hand, some who were supposed to be too weak for exertion, untrained to out-door employment, have proved admirably suited to colonial occupations. The caprices of these things are remarkable. We could point to civil engineers dawdling out of work—tailors active in every species of energetic and inventive enterprise—printers who seem unable to discover the means of applying themselves usefully—weavers excelling hereditary shepherds in the care of Australian flocks—horse-dealers settling down as farmers in Michigan—and, in short, to every form of unexpected variety. The man's health, his capacity for physical endurance, still more his power to preserve a good heart under adverse tendencies, must all be considered. Likewise, the kind of place and voyage to it; and, above all, let him study the agency by which he is to be transported. Information, we repeat, after what we said last week, can always be obtained; the man who desires to emigrate only has to find out some authority attested by a sufficient voucher.

Already people are proceeding from the United Kingdom at the rate of a million in three years. They go mainly from Ireland; but we know that in some parts of England there are those who would emigrate if they could see their way. The American plan, if it should succeed, would furnish the means, with one exception. It would secure competent agency, and a clear path to the desired destination. It could evidently carry over any number that pleased to emigrate, provided only that ships enough existed for the purpose. About half a million enter America, the British colonies, and the Republic annually; that number could be doubled, and the increase drawn from this country.

What would be the effect? It would secure for those who went a certainty against fear for themselves or their dependants, a social elevation and political enfranchisement. The poor devil who can scarcely make both ends meet on Saturday, who fears the workhouse for his children, and haunts democratic clubs, now so silent, to agitate for a suffrage, would there be a landowner, and an enfranchised voter.

But his going would do exactly the same for those left behind. Abstract a sufficient number from the working class of this country, and those who remain must have at least to divide amongst their diminished numbers the amount of wages paid to the larger number. They would have more; for all working men know how by the manoeuvres of the masters a certain number are constantly kept out of work, so that their competition prevents wages from rising. That resource of the masters would be destroyed; and wages would rebound. With better wages come better living, better lodging, better insurance for the future, better social position; and with improved social position must come the

franchise. Let half the number of our labouring classes go, all the beggarly occupations, handloom-weavers, wool-combers, &c., the sempstresses, waistcoat-makers following, and the remaining half would have more than double wages, more than twice the goods, almost a power in the state, a real share in the English republic.

The one thing excepted from the American scheme and wanted by the English emigrant is the purchasing money for the tickets. How is that to be procured? Ordinary associations to secure advances for bodies of men have hitherto been a total failure. The latest—the New South Wales advances for emigrants, is a failure; the advances cannot be recovered from the emigrants. Emigrant benefit societies to send numbers out by lot have failed because the amount subscribed was too small and the process too slow. Mrs. Chisholm's plan of groups would be a plan on too small a scale for the work to be done, and middle class or upper class aid would be wanting to help it on. That aid, of course, would not be given. The plan, however, may be imitated by a method which would provide the point wanting in the New South Wales plan—a direct pledge of personal honour for the return of the money. Let working men form themselves into groups of ten, borrow the money for the cost of emigration for one of their party; let them draw lots for the first emigration ticket, purchased by the ten, and let the tenth man go out pledged to redeem the loan with an advance for the second man; let the second man send back the advance for himself and enough for another; the third the same. By the time five had gone there would be money enough for four more; those who pleased might then go, those who stayed might divide the balance amount, for if this plan were carried out on a sufficient scale, we doubt whether more than five out of ten would go; the rest would find inducement enough to stay.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

Why should the Licensed Victuallers have the education of adult England in their hands? The fact is so because, in consequence of the penny stamp tax imposed upon a free press by the enlightened Legislature of a liberal country, only 70,000 copies of our daily press are daily published, and 40,000 of those copies are taken by the public-houses. Clearly the Licensed Victuallers, though a highly-respectable and intelligent body of good citizens, ought not to have the education of adult England in their hands; the people ought not to be driven to the public-houses in order to get news and instruction. But the fact is so, likely to remain so, for some time; and we must make the best of the fact.

The Licensed Victuallers of London manage very cleverly. They find themselves compelled to provide a paper for their tap-rooms and bar-parlours; and they have established a paper of their own, which they of course take in preference to every other paper, which is consequently circulated and supported into "a paying concern." The profits of the paper are large; and they are applied to the maintenance of various "charitable institutions" for the decayed and the offspring of the licensed victuallers' body—who thus are benevolent at a remarkably small expense—namely, none at all. The *Morning Advertiser* thus obtains an enormous advantage in its competition with its contemporaries; and though it is true that the public has a choice, need not go to the public-house at all, or, being there, may ask and insist on having another paper, yet, practically, so far as the constituency of several hundred metropolitan public-houses are concerned, the *Morning*

*Advertiser* has a monopoly of attention and becomes a great influence.

Now, *prima facie*, nobody has any right to find fault with that arrangement. We do not know a daily paper of which we could conscientiously say "It is less mischievous than the *Morning Advertiser*." Indeed, we may think the *Morning Advertiser* an eccentric, but we regard it as an innocuous publication: we have faith in the British public, and doubt the capacity of leading journals to mislead it. We have no preferences; and, if we had, we would have no right to present them. We consider Alsopp's beer purer than Bass's, and we abhor various entrees, and earnestly condemn a variety of Kinahans and Cordial gins. But if a public-house selects a certain brewer, or a particular distiller, that is the business of the individual victualler and of the customers who deal with him. Nevertheless, we venture to offer some suggestions to the Licensed Victuallers, with reference to their paper, at a moment when they are canvassing the conduct of that "organ," and rather thinking of establishing a new one—certainly of revolutionising the management of the present one.

There is this difference between beer and a newspaper; beer has a flavour, and a newspaper has an opinion; but the bottle only speaks for the brewer—the newspaper presumes to speak for a party. The ground upon which we may offer an excuse for criticising the *Morning Advertiser*, is that being by the controlling influence of the Licensed Victuallers the only "Liberal" daily paper with a large circulation, the *Morning Advertiser* burlesques Liberalism, and, affecting to speak for the people, misrepresents the people and the popular aims. We don't think the misrepresentation does any harm; but we object to it,—if only because it is absurd. We entreat the Licensed Victuallers, then, in their new arrangements to make some alterations in their journalistic plans. If they were wise they would have a paper fulfilling Mr. Thomas Carlyle's aspiration—a journal with the maximum of news, and the minimum of editorial comment; that sort of paper would best suit the class who go to public-houses, and would certainly allow of more profits for the "charitable" institutions—for an array of editorial talent such as that engaged, as every one knows, on the *Morning Advertiser*, must cost a vast sum of money.

The objection we take is not that the licensed victuallers publish a paper of their own, but that they insist on that paper promulgating itself as a "Liberal organ,"—attempting a mischief to Liberalism. If we must have a victualler's paper maintaining "popular rights," and denouncing the *Times* every day, because the *Times* is not Liberal, we are entitled to demand some logical faculty in the journal which, though it may not lead us people, assures all the world that we are following it. We, as a portion of the people thus represented before enlightened Europe and the London Licensed Victuallers, decline to have it supposed that we consider the principal democratic business of the day is to abuse the Pope, and demonstrate that every Roman Catholic prelate and priest is a scoundrel, and that every Roman Catholic layman is an idiot. The Pope may be wrong, and Roman Catholics may be in error—we rather think they are—but we think that they are as likely to be right in theology as an array of editorial talent selected by the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Committee; and, at any rate, we want to know why our democratic leading journal should so exclusively devote itself to the promulgation of the philosophy of Exeter-hall? The Reformed Religion seems in Scotland and England to lead to the democratic consumption of alcohol in extensive quantities, and the

array of editorial talent on the *Morning Advertiser* may have Licensed Victuallers' interests in view in their fiery denunciations of Puseyism, which is the religious reaction of feeble-minded persons who despair of an "Establishment" incapable of competing for popular attention with the public-houses and beer-shops on the Sabbath. But are the Licensed Victuallers entitled, under colour of Liberalism, to sustain the "shop" in this manner? In the next place we may object, with analagous fairness, to the alacrity so frequently displayed by the great democratic organ to insult the Court, whenever the array of editorial talent finds out that the Court is interfering, in the government of us people, with the aristocracy. We don't understand the great democratic organ's love of the aristocracy. We noticed that this week the array of editorial talent acknowledged, in a painfully obsequious paragraph, unworthy of enthusiastic members of the reformed religion, the "honour" done to the *Morning Advertiser* by a Duke who, calculating that the *Times* wouldn't find room for him, resolved on mentioning in the *Morning Advertiser* that he was going to give 15*l.* to somebody. Lords never go near licensed victuallers; at least not to the respectable ones: and why should the licensed victuallers allow their paper to be impregnated with the odour of Jeames? Why should the great democratic organ so palpably compete with the great aristocratic organ in the supply of "fashionable intelligence?" The other day, when Mr. James Wilson and Lord Palmerston differed about a commercial point, the *Morning Advertiser* denounced the commoner for his impertinence in having an opinion, with a dignity and a ferocity singular in Christians and odd in democrats; and we mention the instance as aptly illustrating the whole tone of the journal: Day after day the *Morning Advertiser* encourages the communications of Mr. David Urquhart, whose political philosophy may be summed up in the sentence "Every peer who is a Cabinet Minister is a traitor;" and we are at a loss to reconcile that doctrine with an exclusive faith in the peerage as our rulers;—not to mention the other faith—in the reformed religion ensuring the blessings of honest government to any and every people. And if the aristocracy are all traitors, why denounce the Court, when the Court occasionally modifies the aristocracy?—as, for example, when the Queen dismissed an English Foreign Secretary for having written an exhilarating despatch practically congratulating a military despot on having accomplished a *coup d'état*. For our own part, as humble democrats, watching with weekly awe the daily lead of an array of editorial talent, we have always taken for granted that an unrepresented people has only one chance of conquering an oligarchy—viz., by acquiring the sympathy and the aid of a monarchy which our aristocracy has systematically attempted to reduce to a formality.

Therefore, as Liberalism is in the hands of the licensed victuallers, may we beg of them in their new journal, or in their altered old journal, to condition for a little logic in the array of editorial talent? It would cost a very little more money; but as it would cost something, perhaps Mr. Carlyle should be consulted as to the best sort of paper to bring out.

#### "ACCIDENT" A PERMANENT CONDITION.

A REMARKABLE eccentricity is observable in the enlightened journalism of the last fortnight. In that period 1500 people have been killed by cholera, and three people have been killed by railway accidents. The en-

lightened journals have said very little about the cholera, beyond the expression of their profound faith in Sir Benjamin Hall, and have talked incessantly, and with revolutionary vehemence, about the famous, odious, criminal, and stupid, management of railways.

It was a bad accident at Croydon. The driver of a train, being in a temporary state of unaccountable imbecility, declined to notice certain signals which warned him to slacken his speed, and he accordingly rushed into another train. That reads very criminal or very stupid, or both: and the coroner's jury is perfectly logical in bringing in a verdict of manslaughter against Robert Simpson, the said driver. But how is this sort of accident to be prevented? It occurs on the very line referred to by the Board of Trade, in its recent circular, as the model line, for the imitation of other railway companies. If the South-Eastern's system of telegraphing a train from station to station, as each station is passed, had been rigidly observed in this instance, and if station A were never passed by a train until all was clear up to station B, such an accident as that at Croydon could not happen. Yet, practically, such a system cannot always work; and in this case, negligence in that respect cannot be said to have occasioned the disaster. If Robert Simpson had observed the signals, the accident would not have happened. Common sense should therefore suggest to the public, and to the journalists, that the most perfect machinery may sometimes get wrong, and that it is as illogical to denounce railway companies for an accident such as this, as it would be to denounce the decalogue, because Jones occasionally murders his wife. We allow for all sorts of accidents in the ordinary, social, moral, physical, and civil organisation of life. Why not for accidents on railways?

The accident at Croydon will cost the South-Eastern Company 20,000*l.* Can we not place some reliance upon the inducements of a fact such as this to caution and conscientiousness in railway management? Railway directors are certainly not infallible; even enlightened journalists are occasionally foolish: but as a large extract from the practical talent of this pre-eminently practical country is engaged in the organisation of railways, it is very fair to presume that the general management of our iron roads is, on the whole, nearly as perfected as human management can contrive to be. When an accident, such as that at Croydon, unhappily occurs (costing the Brighton Company about as much as it will cost the South-Eastern Company), public criticism is perfectly proper; but reckless abuse of the directors by the newspapers is not only unjust but rather absurd.

At the same time, in offering these deprecations, it would be as absurd not to urge upon our railway officials the necessity of observing what is clearly their duty, namely, to develop to the utmost minutiae preventive plans—such as the last proposed by the Board of Trade—which, though they cannot guarantee the public against an accident, can at least diminish in detail the chances of fatalities—and certainly can suffice to answer, on proper occasions, the twaddle of enlightened journalists. The accident at Croydon should not in the least induce any inattention to the advice of the Board of Trade with respect to the greater use between stations of the electric telegraph. This system, which in general results has succeeded so admirably on the South-Eastern line, is one which all the other lines should possess. It is only an additional system of signals. It cannot dispense with existing systems of signals; but it will perfect every system. It was Mr. James Macgregor who first instituted this plan on the

South-Eastern, and the admiration of it expressed at the time by his brother railway magnates can leave no doubt that, practically as well as theoretically, it is about the best security which railway companies can have against accidents costing 20,000*l.*, and which the public can obtain against loss of life in such accidents.

#### THE INDIAN PRAYER FOR THE ENGLISH ARMS.

MANY questions are suggested by the religious observance in Bombay on Sunday, the 16th of July—observed as a day of humiliation and prayer for the success of the British arms in the East. It was observed also by the Hindoos, and the Parsees; the Mussulmans alone holding back. The mode in which the Hindoos perform their ceremonies—the worship of idols, the ringing of pagoda bells, and other forms, might, on almost any other occasion, raise a smile. The notion that Lord Raglan and his companions in the East will derive some assistance from lighting a fire, called the *hom*, at Mumbadavie, or the ringing bells with peculiar loudness, is abstractedly laughable. But such incidents only remind us of a truth which may be predicated of almost any established persuasion, that its forms and dogmas are behind its spirit. The spirit is constantly fed by the growing intelligence of the people; while the forms degenerate into a trade, if not something which is below commerce, as a means of extorting petty plunder. In the main, however, the Hindoos understand the nature of the case, and their appeal is intelligent. They have, from experience, and especially from recent experience, a conception that upon the whole the English are a just people: they find that a stop is put to invaluable works by the diversion of public attention to war: they hold such neglect of improvement to be an injury to the supreme Ishwar, and they invite their Lord to be “the pointer of the good faith.”

The Parsees have been singular in the history of religion, for the general purity of their doctrine, the emblematical character of their forms, and the persecution they have endured as idolaters at a period when they deserved that reproach less than any other people upon earth. Their priests on this occasion used a prayer in their vernacular, and not in their sacred language, to the Supreme Being, which might indeed be adopted word for word by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or by the Great Rabbi of the Jews.

Now these people in the main understand the justice of the case, and the purport of their prayer is exactly that in which the Christian English people of the Protestant faith, and the French people of the Roman Catholic faith, must concur. Very different is the condition of these races, even where they met upon the common ground of India; yet their motive and, in the main, their address are as one. It needs not be said that the Supreme Power, to whom their address is directed must, whatever the diversity of the language in which the worshippers speak, also be one. The several races address him according to their intelligence; but the heart feeling is the same, the worship is in the same spirit. The justice of the case is one. What human presumption could venture to assert that the prayer of the humblest and most ignorant amongst these aspirations is more fitly mingled with human error than the prayer of the highest; what human arrogance could assume that the prayer of one race or persuasion will be rejected for defect in form, while the others will be accepted?

The Mussulmans stood aloof; they cannot

reconcile themselves to British supremacy in India, for they claim a fulfilment of the grant to them of the heritage “wherever the date-tree grows.” A selfish grudging, the natural sulkiness of the lost power, makes them hold back, and positively take part with the “Orthodox Greek Christian” enemy against the reigning head of the Church of Islam! But how is it that the races of India are brought to this harmony with the Christian Powers of the West? Is it not because recently, in however small a degree, the British Government in India has bestowed itself to do justice, to benefit the native races, to encourage the development of intelligence amongst them, to guide their leading men into the civilisation of Europe? Thus they have been practically converted to the spirit of Christianity, though they could render very little account of the dogmatic grace which they have imbibed, preventient or subvenient. The lesson for us is—to secure Indian prayers for all our undertakings by securing still further and better “good government” to India.

#### STOLEN OR STRAYED—AN ANGEL OF PEACE.

DEAR Miss Bremer—how sweetly she comes forth to protest against that horrid war! It is really “quite refreshing,” as they say, when women enter into politics. They handle the subject with so much grace and gentleness, that it matters little whether it is a cannon or a teacup. It is so cheering, too, after struggling for years, for a life, or for many lives in one, against the stern laws of necessity, to see those laws set aside at a word; for woman never loses the power of over-riding the laws of necessity. However man feels the pressure of that tyrannical rule, woman repeals it by the simple question, “Why don't you?” do the exact opposite to that which you find impossible or improper!

Of course the arrival of Miss Bremer on the battle-field reverses the previous state of things. All before was wickedness and folly; now it is grace and wisdom. With the humanity that adorns loveliness, Frederika Bremer, the “Lady Superintendent” of the Ladies' Association that is to compass the globe in its fair arms—so she proposes—intimates that she is amongst the “humblest” of women; but yet how exalted the position that she takes by a right, which, of course, we all concede to her! On the one side there are “the Western Powers arming themselves against those of the East.” It is, indeed, a painful fact for public writers who have to deal with realities, that the Powers of the West do not happen to have armed themselves against the Powers of the East, but against the North. However, what are geographical distinctions or the points of the compass to the Lady Superintendent of the Ladies' Association who takes the earth in her arms? From the manner of her describing the commencement a quarrel in which “the Powers of the West arm themselves against the Powers of the East,” the poor lady evidently has some idea that England and France are invading Turkey; a notion suggested by Nicholas's own complaint that *our* troops had entered Turkey. But Miss Bremer must be allowed to treat things in her own way. Those hateful Powers, then, are “entering into a struggle” which in Miss Bremer's eyes is “like a large bleeding wound;” so that the horrible monsters, the Powers of the West, not only cut open a wound, but march into it! There is a rescue. Miss Bremer proposes that the ladies of all the Christian countries, whom she assumes to be already united, should associate on the principle that “drops of water united form the ocean, atoms unite the universe.” Now we

always conceived that drops of water did not, so to speak, hold a meeting and resolve themselves into an association *proprio motu*, nor can we reconcile the atomic theory with Christianity. However, we venture this doubtful expression with great deference, having a dread lest Miss Bremer should thunder down upon us with Lucretius and his great work in defence of Christianity.

It is rather remarkable that the rescue which Miss Bremer proposes is neither applied specifically to the East, warred upon by the West, nor does she propose to blockade "the bleeding wound" against the intruders; but she proposes that the Association of Ladies should devote themselves to the care of the destitute, the education of the children, the protection and help of the sick and aged, compassionate exertions for prisoners and fallen fellow-creatures, and the encouragement of institutions to promote such purposes. The fair philanthropist has been somewhat anticipated in her good intentions, in this country at least; since a subscription has been opened for the relief of the wives and children of the soldiers sent to the East, without waiting for their being wounded. Much, also, is already done for the education of children and the succour of the sick and aged—as much as the sectarian differences of Christians will permit. For unluckily it happens that although Christians can execute their duties tolerably by themselves, especially if they are allowed to preach while they are benefiting, yet if they come together for such purposes, they forget their *protégés* to quarrel about their own doctrines. We seriously apprehend that if, under the presidency of Miss Bremer, the ladies of Sweden, England, Russia, France, Germany, and America, were all collected together, especially in their "Christian" capacity, the disputation of the doctors would pale its ineffectual fire before that confusion of tongues. It appears, therefore, that we should only be introducing confusion into those things which our excellent ladies are already busy about.

We do not know what more she would have us do? O yes; there are the "prisoners." We find them, by the logical method of differences, to be the special object of Miss Bremer's anxiety. What prisoners, indeed, we can have in this country except Russian we do not at present see, and therefore we must regard Miss Bremer's affectionate epistle to the *Times* as a plea for the Russians. Let her be pacified; for if any Russians fall into our hands and come so far as England, she may rest assured that not a hair of their heads will be hurt. We do not scalp or eat our prisoners in this country.

If, indeed, it were permissible to enter into a controversy with the lady, we might ask her whether she is improved upon the old relations which womanhood had to all? We have an affection for that old chivalrous picture in which "a gentle knight was pricking on the plain," and the lovely representative of Christianity rode upon an ass by his side, lowly and yet so splendid in the purity of her loveliness, that when she entered into the wood, "she made a sunshine in that shadowy place." But the lady of that day, not entirely fictitious, left statesmanship and war to men; and remained herself in gentle retreat, to soothe the weary warrior, or tend his wounds—the wounds of her own knight, not those of the enemy. The Una of our day, it seems, cries out upon the cruel ways of St. George, and wants a great association, taking in Duessa as well as Gloriana, to counteract her own vassal. Is there, in the famed Land of Turnips, no faithful knight, who will, courteously and kindly, replace the gentle Una on her lowly steed, and lead the wandering lady home?

## Open Council.

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

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

### THE DOMESTIC MOLOCH.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—As you kindly inserted our former letter in the *Leader* of the 19th inst., we resume the subject at greater length.

The only use of writing upon such painful topics lies in the power of the pen to make people act. There was once a poor porter, who, in carrying a heavy load up hill on a frosted pavement, fell and broke his leg. A crowd collected, and all were profuse in expressions of pity. "Poor fellow." "I am so grieved for him, his occupation is gone." "What will become of him." "I am so sorry." A Frenchman standing by at first said nothing, but presently pulling off his hat, put a sovereign into it, and handing it round, said: "It makes me one pound sorry, how much sorry makes it you?"

But on such a subject as this, open discussion is so great a step in advance, that it may really be held as action. The abolition of prostitution as a natural institution is not to be effected by money, or by the forming of societies; the only hope lies in such a wide-spread knowledge and feeling on the subject as may act on the daily conduct of individuals—and in a vigorous support to all endeavours towards attaining better marriage laws, and giving to women other means of gaining their bread.

As regards the first point, the arousing of public opinion. The most careless observer of the public journals cannot but be struck at the weekly details bearing on the topic in hand, which start into upper air, and cause remark in every circle.

In May of this current year, the *Law Review* gives an article on the laws relating to women; in which among many liberal opinions, the writer opines that the subject of prostitution is best left in a decent obscurity, and says that, "But for that unhallowed association, some think that females of purity would not be so secure as they now are." The writer is alluding to attempts to restrain the "unhallowed association" by law, but it is evident that the reasons he adduces would equally bear against public discussion of such, since he says that "if it be possible to refrain from crowding the statute-book with misdemeanours, the Common Law will be more honoured, the abominations of iniquity will outrage the eye and ear with less frequency, and the vices of our country be withheld from an impolitic publicity."

Such is the opinion of an eminent leading periodical; one which would be echoed in the most respectable domestic circles, and which would be most of all urgently enforced by the guilty themselves. Yet during the whole of the present summer, since the above lines were penned, England has been ringing with one instance after another of a sin and a cruelty not now for the first time perpetrated, but for the first time brought to light. We now know something of what is going on around us. From the pages of low novelists, the peculiar theories of life supposed to be unfit for the very knowledge of respectable ladies, are dragged into the high class public prints, and Baron Pollock cannot prevent that "he who runs may read." And, side by side with paragraphs illustrative of prostitution, as practised among us, come curious collateral facts concerning our conjugal relations, the connexion between which and the former must strike every unprejudiced mind—*vide Evans v. Robinson*, where a couple, separated from each other, and supposed to live celibate, are left to form other relations in life without the sanction of society, and are respectively driven, the man, probably, to prostitutes, and the wife to the chance of cruel public reprobation and remarks of the most disgusting description.

We would draw attention to the prize essay on the Laws for the Protection of Women, by James Edward Davis, barrister-at-law, where, speaking (page 226) of the progress of refinement in the details of vice, he says:—"In lieu of the disorderly houses we have whole streets presenting nothing offensive by day or by night to the eye or ear of the casual observer, but every house, and every inmate of every house in which, is nevertheless supported by prostitution.

The arrangements are very frequently of this nature:—The house is taken by a man and woman—husband and wife they may or may not be. The woman's history is soon told. She has either been engaged in a vicious course from earliest infancy, or, perhaps originally chaste and happy, was seduced, brought or fled to London, or some other large town, where, from the mistress of one man, through misguided affection and lust, she becomes the prostitute of many and any for food and money, until she grows too old to maintain a subsistence in that way. An alliance is then formed with some one of the other sex, equally abandoned as herself. The house taken by them is underlet in single rooms to 'girls of the town,' who bring men there from the streets. The 'landlady' is not seen; a servant or child, perhaps, makes her appearance with wine, of which a stock is kept, it being the duty of the girl to press the men she entraps to order it, the price forming part of the gains of the woman. In proportion to the quantity sold, and the punctuality with which the rent is paid, the girl is esteemed. When her attractions cease, she is turned into the streets to take a lower grade in her profession, until she perishes miserably, or has the doubtful good fortune to postpone that evil hour by taking a house on her own account."

Mr. Davis's essay, laid before the "Associate Institution, for improving and enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women" in 1853, has been illustrated for many months by disclosures such as that of Alice Leroy and Margaret Reginbal.

Now, however difficult to cure—however ancient in date—however interwoven with those coarse elements of humanity whose entire eradication would be almost equivalent to a millenium,—we are quite safe in asserting that this form of intercourse between men and women is essentially unnatural, abnormal, destructive to either sex, and a disease at the very core of society. Some way of cure there *must* be, and we must find it. Society is, indeed, off the balance when the census tells us that while men are driven down almost universally to the dregs of female society, nearly 360,000 unmarried women over forty are left in old age stranded, as it were, off the sea of humanity on to a barren shore without husband, without children, without a hold on the next generation, a sacrifice to the very "institution" said to be set up for their protection. B.—B.

### DUTIES OF THE CLERGY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Your correspondent "Archer Gurney, Curate of Buckingham," seems indignant that the Clergy of the Church of England should be thought shams and pretenders, and labours under some difficulty in reconciling the conduct of that Clergy with their duty, as well as in defining the duties of their office. He protests against the English Church being judged on the testimony of one who seems incapable of estimating the needs of the age, &c. Now, Sir, I propose to furnish Mr. Gurney with testimony which he will not object to, and by which the clergy of the English Church must stand or fall, viz., the 59th canon:—

"Every Parson, Vicar, or Curate, upon every Sunday and Holyday before Evening Prayer, shall for half an hour or more examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons in his parish in the Ten Commandments, the Articles of the Belief, and in the Lord's Prayer; and shall diligently hear, instruct, and teach them the Catechism set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. And all fathers, mothers, masters and mistresses, shall have their children, servants, and apprentices, which have not learned their Catechism, to come to the Church at the time appointed, obediently to hear and to be ordered by the Minister, until they have learned the same. And if any Minister neglect his duty therein, let him be sharply reprov'd upon the first complaint, and notice thereof given to the Bishop or ordinary of the place. If he shall offend therein again, let him be suspended, if the third time, then excommunicated, and so remain until he be reformed. And likewise, if any of the said fathers, mothers, masters or mistresses, children, servants, or apprentices, shall neglect their duties, as the one sort in not causing them to come, and the other in refusing to learn as aforesaid; let them be suspended by their ordinaries; and if they so persist by the space of a month, then let them be excommunicated."

Does this canon contain an important part of the duty of every parish Priest, whether Rector, Vicar, or Curate, and how is that duty performed? There can be no doubt of its importance. How it is performed I leave Mr. Gurney to say, and reconcile its non-performance with the ordination vows of himself and 999 of every 1000 of the English Clergy. It is impossible to reconcile the neglect or evasion of this most important duty (and it is of far more importance than the Sermon or Common Prayer), with common honesty.

I admire Mr. Gurney's conduct in giving his name, and follow his example by subscribing mine.

JAMES DOMVILLE,  
22, Acre-lane, Brixton.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Archer Gurney," says, "that not to believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament, openly sets at nought one of the Articles to which a Clergyman has sworn a true allegiance." I should like to know which of the thirty-nine articles affirms the inspiration of the Old Testament? Supposing inspiration is mentioned, who will say what is meant by it? If all were to leave the Church, or not enter it, who might object to the vulgar notions of orthodoxy belonging to the day, a monopoly would be given to the stupid, who never had any conscience, or the unprincipled, who could not afford it; and there never would have been a reformation which proceeded from the sworn members of the Church of Rome. Inspiration being left an open question by the Church, the 6th Article gives you leave to prove or infer any doctrine you like from the Bible.

Your obedient servant,  
W. J. BIRCH, M.A.

New Inn Hall, Oxford.

P.S.—On referring to the "Clergyman's experience of society," I find that his words are, "almost unconsciously, I had shown that I did not believe in what is called the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament." I submit that they convey a very different meaning to what is put upon them by the curate, and do not justify his opinion of their effect upon the clergyman's congregation. The curate says the clergyman commenced his sermon by denying the inspiration of the Old Testament. There are very few who will not admit in some sense the inspiration; it is about the quality of the inspiration orthodox and heterodox alike disagree. The Jews alone assert verbal inspiration. I shall therefore refer your readers to the 7th Article, which I think disowns the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament, and exonerates the clergyman.

## INDIA.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Among the notable panacea of the present day, none is more universally prescribed than a railway from somewhere to nowhere. Accordingly, we are told that the crying want of India is a railway, which—in popular phraseology—shall annihilate time and space, the two great agents of man. If there were any conceivable analogy between the things of Europe and those of Asia, it would be impossible to deny that immense national benefit must arise from the construction of at least central lines of railroad. But no one who is practically acquainted with the habits of oriental people, and who knows anything of the systems of agriculture and trade pursued by the native inhabitants, of our Indian Empire, will anticipate much good from railway enterprise. What is really wanted are good roads, and canals for the joint purpose of irrigation and navigation. To illustrate this point would occupy more space than you would be willing to afford; but your Anglo-Indian readers will bear out my assertion, that one half of the money required to complete the line from Calcutta to Delhi, would have been doubly beneficial if expended on trunk-roads, and such canals as the one recently opened at Rooshee. Supply the native with easy means of communication, and he will draw from the land as much as it can be made to produce, and will convey that produce at an insignificant cost to the nearest port. Time is no object to him, but he has no money to part with. He would rather be a month on the river, or the road, having nothing to pay for transit, than pass over the same distance in a couple of days, if he has to obtain that advantage by the outlay of a few rupees. Spare no expense then in constructing firm roads, in deepening the channels of the rivers, and in making canals. Such an employment of public money is certain to add enormously to the yearly revenue, while it increases the wealth and prosperity of the people.

The system of education must be entirely remodelled. Some means must be found of imparting ideas, and a habit of reflection. It may be even necessary to prepare a set of class-books expressly for the native schools. But I am inclined to think that oral instruction is best adapted for beginners. Of course the teachers must be men of superior attainments, and endowed with the gift of imparting their information in a striking and graphic manner. To secure the services of such men no money should be spared; but here, alas! we encounter the first great obstacle. The Honourable Company, so lavish to their favoured servants in the civil and military departments, are chary of rewards to their servants engaged in tuition. In the educational service the highest salary is 600 rupees a month, without furlough or pension; and this is reserved to some four or five principals of colleges—I am speaking of the Bengal Presidency. The junior teachers are paid very inadequately for the work they are supposed to perform; and I fear they are not generally the best men that might be found. The service is unpopular, because the covenanted servants pretend to look down upon it. You shall see an impecable young

ensign, only capable of cheroots and bottled beer, sneer at a man old enough to be his father, and whose mind is stored with all the learning of ancient and modern times. But then he is not "one of us,"—he may not have a single relative in any one of the presidencies,—he is therefore merely tolerated, and seldom considered as a member of the local society.

If we ever succeed in imparting a higher moral tone to our native fellow-subjects, it will then become our duty to admit them impartially to every office under government, reserving those of a military character. At present, it is certainly premature and impolitic to do so, except in a few rare instances. But whenever the experiment is tried, it should be fairly tried. Our own countrymen were formerly unable to resist the temptation to accept bribes, when their pay was insufficient to maintain them. This evil was discovered by Lord Clive, who applied the natural remedy. He increased their salaries, and placed them in a position to think about honour. We must not, therefore, urge against the underpaid native officials that they cannot close their eyes against a gift. At least we are bound first to try the means that has alone been found successful with the Christian gentlemen of England—we must increase their salaries, and so teach them self-respect.

There is, however, another matter on which I would fain say a few words, but I may not further trespass upon your patience this week.

J. H.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have received a letter from India that partially confirms my opinion of the unsuitableness of railways and telegraphs for that country. "The telegraph" (I quote my correspondent's words) "does not work so well as it ought, and I don't think it is of so much use or importance in this country as people believed it would be; and now the novelty of the toy has passed away, they begin to cry out against its incompleteness,—for it took several days—I think four—to bring the news from Bombay to within 300 miles of Delhi. The press cares very little about it, for they get such a mere tantalising outline, generally with all the names of the places at the seat of war miserably spelt. The other day it was announced that the *Tiger* was wrecked off Odessa, instead of the *Tiger*. But what can be expected from the wretched, half-educated Eurasians who are in charge of the different offices?"

## ALISON'S HISTORY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Ten minutes ago I began to cut open Alison's "History of Europe since 1815," never having seen the book before. Already I have lighted on this jewel of a passage. Speaking of the Grand Duke Constantine (vol. ii. p. 117) he says:

"The second son of the Emperor Paul I. and the celebrated Empress Catherine, he was born on the 8th May, 1779, and christened Constantine, from the design of that aspiring potentate to place him on the throne of Constantinople, and restore the Byzantine empire as an appanage of the imperial house of Russia."

There's a neatly constructed sentence! But the matter is still better than the style. Catherine was bad enough for almost anything, but we have only Alison's authority for believing—though she has been called the Semiramis of the North—that she committed incest with her son Paul, and that she was the mother of her grandson. Put this fact in some way or other before the readers of the *Leader*.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER K. KELLY.

## RUSKIN AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I would say a word or two on the passage of Ruskin's, recently quoted in your paper, which ends "in the centre of the nineteenth century we suppose ourselves to have invented a new style of architecture, when we have magnified a conservatory." Now, the architecture of any age is the expression of the religious condition of that age—the deeper the religious sentiment the more vivid and vigorous its architectural expression; hence a knowledge of the architecture of an age affords a pretty correct knowledge of its worship; how could we know the Greek ideal of beauty but by their statues? This principle is too evident to need further illustration; may we not, then, apply it inversely, and, given the nation, find the architecture it is capable of producing. I think, if we proceed thus, we may satisfy ourselves how far the Crystal Palace is a new style of architecture, and what chance we have of obtaining a new style. We have one peculiar difficulty to contend with in this investigation—namely, the want of uniformity in the religious sentiment; yet, for the present, setting this aside—What is this nation's worship? Is it not a business, money-getting worship? All its powers and energies are brought to bear in this direction; the worship of an aristocracy is, in fact, dying out—popular Christianity—we had best leave that matter untouched. We need not enter into the question how far this worship is better or worse than the worship of past nations, of dura-

bility, power, physical beauty, moral beauty, aristocracy, or any other ideal of a nation; all I say is, that the present ideal of this nation at large is the business, money-getting ideal, and that the Crystal Palace is a fair expression of this ideal; it is the expression of what the monied business man is capable of—what he can do with the simple materials of iron and glass, on the simplest mechanical principles, in the shortest conceivable time; the rapidity with which it is built, the skill with which it is drained and ventilated, the mathematical multiple of its parts, the number of square feet of its glass, the miles of its extended iron, and, above all, the immensity of its size; these are its points of originality; it does not make any pretension to originality, either in its form or colouring; whether Mr. Ruskin is willing to admit a building of these pretensions into his catalogue of styles is another matter.

And now to recur to the difficulty to which I alluded, namely, that although the ideal of this nation at large is a business money-getting ideal, yet there are small sections of the nation of which this cannot be so truly said; there are a few whose religious aspirations are not of this kind, who in sorrow and reverence worship the past, and find the mediæval religion most to their mind, they love and venerate the monastic Christianity, and doubtless of these our new and restored churches are a true exposition; but, after all, it is an artificial state, and having little life, it will soon die out; it is not a living principle but a struggle to call up the spirit of the past. There are also those whose hearts are strongly stirred with the spirit of universal love and charity, who would gather in all the beautiful and true of past times, adding it on to all that is known of beautiful and true in the present, to be continued through the future, who would realise the true spirit of Christianity, that all as brethren may be united with one universal bond of love; but these are as yet but vague aspirations, but faint glimpses into a possible future—a future, when realised, which will speak out in an architecture of its own, perhaps, more to Mr. Ruskin's taste.

C. A.

## THE NAVAL SERVICE.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—A youngster on entering the service at the age of thirteen finds himself placed in a gunroom among youths of his own age, and under the immediate superintendence of senior midshipmen and mates, aged from 18 to 25. The society around him consists essentially of polished blackguards. Making themselves monitors and schoolmasters, these seniors omit to set a good example to the youths they keep in order. A mate gets drunk, swears, and commits other excesses, but he does not forget to thrash any youngster who does the same. In many ships there are certain rules framed and hung up in conspicuous places, that parents and visitors from the shore may admire the regularity and gentlemanly conduct of the midshipmen. One of these rules is, "Any member uttering an oath shall be fined five shillings," and I have heard people on shore refer to this very regulation as a proof of the capital state of things that exist afloat. When either oldsters or youngsters therefore give vent to oaths, a fine of five shillings is immediately entered against them, a youngster moreover being thrashed at once into the bargain. But when the time comes for payment the oldsters refuse to pay, and evade the rule with ease, while, if the youngster follows their example again, he is thrashed once more, and learns practically the privilege of being one of the Governing Classes in a man-of-war.

But then youngsters are not flogged in the Navy. True, they are not flogged, but they are punished more severely. A flogging at school is frequently a trifle; at Eton, for example, it is a positive farce. The boy kneels down, receives four strokes of a birch, and goes away in high delight, sometimes even laughing, never crying; but when a youngster in the Navy misbehaves himself so as to be punished by the senior midshipmen, the punishment he receives is by no means trifling. It is called "cobbing," and is a process of extreme disagreeableness. The youngster is tied hand and foot to a gun, and receives some twelve or twenty-four blows from a rope's end, wielded with all the severity possible. I have seen old mates rise from a protracted discussion in which every other word was an oath, to "cob" a youngster who had adopted only one of their words. I remember one of the hardest of youths I ever knew being almost clobbered to death, till the seat of his trousers was dabbled in blood, for getting drunk, which was the favourite pastime of those who clobbered him. One has frequently heard quoted a piece of advice running after this fashion, "Don't swear, youngster, it's a d—d bad habit!" but in the Navy the common exclamation would be, "D—n your eyes, sir, what do you mean by such cursed blasphemy?"

When youngsters meet with such treatment can any one wonder at their general hatred of the service that has so disappointed their hopes.

Yours, &amp;c.,

LATE A MIDDY.

## Literature.

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

We have before us the first four numbers of the *Colony Icarienne*, a journal of the colony of French Communists, founded in America by the well-known M. CABET. The colony was first founded about six years ago in Texas; thence it was removed to Nauvoo, in the state of Illinois, the number of empty houses left in that town by the Mormons on their exodus proving a temptation. Nauvoo, however, is only the provisional seat of the colony, and it is to be shifted to Iowa, farther west. The journal is printed at Nauvoo. It is established for the propagation of M. CABET's system of 'Icarian Communism,' the chief formula of which, we may explain to uninformed readers, is the very comfortable and comprehensive one, "*Tous pour chacun; Chacun pour tous: Premier Droit, Vivre; Premier Devoir, Travailler: A chacun suivant ses besoins; de chacun suivant ses forces*" (All for each; Each for all; First right, to live; First duty, to work; To each according to his wants; from each according to his abilities). Lest that plentiful class who have large 'wants' and small 'abilities' should be for setting off to Nauvoo as the very place for them, we beg to say that M. CABET does not appear yet to have got his colony quite ship-shape. There are some black sheep among the Icarians, it seems, who are known not to give all their earnings into the common stock; and, altogether, it may be advisable to postpone emigration till the colony has definitely settled down in Iowa. By a census, dated July 19, 1854, the colony consisted of 405 individuals, to wit, 184 men, 114 women, and 107 children. Of the men, 91 were married and had their wives with them; 8 were married, but out of reach of wife; 13 were widowers; 62 were bachelors; and 10 were grown boys. Of the women, 91 were married, and had their husbands with them; 2 were married, but with no husbands accessible; 10 were widows; and 13 were grown school-girls. Of the total 405, 325 were French; 65 German; 6 Swiss; 3 Italians; 3 Spaniards; 1 Swede; 1 English; and 1 American. From an inspection of the list of names, we have been able to pick out the solitary English 'Icarian Communist' at Nauvoo, and consequently, perhaps, on the globe. It is the "*Veuf Davis de Londres*," the "Widower Davis of London." We should like to see that lone Icarian man, and to hear his history. After what vicissitudes did he come within the vortex of M. CABET? Can it be to supply his place that the colony advertises, as it does in the fourth number of the journal, for "a young man of education, with sufficient knowledge of French to understand and be understood in that language, and sufficiently acquainted with English to be able to translate from the one language to the other, and to give a course of English?" By way of remuneration, the colony is to find the youth in everything, and give him opportunities of perfecting himself in French. Here is an opening! but M. CABET warns applicants that they must apply by writing first, and not join the colony till they receive an invitation.

*Blackwood*, as the first of the September magazines that has come to hand, may be noticed by itself this week. It is an average number, rather deficient in the literary department. There is a paper on the "Spanish Revolution," in continuation of the previous papers on Spanish politics which have appeared in the magazine, and by the same hand, but not so interesting. An article entitled "The Crystal Palace," is a vehement attack on the notion now gaining ground that the ancient Greek statues and sculptures were painted; Mr. OWEN JONES, as the author of *An Apology for the Colouring of the Greek Court*, being singled out as the representative of this notion. In the initials J. I. B. appended to *Bellerophon, a Classical Ballad*—a poem of some length—experienced readers will detect Professor BLACKIE, the author of the *Metrical Translation of Æschylus*. But the lightest and likeliest to be popular article in the number is a slashing, yet good-humoured one, by a hand that will be recognised, on Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*. The writer banters the famous novelist in a somewhat free strain throughout; but on the subject of her literary tastes and preferences he is quite severe. He says:—

"Interspersed with the actual narrative, are commentaries, or rather criticisms, upon art and literature, which, for the sake of the authoress, we could wish omitted. Her taste, upon all subjects of the kind, is either wholly uncultivated or radically bad—indeed it would be absolutely cruel to quote her observations on the works of the old masters. In literature she prefers Dr. Watts, as a poet, to Dryden, and has the calm temerity to proceed to quotation. She says, 'For instance, take these lines:—

"Wide as his vast dominion lies  
Let the Creator's name be known;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne,  
Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord,  
From all below and all above  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord."

"Simply as a specimen of harmonious versification, I would place this paraphrase by Dr. Watts above everything in the English language, not even excepting Pope's *Messiah*!" Whereas, to anyone possessing a common ear, the lines must rank as absolute doggerel, and the ideas which they convey are common-place and wretchedly expressed. Elsewhere, she says:—"I certainly do not worship the old English poets. With the exception of Milton and Shakespeare, there is more poetry in the works of the writers of the last fifty years than in all the rest together." We wonder if she ever read a line of Chaucer or of Spenser, not to speak of Pope and Dryden. But she objects even to Milton. Here is a piece of criticism which we defy the world to match:—"There is a coldness about all the *luscious exuberance of Milton*, like the wind that blows from the glaciers across these flowery

valleys. How serene his angels in their adamant virtue! yet what sinning, suffering soul could find sympathy in them? The utter want of sympathy for the fallen angels, in the whole celestial circle, is shocking. Satan is the only one who weeps

"For millions of spirits for his faults amerced,  
And from eternal splendours flung—"

"God does not care, nor his angels." Our readers, we hope, will understand why we leave this passage without comment. But it may be worth while to show them the sort of poetry (beyond Watts) which Mrs. Stowe does admire, and she favours us with the following as a 'beautiful aspiration' from an American poet of the name of Lowell:—

"Surely the wiser time shall come  
When this fine overplus of might,  
No longer sullen, slow or dumb,  
Shall leap to music and to light.

"In that new childhood of the world,  
Life of itself shall dance and play,  
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,  
And labour meet delight half way."

"Beautiful aspirations—lovely lines! Why—they are absolute nonsense; and the mere silent reading of them has set our teeth on edge. Try to recite them, and you are inevitably booked for a catarrh! In like manner she refers to some rubbish of Mr. Whittier, an American rhymist, as a 'beautiful ballad, called "Barclay of Ury." We have a distinct recollection of having read that ballad some years ago, and of our impression that it was incomparably the worst which we ever encountered; though, if a naked sword were at this moment to be presented to our throat, we could depone nothing further than that 'rising in a fury,' rhymed to 'Barclay of Ury,' and also, that 'frowning very darkly,' chimed in to the name of 'Barclay.' But it was woeful stuff; and it lingers in our memory solely by reason of its absurdity."

The spirit of GOETHE still rules in Weimar. The Duke, who is anxious to preserve the traditions of the Court, and to make Weimar continue illustrious through literature, has started a Quarterly—*Weimar'sches Vierteljahr-buch*—of which HOFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN and DR. SCHADE are the editors. Among the last literary novelties of Weimar is the publication of the letters written by GOETHE to CHARLOTTE and her husband during the *Werter* period. From these letters will be seen how close GOETHE kept to the actual circumstances in his novel; very often *Werter* is but an extract from the letters. JERUSALEM's letters—especially the one borrowing KESNER's pistols—a fac-simile of which is given—and a charming portrait of CHARLOTTE herself, help to make this book very interesting to those who are 'up' in German literature; but the book wants editing and annotating to make it intelligible to the public.

In Norton's (*New York*) *Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular*, we find a list of books published in the United States between Aug. 1 and Aug. 15. This list, excluding reprints of current British works and the like, contains seventeen volumes. The number of pamphlets mentioned as published in the same time in the United States is eight. In the same circular there is a list of books published in Great Britain, in the fortnight between June 30 and July 14. The list includes eighty-nine items. We wonder if this is a fair representation of the comparative literary activity of the two countries. In the English list, we may add, there are perhaps eight or ten items which one would presume, from the titles, to be of some literary interest: in the corresponding American list, judging in the same manner, there are perhaps two or three of literary, as distinct from 'useful knowledge,' pretensions.

The papers announce the death, at Ragaz, in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-nine, of FREDERIC WILLIAM JOSEPH SCHELLING, the last survivor of that famous series of German philosophers, of which KANT, JACOBI, HERBART, FICHTE, and HEGEL, are the other chiefs. The deceased philosopher was born 1775, at Leonberg, in Württemberg. He studied first at Tübingen, where he and HEGEL became intimate friends, both being at the time very young men; thence he went to Leipsic and Jena. At Jena he studied under FICHTE, whom he succeeded in the chair of philosophy at that University in 1798. In 1803, he was transferred to Wursburg; and in 1807, thence to Munich, where he remained till 1841, when he accepted a chair at Berlin. This chair he soon relinquished, and the last years of his life have been spent in comparative seclusion. By the nature of his speculations, developed in a number of fragmentary publications, chiefly in the earlier part of his life, SCHELLING's place in the great series of German philosophers is determined to be between FICHTE and HEGEL, the former of whom died in 1814, and the latter in 1831. KANT had bequeathed two contrary tendencies to the philosophy of his countrymen—that towards *Objective Realism*, which builds all on the supposition of a firm external reality in the universe, independent of the mind itself; and that towards *Subjective Idealism*, which regards the thinking mind as the sole reality, and all the external universe merely as so much various *thought* of that mind. All subsequent German philosophy has been the prosecution of one or other of these speculative directions, or the attempt to reconcile them. JACOBI and HERBART took the realistic side; and the energies of the latter philosopher, in particular, were directed against those who developed KANT's system to its later idealistic extremes. Of these FICHTE was the first and most thorough-going. Rejecting the notion, as KANT had been content to leave it, of the External Universe and the knowing mind, the *Non-Ego* and the *Ego*, as two co-ordinate substances, out of whose action on each other all thought is bred, FICHTE maintained that all emanates from the *Ego*, and, in fact, that the universe is nothing but *thought*. Out of this fundamental notion, he evolved an extensive and very powerful philosophy. Towards the end of his philosophical career, however, he began to feel uncomfortable in his doctrine of pure or absolute Idealism—which led, as he saw, to the pit of sheer Nihilism—and

was striving after a modification of it, in the shape of a so-called 'doctrine of Identity,' which should refer all to one absolute existence, involving both the 'me' and the 'not-me.' What Fichte was striving after, it was left for Schelling to set forth in a completed manner. Abandoning the *Ich* as the starting-point in philosophy, Schelling avowed that Philosophy must commence with the assumption of one absolute all-filling Being or Mind, known by intellectual intuition. Philosophy is the knowledge of the action of this absolute. The whole 'rhythm of the Universe' consists of three movements or 'Potences' of this Absolute. First, there is the 'Potence of Reflection,' or the movement of the Absolute rushing forth and embodying itself in the Finite. The result of this movement is Nature, and the study of it is Natural Philosophy. Then there is the 'Potence of Subsumption,' or the struggling of the Absolute, as embodied in the Finite, to return or ebb back into the Infinite. The result of this subsumptive or regressive movement is mind, as existing in man; and the study of it is the Philosophy of Mind. Lastly, there is the Potence of Indifference, or Reason, in which the two former movements blend together and balance each other.

The main notion, it will be seen, here, is that of the identification of the objective and subjective in one Being—Nature being simply this Being in a state, if we may so phrase it, of *outrush*; and mind being simply the same Being in a state of *back flow*. With this notion in the centre of his speculations, Schelling was supposed to have solved a problem which was perplexing all Germany; and for a time he gave relief. But Hegel, Schelling's early friend, with a head as hard as granite, came forth into the middle of all this pleasant rhythm; Schellingism was blown away; and Hegelianism has since ruled in its stead. Latterly, we believe, Schelling was cogitating a kind of neo-Schellingism, capable of standing its ground even in the Hegelian atmosphere; but now, by that final exercise of the potency of subsumption, which we must all undergo, the white-haired old man has been taken back into the bosom, the great *Seign* itself, and knowing it better, he will speak about it no more. There is something touching in the going out of such a spirit from among the living. His "potences," and his "*ichs*," his "objectives," his "subjectives," and the like—all this it is very proper, of course, at so important a crisis as the present, when we are expecting news from Sebastopol, and the Radical Party in Parliament is in such a shocking state of disorganisation, to laugh at and set aside! It is sad jargon that, is it not, about the "rhythm of the universe?" Peace, ye profane! There is a higher and a lower jargon; yours is the lower; and would to God we had some more of the higher in Great Britain! It is well now and then, in our closely packed state, where we breathe each others' breaths till we are sick, to have a blast of wind from the hills, or even from the icebergs; and we could well spare ten members of Parliament, and sixty parsons, now and then, if the stuff could be sent us back worked up into one metaphysician, such as Schelling. Our notion as to the futility of metaphysical philosophy need not be expatiated on now: but all honour to the metaphysicians, dead and gone, who were great intellects—if great intellects wasted.

*Fraser*, this month, is various and delightful: it is as good a number of a magazine as we have seen for a long time. There is an interesting political article on 'The Session and the Ministry,' very liberal in parts, but containing a defence of Lord Aberdeen, which will not be very popular. There are no fewer than three articles of information in relation to the war—one entitled 'Etchings on the Euxine,' another, 'Phases of War in St. Petersburg,' and the third, 'The Garrisons of the Crimea.' In the two last, *Fraser* keeps up the reputation it has acquired for accurate military knowledge of Russia, and ability to rectify the mistakes of 'Our own Correspondent.' There are also in the number two poems, and there is a continuation of the current novel, 'General Bounce.' There is, moreover, a Natural History paper, as usual, the subject being 'the Great Bustard;' and there is a paper, statistical and reforming, on 'the Mercantile Marine.' Subtracting these nine articles, there still remain four of more than ordinary interest—a jocose series of hints to young barristers, entitled 'How to get on at the Bar;' an amusing and yet earnest paper entitled 'The Church among the Tall Chimneys,' describing the state of the Church of England in the manufacturing districts; a sketch of 'Hafiz, the Persian Poet,' in which the genius of the poet is described, a specimen of his poetry given, and a higher place claimed for him than that of the 'Eastern Anacreon;' and the beginning of a curious paper called 'A Handful of Italian Patois Books,' illustrating the Piedmontese and Genoese dialects. The following is from the article on Hafiz:—

"Hafiz has been only partially represented by the odes which have been usually selected for translation into English; his Anacreontic odes (if we may apply this term to that class which to the outer ear do certainly seem to sing of the wine and the rose, and nothing beyond) are by no means the best specimens of his muse; they are generally lively and vigorous, but they seldom display any deeper veins of feeling; nor, indeed, would such outbursts have harmonised with the general tone of the rest of the ode. But in a large proportion of his poems, Hafiz' genius assumes a totally different phase; and these seem to us to have been generally neglected, although in many respects of far higher interest to the English reader. In these is no longer heard the voice of the joyous reveller under his bower of roses, but 'the voice of weeping and of loud lament,' and the outpourings of the soul's deep sorrows and aspirations, as it mourns for the heaven that it has lost:—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair.

"Here we have Hafiz' genius in its full vigour; bold metaphors meet us at every turn, and impassioned expressions which condense into a word what an inferior writer would have expended into an ode; and many of his images are so vivid and original that they at once arrest the reader's attention.

"What, for instance, can be more vigorous than such a couplet as the following?

"On every side is an ambush laid by the robber-troops of Circumstance,—  
Hence it is that the horseman of Life urges on his courser at headlong speed!

"Who does not see the solitary horseman hurrying at full gallop across the desert; and who does not feel the bold imagination of the poet, which can compare this to our life, as it rushes on between the unknown possibilities which haunt it on every side?"

The article on the 'Church among the Tall Chimneys' contains some rather good anecdotes, of which here is one:—

"Our memory, though stretching to the very horizon of childhood, vividly summons up the image of our parish minister some thirty years ago. A fine old portly farmer-like man he was, in a curly scratch wig of peculiar cut, a coat of black, fast fading into invisible green, drab inexpressibles, worsted stockings, and ponderous shoes. Agriculture was his hobby. 'A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn.' He prided himself far more on his pigs than his preaching; he was a readier judge of his calves than his catechism; he dreaded the potato-rot more than the Pope; he was more cautious against distemper in his cattle than dissent in his parish. He preached Tillotson abridged, and he cared not who knew it; he clipped and doctored Blair, and was not at all discomposed if he saw an old lady here and there in tortoise-shell spectacles following him assiduously from the printed book. One Sunday morning before the service began, we remember, he was warmly discussing with a brother farmer the comparative prices which they had obtained for their cheese at the fair on the previous day. To his great chagrin, his parishioner had beaten him by a few shillings in the hundred-weight. Through the service he went as usual, perhaps a trifle more reflective; his fifteen minutes' sermon he despatched in twelve. The congregation were moving pensively away, when the old gentleman leaned over the pulpit as if pregnant with important truth—big with the fate of markets and of cheese—and beckoning the farmer, said in an audible whisper, and with a wink of triumph:—"Ay, but John—look here—mine were only blue-milks, John!—ha! ha! only blue-milks!"

The writer of the article goes on to describe the existing Church clergy in the large towns, and is very humorous on the 'Hittites' and the 'Hivites,' as they are called; i. e., the Irish curates, and curates from St. Bees College, who abound there. The regular Oxford or Cambridge man is also described. The writer is anxious that there should be more clergymen, better paid, and better selected, in these districts. The article will command attention.

#### NICOLINI'S HISTORY OF THE JESUITS.

*Nicolini's History of the Jesuits.*

Bohn.

THE history of the Jesuits has never been written, and M. Nicolini does not pretend to have accomplished a task from which Gibbon might have flinched. Open out the libraries of Europe, devote a lifetime to the collection of materials, combine the qualities of historian, casuist, and divine,—and yet, if you cannot wring their secrets from kings and ministers, who lie in dust, if you cannot learn the story of noble families, who have perished in their pride,—in a word, if you are ignorant of what is buried in eternal silence, you can never write the history of the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits are like figures that flit before us in dreams. An all-pervading mystery encircles them. Protestant children are taught to hold them in dread and aversion. Jesuitism is synonymous with cunning, craft, and intrigue, not less than with genius and talent. According to the common theory their name is Legion. No one knows where they are. They meet you in all manner of disguises. Their object is to enslave mankind, and, devil-like, they go about, seeking whom they may devour. For all you know, your clergyman is a Jesuit; Mr. Gladstone, it is well ascertained, is a lay brother of the Society; the servant who stands behind your chair; the tailor who makes your coat; the soldier who fights your battles—one and all, according to the orthodox belief, belong to a society whose ramifications are intermixed with the whole social system. Who does not know the portrait of the Jesuit? He is the Mephistopheles of religionists. His intellect is keen and comprehensive. He is a master of the human heart. By means of a hidden machinery, which encircles earth, all secrets are his. He is wily and insidious, polished and courteous; at home alike in the cottage and the palace; he can talk royally to kings and sit with the peasant at his humble repast—he is the lord of circumstances, the servant only of his order.

The other day, some one wrote a novel called *The Confessor, a Jesuit Tale of the Times*. In the preface we are told, that, "unhappily for our once-favoured country, the arts and wiles of the Jesuits are spreading throughout all ranks of society; and from time to time some case finds its way into the newspapers, and proves to us what is secretly going on all the while, wherever the Jesuits are at work." As we are all about to be overtaken by a Jesuit conspiracy, from which no earthly power can rescue us, it is a very proper time to inquire into the history of our foe.

Of all the people who join in the hubbub against the Jesuits, how many know their history? The truth is, that the popular notion of the Jesuits is derived from a very few and very well known books, filled with extracts from Jesuit writings. And very shocking, as M. Nicolini shows, this Jesuit morality appears. But can it be believed for one moment that the men who governed Europe and taught its youth for centuries, winning thereby the unwilling admiration of Francis Bacon, were the disgraceful villains whom their enemies love to paint? It suited Plato and Xenophon to revile the Sophists, but later inquiries have proved that the so-called corrupters of Grecian youths conferred immortal benefits on them, and through them on us, who inherit their civilisation. Plato succeeded, for nearly fourteen centuries, in heaping calumny on his rivals. But the learning and good sense of later times have cleared the Sophists, without dimming the fame of Plato. Again, who has not been taught to shudder at the name of Machiavelli? who is not thankful that the greatest master of statecraft has found a man of genius to say a word in his defence? *A priori*, therefore, let no man condemn the Jesuits. Granting all that can be said against them, granting that they were ambitious and tyrannical, that they aimed at universal dominion, and shrunk from no means so long as they attained their object, it is impossible to overlook their merits, or to deny that, in times of darkness and superstition, they conferred eternal benefits on humanity. Heaven forbid that they should rule again in England; but does any one seriously believe in the possibility of such a catastrophe? They ruled in days gone by, because the possession of superior wisdom conferred authority and power. Their despotism was legitimate. The case is altered now. The nation's heart is freed from shackles, and can never be enslaved.

At the siege of Pampeluna, in the year 1521, a Spanish soldier, called Ignatius Loyola, was disabled in both legs by a severe wound. He was of a

noble family, but being the youngest of eleven children, was sent by his father to be a page at the Court of Ferdinand V. He despised the inactivity of Courts, became a soldier, acquired a character for bravery and dissipation, and finally was wounded, as we have said, in the defence of Pampeluna against the French. The victors sent him to his father's castle to be cured. During the process of recovery, after he had devoured all the books of knight-errantry that could be procured, the disabled soldier fell in with the *Lives of the Saints*. According to his biographer, "he became deeply interested, and read it over and over again. The strange adventures of these saints—the praise, the adoration, the glorious renown which they acquired—so fired his mind, that he almost forgot his favourite paladins. His ardent ambition saw here a new career opened up to it. He longed to become a saint." This man was Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus. He was born a fanatic and a hero. His fiery imagination made him a fanatic, and his iron will prepared him to become a hero. He flinched from nothing. With laborious exactitude he served his apprenticeship for sainthood. So severe were his mortifications that the reward, in the language of a Catholic biographer, was the "gift of healing the troubled consciences of others." We pass over his early struggles. Like the Apostles of a new faith, or the founder of a new sect, he encountered serious opposition. He began with a handful of disciples, among whom were Xavier, Le Favre, Lainez, and Rodriguez. What must the master have been whom such men were not unwilling to obey! But, through the vista of persecution, Ignatius saw his end, and he had a will that could have removed mountains if they had lain in his path. On the 27th of September, Paul III. issued "the famous bull *Regimini Militantis Ecclesie*, approving of the new order under the name of the Society of Jesus." Of course the Jesuit writers describe the recovery of Ignatius as a miracle, and the success of his order as the result of the interposition of Heaven. The miracles may or may not have been worked, it may or may not be true that the Apostle Peter came down from Heaven to superintend the setting of his disciple's leg; but if we wish to account for the success of Ignatius Loyola, we need go no farther than the constitutions of the Society. One will reign throughout the system. The General of the Order is, in every respect, supreme, and the machinery is so perfect that the General may be almost said to have the attributes of Divinity,—omniscience and omnipresence. The candidate, who seeks admission into the Order is strictly watched, during his year of probation. He is under continual inspection, and in confession his most secret thoughts are made known to his priest, who carefully records them for the benefit of the General. And so throughout—by continual subjection to another's will, each member becomes an instrument in the hand of his order. It follows that at one moment, and for every day and hour, some thousands of the finest intellects in the world are engaged with intense and submissive earnestness, in carrying out the dictates of a master will. The candidate regards the Superior "as Christ the Lord," he is "moved and directed, just as if he were a corpse." Then, again, personal or intellectual defects are a sufficient reason for exclusion from the order. The Jesuit has no property, no individuality, he is merged in the great society whose name once struck terror into the heart of Europe.

A single fact will show the vitality which was breathed into the Society by its founder. In the year 1556, only sixteen years after its commencement, the Jesuits could number "twelve provinces, a hundred houses, and upwards of a thousand members, dispersed over the whole known world." At that period, too, the General of the Order was in correspondence with nearly all the kings and princes of Europe, allaying quarrels, carrying on negotiations, and, above all, advancing the interests of his society. Meanwhile, Francis Xavier had advanced to the Celestial Empire. The scion of an illustrious family, this most eminent of missionaries was one of the earliest companions of Ignatius. At twenty-five he was a professor of philosophy in Paris; ten years afterwards he was setting out on a mission to India, clothed in rags, and with the certain prospect that his heroic exertions would be soon cut short by death. Here is a picture of the man on his arrival at Goa:—

"There Xavier was horror-struck at the indescribable degradation in which he found, not the Indian idolaters, but the Portuguese Catholics, their own priests foremost in the path of vice. The contempt that these proud conquerors had for a feeble and despised race, the clamour of the East, the wealth they found, the climate inspiring voluptuousness—all combined to banish from their breasts every sentiment of justice, shame, and honesty. The history of their debauches and immoralities is really revolting. Thirst for gold and voluptuousness were their two predominant passions; and the gold, acquired by infamous and cruel means, was dissipated in revolting and degrading deeds. Bartoli gives us a fearful picture of the demoralised condition of the Portuguese in India. But, without trusting implicitly to all this historian represents regarding their corruptions and licentiousness, we know by other sources that the corruption was extreme, and that it was their dissolute life that induced the Indians who had been converted to our religion, feeling ashamed of the name of Christian, to return to their idols. Xavier thought it would be useless to attempt converting the idolater before he had reformed the morals of the Christian; but he considered it neither prudent nor useful to attack so great an evil directly and openly. He rightly judged that the children would be most easily worked upon, and he resolved to reach this by exciting their love of novelties and unwonted sights. He armed himself with a hand-bell, which he swings with a powerful hand, throws away his hat, and calls in a loud and impressive tone on the fathers to send their children to be catechised. The novelty of the fact, the noble and dignified countenance of a man dressed in rags, could not fail to excite curiosity at least. Men, women, and children rush out to see this strange man, who draws along with him a crowd to the church, and there, with passionate and impressive eloquence, endeavours to inspire them with shame for their conduct, and lectures to them on the most essential rules of morality. Then he begins to teach the children the rudiments of the Christian religion, and these innocent creatures love to listen to a man who shows himself the kindest and gentlest companion, joyfully mixing in all their pastimes. A number of children soon became his constant auditors, and to say he did not work any good among them would be an untruth. Nor did he confine his apostolic ministry to the instruction of children. He was, on the contrary, indefatigable in his exertions to be of use to every one. He took up his abode in the hospital, visited the prisoner, assisted the dying. With a flexibility characteristic of the system, and often employed for the worst ends, he mixed with all classes, and spoke and acted in the most suitable manner to please them all. Often might you have seen him at the same table with the gambler—often did he by his gay humour rejoice the banquet table—often might he have been seen in the haunts of debauchees; and in all those places exquisite good taste, combined with just or bitter sarcasm *à-propos* to time and place, rendered the vice either ridiculous or loathsome. Many, to enjoy Xavier's friendship, renounced their profligate habits, and fell back to the paths of virtue. But it is a gratuitous assertion, and contradicted by Xavier himself, that the aspect of the town was changed by his predilections and catechising. We repeat it again—no man has the power to work such miracles."

We can only afford space for one more quotation. It is the story of the death of Ignatius:—

"But his career was now drawing to an end. The different occupations—the direction of both the spiritual and temporal matters of the order, which was already widely spread—the anxiety caused by the many conflicts in which the Society was engaged—the fear of defeat—the joy arising from success—his unrelenting activity—his uneasiness at seeing the pontifical chair occupied by Carraffa, always adverse to the order—all these things contributed to shorten his days. His constitution, which had been impaired in his youth, and in the cavern of Manreze, now gradually gave way; and although no symptom of his approaching end was yet visible, 'no paleness of countenance, not a sign in all his body,' nevertheless he felt the vital principle fading away within him, and that his last hour was rapidly drawing near. He tried the country air, and for this purpose went to a villa lately given by some friends for the use of the Roman college, but he found no relief. His strength was fast failing him; an unconquerable lassitude crept over his whole frame, and his intellect only remained clear and unchanged. He spoke of his illness, nay of his approaching end, to no body. He returned to Rome, and threw himself upon a bed. A doctor was sent for by the alarmed fathers, but he bade them be of good cheer, 'for there was nothing the matter with the general.' Ignatius smiled; and when the physician was gone, he gave orders to his secretary, Polancus, to proceed to the holy father straightway to recommend the Society to his care, and to obtain a blessing for himself (Ignatius), and indulgences for his sins. Perhaps he made this last attempt to disarm, by his humility, the inflexible Paul IV. (Carraffa), and so render him favourable to the Society. He was mistaken. Paul sent the requested benison, but he did not change his mind towards the Society. However, Polancus reassured by the doctor, and not seeing any danger himself, disregarded the order, postponing the fulfilment of his mission till next day. Meanwhile, after Ignatius had attended till very late to some affairs concerning the Roman college, he was left alone to rest. But what was the surprise and consternation of the fathers, on entering his room next morning, to find him breathing his last! The noise and confusion caused by such an unexpected event were great. Cordials, doctor, confessor, were immediately sent for; but, before any of them came—before Polancus, who only now ran to the Pope, returned—Loyola had expired. His demise took place at five o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July 1556, in his sixty-fifth year. So ended a man who is extolled by the one party as a saint, execrated by the other as a monster. He was neither. Most assuredly, in the Protestant point of view, and by all those who advocate the cause of freedom of conscience, and of a return to the purity of the primitive religion of Christ, Ignatius ought to be detested above any other individual. To him and to his order belongs the mournful glory of having checked the progress of the Reformation, and of having kept a great part of Europe under the yoke of superstition and tyranny."

"And here we are led to mention a fact which we think has hitherto been unnoticed—the indulgence, we should say the impartiality, evinced by Protestant writers for these last ten years towards the Jesuits, and especially the founders of the order. The fact must be explained. The Jesuits, from 1830 to the end of 1848, seemed to have lost all public favour, all influence and authority. Persecuted and hooted in France, Switzerland, Russia, hated in their own dominion, Italy, they were considered as a vanquished enemy, deserving rather commiseration than hatred. A reaction ensued in their favour among their most decided opponents. Generous souls rose up to defend these persecuted men, and stretched out a friendly hand to them, thus trodden upon by all. Carried away with such chivalrous sentiments, they have embellished, with the colours of their fervid imaginations and the graces of their copious styles, whatever the Jesuit writers have related of their chiefs, and have represented Loyola and his companions as heroes of romance rather than as real historical characters. We leave these writers to reflect whether the Jesuits are a vanquished enemy, or whether they are not still redoubtable and menacing foes. But with deference to such distinguished writers as Macaulay, Taylor, Stephen, and others, we dare to assert that in writing about the Jesuits they were led astray by the above romantic sentiments; and we should moreover warn them that their words are quoted by the Jesuit writers Cretineau, Pellico, &c., as irrefragable testimony of the sanctity of their members."

We must now recommend our readers to M. Nicolini's book. To be written by an Italian, the style and composition are remarkable. Great care and labour have been used in the collection of the facts, and, for persons who have not the time or will to consult more ambitious histories, M. Nicolini's work will serve every purpose.

#### A BATCH OF BOOKS.\*

*The Shady Side* is a picture of clerical life in America, the moral of the story being, that "flocks" are sadly deficient in the discharge of their duties to their pastors. Establishment or no establishment, there is the same complaint from the ill-paid portion of the priesthood. The clergy are shut out from all profitable occupation, and demand to be paid in kind for their exclusion. In early times, this appeal was made with great success. The maxim was recognised, and the coffers of the Church were filled with offerings from the zeal of converts. Now-a-days, the case is different. In England, the condition of "poor curates" is one of the crying scandals of the wealthy establishment, and, if we are to believe the *Pastor's Wife*, the voluntary principle produces no better results. *Edward Vernon*, the hero of our story, passed through a successful career at College. In his cradle, he had been destined for the ministry; and, though tempted for a time by the more brilliant prospects of the bar, he finally resolved, in obedience apparently to the wishes of a dying sister, "to dedicate himself to the great work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ." It was not without considerable misgivings that he arrived at this conclusion: at length he was fully satisfied, and his reputation easily procured him an early "call." Of the first eighteen months we hear little or nothing; but at the end of that time Mr. VERNON marries, and his wife is chosen from a family who are not his parishioners. This is "the head and front of his offending;" the day of his marriage is the date of all his troubles. *Mrs. Pritchard*, a match-making old woman, was aggrieved; Miss Olivia Cook was fairly insulted; scarcely a woman was there in the parish, young or old, who did not resent the choice of her minister. The truth is, of course, that clergymen have no right to marry. Domestic cares are incompatible with the discharge of spiritual functions, and a priest should close his heart against the sympathies of his kind. The rest of the story is very briefly told. *Edward Vernon* passes from *Salmon* to *Millville*, from *Millville* to *Olney*, but everywhere his expenses exceed his income; his applications for money are rudely rebuffed; his sermons lose their vigour; his ministrations are cold; and he dies at last of brain fever. His life, indeed, was not one cloud of sorrow, but every joy was damped by the consciousness of pinching poverty.

We can honestly recommend *The Shady Side*. It is obviously a record of experiences, and is written in a fresh, truthful style that is extremely attractive. We have only room for one quotation. It is a description of *Millville*, the second scene of *Edward Vernon's* labours:—

\* *The Shady Side*. By a Pastor's Wife. Constable.—*The Earnest Student*. Constable.—*Out of Darkness*. By Sir W. A. Beckett. J. J. Guillaume.—*Alce Dermott's History of Rome*. Groombridge.—*The Half Sisters*. By Miss Dowdall. Chapman and Hall.—*The Sea Lions*. By J. F. Cooper. Hodgson.—*Mark's Reef*. By J. F. Cooper. Hodgson.—*Select Works of Dr. Chalmers*. Vol. I. Constable and Co.—*Macaulay's Essays*. People's Edition. Longmans.—*Mormonism*. Longmans.—*The Third Napoleon*. An Ode. Hearne.—*Tales and Lays*. By J. A. Longford. Hughes.—*The Last Days of Disarth*. By W. C. Starbuck. Saunders and Otley.—*Pope's Works*. By Dr. Croley Adam Scott.

"A woollen-factory and cotton-mill stand on the twin streams at their nearest point of proximity, while beyond them, on either side, rise the massive foundry and the paper-mill. The bogs, drained and filled with gravel from the hills, assume the form of respectable *terra firma*, across which one street only deserves the name of 'straight,'—the other two conforming somewhat to the sinuosities of the stream. In the centre of the village, erected before building-lots were at a premium, with comfortable elbow-room, stands the oldest church, its tall spire struggling up between the hills, in vain effort to see or be seen at a distance. Two other Christian temples, of later date, are wedged in by a row of shops and warehouses. A few spacious dwellings, and many smaller ones, of all sorts and sizes, hurriedly erected, fill up the picture.

"What though the ground is low, and never sees the sun at its rise or setting? what if the frost-kings make here his earliest visits, and his last? what though the air is humid, and unhealthy vapours after night-fall chill the blood?—here throbs the restless, busy heart of a manufacturing village. It is a stirring, thriving place. All kinds of people are wanted here, and it has attractions for all.

"The business of the place was mainly in the hands of three principal proprietors—men whose policy nicely harmonised, and who monopolised the village trade at their respective establishments, all giving their operatives 'store pay,' at high prices. If there were any villagers who were not producers, or whose interests were not in some way involved with the factories, disposed to murmur at the price of merchandise, there was no remedy but a journey of some distance to a town where competition made prices equitable.

"The three moneyed men aforesaid held a nominal connexion with the Christian church; but so absorbed were they in worldly schemes, that it was sometimes difficult to tell whether they served God or mammon. They had too much conscience, ay, and too much regard to their business interests, not to support the institutions of the Gospel; but there was about their own example little savour of practical godliness. They were shrewd, cool, worldly-wise men. They wanted a handsomely-furnished church, and a talented minister, and were willing to offer a nominally generous salary. This done, they felt at liberty to put him under the screw, as they would any other operative in their pay; that was all in the way of business.

"Mr. Smith, their first pastor, began the enterprise of building up a congregation. He was indefatigable, and worked hard, and was quite successful; but they soon outgrew him, and he must needs give place to a more popular man. They were 'a growing people,' and they made large calculations. They should soon have a railway—and they meant to have a bank; and in half a dozen years they would become a borough; and some ten years thereafter they might be a city. Other sects were towering up among them; it was really important to get a smart man as Mr. Smith's successor. So they ran to and fro, and sent forth many a theologian; but none who came at their call had, in their estimation, sufficient 'pile of forehead' to match their diadem. At length they borrowed a new city notion, and despatched a delegation to hear one and another unsuspecting minister.

"The report from Salem was so glowing, that a resolution was at once passed, authorising the committee to make a statement to Mr. Vernon, and invite him to preach a Sabbath in Millville. This was met by a declinature, made in all sincerity, which served only to strengthen desire on the part of the applicants. They kept their eye on the Salem minister, and, when circumstances seemed more favourable, renewed the request. He came, as we have seen, and the waves of popular approval ran high; and definite proposals for settlement were made with speed. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Moulton, was a shrewd, plausible man. He talked largely and fluently of the prosperous condition of Millville. He pointed to the extensive business of the place, to his foundry in particular—the largest establishment of the kind in New-England. He pointed to their handsome church and parsonage, asserting that in the last two years they had built the latter and furnished the former, in addition to the purchase of a fine bell. He spoke of their liberal appropriation for sacred music the previous winter. And as to the salary—they knew what it cost to live—they wanted their minister to live handsomely—they would give seven hundred dollars *now*, and doubted not they would be able to increase the sum after another year or two, as they were 'a growing people.' To be sure, house-rent was rather high; they should be obliged to ask a hundred for the parsonage; but they got up splendid *donation parties* here, which would nearly counterbalance this deduction.

"These flattering items, which were received as sober verity, we will bear in mind, as we shall have occasion to refer to them hereafter. The prospect looked bright to the young minister; the pleasing exterior caught his fancy; he accepted 'the call.' Had he known that it was the mere outside of the parish he had seen, and that the most imposing—had he been told that he had not caught the first truthful glimpse of its interior life in its relations to the pastorate, he would have hesitated long to leave an intelligent, reliable, and confiding people, for the ostentatious, slippery, fickle parish of Millville."

*The Earnest Student* is a biography, consisting chiefly of a diary and correspondence of John Mackintosh. Mr. Mackintosh was born in 1822, and died in 1851. He appears to have been a successful pupil at the New Academy, in Edinburgh. He then passed some time at Glasgow, where he resolved to become a minister in the establishment. In 1841 he is at Cambridge, where he studies with extraordinary zeal, but does not graduate. Finally he joins the Free Church movement, but is prevented by ill health from taking orders. The latter portion of his life was spent on the Continent, and it is of this period that his biographer chiefly treats. The book is of little interest except as a record of spiritual experiences, and to the personal friends of John Mackintosh. And still the continental letters are always instructive and sometimes amusing. At all events, they are written by a gentleman and a scholar.

Sir William A'Beckett, Chief Justice of Victoria, gives us the result of a summer's holiday on the Continent. Disgusted with the so-called summer of England during the months of June and July, 1853, he left London about the middle of August, determined to enjoy himself in a three months' ramble, whithersoever his fancy might take him, keeping always briskly on the move.

Sir William took no notes, and writes from memory. *Out of Harness* is a lively, sketchy, little book of travels: the author does not aim at doing more than conveying an idea of his own impressions and feelings. It is certainly a great satisfaction to gallop through a great part of the Continent, in a hundred pages, without being bored to death with historical and antiquarian discussions. In a word, if a man is worth listening to we are glad to learn what he saw and learnt,—if we want to read history, we can consult the proper authorities. As a specimen of the author's style, we quote a piece of practical advice, with which the book concludes:—

"I have a warning to give, however, which is not found in Murray—don't include in your bargain with a volitur, your expenses of living on the road. It saves you money, certainly, but your accommodation and fare are so different from what they are when you, and not the volutier, are the paymaster, that few who have tried it once would repeat the experiment. I speak particularly of Italy; such agreements indeed are seldom made in Switzerland. At Oistera, our first day's journey from Rome, on the Naples road, our dinner was so meagre, and the attention so reluctant, that I sent for the innkeeper, and asked him to tell me candidly if we were being treated in this way because he was paid by the volutier. He admitted that it was so, excusing himself on the ground of the low price paid him, of which he told us the amount, begging, however, we would say nothing on the subject to the volutier. We found that it was hardly one-third of the sum we had paid to the latter, and certainly was not enough for justice to the traveller and profit to the innkeeper. I must say, however, that we had at Oistera the disadvantage of a cardinal and the passengers of a diligence dining at the same time; but still the pickings of even a cardinal's repast are not altogether pleasant, and upon this occasion did not appear to be very choice, for we had a strong suspicion that one of the dishes was buffalo, a suspicion that became confirmed, when the next day we passed large herds of those animals in the Pontine marshes. To make sure of a decent meal in future, we made a private arrangement with the hotelkeeper, independently of the sum paid him by the volutier."

"To those who may be contemplating a similar tour to that which has been described in these pages, it may not be uninteresting to know, without going into detail, something of the expense. Our party consisted of five adults, and from the period of our leaving London, on the 18th of August, until our return on the 15th of November, our expenses, including every item—sight-seeing, carriages, theatres, guides, &c. &c.—did not average more than 15s. per head per diem. Had we made a longer stay at the places where we stopped, the average would have been materially less; but when it is considered that we were not more than one month out of the three stationary, and that we travelled during the other two, a distance altogether, on going and returning, of nearly four thousand miles, it cannot be said that travelling on the continent is very costly. A similar excursion could not have been made in England for double the sum."

*Mac Dermott's History of Rome* is intended for the use of the more advanced classes in schools, and for such teachers as have not had opportunity to examine the researches of modern writers on Roman History. It embraces the whole period from the earliest times to the death of Vespasian, and sums up very concisely the results of the original investigations of Niebur and the other writers who may be said to have created the history of the Roman Republic. The rise and fall of Rome is the most striking episode in the history of humanity. The early legends will never lose their attraction, and Englishmen can never fail to study with filial interest the laws which they have to a great extent inherited. Always, therefore, we give a hearty welcome to any one who attempts to popularise the subject. To all who wish to learn how Rome advanced to universal empire, and yet are unable to master the more elaborate works of Niebur and Arnold, Mr. Mac Dermott's book will be a valuable acquisition.

The other books on our table are chiefly republications. From Mr. Hodgson, we have two sea novels by Fenimore Cooper, which need no recommendation. In addition to *The Shady Side*, published at 1s., Messrs. Constable are re-issuing Dr. Chalmers' works. From Longmans, we have another number of Macaulay's Essays, and the well-known article on *Mormonism*, reprinted from the last *Edinburgh*. Three new poets have also appeared, but these, together with a new edition of *Pope*, by Dr. Croly, we must reserve for future criticism.

#### A RUSSIAN PAMPHLET.\*

##### III.

[We repeat the caution that throughout these Articles it is the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe" who speaks. We do but report.]

To explain, if not to justify, the personal policy of the Emperor of the French, considerations are alleged which we think quite beneath his character. We have heard, it is true, of a war between Sweden and Poland, occasioned by the omission of a third *etc.* to the royal titles, but history explains how this question of etiquette was put forward to mask certain interests of a less avowable nature at issue between the two States. Are we to credit the supposition accredited in some circles in France, and elsewhere, that this Eastern Question has been taken up so warmly for the sake of provoking an European crisis, to result in the completion of the Empire by the restoration of its "natural frontiers?" Are the treaties of 1815 to have their Second of December? After all, the idea would not be new. It was announced in the Chamber in 1840. The talk then was of re-conquering the Rhine, Belgium, and Piedmont, revolutionising Italy, &c. The talk now is of counterbalancing the *Colossus that menaces Europe with an irruption of barbarians*—a milder pretext for aggression. We hear whispers of offering Poland to Prussia, in exchange for her Rhenish provinces: to the Germanic Confederation, Schleswig Holstein made into a kingdom for the family of King Leopold; to Denmark, Norway; to Sweden, Finland; to the King of Sardinia, Italy; to Austria, the whole course of the Danube. England having nothing to give up on the continent, would receive in consideration of her self-denying assistance, Egypt, and a *rock or two* in the Black Sea and the Baltic to complete her commercial system for the benefit of the human race. We have every reason to think she would be satisfied with this compensation. The Sultan, to whom is the honour of having provoked the conflict, would not be lost sight of in the distribution: in exchange for Egypt and the Danube, he would take the Crimea and the coasts of the Black Sea and the sea of Azof, which formerly belonged to the Porte, and which the last half-century has increased in value a hundredfold. Georgia, and the Caucasus too, would be restored to the Sultan, to satisfy the necessities we have already mentioned.

No doubt it was the thought of this combination that made a British minister say, that "the position of Russia was desperate"—a corollary of the bacchanalian inspirations of certain banquets, and of the engagements contracted by Admiral Napier, which that admiral afterwards hastened to correct, out of pure modesty. When we compare modern English statesmen with Pitt and Chatham, and modern admirals with Nelson and Hotham, we perceive a great moral decadence under the proud material prosperity of Old England. Yet we believe these statesmen better than their speeches. Their oratorical weakness only proves the total absence of convictions: real eloquence is impossible without sincerity. Let us, therefore, consider the bravado of the Ministerial speeches in Parliament and after dinner as a forcible appeal to the—taxpayers. But will the Ministers who have provoked this war live to see its issue, or to be called to account for the mingled perfidy and rashness of their declarations? Why, not even Napoleon himself, with all the *prestige* of his victories, and when the earth trembled under the tramp of his legions, ever fulminated such threats. Russia, not yet conquered, is condemned, forsooth, to renounce all her conquests cemented by a century and a half of civilisation—condemned too to indemnify the costs of the war. What are the exploits, we would ask, of British arms, which give the Ministers of the Crown authority to decide in this summary fashion the destinies of a great empire. Forty years have elapsed since Waterloo, the apogee of British prowess. Nor let it be forgotten, that that victory, the climax of incalculable efforts, and of sacrifices which will long weigh on England, was not due to England alone. Did not Wellington himself tell Blücher on the field of battle that the victory was *his*? And the Dutch and Belgian blood shed in streams upon that plain—is that forgotten? Does England arrogate to herself alone the glory of having reduced the giant of his epoch to his last great stake? Since that

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

mighty battle, which we do not seek to cheapen, British exploits, on the European field at least, are limited to Navarino, and the operations on the Syrian coast in 1840. We leave to more competent military critics to judge the merits of these exploits. We shall simply take leave to say, that neither the destruction of the Turkish fleet, nor the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, nor the expeditions of the British armies and fleets against the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Cafres, will persuade us to take the recent prophetic utterances of Lord Clarendon seriously. If it was a question of intrigues, if intrigues alone could bring an empire sustained by a million bayonets to destruction, the genius of the English Ministry would be far more formidable to Russia and the Continent. Portugal and Spain, Morocco and Algiers, Messina, Naples, Rome, Milan, Florence and Venice, Switzerland and Hungary, more especially Greece, Egypt, and Turkey, bear witness enough to the power of intrigue, and to the art of paralyzing your enemies one after the other (and by 'enemies' we mean every state which asserts the right to live its own life), at one time by isolating and then insulting, at another by letting loose the tempests of revolution.

But these resources have not sufficed to intimidate Russia or to make her accept humiliations in the East. Notwithstanding the powerful co-operation of France, the success of English policy, now that the struggle is to be decided by the sword, is at least problematical, except in one sense—we mean the ruin of continental commerce as in 1848. England seeks her recompense in the contest itself rather than in its results. That France and England meant war while professing peace is proved by their rejection of the Vienna note. Had there been the least sincere disposition to peace, they might well have been satisfied with the modifications imposed by the Four Powers upon the original demands of Russia. But while the Four Powers drew up that Note which Russia, relying on their good faith, was induced to accept, the influence of one Ambassador at Constantinople prevailed over the unanimous decision of Europe, and war was precipitately declared.

The Sultan seriously believed in the rights of independence and sovereignty which the Western Powers affected to attribute to him in order to prevent his guaranteeing to Russia the rights of the Greek Church—the only act of his which could have prolonged the dying hours of his Empire, and averted the disasters that are now desolating the Eastern world, Christian and Mussulman alike. Here let us pause to note one episode in the diplomatic drama which passed almost unnoticed. The refusal of Turkey to accede to the Vienna propositions had been secured by Lord Stratford beforehand. In July (*des le mois de juillet*), the British Ambassador had suggested to the Turkish Ministry the idea of convoking an extraordinary council of sixty dignitaries, to submit to them the Russian demands in this form: *are they compatible with the interests and honour of Turkey?* The reply could not but be negative under the influence, at that time all powerful in the Ottoman councils, of the fanatic Mehmet Ali, the Sultan's brother-in-law, who menaced the Sultan himself with the vengeance of the Sofas. And this reply was solemnly recorded by a public act signed by all the high dignitaries of the Empire in, and out of, office; by all the chief secretaries of the Ministries and the chiefs of the Ulemas; in short, by every personage who could possibly form a part of any Ministry. This proclamation was profusely distributed throughout the empire. It was thus that, at the instigation of Lord Stratford, the honour and interests of the Porte were irreparably committed against the demands of Russia, even if those demands were, in a modified form, supported by the Concert of the European Powers.

All this time, while negotiations were carried on, and peace was preached, and unhappy Turkey was victimised by her friends, the end of all these efforts and provocations was war. If at the outset Russia had been placed in an inextricable position, she had now no alternative but decadence and dishonour. Public opinion was misled by the secret operations of diplomacy preaching peace and provoking war, and by the vociferations of a revolutionary press, while the Russian Government scrupulously abstained from rousing the national susceptibility; and even when Turkey declared war, she occupied the Principalities with a force limited to the strictly defensive, and scarcely increased her armaments. She did not even prevent the exportation of corn when Western Europe was stricken with dearth. We cannot give clearer proof of the good faith of Russia throughout the negotiations. She was the dupe of her own misplaced confidence in the probity of her enemies; while she was accused of outwitting all the world by her diplomacy. But there has been such an elaborate perversion of all theories of international law, and such a confusion of right and wrong, that the *navarino combat of Sinope* was actually considered almost an infraction of treaties, and called a butchery and an insult. *Sinope has positively been compared with Copenhagen!*

Thus passed the last months of 1853, and it was not until February of the present year that Russia was driven to abandon her system of moderation, and to take up proudly the gauntlet of defiance by increasing her armaments and giving publicity to the enemy's insults. So scrupulous had been the desire of the Russian Government to lull rather than to excite the popular passions, that it had not even permitted the journals to publish the atrocities committed by the Turks at the capture of the Fort St. Nicholas, at the beginning of the hostilities,—such, for example, as the crushing of a priest between two planks, and the crucifixion of a custom-house officer, by name Gourié, by the soldiers of Selim Pacha. But in February, at length Russia responded to the enemy's imprecations and insults by patriotic songs, by voluntary gifts, by popular demonstrations which recalled 1812, and which were all the more formidable from her ancient hatred of the oppressor of her Church and faith. In 1812 the Russian people knew only one enemy—Napoleon; now it beholds two Western nations the satellites of Mahomet. In 1812 it had not all the consciousness of power; it had not traversed the capitals of Europe as a liberating army: now the consciousness of real strength and of its intellectual and moral development is exalted by the presumption of invincible prowess, and by the holiness of the cause which it is summoned to defend. Without asserting that Russia is invincible, it is clear to any one who has studied the character of the Slave populations that it will take ten years' successive disasters to shake the confidence of Russia in her government and herself. Military glory is capable of great deeds;

but the consciousness of duty and the confidence of faith, which are the basis of the moral character of the Russian army, inspire a more persevering courage than the *prestige of glory*: and when these feelings are tempered by the religious convictions which now animate the Russian army and people, we may well believe that army superior to all dangers.

We once travelled in the East in company with a French colonel, a veteran of the *grande armée*. He had been a captain at the battle of Krasnoï; the most profound and affecting impression he had preserved of that field was of one evening when the fire of the armies was slackening as if by a tacit consent of both parties; he was at the outposts, at a very short distance from the enemy; the calmness of the Russian soldiers, leaning on their muskets, and regarding the French with an apathetic *bonhomie*, struck the French with a superstitious terror. One can understand the *mot* of Napoleon, that with such soldiers it is not enough to mow them with grapeshot, you must knock them down afterwards.

The present war assumes the character of a national war; the menaces of the allied fleets to the north and south of the empire stamp it with this character. Not so the western nations; they will only feel the war in taxes and burdens; the popular passions will subside; is it supposed that one campaign will bring the contest to a close—that the destruction of the Russian fleets, and the bombardment of a few towns on the coast will reduce a government to sue for peace which feels itself invincible in the inexhaustible sympathies of a nation? The Russian people asks: "What have we done to these men in the West that they should insult us and make war upon us? They come among us to get rich, and our rich men go to spend their money among them; we sell them wheat, and flax, and timber; they send us nothing but *finery*. Forty years ago they laid waste our country, pillaged our churches, profaned the tombs of our Czars; and when our emperor, Alexander, led us into their cities, we did not break a pane of glass; yet they are attacking us again because our emperor has prevented the Turks from persecuting the orthodox faith."

Western Europe may spin subtle theories about the balance of power and the necessity of restraining the ambition of Russia, but they will be of little avail against the simple natural reasoning of the Russian people. It is only simple ideas that can move the heart of a people: subtle theories have only begotten sects and heresies. This phantom of aggression has long been invoked to rouse the Western peoples against Russia. Their good sense, we believe, will soon or late discover the hollowness of the delusion. To England, indeed, conscious of her supremely factitious existence, floating always in the midst of fears—fear of invasion, of emancipation of her colonies, of the renewal of the continental system—to England phantoms are realities. Yet surely to her the fear of Russia is a chimera: Russia threatens neither her coasts nor her colonies, nor even her Indian possessions.

Russia is for ever accused of projects of aggrandisement. No doubt when she first entered into the political system of Europe she became threatening to her neighbours. A young and vigorous nation entering upon civilisation created for herself wants which she could only satisfy by a development proportionate to the destiny assigned to her position between east and west. She must have seas and harbours at north and south. The successors of Peter the Great faithfully fulfilled the task bequeathed to them by that colossal genius whose conceptions and previsions are still a code, a political revelation for Russian statesmen. A century after his decease the conquests he marked out were accomplished; but the material resources of his Empire remained to be worked out. The present successor of Peter closed the era of conquest, and devoted his energy to the construction of those public works, canals, roads, railways, industrial and manufacturing establishments which were to complete the conceptions of his ancestor.

The most ridiculous calumnies have been published of late years upon the pretended hereditary policy of the Russian Emperors, and even an apocryphal testament of Peter the Great has been fabricated for the purpose. These absurdities and mystifications prove at least that Europe believes in the perseverance of Russia in the accomplishment of the work which Peter the Great began.

Just at the time when Russia's career of conquests was closed, and when that empire was no longer a menace, but a guarantee of the peace of Europe and the observance of treaties; when all her attention was directed to internal and pacific developments, a retrospective and factitious alarm seizes upon the mind of the West, and fabulous projects of aggrandisement, never dreamt of at the time of the successive incorporation of the Crimea and the Caucasus, of Poland, Finland, and Bessarabia, are attributed to Russia. And the multitude believe these fables. It is their privilege. But do you, statesmen and serious politicians, do you credit them? You do not; but you permit, you encourage these absurdities; you stimulate and inflame these fears of a distant enemy as a condition of your own security and impunity at home. You fear the moral ascendancy of Russia. To express our convictions with perfect frankness, we believe your design to be reducible to the following formula:—England has succeeded in securing the co-operation of France for the realisation of her own designs in the East against Russia. France hopes, in her turn, to secure the co-operation of Russia and of Austria to realise her plans in Germany, and to complete what the Emperor of the French has always considered to be his providential mission—the restoration to the empire of its natural frontiers. The idea is dazzling; it is Napoleonic. But will all Germany throw her weight into the balance for a cause which is not her own? Will she compromise her destinies for the advantage of the mercantile greed of England and the baffled and unsated ambition of France? Does she not instinctively perceive that the "frontiers of the Rhine" imply, soon or late, their inevitable complement, the Protectorate of the confederation, the Protectorate again of the continental blockade and naval war which, with the aid of steam, will land the French on the English coast. . . . We will not proceed further with this chain of deductions, which disappear before the eternal principle of history, never to repeat itself. Austria and Prussia for having failed to arrest these troubles at their outset by an unequivocal policy, may be called upon to expiate their fatal hesitations by defending the territory assigned to them in exchange for their honour? Will they do so? For the furtherance of their designs, Western statesmen have conspired with German demagogues. Russia's natural solicitude in

favour of her national Church is represented by factitious clamour as a project of aggrandisement. The attitude of the allies towards Turkey herself proves that Russia desired nothing but the tranquillity of the East, for peace would have been preserved if Russia could have persuaded Turkey that the only reform which, in the hazardous career of reforms she was entering upon, could prolong her existence, was that of her oppressive régime with respect to the Christians. In his chivalrous frankness, the Emperor Nicholas did not stand forward as the champion of the Ottoman empire, which he considered as a sick man hopelessly dying; but he endeavoured to prepare the way for a political, moral, and Christian regeneration of the East, and to guarantee the peace of the world in the crisis he saw approaching. He reserved for himself only the satisfaction of a Sovereign, and of a Christian fulfilling his duty to his people and to his own religious sympathies, and to his Church, which for ages has counted upon Russia, her youngest daughter, for her salvation.

It is the pretext of this initiative that the people and the Governments of Western Europe, shaken in their principles and traditions by the Revolution, have seized to isolate Russia, and to declare war.

Are the natural consequences of the re-action in Russian feeling against Western civilisation, a subject for your congratulation? Russia was becoming rapidly occidentalised in tastes, manners, language, and luxuries, when the war came to drive her back in haughty isolation to her old Oriental principle, hostile to Europe. Seventy millions of men subdued by the pacific civilisation of the century to modern society, repudiate and repel the advances of the West. "So much the better," perhaps you say: "let Russia return to her ancient barbarism, to the epoch of her Grand Dukes of Muscovy, and to her old frontiers, from the Pruth and the Araxes, to the Dnieper and the Don. As fellow-guests at the banquet of modern civilisation we prefer the Turks, who are more accommodating, especially since the Russians have accustomed them to be beaten."

We believe, in the sincerity of your wishes, but we doubt their wisdom. If, however, you persist in them, let us remind you that history never recedes. Look at the political and administrative organisation of the Russian empire, and even if you fail to recognise the decrees of Providence in the genius of men like Peter the Great, and in the prodigious vitality of that element which tends to incorporate and dissolve the Mussulman populations, ask if such a nation, and such a system, can be hurled back two hundred years? States, like men, are born to flourish, decay, and perish, some by a natural, others by a violent death; but never has a youth become a child again; and the experiment of restoring youth to age by transfusion, has long been abandoned. The nations which subsist only by industry and commerce, by absorbing the riches of other nations, the blood of the social body, it is they who are attempting before our eyes the miserable experiment of transfusion. As for Russia, she lives by her own life and her own resources; and by the special favour of Providence she might, at the worst, live independent of the rest of the world altogether. It is, then, the interest of the West, rather to conciliate than to isolate the Russian Empire.

Russia, it is known, was the only State unmoved by the revolutionary earthquake in '48. Polish peasants gave up to the authorities the emissaries of Posen and Galicia, and the German Provinces of the Empire offered a free gift of many thousand horses for the remount of the cavalry. Such was public spirit on the Western frontier of the Empire in '48. Yet the Emperor Nicholas, interested in the repose of Europe, and disdaining to imitate the selfish and scandalous isolation of England, armed his reserves: in Denmark, Hungary, and the Principalities, he appeased the storm. At home he devoted his attention to public works and material interests; abroad he negotiated treaties of commerce with secondary States who had no equivalent to offer. He laboured to harmonise the commercial rivalries of Austria and Prussia, and to combat English intrigues. His conduct in '48 was that of his brother Alexander, when, arbiter of Europe, he guaranteed the integrity of France, and thus realised, not by a written pact, but by a stronger moral pact, the grand idea of Napoleon—the idea which Napoleon preserved even in his war against Russia—the alliance of France with Russia. After so many and striking pledges of moderation given to Europe by the two Imperial brothers, what must the Russian people feel at those cries of hate which resound in the West, and at that aggressive coalition, cemented by the mercantilism of England and the personal adventurism of the heir of Napoleon?

No, you will neither drive back the frontiers nor the civilisation of Russia, but you will make her menacing to Europe by seeking to expel her, and you will realise the phantom you have conjured up. You will reanimate the spirit of her distinct nationality, while it is impossible to deprive her of her political experience, her administration and industrial development, her financial elasticity and enormous land credit (*crédit foncier*) which is capable of issuing millions of assignats.

With such material and moral forces even reverses will only brace up her strength and give fresh energy to her people. Faith has always performed miracles, and faith retains its fervour in a country whose ruler is invested with a moral authority more powerful even than her army of a million men. The sympathy of the Slave, Greek, and Asiatic populations of the Eastern countries is assured to her against the sacrilegious union of the Crescent with the Christian flags. Within the empire Anglomaniac and Gallomania are no more; the pernicious influence of a parasitical and exotic civilisation is incapable of prostrating the national energy. Yet thousands of French and English remain in Russia protected in their peaceful industry. Many of them have become naturalised Russians. On the other hand, the officers of two Russian frigates, compelled to put into Portsmouth for repairs last October, were daily exposed to the insults of a population whose Government was at the same time profuse in protesting the sincerest friendship.

Among the most accredited accusations against the Russian Government there is one which finds acceptance in elevated circles, and which tends to arouse the susceptibilities of Austria. It is that of a Pan Slavist propaganda. Now this idea is not even of Russian origin. It is a theory of Russian revolutionists, and like every theory of race in politics, a pure creation of revolutionary ideologues. This theory of race was in high favour in '48 at Frankfurt and Pesth. We believe it equally false in politics and in philosophy. The predominant idea of Russia, ever since the foundation of the empire by Peter

the Great, has been the progressive union of the Slave race with the peoples incorporated by conquest; and this work of legislation operates successfully under the impulse of modern civilisation, which respects at once the national traditions in the past and the peculiar sympathies of every race. This is the secret of the sympathy so conspicuously Russian in Finland as in Livonia, among the Tartars of the Crimea, and the Mussulmans of the Trans-Caucasian provinces.

But the *Journal de Constantinople* has improved on this accusation by convicting the Russian policy of Panrussism. We will not venture to discuss this Colossus, whether in theory or in expectancy. Supposing it to mean a project of universal conquest, we will simply recall the old principle of "who proves too much proves nothing," and remind our readers of the world being round, which reduces all ideas of universal conquest to the formula of zero. As for Pan Slavism, after having visited Russia, and cultivated Russian society, we found the idea rested on a mistake of words. We never heard a Russian mention Pan Slavism, but we have listened to long and passionate discourses on Slavism, as the true and sacred source of civilisation for Russia, in opposition to the all-absorbing Western element. Whenever we glanced at the Slaves of Austria, the Bohemians, and the Illyrians, the reply was, "They belong to the West, they are more than half Germans, and they are Catholics: we have nothing but a few literary traditions in common with the Western branch of the Slave race." And even this is the language of a few hot-headed enthusiasts: the government has no share in opinions which are subversive of the policy of Peter the Great. There is such a thing as opinion even in Russia: if its publicity is restrained it finds an outlet in literary and poetical extravagance: but no shade even of "Slave opinion" in Russia has ever hinted at the incorporation of the Slave provinces of Austria and Turkey. The most exalted patriots speak of Russia's chief danger being her territorial extension. To attribute the conquest of Poland to the idea of Pan Slavism, would be to attribute to an Utopia impossible in the future the retroactive right of distorting historical facts—to prove one error by another even more absurd.

Pan Slavism has been preached, but by Polish emigrants in Austria and Turkey, against Russia. Ask the Serb and the Bulgarian, who preached to them the confederation of all the Slave peoples: ask the Greeks if it was a *savant* from Moscow or the Bavarian Fallmeier, who laboured to convince them that they were more Slave than Greek? The Bavarian will scarcely be suspected of having served as a Russian agent in his writings and his travels in the East. Ask the Editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, if the articles of M. Cyprien Robert, that great doctor of Pan Slavism, have passed the sifting process of the Russian censorship?

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### HIPPOLYTUS AND HIS AGE.

*Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity.* By C. C. J. Bunsen, D.D., &c. Longmans.  
*Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History, applied to Language and Religion.* By C. C. J. Bunsen, D.D., &c. Longmans.  
*Analecta Ante-Nicæna.* Collegit recensuit, illustravit C. C. J. Bunsen, D.D., &c. Longmans.

THE seven volumes whose titles we have transcribed form the second edition of *Hippolytus and his Age*, published, as our readers may recollect, three years ago, by Messrs. Longmans. M. Bunsen tells us, in his preface, that the first edition was disposed of in six months. The extraordinary interest attached to the publication of the work against Heresies was due, in some measure, to the fact that the Oxford authorities had, a short time previously, ascribed it to Origen. This theory, we venture to think, M. Bunsen has successfully demolished, and we do not intend to reopen the controversy. The preface to the second edition is chiefly occupied with a refutation of the numberless criticisms which appeared in the first publication of *Hippolytus*. In England, M. Bunsen's chief antagonist was Dr. Wordsworth, late Head Master of Harrow School; and a warm supporter of what is called the High Church party. The questions at issue between M. Bunsen and his critics are concerned with subjects on which it would be useless for us to express an opinion. But the work, which will henceforth bear the name of *Hippolytus*, presents us with a lively picture of the Christian Church in its earliest epochs:—"The problem was, first to reproduce the character of one of the leading men of ancient Christianity; and, secondly, to make that character and life reflect their light upon the later history of the Church in general, and on our own times in particular." The original work of four volumes has been expanded into seven.

The present volumes, therefore, appear flanked by two other works. The first presents in two parts a key to the philosophical, historical, and theological views which pervade *Hippolytus and his Age*. It bears the title: "Sketch of the Philosophy of Language and of Religion, or the Beginnings and Prospects of the Human Race." This sketch comprises the Aphorisms of the second volume of the first edition, better digested and worked out so as to form an integral part of a philosophical glance at the primordial history of our race with regard to the principle of development and of progress.

The second substructure, the philological, is also presented as a separate work, and forms three volumes. The remains of ante-Nicene documents constitute three sections, none of which have hitherto been given in a complete and satisfactory manner: the literary remains, the constitutional documents, and the liturgical records. Of these, the third section was critically almost a blank before the publication of my *Reliquiæ Liturgicæ*. I have had nothing to add to those liturgical texts; but I have this time printed *in extenso* the passages of the Syrian Jacobite liturgy which correspond with the Greek text, whereas, in the first edition, I only indicated that they were identical. But I have prefixed to those texts the *Elementa Liturgicæ*, popularly exhibited in my "Book of the Church."

It is obvious that as a history of primitive Christianity, M. Bunsen's work is invaluable. He has collected all the writings of early times which throw light upon the creed or practice of the Church. We are compelled, however, to do for the present any lengthened criticism, and must content ourselves with one more extract from the letters to Archdeacon Hare, which explains the fact of Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus (i.e. the harbour of Rome), being also designated presbyter, and affords one of the strongest proofs in favour of M. Bunsen's theory as to the authorship of the disputed book, so long ascribed to Origen—"The Refutation of all Heresies."

The ninth book gives still clearer evidence that at that time he resided at or near Rome, and was a member, and an eminent one, of the Roman presbytery. Even they who know no more of the primitive ecclesiastical polity than what they may have learned from Bingham

and Mosheim, must be aware that the six bishops of the towns and districts in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome formed, even in the second century, part of what was then called the Church of Rome. They were integral portions of her presbytery, and took part in the election of her bishop, and in the important functions of ecclesiastical discipline and administration. One of those suburban bishops was the Bishop of Portus, the new harbour of the Tiber, opposite to Ostia, formed by Trajan. Hippolytus, in almost all the ancient accounts respecting him, bears the title of *Episcopus Portuensis*: and we shall see later that there never was any other tradition about him. I will only say here, that his celebrated statue in the Vatican Library, found in the year 1551, in the very ancient cemetery near Rome, described (about the year 400) by Prudentius as the place of the burial of Hippolytus, the Bishop of Portus near Ostia, is sufficient to prove him to have been that bishop: for he is represented sitting on the episcopal chair or *cathedra*, and the Paschal cycle inscribed on the chair is a Western Roman one.

"But the book before us does not speak less clearly upon this subject. Without entering here into the detail of the curious contents of the ninth book, I will only refer to the numerous passages in it where the author speaks of himself, in the singular, as of an influential and active member of the Roman clergy; and he uses the word 'we' in acts of ecclesiastical authority exercised by the clergy as a body. Now though Origen paid a short visit to Rome about that time, when he was very young, he could never have acted that part or used that language, being simply a visitor from an Eastern church, if he had been at Rome under Callistus, which he was not.

"Our first argument evidently excludes Caius, as much as the second does anyone who was not a Roman clergyman at the time. That learned presbyter of the Church of Rome was indeed, like Hippolytus, a disciple of Irenæus; and another work of our author, and one which decides the authorship of a third, was ascribed in early times to Caius. But never was any work on the general history of heresies said to have been written by this Roman presbyter.

"Now an ordinary reader, finding so considerable a work assigned confidently to Origen, might suppose that some book under that title was really ascribed to the learned Alexandrian by some at least of the many ancient writers who treat of his literary achievements; yet there is not the slightest record that Origen ever wrote a work under any like title.

"But perhaps it may be the same with Hippolytus, whose station and history seem alone to agree with our book? On the contrary, a book of exactly the same title is ascribed almost universally to him, the Roman presbyter, and Bishop of Portus near Ostia.

"Eusebius (H. E. 22), speaking of Hippolytus, the celebrated author of the 'Chronological Annals,' which go down to the first year of Alexander Severus' (222), and of the 'Paschal Cycle,' which begins from the first year of that reign, mentions, amongst his works, that 'Against all the Heresies' (*πρὸς πᾶσας τὰς αἰρέσεις*). Jerome does the same, which must be considered in this case as an independent testimony; for he gives the titles of some works not mentioned by Eusebius. Epiphanius (Hær. xi. c. 33,) cites the name of Hippolytus, with those of Clemens of Alexandria and of Irenæus, as the principal authors who had refuted the Valentinian heresies, the treatises on which occupy so prominent a part in the book before us.

"Finally, the editor of the *Chronicon Paschale*, of the seventh century, quotes in the introduction to his compilation (completed by Mai's discoveries), after the letter of Peter, Bishop of Alexandria (who suffered martyrdom in 311), on the Paschal time, and another of Athanasius on the same subject, a passage from the work 'of Hippolytus, the witness of the truth, the Bishop of Portus near Rome, Against all the Heresies (*πρὸς πᾶσας τὰς αἰρέσεις ὑπὸ ῥαππα*),' about the heresy of the Quartodecimani; and I shall prove in my next letter, that this passage must have existed in our work, but that our present text gives us only an extract in this as in several other places.

"We may sum up the arguments brought forward hitherto in a few words. The book cannot have been written by Origen, nor even by Caius the presbyter, for it is written by a bishop: besides nobody ever attributed either to the Alexandrian or to the Roman Presbyter a book with a like title. On the other hand, such a book is ascribed by the highest authorities to Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, presbyter of the Church of Rome, who lived and wrote about 220, as the 'Paschal Cycle' and his statue expressly state."

As a contribution to the "divorce" controversy, we may add the following extracts from one of M. Bunsen's chapters on the social life of the early Christians:

"The Law of Divorce is part of the Law of Marriage, and ought, in Christian states, to be in unison with Christian principles. We have seen what these principles were in early Christianity: the Gospel and the Epistles show what they ought to be. The Latin Church, seduced by St. Augustine's sentimentality and utter want of common sense in points of law, has cut the knot by prohibiting divorce altogether, although such a prohibition is in glaring contradiction with the clear precept of Christ, with the doctrine of the Apostles, and with the discipline and practice of the ancient Church. The consequence of this unbelieving discipline has been, that in exclusively Roman Catholic states marriage has become to be considered as divorce. If you will make the marriage tie independent of its moral basis, the sanctity of the marriage life, you destroy what you intend to strengthen. Now the principles and germs of Protestant legislation in the sixteenth century were right, and identical over the whole of Europe. They may be reduced to the following formula. Marriage is indissoluble except by death: death is natural or civil; civil death is incurred by adultery, and by pertinacious, wilful desertion, when well established. This principle is proclaimed by the Reformation in England, and by all ecclesiastical ordinances of reformed governments on the Continent. But this germ was nowhere fully and consistently developed. In England the hierarchical reaction under James the First (which commenced under Elizabeth, and was not broken up by the monarchical reform of 1688 and the following years) produced one of the most glaring contradictions in principle and practice which the history of legislation exhibits. The Protestant principle, as to adultery (on the part of the wife), was maintained in acts of the highest legislative authority, but denied in the courts of justice. These courts judged according to the mediæval canon law, which admits of no divorce. Thus, by strict law, separation alone could be pronounced: the dissolution of the matrimonial tie required an Act of Parliament (a *privilegium* in the classical sense of the term); and divorce thus became, as it has well been said, the privilege of the aristocracy. The principle of civil death, as the consequence of pertinacious, wilful desertion, was entirely lost sight of in courts of law, and not even theoretically developed in works on jurisprudence. Thus, the middle and lower classes had no redress in either case, and the lowest retained the old Briton (not Saxon) custom of legalising the dissolution of marriage, in case of the infidelity of the woman, by a fictitious sale, which has given rise to so many absurd fables. The only counterpoise to the pernicious consequences which ensued was the sound moral state of the middle classes, raised by the Puritan movement of the middle of the seventeenth century, and confirmed by the moral settlement of the constitutional monarchy in 1688.

"Every one is now convinced that a reform is necessary, and will soon take place, because the public mind recoils from the luxury of the principles of the last century, and because the system of the seventeenth century is losing ground daily. Ignorance of the ancient Church law, and reactionary aversion to the principle of marriage by civil contract (as it existed in the early Church), merely because that principle was re-established by the Code Napoleon—these, and not popular licentiousness, stand in the way of efficient reform. Many governments seem to have still to learn that Protestant princes cannot aid Christianity, as their ancestors were called to do three hundred years ago by dictatorial acts, much less by the aid of the police. The nuptial benediction (like confirmation) is still considered by jurists of European reputation and court theologians to be more sanctified and more sure of respect when imposed by a police law, than when freely required by the parties. Every one, not as ignorant of ancient Church law as are some prejudiced and narrow-minded men, is aware that matrimony originates in the well-considered mutual consent of the two parties when qualified to form an opinion, that is to say, being of age; and that its consummation, the natural consequence of that consent, constitutes the mystery, the 'sacramentum' in marriage, even according to the more approved theory of the Roman Catholic canonists. The civil contract, as well as the religious ceremony, ratifies the pledge: the one ensures its legal consequences, the other hallows it in the face of the congregation, by prayer and moral admonition. The State has nothing to do with the second, when once the principle of intolerance and State-religion is abandoned. It cannot therefore admit of a religious ceremony,

substituted for the civil law of the land, having a civil effect. Christianity itself can expect little or no blessing from an act enforced by the law in order to ensure civil consequences: in France experience shows that the respect attaching to the religious ceremony is in an inverse ratio to the police compulsion. The same results have, as before observed, ensued in England since Peel's legislation.

"Here again, according to all appearances, England will take the lead, next year perhaps, and on principles which every friend of Protestant Christianity and of humanity must hail with thankfulness. These indeed can be no other than those of the Gospel. The sequel will be, that the Apostolical practice will be re-established as Christian law, as more or less correctly formulated by our reformers. There is only one point on which any doubt can exist. According to St. Paul's advice (for he lays down no rule, except where he gives it as 'a word of the Lord'), as interpreted and applied by the ancient Church, the wife ought under no circumstances to sue for the dissolution of the matrimonial tie, consequently not even on account of the infidelity of the husband. The universal feeling in the Christian world is unmistakably in favour of man and woman enjoying a perfectly equal position, in a moral point of view, and every apparent deviation from this principle will be very unpopular with the most respectable portion of society. But the question for the legislator to consider is, whether this feeling would be well applied to the law of divorce, or whether St. Paul's advice, and the undoubted use of the ancient Church (attested even by the Greek canons), be not founded upon an eternally true appreciation of human nature? So long as woman alone can bring forth children, so long can the highest trust of society, namely, the securing the paternity, be imposed only upon woman. Man cannot commit adultery in the strict sense (corrupted by St. Augustine in the western Church), because he cannot falsify his paternity. He may cause another's wife to commit adultery; in which case the complaint lies with the injured husband. The question is, whether his own wife is to have a right of claiming more than what she certainly ought to have, the right of separation; a form which continental legislation has foolishly rejected as papistic. No lawyer who knows the history of canon law will maintain that the form of temporary separation is of papistic origin, and every practical observer of the effects of such separation will acknowledge its expediency."

## Portfolio.

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

### A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF SOCIETY.

No. V.

August 5, 18—

MONTHS have passed away, and what is the result? It is not only that I was too sanguine, not only that I had indulged in splendid dreams, which I have utterly failed to realise, but I am like one fighting with the air. If I wring the truth—my own truth—from my heart of hearts, it is not as a clergyman that I can deliver it. I tried, as I said, to argue from an hypothesis. I told my congregation that if they believed in Christianity they must show their faith by their works. The doctrines which they professed meant nothing at all unless they were exemplified and vitalised, so to speak, in practice. But it has been a vain attempt. I find that to preach social truths is regarded as a profanation of the pulpit. I was very much struck, the other day, by a visit paid me by a friend whom I had not seen since he had taken orders. He was strangely altered. At college he had a reputation for genius, rather than for cleverness, but was, withal, atrociously idle. He had no ambition, and the work necessary to obtain an M.A.'s degree was child's play. He had abundance of money, and could, therefore, indulge his whims. He had no vices; did not seem to care even for the ordinary amusements of the place; scarcely sought companionship, and was what I may call an "allowed" man. No one was surprised to hear of his committing what in other people would have been denounced as extravagant or absurd. Well, I had not seen him for several years, when, the other day, he called upon me. He was dressed like a Roman Catholic priest, and wore, over everything else, a Carmelite cloak. He said at once, that he had come to talk to me about my soul. He had heard, with intense pain, that having once taken orders I had departed from my vows. Undisguisedly he told me that if a soul was lost which my words might have been the instrument of saving, the blood of that soul was on my head. He told me, that though externally an infidel, he did not think that I was so at heart, and I am convinced he believed it to be his duty to spare no effort for my conversion. He did not persuade me, but I could not fail of being intensely struck with his earnestness. Every word was full of life—each one seemed to burst like flame from a hidden fire of love and sympathy. Sometimes words fall loosely, as if they had no connexion with the man who utters them. In this case every sentence was a portion of the living heart. In other respects, too,—his position was remarkable. He is one of a new sect in the Established Church. In a word, he is a High Churchman preaching evangelical doctrine. He pleases neither party. He is decried, on one side, as a Methodist, on the other, as a Roman Catholic. Probably, therefore, he is in the right—for the Evangelicals appear to have the doctrine without the system, and the High Churchmen the system without the doctrine.

I often tried to find out what people meant when they said that they believed in a future world. I never could put the belief to a test, except on a death-bed, and there I have seen men writhing in spiritual agony. They had been taught the doctrine as children, had repeated it, parrotlike, as men, and it came back to them, hideously exaggerated by fear and delirium, on their death-beds. When I told my friend that I did not think there was much practical faith in Christianity in this day in any class, he admitted the fact, and pointed to Christ's saying, that "Many are called, but few chosen." If this is the truth, let us not flinch from it. Heaven is reserved for a few. The rest are doomed to eternal torture.

August 10, 18—

I am not writing in favour of the Roman Catholic Church, but I think that, if the Church of England aimed at worldly success, she would do well to follow the example of Rome. There are multitudes of men and women for whom the Church of England finds no occupation. They neither rule nor serve. Look, for one moment, at the position of women. If religion was not made for women, it is very certain that they were made for religion. With them life is synonymous with love. Bid a woman cease to venerate, esteem, and love, and you destroy the root of her existence. As well tear the ivy from the oak, and bid it grow without support. Let me take an

instance. In a parish not far from my own was a young girl, who had become imbued with what is called Puseyism. The leaders of that school were wise in their generation. Among them were consummate masters of human nature. Full of learning, ripe in scholarship, of fervent piety, they could not but command the admiration of men. With men they argued. So far as it went, their logic was stern and forcible, sometimes piercing to the very core of things, always clear and conclusive within its own limits. But how marvellously did they attract the devotion of girlhood! How beautiful was that picture of the early Church, with its perfect system, adapted to every want, a shelter for every sorrow, a home for every joy. Only think of some young creature, believing, with the force of instinct, all the doctrines of Christianity; to whom religion was a passion—all absorbing, all embracing. She whom I am speaking of was in that position. She had never been at school, but had passed her sixteen summers under the eye of her mother. To use the common phrase, no pains had been spared with her education. Above all, she had been carefully instructed in religion. But this was not enough. A woman does not care to *know*. It was nothing to her—that Church of which men talked—unless she could love it. She could not love an abstraction; and assuredly she could only shrink from that repulsive image presented by the establishment. How different was the Church of earlier times, in which woman had won sainthood! She would fain see it revived; fain become a part of that old Church whose mission was one of love. She thought that, in carrying out the precepts of her religion, she would find the realisation of her hopes, the satisfaction of her absorbing passion. Now, why is there no place for such in the Church of England. Do not tell me that you have Sunday-school teachers and district visitors. You are not attractive. You rouse no enthusiasm; you are cold, hard, and sternly practical. You cannot expect in your votaries that intense devotion which can alone ensure success. You drive all earnestness to Rome or Exeter. Is this wise?

September 7, 18—.

What a picture of inconsistency, uncertainty, and disjointedness, was presented the other day! A man, whose thought has produced a magical effect on his generation, was accused of unorthodoxy. He had denied the doctrine of eternal punishment, and a number of clergymen and laymen met together and decided that he had denied a doctrine of the Church. He was dismissed from an office which he held in connexion with a well-known educational institution. But, in spite of this sentence, he is still a teacher in the Church, and, to this day, no recognised authority has determined whether he was right or wrong. This is the more curious, since, whenever a clergyman wishes to be effective, he appeals to the fear of eternal torture as his strongest motive. \* \* \*

To come to a practical test. Unless you admit that but few persons are to be saved—and to do this is to beg the whole question—what effect is the Church of England or, indeed, any other Church producing? What is the life of nine-tenths of men in the very heart of civilisation? In point of fact, how many believe? What explanation can you supply for social difficulties; what remedy for social evils? Can you check or destroy the seven deadly sins? Of the million hearts that beat in London, how many belong to you? Can you cure what has been well described as the "great sin of great cities?" Can you reclaim an outcast? Christian women, does your charity go so far as to shelter—nay, as not to spurn—one who has violated social laws? I know the difficulties of the case, but I dare to speak a word on behalf of millions who perish, while religion turns aside in disgust—at all events, unable to provide a remedy. He, whom you all revere, spoke some hard words on this subject. \* \* \* I am very willing to admit that Christianity has produced the most astounding social results, and all I ask is, that you should let it have fair play now. Do not drive everybody away who will not receive truths which I know that hundreds of your clergy, in their hearts, reject. State your position proudly and independently, and you will be more successful as well as more respected. As it is, it seems a madness to talk of a religious country, in your sense of the word. I believe, with all my soul, that we are a religious people. We have splendid faculties, noble purposes, and we work them out with all-conquering energy. We are deficient in imagination, we have no national love of art, and we have not tried to cultivate it, but, with all this, there is no lack of religious feeling. We showed it long ago, when we built St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. We show it now in the churches which rise on every side, in our charitable institutions, our Crystal Palaces, our enduring deeds, our self-development. Be wise, you are angry enough with men who strive to reproduce the Church of early days. Why, you are doing the same thing yourselves. You have been sleeping in your churches. With railway speed, the world has stolen a march. It has entered upon a new phase of belief and existence. Flow on with the tide, or stand like Virgil's rustic on the bank, and perish in your obstinacy!

September 10, 18—.

Among the remarkable phenomena in the Established Church, the popular preacher holds a prominent rank. He is to be found, for the most part, among the clergymen of the Evangelical School, one reason for which may be that the High Churchman puts more faith in the Services of the Church than in all the preaching in the world; whereas the popular preacher depends for his success upon the might of his eloquence. I am astounded, beyond measure, at the effect such men produce. Their congregations—the weaker part, especially—are at their feet. The splendid robes which form his Sunday costume, the cushion that soothes his aching brain, the footstool on which he rests his wearied feet, the elaborate slippers and embroidered kerchief, are the offerings of pious gratitude. With what a lordly attitude he surveys the assembled crowd. He it is who scans all hearts, and portions out to each his doom. You might hear a pin drop to the ground. Painful is the *μεταχυσος* of silence, as the preacher looks at this one and at that one, before he gratifies their quivering curiosity! What a position for a human being to command, and to what vile purposes is it degraded! What mean those rounded and portentous sentences? It is very grand, no doubt, to listen to a torrent of words; but how much better would it be if the words had sense as well as noise. Your popular preacher will hear no argument. His religion has nothing to do with logic. The pretensions of the man are marvellous. He denounces and vituperates priestcraft, and, behold, he is the

most intolerant of priests himself. He is the incarnate Church. He is the inspired authority—the appointed interpreter of the Sacred Book. You sit in the presence of a master; let no syllable be lost; treasure up the morsels which are to feed your soul. But it is no wonder that such men are vain and tyrannical. They must be sickened—none more—with the flattery they receive. When every member of the congregation is ready to offer incense, can human nature refuse to accept it; can the humility of a priest withstand such flattery? I have written of the *shams* who would be a disgrace to any religion. I do not conceal my belief that there are many earnest teachers in the Establishment, preaching with success what they believe with all their souls—men who have no reputation in the ecclesiastical world, but who, in spite of their position, and, as it were, unconsciously, are working out great results. Nor do I denounce all popular preachers. I only loathe the men who batten on, while they pervert, the religious instinct of the country. They are selfish despots, and only lack the power to persecute.

Another striking anomaly, of which the world is almost sick, is presented by the Bishops. It only excites surprise that the absurdity of the institution has not long ago destroyed it. Of course, the Church must have rulers, but why are they so encumbered with temporal affairs that they have no time for the discharge of spiritual functions. Altogether, until you think of her lands and money, you marvel that the Church exists. The doctrine has ceased to have any hold upon the national mind; men are gone after other gods; and the Church, at once the wealthiest and poorest of human institutions, can only repeat old words which have no meaning for the many.

October 4, 18—.

Now, what, after all, is the upshot of the matter? For the sake of its system must I uphold the Roman Catholic Church? Must I accept its superstition, its tyranny, its bigoted and unconquerable intolerance? Must I bind my soul in chains, in order that I too may lord it over the human mind, slaying this one and that one with the breath of my priestly indignation? I trow not. Truth owns no limits—she is not wrapt up in the brains of Popes and Cardinals.

You know what I think of the position occupied by the Church of England, halting ever between two opinions, serving God and Mammon, founded in lust, nursed by tyranny, supported by opinion. There is no other alternative. Face to face with the great fact of humanity I will strive to solve the problem of existence.

11.

### PLAGUE SPOTS.

THE foe is leagues from our homes—who's afraid? and Procrastination—who takes off his cares with his clothes—pulls his night-cap over his ears and falls into a sleep as dull and heavy as that of the dead.

But a terrible cry breaks the stillness of the night, and the great city is smitten with a sudden fear—the foe that all believed so distant is at the gates—nay, in the very heart of the careless town. What is to be done? If you would not die in your beds be up and doing—buckle on your armour while there is time, and make ready your fighting gear, for to hesitate is to fall. But where are our leaders? Procrastination, who holds the keys of the arsenal, where is he? Where!—here, in the easiest of beds, in a cap whose red tape strings are tied so tightly that you cannot lift it from his ears; awaken him, and quickly, if you would make head against the foe. But, alas! his brain is drowned in the most leaden of sleeps, and your efforts but elicit a snore.

The foe has, indeed, possessed himself of the town; the poor are dying by hundreds a day. Cholera smites them beneath their rags, rejoices in their squalor, and leaves a corpse behind him each time he visits their miserable homes. "Alas!" says Procrastination, looking up drowsily from his pillow, "things are very bad indeed; but it was ever the rule of our family to leave for the morrow the work of to-day, and"—and with a weary groan he sinks to sleep again.

Cholera, grown bold with success, has ceased to recognise the difference in earth's clay; yesterday, content with tatterdemalion Jack and slovenly unwashed Pat, to-day he grows dainty in his diet, and raises a sacrilegious hand against a lord. The breath of the pestilence that has swept so often over St. Giles now falls upon St. James; the strawberry-leaves recognise the dreadful presence, and droop before the poison of its breath, and the whiteness of the ermine is defiled by the pollution of its touch. Yes, "things are very bad indeed," and our rulers may sleep no longer.

Come here, and I will show you one of the many plague spots which man's wickedness and avarice have permitted to remain and poison the air we breathe; one of those hot-beds of fever, nurseries of pestilence which abound in this crowded town.

We are standing in a London graveyard. Night, that "mother of dark-winged dreams," has cast her shadow over half the world, and the moon sheds its saddening light upon the teeming graves. At each step your feet sink deep into the rottenness of the soil; skulls crumble beneath your tread, and scattered bones protrude from the black surface of the ground. There is no grass, no trees, but one, old, sapless, and deformed, that stretches out its black misshapen arms like some weird thing that curses, instead of blessing the graves around. A damp, stifling, and pestilential atmosphere arises on all sides; a heavy rain has lately fallen—fallen so heavily that it is still filtering through the earth, downwards, ever downwards seeking the cold breast of the corpse. There is a dreary silence though the churchyard stands in the middle of a broad thoroughfare, and a hundred tall houses tower around; a silence so complete that the strained sense can almost hear the creeping worm and burrowing rat—the rat that with sharp teeth gnaws through the stoutest wood, and the worm which fastens with its lipless kiss

upon the cold features of the dead. But the silence is broken at last, and a burst of mocking laughter curdles the warm blood about our hearts.

Standing near a tomb upon whose crumbling sides a dank sweat was clinging as though the corruption within was oozing through the stone, and along whose dark surface crept the heavy slug and snail, relieving its blackness by streaks of silvery light, was a ghastly presence with colourless lips and eyes terrible to behold. Garments, it had none; but about its figure played a cloud of vapour lit up by a wavering light—a light such as trembles over graves, or dances round the open trench to the tune of the sexton's spade. It was as though some vampire had cast aside the covering of earth, and had appeared in the moonlight to demand its feast of blood. The figure rested one hand upon the tomb, and with the other pointing downwards, spoke:—

"Ye do my work well—certain and well—ye smooth the road, build the bridge, and throw wide the gates that give passage to me your conqueror. The odour of this teeming earth is the incense ye offer to my greatness, and these green, rotting walls—these crowded tombs from which the poisonous dews, like Indian gums, drop slowly—form fitting temples for man to do me homage. I have left you and travelled far; but, faithful to my promise, behold me here again."

"You are the Fiend of Pestilence—we know you now."

"I am the world's conqueror. My armies, more terrible than Russ or Tartar's, Visigoth or Hun's—see," and, as its finger pointed, the blue flame crept along the ground, "see how widely ye sow the seed, and lo! I come with ready sickle to reap my harvest in."

"You are powerful—but powerful only through man's neglect. When that shall cease—"

"Man," replied the Fiend, with a mocking laugh, "man is my best ally. Look around—look at these yawning trenches—these putrifying gashes with which man wounds earth's bosom—the living invite my presence, and the dead fight by my side. I traverse the world as a mighty wind sweeps through the groaning woods in autumn, and my victims strew the earth as thickly as the falling leaves. I smite the cup from the hand of Dives, and tear the morsel from the Lazarus who crouches at his gate. I tread a measure to the music of the ball, and the cheeks of the waltzers turn pale, and beauty withers as I clasp it to my breast. I seek the soldier in his tent, the worker in his home. I sit with Famine by the poor man's hearth, and smile upon the enjoyments of the rich. I have trodden upon the threshold of the peer, and, ere long, my footprints may be seen in the palaces of kings. I too have a mission—terrible and grand. I am the schoolmaster of the rich, and awaken by my presence the just anger of the patient and enduring poor. I teach a fearful lesson; and, my task performed, I remove my shadow

from your land, and ye shall hear of me no more."

"And that shall be—"

"When your rulers learn wisdom, and when you the people cease, by indifference, to encourage a wide-spread neglect—when yon labyrinth of squalid lanes—of foul unwholesome streets—shall be swept away, and God's blessings shall fall upon the dungeoned many in the shape of light and air—when your river shall cease to bear corruption on its slimy bosom, and, lastly,"—here the vapours which concealed the head of the figure rolled slowly away, revealing its terrible smile—"lastly, when a Government shall cease to play with a nation's purse at the price of that nation's health—when Honesty shall take office—when vested rights in evil shall be swept away, and plague-spots such as these no longer rest like ulcers on your city's lungs—like festers on her heart."

"And"—but as the question trembled to our lips, the Figure moved from the tomb.

"Listen;" and borne upon the wind which went wailing sadly by, came the voice of Procrastination, ever repeating in his drowsy tones that "things were very bad indeed, but that to-morrow was time enough; he meant well but hated haste, and would attend to all things by and by;" and as the voice echoed through the churchyard a strange noise arose from the tombs—each grave seemed to open a sombre mouth, as though the dead had also found a voice, and were lamenting the ignorance and wickedness of man.

"Yonder lies my way," said the Figure, as it moved from the ground, the corpse candles gliding softly before to light it on its fearful path, "yonder, through the heart of this foolish and indifferent town. Let Procrastination feed those unclean and voracious birds, who ever follow in his train that their beaks may clash together in the carcasses of the dead. I come to teach and punish. The Present may curse, but the Future will bless, the Pestilence which wrung from the hands of pride and covetousness a misused power, and taught that a patient endurance becomes a crime when purchased at the sacrifice of a million lives, and that of all the incapable men in office those were the worst whose garments were woven from the grave-clothes of the Poor."

W.—P.

## The Arts.

### MAP OF THE ALAND ISLANDS.

MR. WYLD has published an excellent Map of the Aland Islands. A week ago it was very much more required than it is to-day; but its retrospective interest and usefulness are great.

ERRATA.—In the article on "The Real Estates Charges Bill," page 806, for "God's men and column," read "Gods, men, and columns."

### FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, Aug. 29.

**BANKRUPTS.**—JAMES MARTIN, Maidstone, hatter—GEORGE HARRIS DE RUSSETT, Birchin-lane, merchant—CHARLES LEVET, Ely, Cambridgeshire, ironmonger—CHARLES LORD, Fleet-street, tailor—JOHN EDWARD RATHBONE, late of Threadneedle-street and Moorgate-street, dealer in mining shares—SAMUEL SIVITER, Brierly-hill, Staffordshire, ironfounder—JAMES RAND, Longton, Staffordshire, grocer—PHILIP PAIGE, Torquay, lodging-house keeper—JOHN DAVIDSON, Huddersfield, wine merchant—ROBERT SKES, Sheffield, grocer—JAMES LAWRENCESON, Blackpool, Lancashire, innkeeper—JOHN WHITE, Ormskirk, Lancashire, builder—WALTER GRAHAM, Blackburn, draper—THOMAS LIGHTFOOT, Stockport, grocer—PATRICK FARRELL and JOHN GRIFFITHS, Manchester, builders—WILLIAM HOLINS, Manchester, commission merchant—GEORGE RUSLING, late of Manchester, licensed victualler.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—W. JAMIESON, Glasgow, stockbroker—S. M'MILLAN, Kilmarnock, calico printer.

Friday, Sept. 1.

**BANKRUPTS.**—JOHN D. HUMPHREYS, Caledonian-road, engineer—EDWIN MAV, Seacombe, Chester, ironfounder—THOMAS GOODWORTH JACKSON, Goolie, joiner—FREDERICK LANGMAN, Wolverhampton, druggist—WILLIAM JOHN NORMANVILLE, Queen's-road, Regent's-park, commission agent—ROBERT BROOKES, Blackburn, draper—CHRISTOPHER ALDERSON, Lower Tottenham, Middlesex, grocer—JOHN DANISON (and not DAVIDSON, as before advertised), Huddersfield, wine and spirit merchant.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—ALEXANDER DRUMMOND, Glasgow, merchant—THOMAS TAIT, Gilmerton, baker—LAWRIE and COMPANY, Partick, Glasgow, engineers—ROBERT HUTTON STYVENSON, Edinburgh, late of Glasgow, commission agent.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS.

**GARDNER.**—August 20, at 100, Eaton-square, the wife of Richard Gardner, Esq., M.P.: a daughter.

**HEYGATE.**—August 23, at Bellarena, county Londonderry, the wife of Sir Frederick William Heygate, Bart.: a son and heir.

**INGLEFIELD.**—August 20, at 20, Montpelier-square, Knightsbridge, the wife of Commander V. O. Inglefield, R.N.: a son.

**MARJORIBANKS.**—August 27, at Upper Brook-street, the wife of D.O. Marjoribanks, Esq., M.P.: a daughter.

**MOORE.**—August 24, at Fritenden, the Lady Harriet Moore: a son.

**SMITH.**—August 28, at 2, Halkin-street West, the Lady Susan Smith: a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

**CECIL—CURRY.**—August 24, at St. Martin's Church, Stamford Baron, Lord Brownlow T. M. Cecil, second son of the Marquis of Exeter, to Charlotte Alexandrina Mabella Curry, only daughter of Edward Thompson Curry, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Ostend.

**DOUGLAS—SANDFORD.**—August 28, in London, John M. Douglas, Esq., second son of the late Stewart Douglas Esq., to Eliza Helen Charnock, eldest daughter of the late Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, D.C.L., Oxon.

**EAST—PALMER.**—August 24, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Frederick Richard Clayton East, of the Eighth Madras Light Cavalry, youngest son of the late Sir East George Clayton East, of Hall-place, Berks, Bart., to Caroline Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Spooner Palmer, Esq., of Bayview, county Sligo, Ireland.

**FITZWILLIAM—DUNDAS.**—August 24, at Harpole, the Hon. Charles W. W. Fitzwilliam, youngest son of Earl Fitzwilliam, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. T. L. Dundas.

### DEATHS.

**BERNAL.**—August 26, in Eaton-square, Ralph Bernal, Esq., many years Member for the city of Rochester, and Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons.

**CAITHNESS.**—August 23, at 17, Rutland-square, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Countess of Caithness.

**CAMPBELL.**—August 30, at his residence, Reading, Major-General Charles Stuart Campbell, C.B.

**COLERIDGE.**—August 26, at the Manor House, Ottery St. Mary, Francis George Coleridge, Esq., aged fifty-nine.

**DALMER.**—August 26, suddenly, at Hawkhurst, Kent, Lieutenant-General Dalmer, C.B., Colonel of the Fort-seventh Regiment.

**ELLIOTT.**—August 12, in camp, at Gerrechlee, near Varna, Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund James Elliot, seventy-ninth Highlanders, eldest son of the Hon. John M. Elliot, M.P. for the county of Roxburgh.

**JONES.**—August 29, at Warwick Lodge, Hampton Wick, in the seventy-first year of his age, Major-General John Edward Jones, Colonel Commandant of the thirteenth Battalion of the Royal Artillery.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, September 1, 1854.

THE fineness of the weather and consequent prospect of an abundant harvest have, in spite of the war, driven Consols to 95½ to 96½, during the past week; that price being the closing quotation for Wednesday last. Since then a natural reaction has occurred, and yesterday the price closed 95½ to 1 for money, 95½ to 1 for account, being an improvement of more than 1 per cent. upon the closing prices in our last. It being a Bull account, many have realised profits, which may account for the decline since Wednesday—a contango

of one eighth has already been demanded for continuation of stock; but the aspect of the market may change before the settlement of the account on the 13th of September. The closing prices for the week were as follows:—

|                                 | Saturday | Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday |
|---------------------------------|----------|--------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|
| for money, 94½ to 1 for account | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |
| "                               | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |
| "                               | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |
| "                               | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |
| "                               | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |
| "                               | 94½      | 94½    | 94½    | 94½     | 94½       | 94½      | 94½    |

Exchange Bills, 2 to 4 pm.

Turkish Scrip has been well received, and keeps about the average of 6½ pm.; on Thursday next will be the settlement, when probably some difference in price will be seen, as stock may be thrown on the market or otherwise.

All shares in the railway market almost have shown improvement, but not equivalent to the rise in funds.

Mexican 25, buyers, and were expected to go better, but large holders failed to realise at that price; yesterday the stock was 24½ buyers. At first it was supposed the three back dividends would be paid instead of one only, as is the case. Maniposa (West) talk of winding up and returning 13s. per share, much to the consolation of Bulls on the shares, who have failed for some time to see a higher quotation than 1 to 1, or 1 to 1 per share. General Screw Steam shares are firmer. The Antwerp and Rotterdam shares are gradually walking up; 10½ paid, they have been for some time at about 4 dis., but seem now making for par.

### BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

|                         | Sat.  | Mon.   | Tues.  | Wed.  | Thur. | Frid.  |
|-------------------------|-------|--------|--------|-------|-------|--------|
| Bank Stock.....         | 208½  | 209½   | 210    | 210½  | 211   | 209    |
| 3 per Cent. Red. ....   | 94½   | 94½    | 95     | 95½   | 95½   | 95     |
| 3 per Cent. Con. A.n.   | 94½   | 94½    | 94½    | 95½   | 95½   | 95½    |
| Consols for Account     | 94½   | 94½    | 95½    | 95½   | 95½   | 95½    |
| 3½ per Cent. An. ....   | 95    | 95     | 95½    | 95½   | 95½   | 95½    |
| New 2½ per Cents.....   | ..... | .....  | .....  | 81    | 83½   | .....  |
| Long Ans. 1860.....     | ..... | 4 7-10 | 4 7-10 | 4½    | ..... | 4 9-16 |
| India Stock.....        | ..... | 230    | .....  | 226   | 226   | 229    |
| Ditto Bonds, £1000..... | ..... | .....  | 5 p    | ..... | ..... | .....  |
| Ditto, under £1000..... | ..... | .....  | 6 p    | ..... | 3 p   | .....  |
| Ex. Bills, £1000.....   | par   | 1 p    | par    | 3 p   | 3 p   | 2 p    |
| Ditto, £500.....        | 2 p   | par    | 3 p    | 2 p   | 1 p   | .....  |
| Ditto, Small.....       | 3 p   | par    | 1 p    | par   | 1 p   | 4 p    |

### FOREIGN FUNDS.

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

|                          |       |                           |       |
|--------------------------|-------|---------------------------|-------|
| Brazilian Bonds.....     | 101   | Russian Bonds, 5 per      | ..... |
| Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts. | 55    | Cents 1822.....           | 100   |
| Chilian 6 per Cnts.....  | 104   | Russian 4½ per Cents..... | 90    |
| Danish 5 per Cents.....  | 103   | Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def. | 15½   |
| Bounder Bonds.....       | ..... | Spanish Committee Cert.   | ..... |
| Mexican 3 per Cents..... | 24½   | of Coup. not fun. ....    | 5½    |
| Mexican 3 per Ct. for    | ..... | Venezuela 3½ per Cents.   | ..... |
| Aco., Sept. 15.....      | 24½   | Belgian 4½ per Cents..... | ..... |
| Portuguese 4 per Cents.  | ..... | Dutch 2½ per Cents.....   | 62    |
| Portuguese 5 p. Cents.   | ..... | Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif. | 94    |

**TURKISH EXHIBITION AND MUSEUM, HYDE PARK CORNER.**—Ten Months having been devoted to the most elaborate preparation and careful arrangement for this superb and unique Collection of Models from Life, Illustrating the Turkish Nation, "Past and Present," realised by Correct Costume, including every minute detail of Arms, &c., is now completed, and Exhibited at the ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY. — OPEN DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., with the exception of Saturday, when it will be closed at 6 p.m.

Price of Admission 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. 6d.; Family Tickets (admitting five persons), 10s.; on Saturdays, 5s.; Children, 2s. 6d. Schools admitted at Half-price.

Family Tickets may be previously secured at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street. — A Hand Book to the Exhibition is published, with illustrations, Price 1s.

Herr Kalozdy and his Band are engaged, and will perform daily from 12 till 5.

**DUTY OFF TEA.**—The REDUCTION of the TEA DUTY, and the easy state of the Tea-market, enables PHILLIPS and Company to SELL—

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s.  
Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d.  
The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s.  
Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d.  
Best Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. 8d.  
The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s.  
Prime Coffees, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d.  
The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d.  
Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

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