

Headquarters, 7 Wellington Street, Strand.

67/68

# 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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## News of the Week.

THE new year opens with another move in the Austrian alliance and the French loan; with confusion in our own official conduct of the war; and a dense cloud over Continental eventualities.

As to the Austrian alliance—setting aside for the moment the policy and moral of the whole connexion between that empire, the Elected of December, and our constitutional Sovereign—the diplomatic event reported this week is one of the most distinct of public facts. On the 28th of last month the representatives of the Three Powers met, and signed a protocol defining the interpretation which they jointly put upon the four conditions laid down by the Western Powers as preliminary to any negotiations with Russia; the protocol virtually converts the treaty of December 2 into one offensive as well as defensive. They have communicated that transaction to the representative of Russia, and left Prince Gortschakoff to report progress to his Czar. The diplomatist has, *more suo*, asked for time—Russia always asks for time—and hitherto, although time is golden roubles to him, it has been given as generously as if it were only paper roubles. The situation, however, is becoming serious for all sides; within the last few months there does appear more ground to suppose that the Three Powers have pursued their own course separately from that of Russia. Will they listen to her, but not wait for her?

The French loan, if it were not like every act of official France under the present régime, a jugglery, would be also a sufficiently definite proceeding. Last year the Emperor Napoleon asked his subjects for a loan of 250,000,000 francs—10,000,000*l.*—and the response made by the French public to that invitation was, in many respects, one of the most instructive chapters in the moral history of political finance. Not only did the Emperor get all he asked, but much more was offered. By the many to whom the Bourse is France, this extreme willingness to place money in the present Emperor's hands will be regarded as a practical consecration of Bonapartism. The Emperor of December could not, it will be said, have obtained that money except as an investment; in other words, a sufficient number of Frenchmen were found to gamble in the probable durability of Louis Napoleon, and there were more such gamblers in France than he anticipated.

The game, it is said, is double winnings to him. First, he gets his money; secondly, every man that lends money to him becomes interested to the amount of his deposit in the duration of Louis Napoleon; and we all know how much the careful French will sacrifice to the safety of their "economies." This year he doubles the financial *coup d'état*; and this year, probably, he will therefore triple the number of depositors whose money interests are staked upon his permanence. It is the philosophy of Mercadet, who says a creditor is nobody; he may always, as they say in the free countries of the West, be repudiated. But it is the debtor whose condition engages the general solicitude. That he shall be healthy if not happy, and enduring if not popular, must be the *vœu* of the spirited and pure citizens, whose deposits already amount to 10,000,000*l.*—250,000,000 francs—and whom he asks to increase their stocks to thrice that amount—750,000,000.

On our own side, save the signature of the Vienna protocol, there is little but anxious mutterings at home, and torpid misery and expectation at the seat of "action" to record. The one marking fact of the week is the departure of a second and third corps of "navvies" for Balaclava—five hundred strong. The knave of spades becomes the forlorn hope of the game in the Crimea.

It is a grand controversy who shall be Commander-in-Chief, *vice* Lord Raglan, condemned as cold and secretive, with nothing but incompetency to secrete, and nothing but age and a vacant sleeve to show. Besides, he has offended certain "abstract chroniclers." Who, then, shall it be? Sir John Burgoyne, says one; only he is an officer of engineers, not a fighting General; he is aged, and trembles in his handwriting; testy, and not at all the reforming officer that people suppose. He tolerates the Minié, but Brown Bess was his first affection. Sir George Brown! says Routine, the officer who stands next to Sir John, and who is distinguished at the Horse Guards for his fidelity to exact succession. Sir George is, as all the army bears witness, a fighting General. Fighting Generals abound, and there is no lack of "noble" Generals; but when did ever a system like ours discover or create a fighting man of genius, except by accident or mistake? And then, excepting always by accident or mistake, it suppressed him. Wellington was an accident, and Charles James

Napier a mistake. Let us attack the system, and spare the brave.

In the mean while, in default of officers, the most distinguished person on that field is no other than Queen Victoria. She appears in that quarter as the author of a letter to Mr. Sidney Herbert conveying to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals, through Mr. Sidney Herbert and Miss Nightingale, one of the most charming, unaffected, and womanly messages which ever lent the graces of affection to royal authority, and borrowed for the loving words of womanhood the majesty and authority of an imperial utterance. In the message the Queen desires that Mrs. Herbert would let her see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge of the wounded, and to convey to "these poor noble wounded and sick men" the assurance that "no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen."

We have before us now the elements for estimating the financial and commercial progress of the country during the past year, and the data, so far as human data can serve, for calculating future prospects. Upon the whole, we must regard the survey as satisfactory. We have a revenue in creasing notwithstanding the augmentation of taxes—the returns showing about 1,100,000*l.* more on the quarter, and two millions more on the year over returns for the same time of 1853. Trade has not fallen off materially. There is no doubt a great decrease in the trade of the month of November, as compared with that of 1853, to the extent of 1,900,000*l.*; but taking the whole, although we have still to admit a decrease on the eleven months in the report of 1854, we find that there is still an increase over 1853 of 13,700,000*l.*, and that the total exports for the eleven months amount to 79,000,000*l.*—really an immense trade in which a decrease of two per cent. is really not worth talking about. The causes are, in the first but to the least extent, the war; more practically, the over-speculation in the United States and in Australia, and the corresponding over-speculation in Liverpool. The war has not really interrupted trade half so much as people expected. If it has, for example, to some extent cut off the supply of Baltic wood, there has been even an over-trading in American wood. If tallow runs short, many improvements in this country have substituted palm oil, lard, and other things for tallow; and the demand for that im-

portant commodity has lessened so as to be really proportionate to the present supply. If Russia no longer furnishes us with enough flax and hemp, Ireland has a rising trade, and it is calculated that the East Indies will soon render us independent of Russia; while it is unquestionably with a feeling of satisfaction that we must see our money sent to the intelligent and improving community of Hindoo, rather than to the Czar, whose business it is to make as many slaves out of mankind as he can. Individual difficulties have occurred, from those of Mr. Oliver—broken down under the reaction of American speculation in shipping—to those of the humbler beer seller, who feels that his customers are contracting their "transactions." But the gigantic mass of British trade preserves its proportions, scarcely varying from those of the unprecedented year of 1853.

Two other public acts demand a word. Prussia declines to subscribe the treaty of December; but offers to enter into an "analogous arrangement," like that which "already exists," and asks for the new interpretation of the Four Points, as a point round which may turn the steps to be taken towards peace. Now centripetal, now centrifugal, but always analogous—that is Prussia's position painted by herself.

And Russia, too, has a manifesto—announcing that the Czar will not repulse conditions compatible with his dignity, but that sword in hand, the cross in their hearts, his loved and loving serfs are prepared to continue their sacrifices. *Da capo.*

At the last report from the Crimea, the situation of affairs was more promising. General Canrobert is the reporter, writing on Christmas-day: he says that the Allies are making their preparations more promptly and solidly than the enemy, that they are full of confidence, and that they hope soon to resume the offensive. Meanwhile, the Turks are landing at Eupatoria; and the Russians have retreated from the Tchernaya.

The reporter of the civil and criminal courts turns novelist this week, and tells us many a story to sadden, satirise, and amuse. Barthélemy, the French refugee, who repaid the hospitality of his asylum by murdering two Englishmen, is condemned to death; and to death he will be led. Ebenezer Davies shows, in a suit for libel, that the worst acts alleged against him are possibly a fiction; but a missionary professing perfect propriety and dangling after young ladies, his accuser confessedly picking up, reading, and copying a private letter addressed to a woman, present a conflict of natural but ungraceful passion, cant, meanness, and hypocrisy, fit only for the moral dissecting-room. Mrs. Morris playing diamond cut diamond upon her money-lending admirer—that is, lodging paste diamonds in pledge for his loan, and "cutting" to Paris, almost redeems common roguery by a certain poetical justice in the acted satire. And Charles King, the detective, who executes justice in the C division as a director of pickpockets and a man of money, reduces the boasted perfection of civilised security, the Peeler's Corps, to a solemn burlesque. C 39, walking in the park, touching his hat to Sir Richard Mayne, while one of his boy pickpockets is levying revenue, and another is enjoying himself in Rotten-row on his own money, is a sublime picture of British organisation. It bangs Balaklava!

#### MILITIA.

Great activity is displayed in the movements of the militia. We believe that up to the present time sixty regiments are embodied. Volunteering is still a prominent feature. The Duke of Devonshire has been agitating for the organisation of a second regiment for Derbyshire.

## THE WAR.

THE proceedings of the siege of Sebastopol may be briefly summed up in the two words—"Preparations" and "Sorties." The latest authentic information is from a letter of General Canrobert to the French Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, dated December 25.

"We shall soon be able to take the offensive; we make good our losses more promptly and more solidly than the enemy can. We are full of confidence."

The last despatch of General Canrobert to the French Minister of War, dated December 22, furnishes us with much information. The General says:—

"The bad weather has continued, with rare and short intervals of improvement. We nevertheless continue, as much as possible, to encircle the place with our trenches, and all the siege operations become perfect and solid, notwithstanding the rainy season, which renders the transport very difficult.

"There scarcely passes a night without some points of our lines being attacked by sorties, which generally cost dear to the assailants.

"Yesterday, at 2 A.M., the Russians, after having made a sortie on the third parallel of the English, who vigorously repulsed them, made also a demonstration upon the centre and left of our works. Received by a very brisk and well-directed fire, they withdrew before our soldiers, who pursued them at the point of the bayonet. The enemy left a great number of dead upon the ground.

"As I have already informed you, our works extend actually to the bottom of the Quarantine Bay. The enemy's attention is drawn to the efforts we are making on that side, and his artillery sharply disputes the ground with us, where, as nearly everywhere, we are obliged to hollow out the rock; but our progress is not the less real, and we remain in possession.

"To resume, I am of opinion that on the left bank of the Tchernaya there are only pickets of the enemy observing our positions from a distance. A movement has evidently taken place in the Russian army, caused probably by the landing of the Turkish troops, which continues at Eupatoria. I shall soon know the real state of the case.

"Although the number of the sick has somewhat increased, in consequence of the perpetual wet in which we live, the sanitary condition of the army is satisfactory, and its moral condition perfect."

The *Journal des Débats* says:—MM. de Dampierre and de Lagondie, the two French aides-de-camp who were taken prisoners in executing a reconnaissance of Sebastopol, have been authorised by the Russian Government to return to France.

By way of Vienna the following despatch was received from Constantinople, dated December 21:—

"On the 16th the Russians made a sortie by night, but were repulsed by the French, after a severe struggle. The Rifles also repulsed a Russian sortie.

"Our mortars and batteries are ready to open, but the heavy rains impede the progress of the siege, and cause great sickness.

"Since the 16th of November 24,000 English, French, and Turks had arrived in the Crimea in British vessels. The Turks at Eupatoria have been much strengthened from Varna."

Later accounts say that 1500 Turks had landed in the Crimea, and that Mechli Pacha had taken the command of the Turks in Asia.

Private letters from Balaklava, of the 21st ult., state that reinforcements continue to arrive. The day before 800 men of the 17th English Regiment, coming from Gibraltar, marched through the cantonments of the first French division. All the posts immediately took arms, and the bands played "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," and the band of the 17th Regiment struck up the air of Queen Hortense. The Zouaves would not allow their new comrades to pass without offering them the *petit verre* of brandy and a pipe, and the men of both corps fraternised. The Royal Albert had arrived with 1,500 Guards. The Russians made two sorties during the night of the 20th, one opposite the batteries, near the ravine of the cannon balls, which was repulsed by the *francs tireurs* and the guards of the trenches, and the other against the English lines, with no better success.

All this must be considered as most encouraging—nor do the statements lose much value by not being exactly reiterated in the Russian accounts. A telegraphic despatch from a correspondent at Berlin, says:—

"Under date of St. Petersburg, January 2, we learn that a despatch had been received there from Prince Menschikoff, announcing that nothing remarkable had taken place at Sebastopol between the 20th and 26th of December, with the exception of two sorties on the 21st.

"In one of these sorties eleven officers and thirty-three soldiers were made prisoners, and a considerable number killed.

"In consequence of the bad weather, the siege operations were progressing slowly."

A despatch from Vienna, Jan. 4, says:—  
"Prince Gortschakoff has had an audience of the Emperor, which lasted an hour and three quarters, but his Majesty is not likely to make any concession to Russia.

"General Osten-Sacken is to act against Eupatoria with 40,000 men and 80 guns.

"According to telegraphic despatches from French headquarters, both armies are preparing to attack the southern part of Sebastopol."

#### THE PRINCIPALITIES.

There are movements of Russian troops on the frontiers of the Principalities. Letters from Galatz state that on the 18th ult. General Pawloff II. occupied Reni, on the Pruth, with two battalions of Chasseurs and three pulks of Cossacks. As a consequence of this movement, considerable Turkish reinforcements advanced from Galatz to the right bank of the Pruth. The *Vienna Presse* states, on the authority of its Jassy correspondent, who, however, could have only a hearsay acquaintance with the fact, that 100,000 Russians were marching in powerful columns against Moldavia.

Letters also have been received from Jassy to the effect that the Moldavian Government has received official information from the authorities of the district that the Russians have advanced in very considerable force on Leova and Skuleny, the very points at which they made their entrance on their last occupation of the Principality.

It is not yet exactly known whether Omar Pacha will accept the command of the Turkish expedition to the Crimea. The Sirdar entertains great fears of losing his independence by doing so, and in a despatch to the Sultan has stipulated his being invested with two votes in all councils of war, so as not to be outvoted by Lord Raglan and General Canrobert. If this delicate question cannot be settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties, the supreme command will be offered to Ismail Pacha.

#### TURKISH SUCCESS IN CIRCASSIA.

The Russians have organised a native militia in various parts of Circassia, officered by Muscovites. Columns of this militia made their appearance at several points, and strong detachments attacked Redout-Kalé on the 3rd December. The Turkish garrison, stimulated by the presence of a few English officers, repulsed the enemy with complete success; and the artillery of the fortress, particularly under the direction of these officers, caused the assailants very considerable loss. Notwithstanding the failure of this attack, the situation of Redout-Kalé is held to be precarious, should the Russians return in sufficient strength, obstinately bent on carrying the place.

#### RUSSIAN NOTES.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 20th ult., in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—

"The health of the Empress of Russia is very bad. Her sons, Nicholas and Michael, have, on her pressing solicitations, been recalled from the Crimea by a special order from the Emperor. They went direct to Gatschina, where the Court is residing, and are only to leave in a few days. The aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Michael, who was wounded at Inkerman, has received leave of absence for eight months to recover his health. He protected the Prince against the enemy's balls, and was at last seriously wounded. During the last few days the Emperor has not come to St. Petersburg. The fanaticism of the people is excited by different means; but a great many people are now already learning to make a distinction between the interests of the country and those of Czarism. It is only when the Government fears to cause misery and famine that it lessens somewhat the rigour of its fiscal measures. Thus, in Finland, it has not dared yet to prohibit the exportation of hemp, flax, pitch, and timber, as it has prohibited the export of the raw material of the south of Russia. The Government appears decided to defend Sebastopol with all its disposable forces. The Ministers Nesselrode, Dolgorouki, and Panin have a great deal to do. The former has had to abandon his favourite pleasure of playing at whist and ombre; Dolgorouki is required to present every day an increase of the army; and Panin to present a new register of voluntary donations. Unfortunately, most of these augmentations only figure on paper."

A private letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 26th, mentions that some important changes have taken place, and more were expected, among the higher officers of the army. The one looked upon as the most serious is the nomination of General de Berg, who distinguished himself at Revel by the measures he adopted for the defence of the place against the allied fleets. He has been appointed Commandant-in-Chief of Finland, in the place of General Rokossovski, who commanded there when Bomarsund was attacked by the Allies. This nomination is considered all the more significant that Finland is fully expected to become the theatre, or rather one of the theatres of war next spring.

Several councils have lately taken place at St. Petersburg under the presidency of the Minister of War, with the attendance of the naval and military officers commanding in the Gulf of Finland and its shores. These councils recognised the necessity of strengthening and augmenting the various fortified places, and of adding to the most important of them an entrenched camp, capable of accommodating a division of infantry. In fact, it is stated that this system of entrenched camps is to be carried out on a large scale, and to extend from Cronstadt to most of the military positions in Poland.

This, among other matters, is the cause of the visit made by General Delm, the governor of the town and citadel of Cronstadt, to Field-Marshal Paskiewitch at Warsaw, in order to confer with him on a grand plan of defence for the whole length of the Vistula, and thence to the Neva, in case of invasion during the ensuing campaign.

Warsaw, December 23.

"The first corps d'armée, commanded by General Sievers, is completely assembled. Its staff is in the centre of the position on the right bank of the Vistula, that is at Radom, fourteen German miles from this place. General Rudiger is Commander-in-Chief of the first and third corps, and of the corps of grenadiers. He at the same time acts as Governor-General. Prince Gortschakoff is General-in-Chief of three corps in the south. Field-Marshal Paskiewitch is generalissimo of all the six corps, and is still at Warsaw."

Cronstadt.

A new battery has been erected on the north side of Cronstadt. A merchant there, of the name of Osterow, whose house was required to be pulled down to make room, has presented to the battery the picture of the "miracle-working St. Nicholas," in a silver frame, in commemoration of the Emperor's coming thither to trace out the lines of the foundation.

FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS.

In virtue of a ministerial decision of the 25th ult., a detachment of 400 marines has been sent to reinforce the expeditionary corps of the army now before Sebastopol. Those men were supplied by the dépôts of the 1st and 2nd Regiments, quartered at Cherbourg and Brest, and are to sail directly for the Crimea, in the steam corvette Phlegethon.

The French force, including the reinforcements which had arrived up to the date of these despatches, amounted in all to 60,000 available troops. The British, since the battle of Inkerman, have been strengthened by the arrival of about 7000 men, making a total amount of about 22,000 at the present moment.

NOTES OF THE SIEGE.

Most interesting accounts are still pouring in from officers and privates. One remarkable feature of the correspondence is, that the correspondents can find the necessary time to write. Every letter bears testimony to the horrors of sickness, whether from wounds or disease. A "regimental surgeon," dating November 25, narrates some unpleasant incidents, which, however, there is reason to think have been lately succeeded by a more favourable class of events:—

"We have had terrible mortality, and those who remain are like spectres. The work in the trenches, especially in the rainy, cold, and tempestuous weather that has prevailed here since the early part of this month, is killing C—n. J—s and B—n are sick at Balaklava, whence they go to Scutari, and I think it problematical if they ever return. Most of our officers had their clothes riddled with bullets, and some were in the trenches, so that our relative loss is greater than it appears. Most of the superior officers of the army are dead, sick, or absent on account of wounds or disease, and few indeed of us will live to tell the tale if forced to keep the field during the winter. Our commissariat supplies are failing. We are sometimes without any rations, and constantly with only rum and biscuit. We are in a critical position—an impregnable fortress in our front, a large army in our rear, and such wintry weather, with want of supplies. The army of Menschikoff in the country are without tents, and I should think they could only draw supplies from the town; so, unless the place is abundantly victualled, one would think supplies must fail. The ground outside the tents is like a snipe bog in Clare. Our tents were blown down lately, and deaths from exposure, cold, rain, sleet, and snow took place. We could light no fires, had no rations, and for forty-eight hours were in a horrible plight. Miserable as a tent is, except for an hour or so at a summer picnic, it is a luxury to bivouacking. The army is to hnt itself for the winter, if wood can be found. We are now digging holes in which to pitch the tents, but we go on slowly, partly because of the weather being so wet, and partly because we have not men to work, as they are so much in the trenches.

"We spend no money out here, but when we return, if ever, we shall need some luxury and indulgence to make up for our present privations out here of all the necessaries of civilised life."

The following is an extract from a letter of a

corporal of the 33rd regiment, referring to Inkerman, and then dashing off at other things like the explosion of a shell:—

"The 5th of November, like Guy Fawkes' day, will be for ever remembered. The Russians made an attack upon us and drove us back into our camp-ground, killing and wounding thousands. We had more killed the 5th of November than at Alma. We were under shot and shell from daybreak in the morning until dark at night. I have not had my clothes off for six weeks, only just to look for the filth accumulated; there is not a man—officer, soldier, or general—but what are lousy here. We cannot help it: some men have worn their shirts two months. I thank God I have two shirts. I gave 10s. for about a pound of soap, which I got at Balaklava. I went down with our captain, and we bought a small jar of butter, about a pound and a half, which was 18s.

A private of the 77th gives us some more details of the state of the Balaklava market:—

"I must now inform you of what we are at present enduring, and I wish you to put those few lines into a newspaper. We are treated rascally, and we have now been three months without receiving one farthing of pay. We applied for some payment, when we were offered 1s. per man. Now I leave you to guess how far it would go when I tell you the price of provisions at Balaklava, a distance of four miles. Tea, 4s. per lb.; sugar, 1s. ditto; cheese, 1s. 6d. ditto; potatoes, 1s. for a dozen, small size; butter, 3s. per lb. Now we can only get ½ lb. of biscuit, ½ lb. pork, or beef, ½ oz. of coffee, burnt by ourselves like cinders, ½ oz. of sugar, and no wood or fuel to cook with. Now, is not a shilling a grand treat? Our commanders say that if we got more we should only get drunk. Another thing I must say, we could go over to the French encampment, pay 5s. for one pint of rakee, or what they call rum. We are dropping down on our journeys to and from the entrenchments merely for want of provisions. We have not time to wash our faces, for as soon as we get to camp from the trenches, it may be at night, about 9 P.M., we are tired and fatigued, and get a glass of grog, we then lay down in our wet clothes, and remain until about 4 A.M., and start for the trenches or picket. Our pork or beef is sent to us, and you might put it into your eye and see no worse. Now we applied for 10s. per man to purchase some tea, sugar, cheese, &c., and they could give us no more than 1s., a nice thing for a fighting soldier. We are now infested with vermin, half or nearly wholly starved for want of provisions, and only sometimes we get our allowance of grog. I think our commissariat department is not looked sharp enough after. I only wish I had the management of those gentlemen; I think if I had we could have plenty of rations. I have now given you a short description of our well-equipped army that left the shores of Britain to fight for our Queen and country's rights. We were to have porter and preserved potatoes, but where are they gone to? I had two pints of porter and half a pound of potatoes in Turkey. I relished them well. Now I leave you to guess whether I am fit to eat another half pound of potatoes. I have now had wet feet this last fortnight. Our men are seized with cramp, taken to the hospital, die in less than twelve hours, are buried in their blankets, and no more about them. Everything is gloomy in appearance. There is no likelihood of Sebastopol surrendering."

A personal narrative of Inkerman, from a gallant Rifle, is interesting. The writer bears, as do many others, strong testimony to the affection entertained by the English soldiers for our allies:—

"I was two hours in a hole, firing as fast as I could, and I believe every shot told; the enemy were so numerous it was almost impossible to miss. We exhausted our ammunition several times, and had to use the bayonet, which is unusual with us Rifles. My comrade (we generally go in pairs) was shot in the arm. A bullet just grazed my neck, scarcely ruffling the skin.

"Alma was not to be compared to Inkerman. I was nearly all that day (on which the former battle was fought) running about after the Cossacks.

"Our men are very fond of the French. If it were not for them, we might all go home and leave Sebastopol.

"The Circassians are fine fellows, but the Turks are worse than useless. Some of our men would rather kill one than a Russian; they are not worth fighting for.

"After I had used my powder at Inkerman I went, with some others, to protect the colours of the 77th, which were nearly taken, but we succeeded in keeping them. I do not like these colours; they only serve to draw the enemy's fire upon the men. The Rifles have no such dangerous encumbrances.

"Three days after the 5th I fell insensible out of the ranks, and remained so eight hours. The doctor said it was from living so long upon raw pork, and packed me off to Scutari, but when I got there I was as well as ever, and so they made me hospital orderly. I don't much like being with sick and wounded all the day. I should like to go back again to my regiment, and if so I hope they will take the town by storm. Here is one for the forlorn hope, if they will have me. It is miserable work in the trenches, up to the knees in water."

We quote, almost entire, a letter from "An Officer who has been mentioned for Distinguished Conduct

in Lord Raglan's Despatches." This is, perhaps, the most solid batch of complaints yet made. The question of Lord Raglan being in the camp or in London is almost justified by other statements, which affirm that he has not been seen for six weeks:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Dec. 12.

"We are going on much as usual, receiving reinforcements, sometimes by a regiment or two, sometimes by draughts, but in both cases burying them or sending them to hospital quite as fast as they arrive. A ship comes into Balaklava with men on board, it is raining in torrents, but a staff officer in snug quarters shows his zeal and his smart manner of doing his work by sending an order for their immediate disembarkation and joining the camp. It is promptly obeyed. A hundred or a thousand men, as the case may be, wet through and through, and up to the tips of their shakos in mud, sometimes without blankets, often without tents, take up their ground at a late hour, and there they lie. If they have something to eat, they are lucky: if they have not, they go without. They grumble and swear violently, and that is all they have for it. They thus begin to learn to be reckless at starting. Their frightful exposure brings on certain disease, and in a few days the dying and the sick are the exclamation of every one. Lord Raglan (if Lord Raglan be really here, and not in London) is never seen. Whether he knows anything of how things are going on or not I do not know; I am sure he ought to do so. I have drawn anything but an exaggerated picture of what happens over and over again. The 9th Regiment marched up without a medical officer at all; they had several cases of serious illness the next day, and when a medical officer came there was no medicine. The medicine chest had not accompanied the regiment, because they had no draught animals or means of carrying it. This is precisely the way in which everything is conducted, and yet Lord Raglan has been made a Field Marshal. The blood of his officers and men has won it for him, and not his own abilities. I am told Sir De Lacy Evans will speak out, and I most earnestly hope he may. He can make great exposures, and do much good, if he will. It is generally understood that he has gone home in the greatest disgust with everything. It will hardly be credited that, although the exposed state of our right flank before the Inkerman battle was the subject of frequent comment, Lord Raglan never once rode over the ground, nor knew anything of it until after the Russians attacked us.

"Everything about the French contrasts with us most strongly. Their sick are not numerous; their men are always clean and uniformly dressed. They seem to have good rations, cook them well, and seem a happy set. Our men are a mass of dirt, rags, and misery. They seem sunk in despondency and indifference; nothing moves them but an alarm, for they have no hope but to fight it out and get it over. They think, poor fellows, that another good fight must decide it. Our sick yesterday under canvas, exclusive of the shiploads at Balaklava and in the hospitals of the Bosphorus, were 3181. The French, with their large army, take charge of 1000 of them for us to-day. The 46th Regiment disembarked on the 10th of November 706 strong. They have lost 114 men up to this day, and they have at this moment 257 sick. If things go on as they are doing—and as the winter advances there is every chance of their being worse rather than better—we shall have no army left. If the fine weather we have just now holds for but a few days, you will soon hear of the assault being given. The Russians have certainly shown a great want of enterprise in leaving us so long unmolested, situated as we are. We are most careless and court ruin over and over again. The indomitable courage of men and officers alone saves us. I have never heard of anyone getting an order yet in any action I have been in. We all do as we like. We have had two alarms lately—the one last night, the gusts of wind preceding the storm. We shall have a decisive affair before long. It is, however, a very dreary prospect before us. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas engages to send all that are left of us in the spring away in a single line-of-battle ship. Our encampment is one mass of graves and dead bodies of horses and cattle, but there is no offensive smell."

The above letter, written on the 12th, is confirmed by the record of many similar instances by an officer who writes on the 13th:—

"The fearful experience of the 9th Regiment and our draughts show how deadly hard work is to new arrivals; the 9th have lost half their regiment in the ten days they have been here. They marched up from Balaklava, pitched their tents on a wet day, slept on the wet soil; the next night, also wet, they relieved us in the trenches, and that sealed their death warrants. They were all old soldiers, and had been some years in the Mediterranean.

"I was in the trenches the night I came in with our draught; it rained without ceasing. By the next afternoon four of them were dead, and since then, out of 120 men, 42 are buried. Now they allow no new arrivals to go in the trenches for the first week. The 46th and 57th, too, have suffered very much; but for the last week, thank God, the weather has been dry. There is rumour that iron houses are coming out from England, but I am afraid they will be too late for any good. The return, a few days ago, of men fit for duty in the whole British army was 17,060, of whom 9000 were on duty,

leaving 8060 to relieve them. We are undertaking the siege of a town with a garrison of 45,000 men, our rear and flank menaced with a force of 40,000 more. They are superior in guns, position, and everything else, are living in houses, well supplied with clothing, food, and everything necessary for the preservation of health, while we are obliged to keep our men, who were until the last week nearly naked, without a shirt on their backs, a shoe or sock on their feet, exposed to the wet and cold for twelve hours at a time in the trenches, ankle-deep in the slush, and, when, in the advanced works, unable to move or stand upright from the constant fire of the Russians. Can it be wondered that these men should say that they would rather die than go back to the miserable camp? The tents all leak, and the men are lying fifteen together in a place where no English gentlemen would put their pigs. The only rations are salt meat, and of that for some time they have only had half quantities. The pitiful gill of rum even can be seldom issued regularly. The Commissariat do all they can, I believe; but the wear and tear of animal power dragging up those dreadful arabas is so great, with the roads as they have been—two feet deep in the heaviest clay,—that without a constant importation, we shall be brought to a stand-still; forage, too, is very scarce, and the wretched animals are dying all over the country. The Turkish drivers are dying fast. I see no end to matters till we send an army of 70,000 men to Perekop, for supplies of every description are continually coming in.

"Now there are very few guns serviceable; all the large ones are disabled. I would not desire a better fortune than the money that their shot and shell would fetch as old iron. For acres the ground is literally covered with it, which shows what immense preparations the Czar has made. They have a great advantage over us, for the diameter of our guns of the same nominal calibre is smaller than theirs, so that our shot will fit their guns, but theirs, with the exception of 24lb., are too large for us.

"I think I have given you a pretty long yarn about our very exhilarating prospects here. One thing is certain—we have put our foot into it, and can't go back. If it were not for the French, we should be all on our way to Moscow; but they are magnificent soldiers, and show us an example in every arrangement."

#### ADMIRAL BRUAT IN SEBASTOPOL.

Lately, after a severe attack of gout, Admiral Bruat called some of his officers into his cabin, and said, "Gentlemen, a good idea has just occurred to me—it is, to go quietly in, and ourselves visit the channel of Sebastopol. We shall so be able to judge for ourselves what its situation really is." The proposition was joyfully accepted, and in the middle of the night several of the boats of the Charlemagne put off and entered the channel. The boats went through every part of it, and the admiral touched with his own hand the chain which closes the entrance of the military port. Everything was managed so cleverly on the part of the admiral's party that not a single Russian sentinel was aware of their approach. But day began to break while the boats were still far down in the harbour, and the alarm was immediately given. A terrible fire was then opened all along the fortifications of the channel, and it was under a fearful shower of projectiles of every description that the boats made their way out. Fortunately, not a man was wounded, though the long-boat of the Charlemagne was somewhat damaged by the enemy's shot.

#### SHOOTING A GUN.

An officer of the Royals says:—

"Our last 68-pounder on the left attack was disabled two days ago in a curious manner. It was a ship gun, and the sailors had loaded, and were standing by ready to fire, when a shell from one of the Russian guns entered the muzzle. The concussion sent our gun off, and at the same time the enemy's shell burst inside the gun, tearing two or three feet of the lip to pieces. I saw the gun yesterday in the trenches, all jagged and splintered. Not one of the eight sailors was touched. Our guns present a very melancholy spectacle; some burst, others with trunnions broken off and placed *hors de combat* in every possible manner; but if we have fine weather, and the beasts, of which 500 are coming from Constantinople, arrive, I hope we shall be able to open fire again with more effect than on the first days."

#### THE TOWN OF SEBASTOPOL.

The same officer says:—

"The streets are, I believe, barricaded and trenched in every possible way, and, with their apparently inexhaustible supply of powder, shot, and shell, we shall have much trouble with them, even when once inside the place. They are working night and day, and we can see plainly long strings of arabas and dromedaries passing and repassing to and from the city. With a telescope you can see plainly the people walking quietly along the streets, while the town, with the exception of a few barracks, or large houses on the outside, is perfectly uninjured; and if it was not for the reports of the rifles and the occasional discharge of a gun from our batteries, no

one could tell there was a hostile army before the place; all the magnificent arsenals and buildings near the docks are perfectly uninjured."

#### WHAT TROOPS WON INKERMAN?

An officer of the Guards complains of misrepresentation at head-quarters:—

"Our Brigade are all very much annoyed at Lord Raglan's despatch of Inkerman; independently of his saying so little about the Guards, the despatch was not at all correct. He mentions that the 20th and other regiments of the Second Division supported; they ought to have done so, but never did. The fact was, General Pennefather, who commands the Second Division, wrote the whole of the despatch sent to England, and, of course, only mentioned his own division. Lord Raglan knew nothing about the fight at all, and, unfortunately, the three senior officers of the Brigade of Guards were wounded, and consequently no despatch came in from us. The Duke of Cambridge quarrelled with Lord Raglan, so he said nothing to him about it; but there is a great deal of talk about the whole thing here, and much displeasure. Lord Raglan is getting fast into bad odour with the whole army from his total carelessness of everything; there will be a great outcry against him before long."

#### A PRISONER IN SEBASTOPOL.

The following is from the letter of an English prisoner (20th Regiment) in the hospital inside Sebastopol:—

"I have got the opportunity of writing to let you know where I am. I was taken prisoner on the morning of the 5th, I was close to that battery on the hill. When the Russians advanced up to the battery I was hit by a musket-ball on the right ear; at the same time a stone or a piece of shell hit me on the body and knocked me down. Before I could get up again I had my firelock taken from me, and was hit on the head, which left me insensible for a time. After they drove our men down the hill, seven or eight of them pricked me with their bayonets, and hit me with the butts of their firelocks; one was going to fire at me, but the others would not let him. They dragged my belt off and took me over the bridge, where their wounded were, while (till) night. Then they took us close to the harbour on the right of the town into a hospital. I am getting quite well now. The officers are very kind to us. We have 1lb. of bread, some soup with a little piece of meat in it, and a glass of tea per day."

#### RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS AND FORCE IN THE CRIMEA.

The *Morning Chronicle* thus sums up the military power of Russia:—

"If any faith can be placed in letters addressed to and intelligence received by German journals, from Odessa, considerable bodies of infantry are being pushed down to the Crimea from the Bessarabian army, and their places filled up by reserve brigades and by divisions from General Paniutin's (2nd) corps, hitherto stationed in Volhynia, whilst the latter are relieved by divisions of the first corps and corps of Grenadiers.

"The 7th, 8th, and 9th divisions, forming the third corps, now commanded by General Read, in the place of General Osten-Sacken, removed to the fourth corps, are said to have marched through Odessa on their way to Perekop, in successive columns of brigades, whose movements are to be aided by waggons, principally furnished by the German colonists dotted over the intervening steppes, in the same manner that they aided with 2000 waggons in the transport of the fourth corps, immediately previous to the battle of Inkerman. Taking the Russian returns at their value on paper, the three divisions, each of sixteen battalions, would give 48,600 bayonets, including the 3rd battalion of Rifles. But the utmost average amount of effective combatants does not and cannot exceed 7000 men, half of them being recruits of the last eighteen months' levies. The actual force of the three divisions, when they reach Sebastopol, will therefore be about 82,000 bayonets, with 140 field-pieces; that is, if the fourteen batteries of the corps can keep up with the infantry. To this corps is attached the third division of light cavalry, consisting of the 5th and 6th Lancers, and 5th and 6th Hussars, each of eight squadrons, or about 8200 effectives. It has also fourteen field-batteries of ten guns each, divided into three brigades, one of which is horse of two batteries. A position battery of 12 or 18-pounders is attached to each foot brigade. The corps has further a battalion of Sappers, and six battalions (or rather strong companies) of field-train; so that its total amount may be set down at 44,000 effectives. Supposing this corps to join the Crimean army, and allowing 25,000 men for the service of the place and forts, Prince Menschikoff will have 69,000 bayonets disposable for outside work, with at least 12,000 horse, and 800 field-pieces. Of the Danube army, originally under Prince Gortschakoff, only the second brigade of the fourteenth, and the whole of the fifteenth division, will remain in Bessarabia. Common reason shows, therefore, that the places of the six divisions, moved or moving from thence, to the Crimea within the last two months, have been filled up by troops from Volhynia and Podolia, so as to give at least 60,000 effectives to Prince Gortschakoff's force.

"Having a knowledge that Prince Menschikoff will

shortly be enabled to dispose of the above-mentioned force of 90,000 bayonets, of course the British and French Governments must be fully aware that it is them to take such precautions as shall place the all commanders in a position to attack or defend our tolerably equal grounds."

#### THE WORKING CLASSES AND THE WAR.

The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the working classes and seamen of South Shields held last week:—

"That this meeting, believing the present war with Russia to be a just and necessary war, urge upon Majesty's ministers to conduct it with vigour and determination, and without compromise, believing such line of policy to be the most effective to produce a safe and satisfactory peace; and we resolve to the best of our ability to assist in the support of the widows and orphans of the brave fellows who have fallen and fallen in the battle, or who may die in the execution of their duty, by subscribing to the Royal Patriotic Fund. But at the same time this meeting cannot but express its surprise that, whilst full and adequate government provision exists for the widows and orphans of officers who may fall in their country's service, that no similar fund is provided for the widows and orphans of soldiers and sailors, and trusts that speedy steps will be taken to remedy so palpable an injustice; and that this meeting is of opinion that the only safe and effectual guarantee for the peace of Europe and the establishment of civil and religious liberty on the Continent, are the restoration of Polish independence and the extension of the oppressed and down-trodden peoples of the Continent of those great rights of humanity, liberty of speech and liberty of conscience; and does protest against a Government binding the English people to maintain either Austrian or any other military despotism in the present oppressive form."

#### COURTESIES IN THE CAMP.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:

"A French officer who came from Constantinople in the last mail told me a story from Sebastopol which, though at first suggestive of a smile, leaves a deep and better impression behind. In the beginning of the campaign some officers of the Guards invited several officers of General Bosquet's division to dine at the mess. The French officers sent a deputation to decline the invitation in the most delicate and friendly terms possible. Most of them they said had little or nothing beyond their pay to live upon; they could not return hospitality in the same style that they knew it would be offered to them, and they felt certain that English officers would understand their scruples, and not press them to accept civilities which some at least among the number might feel as laying them under the weight of an obligation. They would eagerly seize every occasion to grasp the hand of an English officer, would be delighted to join in a promenade and a cigar, but upon the whole thought it best to abstain from entering upon a course of dinner giving. Against such an excuse course no remonstrance could be made, and the English officers merely expressed their regret that they could not see so much of their comrades in arms as they had hoped to do. But after the battle of Inkerman the English mess in question had lost their plate and china, their cellar, their potted meats, hams, preserves, and other luxuries, and, owing to commissariat difficulties but too notorious, found it difficult to procure the more ordinary rations. When these misfortunes became known in the camp the French deputation of officers renewed their visit, and said, with comic good humour, that since the fortune of war had removed the inequalities which originally constituted their only objection to an interchange of feeding, they hoped the English officers would condescend to take pot luck with them. This *spiritus* invitation was naturally accepted, and the delightful fraternity which prevails between the two services was thus cemented by another link."

#### A HERO OF THE 49TH.

"I remained uninjured for four or five hours and fired about one hundred shots, almost every one of which told mortally on the enemy. At some time they were within fifty yards of us. At last, a musket ball passed through the fleshy part of my thigh; the blood ran profusely. I could not retire for their artillery was shelling the ground in my rear, and masses of infantry were advancing; so I sat down and tied a handkerchief round my wound during which time our artillery ran out of ammunition, and the enemy quickened their advance. I loaded my rifle and picked up a patent revolver dropped by a wounded officer, when, just about ten yards from me, there were four Russian soldiers and an officer creeping through the brushwood and massacring all the wounded that they came across. Fortunately there was only one of them loaded, as soon found out by his placing his thumb on the lock of his firelock. Crack went my rifle, and down he fell. One of the others noticing this came running up with his bayonet fixed, followed by the other two. I saw plainly that I would have no chance with the whole, so I threw my firelock at the foremost like a lance, and stuck the bayonet through his heart. I had three still to contend with, one of which was loading, which I had no chance to do. I took this

ng pistol, and taking advantage of the bushes ed in wounding the two others. The cow- ficer threw down his sword. I took him r, and marched him off to the right amongst hes, and got up near our lines when I was weak from the loss of blood, when, seeing our men lying dead, I stooped down for his otte. This cowardly dog took this advan- atched his own sword out of my left hand, icted a slight wound on the fleshy part of my e never dreamt of another shot being in the hich was in him in less than a second. This y dreadful work for that day, and I hope ."

**THE BALAKLAVA RAILWAY CORPS.**  
second London detachment of the men en- y Messrs. Peto and Betts to construct the rom Balaklava to the trenches before and ghts around Sebastopol left Blackwall on 7. They go out in the fine new vessel the is, 800 tons, built in the Tyne by Messrs. ll, and seemingly in every way admirably for this particular purpose, combining com- s with great capacity. She carries her full 800 tons of rails, sleepers, and other materials, el for 12 days, but presents no appearance r of being unduly laden; and, should the be but moderately favourable, it is anticip- at she will reach Malta without stopping at r to coal, and accomplish the entire voyage klava in three weeks. She is commanded by Crookshank, an able and experienced officer, uainted with the seas he is about to navigate; Thursday was followed by the Prince of nd the Earl of Durham—the former carrying the latter 50 navvies. The number now at by the Hesperus is 80, nearly all young the prime of manhood, and presenting all vidence of stalwart strength and endurance h their class is proverbial. They are amply l with warm and durable clothing of the itable description; and, apart from a little onfusion and excitement consequent upon st experience of a sphere so entirely new to -that of the deck of a steamer, they appeared est-possible spirits, and thoroughly satisfied erything that had been done for them. A ound assembled on the Brunswick Pier to their departure. Shortly after two o'clock were mustered on the foredeck, in their new , to hear addresses from Captain S. W. An- naging-director of the North of Europe Navigation Company, and Lord Henry Clin- , with a party of gentlemen connected with rprise, were on a platform amidships. Cap- idrews, to whose practised vigilance and ctivity so much of the efficiency of all the nents of this noble undertaking is due, ad- the navvies in brief but homely and ener- rms, which elicited hearty plaudits from his

rancis Head has addressed a letter to the Newcastle, referring to the Railway Expe- n which he describes with what ease in muddy roads were rendered as solid as was :-

these miry, boggy lines, along which people seen for months crawling like flies across a treacle, are suddenly, and I may almost say r, converted into a road as hard and as good as treet by the following simple process, which is dopted as soon as the feeble funds of the young n purchase the blessing :-  
nall gang of men with spades and rammers vel one end of the earth road.  
ast as they proceed four or five rows of strong sleepers, which have been brought in the light of the country, are laid down longitudinally, ve feet asunder, and no sooner are they in posi- from other waggons stout planks, touching r, are transversely laid upon them. From a es of waggons a thin layer of sand or grit is pon the planks, which instantly assume the ap- of a more level M'Adam road than in practice e obtained.  
this new-born road the waggons carrying the planks, and sand, convey with perfect ease these riptions of materials for its continuance. The nces literally about as fast as an old gouty n can walk, and as soon as it is completed there ely exist a more striking contrast than between enses of what it was and what it is.  
gons of all descriptions and horses of all ages t, canter, and gallop over it with indescribable until, coming to the point at which the funds of ettlement have been exhausted, at a single step ge from the last plank into the mass of mud escribed."

**INCIDENTS.**

**CARDIGAN AT BALAKLAVA.**—Corporal John 1, of the 13th Light Dragoons, thus describes ord Cardigan's life in the celebrated charge ight Brigade:—

"Just as I was unpriming one of the enemy's guns, and passing another, there were three pairs of horses in it, and there was one man mounted on the centre pair: he was in the act of dismounting when I galloped past him and gave him a cut and a draw across the throat, which I thought was the quickest way of getting rid of him. I did not ride many yards further before I saw our commander, Lord Cardigan, very nearly thrust off his horse, and if it had not been for me, the old boy's life would not have been worth a row of pins. I saved him, for I directly saw a Russian had marked him, for he drew his lance and made at his lordship, but I was too expert for the rascal. I parried the well-meant stroke, and then he bolted as if Old Nick was after him."

**NEW SIEGE GUN.**—The *Liverpool Journal* says:

"We have seen the model of a gun, which, we believe, will supersede all others now in use. This gun is the invention of Mr. Williams, formerly of Everton, Liverpool, but now of Pembroke, and the contractor for executing the government works at Milford Haven. Mr. Williams's gun can be made either of wrought iron or cast steel, and of any size. The cost will not be great, the efficiency undoubted. But it has one most desirable advantage over all other guns. At Sebastopol siege guns were removed with great difficulty—in bad weather not at all. Mr. Williams's gun can be carried on men's shoulders! It is made in pieces, which pieces can be put together in a few minutes by a mere labourer, and when put together will be stronger than any gun cast or fabricated whole. The model will be laid before the Minister of War next week."

**ENGLISH GOVERNESSES IN RUSSIA.**—Private letters, says the *Morning Chronicle*, have been received from English governesses in Russia, which state that it has been intimated from high quarters that it is desirable for them to return immediately to their own country. The cause of this measure is said to be, that the Czar thinks that, as the war will reduce a great many wealthy persons to poverty, their daughters ought to find employment open to them. As most of the noble families are quite aware of what "the gentleman with mild eyes" means by a hint, they have advised their governesses to take it—how- ever unwilling to lose their services—while they have the opportunity of quitting in comfort, as by waiting for an official order they might have to do it with inconvenient haste, or possibly not be permitted to leave at all, and be favoured with an opportunity of verifying their geographical studies under disagree- able circumstances.

**ACTIVITY IN THE ARMOURY.**—The proof-master and other officials in the small arms' department, Tower, have been busily engaged in proving Minié rifles, rifled carbines, and other firearms. The number sent in by the contractors since Saturday last by far exceeded any week's supply since the contract commenced, and has kept the men employed in the proof-house busy from seven o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. Notwithstanding this large supply, there is an immense deficiency yet to be made up by the contractors. The Sappers and Miners now proceeding to the seat of war are armed with Mr. Lancaster's new carbine, capable of execu- tion at 1000 yards.

**SOMETHING, IT IS TO BE HOPED, IN NAMES.**—On Sunday last, the wife of Private Hunter, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, presented to the military chaplain at Liverpool, for baptism, two children, of which she has recently been confined. When the minister asked the sponsor to "name the child," the answer was "Inkerman;" and when he took the second, asking the same question, the answer was "Alma." The former was a boy, and the latter a girl, and their genuine military mother wished them to bear the names of the great battles which their father had witnessed on his march to Sebastopol.

**COLOUR SERGEANT DAVIES.**—This valuable war-rior is meeting recognition. Messrs. Grutter and Co., of Nienburg, write to the *Times* as follows:—

"Most esteemed sir,—Urged by the desire to prepare a small pleasure for a brave warrior in a just cause, and having no acquaintances in England, we took the liberty to-day to address to you, worthy sir, a box (No. 625) of sparkling Moselle from our establishment, franco by the Bremen steamer, with the humble request that you will kindly undertake to see it forwarded to her Majesty's Sergeant, Davies, before Sebastopol. We hope you will excuse the liberty we have taken, and that you will accede to our request the more willingly as you will thereby contribute to procure for the brave soldier, in his almost superhuman endeavours, some jovial hours in the circle of his comrades."

**THE QUEEN'S HUNDRED.**—Such is the title of a corps of a volunteer squadron of lancer cavalry, which a gallant baronet near Banff proposes should be raised for the defence of the country. The force is to be composed of noblemen, merchants, bankers, and gentlemen of such independent fortune as may enable each to provide himself with uniform, horse, arms, and equipments at his own expense. The head- quarters of the squadron to be London, but remov-

able to the provinces as yeomanry cavalry. It is proposed to ask the Queen to allow the Prince of Wales to accept the office of colonel commandant. The gentleman who is its chief promoter is a gallant Highland proprietor, who was formerly a captain of the 17th Lancers.

**WAR NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.**—When the news reached San Francisco that the Allies had taken Sebastopol, a salute was fired from the British and French war vessels lying in San Francisco Bay in honour of the event. One week after intelligence arrived that the announcement of the success of the Allies was a hoax, and that Sebas- topol had not yet fallen before the besieging armies. It was then Mr. Kostromitinoff, the Russian consul's turn to show some signs of rejoicing, and ac- cordingly he made preparations for giving an enter- tainment and firing a grand salute, which is thus noticed by the *San Francisco Herald*:—

"A large crowd collected on Broadway and Pacific wharves yesterday, to witness the firing of the salute on board the Zenobia, in honour of the affair of Petropau- lovski, and in joyful recognition of the fact that Sebas- topol is not taken. At noon precisely the Russian flag was run up and saluted with twenty-one guns, and seven were afterwards fired as a mark of respect to the Consul, M. Kostromitinoff, on his departure from the vessel. A collation was spread on board, a number of toasts were drunk, and the festivities passed off with great éclat. The Zenobia is an American ship, sailing under Ame- rican colours, and commanded by an American captain."

The intelligence of the affair of Petropaulovski, says the same Californian journal, was received with joy by the American citizens in Honolulu. The sym- pathy among them is all on the side of Russia.

**THE SULTAN VISITING THE DUKE OF CAM- BRIDGE.**—The *Journal de Constantinople* of December 24, says:—

"On Friday last his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, accompanied by his ordinary suite, proceeded to the palace of the Embassy, to visit his Royal Highness. The Sultan was received at the entrance of the palace by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the whole *personnel* of the British Legation in full uniform, and by the Duke of Cambridge who waited at the head of the grand stair- case. Introduced into the chief saloon, the Sultan entered most affably into conversation with the Duke. After the interview, which lasted twenty minutes, and in which the Sultan expressed to the Duke his senti- ments of friendship and sympathy for Queen Victoria and the English people, and his satisfaction at the im- provement in the Duke's health, his Majesty then visited Lady Stratford, who, with her daughters, was in the ball-room, and conversed with them in the most friendly manner."

**GOOD NEWS FOR THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.**—Sir J. Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, pending the decision of Government with respect to his offer of a contri- bution of 500 tons of coal for the use of our brave fellow countrymen in the Crimea, has ordered fifty tons to be shipped by the Cicero, about to sail for Balaklava, to be placed at the disposal of Sir Colin Campbell, for the special behoof of the Highland Brigade. The Marquis of Breadalbane has forwarded four puncheons of fine Scotch whiskey for the use of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea. It is under- stood that this generous contribution is to be con- signed to Sir Colin Campbell, the brave and esteemed chief of this gallant corps.

**CONTINENTAL NOTES.**

**FOREIGN ENLISTMENT.**—The *Suabian Mercury* states that in Spain, Holland, and Hamburg, dépôts for re- ceiving volunteers for the Foreign Legion which England is about to raise, are being established under the direc- tion of English officers. The old English reputation for liberality is bravely maintained by the Suabian journal, which says, each volunteer is to receive 25fr. on enter- ing and 800fr. when he shall have joined his regiment. He is also to receive "as much tea, liquor, &c., as he likes." Elsewhere the case is altered. The Governor of the province of Posen announces that recruiting agents will be visited with from three months to three years' imprisonment according to Prussian law. If the agents are foreigners, they will be conducted over the frontier after the term is expired.

**THE PEACE OF ITALY.**—The *Kölnische Zeitung*, under date Vienna 26, contains the following:—"The day before yesterday a separate convention was definitively concluded between Austria and France, with reference to the maintenance of peace in Italy. The exchange of the ratifications will probably not be delayed long; on the other hand, it is doubted that this treaty will be made public."

**PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.**—The demands for places in the Parisian Crystal Palace are so considerable, that the committee sees no possibility of satisfying all the claimants. There is scarcely a foreign manufacturer of any importance who does not propose to figure at the Exhibition; and the main building and its appendages being deemed insufficient, an additional gallery is to be

erected along the Quai d'Orsay. The *Moniteur* states most positively that the Exhibition will be opened on the 1st of May.

**THE PONT D'ALMA AT PARIS.**—Another bridge is to be built across the Seine, to be called the Pont d'Alma. It will span the river on three arches, and will be completed on the 1st May, 1855, at a cost of 1,700,000 francs.

**PRINCE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE** is said to have received orders to return to France immediately.

**SOCIALIST EMIGRATION.**—According to a letter from Strasbourg, in the *National Gazette* of Switzerland, the Socialist party in Alsace is about to emigrate *en masse* to Texas, where Victor Considérant, one of their chiefs, has purchased a large quantity of land. The first departure is to take place in the spring.

**THE PRESS IN SCHLESWIG.**—Most of the Danish and German newspapers, the perusal of which has for a long time been interdicted to the inhabitants of the Duchy of Schleswig by the paternal solicitude of the late minister, Count Moltke, are now again permitted free circulation in the duchy.

**ESPARTERO'S OPINION OF THE JESUITS.**—A Madrid letter says that the deputies of the Basque Provinces have exerted themselves to obtain permission from the Duke de la Vittoria for the Jesuits to remain in the convent of Loyola. The duke replied that he could not alone revoke a measure which was the work of the whole Cabinet. He is stated to have added as his personal opinion—"Donde hay un Jesuita, hay un peligro (where there is a Jesuit, there is a danger)."

**SPANISH RESPECT FOR A "MURILLO."**—Murillo's last work, "The Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Church of San Francisco, at Cadiz, has just been saved from otherwise inevitable destruction by the British Minister. The chapel of San Francisco has been for some time falling to pieces, so much so that the performance of mass was suspended. The roof was tumbling in, and the rain and wind penetrated. Without repairs it would soon have been absolutely necessary to remove the picture from the spot where Murillo himself placed it, or the weather would have destroyed it. And yet the authorities took no steps. Lord Howden, however, had the chapel repaired at his own expense. The picture is the more interesting as it occasioned the artist's death. Murillo, in stepping back to view his work, fell off the platform, and died of the injuries received in the fall.

There has been a slight modification of Espartero's Cabinet. Senor Collado, Finance Minister since the Revolution, has resigned, in consequence, it is said, of the narrow majority in favour of the Government on the proposition for abolishing the Octrois. He is succeeded by M. Sevillano, whose appointment appears to give satisfaction. Senor Collado is a poor politician, and his budget broke down; but he stemmed the embarrassments of the revolutionary crisis with courage and success.

**SAXONY.**—The King of Saxony closed the extraordinary session of the Diet, on the 30th ult., in person. His speech referred exclusively to internal topics.

**STATE OF SIEGE AT MODENA.**—The *Messengers of Modena* writes:—"Crimes and assassinations having become very frequent at Carrara, and neither the ordinary means, nor the more rigorous measures and penalties prescribed by the edict of the 26th of August last, having been found sufficient to repress them, his royal highness our august sovereign has seen himself obliged to apply the extraordinary and exceptional measure of the state of siege to that town and its territory." This measure is already in force. This notification is accompanied with the usual details of measures relating to the state of siege.—The *Genoa Gazette* states, from private correspondence, that the above measure has not been rendered necessary by any political disturbance.

**WINE-TRADE IN SWEDEN.**—According to the correspondent of the *Daily News* at Stockholm, the King has sanctioned the proposals made by the Chambers for rescinding all the hitherto existing prohibitory duties on imports and exports (with the single exception of brandy), but with the slight modification that they are to cease at the end instead of the beginning of the year 1855. The measure has been most favourably received by the mercantile world, as one tending to give a great impetus to the development of our foreign commerce.

**THE PRESS IN HESSE-CASSEL.**—The new federal law on the press has recently been applied for the first time in Hesse-Cassel. One of the most important houses in the publishing trade was suddenly deprived of its license; the result amounts to confiscation.

**EDICTS IN TURKEY.**—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has addressed a circular to all the British consuls in the Levant, informing them of the important decrees issued by the Sultan for effecting various salutary reforms in the administration of the laws; doing away with a number of long-existing abuses, and abolishing the trade in slaves in Georgia and Circassia; and urging on the consular agents to give every assistance by advice and exhortations to the Turkish authorities, who, in carrying into execution the said decrees, will, in all probability, have to contend with long-established prejudices and national traditions.

**THE VIENNA CONFERENCE.**—A letter from Paris states that the Vienna Conference of the 28th was held at the request of Prince Gortschakoff—thus attributing to Russia the initiative in negotiations avowedly directed towards peace. The Prince requested to know the interpretation set by the Three Powers on the four guarantees. He received that interpretation—identical, it is said, on the part of the Three Powers—but entered into no discussion, and immediately forwarded the interpretation to St. Petersburg. The reply is not expected in Vienna before the 8th or 10th of this month.

**ITALIAN PROVINCES OF AUSTRIA.**—A letter from Berlin states that the news of a treaty between France and Austria, guaranteeing the Italian possessions of the latter, is confirmed. The correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that the treaty has been actually signed. This, however, wants confirmation.

**THE "LLOYD" SUSPENSION.**—A letter from Vienna of the 26th ult., in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—"The affair of the suspension of the *Lloyd* journal is not yet over. This day M. E. Warrens had an audience of his Majesty, to whom he presented a memorandum, which is said to be a masterpiece of justice and clearness. M. Warrens, who has rendered such service to the state, has not lost confidence in the reappearance of his suppressed journal. It is true that the other journals this day mention a warning given to the *Trieste Gazette*, because it had published some lines in favour of the *Lloyd*; but that is perhaps a measure justified by the tone of those words rather than a symptom that the *Lloyd* has been definitively judged."

The actual strength of the German federal army, according to the returns for 1853 laid before the military committee of the Diet, amounts to 525,037 men, and is divided as follows:—The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd army corps (Austria) make 153,295; the 4th, 5th, and 6th army corps (Prussia), 170,509; the 7th army corps (Bavaria), 50,236; and 8th corps (Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt), 47,557; the 9th corps (Saxony, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, Luxembourg, Limburg), 35,836; the 10th corps (Hanover, Brunswick, Oldenburg, the Hanse Towns, Mecklenburg), 49,918; the infantry division of reserve, 18,186. Among them 8371 are on the staff; the infantry amount to 404,592 men, of whom 28,621 are chasseurs and riflemen; the cavalry are 71,149, with 42,032 horses doing work. The artillery consists of 40,270 men, with 7424 horses; the so-called technical troops amount to 5745 men, to whom are to be added 1470 army surgeons, and 16,838 men attached to the transport service. The siege park contains 250 pieces of ordnance, 122 of which are cannon, 31 howitzers, and 97 mortars. According to its tactical distribution, the federal army consists of 387 battalions, 409 squadrons, and 147 batteries, with 1122 guns.

A most unexpected event has shaken Nice out of its propriety and prepared the residents in that favoured spot for that perpetuation in cinders, which about seventeen hundred years ago befel the fashionable population of Pompeii and Herulanum. A letter from Nice of December 30, says:—"The morning before last, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of this place were awakened from their sleep by a singular sensation of horizontal movement. At first, the greatest number thought it must be a dream, but they soon perceived that it was a terrible reality. Each house rocked gently on its foundations, as you may have seen young poplar trees swaying to and fro from a strong breeze. In an instant the whole town was on the alert. Every one rushed out, avoiding the streets, and seeking the gardens and fields, where many erected marquees to shelter themselves from the night air. The weather was delightful; the sky studded with countless stars, and everything above presenting a marked contrast with the confusion and disquietude of the population. Soon after, a second shock, and then a third, increased the general terror to the utmost point. Chimneys had been thrown to the ground—a long line of wall had fallen with a loud crash—no one knew but that the town was about to be swallowed up, and the sea to close over the ancient Nicæa of the Romans. The whole scene was horrible, but yet so strange that it had something of the charm of dreams, or of the supernatural. What added to the uneasiness was, that some Sicilians, who pretended to be learned in earthquake proceedings, announced that another shock was to be expected within twenty-four hours. In consequence, no one went to bed, and nearly all Nice spent the next night in bivouac. All the public vehicles of the town were hired, and carried off to the country to serve as shelter for as many persons as could be stowed into them, and many a tent was erected in the plain for the same purpose. However, everything passed over in quiet, and the expected polka of the houses did not take place."

A private letter, written under the immediate impression of the shock, says:—

"I have been once more preserved from a sudden and terrible death. I have been here about ten days, and since I have arrived the weather has been delightful, and the thermometer 80 in the sun and 66 in the shade, Fahrenheit. Yesterday morning I

observed a *mirage* in the air, representing Mount Vesuvius or Etna, and the adjacent coasts. Yesterday afternoon it blew very hard from south-east, and a great deal of dust; soon afterwards it fell quite calm, and the sun setting last night in tremendous black clouds, but no rain here in Nice, it all went over to France; at about half-past two o'clock this morning, myself and all the other visitors and inhabitants of Nice were woken up from our sleep, and found our houses rocking to and fro, like ships in a gale of wind. Our beds threw us from side to side. All Nice was out of doors escaping for their lives. There were three distinct shocks of the earthquake, for so it was. The first at half-past two this morning, lasted at least half a minute (and the oldest inhabitant recollects nothing of the kind here before). It has done some considerable mischief to the houses in Nice, and mine is cracked in many places. The two other shocks were very slight ones. The effect to myself and others was electrifying; and I was, as well as every one else, quite sick and bilious. The weather to-day has been delightful, and the ponds were frozen this morning and nearly all day. After the earthquake, there was a hard frost."

*L'Avenir de Nice*, a Liberal and apparently rather heterodox contemporary in those regions, treats the shock more jocely. "We had the advantage of assisting last night at an undress rehearsal of one of those dramas of Nature, especially grand when, as now, the development of the phenomena makes no victims. . . ." After describing the shocks, the Voltairian journalist adds:—"The population remains in alarm; this unusual event is the great subject of conversation, and will be for many days. Certain Western *dévôts* will remember that Psalm of David in which the hills leap like lambs, and the mountains like rams: the earth has celebrated the proclamation of the Immaculate, the approaching return of peace and concord among the Christian nations of the orthodox Latin rite. The *dévôts* from another point of the horizon will see in this event a warning and a menace to the Sardinian States, which are said to be determined to make an alliance against the orthodox Christians of the Greek rite, with the *communist* Governments of France and England. Common-sense people will shut their mouths, and congratulate themselves on an adventure which to the sedentary naturalist is a rare piece of good luck, especially when it does no harm."

Two severe shocks of earthquake were experienced at Turin at the same time as at Nice. They were undulatory, in the direction N.E.—S.W., and preceded and accompanied by a rumbling noise and violent wind. The shocks succeeded close upon each other, and lasted several seconds each. It appears that they were felt much more severely in the environs of Turin than in the city itself, since in the former they caused such terror among the inhabitants that they ran out of their dwellings; which was not generally the case at Turin.

Naples, like Rome, has recently been "drunk with joy" in celebrating officially the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception.

The Tuscan Government has forbidden conscripts to find substitutes for the military service.—A recent decree of the French Government abolishes the system of substitutes, and proposes itself to furnish them on the payment of a fixed tax.

#### AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF THE QUEEN.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

PERHAPS, since the commencement of the campaign, no document has found its way to the public so gratifying in its nature as that which we here subjoin. The earnest expression of her Majesty's anxiety for the brave men who have been wounded in the service of the country will have the best effect in the army; it will console the unfortunate who have already suffered, and animate to increased exertion their comrades who have hitherto escaped the accidents of war.

The letter was addressed by her Most Gracious Majesty to Mr. Sidney Herbert, and through him to Mrs. Herbert, by whom it was transmitted to Miss Nightingale:—

Windsor Castle, Dec. 6, 1854.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, tho' I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one.

"Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So, does the Prince.

"Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

(Signed) "VICTORIA."

SIR DE LACY EVANS.

This gallant general has again landed in England, and we are glad to learn, is recruiting his shattered constitution at Folkestone. We understand that his health has been much restored by his voyage home, although there is no chance of his resuming his Crimean command. The climate of the East in autumn and winter, with constant exposure under canvas day and night, and no rest for body and mind, proved too severe for a veteran soldier 68 years of age. Indeed, the command of a division of the army, under circumstances such as those in which the Allies are placed in the Crimea, is perhaps the most trying of all military duties, the most incessantly onerous and responsible. We need not repeat the universal opinion of his comrades—British and French allies—on the last service which he rendered to his country. Political detraction and prejudice for a while deprived Sir De Lacy Evans of the rank and rewards due to his extraordinary military career and his hard-earned distinction as a soldier. The reluctance with which he gave up his command is displayed in the following extract from his letter to Lord Raglan, who, it must not be forgotten, received the announcement with much sorrow and considerable eulogium. Sir De Lacy Evans writes from on board the Britannia, November 11:—

"I have now for nearly a fortnight had the benefit of the greatest care and hospitality possible, and a warm cabin, from my generous naval friends, Captain Dacres in the first instance, and now no less so from the admiral in chief in the Britannia. But five months without cessation under canvas, with some unavoidable privations and alterations of temperature, latterly at night of unfrequently severe cold, with the shock occasioned by my fall, have had their effect on one in his 68th year. Indeed, owing to the chances of the service, I believe no other officer of the same advanced age and rank has had the same continuous test to bear up against. And with all my present rest and advantages I am still left with but little feeling of strength or freedom from ailment. This has been greatly added to by the heavy and peculiar responsibility that lately fell to my lot for almost a month, namely, from about the 4th, I think, till the 30th of October.

"The post I was charged with during that long period was, I believe, deemed of the utmost importance to the safety of the French and English armies. Frequently but few troops remained to me for its defence, against sometimes tenfold our numbers of the enemy within a short distance from our front. I had the honour of frequently submitting my opinion of the weakness and precariousness of the position of the Second Division to your Lordship, and, indeed, also to General Canrobert, and of the small means at my disposal to place it in more security. Its liability to be suddenly attacked at all times it was also my duty to represent. But the various exigencies to be provided for on other points at that time scarcely left it possible, I believe, to afford us any material reinforcement, or means for the construction of defences. I have ventured into these details to account for the harassing nature of the duty alluded to and of the anxious and almost sleepless nights and days occasioned me.

"I feel in consequence much depressed, worn out, and exhausted; a severe chronic complaint I am subject to having been almost extremely aggravated during the cold nights we latterly had in camp, and which are now becoming more frequent and severe with the advancing winter season. I should not, however, have been so glib, for in your Lordship's letter of the 31st you were pleased to refer to some of these circumstances as follows:—'Nothing can have been more satisfactory than the whole of my intercourse with you, and it is painful to my feelings to see it interrupted. But, unfortunately, no man can command health, and you have had to undergo not only great fatigue but anxiety of mind, since your division has occupied the important position now holds, and so gallantly maintained under your directions a few days ago.'

"Such expressions of approval from your lordship are, indeed, a great happiness to me to have received.

"About a month ago, when the generals of division were summoned to head-quarters to receive a communication, your lordship may recollect my mentioning that I had only been able to attend by taking ammonia and other stimulants. During the occasional northerly winds I was obliged, sometimes, to have my tent for twenty-four hours together wholly closed, and gave and received orders through my unopened tent doors. Some of your lordship's staff will remember how often in bringing me orders they found me on my bed, or rather on my blankets, on the ground, when I ought rather to have been, if I could, on horseback. I was well aware, though others may not have been, that this invalid condition prevented my attending to many things which I now it was urgent I should have personally seen to and executed.

"Under these circumstances, instead of asking your lordship for longer leave, which I am sure you would grant, I think it the more proper course to solicit your lordship's permission to resign my staff appointment in this army, the very arduous executive duties and responsibilities of which my impaired health and want of

strength render me no longer adequate to. And I trust that the several wounds I have received, and the services I have faithfully endeavoured to perform in various parts of the world, will be deemed to render me deserving to close at length my active duties, when unable to continue them with justice to the public service or to myself."

ARRIVAL OF THE HIMALAYA WITH INVALIDS FROM THE CRIMEA.

THE Himalaya, screw steam-ship, Captain Russell, has arrived at Spithead from the Black Sea. She left Malta on the 20th of December, calling at Gibraltar, where she was detained three days coaling. She has brought home the following:—One lady, 10 military officers, 3 naval officers, 48 wounded soldiers, 88 sick ditto, 225 women, and 300 children—making a total of 769. The naval officers are Captain Graham, C.B. (brother of Sir James Graham) from the Vengeance, 84, invalided; William H. Bridge, first lieutenant of the same ship; and Mr. Inglis, second master of the Sidon, steam-frigate, on promotion. The military officers who came home in the Himalaya are, Colonel C. A. Fitz H. Berkeley, Scotch Fusilier Guards, wounded; Colonel Hume, 95th Foot, wounded; Captain Knollys, invalided; Captain Phillips (and wife), 47th Regiment, wounded; Captain White, 17th Lancers, wounded; Captain Stoner, 68th Regiment, invalided; Lieut. Garrard, 95th Regiment, wounded; Lieut. Sanderson, 62nd, invalided (and who has since broken his leg by an accident); and Staff Surgeons Manifold and Carr. The whole of the officers and men who are sick and wounded are doing very well, and, generally speaking, a very good state of health prevails on board. The state of the Himalaya was not very cleanly or prepossessing to the eye, whilst on the lower deck there was a stench that was almost sickening. On this deck, where women, children, and troops were berthed, there were stalled some eight or ten horses, which had belonged to General Sir De Lacy Evans and General Torrens. These horses themselves were sickly, and one or two were decidedly in a diseased state. The effluvia caused by them in their confined stalls between decks was very considerable, and it is only surprising that a large amount of sickness was not the result.

The Himalaya's engines are much out of order, and she will have to go into dock for repairs. The damaged condition of her machinery much delayed her in her passage home; she will have her repairs effected at Southampton, the Peninsular and Oriental Company being bound to keep her in repair for twelve months after her purchase by Government.

The Arethusa has also arrived in Plymouth Sound after a long passage of 29 days from Malta, having experienced contrary winds and calms. She brings invalided troops, seamen, and marines, under command of Lieutenant Pringle, 71st Regiment, and in medical charge of Assistant-Surgeon Atkinson, 31st.

DEATH OF GENERAL ADAMS.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Major-General Henry William Adams, C.B., which took place on the 19th, at Scutari, from the effects of the wounds which he received in the battle of Inkerman, on the 5th of November. General Adams had been raised to his rank only on the 12th of December, for the distinguished gallantry which he displayed throughout the operations in the Crimea, whilst in command of the brigade of the 2nd division, composed of the 41st, 47th, and 49th regiments, from the last-named of which he was taken to fill the post of brigadier-general. We believe that a commanding officer has been seldom more beloved as well as respected by his corps—both officers and men. General Adams entered the service in 1823, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1840; at that time he was in the 18th Royal Irish, which distinguished regiment he commanded through the operations in China, including the first capture of Chusan, the storming of the heights above Canton, the capture of Amoy, the second capture of Chusan, the storming of the fortified heights of Chinhae, and the capture of Ningpo. The 49th regiment, which was likewise serving in these operations, was shortly afterwards returning to England, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams exchanged into it. He has since been with his regiment in this country, Ireland, and the Mediterranean. Major-General Adams being on the supernumerary list, his death will not tend to cause a vacancy on the general officers' list.

THE PAY OF OUR SOLDIERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times calls attention to the small remuneration which our army receives. He thinks that improving the soldier's condition would do away with the necessity for Foreign Enlistment, and maintains that "Patriotism" alone will never organise a sufficiently large force.

"Is it right and just that such men should be paid by their country at a less rate than even the Dorsetshire labourer? Let this wealthy nation only think of what

the soldier is undergoing at this moment, and then consider his miserable pay of 1s. 1d. a-day, with stoppages for food and clothing! These men, too, have wives, children, sisters, and aged mothers, whom, to their honour, many of them endeavour to support out of their miserable pittance; but it is indeed a hard struggle, yet seldom do they complain. The injustice, however, remains as a blot against this wealthy nation.

"Let, then, the soldier's pay be immediately augmented. Let us not grudge the slight additional pressure of taxation which such a measure would entail. Let us cast aside self-indulgence, and rouse ourselves to nobler sentiments and a more worthy distribution of that wealth with which Providence has so signally blessed this land. Let us place the British soldier at least on a par with the agricultural labourer, and give him not less, at any rate, than 9s. a-week. Increase the soldier's pay, and we shall not lack men in this or any other emergency—men ready to serve their country at duty's call. We cannot expect patriotism alone to be the only motive in inducing our youth to enter the ranks of the army. That this feeling does exist is certain, or we should have no soldiers at all, but it is quite excusable that considerations of the pay, &c., should enter into the deliberation which precedes the act of enlistment.

"If the nation, in a word, is only fair and just in the pay she gives to her soldiers; if promotion to commissions for the deserving, with special allowances on such promotion to meet increased expenses, were established as the rule and not the exception; and if the nation were, in gratitude for what has been done, to anticipate the thanks which we trust will yet be due to her soldiery by taking care that everything is done, and well done, for their comfort and efficiency in the field, we need not look to Germany, or any foreign land, for men to fight our battles. We shall see thousands upon thousands of England's stalwart and noble sons step forward and go forth at the call of duty in defence of 'God and the right.'"

THE BRITISH RIFLE.

THE following is a description of the rifle now being manufactured for our troops:—

"In almost every important respect it is a vastly superior weapon to the Russian musket. It is considerably longer, very much lighter, easier to clean and to handle, and of superior workmanship. The way in which the barrel and stock are connected is novel and ingenious. The barrel is encircled and bound fast to the stock by three iron rings or clips of great strength, which are kept in their places by as many spring catches, and the barrel could be unshipped in less than three minutes, simply by pressing these springs. The ramrod, a neatly-turned piece of steel, with cup and screw, is incomparably superior to that of the Russian gun. The bayonet is the slightest we have seen, of finely-tempered steel, and the mode of securing it in its place is exceedingly good. The sight is hinged, and lies horizontally on the barrel; it is thrown up to a vertical position by a spring, and then represents a slit between two pillars, up and down which slides a small piece of metal, forming the sight. It is graduated, but rather widely, there being only four marked points on the scale. On the whole, the sight-piece of the Russian musket seems preferable, as more easily used, and less liable to get out of order. In every other respect the English piece beats that of Liege hollow. Here are a few of the relative dimensions and weights:—

	British.	Russian.
Length of musket ...	4ft. 6½in.	3ft. 10in.
With bayonet fixed ...	6ft. 1in.	5ft. 8in.
Weight of musket alone ...	8lb. 6oz.	10lb. 0oz.
Weight of bayonet ...	0lb. 10oz.	1lb. 14oz.

Weight of musket and bayonet 9lb. 0oz. ... 11lb. 14oz.

The butt of both muskets is about the same length, so that the lock is about the same distance in each from the butt end; but the difference in length in the barrels is considerable, the British rifle having a barrel 8½ inches longer than that in use in the Russian army. We need not dwell upon the advantage of this greater length of barrel in a rifle for giving greater steadiness and certainty of direction to the ball. Another advantage is that the Russian piece has only two rifled grooves, the British piece has three. The next noticeable point is, that although the Russian sword blade is longer than the British bayonet, the length of the British musket with bayonet fixed is still five inches more than that of the Russian piece with its sword bayonet."

PRUSSIA AND THE WEST.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Independence Belge* gives the following as a closer analysis than has yet appeared of the Prussian despatch of the 19th, sent to Paris and London:—

"The despatch first alludes to the notification of the treaty which was made on the evening of the 16th by the three Envoys in separate conferences. M. de Mantouffell communicated the treaty to the King. Prussia fully appreciates the importance thereof, and in making it the object of a conscientious examination the Cabinet of Berlin has been guided by the sincere wish to associate itself, as much as its convictions and the interests

of its country permit, to the common work of the re-establishment of peace on just and permanent bases.

"Prussia has seen with satisfaction that the protocols of Vienna, which still form the common basis, are mentioned in the treaty.

"If she did not take part in the exchange of the notes of the 8th of August, she at least gave her moral support thereto.

"The diplomatic concert with the other Powers, therefore, still exists.

"In consequence of transactions with Austria, a transaction motivated by the menacing attitude of Russia, Prussia has even engaged herself, under certain eventualities, to military co-operation.

"There exists, therefore, already, an analogy between the position of Prussia and that of the Powers who signed the treaty of December.

"Prussia is disposed to join in new stipulations, and to come to an understanding, the pacific weight of which would be of a nature to exercise a salutary and decisive influence.

"As regards the treaty of the 2nd of December, Prussia observes that it bears the stamp of an *entente* with Austria. Prussia adheres to the general tendencies of that treaty, and is ready to conclude an analogous arrangement.

"With this object, and to fix with certainty eventual decisions, it leads naturally to the question what would be the interpretation of the guarantees which Russia has adopted without any reserve and in their primitive form (*redaction primitive*).

"This interpretation of the guarantees will be the pivot of the diplomatic measures.

"The more Prussia appreciates the step taken by the Powers who signed the treaty, and the more desirous she is of responding to the sentiments which dictated that step, the more does she hope to obtain confidential explanations on the interpretation of the guarantees."

#### TRADE OF NEUTRALS.

THE question of the advisability of stopping the trade of neutral powers has occasioned much discussion, and the unsettled character of our decrees on the subject, and the laxity with which decrees are carried out, has given rise to great dissatisfaction. The non-interference principle is thus argued against by a correspondent of the *Times*:-

"If we cannot persuade a neutral State (say Prussia) to join our righteous cause against the common enemy of Europe, we are surely entitled to do our best to prevent that State deriving large additional revenues from the war. Is it not worse than folly to allow so great a temptation to sinful neutrality to remain undiminished? The plan proposed for lessening the profits of this iniquitous indifference, and for impeding Russian trade, may not be perfect, no plan is so; and it may in part injure us also; still, will it not be wise to lay heavy duties on all Prussian goods and all goods and vessels from Prussian ports, and on all Prussian vessels entering any British (or colonial) port, until that neutral State shall join us, at least to the extent of a commercial blockade."

#### THE FRENCH LOAN.

THE writer of the City article in the *Times* gives the following particulars relative to the French loan of 500,000,000 francs, or about 20,000,000 sterling:-

"The terms at which it is to be issued are considered low, and calculated to draw subscriptions from this side, should such be admitted. The Three per Cents. are to be issued at the rate of 65½ per cent., and the Four-and-a-Half per Cents. at 92 per cent. The payment on subscribing is to be one-tenth, and the remaining instalments are to be spread over the unusually lengthened period of eighteen months. Notwithstanding the delay allowed in the payment of the instalments, the full dividend on the Three per Cents. will date from the 22nd of December, 1854, and that on the Four-and-a-Half per Cents. from the 22nd of September, 1854, an arrangement by which the Minister of Finance calculates that the subscribers will receive a bonus of nearly 8½ per cent. as compared with the present range of prices on the Bourse. Four per cent. discount is also to be allowed to parties wishing to pay up the instalments in advance, but this privilege will be confined at present to subscriptions not exceeding 1000 francs (say 40*l.*) of annual *rente*, the object of this arrangement being to prevent large capitalists from deluging the market with the new creation of stock. One of the most interesting features of this national loan is the extent to which facilities are afforded to small capitalists. Subscriptions to the low amount of ten francs of annual income are actually invited. The lists are to be open from the 3rd to the 14th of January."

#### FRENCH AND ENGLISH ALLIANCES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* says:-

"There exists an impression on the minds of many of our countrymen that the armies of France and England have never, side by side, encountered a common foe, since they stood arrayed under Phillip Augustus and our

own lion-hearted monarch against the paynim hosts of Saladin. Permit me to remind your readers that in 1658, on the declaration of war by Spain, Cromwell (to use the words of Hume, vol. 7, pages 286-7, edition 1767),-

"Concluded a peace and an alliance with France, and united himself in all his counsels with that potent and ambitious kingdom. He was particularly desirous of conquest and dominion on the Continent, and he sent over into Flanders 6000 men, under Reynolds, who joined the French army under Turenne. Siege was laid to Dunkirk, and when the Spanish army advanced to relieve it, the combined armies of France and England marched out of their trenches, and fought the battle of the Dunes, where the Spaniards were totally defeated. The valour of the English was much remarked on this occasion. Dunkirk, being soon after surrendered, was by agreement delivered to Cromwell."

"Again, on the dissolution of the triple league between England, Sweden, and the United Provinces, and the alliance with the French in 1670, no less than 10,000 Englishmen co-operated with the armies of France against those of Holland and the Imperialists, and these troops Charles II. was by treaty prohibited from recalling from the service of *le grand monarque*, even on the conclusion by him of a separate peace with Holland. Of them it is said that 'they had acquired great honour in every action, and had contributed greatly to the successes of Louis.' (Page 525).

"In the campaign of 1675 the same troops were still to be found ranged under the banners of Turenne, when guarding the French frontier on the Upper Rhine in opposition to his Imperialist rival Montecuculi; and in the retreat consequent upon the untimely death of that great Marshal, and the assumption of the command by De Lorges, the services of the English troops are thus recorded by the historian:-

"De Lorges, nephew to Turenne, succeeded him in the command, and possessed a great share of the genius and capacity of his predecessor. By his skilful operations the French were enabled to repass the Rhine without considerable loss, and this retreat was esteemed equally glorious with the greatest victory. The desperate valour of the English troops, who were placed in the rear, contributed greatly to save the French army. They had been seized with equal passion as the native troops of France for their brave general, and fought with ardour to revenge his death on the Germans. The Duke of Marlborough, then Captain Churchill, here learnt the rudiments of that art which he afterwards practised with such fatal success against France."

#### NEW METROPOLITAN COMMISSION OF SEWERS.—MR. F. O. WARD'S STATEMENT.

FROM the observations on Private-house and District Drainage which we have reported in our two last papers, Mr. F. O. Ward proceeded to state his views on the important questions of Main Intercepting Drainage (for the dispollution of the Thames), and of the Agricultural Utilisation of the sewage.

The subject of Main Intercepting Drainage, Mr. Ward said, was one which he approached with more than ordinary diffidence, partly because of the many complex considerations involved in the difficult problem itself, partly because it had engaged the attention of several eminent engineers, in whose opinions he found himself unable entirely to coincide. And here he was anxious, having been held up as hostile to the engineering profession, and as having joined in imputing to members of their body a want of skill and judgment in sanitary matters, to disclaim with all his force any participation in such attacks, and to declare himself, on the contrary, a sincere admirer of that high and honourable profession, for the leading members of which he had always entertained a most sincere and unaffected esteem. Those men had gone forth from this country to every part of the civilised world—they had covered both hemispheres with railways, docks, harbours, bridges, and other magnificent works—everywhere they had done honour to the English name, and to the genius of British civilisation; and he looked up to them as the heroes of glorious victories, gained, not over mere men, but over Nature and the rebellious elements. Nevertheless, if their views appeared to him to require modification upon any sanitary point, it was his duty to express his opinions frankly, as frankly as he should himself acknowledge any error into which he might be shown to have fallen in discussing these vast and intricate problems. Now, speaking in a spirit of the utmost deference to the great men who had lent the sanction of their approval to the scheme of Intercepting Tunnels now before them, he must declare his opinion, that that scheme, if executed in its present form, would turn out, with reference to the main objects in view, a costly failure. He should reserve, for the special debate on this subject, of which Sir J. Shelley had given notice, the detailed development of his reasons for taking this view; and in the mean time he would only say that these tunnels would not thoroughly accomplish the

dispollution of the Thames, nor improve, as was supposed, the levels of the main sewers, nor put an end to the accumulation of deposits, nor effect that beneficial sanitary revolution which powerful organs of the press had led the public to expect. Neither the tunnels, nor the pumping power provided, were adequate to carry away the sewage when swollen by very ordinary showers. Rain coming down, as it very commonly did, at a greater rate than 1-100th of an inch per hour (heavy showers, they were aware, came down at the rate of an inch, and storms at the rate of two inches and upwards, per hour), all such rain, he said, would swell the sewage beyond the discharging power of the tunnels, and the excess would flow as heretofore, through the existing outlets into the Thames. This circumstance involved the other evil he had mentioned—the non-improvement of the existing levels of the sewers. The outfalls of the sewers would not, as the public imagined, be lowered, and brought into the deep tunnels. Those outfalls would have to be kept at their present levels in order to discharge the excess of sewage, during rainy weather, into the Thames. Thus, the dead level sewers of the south side—sewers which could be flushed either way indifferently, and which were three days emptying themselves when filled by a storm, so sluggish was their flow—all these would have to remain level, in order that the sewage, when swollen by rains, might pass off into the Thames. So again, the evils of ponding up the sewage would continue whenever rain happened to fall at high water, in quantities exceeding the limited amount capable of being discharged by the tunnels and raised by the pumping engines. On the other hand, when rain in excess fell at low water, the sewage discharged would be carried some twelve miles up the river by the rising tide, then thirteen or fourteen miles down with the ebb, then twelve miles up again with the flood, and so on tide after tide, passing the point of discharge half a dozen times, and only working its passage a couple of miles or so down the river at each tide, so as to keep the tide-way of the Thames within the London area polluted with sewage, not merely at the moment of its discharge, but during all these subsequent tidal oscillations. Thus, one day in twelve of sewage-discharge would be tantamount to one day in eight of river-pollution. It was said, he knew, that the overflow of the sewers on these occasions would be mere rain water; but whoever had noticed the stream issuing from the sewers' mouths during heavy rain would be able, he thought, to judge whether the admission of such black-looking contributions could be held compatible with the desired dispollution of the river. He believed, on the contrary, that whenever heavy rain followed drought, as often happened in the hot months, vast accumulations of offensive deposit from the more badly sloped of the sewers would be swept to the river; an evil which the interception of the upland rainfall from the sewers below would tend to increase, by diminishing their ordinary scour. And this, he observed, might sometimes happen at epidemic seasons, just when a pestiferous outgush of foul matter would be among the evils most of all to be avoided. Would such a result, he asked himself, satisfy their fellow-citizens? Would they be content if, after having contributed their three millions sterling, and waited five or six years for the result, they should find the stink of their streets and the befouling of their river only partially abated, not done away with? For his part, he thought not. He believed that no such partial measures would satisfy the public, who would, he thought, justly consider that if pollution of the Thames were wrong for seven days, it could not be right on the eighth; and that, if the retention of stagnant deposit under our houses and streets were a recognised source of disease and mortality, means should be devised for its continual and complete evacuation, at any cost in reason. So again, with respect to the marshy water-logged districts lying near the river, below high-water mark, those districts measured only about 4600 acres, or very little more than one-tenth the area of the great Haarlem Lake—a lake which covered 45,230 acres, and had formerly an average depth of fourteen feet, which received, moreover, 36,000,000 tons of rainfall per month, besides upland flood, and which had been, nevertheless, dried, and was kept dry, by three steam-engines of 350 horse-power each, worked at an expense of only 4500*l.* a year. Surely, with such an example before us, we should endeavour to dry the water-logged soil of those low levels, instead of leaving them as at present, for the sake of a few thousands of pounds a year, to remain a sort of sodden swamp in the heart of our metropolis. We employed steam-engines for every conceivable purpose—to transport us on railways and rivers, and across mighty oceans, to weave our clothing, to produce a thousand articles of use or luxury, among other things, to pump water into our towns; why should we be niggardly in the application of a few hundred, or even, if needful, a few thousand horse-power, to dry the soil of our cities, and to rid us of



that most horrible and degrading of all pollutions—our own fermenting excrement?

This, Mr. Ward proceeded to say, was the more to be desired, as this very refuse, so loathsome and baneful in the town, became an article of value, and might be made a source of municipal revenue, when applied to the feeding of crops in the country. Our limits, however, preclude our following the speaker to-day into this his concluding topic; which we, accordingly, reserve for a separate report next week. Meanwhile, we are bound to say that there appears to us great force in Mr. Ward's objections to the Main Intercepting Drainage scheme, as it now stands; and that we shall await with much interest the development of his views as to the true solution of this momentous problem.

**SURPLUS REVENUES.**

A STATEMENT has been going about that the Bishop of St. David's was about to bestow his "Surplus Revenues" for the last fourteen years, amounting to 14,000*l.*, for the benefit of the poorer clergy of his diocese. In a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, the bishop refers the public to the following extract from his charge of 1851, as the true version of the case:—

"Since my appointment to the see, I have been entitled, under an arrangement to which I was not a party, to an uncertain and fluctuating income, which has sometimes exceeded and sometimes fallen short of its computed average amount. As I had no claim to compensation from any other source in case of a deficiency, so I owe no one an account of the surplus which has actually accrued. But with regard to the future the state of the case is now materially altered by the recent Order in Council, by which I am enabled to fix my income at the exact amount which was originally thought sufficient I should gladly have availed myself of this very salutary provision, if I had not been restrained by one consideration. When I reflected on the urgent wants and the scanty resources of the Church in this diocese, I hardly felt myself at liberty—I could not bring myself to transfer to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners any portion of the funds actually placed at my disposal. I have preferred incurring some risk of inconvenience and loss in order that the diocese may exclusively reap the benefit of any surplus which may arise during the next septennial cycle. With this view I have made an arrangement by which the whole of such surplus will be applied to the augmentation of small livings in the diocese. The class of livings to which the benefit will, in the first instance at least, be confined, will be those in the bishop's patronage of value below 150*l.* a year. At the same time I must observe that, as the sole ground of this arrangement is the present probability of a surplus during the next seven years, if at the end of that time circumstances should be so far altered as to present the prospect of a deficiency rather than of a surplus, I should then feel myself not only warranted, but bound, on the very same principle, to take advantage of the provision by which I am enabled to secure the full amount of the income allotted to the see."

**MR. CARDWELL AT OXFORD.**

The President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Cardwell) spoke at a dinner at Oxford on Monday. He said in conclusion:—

"If he inquired from the annual official returns, whether they had experienced a diminution in their foreign trade, he would find that although 1853 was a year without precedent in the extraordinary increase over all former years, that increase had been maintained in 1854. He (Mr. Cardwell) was not quoting statistics, nor giving them precise figures, but he spoke in general terms, and was enabled to say that great and unexampled as their prosperity had been before the commencement of the war, it still continued and prevailed at the close of 1854. Their enemy would find, too, that their colonies, the sources of their permanent wealth, continued to grow, and to prosper, and to become the foundations of future empires, and of free governments in distant parts of the world. He would find also that the revenue was maintained—no mean evidence of the prosperous condition of the people at home, and an uncomplaining people, cheerfully submitting to any sacrifice to carry on a war which he had entailed upon them, and showing more energy as the pressure of the war became greater. It was under such circumstances that they closed the year 1854 and began 1855; and if the year 1855 should be a year of darkness and of war, they at least knew that England would exhibit an example of which Englishmen might well be proud, furnishing, as she was doing, pages of future history worthy to be associated with those of Marlborough and Wellington."—Mr. Cardwell resumed his seat amid general cheering.

**OUR CIVILISATION.**

**MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY.**—Harriet Ardran was a young woman between twenty-one and twenty-two years of age, the eldest of five children, and daughter of William Ardran, a farmer's man living at Thorpe.

She was a girl of pleasing appearance and manners. Several young men living in the locality were anxious to "pay their addresses" to her; but she recognised no one in the character of suitor except a person named George Anston, a moulder at Chapelton. Amongst the individuals who it would appear were disappointed by this preference was Daniel Hawksworth, a collier, about twenty-three years old, living at Chapelton, and a companion of Anston's. At any rate it would appear from the girl's statements that Hawksworth had suffered a disappointment of this kind, though he was never observed to make any advances to her, and certainly she had given him no encouragement. On the fatal occasion Hawksworth, when he met her, told her that if she would not go with him he would take care that she went with nobody else. She turned round to go away from him, upon which he cocked his gun and threatened to shoot her, and upon her continuing to move from him he fired. She has since died in great agony, and he has been arrested.

**MORE WIFE-BEATING.**—The following miserable story was told by a woman at a police-court:—

"At midnight, on the 14th ult., I and my four children were sitting round a very little bit of fire, trying to keep ourselves warm, as the night was very cold, when my husband came home very drunk, and said, 'Oh, that's the way you're enjoying yourselves, is it?' I said, 'Surely it is time you came home before to give us more fire;' upon which he exclaimed, 'It is fire you want, do you? I'll soon give you that,' and immediately struck me such a violent blow in the face as to knock me into the fireplace and bruise one of my eyes dreadfully. I made my escape as he was trying to hit me again, and ran out of the house, and on finding I had done so he dashed out with water what little fire there was, and on one of the children, eight years old, entreating him not to do that, as they were all so cold, he grasped him by the arm, flung him on the bed, and injured him so that one of his veins started up, from the twist, and has formed into a lump. I have been married to him fourteen years, and been treated by him the whole time most cruelly. He spends all his wages upon himself, has only given me for the support of the family one shilling the whole of the last three weeks, and a little while ago beat me shockingly, tore my hair out of my head, and flung me across a pail, which so much injured my side that I was a hospital patient in consequence for three weeks. The doctor said my ribs were very much injured. I told my husband what the surgeon said, but he replied that it was only ill-health, and not ill-usage, I was suffering from. At another time before that he stabbed me in my arm and in my neck with a knife.—I cannot say how often he has ill-used me, but I can say I have had fourteen years of wretchedness and misery."

The magistrate sentenced him to six months' hard labour, and also required sureties for better conduct for the next six months. The unfortunate woman was also relieved from the poor-box.

**BITING OFF AN EAR.**—Jacob Hull is becoming curious in his savageness. He had a quarrel, and a fight to follow, with George Kemp, at a public-house somewhere in Camden-town. Kemp then left and went to another public-house, where he was quietly seated drinking beer, when Hull came in, and, suddenly seizing him by the collar, bit the greater portion of his ear off, and the piece was seen to drop from his mouth. The prisoner then made an attempt to fix his teeth into the complainant's nose, but his cries brought other men to his assistance, and the prisoner was with the greatest difficulty removed and secured. Two months' imprisonment, or 5*l.* fine, appears to be the legal value of so valuable a feature as an ear!

**WIFE KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.**—Joseph Bruin, a day waiter at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, went home on the night of the 30th ultimo in a state of intoxication; a quarrel ensued between him and his wife, in the course of which he became much exasperated, and threw the tea-kettle at her head with such fatal precision that the spout entered the scalp on the left side of her forehead. She was afterwards conveyed to the infirmary, where erysipelas ensued, of which she died on Tuesday evening.

**SUSPECTED MURDER OF A SOLDIER.**—A sergeant and a private soldier having captured a deserter, were conveying him to Winchester. Near Salisbury they had beer, and subsequently other things; but the soldier was taken very ill, and could not move. At this portion of the journey they were "having a lift" in a cart, and so they got on. When the cart arrived at the Fisherton turnpike-gate the sergeant handcuffed the deserter, and ordered deceased to get out of the cart. He complied with difficulty, whereupon the sergeant told him to "Stand up, and walk to the station like a man." His accoutrements were put on him, and the sergeant placed a musket in his hand, but the poor fellow could not stand, and immediately fell on his face. The sergeant then had him placed in the cart and conveyed to the infirmary, where he died soon after his admission. From the evidence of the house surgeon, the symptoms exhibited by the deceased were undoubtedly caused by some strong poison. In answer to inquiries, the

deceased stated, that when they were three or four miles from Chippenham they entered a public-house, where they had some beer, which was brought by the deserter to his bed, where he had gone to rest, being greatly fatigued. Ten minutes after drinking the beer he was seized with vomiting, which continued at intervals of ten minutes, with hickupping the remainder of the night. He declared he was quite well before drinking the beer, and distinctly said he firmly believed he had been poisoned by the beer which the deserter had given him. The sergeant and the deserter are both in custody to await the result of a *post-mortem* examination.

**THE MURDERS IN WARREN-STREET.**—Barthélemy, who shot the unfortunate men, Moore and Collard, has been tried for the murder of the latter. The evidence was very clear, and of course he was found guilty. However, for some inexplicable reason, the jury accompanied the verdict with a recommendation for mercy.

**A POLICEMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.**—Charles King, a policeman who always wears plain clothes, has been found to be the preceptor of the most expert young thieves in the country. Some boys, imprisoned in the Westminster Bridewell, voluntarily gave information, and King was taken to Bow-street. The evidence is amusing. King, it seems, was always looking on when the pockets were picked, and divided the plunder. The proceedings read like a chapter from Defoe's "Colonel Jack." A boy of fourteen appears to have been valuable to King, "as he has very small hands." In his evidence he says:—

"King pointed out a lady to me in Berkeley-street, and I picked her pocket. I got a purse containing 3*l.* 15*s.*, all gold except 5*s.* King told me that he knew I should get a skin from her. I got it by putting my hand into her dress. I gave the money to King as well as two other purses which I succeeded in getting from ladies, one just before and one afterwards. The money was equally divided between King, me, and the two other boys, about an hour after, at a public-house where we took refreshments. After this we went to the Serpentine, and King took us up to the bridge, where a great many ladies and gentlemen were looking over at the skating which was going on there. He said there were plenty of people there that I might get something from. He pointed with his stick to a lady and gentleman who were leaning over the bridge, and I and the other boys went up to them. I picked the lady's pocket of a purse, containing half a sovereign and 7*s.* King was about four yards off at the time, and saw me do it. He then beckoned to us with his stick, and when we were a little way off he took the purse from me, emptied it, and put it into the hole of a tree. He told us it would not be safe to stop any longer on the bridge, but said we might do something under the bridge, where there were a great many people under the arches. We went down there, and I picked a lady's pocket of a handful of loose silver. I could not do anything more there. King said it was a measly sort of place, and it was no use stopping.

"Mr. Hall: What was the largest amount of money you ever obtained in this way in one week?"

"Witness: I have got between 90*l.* and 100*l.* in one week by pocket picking. King shared that money with me and the other boys.

"Mr. Hall: How did you spend all this money, then? At penny theatres, I suppose?"

"Witness: Oh, no. At Astley's and Drury-lane. I laid some of it out in clothes, and so forth.

"Mr. Burnaby: And didn't you buy a horse?"

"Witness: I bought a pony at Smithfield for 5*l.* 15*s.*, and kept it for about six months, riding about with it.

"Mr. Hall: Where did you usually ride?"

"Witness: In the Park, mostly."

Mr. Hall commented severely on the prisoner's conduct, and hoped the authorities would have legal assistance in conducting the prosecution. It may be added that the prisoner is the officer who was concerned in an extraordinary case at Bow-street in October last. On that occasion a servant girl was charged with concealing the birth of an illegitimate child, and a lady named Butler, the girl's mistress, accused the officer of having conspired with the girl and another person to extort 20*l.* from her to prevent the disclosure of circumstances which were alleged to implicate her as an accessory on the occasion.

**THE HOPE CASE.**

The Hope affair has given work to the French lawyers. The Tribunal de Première Instance of the Seine has been engaged in deciding who is to have the custody of Mrs. Hope's children. The advocate for Mr. Hope pointed out that the Lord Chancellor of England had decided that the children should remain in some neutral domicile, and asked in the name of Mr. Hope, that, pending the suit of *separation de corps*, the children should be placed in a school where they would receive the care which they may require.

The president pronounced in concurrence with the Lord Chancellor's decision, and the children will be provided for in the manner requested.

## STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* at New York, gives us the following intelligence of some plans in progress for better communication with this country:—

"The interruption of our regular steam communication with Europe is attended with serious inconvenience to our merchants, and it is also felt by the whole country. We have grown so accustomed to our weekly and semi-weekly European arrivals, that we feel very much as Londoners would if the daily communication between France and England were interrupted; but we are congratulating ourselves, after all, upon this interruption, for our newspapers and public men are everywhere asking the question, why it is that we are dependent upon the British steamers to bring us news from the Old World? Why can we not put steamships enough upon the ocean to render us independent of foreign establishments? A movement is being made in Congress which promises to secure this object; while one of our richest citizens, Cornelius Vanderbilt, a practical navigator, who has amassed a colossal fortune, is known to have been making his preparations during several years for establishing a line of ocean steamers superior to any now afloat. Mr. Vanderbilt is called 'Commodore Vanderbilt,' because he is recognised as being the most accomplished master of commerce and whatever appertains to the sea we have amongst us. Commodore Vanderbilt is able to spend five or six million dollars from his own private fortune in sending this fleet of steamers to sea. He has gone at the work deliberately, and his preparations are already so mature that he will be able in a few months to send off the pioneer packet of the line, nor is any doubt entertained that he will be able to surpass any speed that has yet been made on the ocean. The loss of the Arctic, the impressment of the Cunard steamers for the Eastern service, the loss of two or three other American ocean steamers during the year, have crippled our intercourse with Europe to such an extent that we are now obliged to wait ten or twelve days after the arrival of the Pacific before we can get the news from Sebastopol."

## THE "MISSION" TO ROME.

The *Dublin Evening Post* says that letters have been received from Rome, by Catholics of distinction in London, announcing that the mission of Mr. Lucas to the "Eternal City" has, so far, entirely failed. At the date of those letters nothing had occurred about the appeal against the exercise of his ecclesiastical authority by Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, which has been so much boasted of by the *Tablet* and *Nation*; but a copy of a "Memorial," said to be in course of signature in Ireland, had been placed in the hands of Monsignor Barnabo, Secretary of Propaganda. So far, the great object of Mr. Lucas, and the small section sustaining him at Rome, had been to urge complaints of an exceedingly vague description against Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, to the effect that his grace had taken steps to discountenance political agitation, and to prevent clergymen from leaving their own dioceses to take part in agitating missions elsewhere. The charges of which Mr. Lucas was the bearer had been brought before Propaganda, but on examination they were found to be altogether groundless and untenable; and it appears that Propaganda itself was subsequently assailed from the same quarter. Those letters further stated that Mr. Lucas, and the parties who co-operate with him in Ireland, were looked upon as engaged in schemes very injurious to religion, and that they received no countenance from any high or influential quarter. Nevertheless, Mr. Lucas avowed his determination to persevere to the last; and it is likely, if he be so disposed, that the Editor of the *Tablet* will have ample time to obtain a far better knowledge of the antiquities of Rome than any other Quaker who ever paid a visit to the Holy City.

It is mentioned that the statutes which had been agreed to by the Synods of Dublin and Armagh, against which Mr. Lucas and his confederates protest, were about to receive the sanction of his Holiness. Indeed, one of the letters states that the statutes of the province of Dublin had been already approved of by the Sovereign Pontiff. Altogether, this mission to Rome against Irish bishops is likely to be a most signal failure, and the recoil will have a most crushing effect in Ireland upon that party assuming to be ultra-Catholic, but embracing Dissenters from the Established Church and persons whose motives are at least questionable, and whose policy has been to degrade religion for the advancement of their political designs.

## FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Two more railway accidents have occurred, the results being the loss of three lives, with severe injuries to several others, and some considerable destruction of property.

The first accident occurred as follows:—

"Three goods trains were despatched in succession from the Poleall Colliery. The first, carrying coal, in

obedience to signals of the presence of a train at the Walsall station, was brought to a standstill in the cutting. A second, consisting of about 40 waggons, a number containing coke, and others limestone, and with about a dozen empty waggons at the end, succeeded, and was brought to rest within a few yards of the first train. The guard of this second train, named Beech, got out of the van just before the train stopped, and went back about 40 yards to see if the signals were right, when he saw a luggage train, drawn by two engines, coming on at a great speed; and when within 200 yards he saw one of the drivers and a fireman jump from the engines. He saw the fireman miss his footing, and fall upon the metals, the axleboxes of the waggons striking his head as they passed. The two engines, with about 40 trucks behind them, dashed into Beech's train with a fearful crash. After cutting up and through the dozen empty waggons and tearing up the rails, the two engines were disabled, and almost knocked to pieces. With such velocity did the double-engined train come, that Beech's train was driven against the coal train with a force that threw the guard out of his van, but he fortunately sustained no serious injury."

The fireman, Stretton, who jumped from the third train, died the following morning. A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against the driver of the last train, named Lawson.

A more serious accident has occurred on the Eastern Counties. A mail train left Thetford, but came to a stand at a place called Two-mile-bottom, in consequence of the breaking of the gib or cotter of one of the connecting rods of the engine. When the train was brought to a stand Colman, the guard, went up to the engineman, who told him to go back immediately and stop the advancing train, as he should be three-quarters of an hour before he would be able to proceed. Colman appears to have gone out and placed down two fog signals only at a distance of seven and a-half telegraph posts, or 450 yards from the point of obstruction. He next, it appears, went a few yards further back and exhibited his hand lamp. In the mean time the special cattle train passed him at a speed of about 30 miles an hour, at 1.28 P.M. Drury, the driver, says, that on reaching the decline he shifted the reversing bar one notch, and shut his regulator a little. By this means his speed was somewhat reduced, but not to any great extent. He further states that he did not observe the guard's hand lamp until he was within about three telegraph posts, or 180 yards, from it. His mate put on his break, and he did all he could to effect a stoppage, but to no purpose, and he ran into the mail at a speed of something like 20 miles an hour. By this collision two lives were lost, and several persons were severely hurt. The question of culpability will, of course, be dealt with by a jury; but those likely to be best informed on the point say that rules 83 and 84 laid down by the company for the guidance of their servants were not properly carried out by the guard Colman.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—An inquest has been held at West Bromwich respecting the death of a woman at the Swan-village on the Great Western Railway. She was standing on the platform when an express train passed at the rate of 40 miles an hour. Just as the train arrived opposite to her the tire of the driving wheel flew off, knocked up part of the timber platform, and a heavy splinter struck her upon the head. She was conveyed, bleeding, into one of the waiting-rooms, and died in half an hour. The tire had been but recently put on, and had a flaw in it.

## A CLEVER WOMAN.

The magistrates of Hertford have been investigating a charge against Mrs. Emily Harriet Geraldine Morris, described as the wife of Mr. William Morris, of the Stock Exchange, and of Willen-hall, East Barnet, of having forged the acceptance of her husband to a bill of exchange for 1500*l*.

It appears that Mrs. Morris married, in 1841, a lad of seventeen, but in consequence of the unhappy character of the union, the parties were separated; and a divorce from bed and board obtained in an ecclesiastical suit. However, the proceedings had never been so far complete as to enable her to marry again. Notwithstanding this, she, in the year 1846, married Mr. Morris. In 1858 that gentleman took Willen Hall, and the prosecutor, Mr. Arthur David Owen, went down to superintend the work for his employers, when an intimacy sprang up between him and the prisoner, she, to use his own words, making love to him first. The work was completed in December, 1858, and after that prosecutor, upon a good many occasions, visited the prisoner during the absence of Mr. Morris. In February, 1854, prosecutor received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—"You can do me a great service; I believe you will. It is in a way which had better not be written about. I am here all alone every day till four or five o'clock; can you come down, or, rather, will you come down? The best way will be to take a cab. God bless you!—HARRIET." The prosecutor went down and saw the prisoner, who asked him to lend her a large sum of money upon property, which she said was settled upon her at her marriage. This he

declined; and she then asked if he would cash a note of hand signed by her husband. He said he would, as he thought her husband quite safe; but as he could not find the money himself, he should like some collateral security. She said she would place in his hands her diamonds, which were worth 3000*l*. To this he assented, and took the notes and jewels, which she sealed up, and said were not to be opened until the bill was taken up, and, after deducting 400*l*. as interest for the six months of its date, handed her over 1100*l*. From something that subsequently transpired, he opened the jewel-case, and found the whole to be paste and imitation of the most worthless description. He subsequently took proceedings upon the bill against Mr. Morris, who repudiated the claim, and swore that the signature was a forgery, and not the least like his handwriting. Under these circumstances a warrant was placed in the hands of Forrester, and the lady, who had absconded, was apprehended in Paris, and brought over here upon the charge of forgery.

The bench, having heard the evidence, committed her for trial, expressing their readiness to take bail—the prisoner in 2000*l*., and two sureties in 1000*l*. each.

This case presents some amusing features; the very exorbitant interest proposed to be received materially affects the position of the prosecutor, who was clearly, throughout the business, acting in a "very friendly" manner.

## SAVINGS BANKS AND THE NEW BILL.

We extract from an article in the *Economist* an account of the relation of Savings Banks to Government, together with an explanation of what is proposed to be effected by Mr. Gladstone's Act:—

"Accordingly, parliament has heretofore given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, through the Commissioners of the National Debt, the most absolute discretion as to the mode of investment in public securities of savings-bank money; but parliament has done something more, which strikes at the very root of the integrity of these deposits and of parliamentary control of the public debt. According to existing acts of parliament, ways and means bills or deficiency bills may be issued, to make good the charges on the consolidated fund to the Commissioners of the National Debt in exchange for savings bank moneys, and which bills need not be redeemed from the growing produce of the revenue, as is the case ordinarily, but may be funded, and thus add to the amount of the national debt, not with the authority of parliament, but by the mere act of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, who thus indirectly pays by his own will the current expenditure of the year by the creation of debt. This power has fortunately not been much resorted to. But from time to time it has been so to such an extent, that the stock actually held by the Commissioners of the National Debt, and at this moment, is many millions less than the amount of the savings bank moneys deposited with them. And thus, although the government is clearly responsible to the banks for every farthing deposited, the fund liable is deficient by many millions of the amount of the claim; from the fact that from time to time these moneys have been, by the process described, applied to the current expenditure of bygone years.

"The main object of the bill now before parliament is to remedy this glaring defect in the present state of the law; to restore to savings banks a source of charge, as well as a legal claim to the full amount of their deposits; and to render any such abuse or alienation of their funds to meet financial emergencies impossible for the future. And this it is proposed to do without depriving the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the facility which idle moneys in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners frequently offer for relieving the Bank of deficiency bills, by simply imposing upon him the necessity of redeeming those bills from the growing produce of the revenue, in the same way as he now redeems deficiency bills in the hands of the Bank of England; and by prohibiting the Commissioners of the National Debt to fund such bills. By this means the savings banks funds cannot be infringed upon, and the permanent debt of the country cannot, by such indirect means, be increased as at present."

## THE DISTRIBUTORS OF "RELIEF."

COMPLAINTS are made in Newington of the manner in which the poor are treated by the "relieving officer" of St. Mary's, and the matter has been brought before the magistrate. The applicants not only complained of not receiving relief, but of the harsh treatment which they met at the hands of the officers. In one day alone there were not less than twenty-seven cases from Newington parish; and Mr. Norton, finding that they were cases in which the parties should have been relieved by the parish officers, and not from the poor-box, desired Dixon, one of the summoning officers, to take three of the worst cases to Mr. Herring, and tell him they were deserving his immediate attention. From these three Herring selected one woman, and said that she had been before the Board of Guardians on the Thursday, when she was offered three loaves of bread, but that she refused them; and believing, therefore, that she

imposed on the magistrate, requested him to take her back to the court. Dixon did so, when the woman at once acknowledged she had been before the board, and refused to accept the three loaves for this reason, that they would be no use whatever to herself and her family in the state they were in. Her husband was ill, and unable to earn anything; her three children in a state of nakedness, and in a room without a fire, and she would ask what use three loaves of bread could be to her with her family in such a state.

Some similar cases were proved, and Herring was summoned before the court. His explanations were most unsatisfactory, and Mr. Norton told him, that if he did not attend properly to his business in future, the court would then know how to deal with him. Herring rushed out precipitately.

STATE OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade returns for the month ending the 5th of December have been issued, and present unfavourable results, the declared value of our exportations showing a falling off as compared with the corresponding month of 1853 of 1,856,988l. The diminution is observable in almost every article, and has been particularly heavy in cotton, woollen, and linen manufactures, but it is to be attributed almost entirely to the commercial distress in the United States and the complete check which has at length been given to the mad shipments to Australia. The war thus far has had little other effect than that of awakening prudence, and causing the speculation to these regions to cease before it had extended to a point at which a general crisis would have been inevitable. The fact of the reaction having been attended with few instances of individual disaster is, therefore, a matter of congratulation.

WORKING MAN'S EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

There is dissension in this society, and a serious probability that the obvious capabilities of the plan will be marred through want of personal unity. An adjourned special meeting of the members has been held, for the election of new directors under their amended rules, and also for the purpose of confirming those rules. After a disgraceful scene of recrimination some little work was gone through, and a committee appointed for examining into the condition of the society generally.

THE COURT.

ON New Year's-day the band of the Royal Horse Guards assembled on the East-terrace and played a selection of favourite airs.

Her Majesty's annual gifts to the poor were distributed in the Riding-school of the Castle. The recipients consisted of about 600 poor persons residing in Windsor and Clewer parishes.

The Queen and Prince, accompanied by the royal children, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, proceeded to the gallery of the Riding-school, to witness the distribution, which took place under the superintendence of the clergy of Windsor and Clewer and the district visitors of the poor.

The gifts consisted of joints of meat, coals proportioned to the various families, and clothing divided among the members of the clothing-club established under the patronage of her Majesty, all members receiving according to their contributions, with the additions made by the Queen's bounty.

Lists of dinner-guests occupies the remainder of the Court intelligence of the week.

DEPARTURE OF THE COURT FOR OSBORNE.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, left Windsor Castle on Friday for Osborne. The august party was attended by a portion only of the royal household. It is understood her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle on Monday next.

MR. ROBERT OWEN AND HIS MILLENNIUM.

A very crowded and somewhat singular meeting was held on Monday evening in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. It was convened by Mr. Robert Owen, who has undertaken that his long-promised millennium shall commence this year, and that it shall be inaugurated on Monday, May 1st, by a great aggregate meeting in the metropolis of delegates from all governments, countries, religions, sects, parties, and classes. From that day forward he has declared that there shall be a total change in the condition of the human race, to be brought about, not by revolution or violence, but by pacific means and by the general consent of mankind. The precise means by which this mighty change is to be effected it was the object of the meeting to develop, but the explanations were for the most part of a very cloudy and unintelligible character. Mr. Owen, who was the chief speaker, denounced all existing governments, religions, and parties as degrading to the

human race, and as tending to produce nothing but falsehood, wickedness, and misery. The object of all religions, he said, ought to be to improve the character of man, but he would there state distinctly that no religion which existed upon the face of the earth was calculated to instruct the human race for its happiness. There was no government, sect, or party in the world which could effect it; and, as long as the present system existed, happiness would be banished from the world. In the millennium which would commence on the 14th of May, the human race would be emancipated from misery and vice, and "a universal attractive system" would be put in operation. Everything was prepared for the commencement of this new system, and nothing was wanting to secure its complete success but the union of the various classes of society. He felt every confidence that it would put an end to war and all divisions among men, and that it would create a lasting paradise on earth. The world was at present a demon manufactory, but he would change it into a manufactory of angels without wings. He denounced the present monetary system as the great obstacle to the illimitable creation of wealth, and it would be part of the duty of the delegates who might assemble on the 14th of May to specify a time at which metal and paper money might be done away with. The delegates would also take measures for securing universal peace, although children would be trained to arms so as to resist foreign invasion; and means would also be adopted for promoting a perfect equality amongst all classes of society according to age.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

In the week that ended last Saturday the deaths of 1508 persons—namely, 789 males and 719 females—were registered in London. In the 10 corresponding weeks of the years 1844-53 the number was 1164, and if this is raised in proportion to increase of population, it becomes 1280. The present return shows an excess above the corrected average amounting to 228.

In the first three weeks of December the number returned weekly was about 1300. The increase in last week's registration is not the effect of an increased rate of mortality; it arises for the most part, if not entirely, from coroners' cases which occurred in former weeks, and have been accumulating till the end of the quarter. This irregularity is almost wholly confined to those deaths which in the list of fatal causes are classified as caused by "violence, privation, and intemperance."

Two hundred and eighty-two deaths are attributed to diseases of the zymotic class; the corrected average being 257. Among these smallpox was fatal to 33 cases, eight of which occurred to persons beyond childhood, measles in 30, scarlatina in 82, hoopingcough in 41, and typhus and other fever in 49 cases.

Last week the births of 820 boys and 819 girls, in all 1,639 children, were registered in London. In the nine corresponding weeks of the years 1845-53 the average number was 1298.

During the 52 weeks of the past year (1854) the total deaths in London amounted to 73,697; so that the general mortality of the year, which in this vast city is at the rate of 25 in a 1000, rose to the high rate of 29 in 1000.

The deaths in 1849 were 68,432; yet, upon taking the increase of population into account, the rate of mortality was rather lower in 1854, notwithstanding the increase of deaths, than it was in 1849. The exact rate of mortality was 3.008 per cent. on the population in 1849, and 2.998 per cent. in 1854.

The epidemic of cholera in the two years separated by an interval of five years thus raised the mortality one-fifth part above the average.

The Board of Health has undertaken the investigation of the meteorological, chemical, and microscopical condition of the air and waters of London during the epidemic; they have also under inquiry the defects of our sanitary organisation, and the results of the different systems of medical treatment.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SUNDERLAND.—This election, after a very violent contest, has terminated in the defeat of Mr. Digby Seymour, by Mr. Henry William Fenwick, also a Liberal. The numbers were—for Fenwick, 956; for Seymour, 646, giving the former gentleman a majority of 310. At the nomination on Monday a good deal of excitement took place, and Mr. Fenwick was at one time obliged to pause in his address, being assailed with missiles, none of which, however, did him any injury. Both gentlemen expressed substantially the same views; but the ship-builders were annoyed with Mr. Seymour, not on account of his votes, but for having, as they said, misrepresented their views upon mercantile marine questions in the house. Hence the opposition to him, and the result.

FERMANAGH.—A third Irish election has passed off this week without a contest, Colonel Cole having been returned for the county of Fermanagh, without opposition, in the room of the late Sir Arthur Brooke, Bart.

LITERARY INSTITUTION AT SEAHAM.

ON Wednesday a great ceremony took place in the little maritime town of Seaham, namely, the inauguration of a literary institute, which served to attract the intellect and refinement of the county of Durham for miles round, and of the adjacent towns of Newcastle and Shields, and to elicit from the historian of the great French Revolution an address, which will be read with interest, entering as it does upon the discussion of the leading questions affecting the commonweal at this moment—namely, the right education of the people, the national debt, our system of taxation and its results, strikes between masters and workmen, and, above all, the great contest which we are now waging against Russia. The building thus dedicated to the use and benefit of the inhabitants of Seaham—some 4000 in number, the great bulk of whom are engaged in mining and seafaring pursuits—has been erected under the auspices, and almost wholly at the cost, of the Marchioness of Londonderry, her ladyship in that respect carrying out a wish of the late marquis, and being prompted as well by her own benevolent impulses. It is in the Grecian style of architecture, after the model of the famous Temple of Minerva at Athens, and consists of a large, lofty, and commodious lecture-room, a library and reading-room, and a newsroom.

ADMIRAL DUNDAS'S FAREWELL TO THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

THE following is the address of Admiral Dundas upon quitting the command of the Black Sea fleet:—

("General Memorandum.")

"Her Majesty's ship Britannia in the Bosphorus, 22nd December, 1854.

"My term of service as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean and Black Sea having drawn to a close, I am about to return to England and give up the command of this fleet.

"During the past year many trying circumstances have occurred—pestilence in its most aggravated form, action with the enemy against land defences such as ships hardly ever encountered, and a tempest of the most awful violence.

"In all those events the good conduct and gallantry of the fleet have been evinced and proved.

"In taking an affectionate leave of the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet, I can hereafter experience no higher gratification than the assurance that they preserve their high character for discipline, enterprise, and devotion to our Sovereign and country.

"J. W. D. DUNDAS,

"Vice-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief.

"To the Admirals, Captains, Commanders, Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the Fleet in the Mediterranean and Black Sea."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN IMPORTANT CONVICT.—The public will not have forgotten the prosecutions of the Maynard, Garrett, and Tarr gangs of deprecators on passengers' luggage. Mitchell, the "Irish rebel," in his journal now published, records the following particulars of his encounter with Garrett at Bermuda:—"On my arrival there (Bermuda), I had hardly been left alone in my cabin before a convict softly entered. He was servant to the assistant surgeon, and came with a pineapple which his master had sent me. 'I'm Garrett.'—'Well, Garrett?' quoth I.—'Garrett, sir, Garrett; you must know all about me; it was in all the papers; Garrett, you know.'—'Never heard of you before, Garrett.'—'Oh, dear, yes, sir, you must be quite well aware of it—the great railway affair, you remember.'—'No, I do not.'—'Oh, then I am Mr. Garrett, who was connected with the railway (I forget the name of the railway.) It was a matter of 40,000l. I realised. Forty thousand pounds, sir; left it behind me. I have been here now two years, and like it very well—devilish fine brown girls here, sir. I am very highly thought of—created a great sensation when I came. Indeed, for my part, my little affair was made a concern of state too. Lord John Russell, since I came out here, had a private application made to me, offering to remit my whole sentence if I would disclose my method—the way I had done it, you know; they want to guard against similar things in other lines, you understand.'—'I trust, sir,' quoth I, respectfully, 'you treated the man's application with the contempt it deserved.' The miscreant winked with one eye. I tried to wink, but failing, bowed again."

AN IRASCIBLE CLERGYMAN.—Recently, at a christening, when the clergyman put the usual questions to the sponsors, the baby was rather restive, which took off the attention of the godmother, who did not answer, whereupon the reverend gentleman vociferated, "Begone about your business! you don't know what you come here for;" and so saying, he left the child unbaptised, and walked away from the font. After this came on the chant—"Lord now lettest thy servant depart in peace," &c.; but the good people having witnessed a scene so

that which called forth the above prayer of "neon," could not join in the singing, and organ had it all to themselves.

**GRATIFICATION.**—We have heard it stated of the Rev. W. J. Alban, vicar of Meva, in prosecuting the fisherman Thomas not taking off his hat in the churchyard, have taken 200.—*Plymouth Journal.*

**GLADSTONE.**—A number of gentlemen of Liverpool have subscribed a considerable sum for the purpose of having a picture of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer painted by an eminent artist. The commission has been given to a townsman, Mr. Philip Westcott.

**SERMONS IN (MACADAMISED) STONES.**—A Cambridge man writing to the *Cambridge Independent* from Melbourne says:—"Twisden Hodges, who was M.P. for Rye two or three Parliaments, is keeping a public-house here; a nephew of Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, was walking the streets last week without a shoe to his foot, or a shilling in his pocket; and I can enumerate many instances of the kind. Gentlemen having left the University come to Melbourne to make a fortune, and in a few weeks are found on a heap of stones, studying stone-cracking."

**NICK-NAMES FOR AMERICAN STATES.**—Maine is called the Star in the East; New Hampshire, the Granite State; Vermont, the Green Mountain State; Massachusetts, the Bay State; Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits; New York, the Empire State; Pennsylvania, the Keystone State; Virginia, the Ancient Dominion; North Carolina, the Turpentine State; South Carolina, the Palmetto State; and Ohio, the Buckeye State (from the buckeye tree, common in it). The Vermonters are called Green Mountain Boys; the people of Ohio, Buckeyes; those of Kentucky, Corn-crackers; those of Indiana, Hoosiers; those of Michigan, Wolverines; those of Illinois, Suckers; and those of Missouri, Pukes. New York is the Empire City; Philadelphia the Quaker City; Baltimore the Monumental City; New Orleans the Crescent City; and Washington the City of Magnificent Distances.—*Notes and Queries.*

**NEW MODE OF ROBBERY.**—The street robbers have discovered a new method of dealing with their victims. On Tuesday evening an elderly man, named Simms, was walking up Livery-street, when he observed a man lying on the ground near the railway wall, apparently intoxicated. Simms raised the man, and, at his own request, led him towards the railway station. On their way the fellow accused his charitable conductor of having stolen his watch, and two other men suddenly coming up insisted on taking him to the police-station. Simms became alarmed, and, to convince the accusers of his innocence, allowed them to search his pockets, an opportunity of which they readily availed themselves, and having secured about 14s., the scoundrels knocked him down and decamped. Simms, who was considerably injured, was removed to the Queen's Hospital, where he still remains.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

**MILITARY FLOGGING AT NEWCASTLE.**—A private in the 26th Cameronians has been punished with forty lashes for using threatening language to his serjeant, and for two cases of theft. He is further to be imprisoned for 104 days. It seems that he was very much harassed by the excessive drill.

**RAILWAY ASSOCIATION.**—The North Western and Great Western Railway Companies have entered into an agreement to make similar arrangements and charges on all lines on which they have formerly been competitors for public support. Each Company is bound very strongly not to make the least deviations from the stipulated practice without proper notice being given. The new arrangements come into force with the new year.

**DEATH FROM STARVATION.**—A miserable case has occurred at Petworth, in Sussex, which is the more miserable because it displays most disgraceful apathy and want of thought. A boy, named William Elcombe, eight years of age, who was employed to tend birds, saw a man in a field called Nine Acres, about half-past 7 o'clock in the morning; he had a stick, and appeared to be poking at a rabbit-hole; he remained there all day, and the lad left him there in the evening without having spoken to him. When the lad went to the field the next morning he saw the man sitting in the same place as he left him the previous evening. He continued in the field all this day, and the lad again left him there at night. The next day, when he went to the field, the man was sitting about ten yards from where he was the night before, and he moved about a little during the day, but did not get up to walk about. The lad again left him there at night without having spoken to him. However, he told his parents, and after a delay of two or three days they found the man's hat. Subsequently his body was discovered in a ditch—quite dead. A post mortem examination was made, and an inquest held, when the jury returned a verdict, that "the deceased died from inflammation of the lungs and pleura, aggravated by want of food and great exposure to cold and wet."

**A CHURCH LIVING FOR SALE.**—The Rectory of Elmswell, near Stowmarket, in the diocese of Ely, containing a population of 800, is offered for sale. It is represented as being worth 492*l.* a year, exclusive of the glebe lands, with a good parsonage house, surrounded by ornamental grounds. As an inducement to speculators,

it is stated that the present incumbent is upwards of 80 years of age.

**THE BEULAH SPA ASSAULT.**—The two Newtons, who, it will be remembered, were convicted at the Central Criminal Court for an assault on Mr. Kerr, and adjudged to an imprisonment in Newgate—one to nine and the other to three months—have since been removed to Horsemonger-lane Gaol, as the offence was committed in Surrey. They have been lodged in the department allotted to first-class misdemeanants, in which place many privileges are allowed to prisoners.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The return of admissions for six days ending 5th of January, 1855, is 12,243 visitors.

**THE STORM ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.**—The provincial papers instance various results indicative of the violence of the hurricane on Sunday evening. On the line of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway every signal lamp was blown out, and it was found utterly impossible to keep them alight. At Manchester a squall forced inwards one of the large illuminated glass dials of the Infirmary clock. The glass is nearly half an inch in thickness, and the portion destroyed was of a diamond shape, extending across the entire diameter of the clock, the breadth being about eight feet. The glass was blown into the works, and stopped the clock. Several cottage chimneys were also blown down. At Bury (Lancashire), the top portion of the mill chimney belonging to Mr. Astin, of Holcombe Brook, was blown off. A house at Freetown was partially blown down, and the damage which was sustained was about 70*l.* A portion of the roof of the theatre at Bury was blown off, and a considerable number of slates were blown from the roofs of houses in the town and neighbourhood.

**TAXES REPEALED AND TAXES IMPOSED.**—Yesterday a return to the House of Commons was issued, showing the taxes repealed or reduced and the taxes imposed since 1844. In Great Britain the net balance of taxes repealed or reduced was 11,980,375*l.*, and in Ireland 551,100*l.* The taxes imposed in Great Britain were 254,270*l.*, and in Ireland 730,000*l.* It is estimated that the succession duties imposed in 1853 will produce, when in full operation, 2,000,000*l.* per annum.

## Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, January 6.

**THE VIENNA CONFERENCE.**—The true story of the Conference of the 28th ult. at Vienna appears to be as follows, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 29th ult. Yesterday afternoon Count Buol and M. de Bourqueney met the Earl of Westmoreland in the apartments of the latter, and after the three Ministers had agreed as to the exact interpretation to be given to the four points, a kind of protocol, or rather minute of the resolutions, was drawn up and signed. The Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs then went up to the second floor of the palace (the property of the Duke August of Coburg), which is inhabited by Count O'Sullivan, the Belgian Minister, where Prince Gortschakoff was waiting with Count Arnim and Colonel Manteuffel. In the presence of the two Prussian diplomatists, Count Buol communicated to the representative of Russia the propositions of the Allied Powers, and requested him to state whether he was prepared to accept them without either modification or reserve. To this Prince Gortschakoff replied, that his powers did not extend so far, he had only received orders to negotiate "about" the four points, but would send off a courier to St. Petersburg, and as he should also telegraph immediately to his Government, he hoped to have positive instructions within forty-eight hours. A protocol was signed by Count de Buol, Baron de Bourqueney, and Lord Westmoreland, containing the interpretation, agreed to by the three Powers represented, of the four points included in the identic note of the 8th of August. This protocol was not communicated to Prince Gortschakoff, but Count Buol conveyed to him "the sense of the interpretation." The Duke and Duchess of Brabant are at Vienna. Colonel Manteuffel has returned to Berlin. The Earl of Westmoreland is convalescent.

The following is a summary of the confused and mystifying note, forwarded on the 19th ult. by the Prussian Cabinet to its ministers in Paris and London, relative to the Treaty of December the 2nd:—"It begins by expressing the wish of Prussia to be in accord with the three Powers. Though it did not take part in the identic notes of August 8, it gave to them at least 'a moral support,' and it engaged itself to defend Austria 'in certain cases' against any attack by Russia. There exists, therefore, an analogy between the position of Prussia and that of the three Powers. Further, Prussia is ready to prepare, in common with the other Powers, new stipulations, 'the pacificatory weight of which should be calculated to exercise a salutary and decisive influence,' and to come to an agreement on the bases of peace. With regard to the treaty of Dec. 2, it is observed that it has the form (*porte l'empreinte*) of an arrangement with Austria; but Prussia approves of the general objects of that treaty, and is ready to conclude an analogous treaty (*un arrangement analogue*). With that view, and 'in order to fix with certainty eventual decisions,' it will be necessary to have some confidential explanations as to the interpretation of the four guaran-

tees which Russia has accepted without reserve, and in their original terms (*leur rédaction primitive*). That interpretation will be the first step in ulterior diplomatic proceedings."

It was said in Vienna that Prince Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador to the Czar, has made preparations to leave St. Petersburg on the 3rd of January.

At the request of Prince Gortschakoff, who declared that his powers were not sufficient to enable him to accept the four conditions as interpreted by the Allies, the representatives of the other Powers have consented to wait fourteen days from the end of December for the definitive reply of Russia.

The *Opinione* of Turin quotes letters from the canton of Grisons, from which it appears that the idea of taking service under England meets with great favour in that and the adjoining cantons.

**SPAIN.**—In pursuance of their pledges, and in obedience to the pressing necessities of the period, the Ministry are endeavouring to effect economy in every department of the State. In the foreign department the legations of Denmark, Parma, Tuscany, Switzerland, and Saxony, are to be suppressed, and those of Mexico, Turkey, Piedmont, and Naples, are to be of the second class. In the other departments there is to be a general reduction of the number of functionaries, and of the salaries of those who are to be retained. It appears also to be decided that there shall be a large reduction in the budget of the clergy. A portion of the royal patrimony is to be sold, and the civil list is to be reduced one-half. People who have the means of knowing say that so great is the disorder that exists in the administration of the Crown property, that not one nor two private companies have offered to pay one thousand sterling per annum for domains that now bring in about half that sum.

**MANIFESTO OF THE CZAR.**—An extraordinary supplement of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* of the 16th (28th) December brings us the following document:—

"By the Grace of God, We, Nicholas the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., &c., &c., make known:—The causes of the war, that still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the Orthodox Church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia. After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman empire, they have waged open war against us—not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops and in all classes of our subjects they everywhere meet with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amidst the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires. Such are the defeats more than once inflicted on the enemy's troops on the other side of the Caucasus, notwithstanding a great disparity of force. Such was the unequal conflict sustained with success by the defenders of the coasts of Finland, of the convent of Solovetsky, and of the port of Petropaulowsky in Kamtschatka. Such, above all, is the heroic defence of Sebastopol, signalised by so many exploits of invincible courage, and of indefatigable activity, as to be admired and done justice to by our enemies themselves. Beholding, with humble gratitude towards God, the toils, the bravery, the self-denial of our forces both by land and sea, and also the general outburst of devotion that animates all ranks of the empire, we venture to recognise therein the pledge and augury of a happier future. Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood, and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us. Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—not your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your Sovereign. We all, Monarch and subjects, if it be necessary—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander, in a year of like trial, *the sword in our hands and the Cross in our hearts*—know how to face the ranks of our enemies, for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world, the security and the honour of our country. Given at Gatchina, the fourteenth day of the month of December, in the year of grace 1854, and the thirtieth of our reign. (Signed) NICHOLAS."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

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.

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.

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The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

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

1855.

1854 began with a cry for vengeance from Sinope, and closed with disasters before Sebastopol. The past year has been one of boastful promises and of promises broken; one of vainglorious threats, but of threats unfulfilled; it leaves us with hopes deferred, and fears not absolutely stultified. The Crystal Palace, emulating its prototype of 1851, which was consecrated to immortal peace, has still to deserve success, and languishes equally familiar and forgotten. Lord John Russell rescued in the last session his scheme of Oxford Reform, and abandoned, with all the emphasis of childish tears, his scheme of Parliamentary Reform; the purification of the civil service is still a project of the future, although the horrible blunders of a resultless campaign prove that the spuriously aristocratic organisation of our public service brings upon us loss, disgrace, and calamity. Last summer the army of Omar Pacha was exulting in the unstained laurels of the winter and the spring; this winter we are pitying the poor helpless Turks, for whom a service humble enough can scarcely be found in Balaklava. Last summer we had the bravado of the bottle in the banquet of "disguised" Reformers, who were to "crumple up" all the Russian fortresses from Bomarsund to St. Petersburg; this winter we have Sir Charles Napier coming back, after his nibble at Bomarsund, his squint at Sweaborg, and his slanting allusions at Cronstadt. In 1854 we had a visitation of cholera, the experience of which has proved that even feeble and imperfect remedial measures may check the pestilence; and we were blessed with a harvest which has taught us the solidarity of nations in abundance as in dearth; in other words, that abundance after dearth will not restore low prices, though free trade has effectually, through high and low, preserved us from famine after local dearth, while the landed interests are not rendered bankrupt by the beneficence of Heaven. The last session gave 16,000,000*l.* to the war, and bequeathed to the recess that

Beer Act which has occasioned almost the only domestic agitation that the dead season has experienced. To 1854 belong Alma and Inkerman—belong the Austrian alliance, the Prussian neutrality, the "flank march," and the besiegers besieged. The year closes with the completion of the alliance, defensive and offensive, between the three Powers, with Prussia still trimming; with an immense Russian transit trade through that "neutral" Power; with Russia still temporising; and with the question whether the submission of the Czar will close up everything, and leave us nothing but the costs to haggle about, or whether his perseverance will extend the conflagration of war to the whole of Europe? Will it stop in the Crimea, or where will it stop? It is with these two questions that we bid farewell to 1854.

Never did human wisdom halt upon the threshold of a year and feel so signally rebuked by its own incompetency to forecalculate as it does now at the commencement of 1855. Not only are we denied all knowledge of that immediate future, but we are forbidden even to conjecture what will happen. What alternatives lie before us, or what shall be our own part in the most probable alternatives, we dare not venture to surmise. We only know that a conflict of Titanic agencies is impending, and our worst fear is that the public men throughout Europe, whom the routine of our political system entrusts with the conduct of states, are too feeble, too insincere, too incapable of their high argument, to secure the victory for the right.

Lord John Russell hints that Ministers will accept a mere quiescence on the part of Russia—that they will not cripple her for future harm—that they will not take away her unjust acquisitions, render her boundaries safer for her neighbours, nor punish her for her crimes. We are compelled to bid for the accession of Austria to the alliance, although we know that Austria, entangled in past crimes, falters in her falseness and hesitates in her traditional ingratitude, lest the victims of her own oppression should demand the price of their blood. And we are compelled to hope that those subject nations will by their very patience deny to temporising statesmen the pretext of a compromise with the common enemy.

Spain, with her unconsolidated constitutional Government and her ill-defended possessions,—Germany, with her undetermined foreign relations, her dreamy Liberalism, and her muddled royalism,—Denmark, with her assertion of representative freedom and her national complicity in the iniquities of her own Crown against Schleswig-Holstein,—Sweden, with her popular sympathy for the West and her royal leaning to Russia,—America, with her inscrutable agitations,—our own colonies converted by free government from rebellious enemies to loyal coadjutors in the war,—all these are regions which present the scene of vast movements still going on, pregnant with events for 1855 and succeeding years; but subordinate in interest all of them just now to the one great question of the present year—What shall be the dominant rule in Europe, autocracy or self-government—conspiracies of thrones or alliances of nations?

We begin the year with solemnly-recognised obligations that we have of late forgotten, resources such as no country ever commanded, an enterprise such as no free state has ever yet confronted, possibilities that would exalt the grandest ambitions which the world ever saw; but—alas that we must say it!—we begin with public men and a public virtue not yet trained or developed to the high occasion that awaits us.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Clubs—those congregations of gentlemen who complain of the want of education among the masses, and who illustrate their intellectual superiority by passing their lives in the intercommunication of inanities—being institutions which may be described as patent incubators of *canards*—will have it that there has this week been a Ministerial insurrection, that there have been several resignations, and that, but for the Prince and Lord Aberdeen, our glorious Constitution would have been made manifest to Europe by our being left without a Government in the crisis of a great war. The Clubs are at no loss for an explanation; they are not always certain of their facts, but they are always positive in an explanation. The Clubs say that there is one split about the Peace, and another split about the War, and generally that the Coalition is resolving, with the assistance of arithmetical-minded Sir Charles Wood, into its original integers of sixes and sevens—Lord Palmerston of course being the odd number. This is curious, but not conclusive; and, without attaching credit to any of the conjectures of the coffee-room statesmen, and of those luminous politicians who read all the morning papers in a condition of continuous bewilderment, and get to the evening journals in a state of mental prostration, we may leave the Clubs to chat on chaotically in the singular innocence of belief that they are in some way concerned in the Government of a country which, according to them, is in a chronic Cabinet crisis.

We are, however, not unprepared to admit that the Government is, very probably, in some perplexity; and we are all the more ready to think so from observing that the nation is in precisely the same position. Peace or war? is the question on which no one, high or low, has made up his mind, because no one has made up his mind as to what he means by peace or what he means by war—the conditions of the peace or the issues of the war.

The fault of the Government, according to the most pronounced class of politicians, taking Mr. Layard as an example, is that they have had, and have, no direct policy. This is perfectly true—is a truism scarcely needing the exposition of a two hours' scrambling speech, scattered, subsequently, in all its dissected commonplace, in a ten-page pamphlet. It is quite true that the Government only went to war because the country demanded war, and that the Government is seeking to make peace because the stable-minded public is rather inclined to a peace, in the one case undertaking a merely make-believe campaign, and in the present case pretending to no more than a sham treaty, worth as much as the vellum on which it is, or is not, engrossed. But a Government in England, controlled by a Crown which is without political passions, is compelled to run with the public—certainly never to go in advance of the public—and a Coalition Government more especially, formed for mere administration, on no principles, finds it not only its interest but its duty to obey. The present Government has displayed no direct policy, its want of direct policy has resulted in its becoming the victim of its military chiefs, French and British; but the defect of the Government seems to us to be the defect of the time. A Government in England is, after all, a very representative affair: the Coalition Government represented national apathy, the disappearance of the politics of principles.

Political philosophy had nothing to do with the outburst of national feeling on the invasion by Russia of the Principalities: our fleets and armies were despatched not to re-

present a principle but to gratify a passion—the reaction of which, amid defeated hopes, proves that our martiality was but a spasm. For fifty years Russia, whose policy was palpable in the Catherines' days, had been caressed by our statesmen and our sovereigns, and but a few years ago the Lord John Russell who, always alert for popularity, last session discovered that the existence of Sebastopol was inconsistent with the safety of the Turkish empire, which is the keystone in the European balance of power, had written to a Russian Minister to the effect that the Czarism was Conservatism—a sentiment worthy of our only historic "Reformer." Poland was never mourned outside that theoretic school of amiabilities and poetries, the Dudley Stuarts and Tom Campbells, whom our statesmen have ever treated with traditional derision—for they were the statesmen of a practical state. From 1815 to 1848 we saw the steady growth of Russia, of her influence in Germany, and of her territory and prestige in the East, without jealousy and without apprehension. In 1848 we saw Russia crush Hungary and pass that river, the passage of which in 1853 has caused war, with no more than a sentimental murmur. We are declaiming now—or were declaiming a week or two ago—against the despotism which the Czar would seek to establish in hideous uniformity over Europe. But in 1850 we saw absolute military despotism established by reaction in all the capitals of the Continent, and our *par excellence* "liberal" Foreign Secretary, was the valet to bow in the hero of the Parisian *coup d'état*, and to effect that Schleswig-Holstein treaty, which was a guarantee to Czarism in the Baltic. We had accustomed ourselves to the idea of Russian encroachment and liberty's decay; and it was not to be expected, as Lord Aberdeen doubtless surmised, that suddenly in 1854 we should revolutionise our political views, and in a by-the-by declaration of eternal brotherhood with the oppressed, resolve on a war of principles. Some of us did talk of a war of principles, and hope for a revolutionary war; but Mr. Bright prides himself, we understand, on his thorough comprehension of his countrymen.

To whom are we to look for the "direct policy" of which the Government collectively is destitute? Lord Aberdeen is in favour of the *status quo ante bellum* with all possible rapidity—for appearance sake consenting to say something about clearing the mouths of the Danube—a dredger's treaty. Lord Palmerston, equally confiding in him who "exhausted every resource of falsehood," trusts the future of humanity to a personal assent to four points which could not give one wound, and to effect his object he, liberal man, accomplishes an alliance with Austria, suggesting to Louis Napoleon to back it by guaranteeing Austrian domination in Italy. Lord John Russell was in favour of destroying Sebastopol; that was his direct policy a few months ago when, credulous as the Romans, who were to frontier their empire with a wall, he considered civilisation would be safe by converting Sebastopol into a ruin;—but that was a few months ago, and Lord John Russell would not now spoil a wished-for peace for the sake of an oratorical point about Marius and Mensorchikoff—perhaps because he has discovered that the present Carthage does not consist of one city. These are our three statesmen: who can tell in what direction they are leading the State?

Is there a direct policy in the opposition? Lord Derby—essentially a *chiffonnier* statesman—filches his policy as he goes: he opposed the Foreign Legion Bill, because he saw Lord Ellenborough's objections to it "told;" and, in the same way, his notions to-

orrow about the war would depend on what he hears at dinner to-day. Mr. Disraeli is only a critic, and not an English critic: he cannot strike out a path for himself because, having no sympathy with his followers, he is doubtful whither they want to go. We have had debates enough about the war; but has any Tory gentleman done more than show that the Government had got into a scrape? Lord Derby is the Opposition, and Lord Derby, in his most reckless mood, would shrink from proclaiming the expediency in which Liberals believe—that Russia should be really weakened and driven back. The Tory gentlemen of England have always believed in the Emperor Nicholas, and still sympathise with him: and if they at present have an opinion, it is that peace be restored, and that the Government should be turned out—above all, that the Government should be turned out.

What is the direct policy of the Liberals? We do not mean those Liberals who, like Mr. Bright, are against all war because England is a commercial island, and who are content to wait the day when, ships being, as we have found, useless in war, a great army may be landed in a country which cannot produce 100,000 soldiers. We do not mean Liberals like the late Lord Dudley Stuart, like Sir Joshua Walmsley, like Mr. Crawshaw, like Mr. Ironside, who talk of "God's justice" to old noblemen complacent on a Treasury bench, and who are so utterly behind, or before, their day, that they would have political propagandism adopted by a country indifferent to Reform Bills, and governed by a landed aristocracy through the agency of a practical moneyocracy. But we mean Liberals like Mr. Layard, who appeal to Lord John Russell to behave "like a chief of the Liberal party," and who are in earnest in this war. Mr. Layard, last session, proposed all the four points, and a fifth point, that the Crimea should be restored to Turkey—this fifth point necessarily including Lord John's idea about Sebastopol. Mr. Layard is, however, an isolated individual; many individuals, in the House, and of his clique, may agree with him, but their opinion is not organised, and they have the idea merely—it is not a purpose in politics. And Mr. Layard interjects the idea about the Crimea, as he, or Kossuth, interjects the idea about Poland: no plan is proposed; no statesmanship is organised to carry out the plan. The most concrete exposition of such Liberals' views is in the "Anglo-Polish Association," an association as little likely as the Harleian Society to affect politics; for such Liberals leave out of account the trifling difficulty that the Crown and aristocracy are very resolutely resolved not to undertake a revolutionary war;—Crown and aristocracy being still, such Liberals may be assured, of considerable potency in this liberty-adoring nation. Such Liberals are, in short, to this extent illogical, that they are clamouring for a revolutionary war, and are not precise as to what Europe is to revolve to.

To conclude: a war in which no party has a purpose cannot result in any conspicuously honourable peace. And we fear, unless there should soon present themselves some better hopes of liberal organisation against an aristocracy incapable and unworthy than can now be entertained, we must wait for better times for that positive foreign policy which befits a country so genuine and so great at heart as the land of CROMWELL.

THE LAST CRIMEAN APPOINTMENT.  
"HEAD," exclaims the *Times*, is the thing wanted in the East; some man to look after everything, but particularly transports and

hospitals. "Head, head, head," was the cry; and Government answers to it by presenting Jones. It is reported that General Jones is to be superintendent of transports and hospitals, and his appointment is heralded with a puff. We do not understand exactly where the General is to be stationed; but the idea is, we believe, that he will be at Balaklava. Nor are we quite clear what he will superintend. A general officer is not exactly the natural head of a hospital; and we very much doubt whether the transports are really to be entrusted to his charge.

If we do not know where he is to be stationed, nor what he is to do, we do know something as to what he is. General Jones, the armed head conjured up by the Macbeth of the *Times*, was once Colonel Jones; and while he held that rank he was Commissioner in the Board of Works at Dublin. He was a very strict man, the Colonel; particularly in the personal control of the clerks in his office. Great was the wrath if a window happened to be opened, which the Colonel had desired to be shut; and the terrors of wrath visited the subordinates in language of more energy than nicety. There was a kind of terror of the Colonel, although he was supposed to be a good fellow at heart, and it was not difficult to get the blind side of him.

One acute person did get on that profitable side. It was the Accountant; a pleasant boon companion, so convivial, so generous in sentiments, that Jones, the new "head," trusted him unboundedly, trusted him even to the extent, we are told, of blank cheques. Subsequently the Accountant embezzled, and was transported. He had, however, not committed the offence of opening an unopenable window.

Now, is it possible that this can really be the head intended by Government? Will General Jones take his departure or not, or rather, will he undertake his duties? Many of the appointments in the East have been anything but right. The appointments, particularly to the non-fighting duties of the army, have been very questionable; but if poor Lord de Roos had to be recalled, we do not know on what principle General Jones can be deputed. Those who attack Lord Raglan should look below: it is in the secondary appointments that the mischief will be found; the chief appointment is nothing more nor less than the *system* incarnate, and the system must be destroyed.

#### UNDERNEATH THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

THE law records of the day relate a story which is equal to anything in the Decameron of Boccaccio, and excels the raciest pages of Le Sage. A gay and fascinating lady marries a gentleman of some property, who furnishes a house for her. A person is engaged to superintend the fitting up of the house; he fascinates the fascinator, and upon him she confers the greatest obligations that an indiscreet lady can confer upon an ambitious man. One day an affectionate note from the lady to this gentleman calls him to her presence, and she reveals to him her pressing necessity for a sum of money. At first, her wish meets no compliance, though it is not that the gentleman has no command of money, for at last what affection and tears failed to draw from him is obtained by the per-centage of 400% upon the advance of 1600% for six months, the loan being guaranteed by the deposit of jewels belonging to the lady, and of a bill signed by the lady's husband. Time creeps on; the bill attains maturity; the loan is not paid; and then it is discovered that the husband's signature to the bill was forged, and that the jewels are paste!

Everybody is astounded; shocked at the

utter hollowness of the whole affair; but have we any reason to sneer; when the principles of economy thus illustrated are carried out all around us? If paste returns the prismatic colours, is it not as charming as diamond? If Anthony will not sacrifice all for love, and think even the world well lost, unless he get a per-centage of 50 per cent., does not the philosophy of the day inculcate the main chance as an object of care never to be forgotten, even by a Mark Antony?

At this particular season of the year we ought to be more than ever impressed with the increasing substitution of the spurious for the genuine. There was a time when a Christmas dinner was as sterling as the sentiments that encircled the board; and perhaps the comparison still holds good, although the viands are no longer what they once were. The hospitable board glitters with [German] silver. The soup that is first placed upon the table is thickened, though the careful housekeeper would not like to own it, with gelatine; but the gelatine itself, which purports to be derived from birds' nests, sharks' ribs, or some other rare and noble origin, is manufactured chiefly from the raw materials of the knacker's. The host palms off upon his guests gelatine and water for soup; the grocer sends knacker's glue for gelatine; and so the Christmas dinner opens. The beef, perhaps, is not meat of questionable principles from Spain; the very requirements of size and colour demand that it should be English. But the mustard you eat with it is half turmeric; and if the ingredients in the Christmas pudding are not all of them adulterated, the raisins have been parboiled to make them swell, and the spices defy detection. The dinner is removed; and "wine" is placed upon the table of various denominations; but the keenest palates could not taste the genealogy. Independent of the vine disease in the district of the Douro is the "port" upon the Christmas table; and the "sherry" knows less of Spain than of the neglected vintages in Italy. Yes, modern philosophy, enlightened by Liebig and the march of mind, gathers round the Christmas table to analyse the once sterling elements of the national feast, and having been enlightened, eats on!

Why should we blame the grocer, when we ourselves apply the same principles to subjects more refined than grocery? Christmas is the season for vamping up reconciliations; and many a party within the fortnight has been brought together on precepts of Christian forbearance, where the real motive has been some eye to the will of the offended party, some hope to get support for a favoured project. The spurious dinner is surrounded by a spurious Christmas party. The hilarity is as pure as the port, and the eye beams with affection as brilliant to look upon as the paste diamonds in the head of the dowager—substitutions for the *parure* which is in pledge with the money-lender. Or go to public affairs, and the rule still holds good. A Peace Minister enters office to prosecute the war, and may reconcile himself to consistency by reflecting that hostilities are so carried on as almost to render war as impossible as peace!

LAMENT OF AN IRISH EMIGRANT.—Mr. W. Carleton, the Irish writer of fiction, announces that he is about to leave Ireland for ever, and to close the remainder of his days in Canada. This information he embodies in the following stanza:—

"Ungrateful country, I resign  
The debt you owe to me and mine;  
My sore neglect—your guilt and shame—  
And fling you back your curse of fame."

Mr. Carleton has been for many years receiving a government pension of 200*l.* per annum, as an acknowledgment of his literary merits.

## 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 ISSUE OF THE WAR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

December 20, 1854.

SIR,—I have reason to be surprised at the *Times* implying that it had not been calculated that an attack on the Crimea was an attack on Russia. Yet it was easy to learn that the Crimea is a peninsula, and not an island, and that Russia could send troops into the peninsula. As long as Russia was attacked on different points at once, success might be looked for in one place or another. But as soon as the whole attack was concentrated upon a single point, there was little doubt that Russia would hurry all her disposable forces to that point, in numbers far superior to the total strength of the Allies.

When the expedition to the Crimea took place, I concluded the operations were to be extended to the whole peninsula, or at all events that the Russian generals had been bought, so as to assure the success of a *coup de main*; but as soon as neither the one nor the other of these hypotheses was realised, the enterprise became visibly not only difficult but even dangerous.

If the allied fleets have done nothing, you must not expect to impose conditions on Russia by a land force of 30,000 men—the actual active force of British troops in the Crimea. Napoleon the First, who knew something about the military art, did next to nothing with 700,000 men, thanks to strategical mistakes; surely mistakes far more considerable are being committed now. In 1812, Napoleon marched at all events into the heart of Russia, and only lost his army for want of provisions. Now Russia is attacked at one extreme point only, and already you pretend to impose conditions of peace!

The taking of Sebastopol will never secure that result, and Sebastopol is not yet taken; all the letters received from the scene of operations agree in saying that it will not be taken "unless we change the mode of attack." Canrobert is no strategist, the French themselves admit, and Lord Raglan has committed a succession of blunders.

To count upon the Austrians is to reckon without your host. Austria is rather for Russia than for the Allies; the treaty of the 2nd of December provides only that steps shall be taken to obtain peace, and if unsuccessful, *on debatta, not on se battra*.

There remain Poland and Hungary, and here I must say that the revolution in those two countries has had chances of success: there have been armies, arsenals, munitions of war in Poland as in Hungary; but at present the Polish youth are dispersed in the ranks of the Russian army. The country is so thoroughly disarmed that when a proprietor wants to have a fowling-piece he can obtain permission from the authorities only if his opinions are "sound." It is much the same in Hungary. The Slavomagyar question is a double-edged question, and Russia is quite ready to "work" it for her own purposes.

Taking into consideration the immense blunders that have been committed, and those that will be committed, I venture to express my opinion that a peace on the basis of the four guarantees would be a satisfactory result.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
THE AUTHOR OF "THE NATIONS OF RUSSIA  
AND TURKEY, AND THEIR DESTINY."

### JUNG BAHADOOR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Allow me to point out an inaccuracy in last Saturday's *Leader*, on the subject of the Nepaulese armaments. You speak of Jung Bahadoor as if he were the ruler of that country, whereas he is no more than Prime Minister. It is true, indeed, that his power is greater even than that of his sovereign, but this circumstance is all in favour of amity with the English. During his residence in Great Britain, Jung was inspired with a profound admiration of everything British, and was deeply struck with the magnitude of our power. He is, therefore, very unlikely to adopt any measures calculated to lead to hostilities; for—as he himself remarked to Mr. Oliphant—"though a cat when pushed into a corner will fly at an elephant, it will take good care to keep out of the corner as long as possible."  
J. H.

## BABEL.

(From a various Correspondence.)

—The world is delighted with the Queen's letter to good Mrs. Sidney Herbert; the British world particularly is happy, noticing that a Queen has feminine sentiments; being surprised at that fact, and, sweetest discovery of all, that she underlines her phrases like a true woman, the loyal printers accordingly scattering "italics" and capital letters in the newspaper copy with emphatic exuberance. The joy of Ensign Tomkins and Private Jones when they find they are part of a "beloved army"—beloved, though trusted to blundering chiefs—beloved, though individually perhaps objectionable, except sentrywise in a court atmosphere. But the letter in its delicious, impulsive weakness (the *mulieris impotentia*) of phrase, made strong by the feminine underwriting, which ensures its force with all good hearts, is a good letter, and will endear the Queen more and more to her people—and most of all, to the real people, of humble homes, thinned of gallant "fellows," to whom the tearful sympathy of the royal lady will be precious. But isn't it a new feature in history these Ministeresses of War—a Queen writing to a Right Hon. Secretary of War, who, in town, sends a despatch to that pious Medical Officeress—Miss Nightingale? Why not put the Ministering Angel into recognised "office?" Perhaps, however, Mr. Sidney Herbert shares his salary?

—When lions and tigers are combating, the fox has his day; and, just now, when public attention is absorbed in the war, or rather in the attempt at peace, a variety of abuses, governmental and otherwise, are setting in as they set in during the last war—for instance the new agreement between the North-Western and Great-Western Railway Companies: an agreement to agree as to fares in districts, for the traffic of which hitherto they have been competing, so that in future they may plunder the public between them. At any other time there would be an outcry against this league: as it is, not a word of objection is raised; and with such encouragement the principle may be carried out with other companies—say between the North-Western and the Great-Northern. An actual amalgamation would then follow, and a system would arise, in comparison with which the old highwaymen dangers to property would be trivial. Mr. Cardwell is not a *faineant* minister; can he overlook this conspiracy to settle a newocracy in a land already over-ocra-tised?

—When in Louis Napoleon's speech to his representatives, that paragraph about Marshal St. Arnaud "forcing death to wait for victory" was read in Paris, the universal exclamation in political circles was *Mocquard!* The solution of this enigma is that M. Mocquard, private secretary to the Emperor, ex-advocate, ex-*viveur*, the last of the troubadours to La Reine Hortense (who was always departing for Syria), and we know not what besides, once perpetrated a translation of *Tacitus*. This translation was performed after the death of his patroness, in the absence of briefs, in ill health, and in the depth of provincial obscurity—a combination of unfavourable circumstances which will account, perhaps, for M. Mocquard's *Tacitus* being even less known than M. Mocquard. He little dreamt of one day putting *Tacitus* into the mouth of an Emperor. *Forcer la mort!* it is the sublime of parody.

—We hear in Paris that Victor Hugo has written an ode on the death of St. Arnaud, who with a shadow over his heart, and a "damned spot" upon his hand sought to cover the bloody guilt of the Boulevards in an atoning grave. *Si j'ai failli j'ai bien expié*—St. Arnaud is reported to have said in his farewell address to his soldiers; but the phrase (if authentic) was struck out before it reached the *Moniteur*. A fine subject for the poet of the *Châtiments*.

—Not many weeks ago there was a *soirée* at the Tuileries—many of the ministers were present. Telegraphic despatches of the Emperor were brought in on a salver in the course of the evening. Louis Napoleon quietly read the despatches, smiled doubtfully, and then—handed them to his Minister of Foreign Affairs? Not at all—he rolled up the despatches, placed one end to a candle, and burnt them to within an inch of his fingers, the Ministers standing by in mute astonishment. Verily, despotism has a grand air, and Napoleonic despotism has always a smack of the brigand. In constitutional England we do not burn despatches—we cook them.

—"Well," said a distinguished writer in France to a well-known deputy of the Imperial Legislative Corps, "so you responded to M. de Morny's announcement of the loan with acclamations." "*Ma foi, oui,*" replied the deputy, shrugging his shoulders, "*que voulez-vous? nous sommes là pour cela!*" "*No doubt,*" rejoined the publicist; "*vous êtes le Corps acclamant.*" And the deputy smiled assent.

—"The Empress," we hear from France, "works daily at the preparation of lint for the army." What a pity Louis Napoleon was not married in December '51! His wife would have had enough to do to find lint for the citizens wounded in defending the laws.

## 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.*

THE *Sonnets on the War*, by ALEXANDER SMITH and SYDNEY YENDYS, are, as we anticipated they would be, real poetry. The quantity of verse that the war has called forth has been, as all know, enormous; but, with one or at most two exceptions, we should decidedly say that these Sonnets are the only pieces we have yet seen in which the topics of the war are rendered into true poetry, as distinct from mere sounding and stirring stanzas. The treatment of the topics is, for the most part, not direct or merely descriptive. You are not merely presented with a picture of Alma or Inkerman done in verse and colour, but each incident or stage of the war begets, as it were, a little troop of phantasies and imaginations, and these phantasies and imaginations are put forth as representative of, and as, in fact, poetically interpreting, the incidents out of which they grow. This, we say, and this alone, is true poetry, as distinct from mere verse. A true poem on any incident is not the direct statement of that incident never so spiritedly; it is the putting forth of those images that arise in the mind contemporaneously with the apprehension of the incident—these images, by this very fact, being the poetical equivalent of the incident, and the language in which it is to be expressed by the poet. Often the relation between the incident and the images which arise in the act of contemplating it may be very occult, and yet the poem may be most strictly and truly a poem on the incident. What we mean will be best seen by referring to these War Sonnets. Not that there is not abundance of fire and of the prevalent patriotic fervour in them—even in this respect some of them are more fitted to be popular than most of the War Poems we have seen—but that in almost every one of them some phantasy of a representative rather than a merely descriptive character is hung before the imagination. The Sonnets, which are thirty-nine in all, are not equal in merit, though not one of them is common-place. No marks are appended by which to distinguish those contributed by Mr. SMITH from those contributed by Mr. DOBELL; nor is it so easy as we thought it might be to distinguish the thirty-nine into two sets by internal evidence. On the whole, we should imagine Mr. SMITH to have written the greater number. The following have struck us particularly, and we shall quote them without trying to determine the authorship:—

## SELF.

The War rolls on. Dark failure, brave success  
Deafen our ears. — But little power to touch  
Our deeper human nature lies in such.  
Doth victory make an infant's smile the less?  
Each man hath his own personal happiness,  
In which—as creep the cold-enebbled flies  
In the late beam—he warm and basking lies.  
Each hath his separate rack of sore distress.  
No hand can give an alms, no power consoles;  
We only have our true hearts and our souls.  
In leaguered forts, water with patient arts,  
They draw from their own court or garden-plot;  
So from the deep-sunk wells within our hearts  
We draw refreshment when the fight is hot.

## THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Traveller on foreign ground, whoe'er thou art,  
Tell the great tidings! They went down that day  
A Legion, and came back from victory  
Two hundred men and Glory! On the mart  
Is this "to lose?" Yet, Stranger, thou shalt say  
These were our common Britons. 'Tis our way  
In England. Ay, ye heavens! I saw them part  
The Death-Sea as an English dog leaps o'er  
The rocks into the ocean. He goes in  
Thick as a lion, and he comes out thin  
As a starved wolf; but lo! he brings to shore  
A life above his own, which when his heart  
Bursts with that final effort, from the stones  
Springs up and builds a temple o'er his bones.

## A STATESMAN.

Captain be he, my England, who doth know  
Not careful coasts, with inland welcomes warm;  
But who, with heart infallible, can go  
Straight to the gulfstreams of the World, where blow  
The inevitable Winds. Let cockles swarm  
The sounded shores. He helms Thee, England! who,  
Faced by the very Spirit of the Storm,  
Full at the phantom drives his dauntless prow!  
And tho' the Vision rend in racks of blood,  
And drip in thunder from his reeling spars,  
The compass in his hand beholds the flood  
Beneath, o'erhead the everlasting stars  
Dim thro' the gory ghost; and calm in these,  
Thro' that tremendous dream sails on to happier seas.

## THE COMMON GRAVE.

Last night beneath the foreign stars I stood  
And saw the thoughts of those at home go by.  
To the great grave upon the hill of blood.  
Upon the darkness they went visibly,  
Each in the vesture of its own distress.  
Among them, there came One, frail as a sigh,  
And like a creature of the wilderness  
Dug with her bleeding hands. She neither cried

Nor wept; nor did she see the many stark  
And dead that lay unburied at her side.  
All night she toiled, and at that time of dawn  
When Day and Night do change their More and Less,  
And Day is More, I saw the melting Dark  
Stir to the last, and knew she laboured on.

There are most striking passages in some of the other Sonnets.

The January number of the *British Quarterly Review* supplies what many persons have long felt to be a desideratum—a complete and succinct exposition of "the Philosophy of KANT." The article, if it is one which all will not read, is certainly one which very few could have written. Very rarely in a Review do we find a paper so condensed, so thorough and so comprehensive. The writer has not attempted to "popularise" his subject; and this is judicious—seeing that all who would care to see the subject treated at all, must be capable of relishing a philosophical treatment of it. At the same time the style is clear, terse, and simple, and there is no unnecessary use of technical terms. The writer also, like one long familiar with KANT's philosophy, criticises after expounding it, and points out in definite language those points in which he thinks it weakest. Altogether this is an article of the first quality in its kind. The rest of the number consists of articles on more popular subjects—including one on our "Foreign Policy," in which the Review sustains its character for liberal and decided opinions on that subject, and for ability in advocating them; one on the orthodox side in the "Sabbath" Controversy; and one on the "Present Aspects and Tendencies of Literature." In this last the writer considers our "national Parnassus," or the huge mountain of our present literature, as divided into three "Zones"—the Zone of "true or high literature," forming the summit; the middle Zone, of "wholesome popular literature;" and the lowest Zone, of "trash or garbage." He makes remarks on each, discusses Cardinal WISEMAN's scheme for a change in the lowest "Zone," and pronounces on that scheme as follows:—

It is curious, indeed, that an ultramontanist Cardinal should have broached a proposal which would, in fact, if logically carried out, end in a subjection of the spiritual to the temporal authority in a community. We have heard a facetious scheme of church reform propounded, the purport of which was, that Government should select some really able man and splendid writer as Archbishop of Canterbury, employ him to produce a sermon or essay weekly, adapted to the passing phase of public feeling, and then distribute printed or manuscript copies of this sermon among a clergy composed of the best elocutionists that could be got, each clergyman or elocutionist being bound to read it in his parish. Thus, all parts of the nation would have the same ideas simultaneously administered to them, and all would be kept in intellectual unison. We do not suppose that Cardinal Wiseman would agree to such a proposal—unless, indeed, provisionally in a Protestant country, he might see a useful capability in it; but, certainly, some might say it was but a development of his own notion that Government should purvey intellectual pabulum for the people. As regards the notion that Government, besides instituting an inquiry into the state of our popular literature, and besides trying to remedy its evils by stimulating an authorship of counteractive tendency to what is bad in that literature, should also have recourse to the restrictive policy of a censorship, as in France—a notion to which, though Cardinal Wiseman professes to abstain from recommending it, we cannot but think he is in his heart friendly—we have not words strong enough to express our dissent. Whatever, indeed, in literature as in anything else, transgresses the police laws, to that let Government apply its restraining and punishing hand. Let Holywell-street be prevented from offending the public eye by its characteristic wares. But above this line, even within the zone of garbage, let there be perfect freedom. Whatever ugly features there may be in the present aspect of our literature, we would express our final and complete opinion as to what is to be done in the matter, in the phrase of an American friend of ours—"Let it develop." Let there be the fullest and freest competition in literature—Government itself entering the lists or not, as may be determined. Nay more, in order that there may be such competition, let all present fiscal restrictions on literature, all taxes on knowledge, be repealed. Such a measure, though purely negative in its character, would be the best service Government could render to literature.

The *London Quarterly Review*, published by Messrs. WALTON and MABERLY, is a most lightsome-looking Quarterly—printed neatly on good paper, and altogether pleasant to handle. Its distinctive character seems to be in its evangelical opinions in religious matters; but the articles have a high literary finish, and are evidently prepared by superior writers. The present number opens with a paper on LUTHER, written with care and enthusiasm, though not containing much that is new. Among the other articles is an attack on Mr. MAURICE as a new heresiarch, the substance of which is thus recapitulated by the writer:—

We have shown the influence of Mr. Maurice's philosophy, or theosophy, upon his theology. We have traced his system to its first principles. We have proved that it is based upon true Platonism; but that some of its developments coincide rather with neo-Platonism. The idea of a personal Trinity is, no doubt, distinctively Christian; but Mr. Maurice has followed the neo-Platonists in his method of adjusting this idea to Platonism. The system which results from this interpretation of Christianity by Platonism, we cannot regard as a Christian system. The vital and characteristic doctrines of Christianity are metamorphosed and dislocated. They are bleached into the pale complexion of Platonism or neo-Platonism; and their relations to each other, as well as to man and God, and the Bible, are essentially altered. The odour of grace is exhaled; the blood of atonement is exhausted of all value or efficacy. According to Mr. Maurice, Moses teaches Platonism in the first chapters of Genesis, and implies the truth of this philosophy throughout. All Hebrew theology was, in effect, grounded upon it; Jesus of Nazareth and St. Paul, in their most wonderful sayings, teach nothing which is not virtually included in it. Thus, Christianity is but the supplement to that "wisdom" by which the Greek philosopher "searched," "found out," and "knew God;" and Plato becomes twin-Prophet with Moses, and author of a philosophy which sustains on its foundation the later and more complete developments which were effected by the Prophet of Nazareth and His Apostles.

Let the Christians of England be aware of this new, complex, and deadly heresy, which is little better than a modern Gnosticism of a refined character. At present,



the morals of this system are pure; but it is as capable of being perverted to the worst immorality as the most antinomian Gnosticism of former times.

Curious and rather out of the way articles in the same number are one on "the British Government and Buddhism," accusing the Government of supporting Buddhist idolatry in Ceylon; and one of a particularly interesting nature on "Life in Lunatic Asylums." The following passage from the first article will startle some of our good folks at home:—

Perhaps one or two vouchers for sums expended "on her Majesty's Service" may possess an interest justifying their insertion here.

"The Government of Ceylon Dr. to —, Kandy, 1846. For the cost of the un-dermentioned articles supplied for performing the ceremony *waliyakun*, or 'devil-dance,' at the *perahera* festival in this month:—

16 parras of paddy, at 1s. 6d. ....	£1	4	0
60 cocoa-nuts.....	0	3	9
60 cakes of jaggary .....	0	3	9
45 measures of oil .....	1	2	6
14 measures of salt .....	0	3	9
2 lbs. rosin .....	0	0	9

£2 18 6

"Received from the Government Agent for the Central Province the sum of 2l. 18s. 6d. sterling, being in full as above account of particulars furnished for her Majesty's service, and for which I have signed two receipts of the same tenor and date.

"Witnesses,

(Signed)

"I do hereby certify, that the within-mentioned charge is correct, for the service specified, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed)

"Government Agent."

"The Government of Ceylon Dr.

"To B. YAKADESSA and C. YAKADESSA.

"For our hire as dancers, as allowed by Government, for performing the ceremony of *waliyakun*, or 'devil dance,' at the *perahera* festival in this month, at 5s. each, 0l. 10s. 0d."

(Signed as before.)

These are some of the fruits of the connexion between the British Government and idolatry in the island of Ceylon.

*Tait* this month is extremely good. There is a strong and decisive article, in which the *Leader* naturally takes more than usual interest, advocating the establishment of a "new National Party," and considering the best constitution and the probable prospects of such a party. There are also various articles of literature and information; in one of which—a light, dashing, and suggestive article on American literature—we find the following note referring to EDGAR POE's celebrated poem of the "Raven":—

It is current talk in literary circles, that this production (which has provoked as many parodies as anything ever written, with the exception of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna") is a paraphrase from the Persian. It was Mr. "Mofussilite" Lang who, hearing it repeated by a literary friend, is said to have looked up from his book with "Hallo! that's very good Persian!" instantly quoting the original. Poe was a good Persian scholar.

*Bentley's Miscellany* bears internal evidence of a thorough change. This sounds encouraging, but the subject must be examined. The Magazine had a distinct character—for light reading from writers who were not to be met elsewhere; SHIRLEY BROOKS and CHARLES READE, for instance. Now, the Magazine has precisely the same elements which constitute the *New Monthly*. The *New Bentley* contains the first portion of a story by HARRISON AINSWORTH, and this, coupled with the fact that *Ainsworth's Magazine* is this month discontinued, explains the case. The material consigned to the Editor of the *New Monthly* is considered so valuable, that another Magazine made out of the refuse, is considered worthy of public support. However, we are bound to admit that there is some variety, and even instruction and amusement to be found in the Magazine under its new management.

A correspondent who has visited M. CABANY in Paris, and seen the alleged MS. novel of Sir WALTER SCOTT, the story of which we told last week, sends us the following particulars, which will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

"I decidedly believe M. Cabany to be of perfect good faith in the affair. With the most frank and obliging courtesy he enabled me to look over the MSS. of the first vol. of *Moredun*. The writing is small but easily legible, rapid, and without any decided character. As far as a hasty glance could satisfy me of the style, I could detect nothing grossly improbable. The dialogue here and there seemed vivid and strong, and a description of scenery from the top of Dunsinnan Hill was much in the manner of Sir Walter: the touches broad and at the same time careful, with, however, a certain something trivial in the general manner. There is a picturesque and animated conference between the Scotch and English kings more particularly in Sir Walter's vein. On the whole, I could not be convinced, on so cursory a glance, that it might not be written by a dexterous imitator (I do not say *forger*) of Sir Walter's style, while all I saw of M. Cabany certainly convinces me that he is a man of perfect sincerity, I may almost say *naïveté*, in the affair, and believes in his own story. He is Secretary to the 'Society of Archivists.' . . . I should not omit to mention a chapter describing an inundation at Scone, which for power of word-painting M. Cabany says is finer than anything of the sort he ever read—'it is terribly real.' . . . He does not affirm the authenticity of the MS.; he merely relates how the MS. came into his possession, with its history attached to it—and he leaves it to the critics and to the public to judge. M. Cabany says that *Moredun* is so crammed with incident and dramatic interest that Alexandre Dumas would have made fifty volumes of it, and he intends himself to put it, after publication, into the hands of a *dramaturge*. M. Cabany encourages the supposition that it was thrown aside by Sir Walter as a rough framework of a story to be filled up with his usual elaboration at some future time. At all events, I think it looks like the work of a young hand. The scene is mostly laid in Scotland, in the neighbourhood of Perth, with episodes on the Border."

Our correspondent adds that M. CABANY, so far from exulting in the possession of the MS., has found nothing but trouble and inconvenience

from it as yet. He seems also to have no idea of *Barnumizing* the discovery in England. He has even opened a subscription-list at the Union Bank to pay the expenses of the publication in English, promising the surplus to the Patriotic Fund. Is there no publisher in the Row, or at least in Broadway, bold enough to relieve M. CABANY of his generosity, and to convert it into a speculation? Authentic or not, *Moredun* can scarcely fail to pay.

The *Art Journal* enters on a new series with the new year. There is no actual change in the form or appearance of the work, and the editor's motive in announcing an era is very frankly avowed—he desires to give tardy patrons the benefit of a fresh start, without breaking faith with his old subscribers. No. CXCIII. is therefore, so far as the new subscribers are concerned, "a sleep and a forgetting" of No. CXCII; and, to all those interesting persons, dawns a bright and hopeful No. I. The journal starts afresh with the commencement of a course of engravings in the possession of the Queen, which engravings are published in a separate form as the "Royal Gallery of Art." A recent visit to Nuremberg has furnished Mr. FAIRHOLT with material for an antiquarian article on ALBRECHT DÜRER, to be continued in four successive numbers. The opening paper is cleverly embellished with the author's own drawings. Mr. PYNE, the admirable painter of lake and mountain scenery, resumes his contributions on the "Nomenclature of Art." There is an editorial paper, with illustrative woodcuts, on the "Marlborough House Exposition;" and there is an editorial "Memoir of CONSTABLE," with five elaborate wood-engravings of his best-known pictures. Among the minor articles and notices we find an interesting geometric analysis of the Portland Vase, by Mr. WELD TAYLOR. On the whole, the merits of the number seem to justify the appeal to an extended class of readers.

Let us say a word about the *Newcomes*. The story lingers, and loses itself willingly in those bypaths of humour and sentiment which are worth all the beaten tracks of all the most exciting novels in the world. To enjoy THACKERAY demands the palate of a *dégustateur*, not the gross appetite of a novel reader, ravenous for plot and incident. To drain a number of the *Newcomes* at a draught is to drink Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot in pewter, and to insult your host by swallowing what you are expected to sip, and pouring down your mouth what you should first taste with the breath of your nostrils. THACKERAY's stories, we say, are to be sipped like the finest and rarest wine; and it is neither to his praise nor to his shame, but simply to his liking, to invite none but the epicures of life's various-feast of joys and sorrows to his select table. Only those who have shed their illusions and passed through a premature cynicism into a larger and more complete philosophy of life—less bitter and more compassionate, less trustful and more sympathetic, saddened rather than sad, and smiling genially through unshed tears at human weakness and human vanity—only those can feel the subtle charm of a humourist like THACKERAY.

We may take this opportunity of noticing Mr. LEVER's new story, the *Martins of Cro' Martin* (CHAPMAN and HALL), of which we have the second number. The scene is Ireland, and Mr. LEVER's favourite part of Ireland—Galway; the materials are pretty much as usual, the only variation of his former explorations in the same direction being in the circumstance that his hero is a heroine—a DIANA VERNON, of painful, impossible masculinity, who manages a dairy and an election, hunts and moralises, with equal vigour and absurdity. The first number of a new monthly periodical, *The Literary Mail-Coach*, claims a line; it seems to be conducted by young gentlemen, and its merits are—slang.

THE LAWYER IN THE CAMP.

*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol.* By a Non-Combatant. Longman and Co. THE Non-Combatant is a Templar, who, believing the "seat" of war large enough to afford him a corner, resolved to go thither in vacation time, and see the siege of Sebastopol. He is not the only votary of Themis who has offered parenthetical sacrifices at the shrine of Mars. There be many lawyers who delight in the study of strategy. Only the other day a legal member of the Commons' House instructed that assembly in matters military—there are but few strategists who delight in the study of law. In some sort, indeed, your lawyer is the soldier of civil life; he fights your battle for you as the soldier does, with this difference, that while he charges the opposing party to the suit, ten to one but in the very nature of things he charges the luckless wight who may enlist his services rather more severely. The gentlemen of the coat and shako are only more expensive than the gentlemen of the long robe and wig, because there are so many of them; and it certainly would be a nice question for a casuist, whether a nation has gained more by its soldiers than by its men of law.

Seriously; our Non-Combatant, our Templar on a tour in the Camp, is a man of sense and spirit, with a healthy tone of mind, quite devoid of anything that can be called croaking. He went out to the camp, taking with him his own tent, his own horse, his own commissariat, and of course his own servant, a Greek of the Ionian Islands. He departed from Malta four days after the battle of the Alma, and met the intelligence of that splendid exploit as the ship came to an anchor in the Golden Horn in a fog, on the very day when the same great story set all England ablaze. From Stamboul he made his way to the Crimea in the Cambria, touching at Eupatoria, steaming thence at a safe distance past the big forts of Sebastopol, rounding Cape Cherson, and sweeping into Balaklava Bay, where he landed on the 5th, twelve days after the arrival of the Allies in that once-sequestered spot. It is curious that those twelve days had sufficed to make the atmosphere

about the place anything but grateful to the sense of smell; so that the port of Balaklava began by stinking, and has continued to stink ever since, even as some of our London cholera districts on a muggy morning, and our dear old Thames always at low tide. The Non-Combatant, who seems to have a pretty extensive list of military acquaintances, soon got into the thick of life, finding patrons in a general and his staff—a very gallant old general, whom we take to be Sir George Brown; and pitching his tent among the rest on the bare brown hill side. And so for some five-and-thirty days this visitor from the calm retreats that lie bounded by Essex-street, White-frars, the Thames, and Fleet-street, was there present “seeing History,” to use his own phrase.

Certainly of late we have heard much, almost enough indeed, of “History,” such as she paints herself in the pages of those in the camp who write, and speculate, and repeat from day to day. They also see history, a little; nay, some of them act history, and some of them write it, too: those are of the acting class. Excellently well as the journals are served, and admirably as some of the descriptions of the great events have read, yet not alone in the pages of the professed correspondent do we find the best information. Indeed, in too many we find a croaking spirit, which smells of the professed grumbler as well as of the professed correspondent; as if he were there only to treat the British army as the veritable “sick man,” and to take a diagnosis of its disease. Among the best of correspondents are the privates in the army. It is in reading their letters that we see the truly noble stuff of these heroes; that we feel how they are upheld by a sense of duty; how cheerfully they go into the trenches or out on the distant picket, taking the rain or sunshine as it comes; how they brave death in every form, the deadly bullet or the equally deadly fever; how they rise swiftly out of their sleep and seize their arms as the alarm cry rings through the tents; with what fortitude they have sat in sludge, slept in sludge, cooked in sludge, and fought and died in sludge; how they love their officers, those “gallant gentlemen,” as one calls them; how they love their commander-in-chief; and with what tender and strong affection the hearts of these Englishmen turn to home, to the wife sitting lone, perhaps, by the fireside of the stranger; to the infant child; to the grey-headed parent tottering to the grave; to the loved one—the wife that may be. In their letters these men speak of their misery as bad enough; but misery they are ready to endure for the honour of old England, for the love of their country, for the sake of their Queen; and not a few, understanding the bloody quarrel, add to these feelings of patriotism a sense of the high justice of their cause. They do not grumble; croaking finds no place in their simple records; they are as stout and manful a band of men as ever quitted the shores of England. Even the wounded and the sick show the strongest anxiety to get well that they may be once more on the field.

Our Non-Combatant does not give us any insight into this characteristic of the war. His intercourse lay with staff-officers and generals, rather than with the men. And although his stay in the camp extended only to the battle of Inkerman, and although, therefore, he escaped the terrible ordeal which followed the hurricane of the 14th of November, and the rain of succeeding days, yet one might have expected more than one finds about the flesh and blood constituents of the camp—about the noble soldiers of England. The book gives us information, neither told in a military manner, nor in the manner of the regular correspondent, but in the manner of a gentleman, sober, quiet, subdued, yet not without cheerfulness and the grace of good feeling. But the information does not constitute its value. The contrast of the tone of the letters to those now familiar to the public, this makes up its value. There is no pretence at peculiar and extensive information, no speculations on the art of war, no attempt to impress the reader with the belief that the author has seen everything, heard everything, is an authority on everything. What he sees he sets down, and no more; what he has heard he tells with scrupulous care; and, although it is not much that he has seen nor much that he has heard, yet every fact related looks as if it were the very truth. Those who have been satiated, as we have been, either with the “graphic” or the slipslop style of correspondence, will readily appreciate the quiet gaiety and good sense of the Non-Combatant.

One or two instances will show the nature of his view of the war, and the way he writes about it. Here is a distinct outline sketch of the battle of Inkerman at two in the day, as seen from the then right Lancaster battery:—

At this time, the aspect of the battle, as seen from our position, was as follows. Two large bodies of the allied troops stood, or rather lay, close before the foremost tents of the Second Division, a little below the long low rounded outline of the hill on which they are pitched, and which, on its furthest side, descends to the Tchernaya. Another mass occupied a place (as it seemed to me) about a hundred yards in advance, and more off to the right, on the very profile of the hill. The whole of this ground, I should tell you, rises gradually, for two or three hundred yards in front of the tents. Crossing the highest portion of the outline, was a fourth body of the Allies. The ground then makes a dip for about four hundred yards, when it makes another gradual rise of the same rounded character, until it reaches an elevation somewhat higher than the hill occupied by the French and British troops. Here I counted six bodies of the enemy. I suppose the two armies were seven or eight hundred yards apart. All parties were pounding away with their artillery, and the wind carried off the smoke, so that we could clearly see the spectacle. About three, the allied troops gradually advanced, till their foremost park of artillery occupied the bottom of the valley between the two hills. In half an hour more, the Russians were in full retreat towards Sebastopol. I could see them in their long grey coats marching past us with their arms shouldered, and in good order.

During this very scene, now and then visited by shot and shell, the Non-Combatant stood smoking his cigar. An officer present needed a light, and in using Non-Combatant's cigar for that purpose, “expressed an artistic regret that he should spoil so beautiful an ash!” With what fragile links are the habits of war and peace united. On that same day our good lawyer had walked up from Balaklava to the scene of that tremendous battle. Faint and weary, surrounded by the dead and wounded, feeling keenly the incongruity of his position, he yet could not refrain from asking for some action biscuit!

We know not whether Non-Combatant is a poet. But while we are praising his candour and netset, we do feel some doubts about the accuracy

of an imputation of the authorship of “a copy of verses” to “a man who lives not far from my tent;” certain it is that the verses printed in this volume are among the foremost of those written on this war. It is styled and was written upon “The Eve of the Bombardment,” that is, the night of the 16th of October:—

O'er against the leaguered city, countless tents are gleaming white—  
Silent, save where, crowding gaily, England's sailors rouse the night—  
With jest and laugh and chorus'd song,  
By flick'ring camp-fires stretched along.

On our muskets sadly leaning, list we to our comrades' mirth,  
As each hearty shout reminds us of the Land that gave us birth:  
So—ere a felon clime could smite  
Us down—so leapt our pulses light!

Ah! 'tis long since Cheer and Revel from our pest-worn lines have shrunk:  
Yet a thought of comfort stirs us, musing on the thousands sunk  
Beneath a foe that mocks our ken—  
To-morrow we shall fight with men!

Welcome steel—the onset welcome, fiery shell and glancing glaive—  
So we perish not like lepers—so we 'scape the lazar-grave,  
Heaped up in hurried stealth and gloom,  
Without a stone to mark our doom!

Hastes the Hour for which we've laboured, nightly 'neath our starry pall,  
Digging close the circling trenches, piling firm the gabion wall,  
While ever on the thund'ring town  
Our sheeted camp looked stilly down.

Net an answering shot has sounded; hoarded vengeance waits—till morn!  
So the serpent's prey, imprisoned, strikes with frantic hoof and horn,  
While, coiled in many a giant ring,  
He nor speeds, nor stays, his spring.

Foes! whom, hating not, we hold as victims to a despot's pride!  
Nobler victims to his madness, conquering, crimsoned Alma's tide—  
Along the gory path they trod,  
Bear ye the tyrant's name to God.

We have been pretty familiar in imagination with the position and thoughts of our army on those Crimean heights; but we part from the Non-Combatant with a sense that he has added somewhat to the materials out of which our mind's eye model of the camp is composed; and that the aid he has rendered is in the feeling what it was like in October, 1854.

#### THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

*A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By George Gilfillan.

Edinburgh: Hogg,

This is one of the most amusing books we have read for some time. It is also one of the best practical jokes on record. These peculiar manifestations of fun have generally been detestable, for the simple reason that their point consisted in the pain they inflicted on the jokee. But in this particular case Mr. Gilfillan has kindly thrown aside a bad precedent, and made the point of his practical joke to consist in the pleasurable surprise it gives to the public joked upon. You read the title, *Gallery of Portraits*, and then the sub-titles, “A File of French Revolutionists,” “A Constellation of Sacred Authors,” “A Cluster of New Poets,” “Modern Critics,” “Miscellaneous Sketches,” and you groan in the spirit and exclaim: “Unhappy critic that I am! Here is a pleasant beginning of 1855! Here have I to wade through a critical examination of some forty authors from the classics of twenty centuries to the mushroom of yesterday. Admiration I felt when a boy I must once more feel; objections I felt foul of when a child I must again tumble over; passages that I have heard so often that I am beginning to forget them, I must again encounter; and where I assent to Gilfillan, must invent a new form of expressing my Yea; and where I dissent, re-examine my long-closed conclusions, and, if valid, strive to give a piquant Nay. Would that life were without duties, that I might not read this book!” And so with a sigh one turns towards it,—and lo! we have not reached the bottom of the first page of the preface before we are roaring with laughter, and though the joke does get a little tedious from its sameness, we still laugh through the whole five hundred pages, and instead of closing the book with a pain in the head, we finish with a “stitch” in the side. Talk of the fun of Boxing-night, we venture to affirm that to a mind capable of feeling the deeply and fundamentally ludicrous, there is more fun to be got out of this one volume than out of all the *Pantomimes*, *Extravaganzas*, *Burlesques*, and *Farces* of the season. The only thing we regret is, that Mr. Gilfillan should not have done in a more direct form what he has so admirably accomplished, indirectly. Why not devote his abilities to the writing of *Burlesques*, a rôle for which nature has so copiously endowed him? A greater than *Planché* is here. Why then be content with the small audience of the reading public, when he might gain so easily the plaudits of that fine aggregate of individualities, a British Pit?

But if—as a prosaic friend has just suggested—Mr. Gilfillan is not aware of his own joke, and really intends this baldersdash as a serious contribution to the literature of the day, then it is our unpleasant duty materially to change our tone, and in the name of nineteenth century manners and culture to protest.

The tone Mr. Gilfillan adopts towards distinguish men whose views on religious matters do not coincide with his own, is so very acrid and abusive, as to raise suspicions of some personal motive. When he is praising a man—and he can praise as loudly and as dangerously to reputation, as he can abuse passionately and advantageously to reputation—he generally takes care, if they be contemporaries, to let you know that he has seen them—been praised by them. But when he is abusing a contemporary, he never lets fall the slightest hint that he ever even saw him. The language he applies to Thomas Carlyle, George Combe, Robert Chambers, Emerson, Aytoun, Maccall, Holyoake, and others, is of that peculiar character to which there is only one reply, if any is made—the horsewhip. And yet we have read a paper of Mr. Gilfillan's in which he recounts minutely a visit to Carlyle, in glowing appreciation of that great man, breaking all the courtesies of civilised life in his details of privacy; and now Carlyle is “a flayed wild

beast—a howling lion” What can the Scotch Giant have done to the Scotch Dwarf?

Mr. Gilfillan's criticism is simple. He has a peculiar religious creed, consisting of ultra-Scotch orthodoxy with a belief in the Personal Advent superadded, and this idea he carries with him as a test in his foray among celebrities. If a man agree with him in these things, he begins by a few general depreciations, and gradually merges into a swelling, bombastic eulogy. If a man seem to care little about them, he praises generally, and ends by abusing him for not making these peculiarities the ruling passion of his being. But if a man does not believe in them, and says so, the rage of Gilfillan knows no bounds; he drives the offender out of his article with whips of Billingsgate. We have had the criticism of Jeffery, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Carlyle—this is the criticism of George Gilfillan. Apart from this fundamental principle, he is as changeable as Proteus. You never know where you have him. Writing of Dobell, there never was such a poet; of Alexander Smith, Dobell is full of faults; of Bigg, Smith wants everything Bigg possesses; of Gerald Massey, all the others have faults that he is free from. And so on. The same even on his favourite religious ground. He censures Jeffery, in the prime of his life, for caring nothing for religion; the septuagenarian critic made a pious end, and what says our author: “As to religion, his tone becomes that of childish sentimentalism; and, unable to the last to give either to the Bible or the existence of God the homage of a manly belief, he can yet shed over them floods of silly and senile tears.” Again, if Holyoake assert, and Carlyle and Emerson seem to imply, that Christianity is effete, Gilfillan's wrath exceeds decency of expression; but if a lackless believer says it is not effete, he turns round even more furiously upon him, and affirms that it is so utterly rotten and used up that nothing but the Personal Advent of Jesus can set it right.

The plain fact is, Mr. Gilfillan has utterly mistaken his literary history. When the first *Gallery* appeared it was hailed with delight by the young and enthusiastic among the strictly orthodox. To them the raciest fields of literature had been hermetically sealed. Here now was a perfectly safe man who introduced them to Byron and Shelley, Carlyle and Emerson, even to Rousseau and Voltaire. Older and wiser men forgave for this good his uncouth language, wherein sense was drowned amid a wilderness of words, buried beneath incongruous metaphors. What is the result? It was evident that either he must come out or go in. To remain where he then was, was not possible. He has gone in. Preserving all his faults of style, and introducing new faults, he has cast aside all tolerance for doubt or negation, and there is really little left to distinguish him from the mass of Exeter Hall dogmatists.

We close by giving, to use a congenial phrase, a *Galaxy of Gilfillanisms*; presuming that they are fair specimens of what they represent, and that had we chosen we could have filled columns with the like:—

ELEGANCE OF EXPRESSION.

Putrid perfection—dung—belched up—in splendour or in stench—half-putrid incense—a *diabetea verborum*—foul spittle—palace built of dung—a dunghill Olympus—putrid dust—a diarrhoea of words.

GRAMMAR.

Gibbering form—the vial whom—this noctes—‘shall’ for ‘will’ *passim*.

METAPHORS.

burst out, like an expiring flame, into glorious bravuras—a pcean sheathed in blasphemy—Burke's High-Churchism is the *lofty tuskin* in which his fancy loves to tread, &c.

LOGIC.

Do the Brutes know each other on earth, and shall not the Saints in heaven?

COURTESY AS A DISPUTANT.

“They (Holyoake, Maccall, Combe, &c.) at least are direct and honest and thorough-going men—we mean animals—for they are perpetually boasting of their lineal descent from brutes and reptiles and fishes and slime, and everything but God, and we are not disposed to deny their far-come and dearly-won honours, or to quarrel, so far as they are concerned, with this mud heraldry.” (We might have headed this “Veracity.”) “The insolence, bigotry, and folly of a Neale leave all former absurdity floundering behind.”—“That tissue of filthy nonsense which none but an ape of the first magnitude could have vomited, yeapt ‘Firmilian.’”—“The coarse and clumsy paws” (of Axtoun).—“The creatures of the *Ass-ensem* and others of the London Press.”

RELIGIOUS NICKNAMES.

Mirabeau, a Jove-Judas; Poe, a Yankee-Yahoo; Emerson, a Paul-Pyrrho. And this batch: “By-ends Bacon; Demas Dumont; Savaall Joe Hume; Hold-the-world Bentham; Feel-the-skull Combe; Young Atheist Holyoake; My-lord-time-server, Macaulay.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

Louvet, a compound of sentiment and smut! Napoleon, the marvellous *mannikin* of Corsica. Carlyle, the cursing Balaam of his day (is G. G. the other, then?). Dickens, a pug of genius. Burke, a mental cameleopard. Rousseau, a winged frog.

FORCE OF EXPRESSION.

Blunderbuss of blasphemy.

MODESTY.

The *Critic*—(to which Mr. Gilfillan is the chief contributor)—that admirable paper, which is now, both in character and circulation, at the very top of the literary journals of the metropolis.

A BATCH OF FICTIONS.

*Wearyfoot Common*. By Leitch Ritchie. Bogue.  
*The Old Chelsea Bun-house*. A Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of “Mary Powell.” Hall, Virtue, and Co.  
*Tales of Flemish Life*. By Hendrik Conscience. Constable and Co.  
*General Bounce*; or, *The Lady and the Locusts*. By G. J. Whyte Melville. Parker and Son.  
*The Quiet Heart*. By the Author of “Katie Stewart.” Second Edition. Blackwood.  
*Dashwood Priory*; or, *Mortimer's College Life*. By E. J. May. Routledge.  
*The Frost upon the Pane*. A Christmas Story. Edited by W. B. Rands. W. and F. G. Cash.  
*The Trapper's Bride*, &c. By Percy B. St. John. Ward and Lock.  
*Pippins and Pies*, &c., &c. By J. Stirling Coyne. Routledge.  
*Sharp-Eye*; or, *The Scout's Revenge*. By James Weir. Ward and Lock.

The best books in the present batch are the three first on our list. *Wearyfoot Common* is not a story to keep ladies from going to parties, or to make

gentlemen forget the dinner-hour; but it is a pleasant, readable novel, for all that. Mr. Leitch Ritchie knows how to amuse us by quaint touches of character, and how to interest us by clever and unaffected passages of description. The tone of the book is manly and genuine throughout—the style is simple and straightforward—and the moral (for those who want a moral, which we ourselves never do) is quite unimpeachable. *The Old Chelsea Bun-house* is carefully written in the style of the last century, beautifully printed in the type of the last century, and brilliantly coloured at the edges with the bright red of the last century. This sort of skilful imitation of old models, so far as the author's part is concerned, has of itself no great charms for us—but the book now under notice possesses higher merits than the one small merit of being a clever costume-picture of the literary sort. The idea of the story is very pretty and simple, and is very naturally and delicately carried out. The characters, in general, want strength, but they are touched by no unskilful hand. The owner of the Bun-house, who tipples at “Don Saltero's,” and ruins himself by purchases of rare China, is excellently imagined; and the fashionable lady's gentle waiting-woman, “Gatty,” is really a charming character. She wins our love and admiration on her first introduction to us, and we lose sight of her at the end with downright reluctance and sorrow. Indeed, the main characteristic of the book is that it is essentially a winning story, which leads the reader on quietly, naturally, and always persuasively, from the first page to the last. Mr. Hendrik Conscience's *Tales of Flemish Life* have already made themselves a reputation for simplicity, tenderness, and truth, which they have well deserved. They are the most delicately-treated of Prose-Pastorals. If the author only possessed the art of story-telling, they would be perfect in their way—but either he does not care to cultivate this all-important faculty (in a novelist), or it has not been given to him. These *Tales* want compression in many passages. It is undeniable, with all their great merits of purity of sentiment and truth to Nature, that they are tedious, now and then—not in consequence of their subjects, incidents, or characters, but in consequence of the author's manner of telling them. While Mr. Hendrik Conscience (judging by his Preface) repudiates the crimes and horrors of French literature, it would certainly do him no harm if he set himself to acquire some of the exquisite niceties and neatnesses of French story-telling.

*General Bounce* is not a book to our taste. Reflections in the manner of Mr. Thackeray occur far too frequently in the story. The “General” is that old-established bore, the crusty, quick-tempered, hearty veteran who has been in India—the officers who are grouped about him are gentlemen whom we have seen quite enough of in other people's books—and the plot is in no respect that we can discover, any fresher than the characters. As a set off, however, against our own judgment, it is only fair to add that this story was thought-worthy to appear originally in *Fraser's Magazine*; and only polite to augur in consequence that there must be certain select people secreted somewhere, who will be only too happy to make the acquaintance of *General Bounce*. If the next novel on our list had not been a Scotch story, and if we had not known that the “kindly Scots bodies” are always ready to encourage anything national, purely for the sake of nationality, we should have been rather astonished at seeing the words “Second Edition” on the title-page of *The Quiet Heart*. As it is, of course we bow to success, while we impartially chronicle it. The book seems to us to contain one of the most badly written stories about nothing that we have read for some time past—but we are modestly willing (always in deference to the words “Second Edition”) to distrust our own opinion, and to regret our defective appreciation. Unutterable qualms prostrated us after our first mouthful of “Haggis;” horror seized us when we first heard the bagpipes—entirely, of course, from our want of proper taste; and doubtless for the same reason, weariness and exasperation marked us for their own, as we toiled through the pages of *The Quiet Heart*.

Of *Dashwood Priory* we have nothing to say, but that it is a very religious novel, which is sure to be highly relished by very religious people. Books of this sort ought to apply for critical notice to the Pulpit instead of the Press. *The Frost on the Pane* is one of those Christmas stories which would never have been written if Mr. Dickens had not enriched the great library of English fiction with his exquisite “Carol.” There are degrees, however, in imitation; and *The Frost on the Pane* is by no means to be ranked among the lowest “studies in the manner of the great master.” We shall be doing this little book the best service we can, if we abstain from judging it by any high literary standard, and only speak critically of it with reference to stories in general, which are just now struggling with it for public approbation. Estimated from this point of view, the book certainly gains by the test of comparison—its faults of manner are not the faults of the “smart” school—and it is written by a man who at least knows a better way of appealing to his public than the mountebank way of trying anyhow always to make them laugh. Our next story is another imitation—an imitation of Fenimore Cooper this time. Readers who believe in the “noble savage,” and who have exhausted all Cooper's Indian novels, may thank us for introducing them to Cooper's disciple, Mr. Percy St. John, and may find pleasure in reading *The Trapper's Bride*. For our own parts, all we have heard on more than one occasion of the Red Indians, from travellers who have been so unfortunate as to live among them, has inclined us to believe that savages in America are just as false, bloodthirsty, and bestial as savages anywhere else; and that Mr. Fenimore Cooper's romantic Redmen, while they do infinite credit to his poetical feeling, are altogether untrue to the real, strong-smelling, bloody-minded living model who skulks, squats, and scalps on the prairies of the “far West.”

*Pippins and Pies* is written to narrate the mischievous tricks played, in holiday time, by a scampish schoolboy with a generous heart, and is intended to be extremely amusing. It has happened to us, on more than one occasion, to witness the performance of a pantomime with feelings of unutterable melancholy, caused by the exhibition of a long series of dreary and worn-out “tricks,” which nipped smiles in the bud, and made the bare idea of laughter preposterous. Much the same feeling oppressed us as we read *Pippins and Pies*, which (perhaps from not being young enough to enjoy it) we thought was too much in the pantomime style, and from

the perusal of which we turned, in a state of indescribable mental gloom, to our last book, *Sharp Eye; or, the Scout's Revenge*. We found that the story began as follows:—

In the north-western part of the state of North Carolina, upon the head-waters of the river Yadkin, a stream somewhat noted in our revolutionary annals for scenes of partisan warfare, and near the little town of Hillsborough, a place of no great note at the present day, but during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when our story commences, rendered quite famous (at least in the estimation of its inhabitants) as having been the head-quarters of General Cornwallis for a short period, just after the celebrated retreat of General Greene across the Dan into Virginia, was a small unpretending farm-house—

Here, unhinged in mind and body by *Pippins and Pies*, we fainted over *The Scout's Revenge* before we had got to the end of the first sentence. The experienced and careful medical attendant of ourself (and family), happening to call in at the time, brought us to life again, but took away our book, assuring us that any attempt to finish the sentence just at present would be attended with the direst results. Under these distressing circumstances we can only make our best apologies to the author; and regret our physical inability to offer an opinion on his book.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS.

*Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. (Second Series.)

Longman and Co.

WE regard this volume as a promise of something to come more than as a notable achievement in itself. It will satisfy the readers whom Mr. Arnold has already gained, but it will not win for him that wider audience which we hope and believe, he is one day destined to address. The first and longest in this second series of *Poems*—"Balder Dead"—is the least to our taste of any in the collection. Standing towards Mr. Arnold, as critics, in the position of members of the public who are able to give reasons for what they like or dislike in literature, we may as well candidly confess that the Northern mythology, from which the material of "Balder Dead" has been taken, is rather too remote a subject to awaken our sympathies. The interests of Odin and Balder—of mythical sea-kings and monstrous gods and goddesses—are not the interests that touch our hearts. As readers of poetry, we belong to the mob—in other words, we must feel what we read, or we can never enjoy it. We take no exception to Mr. Arnold's treatment of "Balder Dead"—we admire the high finish and sweet melody of his versification, and the pure English of his style, as much as anybody can—but his subject repels us. We know that it is grimly sublime; and, penetrated with that knowledge, pass on with all decent rapidity to some other poem. "The Sick King in Bokhara" strikes us as being much pleasanter reading than "Balder," because there is some human interest in it. The manly simplicity and vigour of Mr. Arnold as a writer impress us very favourably in this second poem of his new collection. The two next subjects treated are of the classical kind. Having no respect for anything Greek or Roman in English poetry, feeling a positive conviction that the chief faults of our greatest poets are to be traced to their veneration for classical models and to their distrust of themselves, we passed by the "Harp-player on Etna" and the "Fragment of an Antigone," and fastened eagerly on Mr. Arnold's minor poems. These, for the most part, delighted us. We knew that they were genuine utterances of feeling while we read them. Some of them still linger on our memory, just as sweet simple music (not of the classical kind) lingers on the ear. After the confession we have made, and the utterly uncritical sentiments which we have expressed, Mr. Arnold will probably have no respect for our opinion, and no anxiety to see even a solitary specimen of our taste in the shape of a selection from one of his minor poems. Nevertheless, for the sake of our readers, we must make one quotation. The idea and the expression strike us as being alike pure, delicate, and beautiful in these four verses, called "Longing:—"

Come to me in my dreams, and then  
By day I shall be well again.  
For then the night will more than pay  
The hopeless longing of the day:  
Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,  
A messenger from radiant climes,  
And smile on thy new world, and be  
As kind to others as to me.  
Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,  
Come now, and let me dream it truth;  
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,  
And say—*My love! why sufferest thou?*  
Come to me in my dreams, and then  
By day I shall be well again.  
For then the night will more than pay  
The hopeless longing of the day.

All "Balder Dead" did not give us half the pleasure which this exquisite little poem produced. There are other passages in the minor poems which equal it, but which we have not room to quote. So long as Mr. Arnold writes from his own heart, and forgets all "the illustrious models of antiquity," he does what he pleases with our sympathies, and suggests to us the brightest hopes of his poetical future. All really great poets have made their own styles, fixed their own rules, chosen their own subjects. If Mr. Arnold will only look forward instead of looking back—if he will trust as much as possible to himself, and as little as possible to anyone else—he may rest assured, not only of taking a high place in his art, but of getting a large audience to listen to him into the bargain.

#### VARIETIES.

*A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia.* By Wm. Howitt.

*Children's Trials; or the Little Rope Dancers.* By Linden. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

*The Forest Exiles.* By Captain Mayne Reid. Trübner and Co.

*Tit for Tat.* By Julia. D. Bogue.

*Too much Alike; or the Three Calendars.* By John Lang. Clarke and Beeton.

WARD and LOCK.

CHILDREN reign just now in the Kingdom of Literature, as in that of the Commissariat, and many fair fruits are hung, temptingly to their little

hands, upon the Christmas-tree of Knowledge. Mr. Howitt promotes a passion for emigration calculated to supersede the immemorial vocation for going to sea, peculiar to the boy. Herbert's *Adventures* form a very pleasant, probable, and picturesque volume, not so ponderously instructive as to be disagreeable. The book is not of the pitfall order, whereby children are inveigled into the involuntary improvement of their idle little minds, but a *bonâ fide* story-book, from which the "boy," for whom it is written, may derive information disguised in amusement.

*Children's Trials*, translated from the German of Linden, is worthy of its brethren; there is the same simple pathos and truthfulness which have made his former works so dear to the tiny, tender hearts they are meant to address. Here is the child who was lost and is found, and the mother who refused to be comforted; and the joy and the grief are quite real.

There is much of the earnest simplicity of Andersen's famous children's stories in *The Little Rope Dancers*, without his fantastic grace and luxuriant phantasy.

*The Forest Exiles* is a story of furious adventures in the Gordon Cumming line, delightful to the credulous age. "The biggest wood in the world" is the scene of the biggest stories. Not that it would not be very pleasant to "camp" out there, always provided all the "possums" were up all the gum-trees.

*Tit for Tat* may suit Yankee taste and "convene" for a Yankee publisher, but we fear it is likely to "fix" its author in anything but a satisfactory "standing" in the estimation of the English public, who do not believe in such wholesale aristocratic atrocities, and who "happen to know" that London chimney-sweeps, even under the old régime, did not kidnap the sons and heirs of noblemen. The book professes to be "a settler" for English sympathy with Uncle Tom, but it only settles the point of the writer's capabilities, and the "Tit" is by no means equal to the "Tat."

*Too much Alike; or, the Three Calendars.*—Here is a little story which contains some amusing elements. Three gentlemen are so much alike, that they cannot be distinguished apart. They are friends; they dress alike, and cultivate similar manners and habits. Unfortunately, they over-work the amazing similitude, and fall in love with the same young lady. The difficulties which might arise from this somewhat impossible combination are cleverly worked up, and the reader may depend upon being made to laugh violently—not, however, that a more serious chord is not touched with a certain power. A third edition which is before us testifies to the public appreciation of a former story by Mr. Lang, *Too Clever by Half*.

Among the children's literature of the season, we must not, because of its petty proportions, overlook the *Fairy Library* of George Cruikshank (D. Bogue), "*Cinderella and the Glass Slipper*" being the present presentation, illustrated with an elaborate fancifulness suggesting the rejuvenescence (thanks, perhaps, to the water cure) of one of the greatest of draughtsmen—though he never could draw. All his characteristic qualities as an artist are brought out in his design, in this little volume, of "*The Marriage*"—perhaps as good a thing as he has ever done. But Mr. Cruikshank is not merely the artist, he is also the editor, and he edits on a new plan. He objects to the accepted versions of the fairy stories that they inculcate bad morals—as in "*Jack the Giant Killer*," whose history, says conscientious, temperate, and Peace-Society Mr. Cruikshank, is little more than a succession of slaughterings and bloodshed; and, as in the story of "*Hop-o'-my-Thumb*," where parents are represented as acting in a manner only to be explained by the supposition that "they were under the influence of intoxicating liquor"—and he has set about refashioning all these things in his "*Library*," bringing fairy literature into harmony with "*Christian Precepts*," by which, of course, Mr. Cruikshank cannot mean the Mosaic records. Mr. Dickens, in *Household Words*, has uttered his protest against this method of dealing with the child's classics; and against Mr. Dickens Mr. Cruikshank now fulminates very shaky thunder. His best defence is in the question he puts, "What harm can I do?" It may be allowed that he will do none whatever: Mr. Dickens may sleep in peace—"Jack the Giant Killer," the slaughterer and blood shedder, will be a hero long after the Temperance Movement has moved itself out. But that consideration, while Mr. Cruikshank's best defence, is not a perfect exoneration. He is entitled to try fairy literature of his own—making Mother Hubbard as logical as Mrs. Fry, and the Ogre (speaking generally of that frequent character) as apostolical as Mr. Lawrence Heyworth. Our privilege of unlicensed printing guarantees unlimited idiocy in a free country. But he has no proper business perverting, for his own highly but not exhilaratingly moral purpose, a text dear to believers who are at least numerous enough to deserve respect. When Joe Smith resolved to found a religion, he wrote his own Bible; and the analogous class of humbugs bent on the indiscriminate amelioration of everybody's condition should take to the scrupulosity of their prototype.

#### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

*Jerusalem Revisited.* By W. H. Bartlett. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

*The Deserted Village.* By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by the Etching Club.

Sampson Low and Son.

BOTH these volumes are, in different ways, attractive gift-books for Christmas-time. A melancholy interest is attached to the first, from the fact that the well-known author and artist by whom the book has been produced is now no more. "Cut off in the flower of his age, and in the full vigour of intellect, after a few hours' illness, he has found a sepulchre in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose shores he had so often and so successfully illustrated." It must be some consolation to Mr. Bartlett's family and friends to know that his last Pictorial Work is well worthy of his reputation, and does the fullest justice to his powers both as author and artist. The letter-press of *Jerusalem Revisited* is full of interesting information—and the Illustrations show all the delicacy of treatment and excellent choice of subject which made the late Mr. Bartlett so deservedly successful in his labours with the pencil. The promise of the Frontispiece and Vignette is kept up throughout the volume. It is an interesting book to look through, and a useful book to read.

The excellent original illustrations to *The Deserted Village*, by the Etching Club, are well and widely known. They have been copied by the wood engraver

of the handsome edition of Goldsmith's beautiful poem, published by Messrs. Row and Son. Making allowance for the difference between steel and wood, and between the original artist and the engraver, the present experiment may fairly be pronounced a successful one—especially with the landscape subjects, which come out charmingly through the new "medium." As to printing, binding, and paper, the volume is superbly got up in the best possible taste.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- Essays Selected from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Henry Rogers. Three Volumes. (New Edition.) Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- The Chinese Empire: forming a Sequel to the Work entitled, "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet."* By M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. Two Volumes. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- Literary Tables from the Spanish of Yriarte.* By Robert Rockliff. (Second Edition.) Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- The Burdens of the Church.* By Thomas Latter. Adam Scott.
- Abdul Medjid: a Lay of the Future; and other Poems.* By H. B. Macdonald. James Hogg.
- The Conduct of the War: a Speech delivered in the House of Commons on Tuesday, 18th December, 1854.* By the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., &c. John Murray.
- Essay upon the Philosophy of Evidence; or, an Inquiry into the Process of Belief.* By Watkin Williams. (Second Edition.) James Ridgway.
- Bert Blake: Admiral and General at Sea. Based on Family and State Papers.* By Hepworth Dixon. Chapman and Hall.
- The Death-ride: a Tale of the Light Brigade.* By Westland Marston. D. Mitchell.
- Eremit: Poems, chiefly written in India.* By H. G. Keene. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
- The Golden Age, and other Poems, dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.* By Alexander Gouge. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.
- India.* By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall.
- Sketches from Nature.* By Dr. Hermann Masius. Translated by Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall.
- The Druses of the Lebanon; their Manners, Customs, and History. With a Translation of their Religious Code.* By George Washington Chasseaud. Richard Bentley.
- Practical Counsels to a Daughter.* By Mrs. Pullan. Darton and Co.
- Russian Life in the Interior of Russia; or, The Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivan Tourchenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. Meiklejohn. Adam and Charles Black.
- The History of Political Literature, from the Earliest Times.* By Robert Blakey. Author of the *History of the Philosophy of Mind*, &c., &c. In Two Volumes. Bentley.
- Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australian Colonies, with a Glimpse of the Gold Fields.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Charles Munday. Author of "Pen and Pencil in India." Third Edition. Complete in One Volume. Bentley.
- Food and its Adulteration; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of "The Lancet," for the Years 1851 to 1854 inclusive. Revised and Extended.* By Arthur Hill Hassal, M.D. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- The Chemistry of Common Life.* By James F. H. Johnston. Vol. II. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
- Monthly Journal of Medicine.* New Series. Part I. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
- Derella and the Glass Slipper.* Edited and Illustrated with Ten Subjects. Designed and Etched on Steel, by George Cruikshank. David Bogue.
- Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by Lord John Russell. Vol. III. Richard Bentley.
- Tales of Mount Leinster; Three Months in Kildare Place; Bantry and Duffrey Traditions; The Library in Patrick-street.* By Henry Whitney, Kilomath. P. Kennedy, Dublin.
- Row and Son. A Tale.* John Henry Parker.
- The English Cyclopædia.* Conducted by Charles Knight. Part XXI. Bradbury and Evans.
- Newcombes.* Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. Bradbury and Evans.
- Martins of Cro' Martin.* By Charles Lever. Chapman and Hall.
- Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. No. XXIX. John Churchill.
- Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate.* By John Heneage Jesse. New Edition, Revised. Vol. I. (Bentley's Monthly Volumes.) Richard Bentley.
- Literary Mail Coach.* No. I. Robert Hardwicke.
- War; or, Voices from the Ranks.* George Routledge and Co.
- Madred: the Daughter.* By Mrs. Newton Crosland. George Routledge and Co.
- Mouse and Her Friends, with other Stories.* Translated and adapted for Children, by John Taylor. Chapman and Hall.
- Curse of Gold. A Romance.* By R. W. Jameson. George Routledge and Co.
- Classical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. II. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets.) John W. Parker and Son.
- Justin, the Happy Child.* From the French of Madame Clara Monnerod. Thomas Constable and Co.
- Pho. A Tragedy.* By Franz Grellparzer. Thomas Constable and Co.
- Trade Dramas for the Drawing-Room.* By Anne Bowman, Authoress of "The Home of Wanderers." With Illustrations. George Routledge and Co.
- Horses and Hounds: a Practical Treatise on their Management.* By Scrutator. Illustrated. George Routledge and Co.

The Arts.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES.

the reader is in the confidence of any practical artist, he knows how chary that artist is of parting with his rough pearls of design, to be cast, probably, before persons who are no judges of pearls, till polished and framed in gold. The reader, then, who knows this tender point with all artists, may estimate the difficulty in the way of an exhibition of sketches and first studios only; and will not wonder that this, the fourth season of such an attempt, should find the winter Exhibition of Sketches confessing to cabinet pictures, and unable to pay the soft impeachment of finished paintings in water-colours. The Winter

Exhibition of Sketches, in fact, may be now likened to an average exhibition at the New Water-Colour Society's gallery, with a mild infusion of talent—there are the names of Frost, Pickersgill, R.A.; Brocky, Ansdell, Sant, Glass, and Goodall—from the gallery of the British Institution next door. The real, true, honest sketches, evidently the first designs for pictures, and not mere worthless copies, made for the occasion from pictures, are, happily, by the best men. Out of the half-dozen contributions, by Glass, four are decidedly studies, in the proper sense of the word. So are Elmore's two very opposite designs, the first of which "Ready for a Walk," is a sweet bit of womanly beauty, not the less delightful for its modern and homely signification. Sketches, too, are Sidney Cooper's cattle scenes; Creswick's "Footpath;" Hulme's beautiful pair of landscapes, "Newark Priory," by moonlight, and a scene on the banks of the Conway; Herbert's religious "Landscape near Boulogne;" Poole's "Pets," and the same artist's "Spring Garland;" Redgrave's "Hay Field," the finished picture of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852 or 1853; and, though last not least, but exactly the contrary, Frith's study for the picture of "Ramsgate Sands"—a picture as full of life and character as a composition of Wilkie's, and as exquisite in its every day poetry; as healthy, earnest, and direct in its humour, as a scene by Leech.

It is a long step from this little study to any other subject-picture here. Still, Elmore's sketch of a single figure, already named, displays artistic merit of the same kind, varying only in degree; and one may match the truthfulness even of Frith's work, by looking among the landscapes. The last quarter of a century has brought about a complete revolution in this branch of art—a revolution which has been rather a natural and peaceful growth out of decay, than the triumph of any particular school over its antagonists. Copley Fielding's intensely artificial style remains as a landmark. Here are six of his elaborately weak protests against nature. No one cares to look in the catalogue, nor feels the least curiosity in these days about the initials C. F. in the corner of one of these queer relics of the Old Young Ladies' Boarding School of Art. Why does not effete design of every class get forgotten as well as effete landscape-painting? Will that great authority, Mr. Uwins, R.A., condescend to inform us? He certainly does not help to a solution of the problem, by his own picture, on a sacred subject, in this very exhibition. The more we look at the painting, the more does Echo persist in answering "Why?" And while Uwins is dumb, and Echo absurd, are there any instructive facts to be got out of this collection of cabinet pictures, sketches, and water-colour drawings? For our own part, we may truly say that we have seldom found so good an opportunity of contrasting the art that learns from nature with the conventionalism that assumes itself to be art. Putting the question of relative skill entirely aside, look at the masquerade common-place, by Pickersgill, R.A., entitled "Lady with Hawk" (admirably tradesmanlike elimination of articles!), and then look at Elmore's little sketch, twice before mentioned, of a lady in her every-day walking dress. Is not the one picture a fair instance of art, in its degree, truthfully reproducing a beautiful piece of life, and of natural expression? And, on the other hand, does the conventional garb of Mr. Pickersgill's portrait-subject redeem it from the vulgarity of which the painter seems so painfully conscious that, in order to get out of it, he would get entirely out of nature, and into some such vague abstraction of grace as men of his stamp will strive to realise through an established pose?

OLYMPIC.

MR. PLANCHÉ has migrated from the LYCEUM to the OLYMPIC this year. In the adaptation of Madame d'Anois' charming tale, *The Yellow Dwarf*, he has taken the exact measure of Mr. Robson's genius and physique. In this remarkable actor's best moments (if Mr. Robson will pardon a sincere admirer the impertinence) there is always something diabolical. Anthropomorphically, we hasten to add: we mean nothing worse than that *le Diable au corps* was never more true of any mortal than of Mr. Robson. He is a walking nerve. His burlesque of the celebrated sword scene in *Richard the Third* is almost as tragic as the original, and at the same time far more genuinely comic than Mr. Charles Kean. The piece is so well put on the stage that Mr. Planché must have felt himself quite at home. Mr. Wigan is safe for something like fifty nights.

ADELPHI.

*The Zigzag Travels of Messieurs Pruth and Danube*, at the ADELPHI, have been suggested, we conceive, by the prologue to the *Bataille de l'Alma*, which M.M. Cognard concocted for the CIRQUE in Paris. The French piece was an indifferent success; perhaps, however, the utter indifference in Paris about the war had something to do with that. At the ADELPHI we waited in vain for a gleam of wit; the puns were execrable, but not like most execrable puns, good of their kind; and we confess that just now, when our victories over Russia are at least resultless, the feeble bravado of the one practical joke, the defeat of a troop of Cossacks by a few Wallachian women armed with broomsticks, struck us as deplorably unseasonable. On the other hand, the scenery and the acting are worthy of a better cause.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

MR. FRANK TALFOURD has, at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, given us a burlesque *proper*—that is, a correct version of a serious story, with the incidents and language adapted and coloured so as to assimilate it to the present time. The story thus chosen, adapted, and coloured, is *The Sleeper Awakened*, of the Arabian Nights. Mr. Talfourd departs from the original story—if the expression may be allowed—before he commences it; but this departure serves to enlist a most elegant fairy, and also a division of cherub police, who agreeably combine the psychical with the physical attributes. The story is well known. Abou Hassan (Miss Marshall) pines for the position of Vizier, or even Caliph, and those two identical personages, losing their way on some Eastern Salisbury Plain, seek the hospitality of Abou, and, learning his desires, resolve to gratify them, by way of showing how unenviable such offices really are. They stupefy him with a powder mixed with his beer, and transport him to the palace. As Vizier he is about to lose his head, when he becomes Caliph, and thereby loses his domestic peace. Finally, all are reinstated into their natural positions. These materials are susceptible enough of parody, and Mr. Frank Talfourd is not the man to miss the opportunity. The scenery is effective, and the murderous puns go off like a platoon of Minics. If they miss fire, it is the fault of an indulgent but not lively-witted public, who on the other hand take a good deal of the fun—for granted. We need not here insist on our own, doubtless foolish and eccentric, aversion to burlesques in general: we have always considered this wit of words to be the shabby-genteel of intellectual pauperism; but once accepting (under the lenient auspices of the season) so melancholy a substitute for wit of thought, we will not deny to Mr. Frank Talfourd the palm of supremacy.





